

FAREWELL

BY MARY A. DAVIS.

A long farewell, old Year, to thee, With thy days of sorrow, thy days of gloom; We part with thee regretfully.

A WILD RIDE.

We had been living in Ireland for about two years, and every day I regretted the time more and more when my husband had decided to leave England and come over to manage his property, which was situated in one of the most lawless and disaffected counties.

ride to Col. Arbutnot's, trying to reach it before Lionel had started on his way home. It was a daring step, but the only chance; lonely and isolated, we were miles from any town, and no help was possible.

WHO WON?

Ting-a-ling-ling! goes the school bell, and bat and ball are tossed in their respective places, the bat on the ground and the ball in Tim Carnahan's pocket, pausing crowd makes their way into the school house of Maple Grove—that is, all with one exception, naughty Percy Smith remains out in the yard, seated on a stone of rather large dimensions, whistling and whittling a stick, his eyes glowing in sullen anger.

first, but never fully realized it until you rendered me so ashamed of myself by those few indignant words at the gate. I have a beautiful home, a good opening in my profession, and if you could like me a little, Belle, you will make me very happy.

About Spices.

If the consumption of spices in the United States were confined to the genuine articles which were imported from abroad, the allowance of each man, woman and child would be about one-third of a pound of all kinds (including ginger, pepper and mustard) per annum; for the total yearly importations average about fifteen million pounds, valued last year at \$1,916,217.

SHORT BITS.

Repentance is accepted remorse. Never marry but for love, but see that thou lovest what is lovely. Resolve to see the world on its sunny side, and you have almost won the battle of life.