

Fishing and Marriage.—A story told of a man who was so incorrigibly fond of going a fishing, that he was fearful of appointing a day for his marriage lest it might turn out fine weather for his favorite sport. The thing was finally settled by a contract of this nature: "The marriage shall be consummated on Monday next, provided the weather was such as to prevent the fish from biting. If it should not so turn out, it shall be postponed until the first day favorable to matrimony, *vice versa* for fishing." Were we in the girl's place, such a chap might fish somewhere else for a wife.