

Many hearts had loved her well ;  
 Pleasure strewed her path with flowers,  
 But a sorrow none could tell,  
 Filled her life with weary hours,  
 And around her threw a gloom,  
 Like the shadows of the tomb.

Mourn we that so pure a thing,  
 Fair as angel forms above,  
 Should have felt the blighting sting,  
 Brought by unrequited love ;—  
 But the stricken dove has flown,  
 To a more congenial home.

—Portland Transcript.

#### THE WINE GLASS.

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow?  
 Who hath contentions? Who  
 hath wounds without cause?  
 Who hath redness of eyes?  
 They that tarry long at the  
 Wine. They that go to  
 seek mixed wine! Look  
 not thou upon the  
 wine when it is red,  
 when it giveth  
 its color in the  
 CUP,  
 when it  
 moveth itself  
 aright;  
 At  
 the last  
 it biteth like a  
 Serpent, and stingeth like an Adder.

#### A MODEL "CHARGE."

THE following amusing incident transpired at the spring term of the Circuit Court, of St. Croix county, Wisconsin.

The Judge of the Circuit Court, lately in session at Hudson, Wisconsin, gave a charge to the jury on a certain action tried before him which excited considerable merriment in the Court at the time.

The action was to recover the value of certain liquors sent from below and consigned for sale to the defendant. Evidence was given on the part of the defendant to show that the brandies, &c., were 40 cent whiskey, and drugged besides, whereat the jury was very indig-

nant, and charged the jury very nearly as follows:

"Gentlemen of the jury: Pure unadulterated liquor is a wholesome and pleasant beverage, and, as far as the experience of the Court extends, conduces to health and longevity; but a bad article of liquor gentlemen, or, what is worse, a drugged article, cannot be tolerated; and if dealers from below will send up into this beautiful country, so blessed with the smiles of the benignant Creator, such a miserable quality of liquor as the proof shows this to be, in this court, gentlemen of the jury, they cannot recover."

#### A RUMMY CAUGHT.

A RATHER red nosed man walked into a store in the pleasant village of S., the other day, and enquired for cheese. "Walk into the other room and select one for yourself," replied the accommodating shop-keeper. The man passed on, selected his cheese, put it into his bag, returned into the front shop and laid it on the counter.

Some "cold-water" men who were present, however, becoming rather suspicious, determined to know what kind of cheese the man kept. Accordingly one of them managed so to move the bag that it fell to the floor, when lo! the cheese broke "all to smash," the glass rattled—the red nosed man looked white—the white shopkeeper looked red, and both looked blue. The cold water men looked on for a moment to witness their confusion, and then departed, leaving the cheese dealer and his customer "alone in their glory."

We would advise those who patronize such cheese shops in future, to take something better than a glass bottle to get their cheese in.—Dew Drop.