

## REMEMBERED.



Sweet dreams of thee have made my slumbers sweet,  
Fair maiden mine, whose blue-lit eyes have shed,  
With their soft flames of glory nourished,  
A sunshine on my heart. It were a feat,  
Could one on trembling lips of song repeat  
Thine excellence; his fame, like fire, would spread,  
And crowns galore for him be fashioned  
And hearts be thrown, glad tributes, at thy feet.

How oft in twilight's hour I see thee now,  
The sunset of a thought upon thy face  
All radiant in its dusky picture frame  
Of eventide! And I remember how,  
One happy time, my ravished eye could trace  
And read "I love you" by thy blushes' flame.

LEE FAIRCHILD.

## MARRYING FOR MONEY.

"So Miss Ender has selected Mr. Roxyfeller, when everybody thought she was dead in love with young Mr. Simcoe," said Mrs. McCorkle, in the progress of a call from her friend, Mrs. McCrackle.

"Well, you know Mr. Roxyfeller is very wealthy, even if he is old," replied Mrs. McCrackle; "while Mr. Simcoe is just a clerk at a salary of \$15 a week."

"He's so handsome, too, and Mr. Roxyfeller's so homely."

"But they say that Mr. Roxyfeller's name at the foot of a check looks far handsomer than a casual inspection of his countenance would lead one to suppose," remarked the minister, who happened to be making a pastoral call.

"Well, I think it's real dreadful to marry for money," commented Mrs. McCorkle; "for that's what Miss Ender is going to do."

"So do I," added Mrs. McCrackle. "Don't you?"

This query was addressed to the minister.

"I can't say that I share your views, ladies," replied the clergyman. "I am in favor of marrying for money."

"O, Dr. Choker!" This was from Mrs. McCorkle.

"You don't mean it!" This was from Mrs. McCrackle.

Both of these replies were made in a horrified tone of voice.

"Yes," repeated Dr. Choker; "I am in favor of marrying for money, and I'll tell you why. Some years ago I was stationed in a very sparsely settled portion of West Virginia, where almost everybody was very poor. But even there there was marrying and giving in marriage. One day a young farmer and his sweetheart came to the parsonage to be 'hitched,' as he called it, and I did the 'hitching' in my best style. They were evidently very poor. There was no marrying for money on the part of either; that was clear."

"And was it an unhappy marriage, doctor?" asked Mrs. McCorkle.

"Did they get a divorce?" asked Mrs. McCrackle.

"No, to both questions; at least not to my knowledge. I was about to say that after I had pronounced them man and wife, the bridegroom said: 'Parson, I'll send ye down a bushel of wheat next week to pay yer fer yer trouble.' I think he must have forgotten his promise, for I never saw the wheat. Since then I have been heartily in favor of marrying for money, and I prefer the cash to be paid as soon as the ceremony is performed.

W. H. SIVITER.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the girl of the period stops at nothing.

LANDLADY—Why don't you drink you tea, Mr. Kaintuck?

KAINTUCK—I never take water, madam, in any guise.

The *Madisonian* entreats us to "preserve the fish." We are sorry to be compelled to refuse, but we are too busy preserving fruit and keeping a rod in pickle for the man who sells us green watermelons.

## ONE WOULD THINK SO.

"Siam is noted for its justice, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Gazzam.

"Not that I know of," replied her husband.

"Don't you remember the hymn beginning 'Just as Siam?'"

## HE AGREED.

"Sir," exclaimed a detective to a man who had aspersed him, "I'd have you know that my reputation is spotless."

"So it is," assented the other. "You were never known to spot a fugitive in your life."

## HIS SPECIALTY.

ALICE—Do you play the piano, Mr. Dudeson?

DUDESON—No; I can not play anything at all.

LITTLE JOHNNY—Why, Mr. Dudeson, sister said yesterday that you were always playing the fool.

## ACCEPTED.

"Miss Clarinda," said I, in cautious attempt  
To approach the great theme from which none are exempt,

While she stood with a pose that was queenly,  
"Would you like a brother wh—" "Certainly, Joe;  
You would make a most excellent brother, I know,"

Quick she said, and she smiled most serenely.

H. L. W.



THE FARMER AND HIS MIGHTY ACHERS.