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and despatch.
ABIEL T. NOYES, Agent in Portland.

For the Reporter:
THE DAYS OF FERN.

Days of Fern, so fraught with gladness
Sunny hours of living light;
Glimmering and tangled ringlets
In my mind are gleaming bright.
Where the path beside the old wood
Gravel walk and grassy side;
Here the violets, blue and yellow,
Bloomed in all their modest pride.
Winding round the "Sweet Fern" hill-side
Strawberry knolls and gray stone wall;
Scattered the school-house, green moss covered,
Scattered by the alders, tall.
Some of earnest toil and pastime
Childhood's laugh and school ma'am's rod,
In all their wonted beauty
Where my happy feet once trod.
On the floor those bare feet pattered—
Faint and the whitened sand;
Scattered by their bright morning fragrance
Gathered by that loving hand,
And there stands the old white pitcher
With its wealth of roses red—
To drink that healthy odor
And those scented flowers to tread!

Years have passed—and I have clambered
The vine-clad hill, the broken stile,
My crooked pathway rambled
The sunny hours to beguile;
In the strawberry knoll, the Sweet Fern
Hill-side
My feet shall press no more, I ween;
My heart is budding, blooming
Sunny still, and fresh, and green.
And the humble low thatched school-house
Standing on the smiling green—
Among the proudest domes of learning,
In my heart the reigning queen.
In many a scene I may have mingled
But far outshines the days of yore;
But the sweetest to my memory
Is the Fern upon the sandal floor.
Evanston, Ill.
"OUR COTTAGE."

THE CLERK'S MARRIAGE.

You are a brave young man or a very
weak one.
"Why do you say that?"
"To think of marriage."
"What has bravery or folly to do in the
matter?"
"The young lady is poor."
"I do not wed her for money."
"There would be some hope for you if she
were the possessor of twenty or thirty thou-
sand dollars. But being as poor as yourself,
the folly of this purpose stands out in bold
letters. Look before you leap, my friend—
consider the matter on the other side."
"I am not so foolish, Mr. Blair." The young
man's fine face glowed, and his eyes flashed
with repressed indignation.
"Not so foolish, Adrian, for marriage,
as society is not destitute. There's two sides
to the question of marriage—the sentimental
side, and the matter of fact side. Now,
I looked only at the sentimental side. I
suppose we consider the matter of fact as-
pect. You are a clerk receiving a salary of
one thousand dollars. How much have you
saved?"
"Nothing to speak of."
"Nothing! So much the worse. If it costs
you a thousand dollars a year to live, from
thence is to come the means of supporting
wife and family?"
"Oh, I've been careless and wasteful in ex-
penditure, as most young men are. I had
only myself to provide for, and was self-in-
dependent. But that will cease, of course."
"Granted, for argument sake. The young
man proposes to marry is named Rosa.
What?"
"A charming young girl; well educated;
society accomplished; used to good society, as
you say, and just suited to my friend Adrian,
who had money, or he an income of three
or four thousand a year. But the idea of
making her a happy wife, in the city of New
York, on a thousand dollars, is simply pre-
posterous. It can't be done, sir, and the at-
tempt will prove ruinous to the happiness of
both parties to so foolish an arrangement.—
as a matter of the easiest demonstration,
Adrian; and I wonder so good an account-
ant as you are, should not, ere this, have
settled this question by mathematical rules.—
let me do it for you. And first, we will look
at Rosa's present sphere of life. She has
grown with a Mr. Hart, an uncle, and is

living in rather a luxurious way. Mr. Hart
is a man who thinks a deal of appear-
ances, and maintains a domestic establish-
ment that does not cost less than four thou-
sand dollars a year. His house rent is equal
to your salary. Now, in taking Rosa from
this home, into what kind of a one can you
place her?"

A sober line of thought came over the
young man's face.

"You cannot afford to rent a house at even
one half the cost of Mr. Hart's even if you
were able to buy furniture," continued Mr.
Blair.

"We will board, of course," said Adrian.—
"House-keeping is not to be thought of in the
beginning."

"If not in the beginning, how afterwards?"

The young man looked a trifle bewildered,
but did not answer.

"What are you paying for board?"

"Five dollars a week."

"You would require a parlor and bed-room
after marriage?"

"Yes."

"At a cost of not less than fifteen dollars
a week."

Adrian sighed.

"We could hardly afford the parlor."

"Hardly," said his friend. "Well give up
the parlor and take a pleasant chamber on
the second floor, at twelve dollars a week.—
But the house is not a first class, nor the lo-
cation very desirable. These are not to be
had in New York at twelve dollars a week.
You cannot afford for Rosa the elegance of
her present home. Three dollars more a
week for washing and etceteras, and your
income is drawn upon at the rate of seven
hundred and eighty dollars a year. Two
hundred and twenty left for clothing and all
other expenses. And so far, it has taken
nearly three times that sum to meet your
own demands. It has a bad look, Adrian."

"I was wasteful and self-indulgent," said
the young man, in a voice from which the
confident tone had departed. "It will scarce-
ly cost Rosa and me for clothing one-half of
what I expend."

"Say one half and your income will not
reach the demand. What was your tailor's
bill, last year?"

"One hundred and sixty dollars."

"Say two hundred, including boots, hats,
etceteras."

"Yes."

"You could hardly get this below a hun-
dred and fifty."

"Perhaps not."

The young man's voice was growing hus-
ky.

"That will leave seventy dollars for your
wife's clothing, and nothing for pleasures,
recreation, little luxuries, or anticipated,
but unavoidable expenses. And if it be so
with you too in good health, what will be
the condition of things in sickness and with
children to support and educate. Adrian,
my friend, there is debt, embarrassment, dis-
appointment and miserable life before you.
Pause and retrace your steps before it is too
late. If you love Rosa, spare her from this
impending fate. Leave her in her pleasant
home, or to grace that of a man better able
than you are to provide her with the exter-
nal blessings of life. You cannot marry on
a thousand dollars a year, and it is folly to
think of it."

"We could get board for ten dollars a week,"
said Adrian.

"That would scarcely help the business at
all. At the best, it would only make a dif-
ference in the amount of your indebtedness
at the close of each year. It is folly to
think of it, my young friend. You can't af-
ford to marry."

"It has a dark look, but there is no hold-
ing up now," replied Adrian, in a gloomy
way. "We have mutually pledged to each
other, and the day of our marriage has been
appointed."

"I'm sorry for you," said the friend, and
bachelor of forty, who, on an income of fif-
teen hundred dollars, could see no possible
chance for a happy marriage in the city of
New York, and preferred celibacy to the em-
barassments which he saw hundreds of
friends encounter in their attempts to live
in a style out of all proportion to their re-
sources. "I am sorry for you," he repeated;
"but if you will bend your neck to the yoke,
you must not complain of the burden you
find yourself compelled to bear."

Strange as it may appear, the young clerk
Henry Adrian, had never looked this matter
of income, expenditure, and style of living
fairly to the front. The actual aspect of the
case, when clearly seen, threw his mind in a
state of troubled bewilderment. He went
over and over again the calculation suggest-
ed by Mr. Blair, a book-keeper in the estab-
lishment where he was employed; cutting
off a little from one proposed expenditure
and another, but not being able to get the
cost of living down to the range of his sal-
ary, except when the style was so far below
that in which his wife must move, that he
turned back sick from the contemplation.—
The more steadily he looked at the truth,

the more heavily came the pressure of its
stony weight upon his heart. To go forward
was little less than madness, yet how could
he hold back now?

Rosa sat alone, reading in one of her un-
cle's parlor, waiting for her lover. He was
later than usual, so late that her book be-
gan to lose its interest, and at last lay close
upon her lap, while a shade fell over her
expectant face. A single glance at Rosa's
countenance revealed the fact that she was
a girl of some character. There was no
soft voluptuous languor about her, but an
erectness of position as she sat, and a firm-
ness of tone in all her features, that indicat-
ed an active mind and self-reliance.

An hour later than usual, Adrian came.

"Are you sick, Henry?" asked Rosa, as she
took his hand, and fixed her eyes on his so-
ber face.

"Not sick, but troubled in mind," he re-
plied without evasion.

"Why are you troubled, Henry?" And Rosa
drew an arm tenderly round her lover.

"Sit down and I will tell you. The trouble
concerns us both, Rosa."

The young girl's face grew pale. They
sat down together, holding each other's hands.
But in Adrian's countenance there was a re-
solute expression, such as we see in the coun-
tenance of a man who has settled a question
of difficult solution.

"The day fixed for our marriage is only
two months distant," he said.

The tone in which he spoke chilled the
heart of Rosa. She did not answer, but
kept her gaze on his face.

"Rosa, we must consider this matter. We
acted without forethought."

Her face became paler, her lips fell apart,
her eyes had a frightened expression.

"I love you, Rosa, tenderly, truly. My
heart is not turning from you. I would has-
ten, rather than retard the day of our mar-
riage. But there are considerations beyond
that day, which have presented themselves
and demand sober consideration. In a word,
Rosa, I cannot afford to marry. My income
will not justify the step."

The frightened look went out of Rosa's
eyes.

"It was wrong in me ever to have sought
your love."

Her hand tightened on his, and she sank
closer to his side.

"I am a clerk with only a thousand dollars
of income, and I do not see much beyond to
hope for. Rosa, the future of these par-
lors cost twice the amount of my salary.—
The rent of the home in which you now live
is equal to what I receive in a year. I can-
not take you from all this elegance into a
third-class boarding-house, the best my
means will provide. No, no, Rosa, it would
be unjust, selfish, wrong, cruel. How blind
in me to have thought of so degrading the
one I love!"

The young man was strongly agitated.

"And this is all that troubles you, Henry?"

"Is it not enough? Can I look at the two
alternatives that present themselves, and
not grow heart-sick? If we marry what is
before us? Humiliation, deprivation, and
all the ills that poverty brings for you; and
debt, trouble, and a life-long embarrassment
for me. If we separate, each taking dif-
ferent ways in life—oh, Rosa, I am not strong
enough to choose that alternative!"

And his form trembled under the pressure
of excitement.

"You love me, Henry?" The voice of Ro-
sa was calm, yet burdened with feeling.

"As my own life, darling. Have I not
said so a hundred times?"

"And even as my life do I love you, Hen-
ry. For several moments her face lay hid-
den in his bosom. Then lifting it, Rosa
said:

"I am glad you have spoken on this subject
Henry. I could not approach it myself, but
now that we have it before us, let it be well
considered. Your income is one thousand
dollars?"

"Yes."

"A sum large enough to supply all the
real wants of two persons who have inde-
pendence enough not to be enslaved by a
mere love of appearances."

"Why, darling, it will require more than
half my salary to pay for respectable board-
ing."

"Taking it for granted that, after our mar-
riage, I am to sit down in a boarding-house,
with hands folded, an idle dependent on your
labor. But I shall not so construe my rela-
tion to my husband. I will be a help-met
for him. I will stand by his side, sharing
life's burdens."

"All that is in your heart, darling, I know,"
said Adrian. "But we are hedged round by
social forms that act as a hindrance. You
cannot help me. Society will demand of us
a certain style of living, and we must con-
form to it, or be pushed aside from all cir-
cles of refinement, taste, and intelligence.—
I cannot accept this ostracism for you, Ro-
sa. It is not right."

"As if a false, heartless world were more
to me than a true, loving husband. Henry,

the central point of social happiness is home;
as the home is, so will our lives be—rather
let me say, as we are so will our homes be—
centers of gloom or brightness. What oth-
ers think of us is really of little account in
making up the sum of our enjoyments as we
pass through life; but what we are in our-
selves is everything. We must be in the cen-
tres of our own world of happiness, or our
lives will be incomplete. Can a fine estab-
lishment like this, in which I live in weak
dependence, fill the measure of my desires?
Can it bring peace and contentment? No,
no, Henry; the humblest apartment shared
with you would be a palace to my soul in-
stead. I am not speaking the romantic en-
thusiasm of an ardent girl, but soberly,
truthfully, Henry. No, dearest, we will not
make ourselves unhappy by living apart, be-
cause we cannot make a fine appearance in
other people's eyes. God has given us love
for each other, and the means of happiness if
we will use them. Let us take this good gift
in thankfulness. You have an income of
one thousand dollars. We must not expect
to live as those who have two or three or four
thousand dollars a year. Be that folly far
from us, Henry! I am equal to the self-denial
it will require if the word 'self-denial'
is to be used. Are you not also? Oh, Henry!
is there any joy to be imagined beyond that
which flows from the conjunction of two lov-
ing hearts? and shall pride and a weak spir-
it of social conformity come in to rob us of
our blessings?"

The young man had come sternly resolved
to put off the day of marriage. He parted
from his betrothed that night, looking for-
ward with golden-hued hopes for its arrival.
They had talked over the future, practically
and sensibly. The lover's fond pride, which
had looked to a fair social appearance
for his young wife, gave place to a better
view of things. He saw his love had fixed
itself upon a true woman, and that in the
humble sphere in which their lot was cast,
all attainable happiness was in store for
them, if they would but open their hearts in
an orderly way to its reception. One thing
said to him by Rosa in that evening's talk
we repeat, for the sake of young wives or
maiden on the eve of marriage.

"Be nice, dear Henry," she said; the task
of ordering and regulating our domestic af-
fairs in conformity with your means. I will
give all thought to that. Your income is fixed,
and I shall know exactly the range of ex-
penditure we must adopt. Do not fear debt
and embarrassment. These wretched forms shall
never enter your home while I stand senti-
nel at the door. If the husband gives his
life and care to work, shall not the wife do
the same? If he provides to the best of his ab-
ility, shall not she dispense with wise fru-
gality his earnings? She that fails to do
this is not worthy of her position.

"And so you are bent on this folly?" said
the bachelor clerk on the day preceding that
on which Adrian was to be married.

"Yes, if you choose to call it folly," was
the answer.

"Where are you going—to Saratoga?"

"We shall go nowhere."

"What! will you not make a bridal tour?"

"No. A clerk who only receives a salary
of one thousand dollars can't afford to spend
it in making a bridal tour."

Mr. Blair shrugged his shoulders and arch-
ed his eyebrows, as much as to say if I
couldn't afford a bridal tour, I'd not marry.

On the day after Adrian's wedding, he
was at his usual place in the counting-room.
He received from his fellow clerks a few fee-
ble congratulations. Most of them thought
him a fool to burden himself with a wife not
worth a dollar.

"When I marry, I'll better my condition—
not make it worse," was the unspoken thought
of more than one.

"Where are you boarding?" asked Mr.
Blair, indifferently, two or three weeks after
Adrian's marriage.

"Nowhere," was replied; we are at house-
keeping."

"What?"

"At house-keeping."

"What is your rent?"

"Two hundred dollars, and half that my
wife, good little wife, is to pay in music les-
sons to our landlord's daughters. We have
two pleasant rooms in a third story. I fur-
nished these with the money it would have
taken for the usual bridal tour. Rosa has the
use of the kitchen, and insists on doing her
own cooking and housework for the present.
I demurred, and I do demur, but she says
that 'work is worship,' if performed conscien-
tiously and dutifully, as she is performing
it. And with all this, we are very happy.
Mr. Blair as you shall witness. To-morrow
you must go home with me, take tea, and
spend the evening."

Mr. Blair accepted the invitation. He
had met Rosa, occasionally, before her mar-
riage, and knew her to be a bright, accom-
plished young woman, fitted to move in re-
fined and intelligent circles, and he felt some-
curocity to see her in the new position of

mistress and maid to her own household.—
The Third Avenue cars bore the two men a
long, long way from the city's throbbing heart
to the more quiet exterior, where they alight-
ed, and, after a short walk, entered a mod-
est looking house with well tended shrub-
bery in the little front garden. To the third
story they ascended, and there the young
wife met them. Not blushing and with
stammering apologies for their poor home,
but with such ease and sweet self-possession
and such loving smiles about her lips—that
Mr. Blair felt himself once more transferred
to an earthly paradise. As soon as time
came for observation, he took note of what
was around him.

The furniture of the room into which he
had been ushered, could scarcely have been
plainer. In the centre stood a small break-
fast table covered with a snowy cloth, and
set for three persons. Four cane-seat chairs,
a work-stand, a hanging shelf for books, a
mantel ornament or two of no special value
an ingrain carpet on the floor, and plain,
white curtains looped back with blue rib-
bons, made up the complete inventory. No
not the complete inventory; for there was a
piano against the wall, the dark case and
plain style of which showed it to be no re-
cent purchase. The instrument had been
Rosa's, as the observant visitor correctly in-
ferred.

After a pleasant talk of some minutes,
Rosa left the room, and not long after re-
turned, bearing a tray, on which were tea,
toast, butter, biscuit, cold tongue, and sweet-
meats. A beautiful glow was on her face
as she entered, but nothing of shame or hurt
pride. With her own fair hands she ar-
ranged the table, and then took her place at
the head, to serve her husband and his friend.

The heart of Mr. Blair glowed and stirred
with a new impulse as he looked into the
pure, sweet, happy face of the young wife,
as she poured the tea, and served the meal
which she had prepared.

After supper, Rosa removed the tea things
and was absent nearly half an hour. She
returned through her chamber, which ad-
joined their little parlor, breakfast and sit-
ting room, all in one, with just the slightest
change in her attire, and looking as fresh,
happy and beautiful, as if entering a draw-
ing-room filled with company. The evening
passed in reading, music, and pleasant con-
versation. As Mr. Blair was about retiring,
Adrian said:

"Do you think, now, that we were fools to
marry?"

Rosa stood with her hands drawn within
one arm of her husband, and clasped; and
with a face radiantly happy.

A shade crept over Mr. Blair's counte-
nance.

"No, not fools, but wise as others might be,
if they were courageous enough to do as you
have done, Mrs. Adrian," and he took the
young wife's hand. "I honor your bravery;
your independence, your true love, that was
not overshadowed by worldliness, that mil-
dew of the heart, that blight on your social
life. You are a thousand times happier in
your beautiful seclusion than any fashion-
loving wife or slave to external appearance,
can ever be."

"I love my husband, and I live for him,"
Rosa leaned closer to the manly form by her
side. "I understood, when we married, that
he was a life toiler; that our home would
be established and sustained by the work of
his hands; and I understood as well that if
it was right and honorable for him to work,
it would be no less right and honorable for
me. Was it to sit idle, and have a servant
to wait on me, when his was a lot of toil?
No—no—no! I had my part to perform as
well as he, and I am performing it to the
best ability."

"You are a true woman, a wise woman, a
good woman," said Mr. Blair, with ardor,
and you will be happy as you deserve to be.
I thought Harry a fool to marry on a thou-
sand dollars, and I told him so. But I take
back my words. If such women as you
were plentiful, we could all marry and find
our salaries ample. Good night, and may
God bless you."

And the bachelor clerk who could not af-
ford to marry on fifteen hundred a year, went
to his lonely home—lonely, though thickly
peopled—and sitting down in his desolate
chamber, dreamed of the sweet picture of
domestic felicity he had seen, and sighed for
a sweet hiding place from the world, and all
its false protection and heartless show.

THE POST OFFICE.

What a world of joy and misery is packed
away in those little "pigeon holes" in the
post office. How many hearts are made
glad with the joyous news, as tearing open
the envelope, the restless eye searches over
the written page, and finds that all is well.
Let us, in imagination, stand within the
door, and watch the comers of the newly ar-
rived mail. Look at that man of business,
whose careless air denotes no surprise as he
tears open the wrappers and hurriedly glances
over the half filled page. 'Tis an every

day matter with him, and he hurries away
with a philanthropic step. But here comes
an old man, whose silvered locks and trem-
bling form betokens care and earnest anxiety.
He waits patiently though, until the jostling
crowd have passed the outer door. Now,
mark! he totters up to the little side win-
dow, and in a scarcely audible voice, in-
quires "is there a letter for me to-day, sir?"

The clerk fumbles over a huge package, and
takes therefrom a letter, whose mellowed
and broken edges denote a long voyage.—
How the old man's eyes brighten beneath
these jutting brows, like far-off stars shin-
ing through the caverns of a cloud, as the
long-delayed document is tossed to him thro'
the side window by the thoughtless clerk.—
That letter is from an only son, and as the
feeble right searches the crumpled page
through the fellowship of a pair of misty
iron-band spectacles, a tear starts out and
drops upon his furrowed cheek, and lingers
there as if it were the last diamond drop
welled up from the fountain of human af-
fections, to signalize his joy. That son is
the old man's idol, and it brings the joyous
news of a speedy return to the home of his
childhood. He turns from the office with a
quicker step, and hurries away.

Turn now, reader, to another picture.—
How different the musical words, "a letter
for me to-day, sir?" as the fair questioner
peers through the little side window, so be-
wittingly confident. A young maiden of
scarce seventeen summers, with the glow
and beauty of health stamped upon her dim-
pled cheek in tell-tale blushes, arrests the
eye of the clerk, and with the most studied
smile he hands the waiting damsel a care-
fully directed envelope, with a diamond form
motto in the centre, upon which is printed,
no doubt, some endearing expression of love.
She glances at the chirography, and then at
the motto, and the story is told as plainly to
her as if she had already broken the seal,
and perused the contents. She places the
new treasure in her bosom, as it were safer
close to her happy, throbbing heart, and then
tires away from the gaze of curious eyes, to
enjoy its sacred words.

Another picture, and we leave the subject.
An elderly lady stands at the little side
window, and as she inquires, "a letter for
me to-day, sir?" and received the old ster-
eotyped answer—"no letter to-day, madam,"
she turns away with the same sad expres-
sion upon her pallid face as when she came
—with the same broken heart as yesterday.
Every day her steps lead her to the post of-
fice, and every day the same disparaging
words fall upon her ears with mournful ca-
cidence. Still the angel hope flutters its tired
wings, and keeps alive a little flame way
down in the farthest corner of her woman's
heart. "No letter to-day, madam," is as
familiar to her ears as the dying groan of
the soldier to the wailing winks of a desert
battle-field. She comes again and again,
and lingers beside that little window, as if
she could not go away without some word—
some token of remembrance from the loved
and lost. Alas! who can fathom the deep
sea of affliction, and bring to light the skele-
ton forms locked in eternal sleep by the
grim demon, Despair? Over the past, mem-
ory hangs but a thin gossamer curtain,
through which the mind's eye can easily
peer; but the future hangs her black cur-
tain before us, and its centre glows with one
burning word—"Uncertainty!"

The Post Office!—what a depot, and how
freighted with human affections. Joys and
sorrows sleep side by side within those nar-
row "pigeon holes," and every day in the
little side window flutters the white winged
messengers, that are to carry to the heart
its treasured worth or its laden griefs.—
What volumes of doubts, and fears, and anx-
ieties are expressed in those simple words,
"a letter for me to-day, sir?"—Bergin Coun-
ty Journal.

New Mode of Fismis—Crimoline for Her-
ring Nets. The Yarmouth, Mass., Register
is responsible for the following good story.—
There is no doubt of its exact truth, for
newspapers never deal in fiction:

One day last week, as a fisherman, who
lives not a thousand miles from Dighton,
Mass., (and by the way, has five bouncing
daughters,) was shooting his seine, it was
damaged by coming in contact with some
substance on the bottom of the river, so that
he had to take it to the shore for repairs.—
While he was doing this, a seine farther down
the river made a good haul, thus indicating
that a large school of fish were passing
by. The old man became so enraged to
think he could not get his share of them,
that he fairly jumped up and down, and
swore like mad. The girls, seeing (from
the house which was close by) that some-
thing was going wrong, went out to render
what assistance they could. Arriving at the
spot, they soon comprehended the whole dif-
ficulty, and as the water was not deep they
joined hands, jumped into the river, spread
their crinolines, and sat down. After sitting
about five minutes, the one nearest to the
shore extended her hands toward the old

For Cum

MISCELLANY.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

BY L. LOVELL.

O, I am a Farmer's Daughter,
And my cottage home is small;
Yet how happy in this heart of mine,
Where no shadowy sorrows fall!
For I love my home most dearly
And all its scenes around;
Here Nature with all her sweetest smiles
At every step is found!

Yes, I am a Farmer's Daughter,
And the Lord will surely forgive,
If I pride me for the pleasant way
And the home in which I live;
As in Eden all is lovely,
Whichever way I roam,
For ancient woods and flowery fields
Surround my cottage home.

Yes, I am a Farmer's Daughter
And I meet the proud and fair,
Who often come from the crowded town
For a breath of country air:
Tho' they sometimes treat me rudely,
And toss their heads in scorn;
'Tis that they do not understand
The home where I was born!

Tho' I am a Farmer's Daughter,
And in French can take no part,
And the formal rules of city life,
Never froze my truthful heart,
Search not for greater happiness,
Than this life of mine;
'Tis so derived from Nature's self,
It seems almost divine!

Tho' I am a Farmer's Daughter,
And my cheeks are rather brown;
Yet I envy not those paler ones
Of the close, unhealthy town:
'Tis the sunlight that sends kisses
Some million miles to me,
And tho' the browner makes my cheeks
Face I love to see!

I'm a happy, Farmer's Daughter,
Tho' my hand is not as fair,
'As 'twould have been, if ne'er exposed
To the sunshine and the air;
And as you will help to keep it,
I'll tell you a secret now,
This hand is pledged to a youth
Who loves to guide the plough!

A PIÈCE OF LEGAL ADVICE.

The ancient town of Rennes, in France, is a place famous for law. To visit Rennes without getting advice of some sort, seems absurd to the country people around about.

It happened one day that a farmer named Barnard, having come to town on business, bought himself that as he had a few hours to spare, it would be well to get the advice of a good lawyer.

He had often heard of a lawyer named Fey, who was in such high repute that people believed a law suit gained when he undertook their cause.

The countryman went to his office, and after waiting some time, was admitted to an interview. He told the lawyer that having heard so much about him, and happening to be in town, he thought he would call and consult him.

"You wish to bring an action perhaps?" replied the lawyer.

"O, no," replied the farmer; "I am at peace with all the world."

"Then it is a settlement of property that you want, is it?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Lawyer, my family and I have never made a division, seeing we draw from the same well, as the saying is."

"It is, then to get me to negotiate a purchase or a sale that you have come?"

"O, no; I am neither rich enough to purchase nor poor enough to sell."

"Will you tell me, then, what you do want of me?" said the lawyer, in a tone of surprise.

"Why, I have already told you, Mr. Lawyer, replied Barnard; 'I want your advice—' I mean to pay you for it of course."

The lawyer smiled, and taking pen and paper asked the countryman his name.

"Peter Barnard," replied the countryman, quite happy that the lawyer at length understood what he wanted.

"Your age?"

"Thirty years or very near it."

"Your vocation?"

"What's that?"

"What do you do for a living?"

"O! that's what it means, is it? Why, I am a farmer."

The lawyer wrote two lines, folded the paper and handed it to his client.

"Is it finished already?" said the farmer; "well and good! What is the price of that advice, Mr. Lawyer?"

"Three francs."

Barnard paid the money and took his leave, delighted that he made use of this opportunity to get a piece of advice from the great lawyer.

When the farmer reached home it was four o'clock; the journey had fatigued him, and he determined to rest the remainder of the day. Meanwhile, the hay had been cut two days, and was completely made. One of his men came and asked him if they should draw it in.

"What, this evening?" exclaimed the farmer's wife, who had come to meet her husband. "It would be a pity to begin the work so late, since it can be done as well to-morrow."

Barnard was uncertain which way to decide. Suddenly he recollected that he had the lawyer's advice in his pocket.

"Wait a minute," he exclaimed, "I have an advice, and a famous one, too, that I paid three francs for; it ought to tell us what to do. Here, wife, see what it says; you can read written hand better than I."

The woman took the paper and read this line—

"Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day."

"That's it!" exclaimed Barnard, as if a ray of light had cleared up all his doubts. "Come, be quick! get the carts and away! Come, girls, all to the hay field! It shall not be said that I bought a three franc opinion and made no use of it. I will follow the lawyer's advice."

Barnard himself set the example by leading the way in the work, and not returning till the hay was brought in. The event seemed to prove the wisdom of his conduct, and the foresight of the lawyer.

The weather changed during the night; an unexpected storm burst over the valley. The next morning it was found that the river had overflowed and carried away all the hay that had been left in the fields. The crops of the neighboring farmers were completely destroyed; Barnard alone had not suffered.

The success of his first experiment gave him such faith in the advice of the lawyer, that from that time forth he adopted it as his rule of conduct, and became consequently one of the most prosperous farmers in the country. I hope that you my readers, will take a hint from his success, and never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

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In cases of GENERAL DEBILITY, whether the result of acute disease, or of the continued diminution of nervous and muscular energy from chronic complaints, one trial of this restorative has proved successful to an extent which no description nor written attestation would render credible. It has been found in their own neighborhoods, have suddenly re-appeared in the busy world as if just returned from protracted travel in a distant land. Some very signal instances of this kind are attested of female Sufferers, emaciated victims of apparent marasmus, and that complication of nervous and dyspeptic aversion to air and exercise for which the physician has no name.

In NERVOUS AFFECTIONS of all kinds, and for reasons familiar to medical men, the operation of this preparation of Iron must necessarily be salutatory, for, unlike the old oxides, it is vigorously tonic, without being exciting and overheating; and gently, regularly appearing, even in the most obstinate cases of costiveness without ever being a gastric purgative, or inflicting a disagreeable sensation.

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In SCROFULOUS TUBERCULOSIS, this medicated iron has had far more than the good effect of the most cautiously balanced preparations of iodine, without any of their well known liabilities.

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