

Another English Enoch Arden.

Upwards of twenty years ago a husbandman, a native of Cumberland, married a girl belonging to the county. The newly married couple went to reside with the bride's friends. The bridegroom, however, could not agree with them, and in the course of a few months he left his wife and went away, no one knew whither. The woman had reason to believe that her husband, after leaving her, took his passage in the ill-fated steamer "London," which in the year 1866 foundered on her voyage to Australia. Seeing in the list of those who perished a name similar to that of her husband, the woman concluded he was dead. Shortly after her husband's departure she gave birth to a daughter, and the two lived together for a long time without any particular incident occurring to change the current of their daily life. After waiting for many years the woman married a miner residing in a village near Maryport, and the pair have since lived happily together. The daughter of the first husband is now married, and has gone to Newcastle to reside.

A few days ago the first husband made his appearance at the residence of a sister in Wigton, and to her he had stated that he had been for some time living in Newcastle. He then made enquiries respecting the wife he had left, and was surprised to hear that he had a married daughter living in Newcastle—the very town that he had himself been residing in—and that the wife he had deserted was married again. His sister was unable, however, to give him the address of his daughter; and after waiting upon some of his relatives at Maryport—to whom he had announced his intention of searching for the daughter he had never seen—he proceeded to the residence of his wife, not far from the town, in order to obtain his daughter's address. The second husband was not at home when the wanderer made his visit, and the woman was in the house alone. He knocked at the door. When the woman opened it she failed to recognize him and asked him what he wanted. The man asked if she had a daughter alive, and if so, where she was living. The woman wished to know his reason for asking such a question, and inquired if he was any relative of her daughter's husband: "No," he replied, "I am a nearer relative than that."

The woman then invited him into the house, and gave the address, which he put into his pocket and prepared to leave the house. As he was crossing the threshold he turned, and, looking her full in the face, said, "Well, Eliza, you have got married again, and I hope you will do well by your husband and live comfortably. I am your daughter's father."

The poor woman knew him then, and, almost fainting, cried in a thrilling tone, "Oh, Jim!" but before she could recover her composure he had walked away. He has since left the country.

Drunk on Candy.

Some very good people who consider themselves staunch friends of temperance, imagine that they are in no way violating temperance principles by indulging in the use of wine drops, rock and rye candy, and other alcoholic confectionery. It must be a very easy conscience indeed that can overlook the fact that alcohol is alcohol, wherever it may be found. An exchange asserts that a young lady of New Haven, Conn., of respectable family, was recently found drunk from eating rock and rye candy. The authorities of the town very properly warned the confectioner to either stop selling such candy or take out a saloon-keeper's license.

OUR GEM CASKET.

"But words are things, and a small drop of ink
Falling like dew upon a thought produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

Love decreases when it ceases to increase.
Men of letters—Mail carriers and sign painters.
A blood relation—Telling the story of a tragedy.
Revenge converts a little right into a great wrong.
True success is only for those who possess real merit.
Unchaste language is the sure index of an impure heart.
Manners are not morals; but manners and morals are not far apart.

We generally think better of ourselves than we are willing to acknowledge.

Method is better than any labor-saving machine that has ever been invented.

It was an emphatic child that said, "I don't want to, and I don't want to want to."

A coquette is a woman 'thout any heart that makes a fool o' a man that ain't got any head.

Whether happiness may come or not, one should try to prepare one's self to do without it.

Nobody ever thought it necessary to urge a pawnbroker to take more interest in his business.

Zenas says the warning to "beware of the first glass" is no good. It is always the last glass that knocks him out.

It was very mean of the acquaintances of a henpecked husband whose wife had just died to say that he had lost his head.

"And the cloud wedded the shadow," sings a poet. From which it would appear that the bard had just returned from a negro wedding.

"Is that gentleman a friend of yours?" asked a newly introduced lady of another at a reception. "Oh, no; he's my husband," was the innocent reply.

A young man in Kansas wanted to teach school, but couldn't tell horizontal from perpendicular, and when asked what "circular" was said it was a fur-lined cloak.

A man always looks through his pockets four times before handing his coat to his wife to have a button sewed on, and even then he is filled with a nameless fear until the job is completed.

Said a guest to a youthful servitor, "Can you black my shoes, young man?" "No, sir," was the reply; "I am the gentleman who attends to the elevator; the gentleman who blacks the boots will be along pretty soon."

"No," said the housemaid, "I don't apologize to a man when I throw a bucket of water down the front steps to wash 'em, and he comes along and gets drenched. I've tried apologizing, but I've found there's nothing you can say to a man that will satisfy him."

A young lady, who recently started out as a fashion-writer, has determined to quit journalism. She mentioned in an article that "skirts are worn very much shorter this year than usual." The young lady is certainly justified in being angry with the careless compositor who changed the *k* in skirts to an *h*.

The youth of to-day who is thinking about entering upon some profession that will most rapidly lead to fame and fortune must be greatly perplexed whether to decide in favor of becoming a prizefighter, a base-ball pitcher, or a champion rower. And there is danger that while thus hesitating he may be persuaded to throw his talents away on the law, medicine, or literature, and become a mere nobody.