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No 46

## Poetry.

### ONCE ONLY.

Full blown are life's hands,  
While hope's little hands stand;  
Good gifts are laid for all,  
That careless hands let fall.  
But to be filled again,  
Along our paths are set  
Dry briars of regret;  
Yet flowers spring up anon;  
But what is that, once gone,  
Will never come again?  
Not summer, and not sun;  
Earth hath no only one  
Of all her varied bloom;  
But one thing to us comes  
That never comes again.  
Yet who that loss should know  
Where all things come and go?  
Full quickly falls the rose—  
It is not that which goes  
And never comes again.  
Not flow to ebbing tide,  
Not rain to fountains dried,  
Not dew to thirsty grass,  
But one thing goes, alas!  
That never comes again.  
Not blue to clouded skies,  
Not smiles to clouded eyes,  
Not hope to saddened hearts;  
But when our youth departs  
It never comes again.  
Time can all grief remove,  
Turn bitterness to love,  
Bring grief from lovers' eyes,  
But youth once gone is lost.  
It never comes again.

## Interesting Tale.

### THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

I never, never will forgive him, said Mr. Remington, solemnly depositing his great gold spectacles in their green leather case.  
Nor I, either, sobbed Mrs. Remington, heedless of the untended disorder of her capricious. To marry that bold, dashing city girl without so much as waiting for our permission.  
But you know, my dear, suggested the old gentleman, we shouldn't have given to him if he had waited half a century.  
Certainly we shouldn't, said Mrs. Remington, emphatically. To think of our only child treating us so cavalierly! Ah, the only one we have got in the world.  
He has made his bed, and must lie on it, said the old man sternly. I will never receive his gay city bride here, and so I will write to him immediately. We are scarcely fine enough for a Fifth Avenue daughter-in-law.  
And as he spoke, the old man picked up a crumpled letter that he had thrown on the floor in the first paroxysm of his anger, and smoothed out its folds with a mechanical touch.  
Why, only think of it, Abel, said Mrs. Remington. "Malaga Buckley served for six weeks in this girl's cousin's family, and she says—Evelyn says—she smoked a little pipe cigar just like a man, and used to go skating with her dress all tucked up to the top of her boots, and drove a barouche, with the groom sitting behind—"  
Bless my soul! interrupted the old gentleman, his breath nearly taken away by the catalogue of enormities. Bless my soul, you don't say so. And our Charles is married to such an Amazon as this?  
So the couple sat in the roomy porch of the capacious old farm house, with the Michigan roses tumbling little bell-shaped into the laps in scented flowers, and the delicious odors of the fresh mow, lay coming up from the meadow flats by the river, as miserable an old couple as you want to see.  
Meanwhile, Mrs. Charles Remington, a bride of three weeks standing was making herself supremely happy at Niagara. She sat on a fallen log, among the delicious shades and seclusion of Goat Island, that bright June day with the lights and shadows chasing each other across her lovely face, and turning her long chestnut curls to coils of gold. Dressed all in white, she was fastening a wreath of wild flowers into the ribbon of her coquettish little hat, and singing some old ballad softly to herself.  
Evelyn Remington was very handsome—neither blonde or brunette, she contrived to unite the charms of both in her rose-tint complexion, bright hair and misty brown eyes, and the smiles that dimpled her fresh scarlet lips, were messengers straight from the heart. Presently she was joined by her husband—a tall, handsome young fellow, in a white linen suit and graceful hat.

Two letters, Evelyn, he said lightly, and laid them in both.  
Had news? Oh, Charles! and the rose faded suddenly away from the bride's cheek.  
Well, not so very bad, and yet not pleasant, Remington said.  
He tossed into her lap a scribbled letter, on one page of blue paper, signed "Abel." Mrs. Remington, a keen expression of their disapproval of the marriage he had contracted, and an assertion of their determination never to receive his wife as daughter.  
Evelyn looked into her husband's face with her bright eyes full of tears.  
Oh, Charles, I am sorry.  
He laughed, and quoted to her the old Scripture phrase: "A man shall leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife." And now don't you want to see the other letter, Evelyn?  
It was a summons from the mercenary firm with which Charles Remington was connected, an earnest request that he would visit Central America, in their interests, immediately.  
Cool, isn't it, to request a bridegroom to walk off in that sort of a way?—for it is too rough a voyage to ask you to share it, dearest. I leave it for you to decide—shall I go or stay?  
Go by all means, should I ask you to linger by my side, when duty calls you away, a poor wife I should be.  
He kissed her forehead, and with admiring tenderness.  
And where shall I have you, my bonnie bride?  
Oh, I will make a brief visit home, in the meantime. It is our wedding day, short, but then you know we have a lifetime to build our honeymoon in.  
No, the brief Niagara square, came to an end, and Mrs. Remington, for the space of an hour, was a widow.  
He will be back soon, she said to herself, and in the meanwhile, oh, I must do so much.  
Yes, said old Mrs. Remington, complacently. I think that was a splendid idea of yours, Abel, sending for Lot Chamney's brother to assist. I'll teach Charles and his stupid wife that we're in earnest about this. We are, and Malaga Buckley, with his fine city airs, no graces. I'm dreadfully anxious to see her. Lot was a likely looking fellow, and my cousin twice removed, and I told him that his wife was a regular built beauty. I guess likely she'll come by the same route.  
I guess likely there she is, never said Abel, who, sitting by the open window, caught the first glimpse of a slender figure coming up the path, and carrying a well-packed valise, and Mrs. Remington ran forward to kiss and welcome the new comers.  
Mrs. Chamney was exceedingly pretty. "Mrs. Remington," she observed, "that bright little fellow, some creature with gold hair, that would curl in spite of the restraining net, loving hazel eyes, and tremulous red lips."  
Oh, Abel! quoth the old gentleman, old lady, at the end of two days, why didn't Charles wait until he had seen Marion Chamney? Is she not sweet—don't it seem like a girl of sunshine in the old house when she is tripping around?  
She is very pretty, said Mrs. Remington. And then, pursued the old lady, she's so handy. She knows where everything is kept, and how to do everything, and she does up my expectations, and you should have seen how skillfully she drove me to the city yesterday.  
Oh, Abel, if Providence had sent you to send to a daughter-in-law like dear little Marion Chamney.  
Mrs. Remington's speech was cut off prematurely short by the entrance of the subject of it, with her apron full of eggs, and her hands full of wild flowers.  
Mrs. Remington, she began, and then checked herself with abruptness. Oh, I can not call you by that long, formal name—say I say mother?  
Of course you may, my darling, said the enthusiastic old lady. I only wish you were my real daughter.  
Marion laid down her flowers, and deposited her arms of party white eggs in a basket on the table, and then came up to Mrs. Remington, kneeling down and pressing her forehead in the old lady's cheek affectionately.  
Mother, she murmured, softly, you don't know how sweet the word sounds, and will you always love me and cherish me, and let me be a real daughter to you?  
I should be a hard hearted old creature if I didn't, said the old lady, her spectacles dimmed with tears.  
In short, Marion Chamney became the light of the farm house: the bright little, golden-haired girl of the ceiling rooms and white walls. She read the paper to farmer Remington; she compounded cakes, jellies and syllabubs, to the astonishment and delight of the old lady. She kept the two old ladies warm on the mantle by turning over a vase of roses; she knitted for the old man a afternoon nap on the white chaise longue, and she was better than ten doctors, when

Mrs. Remington had one of the bad, nervous headaches.  
I really don't see how we ever ventured to live without Marion, said the old gentleman.  
But she shall never leave us, said Mrs. Remington, decidedly.  
Marion, little bright eyes, I've got news, called the old gentleman one morning, through the hall's leaves, those heavy shutters for some one else to see up, and come in here. Charles is coming home.  
To stay, sir.  
No, not to stay—of course his fine city wife demands his permanent devotion, Mr. Remington could not help speaking with a sneer, but he still spent the day here, on his way to New York. I should like to see you, Charles, and I should like Charles to see you. Don't blush; if you're not better looking than the Fifth Avenue wife, she must be a paragon among women; that all I've got to say.  
When will he be home, sir?  
I don't know, I should judge from this morning's paper, that he will be here in a few days—no, it is just all alike and half the time forgets to cross his own hat. I suppose that's one fashion now a-days.  
Marion Chamney crept away to her room to brush out the red-rose curls, and adjust the blue ribbon on the throat, and wonder a little to herself, what Charles would say, when he saw the most elegant that had contrived so to interweave itself into the old home of his boyhood.  
But I don't think he will be angry, said Marion in a half whisper, as she gazed at white rose in her breast, and prepared to descend in obedience to Mrs. Remington's call.  
Marion, Marion, come down and see my boy.  
Charles Remington stood in the middle of the floor with an air of a student, a student, a student, while the old gentleman, from his big chair, delightedly watched over the last air, as Marion slowly advanced.  
Charles, said Mr. Remington, bending all over his new daughter.  
But Charles had sprung forward and caught the slight, white figure in his arms, and the golden hair floated in a perfect cascade of curls over his shoulder.  
Evelyn, my wife!  
Mr. Remington started at his wife's words. Remington stared at her husband.  
He said, whispered the old man, Charles, he added, you are not taken in, this is Marion Chamney, our adopted daughter.  
No, sir, it is not strange, I the young lady in question, I am Evelyn, your son's wife. I have stolen into your heart on false pretences—but I did so for your love. And when you said that Marion, who is one of my dearest, had stolen into your heart, I understood her just as you understood me. I have just been for a few weeks, Father, mother, and I turn up the end of my affection now.  
And I know nothing of that, said old Mr. Remington, to his son's surprise.  
Not a word, it is Evelyn's own idea.  
And Evelyn, half laughing, half crying, stole into her mother-in-law's extended arms, and gave her a kiss, Mrs. Evelyn I mean.  
No, she is our real daughter, after all said proud Mrs. Remington. Evelyn had completed all their inquiries with the cheerfulst of good will.  
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## Miscellany.

### Daylight.

The established doctrine is, that heat and light are propelled from the solar orb out equally into all parts of surrounding space, and fall upon the earth, and other planets just as (and no more than) they do upon any waste part of the sky. And these rays of heat and light, we are told, decrease rapidly with the square of the distance from their source; the square of the distance from the sun, and what do we see? A bright, dazzling sun, in intensity as we rise in the air nearer to the sun? By no means. Six miles up, all heat is gone. The thermometer is at zero, and house-plant gather on every cord of the rigging of the ship. How can this be? Heat comes down to us in diminishing force from the sun? If that were true heat ought to fall more rapidly as we ascend nearer the sun, the source of it. Exceedingly pure—the air being there free from the aqueous element—is less intense in those airy altitudes. Look up from the deck of the balloon into the blue sky above, and what do we see? 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