

GOOD-BYE.

BY AUGUSTA ALLEN.

How often and under what very different circumstances we hear this word spoken! A group of merry school girls are separating for the night, and one, as she lightly turns from her companions, merrily laughs out "Good-bye!" Her eyes sparkle, her cheeks dimple and her little feet dance along the sidewalk.

This is a good-bye which gladdens the heart of the listener. The word, for the moment, is robbed of its accustomed sadness and breathes careless joy.

Again I see the same group. But how different the parting scene! I hear no laughter now. Every brow is clouded, and all eyes are filled with tears. The close of the school term has come and some of the loved members of their band are going far away. They realize that this parting may be forever; and, with clinging hands and heavy hearts, they sob "Good-bye."

A young bride is leaving her father's home. Her chosen one is by her side. She knows his love for her. She sees, in her future, a succession of glad days, each more joyful than the last. Still she cannot forget that she is leaving her girlhood's home and the parents who have given her such love as only a father and mother can bestow. The tears fall fast. The sweet lips quiver piteously, and the sad "good-bye" is spoken with a low, tremulous voice.

A son is leaving his country home to seek his fortune in the great city. His mother is aware of the temptations that await her boy, and she trembles for his safety. So with a great pain at her mother-heart she says "good-bye, God bless you, my son, and keep you from evil." Such good-byes bring tears to our eyes whenever we hear them.

A child is lying upon her little couch. Those who love her are bending over her, watching with pain unspeakable as her breath grows shorter and shorter. At last the tiny hands are lifted; the eyes, bright with a brilliancy not of earth, unclose; a sweet smile rests upon the baby face, and she whispers, "good-bye."

All is over. Bright angels have borne her over the billows of the river and she is safe in that glorious home, where sad good-byes are never uttered.

THE CALYPSO BOREALIS.

In the *American Agriculturist* for June, 1879, under the above head, I find a description of a plant which, though indigenous to this coast, is but little known when a few miles from its native woods. The *calypso* belongs to the *orchid* family, and presents rather a more singular appearance than most of the other members of that singular family of plants. The plant has a small, hard bulb, at the base of which are two short roots about three-quarters of an inch long, with a few very short rootlets along their sides. These roots, instead of growing in the earth, grow in moss, and only penetrate deep enough to reach the soil. Early in January the bulb begins to shrink away, and a new one forms in its place, from which rises a solitary ovate leaf. In time there will shoot up a stem to the height of four to six inches, bearing at the top a solitary flower, having a lip or sac hanging from the lower side, something after the manner of the "ladies' slipper," only instead of being blunt, it terminates at the lower end in two sharp points, about one-eighth of an inch long. This sac is one of the petals, and is of an indescribable brownish color along the sides, while just below the mouth is a pale, whitish-looking spot. The other two petals and the three parts of the calyx are precisely alike in appearance, standing up long, narrow and sharp-pointed above the other portions of the flower. These five parts are of a very pretty pink color. Just in front of these, and hanging over the mouth of the sac portion, is the "hood." This "hood" is the united stamens and pistils, and is of about the same color as the five other parts just mentioned. After blooming, the leaf and stem die down, and can be kept very much like an onion; only, if they are wanted for early blossoming, they must be kept damp. In the fir woods, where it always grows, it is perfectly hardy, but when not sheltered by the timber, it is quite tender. It takes to domestication quite readily, and when massed is very pretty and quite worthy of cultivation. This description applies to the plant as it grows in Douglas county, Oregon, the writer never having seen it growing further north.

Owing to the rise in paper, kites are going up.

THE CLEAN NEWSPAPER.

There is a growing feeling in every healthy community against journals which make their special object to minister to a perverted taste, by seeking out and serving up in a seductive form disgusting and licentious revelations. There is good reason to believe that the clean newspaper is more highly prized to-day than it was four or five years ago. It is also safe to predict that as people in all ranks of life, who protect their own, at least from contamination, become more conscious of the pernicious influence of a certain class of journals, called enterprising because they are ambitious to serve up dirty scandals, they will be careful to see that the journals they permit to be read in the family circle are of the class that never forget the proprieties of life. Already both men and women of refinement and healthy morals have had their attention called to the pernicious influence of bad literature, and have made commendable efforts to counteract the same by causing sound literature to be published and sold at popular prices. These efforts are working a silent but sure revolution. The best authors are more generally read to-day than at any previous date. The sickly, sentimental story-paper, and the wild ranger and pirate story-book are slowly but surely yielding the field to worthier claimants. Let the good work go on; the sooner such literature is banished the better.

On a railway line, recently, a passenger stopped the conductor, and asked: "Why does not the train run faster?" "It runs fast enough to suit us. If you don't like the rate of speed, get out and walk," was the rejoinder. "I would," replied the passenger, settling back in the seat, "but my friends wouldn't come for me till the tram arrives, and I don't want to be waiting at the station for two or three hours."

"How came those holes in your elbows?" said the Widow Smith to her irrepressible small boy. "Oh, mother, I hid behind the sofa when little Jack Horner was saying to our Jule that he'd take her, even if you had to be thrown in; and he didn't know I was there, and so I held in and laughed in my sleeves, till I burst 'em."

A correspondent who has kept sheep for the last thirty years, says he has never known a sheep to be killed or torn by dogs, where a good-sized bell was worn by one of the strongest, tamest sheep in the flock. Try it, you sheep men.

From a boy's composition on hens. "I cut my uncle William's hen's neck off with a hatchet, and it scared her to death."

Weather signs—When you see a doctor and nurse take charge of the house, look out for little squalls.