

The social ceremonies of the wedding-day were performed soberly—almost sadly. Some of the guests (especially the unmarried ladies) thought that Miss Clara had allowed herself to be won too easily—others were picturing to themselves the situation of the poor girl who was absent; and contributed little towards the gaiety of the party. On this occasion, however, nothing occurred to interrupt the proceedings; the marriage took place; and immediately after it, Mr. Streatfield and his bride started for a tour on the continent.

On their departure Jane Langley returned home. She made no reference whatever to her sister's marriage; and no one mentioned it in her presence. Still the color did not return to her cheek, or the old gaiety to her manner.—The shock that she had suffered had left its traces on her for life. But there was no evidence that she was sinking under the remembrances which neither time nor resolution could banish. The strong, pure heart had undergone a change, but not a deterioration. All that had been brilliant in her character was gone; but all that was noble in it remained. Never had her intercourse with her family and her friends been so affectionate and kindly as it was now. When after a long absence, Mr. Streatfield and his wife returned to England, it was observed, at her first meeting with them, that the momentary confusion and embarrassment were on their side, not on hers. During their stay at Langley Hall, she showed not the slightest disposition to avoid them. No member of the family welcomed them more cordially; entered into all their plans and projects more readily; or bade them farewell with a kinder grace when they departed for their own home.

Our tale is nearly ended; what remains of it must comprise the history of many years in the compass of a few words.

Time passed on; and Death and Change told of its lapse among the family of Langley Hall. Five years after the events above related, Mr. Langley died; and was followed to the grave shortly afterwards by his wife. Of their two sons, the eldest was rising into good practice at the bar; the youngest had become attached to a foreign embassy. Their third daughter was married, and living at the family seat of her husband in Scotland. Mr and Mrs. Streatfield had children of their own now, to occupy their time and absorb their care. The career of life was over for some—the purposes of life had altered for others—Jane Langley alone, still remained unchanged.

She now lived entirely with her aunt. At intervals—as their worldly duties and avocations permitted them—the other members of her family, one or two intimate friends, came to the house. Offers of marriage were made to her, but were all declined. The first, last love of her girlish days—abandoned as a hope, and crushed as a passion; living only as a quiet grief, as a pure remembrance—still kept its watch, as guardian and defender over her heart.

Years passed on and worked no change in the sad uniformity of her life, until the death of her aunt, left her mistress of the house in which she had hitherto been a guest. Then it was observed that she made fewer and fewer efforts to vary the tenor of her existence, to forget her old remembrances for a while in the society of others. Such invitations as reached her from relations and friends were more frequently declined than accepted. She was growing old herself now; and, with each advancing year, the busy pageant of the outer world presented less and less that could attract the eye.

So, she began to surround herself in her solitude with the favorite books that she had studied, with the favorite music that she had played, in the days of her hopes and her happiness. Everything that was associated, however slightly, with that past period, now acquired a character of inestimable value in her eyes, as aiding her mind to seclude itself more and more strictly in the sanctuary of her recollections. Was it weakness in her to live thus to abandon the world and the world's interests, as one who had no hope or part in either? Had she earned the right by the magnitude and resolution of her sacrifice, thus to indulge in the sad luxury of fruitless remembrance? Who shall say!—who shall presume to decide, that

cannot think with her thoughts, and look back with her recollections!

Thus she lived—alone and yet not lonely; without hope, but with no despair; separate and apart from the world around her, except when she approached it by her charities to the poor, and her succour to the afflicted; by her occasional interviews with the surviving members of her family and a few old friends, when they sought her in her calm retreat; and by the little presents which she constantly sent to brothers' and sisters' children, who worshipped, as their invisible good genius, "the kind lady," whom most of them had never seen. Such was her existence throughout the closing years of her life; such did it continue—calm and blameless—to the last.

Reader, when you are told, that what is impressive and pathetic in the Drama of Human Life, has passed with the past age of Chivalry and Romance, remember Jane Langley, and quote in contradiction the story of the **TWIN-SISTERS!**

THE LIFE OF A PRINTER.—The following strange, eventful record of a journeyman printer's life is taken from one of our exchanges, which paper asserts it correct to the letter. It develops what a man can do if he likes, and what queer and enterprising unselfish fellows printer's are:—

"The life of a printer is, to say the least, one of variety. I left home at the age of nine, and was apprenticed to the printing business at the age of thirteen. Since then I have visited Europe—been in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales and France; in Canada, Nova Scotia, Labrador, South America, West Indies, and all the Atlantic States of the Union, from Maine to Louisiana; have lived in twenty-seven cities and towns of the United States; I have been a sailor in the merchant service, and have sailed in all manner of craft—ship, bark, brig, schooner, sloop and steamer; in the regular army as a private soldier, deserted and got shot in the leg; I have studied two years for the ministry, one year for an M. D., travelled through all the New England States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Virginia, as a journeyman printer, generally with little more than a brass rule in my pocket; I have been the publisher of two papers in —, one in Boston, and one in Roxbury, Mass, and one in Maine. At one time I had \$7,350 in my pocket of my own; I have been married twice, and am now nearly twenty-six years old! I have been a temperance lecturer, and proprietor of a temperance theatre."

A SCENE IN A JUSTICE'S COURT.—The Hartford Times vouches for the following story:

"Pat Malone, you are fined five dollars for assault and battery on Mike Sweeney."
"I've the money in me pocket, and I'll pay the fine if your honor will give me the resate."
"We give no receipts here. We just take the money. You will not be called upon a second time for your fine."
"But, your honor, I'll not be wanting to pay the same without I get a resate."
"What do you want to do with it?"
"If your honor will write one and give it to me I'll tell you."
"Well, there's your receipt. Now, what do you want to do with it?"
"I'll tell your honor. You see one of these days I'll be after dying, and when I get to the gate of Heaven I'll rap, and St. Peter will say, 'Who's there?' and I'll say, 'It's me, Pat Malone,' and he'll say, 'What do you want?' and I'll say, 'I want to come in,' then he'll say—'Did you behave yourself like a dacent boy in the other world, and pay all your little fines, and sich things?' and I'll say, 'Yes, your holiness, I paid all of them,' and then he'll want to see the resates, and I'll put my hand into my pocket and take out my resate, and give it to him, and I'll not have to go to a very bad place to find your honor to get one."

BROADWAY TRASH.—A young dandy in Broadway a few evenings ago accosted the bellman as follows:—

"You take all sorts of trash in your cart, don't you?"

"Yes, jump in."

LIVE WITHIN YOUR INCOME.

Few directions are more valuable for success in life than the above. It is applicable to all ages and of paramount importance to all. It is a very good starting point for the young man just commencing the race of life. Here the early habit may be so formed of regulating the expenses, crushing all unnecessary desires, and avoiding those temptations that lead beyond the income, that the whole future life of property, influence and respectability may depend upon it. A young man commences life with a salary or with wages a little beyond the supply of his ordinary and proper wants. By carefully living within his income, not only will there be laid up a supply for the future, when it will be needed, but a habit of self control will be acquired, more valuable than the money. Fictitious wants will not become real ones, and the mind will be better prepared for those days of need which will come upon all mankind.

The young man who spends his whole income upon his present wants and pleasures, will be apt to do so when that income increases, and will never be a prosperous man.—Wants increase with time, and habit grows with its indulgence. Let the young, then, regard this precept and learn wisdom.

Young married people are too apt to indulge in foolish expenses, because they think they can afford them then. Perhaps they can; but if they live up to the extent of their income with their present small family, what will they do when that family increases? The habits of expense that they have acquired will adhere to them and they will soon be beyond their means.

It is a very unhappy condition for a family to have been brought up to consider certain luxuries as indispensable, and who have early been taught to regulate their expenses, to be constantly stepping over the boundry line of their income. How many mean acts, how many disreputable things, how many unpleasant things must be resorted to, to keep up appearances. There is hardly a more pitiable condition. The children are imitating the extravagances of the wealthy, while the father is harassed with debts and duns, and the mother has often to deny herself the comforts of life.—Such children should show at once their energy and their wisdom, by relinquishing at once this foolish contest for fashion, and by their endeavors to earn their own livelihood, exhibit to the world how much superior they are to its follies.

He who is spending more than his income is guilty of dishonesty. What he thus spends must be from the pockets of his neighbors.—He is incurring debts that he knows he can never pay, and is thus undermining the foundation of moral integrity in his own character, and teaching his children one of the worst lessons that he can spread before them. His situation too is a most uncomfortable one. He cannot look his creditors in the face as an honest man should, but is obliged to resort to subterfuge, false promises and, eventually, lies, to satisfy those he does not pay. Any man that has any regard for his own happiness, or respect for his own character, will avoid these evils.

But what shall be done? Give up this struggle for appearances. Conform to circumstances, and live poorly and dress poorly, if necessary, until debts are paid. But above all, go to work. Work is not dishonorable or disgraceful. In this country independence is of more value than gentility; and the satisfaction of an honest conscience worth more than the notions and splendors of society. No man or woman can degrade themselves by honest labor; but the struggle to keep up appearances must be a degradation, always in our own eyes, often in the eyes of our neighbors.—*New York Times.*

MAN.—Man is like a snow-ball. Leave him lying in idleness against the sunny fence of prosperity, and all the good's that in him melts like fresh butter in these days; but kick him round, and he gathers strength with every revolution until he grows into an avalanche. To make a figure in the world you must keep moving.

A WESTERN JUDGE.

Judge Jonah Jones, a Western judicial dignitary, recently delivered the following charge to the jury, in the case of Elim Crunch, on trial for stealing:—

"Jury, you can go out, and don't show your ugly mugs here till you find a verdict. If you can't fine one of your own, git the one the last jury used."

The jury retired, and after an absence of fifteen minutes, returned with a verdict of suicide in the ninth degree and fourth verse."

Then Judge Jonah Jones pronounced upon Crunch this sentence:

"Elim Crunch, stan' up and face the music. You are found guilty of suicide for stealing.—Now, this court sentence you to pay a fine of two shillings, to shave your head with a baggagnet in the barracks, and if you try to cave in the heads of any of the jury, you'll catch thunder, that's all. Your fate will be a warning to others; and, in conclusion, may the Lord have mercy on your soul. Sheriff, get me a pint of red-eye. I'm awful thirsty."

Don't be sentimental—it is bad for the digestion. Remember, the best tonic is fun, and the best physician a joker. For-giving a tone to the stomach, one good, hearty laugh is worth all the pills that were ever paid for or patented. Cheerfulness is a moral armor. It protects the mind from the javelins of dyspepsia, and makes it as impregnable to the assaults of duns and unliquidated due-bills as Gibraltar is to pop-guns.

Sulky females generally die old maids. If a girl wishes, therefore, to taste the sweets which spring from love and corduroy, let her go in training for good nature, and become musical with gladness, like June crowded with bobolinks.

A COMPLIMENT DECLINED.—A certain gentleman on his death bed, called his clerk man to him, and said "well, Cato, I have thought to confer one favor on you before I die." "Ah! What dat, massa!" said Cato. "Why I intended to give you the privilege of being buried in the family vault when you die." "Ha, massa," replied Cato, "me no like dat; ten you'd suit much better. Besides when the debil comes to look for massa in the dark, he may make mistake and take off poor Cato."

What more precious offering can be laid upon the altar of a man's heart than the first love of a pure, earnest and affectionate girl, with an undivided interest in eight corner lots, and fourteen three-story houses?

A little boy on coming home from a certain church where he had seen a person performing on an organ, said to his mother—"O, mammy, I wish you had been at church to-day to see the fun—a man pumping music out of an old cupboard!"

A GENTLEMAN.—"John, what is a gentleman?"

"Stub-toe boots, short tail coat, and a high shirt-collar."

"What is the chief end of a gentleman?"

"His coat-tail."

"What is the work of a gentleman?"

"To borrow money, to eat large dinners, to go to the opera, and to petition for an office."

"What is a gentleman's first duty towards himself?"

"To buy a pair of plaid pantaloons, and to raise a huge pair of whiskers."

Cold water applied to the head is the best remedy in cases of sun-stroke. Mustard plasters to the feet are also recommended. A sun-stroke, or *coup de soleil*, is congestion of the brain, occasioned often by the heat of the sun's rays.

"Mother, don't you wish you had the tree of evil in your garden?"

"Why, Josh, you sarpent, what do you mean?"

"As money's the root of all evil, if we had the tree couldn't we get the precious stuff?"

ONE OF 'EM.—There is a man living in Livingston, N. Y., by the name of Atherton, who, in one week in January last, thrashed four hundred bushels of wheat, three constables, and seven deputy sheriffs. Where's the medal?