

FAREWELL.

The boat went drifting, drifting over the sleeping sea, And the man that I loved the dearest, sat in the boat with me.

We strove to join light laughter; we strove to wake a jest; But the voice that I love the dearest, rang sadly amid the rest.

The boat went drifting, drifting, while the dull skies lowered down, And the "ragged rims of thunder" gave the rocky head a crown.

The boat went drifting, drifting, while to the darkening sky, For the man that I loved the dearest, the prayer rose silently.

Oh, true, strong hand I touch no more; brave smile I may not see; Will the God who governs time and tide bring him back to my life and me?

—[All the Year Round.]

Profits of Patents.

Probably the most valuable patent in the toy line every taken out in this or any other country is that which secures the Plympton roller skates to its holder. The choleric old gentleman who gets knocked about by a score of urchins when walking up fifth avenue on a summer day, has but a faint idea of the number of these articles in use throughout the world. The streets are full of them, but these represent but a small quota of the vast number manufactured and sold.

Mexican Propensity for Stealing.

Washerwomen pawn the clothes of unsuspecting and trusting Americans when given them to be washed, and more than one engineer has had to visit some empeno and pay down the cash for garments that were already his to get them out of pawn. Either one by one or all in a lump, these garments are gathered into the maw of the Mexican "uncle."

official dinner given by her husband she lost so many spoons and forks that there were hardly any left that evening. Though there is no other city of any size near this; though the streets swarm with policemen and the custom officials search—

Hospitality in War.

The cry of "On to Richmond!" awakened no enthusiasm in the hearts of the third Ohio one day, when they found themselves en route as prisoners of war for that famous capital. Nor were they enthusiastic when they halted for the night and prepared to sink supperless into dreamland.

The 54th Virginia regiment was encamped near by, and some of the men came down to have a look at the "Yanks."

Indian Religion.

The world has long been familiar with the stories of barbarity, cruelty and rapine in connection with Indians. Good men have leisure to write humanitarian letters thousands of miles away from where scalps are lifted. Whatever the inscrutable purpose for which the Indian was created, he is doomed. He lacks the instinct of self-preservation. He would rather be aggressive and die than peaceful and live.

New Smith College Art Building.

The new art building of Smith College to be erected from the fund of \$25,000 given by Winthrop Hillier, of Northampton, is to be located just north of President Seelye's house, where there is a commanding view of the surrounding country.

As Usual.

The commercial traveler of a Philadelphia house, while in Tennessee, approached a stranger as the train was about to start, and said: "Are you going on this train?" "I am."

off to themselves, green citrons with their royal gold color, groups of boatmen and hunters with their swarthy faces and picturesque attire, lending a hand wherever it was needed, a negro with a banjo strumming rude tunes to which the crowd gave casual accompaniment, the ladies all watching curiously and sampling an orange now and then—

Cario alias Eden.

A writer in the Cincinnati Commercial speaks of Cario, the town at the junction of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, as follows: "The town of Cario is distressing looking. It is said to contain 11,000 inhabitants, of whom 10,000 have had their homes overflowed this spring. The ground on which it is built is so low that when you walk in the streets, horses and carriages moving along the levee are as far above you as if they were on top of the walls of a four story building. That is what they made me think of. When you remember that the Mississippi, at the height of the flood, was about even with the top of this levee all along the front of the town, while all behind the place the river has broken in and submerged acres of ground, you will realize the situation Cario has been in for many anxious days and nights.

Material Progress in the United States.

An English essayist concedes that in no other country has there been anything like the rapid progress in invention and all that pertains to material progress that has been made in the United States during the last half century. He says that the Americans have profited by the lessons which the producers of Europe taught them; that many ideas which had their inception in the old world have been supplemented and improved upon by the quick witted and ingenious Yankee, to say nothing of the productions of purely American origin.

How Jesse James Showed His Gratitude.

Six years ago the James brothers sacked the express car and "went through" the passengers on the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific at Gad's Hill, and stole the money box at the Kansas state fair. They rode into Kansas City on horseback, and when the cashier was walking into the bank with the receipts of the day, about two thousand dollars, they pointed their pistols at his head, seized the box and galloped off.

Orange Wrapping in Florida.

One night our party of tourists went to an "Orange wrapping." A large warehouse belonging to the Wilkinson place was lighted up with candles placed along the walls, and all the "help" of the neighborhood was gathered. In one corner of the room there were huge boxes filled with oranges. They were rigged with handles at each end, and it took two men to bring one of them in. On the opposite side of the room were long tables, behind which sat the "wrappers." The fruit was supplied to them by small boys, who carried it in bread-trays; putting a tray to every three men. Before each man was a package of tissue paper. By a dextrous movement, an orange was enveloped in a leaf of paper by one motion. As the fruit was wrapped it was dropped into another tray, which was carried to the "packers," who stood before a pile of empty crates. Each orange was placed in the crate separately, being packed in close rows. A crate holds from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty oranges, and sells here for about three dollars. The oranges are not brought direct from the grove to the packing-house, but rest a day or two in the drying-house. There they are spread over lattice shelves, where they go through a sweating process before they are ready for shipment.

He Got a Seat.

It was a Third Avenue car, and it was very crowded. A good natured son of Erin had boarded the car near the City Hall, but was too late to get a seat. He carried a tin dinner pail and wore the dress of a hard-working man. There was a humorous twinkle in his eye, but it was plain to be seen that he was tired. He hung on to a strap near the door in a commanding position, where he would be sure to see the first vacant seat. Not a single passenger got out until Houston street was reached. Then there was a momentary glimpse of a vacant seat, but it was filled before he could reach it. At Fourteenth street the car stopped. The man's eye brightened and he kept a sharp look out. But no—it was to let a lady get on. The car dragged its way slowly on to Twenty-seventh street, and slowed up.

From that time on Pat called the number of every street in very distinct and insinuating way, with flattering comments upon them as desirable places of residence; but his efforts continued in vain. A few unfortunates who had been obliged to stand like himself, from time to time left the car, but not a vacant seat was to be seen.

Horace Greeley's Shoes.

About the year 1870, when Arthur Barret was president of the Fair Association, Mr. Greeley accepted an invitation to deliver the annual address in the amphitheater at the fair grounds. Colonel Todd was chairman of the reception committee, and after the close of the address escorted the speaker to his room at the Southern Hotel, where he bade him good-bye, as Mr. Greeley was to leave the city early on the following morning. Before leaving him, however, Colonel Todd said: "Well, Mr. Greeley, I trust that during your stay here everything has been done for your comfort and that everything has been satisfactory to you."

"Stole your shoes!" echoed Colonel Todd in astonishment, also surveying Mr. Greeley's feet. "Yes," replied Mr. Greeley, slowly and with considerable hesitancy, "everything has been as pleasant as I could have desired, except—here the old gentleman looked sadly down at his feet, and after a brief pause resumed, "except that some one stole my shoes last night."

Sarah Wasn't There.

Charley Shaw, of the Detroit Opera House, was grinning at the window of the box office the other day, when he walked a chap with an agricultural bronze on his face, and asked: "Does any one perform here?" "Oh, yes."

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SHORT BITS.

Onions are frequently strewn upon the grave of love. Jesse James' war comrades have started a subscription for his widow. Hartford, which is largely in debt, is eating strawberries.—[Danbury News.] A Kansas town is named Scandalia, and immigration is just pouring in there. Boston mourns the loss of its oldest printer. His successor has not yet been appointed. The Reverend Spencer Drummond, Bronn's last surviving school-fellow, died lately, aged 92. There are 15,000 brass bands in the United States. And yet we send missionaries to the heathen. Paris has now 45 English or American bars. There's no more need of going thirsty in Paris than there is in Maine. We have received a good deal of rheumatic poetry this spring—at least we judged it to be so from the lameness of the verses. In Germany railroad conductors get \$340 a year. In America the roads employ men to find out how much the conductors do get. "Where are our girls?" anxiously inquires a religious exchange. We don't know. We can't keep track of all the girls in creation. A young lady being told by a friend that silk dresses were very much worn, said she knew it, for hers had two or three holes in it. We are told that "missionaries are wanted in the Italian quarters of New York." Never knew before that the Italians were cannibals. "San Francisco is clamoring for brass bands in churches." Extreme measures must be taken to keep San Francisco people awake, evidently. The best way to beat a Niagara hackman—With a club.—Puck. And yet when a Niagara hackman meets a club man he generally beats him. An esteemed contemporary, whose name we suppress for fear of the broom brigade, says that fans and girls are hand-painted this season. Carlyle once said to Frowde that he was the best read man he ever met. Probably Frowde was thoroughly familiar with Carlyle's writings. "Yes," said the traveler, "I hope the train robbers will go through the train. I'd like to see that darned porter compelled to disgorge our property!" A Washington writer says: "The prettiest and most favored children of the congressional group are the bright-eyed, fair-haired boy and girl of Congressman Skinner." The venerable Kossuth has completed his memoirs, the last volume having just appeared. He makes in it a prediction that Hungary will shortly separate herself from Austria. It was Dr. Hammond who, during the president's illness, invented the word "Syggnosis," and yet congress thinks he should receive less pay for his services than Dr. Bliss. "Why are your loaves so much smaller than they used to be?" asked a Galveston man of his baker. "I don't know unless it is that I use less dough than formerly," responded the baker. Cucumber infernal machines, according to the Chronicle, are in the market in Philadelphia. There is but one anti-dote, a remedy known to the ancient Irish people. It is called "whiskin-warr." A rural Democrat writes us to ask: "Are red noses hereditary?" We believe they are more acquired than hereditary; but still the majority of the most successful Democrats have been born that way. "Yes," said the county member, "I went to that variety show because I felt sure there'd be nobody there who knew me. Darned if pretty much the whole legislature wasn't there!"—Boston Post. It is said that walls have ears. Therefore, don't trust them. They are two-faced things.—Bos. Trans. And the way that the barefaced things get themselves papered and painted is too horrible for words. Resonance in public halls can be modified or prevented by stretching wires across the ceiling, so that the vibrations are absorbed, conveyed from one wire to another, and spread over the building. Truth would like to see a palatable temperance drink invented. This is something that Faxon and Neal Dow never thought of. There is very little water in the country that is fit to drink.—Boston Globe. Harvard student (who has just failed in a Chinese sentence) to Professor—"Thou tea-chest!" Professor (furious)—"What! you dare to—" Student (calmly proceeds)—"Thou teachest a most difficult language." Emerson says a man ought to carry a pencil to note down the thoughts of the moment." Yes, and one short pencil devoted exclusively to that use would last some men we know about two thousand years, and then have the original point on it. After writing the "Charge of the Light Brigade," was it absolutely necessary for Tennyson to produce a "Charge of the Heavy Brigade," before he died? Hood got much fame for his "Song of the Shirt," but he didn't supplement it in his last days by a "Song of the Under-shirt."—[Cincinnati Saturday Night.]