

floor. It was nothing but a musty bit of leather—nothing but a little baby shoe turned up from a pile of rubbish on the closet floor.

There was an oppressive suggestive stillness that found my ear ever on the alert for some half-expected whisper from every gloomy corner, and that riveted my restless eyes as though seeking for an answering look from every dark recess. Why do you peer so slowly and cautiously into the shadows of the dark closet? Why do you so often turn and glance behind as you pass along its gloomy passages? What is it you seek? And as you reach the top of these tottering stairs, why that quick and sweeping glance? Why that shudder but half concealed? Yes; it is damp. The air is heavy with the emanations of mould and rotting timbers. But it is not the chill that brings the shudder; it is not the dampness. The soggy floors break and crumble beneath your feet, and you draw your wraps close about you as you pick your way through its dank and musty halls so clammy cold. The doors have fallen from their hinges, and lie in shapeless heaps among the rotten timbers of the floor. The toppling rafters and sagging beams are tumbling from their moorings, and are damp with slime mildew, and peopled with destroying worms. Snails and lizards, are crushed beneath your footsteps, and as you hurry towards the door, the coils of a skulking snake disappear before you among the dark holes in the timbers.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Strange Wedding Fees.

We knew a clergyman who once received from a wealthy groomsmen a bright penny, enclosed in a dozen wrappers. He always persisted in believing that the intention was to give him a twenty-dollar gold piece. We were not so credulous. A clergyman who was formerly located in Hartford, Conn., but now in New York, married, not long ago, a couple who at once started for Europe. The bridegroom was a man of wealth, and before he presented himself at the bridal altar he placed a one hundred dollar greenback in his vest pocket to give the parson for the marriage fee, and did pay it to him, as he supposed. While crossing the ocean he discovered, greatly to his astonishment, the bill in the pocket where he had placed it, and could account for its presence there only on the theory that he must have had another bill of a different denomination, which he had donated to the clergyman by mistake. On getting back to this country he determined to solve the mystery, and waited upon the reverend gentleman, who did not recognize him, and inquired if, on a certain date, he did not marry a certain couple. The clergyman remembered the occasion perfectly.

"I know I am about to ask an impertinent question," said the visitor; "but I should like to be informed what fee you received for performing the ceremony?"

The clergyman recognized the man as the one he had married, and said that he would of course gratify him since he was so anxious to know.

"I received," he then went on to say, "a very small quantity of fine-cut chewing tobacco folded in a very small piece of paper."

That was enough. The only thing remaining to be done was to apologize for the curious blunder, laugh heartily, and make the one hundred-dollar deposit good.

An old uncle once brought his niece to a rectory on a cold rainy day to be married, and then after the ceremony was over he fumbled about for a two dollar bill, and not being able to find it said, as he handed the parson a five dollar bill:

"Take the change out of that for a \$2 job. It's kind o' wet and cold-like to-day, and I guess two dollars will be about the thing."

Of course the amount of a marriage fee is a delicate question, which clergymen are generally too modest to determine, much more to ask; but we never heard it disposed of so neatly as this:

A Quaker married a woman of the Church of England. After the ceremony, the vicar asked for his fees, which he said were a crown.

The Quaker astounded at the demand, said if he would show him any text in the Scriptures which proved his fees were a crown he would give it to him.

Upon which the vicar directly turned to the twelfth chapter of the Proverbs, and fourth verse, where it said. "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband."—*Ex.*

Which Shall Go First?

Which of us, darling, shall know some day,

The pain of the parting hour,

Then one shall go, and the other stay,

Compelled by death's dread power?

We know not to which the summons will come,

Nor which will be left alone,

Longing for loving hands to clasp,

And lips to meet our own.

How long could I linger if you should go?

How the days should lengthen and wait,

And the time pass weary and dreary and slow

With its burden early and late!

Could I ever forget? Would some moments bring.

A Leathean draught to me?

To lighten or deaden the terrible sting

Of my loss and misery?

How I'd long for the gentle, caressing touch

Of your fingers over my hair;

Of the loving tone and tenderness

That help me all trials to bear.

Oh, I'd pray for the terror of parting to pass,

And for death to first call upon me,

But I cannot wish, darling, that I should go

And leave all the sorrow for thee.

But when one goes, if the other knows

That the gates have shut them in,

Safe from the sorrow that waits for those

Who die in the toil of sin,

And the other is treading the narrow path

That leads to the blessed gate,

They can toil and struggle and love on still

And safely hope and wait.

Sergeant Ballantine in Custody.

One night late—it might be early morning—I was in Piccadilly, and, attracted by a gathering of people, I came upon a policeman struggling with a drunken, powerful woman. She had either fallen or been thrown down, and he had fallen upon her. There were expressions of indignation passed by the persons around, and a row seemed imminent. I touched the officer lightly upon the shoulder, saying, "Why do you not spring your rattle? You will hurt the woman." He jumped up, and seizing me by the collar, said, "I take you into custody for obstructing me in the execution of my duty." I remained perfectly passive, and in the meantime another constable had come up and seized the woman, whom he was handling very roughly. At this moment Sir Alexander Cockburn, then Attorney-General, who was returning from the House of Commons, appeared upon the scene, and seeing a woman, as he thought, ill-used, remonstrated in indignant language with the officer, upon which the constable who had hold of me stretched out his other arm—whether reaching Sir Alexander or not I could not see—and said, "I arrest you also." "Arrest me?" exclaimed the astonished Attorney-General, "what for?" "Oh," said my captor, "for many things. You are well known to the police." I cannot surmise what might have become of us. Possibly we should have spent the night in company with the very objectionable female on whose behalf we had interfered. Some people, however, fortunately recognized us, and we were released. I took the number of the officers, and, being determined to see the end of the affair, went next morning to the court where the charge ought to have been made, and heard that the woman had effected her escape, which, considering I had left her in charge of half a dozen officers, and that she was very drunk, was a remarkable feat of prowess. With concurrence of Sir Alexander Cockburn I wrote a full account to Mr. Mayne (I forget whether at that time he was knighted), and after a day or two received an answer from some subordinate treating my letter with great coolness, and saying that if I had any complaint to make I might go before a magistrate. To this communication I replied by a private note to the Commissioner to the effect that I should select my own mode of ventilating the matter. A very courteous reply, promising thorough inquiry, resulted from this further step. I never heard any more about it, and am sorry to say was not patriotic enough to take any further trouble in the matter.—*Some Experience of a Barrister's Life, By Mr. Sergeant Ballantine.*