YESTERDAY.

[E. P. Powell.]

But yesterday, beneath yon elm,
We two together stood and talked;
Our arms we linked; above the rose
Our souls embraced, our speech was one.
Each said, "Dear friend!"
It was the end.

To-day in yonder cottage lies
A something white and mystical.
"They say, "Behold the one you loved!"
I look aside to hear him say,
"Not there, but here,
My friend most dear."

Alone, beneath the elm, I stand;
Its arms droop heavy round my head;
My arms grope yearnings undefined;
As yet I cannot touch his hand.
Is there another
Life, my brother?

His footprint lingers in the grass;
His breath still lingers in the air;
The rose, that withering lies, he plucked;
It was but yesterday we talked;
We said, "Dear friend!"
It was the end.

FIRST BULL RUN.

As Seen by an Officer in the Confederate Army

An Unrenowned Warrior's Recollections of the Fight at Manassas---Incidents of a Memorable Summer Sunday.

Geo. W. Bagby in Philadelphia Times.

Every one knew the ordeal was at hand. The movements preceding the great tragedy had the hurry and convergence which belong to all catastrophes. A confused mixture of memories is left to me—things relevant and irrelevant. L. W. Spratt, Thomas H. Wynne, Bradley T. Johnson, the big guns of the entrenched camp; the night arrival of Johnson's staff, the parting with my friend Latham—all these and many more recollections are piled up in my mind. Beauregard's plan of battle had been approved by General Johnston. Ewell was to attack McDowell's left at early dawn, flank him and cut him off from Washington, our other brigades from left to right co-operating. Until midnight and later all of Col. Jordan's clerks were busy copying the battle orders, which were at once sent off to the divisions and brigades by couriers. I myself made many copies. The last sentence I remember to this day; it read as follows: "In case the enemy is defeated he is to be pursued by cavalry and infantry until he is driven across the Potomac." He needed no pursuit, but went across the Potomac all the same. Had we followed in force the result might have been different. I sat up as usual that night, but recall no event of interest. As morning dawned I wondered and wondered why no sound of battle was heard—none except the distant roar of Long Tom, which set the enemy in motion. How Ewell failed to get his order, how our plan of battle failed in consequence and how near we came to defeat is known to all. 'Tis an old, and to Confederates, a sad story.

THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

On the morning of the 18th, as Beauregard walked out to mount his horse, he stumbled and came near falling—a bad augury, which, we thought, brought a shadow over his face. But on this morning, the 21st, all went well; the generals and their staffs, after an early breakfast, rode off in high spirits, victory in their very eyes. My duty was to look after the papers of the office, which had been hastily picked up, and, in case of danger, see that they were put on board a train; which was held in readiness to receive them and other valuable effects. The earth seemed to vomit men; they came in from all sides. Holmes, from Fredericksburg, at the head of his division, in a high-crown, very dusty beaver, I well recollect. He made me laugh. Barksdale, of Mississippi, halting his regiment to get ammunition; the militia esconced behind the earthworks of the entrenched camp, their figures flit before me. It was a superb Sabbath day, cloudless and at first not very hot. A sweet wind from the west blew in my face as I stood on a hill overlooking the vale of Bull Run. I saw the enormous column of dust made by the enemy as they advanced upon our left. The field of battle evidently would be where the comet, then illuminating the sky, seemed to rest at night. Returning to headquarters I reported to Col. Jordan the movement upon our left.

"Has McDowell done that?" he asked, with animation. "Then Beauregard will give him all his old boots, for that is exactly where we want him."

PROGRESS OF THE BATTLE.

The colonel meant that Ewell would have a better chance of attack by reason of the weakening of McDowell's left.

Again and again I walked out to watch the progress of the battle, which lasted a great deal longer than I expected or desired. The pictures of battle at a distance in the English illustrated papers give a good idea of what I saw, minus the stragglers and the wounded, who came in increasing numbers as the day advanced and disheartening President Davis as he rode out to the field in the afternoon. At noon or thereabouts a report that our centre had been broken hurried me back to headquarters, and, although the report proved false, kept me there for several hours, the battle meanwhile raging fiercely and not a sound from Ewell.

Restless and excited I went into a neighboring house, occupied by a lone woman, who was in a peck of trouble about herself, her house, her everything. The bigger trouble outside filled my mind during the recital of her woes, so that I now recall none of them.

Unable longer to bear the suspense I left important papers, etc., to take care of themselves and set out for the battle-field, determined to go in and get rid of my fears and doubts by action. I reached the hill which I had so often visited in the morning and paused awhile to look at some of our troops who were rapidly moving from our right to our left. Just then—can I ever forget it?—there came, as it seemed, an instantaneous suppression of firing, and almost immediately a cheer went up and ran along the valley from end to end of our line. It meant victory—there was no mistaking the fact. I stood perfectly still, feeling no exultation whatever. An indescribable thankful sadness fell upon me, rooting me to the spot, and plunging me into a deep reverie, which for a long time prevented me from seeing or hearing what went forward. Night had nearly fallen when I came to myself and started homeward. The road was filled with wounded men, their friends and a few prisoners. I spoke kindly to the prisoners, and took in charge a badly wounded man, carrying him to the hospital, from the back windows of which amputated legs and arms had already been thrown on the ground in a sickening pile.

IN BALTIMORE NEXT WEEK.

At headquarters there was a great crowd waiting for the generals and Mr. Davis to return. It was now quite dark. A deal of talking went on, but I observed little elation. People were worn out with excitement—too many had been killed—how many and whom was yet to be learned. War is a sad business even to the victors. I saw young George Burwell, 14 years of age, bring in Col. Corcoran, his personal captive. I heard Col. Porcher Miles' withering retort to Congressman Ely, who tried to claim friendly acquaintance with him, but went off abashed in a linen duster with the other prisoners. I asked Col. Preston what he thought of the day's work.

"A glorious victory, which will produce immense results," was his reply.

"When will we advance?"

"We will be in Baltimore next week."

How far wrong even the wisest are? We never entered Baltimore, and that victorious army, one-half of which had barely fired a shot, did not fight another pitched battle for nearly a year!

It was after midnight when I carried to the telegraph office Mr. Davis' dispatch announcing the victory. Inside the entrenched camp 1,000 or 1,200 prisoners were herded, the militia standing up side by side guarding them and forming a human picket fence, funny to behold. It was clear as a bell when I walked back; the baleful comet hung over the field of battle: all was very still; I could almost hear the beating of my tired heart, that had gone through so much that day. Too much exhausted to play orderly, I slept in my chair like a top.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

The next day, Monday, the 22d, it rained, a steady, straight downpour the livelong day. Everybody flocked to headquarters. Not one word was said about a forward movement upon Washington. We had too many generals in chief; we were southerners; we didn't fancy marching in the mud and rain—we threw away a grand opportunity. For days, for weeks you might say, our friends kept coming from Alexandria, saying with wonder and impatience: "Why don't you come on? Why stay here doing nothing?" No sufficient answer, in my poor judgment, was ever given. The dead and the dying were forgotten in the general burst of congratulation. Now and then you would hear the loss of Bee and Bartow deplored, or of some individual friend it would be said: "Yes, he is gone, poor fellow." But this was as nothing compared to the joyous hubbub over the victory. How proud and happy we were. Didn't we know that we could whip the Yankees? Hadn't we always said so? Henceforth it would be easy sailing—the war would soon be over, too soon for all the glory we felt sure of gaining. What fools!

A Minnesota Tornado.

Boston Globe.

A cloud, black as the raven's wing, appeared in the west. Suddenly it split, and between the two black trains expanded the most fearful, dismal sky I ever saw. The color was green—gray—yellow, and it darkened the sun so it became as twilight. The carpenters had gathered together with us on the porch.

"This must be a hailstorm," one of them said; "now we will pretty soon hear of disasters." Suddenly the cleft widened between the two black cloud wings, and the upper one came with a terrible speed, flurrying back toward us. "Let us walk in," I said. "It seems as if we, too, shall get a taste of it." We went in, and our parlor looked quite dark. We had scarcely locked the door before we heard the roaring of the storm coming.

In a moment we were surrounded by a white cloud, and the wind and rain lashed the house, which groaned and shivered. It was not rain, it was furious torrents of water mixed with heavy hail, which poured down from heaven. The storm tried to burst open the door, but five men pressed against it with all their might. The wall seemed to give way, and stood in a bow; the building shook as in convulsions. I felt a tightening of my heart every time the house seemed to be lifted from the ground and dropped down again.

Twice we had these terrible shocks; then in a moment house, men, furniture were hurled through the air 100 feet away. I do not remember anything till I found myself on the ground crawling among the ruins of my home. The first I discovered was my wife, with a child in each arm, lying at my side. Men and children were scattered around among lumber and sidings, whether alive or dead nobody could tell.

A table and a staircase came flying through the air; some men met them and pushed them away, so they did not kill my wife and children; bits of wall and roof whirled round us; here it was impossible to remain. We crept and crawled and ran for our lives down to the forest. As we found each other there, we were only six; a friend of ours, a farmer, had one of the small girls in his arms, my wife another, and one of my sons clung to me. But where were the rest of the children?

I had myself seen one of the carpenters run with my third little girl—but the eldest and youngest boy? Killed, perhaps, or lying mutilated among the ruins, and it was impossible to look for them. The hurricane would have swept us away as soon as we had moved from the wood. The only thing to do was to press the children to us and give them so much shelter as we could with our broader backs. The rain and the hail lashed us, the oak shrubs were blown flat to the ground, and their limbs struck our heads and shoulders like whips.

The Killing of Fisk.

George Alfred Townsend.

Mr. Austin H. Haskins, a relative of the late Dr. Holland, gave me last week his reminiscence of the death of James Fisk, Jr., as follows: "I was the chief clerk at the office of the Grand Central hotel, and Mr. Fisk came to me one day saying: 'Haskins, there is a family that befriended me once and now is poor, and if I can make a reasonable rate here I will have you board them. I expect to pay the bill; so draw it mild.' He looked at the rooms and assented to the rates. The family was Mrs. Morse's; the young lady, Miss Morse, lately lost her husband, Mr. Richmond, who died at Atlantic City. I have often thought that Fisk, but for that act of kindness, might not have been killed, at least not there. He had said to me a few days before he was shot: 'Would you like to keep the Continental hotel at Long Branch? Well, you shall have it next season.' By his death I lost an opportunity. The day he was shot, in the afternoon about 4 o'clock, there came a sound—pah!—hardly more than that, yet enough, and it was repeated. The first thing I saw was a man running. Powers, our proprietor, started for me and exclaimed to me: 'Go up-stairs quick and see if anybody is hurt, while I pursue this man.' Yet I turned too, from some inner impulse, and ran after Stokes. He was pale and silent. I then started up-stairs and found the hall girl asleep. 'Did you hear a pistol fired?' I asked. She answered 'No.' I made a second search as far as the ladies' entrance, and there sat Fisk between two men. 'Jim, are you hurt?' I asked. 'I guess so, Hass.' We got him into a room and stripped him. The doctor said to me: 'Send for this man's friends, if he has any. He cannot live.' He died next morning.

The Next Question.

Chicago Tribune.

In Scotland they have narrow, open ditches, which they call sheep-drains. A man was riding a donkey one day across a sheep pasture, but when the animal came to the sheep-drain he would not go over it. So the man rode him back to a short distance, turned him around, and applied the whip, thinking, of course, that the donkey, when going at the top of his speed, would jump the drain before he knew it. But not so. When the donkey got to the drain, he stopped all of a sudden, and the man went over Mr. Neddy's head. No sooner had he touched the ground than he got up, and, looking his beast straight in the face, said, "Verra weel pitched; but then hoo are ye going to get ower yersel?"

A Hotel Over the Way.

"Gath" in New York Tribune.

Col. J. F. Cake has the plans of a projected hotel at Cape May to be built 1,200 feet from the shore beyond the breakers, for a winter sanitarium as well as summer pier, the soil of the bottom there having been once cornfields and of a hard, sticky clay, trustworthy for support. Neither musquitoes, sewage nor dampness would affect such a house, and residence in it would have the effect of a voyage to Europe without sea-sickness. The cost would be only $50,000.

Hardly Enough For Two.

"What are you laughing at, my dear?" asked Mrs. Jones of her husband, who was chuckling over his morning paper. "Something I saw here," he replied, "but it's hardly funny enough for two."

HER ROSES.

[M. S. Bridges.]

Sweet love, for the roses that you wore
Against you waist, a king might sign;
Here on my troubled heart they lie
Cradled in rest, to rest no more.

Crushed, faded, but forever sweet.
Ah, was it fate, or was it chance,
That shook them downward in the dance,
And dropped them gently at my feet?

You did not dream, when we should part—
You, in your stately loveliness—
How close against my heart should press
The flowers that nestled on your heart.

Ah, so I keep them. Half divine
Is the dear mystery they reveal;
And in my happy dreams I feel
The beating of your heart on mine.

Fate: A Society Novel.

New York Graphic

CHAPTER I.

Vanrhymelander de Knickerbocker was a fine, manly young man, pleasing to look upon, of good address, proficient in many games, and about the correct thing as to morals.

She really of all the men she knew most fancied Vanrhymelander de Knickerbocker. Who was she? Isabella de Knickerbocker Rhymevanlander. The similarity in their names was owing to the fact that the main branches of both families, the trunk lines in fact, had more or less intermarried for seven or eight generations. But they never intermarried, did any of these trunk or latteral ines, unless both routes were rich.

CHAPTER II.

Why did not Isabella de Knickerbocker Rhymevanlander marry young Vanrhymelander de Knickerbocker? Because he was poor.

CHAPTER III.

Isabella while in Europe became engaged to a French count. Noble but poor Isabella forfeited the stakes. Just before the final plunge she saw the French count in all his naked moral deformity. She though of poor Vanrhymelander de Knickerbocker and broke off the engagement with the French count.

CHAPTER IV.

Meantime young Vanrhymelander de Knickerbocker was trying to get rich. He counselled with the family lawyer. The family lawyer could see no other road than that of wealth to join two such congenial natures as those of Vanrhymelander de Knickerbocker and Isabella de Knickerbocker Rhymevanlander. "It's all that's needed," he remarked, "to make the contract binding." Vanrhymelander counselled with the family physician. "There's no cure for your case," said Dr. Bond, "save riches. The girl can't really marry any one but you. You were made for each other—providing you are cemented together by money." The young man applied also to the family clergyman.

"Providence has called us to different stations of life," he remarked, "and it is our duty to fit ourselves for them. In your case I cannot see how an alliance between such important branches of two old and influential families can be properly arranged unless you are wealthy."

CHAPTER V.

Poor Isabella de Knick, etc., lay in her $1,500 bed (an heir loom of the family) and shed bitter tears. She had just broken off an engagement with the German Count Zweilagerbeeritzfitz. "I might have married him and the family castle on the Rhine," she remarked, "but to think of allying one's self for life to a gallon of beer per day, to say nothing of the garlic flavored bolognas! Oh, why does not Vanrhymelander get rich? And softly she sang to herself, "Two souls with but a single thought (when rich), two hearts that beat as one (when rich.)"

CHAPTER VI.

I will labor to become wealthy," quoth young Vanrhymelander; "I will be a Knight of Finance. I will enter the lists of Wall street. I will be a chivalric bull. Or I will be a noble bear, according to the state of the market. It matters not which. I will do all. I will dare all financially to win Isabella."

CHAPTER VII.

Wall street met the brave knight with open arms. Then it closed them. It squeezed him. It scooped him out. It flung him forth bruised, breathless and bleeding. He essayed one more feeble attempt. He put his last $100 in Wabash and Winnipisiogee. Wall street made another rush for him, overthrew him and danced triumphantly on his temporarily unconscious remains.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sore, bruised and bleeding, the young knight Vanrhymelander de Knickerbocker sought his lady love. He knelt at her foot. "I have done all that mortal man could do," said he, "to vanquish the demon poverty. Let us not mind the prejudices of society. Let us marry. I have a teapot. You a tea cup. With these we can set up housekeeping."

Said she: "Dearest, the apple of my eye, the man of my choice, I would—indeed, how gladly would I—but I, alas! I cannot. You are poor. What would life be for me—for us—without a town house, a country house, a carriage, a hot-house, a private ice house, a yacht and the other accessories? Dearest, it breaks my heart to say 'No.' But I have the strength to say it. It cannot be. It can not be until your credit at your banker's reaches that figure which will enable us to move in society."

Van, etc., rushed madly from the room.

CHAPTER IX.

He set his jaws firmly together, grinding out as he did so a pint of nickle-plated teeth. "It must be done," he hissed. Then he muttered the same remark, "Fair means have failed. Law, medicine, divinity all egg me on. I have an uncle—a rich uncle. He bears an honored and trusted name. I will put that name to a bit of paper. And without his consent."

CHAPTER X.

Van, etc., now resides in a noble pile—a vast range of buildings with many a spire and turret and antique narrow window and coigne of vantage. It was built by the state. Van, etc., wears the uniform of his order whenever he goes forth, a succession of stripes about his trousers legs.

CHAPTER XI.

"Alas!" cried Isabella, now still a maiden of many summers, "How many true and loving hearts hath cruel, grinding poverty sundered forever. Had he but gotten rich. Had he. Ah, me!"

CHAPTER XII.

"The remedy for this woe and these woes of this description is land," said Henry-George, the landless political economist. "All that these parties needed to have brought them happily together was lots of terra firma. That is," he remarked correct-himself, "a few lots—not too many, I hold."

CHAPTER XIII.

"George," said his wife, at last, "Henry, it's after 11 o'clock. Don't you think you might as well give the subject pause? You know you've said it before, and mine ears have heard it many times."

CHAPTER XIV.

"True," said Henry-George. "Thou speakest well. Let me forbear. I will to slumber. Yet I do maintain that land on small applications laid plentifully on and among the multitude will cure it all—yes—er—a-um—(snore)—cure—it—(snore)—all."

Pugilistic Nobility.

New York Sun.

Lord Beresford is small in stature, a careless, easy-going fellow, with a good face and bright eyes. He is a brother of the marquis of Waterford, and belongs to a family of fighters. William, the son selected for the army service, would sooner scuffle than eat. It is nothing to hear that one of the Beresfords has broken a bone. Charles William de la Poer Beresford, the naval commander, is a favorite of the prince of Wales, because he is "one of the boys." William Beresford is said to like nothing better than to prowl about of an evening with some other military officer, putting their caps in their pockets, turn up their collars, enter a saloon, and engage, unrecognized, in a rough-and-tumble fight with privates.

BOYS WHO WANT TO KNOW.

Youthful Chemists Who Sometimes Get Their Fingers Burned in Experimenting.

"You have no idea of the number of boys who buy chemicals," said a clerk in charge of the retail department of a large chemists' supply store. "When I came here first I used to wonder whence they got their ideas about chemistry. Just imagine a boy of 12 years coming in and asking for a quarter of a pound of chlorate of potash and 10 cents' worth of black oxide of manganese. That's what a boy bought just before you came in. I asked him what he intended doing with the chemicals, and he replied, "Make oxygen gas.'"

"Why do the boys dabble in chemistry?" the reporter asked.

"They hear about it at school, where in many instances, weekly lectures on physics are given. It is surprising how much the little fellows really know, and with what judgment they spend their money. They manufacture their own apparatus and display considerable ingenuity in doing it. The boy who was here just now will make his oxygen just as well as if he owned a most expensive retort. He will buy a clay pipe with a large bowel; then he will get a cork and fit it to the bowel. To the end of the pipe stem he will attach a piece of small rubber tubing. Then he will fill up the bowl of the pipe with a mixture of his manganese and potash and push the cork in tight. A wide-mouthed pickle bottle will serve him for a bell glass. He will fill the bottle with water and invert it in a basin of water. Then he will put the bowl of the pipe in the flame of an alcohol lamp and the free end of the rubber tube in the mouth of the bottle. The heat frees the oxygen gas from the chemicals, and it finds its way through the stem of the pipe and tubing into the bottle, which is soon filled. Then the boy can experiment with it with hot charcoal, or a piece of lighted candle, or whatever else strikes his fancy."

"What chemicals do they usually buy?"

"Mostly the cheaper kinds. They like to manufacture for themselves and consequently buy a good deal of acid. Nitric and sulphuric acid seem to please them most. They prefer to make their own hydro-chloric acid, which they manufacture from sulphuric acid and salt. They buy a good deal of sulphate of copper, which they use in making galvanic batteries. They also use considerable alcohol. Occasionally they buy a blow pipe for charcoal analysis. One little fellow who comes in here made a still out of glass tubing. It had a water jacket, and was complete in every way. It answers as well as one costing $25 or $30.

"Do they not sometimes burn themselves with the acids, or get injured by explosions?"

"Frequently. Only the other day the bottle in which one of them was making hydrochloric acid burst. The boy's hands and face burned. It was nothing serious, however. The saddest part of the affair was that the youthful experimenter was soundly whipped by his mother for spoiling the carpet, from which the acid took all the color."

Red Tape on Brooklyn Bridge.

New York Tribune.

The floor of the Brooklyn bridge is repaired with superior wariness and caution. If a plank two-and-a-half inches wide and ten feet in length is to be replaced a platoon of police forms a cordon about it with the carpenter in the center. The plank is taken up with precipitate haste, and two of the most stalwart members of the squad are stationed to guard the abyss, one at each end. The reckless pedestrian approaching within twenty feet of the chasm is warned by an impressive motion of the policeman's club that he is risking his life to no purpose. When the new plank is substituted for the old one the cordon is reformed at another point, the guards are deployed at suitable distances, and the public is again protected. The arrangements are perfect so far as the pedestrians are concerned. There is no chance of their being precipitated through that gap of two and a half inches to the river below. But the carpenter in his passionate haste for completing the repairs before the police can be tempted to desert their posts ought to be protected against the possibility of indiscretion. If a third stalwart policeman were detailed to stand guard over the carpenter and caution him "to go slow," and even to catch his heels in the event of a premature disappearance, the precautions would be wholly adequate. As it is, there is a slight risk of accident to the carpenter.

The Dime Museum Monkey.

San Francisco Exchange.

The car was full and I pre-empted a seat on the rear platform. Inside were miners bound fo Carboundale, a drummer and one lady, and something else that we all decided was a dude. Once in a the while train would be lost amid the coney pines, and then through a gap in the trees would be caught an Eden-like glimpse of the disappearing park. There were innumerable shades of green beside the track; the brilliancy of the grass and the almost black of the forest. Even the dude showed an interest. "No paintah, aw, could do this thing, ye know, aw." The language of the dude was not particularly flop, but his head was level. However, he got knocked completely out of time further on. The train stopped at a neat cottage painted brown. In the door was a rosy-cheeked maiden leaning in unconscious grace upon her broom.

"Aw, me guhrl, don't ye get lonesome, ye know, aw, way up heah?" he ventured, with a smile that trespassed on the back of his neck. The girl seemed astonished for a moment, and then, looking over her shoulder, called: "Pap! pap! the dime museum monkey is loose! Kill it and get its clothes!" The dude seemed to shrink, and nothing could induce him to open his mouth from this point to the journey's end.

The Rapids of St. Lawrence.

"T. H. T." in Inter Ocean.

There are three leading factors in the sum of attractions upon this grand marine highway, namely, the fishing, the islands, and the rapids. I am tempted by all three to further days of lazy lollin in the arm chairs (of a legless variety) with which the incomparable skiffs used here are provided, and to a repetition of my yesterday's experience of sliding down hill upon a steamboat, for that is just what going down the rapids amounts to.

At a point near the head of the first rapid of importance, the Long Sault, the steamer exchanges passengers with the Prince Arthur, a sister boat, and the latter turns sturdily down stream and almost immediately enters the vortex of the rapid. Steam is shut off and the force controlling the steering gear is augmented. The obedient craft shoots hither and yon, turning short curves, plunging into vast stationary breakers as green as the curve of Horseshoe Fall, shaking herself free from the deluge like a water spaniel at sport, and dashing in again. Eight or nine miles of this. Oh! it is glorious. Even the phlegmatic passenger who has had his nose between the covers of a "Seaside" all the morning catches hold upon the rail and shouts his excitement with the rest. The interludes between the several rapids include the transit of two lakes, not unlike those through which the St. Johns river in Florida flows. We entered the first rapid at a little after noon, and plunged through Lachine at 5, and an hour later the steamer was safely moored at her dock in Montreal.

Fifteen Hours to Do It it.

"Say, Pat, whatever made you go to work for old Uncle Dan? He's the meanest man in the country." "Mane is it?" said Pat; "why, shure he's the foinest, aisyest-guin' master iver I had, bedad. He gives a man fifteen hours to do a day's work in."

CHARLESTON'S CENTENNIAL.

[Extract from a poem by Paul H. Hayne.]

O, city of my father's love! beside whose streamlets straying,
My boyish feet, to jocund tunes, have gone so oft "a-Maying."—
O, city of ancestral graves!—each clod a sacred treasure—
What marvel that one mournful chord wails through this dying measure?

The sea song comes, the sea songs go, across thine ocean reaches,
The sea tides ebb, the sea tides flow far up thy glittering beaches;
Not mine to draw a new-born hope from waves so brightly glowing,
Not mine to hear in deepening winds a trump of onset blowing!

Ah, no; ah, no * * across the flow, half welcome, half appalling,
I catch the voices of the dead from twilight verges calling;
The shadows grow more gray that shroud this strange, outworn existence;
And still those yearning voices call from out the sea bound distance!

Quaint city of my youth, farewell! no more these eyes may quiver,
Dazed by the glint of surf and sail on flickering bar of river,
No more these weary limbs may own the soul's imperious order,
To bear me where the sun-caps flash beyond thy billowy border!

Brave city of my youth, farewell! * * When safe from midday riot
Kissed by the slumberous star that sways her lotus land of quiet,
I still shall see thro' half-closed lids thy moonlight beauty beaming,
And her St. Michael's mellowed bells swoon down the tides of daeaming!

THE COLOR LINE.

How the Negro is Debarred From the Philadelphia Bars and Restaurants.

Philadelphia Times.

The color line is pretty nearly as well defined to-day as it was twenty-five years ago, although the effect of the constitutional amendment has been to give admittance to the colored people to street and railroad cars, and to places of amusement more freely than ever before. Still the disinclination of the whites to anything like social intercourse with the blacks is as marked as it ever was, and it is doubtful if any legislation, however strict, will be able to wipe it out. It is a singular fact, too, that the distaste for association with blacks has its greatest strength among the lower classes of whites.

There can be no doubt, though, that negro rights have been conceded more liberally in Philadelphia than in New York. Here colored men who drink are barred out of comparatively few saloons, and in many they are welcomed as cheerfully as the whites. There is a growing conviction among the liquor dealers that a dime or a nickel is equally good whether passed across the bar by a white or a black hand, and, acting on this conviction, most saloon keepers serve the blacks cheerfully for a cash consideration. The day was when the sight of a negro in the guise of a paying customer at a bar would have robbed it of its white patronage, but now there is not such fastidiousness. Still, while whites and blacks may drink from the same bottle, it is noticeable that there is no feeling or comraderie among them, and that each does his drinking with comrades of his own color.

WHAT AM I TO HECUBA?

"Who is Tom Green, that he should sit himself up against the constitution of the United State?" asked the handsome Chestnut street restaurant proprietor when questioned as to colored customers. "I don't care for their trade, my dear sir, but if they offer it I see no way in which I can refuse it. They come to my restaurant nearly every day, and I know their presence offends many of my white customers, but what can I do? There is the law, that says the negro is just as good as the white man and I can't get around it. All I can do is to put my dusky customers as much by themselves and out of sight of others as possible, and this I always do, unless they insist, as many of them do, in taking the most conspicuous places in the dining room. My white customers seldom complain, for they know what the law is and that I must abide by it, but I can easily see that they are greatly annoyed. Well, well, there is one consolation; there are few of the colored people who can afford to pay my prices and that guards me from any overwhelming irruption of black guests. Still, I get them every few days, and while I fill their orders just as I do those of white people, I am free to confess that I am not overwhelmingly polite in my attentions and do not express any desire to have them call again. But what's the use of talking? The law says I must feed the public without consideration of 'color or previous condition of servitude,' and if the dark people choose to come to me without a welcome, I can only do my duty under the law. That it injures my business more or less I know, but then my white customers are reasoning creatures and must make all due allowances."

BOUND TO COME.

At the Continental restaurant the manager says that he entertains from seven to ten colored guests per annum. Some of them take seats modestly in the rear, but others, seemingly anxious to attract public attention (which, it is needless to say, they do), choose places as much in sight of passers-by on the street as possible. "What can I do?" he continued, "as long as they behave themselves decently and pay for what they get? The law protects them; but, all the same, my business is suffering. My prices are on the bill of fare and I would not scare them away with big bills. I can't discriminate against them under the law. I think the plan pursued in Richmond just after the war was the best I have heard of. At that period, when freedom was a novelty, the negroes aspired to all social privileges and became a general nuisance, especially in bar rooms.

THE RICHMOND PLAN.

"The Richmond whites would not countenance the presence of negroes in the resorts where they did their drinking, and yet the poor liquor dealers were in mortal dread of the law if they refused to serve them. To get over this difficulty they devised a very clever plan. In a day or two placards appeared in all saloons: 'Drinks $5.15 each.' If drinks were purchased by whites there was a rebate of $5, but if any unfortunate black sought to quench his thirst the announcement of the price was before him, and if he drank he paid. This soon rid these places of their off-color patrons, and I never heard that courts were appealed to to abolish the system. The last young buck that honored us had two colored girls with him and dined at an expense of $2.50. When he had gone there was a vast deal of fun among our waiters, who, it seems, all knew him, and one of them told me, 'Why, boss, dot dah man he airns no more'n $18 a munf. How's he goin' to stan' sich dinners?'"

AT THE HOTELS.

At the Lafayette hotel the chief clerk said they had never received any colored guests. Their prices were too high, they supposed, and barred out the majority of them. The clerk had served in a New York hotel where Senator Bruce was a constant guest, but neither he nor his family attracted any unusual attention. A hotel clerk, he said, nearly always had it in his power to make the house disagreeable to an unwelcome guest. He could give him a garret room for a double price and in other ways 'make it hot' for him, so that he would be a perfect salamander if he stood it more than one day. It would be easy enough to overcharge any colored aspirant for the honors of guesthood.

In 1875 Mr. Davis, proprietor of the Bingham house, refused accommodation to a colored man and was sued. In spite of an able defense he was fined $500, and this precedent is now constantly held up before the eyes of hotel proprietors. Still they are prepared to evade the law in one way or another.

In the lower part of this city there are several saloons with bars for both colors, and they do a good trade. At Broad and Lombard street there is one bar (presumably for whites) where the drinks are 10 cents each, and connected with it is another for colored trade, with all drinks at 5 cents each.

A CONFUSING RUN ON THE RAIL.

Dooflicker's Experiences as a Locomotive Engineer Suffer Disfiguration from Theophilus' Calculations.

Chicago Herald.

"Was I ever in San Francisco?" said Dooflicker, in response to Theophilus' question. "Was I? Well, I've been there more times than you've got hairs on your head."

"Well, say, paw, did you ever count the trains you met on the road between Omaha and San Francisco?"

"Of course I have, Theophilus; I used to run an engine from Omaha to 'Frisco."

"Then maybe you can help me out on this lesson."

Theophilus laid aside his slate and said his teacher had given him this problem to solve: Suppose there is one train each way every day—one train leaves Omaha each noon, and one leaves San Francisco each noon. It takes five days to make the trip. How many trains does each train meet?

"Pshaw, Theophilus, I'm ashamed of you. You ought to solve so simple a problem in a twinkling. If I had never run a train on that road I would know how many trains any one of them would meet. Of course if it took five days to go from Omaha to San Francisco, and there was only one train a day leaving San Francisco for Omaha, it stands to reason that the westward bound train would meet five trains coming east."

"But then, paw, I can't figure it that way. I make it ten."

"You can't? Well, you're a stupid dolt, Theophilus. If it wasn't as plain as the nose on your face I could prove it by my own experience. Now it used to take us just five days and one hour to make the run from Omaha to San Francisco, and there was one train a day each way. When I was half an hour out of Omaha, I used to meet Bill Sheffield's train. Then the next day I met Bob Santley's, the next Jack Moseley's, the next Jim Baker's, and the next, just before I got to Frisco, Dan Hackney's. That's every train I met—just five, you see."

"But, paw, just as you left Omaha you met the train that left San Francisco five days before, didn't you?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, when you had gone half the distance, hadn't you met the five trains that left San Francisco before you left Omaha? What became of the other five that left San Francisco while you were on the road?"

Dooflicker thought he heard the telephone bell ring, and went in to see what was wanted.

Stretchy Religion.

Detroit Free Press.

An old couple, man and wife, were along the wharves a day or two ago hunting for an up-shore boat, and the woman explained to a steamboat agent:

"It's a very stormy season and we expect to be seasick, and we druther go on a boat where the captain is a religious man."

"Well, that's all right," he replied. "We've got one very religious captain on our line, and his boat sails to-night."

"Can we go down and see him?"

"Oh, yes. Keep right down the street until you see the boat."

The couple walked on and finally boarded the steamer. The captain and all hands were busy with the cargo, but the old folks walked up to him and the woman said:

"Capting, you have been recommended to us as a religious man."

"The —— I have!" he promptly growled.

They looked at each other with consternation depicted in their faces, and then the old man said:

"Capting, what church do you belong to?"

"See here!" roared the official, "if you've come to bleed me for some charity, or want me to sign a petition, or expect this boat to carry a lot of dead-heads up the lake, I won't stand it! What do you want? Out with it, now, and no infernal chawing around, I'm blanked if I ain't bothered by more dashed lunatics than other blanked men on the dashed lakes!"

Man and wife retired to consult, and after getting ten feet away the woman said:

"Henry, he's not a religious man."

"Well, I dunno."

"But he swears like a pirate."

"Yes, Maria, but you see this is out west. We don't swear and belong to the church, too, up in New Hampshire, but they may do differently out here. He swears, but he looks like a man to depend upon in a storm."

"Shan't we look for another?"

"I guess not, Maria. I guess the religions out here in Michigan are kind o' stretchy, and they 'low swearing on steamboats and around the depots. We'll go by this boat, and if he don't swear any harder than he did to us, mebbe Providence will let him squeeze through on the up trip and sink him when he comes down!"

How He Reformed.

Albuquerque Journal.

A well known Santa Fe business man had a fine business and was making money rapidly, but was an inveterate gambler. Every night would find him away from his wife, at a faro table. The quick-witted woman saw where the trouble was, and one night, after supper, she asked her husband to go with her into another room. There was a faro table, a "layout" and stacks of chips.

"Now," said she, "I have $10,000 belonging to me in my own right. When you want to gamble, come here."

He was thunderstruck, and swore he would never gamble again.

"No," she said, "I don't want that promise. You can afford to lose very little money. What I have you can win. I want you to promise me that you will never play faro except here."

He promised, and that faro layout has been used for the last five months. With what she has won from him, dealing herself, she has paid $450 for a buggy and built a pretty little brick cottage which cost a little over $1,000.

"I told her to put the whole arrangement in her trunk last week," said the reclaimed gambler, "that I was tired of gambling, I shall never touch another card."

But the sequel is yet to come. The correspondent happened to look into a gambling room the other night a few hours after he had heard this story, which is frequented almost entirely by the well-to-do merchants and professional men of Santa Fe. There was a big game of faro going on, and at one corner of the table, his face flushed with the gambling excitement, betting his chips and losing steadily, sat the man whom his wife thought she had reformed.

Not a Good Season.

Detroit Free Press.

"I tell you it's been a powerful close season in Michigan this summer," said the tramp as he fished in his pocket for another green apple. "Why, last summer I kept myself dressed like a gentleman by stealing the scare-crows from the corn-fields, but this year the farmers rip a pair of pants in two and make the two ragged legs do duty over a whole forty acres!"

Mistaken in the Ark.

Youth's Companion.

"What was in the ark of the covenant which the priests carried on their shoulders?" asked a Sunday school teacher of her class of boys. Up went a small hand.

"You may tell Jimmy," she said.

"Noah and his family, and two of every living creature," was the prompt reply.

A ROUNDABOUT TRIP.

A Five Hundred Mile Ride to Find a Home Three Blocks Away.

Tales by James Payn.

It was a very wet evening and I took shelter in a doorway in the Edgeware road. Policeman XI soon joined me there. Now, I never let an opportunity slip when there is the least chance to obtain information, so I quietly commenced a conversation with XI.

"What is the curiousest thing I ever came across?" said he. "Well, sir, that ain't a question as is very easy to answer, especially on a night like this," he added.

"Well, here is a shilling for you, my good friend, to keep out the cold, and to assist your memory."

"Then, sir, in course I'll do my best," and he at once placed himself in an attitude of deep thought.

"Well, sir, I've been a pleeseman six years, and last Saturday night, in this ere very street—it was not murder or robbery, nor nuthin' spicey of that sort, but the curiousest thing as ever I came across.

"It was 10 o'clock, fine and clear, when I see a crowd; and where there is a crowd, that is my place, and I'm allus there. It was too late for Punch, and too early for fighting, so I thought it might be serious.

"When I got up, it was only a respectable old party who had lost her way. I thought at first she was a furriner by her talk, but at last I found out there was some English in it, and I managed to find out that she came from Devonshire, where she said they all spoke like that, which seemed ridiklus, don't it, sir?"

"Ridiklus indeed," returned I.

"Well, there she was," said he, "a hale, active old party, with an immense nightcap on her head, her sleeves tucked up to her shoulders, and a bar of yellow soap in her hand.

"She had been asking her way to 'her daughter Sally's' of every one she met for half an hour or more. And as most of the people could not understand what she said, they took her for a mad woman, and well they might.

"'Well now, my good woman,' said I, 'what is it?'

"Then she told me her story, and though I could not understand all she said, I managed to pick up that she lived in Deeplane, Devonshire, and had come up the day before to see her daughter Sally. It was the first time the old soul had ever left Deeplane, and Sally's husband met her at Paddington station and took her home, but where that home was now she had not the faintest idea

"It was her daughter Sally's, No. 3, and that was all she knew. What was her husband's name? 'Tom,' she said; she knew no more.

"She had lost herself in this manner: She had helped her daughter to wash, and the soap ran short. The shops were about to close. So she volunteered to go. She had been to the grocer's with Sally, and could find her way again. So off she started, and, after some difficulty, found the shop, bought her soap, and was returning, but now other shops were closed, all looked different; she was in a dilemma; she had even forgotten the grocer's name, who was now closed, and so she wandered up and down asking for her daughter Sally's No. 3.

"I was puzzled what to do. Had it been a poor child lost, there would have been no difficulty; it would have been as easy as lying."

"How so?" said I, "I should have thought it would have been more difficult with a child than an adult, even though she came from Devonshire."

"Not a poor child, sir. In this case we allus says, 'where does your father get his beer?' and out like winkin' comes the name of the public house.

"Well, I took her up first one street and then another, thinking she might identify the right one; but she identified 'em all—they were all alike to her. So in despair I gave it up. She would not go to the station-house, and she would not go to the workhouse and what was I to do with the old party?

"'I've got my Sally's direction writ down,' said she at last, 'in one of her letters.'

"I was just going to let fly, and call her a -, but I thought of my own old mother being in such a fix, and the old party added, 'Not in my pocket, Mr. Pleeseman, no, not in my pocket—I wish it was—but in my bakky box (she meant her snuff-box) that I left at Deeplane, because I knew there was plenty of snuff in London, in the right-hand side of the bottom drawer in my bedroom.'

"How very particular she was as to the exact locality of her box, and yet there she was in Edgeware road, with nothing but 'Sally, No. 3.'

"'Well,' says I, 'my good old lady, you must just go back to Deeplane and look for that 'ere letter.'

"So, bare arms, soap, and all, off she trudged to Paddington station with one of our men, and I heard that the railway company took her to Deeplane and back for nothing, and so I says, 'Heaven bless that company and increase its traffic.'

"And so she came back in about eight-and-forty hours, with her bar of soap and the letter in her hand, and reached her daughter Sally's and No. 3 after all, having gone around about 500 miles; and that's the curiousest thing I ever met on my beat."

City Children in the Country.

Genessee Valley (N. Y.) Post.

"Are those 'fresh-air' children? The poor little things, they look sickly!"

No, madam; those are my children!

Two girls here picked berries which they sold to their hostess for 10 cents a quart. It was afterward discovered that they had stripped Virge Willard's private berry-patch.

One small boy says he can drive, but he cannot "steer" a horse.

On seeing a scare-crow one youth opened his eyes in horror and exclaimed:

"What wicked people they is here to hang a poor old woman."

Friendly Angelican and small "freshie:" "Hello, here's a little New-Yorker." "Well, I want you to understand I'm no country squash."

When one little girl was being put to bed she remarked, "We don't sleep this way at home. There are six of us and we sleep cross-wise."

Ostriches for Beef

Chicago Herald.

Ex-Commissioner of Agriculture LeDuc thinks domesticated ostriches will soon be preferable to mules for street car service, and when worn out will be valuable for beef. An ostrich, he says, fattened on saw-dust and scrap iron, makes the best beef in the world.

Both Sides of the Question.

Arkansaw Traveler.

"If the public only knew how much work I put on my articles, and how hard it is to write them," said a political editor, "I think they would read them with more consideration." "Yes," replied a bystander, "and if you knew how hard it is for the public to read your articles, blamed if you would write them."

After the Banana.

Springfield Republican.

"What be them?" said a countryman, stopping in front of a fruit store yesterday and pointing to a bunch of bananas. Having learned, he bought a plump redskin, and, without stopping to peel it, bit off the end. The banana was finished in the same primeval style, and then the granger remarked: "The rind ain't much, but the peth is pretty fair.

Some one who believes that "brevity is the soul of wit" writes, "Don't eat Q cumbers. They'll W up."