

Wedding of the Gold Pen and the Inkstand.

The Gold Pen wooed the Inkstand.

The Inkstand was of crystal, with a carved silver top. It evidently came of an aristocratic family, and was therefore a fitting match for the Gold Pen, which also was an aristocrat, and carried itself haughtily toward the Goose-quill and the Steel Pens: its poor relations.

The wedding was a splendid affair. All the inhabitants of the Table were invited, and the great Unabridged Dictionary—the true autocrat of the Writing-Table—gave away the bride, while the fat Pen-Wiper, in scarlet and black cashmere, sobbed audibly. (Not that there was anything to sob about, but she had heard that it was customary to cry at weddings.)

After the ceremony, "the happy pair received the congratulations of their large and distinguished circle of acquaintances," as the newspaper reporters say.

"Many happy returns," blundered the Goose-quill, claiming his privilege as a relation of kissing the bride. The Goose-quill had got itself a new nib for the occasion, and quite plumed itself on its appearance.

"Wish you joy!" said the Steel Pen, a brisk, business-like sort of fellow, leading forward the Pen-Wiper.

"Joy!" echoed the Pen-Wiper, with a fresh burst of sobb.

"May life's cares rest lightly upon you!" said the Paper-Weight.

"Stick to each other through thick and thin!" said the Mucilage-Bottle.

"May the impress of the beloved image be indelible in each heart!" exclaimed the phial of Marking-Fluid.

"I congratulate you, madame," said the quire of Legal-Cap. "The bride-groom is a distinguished fellow—'*Stylus potentior quam gladius!*' (The pen is mightier than the sword.) Pardon the Latin; but we lawyers, you know, — He! he!" And he retired with a smirk, quite satisfied with his display of erudition.

"Live ever in a Fool's Paradise!" growled the Foolscap, who was a disappointed old bachelor.

"May the Star of Love never set in the heaven of your happiness!" simpered the rose-tinted Note-Paper, who was always fearfully sentimental, and was rumored to be herself in love with the Violet Ink.

"Jove from your heads avert his awful wrath,
And shower blessings on your future path!"

sighed the Violet Ink, who was said to have actually written poetry.

(At this the Note-Paper turned a shade rosier and murmured, "How sweet!")

"Come right up to the mark of duty," said the old Black-walnut Ruler, "and your line of life will never go crooked."

"May love be never erased from your hearts!" said the India Rubber.

"And may nothing ever divide you!" said the Ivory Paper-Cutter.

"Let all your actions bear the right stamp, and above all, *never tell a lie!*" said the Postage-Stamp, (which bore the portrait of George



Washington, and must therefore be excused for introducing the latter remark).

"Don't let the little *rubs* of life wear out your mutual kindness, my dears!" said the matronly old Eraser.

"Heh, lad!" cried the little Scotch-plaid Index, which came tumbling out of a volume of Burns. "A lang life an' a happy one to you au' your bonny bride!"

"May you always be wrapped up in each other!" said the package of Envelopes, who came up in a body.

"Though the Gordian Knot was cut," said the Penknife (a sharp chap). "may this True-Lover's Knot never be severed!"

"I hope you'll make your mark in life," said the blunt old Lead Pencil.

"Look closely," said a Pocket-Microscope; "but for virtues—not for faults."

"May the remembrance of each unkind word or deed be quickly blotted out!" exclaimed the Blotting-Pad.

"Bless ye, my children, bless ye! Be happy!" said the Big Dictionary, in the (theatrically) paternal manner.

The Gold Pen and the Inkstand did not make a wedding tour, but went to live immediately in a beautiful bronze stand-dish, in the centre of the Writing-Table.

And there they are at this very moment.

—Alice Williams in *v. Nicholas*.

The whole party will be assembled on the Book Table, Tuesday, December 15th.

Come to the wedding that is to be,
All to the Ladies Bazaar and see.
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