TOMMY'S DEAD.

BY SIDNEY DOBELL.

You may give over plow, boys,
You may take the gear to the stead;
All the sweat of your brow, boys,
Will never get beer and bread.
The seed's waste, I know, boys;
There not a blade will grow, boys;
'Tis cropped out, I trow, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

Send the colt to the fair, boys—
He's going blind, as I said,
My old eyes can't bear, boys,
To see him in the shed;
The cow's dry and spare, boys,
She's neither here nor there, boys,
I doubt she's badly bred;
Stop the mill to-morn, boys,
There'll be no more corn, boys,
Neither white nor red;
There's no sign of grass, boys,
You may sell the goat and the ass, boys,
The land's not what it was, boys,
And the beasts must be fed;
You may turn Peg away, boys,
You may pay off old Ned,
We've had a dull day, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys,
Let me turn my head;
She's standing there in the door, boys,
Your sister Winnifred!
Take her away from me, boys,
Your sister Winnifred!
Move me round in my place, boys,
Let me turn my head,
Take her away from me, boys,
As she lay on her death-bid—
The bones of her thin face, boys,
As she lay on her death-bed!
I don't know how it be, boys,
When all's done and said,
But I see her looking at me, boys,
Wherever I turn my head;
Out of the big oak tree, boys,
Out of the garden-bed,
And the lily as pale as she, boys,
And the rose that used to be red.

There's something not right, boys,
But I think it's not in my head;
I've kept my precious sight, boys—
The Lord be hallowed.
Outen and in
The ground is cold to my tread,
The hills are wizen and thin,
The sky is shriveled and shred;
The hedges down by the loan
I can count them bone by bone.
The leaves are open and spread,
But I see the teeth of the land,
And hands like a dead man's hand,
And the eyes of a dead man's head.
There's nothing but cinders and sand,
The rat and the mouse have fled,
And the summer's empty and cold;
Over valley and wold,
Wherever I turn my head,
There's a mildew and a mold;
The sun's going out overhead,
And I'm very old,
And Tommy's dead.

What am I staying for, boys?
You're all born and bred—
'Tis fifty years and more, boys,
Since wife and I were wed;
And she's gone before, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,
Upon his curly head,
She knew she'd never see't, boys,
And she stole off to bed;
I've been sitting up alone, boys,
For he'd come home, he said,
But it's time I was gone, boys,
For Tommy's dead.

Put the shutters up, boys,
Bring out the beer and bread,
Make haste and sup, boys,
For my eyes are heavy as lead;
There's something wrong i' the cup, boys,
There's something ill wi' the bread;
I don't care to sup, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not right, I doubt, boys,
I've such a sleepy head;
I shall never more be stout, boys,
You may carry me to bed.
What are you about, boys?
The prayers are all said,
The fire's raked out, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys
You may carry me to the head,
The night's dark and deep, boys,
Your mother's long in bed;
'Tis time to go to sleep, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not used to kiss, boys;
You may shake my hand instead.
All things go amiss, boys,
You may lay me where she is, boys,
And I'll rest my old head;
'Tis a poor world this, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

MRS. HEPBURN'S COMPANION.

Mrs. Hepburn, a lady nearly eighty years of age, but tall and erect, with large, soft, black eyes, and a noble yet sweet face, sat in her boudoir, listening gravely to the lamentations of her niece, a fussy, over-dressed woman, of forty, or thereabout.

The older lady, being a childless widow of great wealth, was accustomed to receiving frequent visits from her numerous relatives, and being called upon to sympathize in all their troubles.

More especially did her present visitor, Jennie Harkner, make such demands upon her time and patience.

Robert Harkner, the only son of the fussy widow, a man of twenty-two, had been from his babyhood the pride and darling of his great-aunt, and rosy visions of his inheritance of all her possessions haunted his mother's dreams. From a child the wily woman had trained her son to be all his aunt desired, and from a child he had sturdily resisted all attempts to force him into a slavish hypocrisy.

It may have been this very manliness, contrasting with the servile flattering of the others, that had first won for him his aunt's affection, and it is certain there was a bond of love between them entirely independent of bank accounts and real estate. Feeling thus, Mrs. Hepburn gave her niece grave attention when she said vehemently:

"I am in such trouble about Rob."

"Trouble? Is he ill?"

"Oh, no; far worse than that."

"You cannot mean that he is in disgrace!"

"Oh, no, indeed!" and the little woman ruffled her ribbons as a bird does its feathers.

"What is it, then?" said Mrs. Hepburn, with a most unusual ring of impatience in her gentle voice.

"He has fallen in love with a vulgar nobody, and he declares he will marry her if all the world opposed him! Oh it is just awful to hear him defy his own mother, as he does, and such a mother as I have been."

"Who is the girl?"

"Goodness knows! I don't! She is a teacher now in a seminary at Green Valley where Rob has been visiting a friend! An orphan, he says."

"She can scarcely be vulgar if she teaches at the Green Valley Seminary. I know something of the school, and no vulgar woman would be allowed to teach there.

"Well, perhaps she is not exactly vulgar, but she has no money, no family! Oh, Aunt Mary, if you will only use your influence with Rob, he may see things in a proper light, and give her up."

"What is her name?"

"Edna Seabright; and Rob is going up again in July, because she has no home but the seminary, and will be there during the holidays."

"How did Rob come to meet her?"

"She visits at the Holmes' place, where he was staying."

"H'm! Well, I will talk to Rob, but not now. I go away next week for the summer, and I had rather leave so important a conversation until I return."

With this, as Mrs. Hepburn was known to remain firm in all her plans, Mrs. Harkner was forced to be content, and the next week Mrs. Hepburn left the city, without giving her summer address to her dear niece.

It might have somewhat astonished that lady, had she looked into the private sitting-room of Mr. Holt, the principal of Green Valley seminary, in the early part of July, to see Mrs. Hepburn conversing with that gentleman, evidently upon the footing of an old friend. Gentle Mrs. Holt knitted busily, speaking now and then, as Mrs. Hepburn pursued a train of inquiries.

"Yes," Mr. Holt said, in answer to one of these. "Miss Seabright is an orphan, and her only home for years was the alms-house. She came here first as an errand girl, to attend the door, clean knives and run errands. But Mrs. Holt found she was starving for education, and we took her into the school. She well repaid all the efforts we made to educate her, and at sixteen was a pupil teacher, studying the higher branches while teaching the lower ones. Two years ago she took the place as Mrs. Holt's assistant, with the usual salary."

"She is well educated, what more?"

"A gentle, refined lady," said Mrs. Holt; "a conscientious, noble woman! I have never met a girl for whom I felt more respect, as well as affection."

"Will you lend her to me for the holidays? I am going to take a trip to the White Mountains, Niagara and Canada, and I want a pleasant companion. I will pay the same salary she now receives."

"What a treat for Edna!" cried Mrs. Holt. "We will gladly lend her for such a pleasant summer, Mrs. Hepburn. Shall I introduce her now?"

She left the room as Mrs. Hepburn assented, and returned in a few minutes with a tall, graceful girl of about twenty.

The first sight of her face excused Rob to his aunt's heart. It was so delicately fair and sweet, yet with a noble dignity of expression, that won the old lady to Rob's side at the outset.

A short conversation, during which the lovely face grew radiant at the prospects Mrs. Hepburn offered, completed the conquest the first look had gained.

As soon as Edna could get ready the two left Green Valley, and started upon a summer of delightful travel.

Wholly unconscious of the close scrutiny of every word and action, Edna Seabright, with a warm gratitude, devoted herself to her new employer.

Though she looked no further than to the fall, to break the pleasant companionship, she made every effort to lighten the hours of intercourse and make herself useful to Mrs. Hepburn.

She appreciated keenly the perfect equality of position, accorded her from the first, knowing well the attentions of Mrs. Hepburn's friends, frequently encountered, would never have been so cordially extended had she been introduced as "my companion," instead of the gentle words:

"My young friend, Miss Seabright."

She was of a sunny, bright temperament, and even the discomforts of travel lost half their annoyance in her pleasant manner of meeting them.

In the delightful resting places where they sojourned for a week at a time, Mrs. Hepburn found all the well-known spots took a new beauty when shared with her new companion, whose frank delight was as pleasant as a child's to behold.

She dressed simply, even within her means, but had an artistic taste that made the plain garments ever suitable and becoming, while her few ribbons suited her young beauty better than jewels.

When she found Mrs. Hepburn weary with a long ride or hours of railway jolting, she could soothe her to the sweetest rest by singing, as she gently smoothed the silver hair, or caressed the withered hands.

With all her train of cringing relatives it was something new to the old lady to receive loving service. She had made no further engagement with Edna, had held out no golden promises, but by gentle kindness she had won the girl's warm heart to an enthusiastic affection.

It was no thought of salary or future favors that Edna Seabright gave a daughter's tenderest care to the old lady who was giving her the novel happiness of a summer pleasure trip. She was sorry to think of the parting soon to come; but she meant to prove her gratitude by every loving device, while she was still Mrs. Hepburn's companion.

And Rob. Harkner, in his law office in town, found no consolation in legal studies for the keen pang of disappointment he had experienced when Mrs. Holt told him Miss Seabright was traveling for the summer, and had no permanent address.

"Aunt Maria, off, too, nobody knows where," the young man thought disconsolately, "so I might as well go back to town."

Which he did, thereby receiving at the earliest moment a delicately written letter from Mrs. Hepburn, dated Boston, begging him to meet her at the T—— house and escort her home.

"Odd," he muttered, "after running about all summer alone, she cannot come from Boston without an escort."

But with Rob, to hear his great aunt's wishes was to obey them, and the next train found him hastening to Boston.

He found his aunt sitting in a private sitting-room of the hotel from which she had written, rocking herself and musing. He judged that her meditations were pleasant by the smile upon her lips.

She gave him a cordial welcome, and, after a little chat, she said:

"Rob, did you ever think I meant to make you my heir?"

The color rushed to Rob's face, but after a moment of confusion he lifted his eyes frankly, saying:

"I thought you would not forget me if you made a will, Aunt Maria, but from my heart I hope that it will be a long time before I know whether you will or not."

"Thank you, Rob; I believe you. I think you love me."

"I do love you," was the earnest reply.

"Then I hope you will grant a request I am about to make, that will give me great happiness if you do."

"I should not likely refuse any request you make."

"I have a friend, Rob, a very dear young friend, who is one of the loveliest girls I ever knew. Our friendship is of very recent date, but it is strong and true. It is my dearest hope that when you meet her you may love her, may win her love."

"Impossible!"

"Stay a moment, Rob. I am not quite so foolish an old woman as to wish you to promise to marry a stranger. But I want you to remain with us for a short time, and try to like my friend, and win her to like you."

"I would be a scoundrel if I did that."

"A scoundrel!"

"Yes, for I have already given my love and won a return."

"And did not tell me, Rob!"

"Only because I have not known where to find you all the summer."

"But your mother says your choice has fallen upon a vulgar nobody, a penniless orphan."

"My mother has never seen Edna! It is true she is an orphan, born in the alms-house, but she has been befriended and educated by gentle, refined people, and there is no taint of vulgarity about her. Aunt Maria, do you think I am a man to love a vulgar woman?"

"No, Rob; but think! an alms-house orphan!"

"But a gentle, lovely woman, the woman I love! I might seem to agree in your place, auntie, but you see that it would be a scoundrel's part to court your friend, when both love and honor bind me to Edna."

"Honor, Rob!"

"Yes, for she knows my love and has confessed her own. Could any true man desert a woman after that?"

"But broken engagements are everyday events. Come, Rob, be reasonable. Draw off little by little, and let me introduce the girl I wish my heir to marry."

In an instant Rob's lips were firmly set, and his eyes took a steady light of resolution. Never had Mrs. Hepburn heard so manly a ring to his voice as it took when he answered:

"To please you, Aunt Maria, I would do anything honorable, and if I were free, I would try to give even my love, where you dictated. But to win your money, to place myself in the position of your heir, I would not lift a finger. If you mean the emphasis in your last words for a threat, it is powerless. Let your friend wed your heir, if you wish, but my love and honor can not be bought."

He rose as he spoke, as if he would have taken his leave, but Mrs. Hepburn put her hand upon his arm.

"Stay, Rob," she said, "I did not mean to wound you; I should have judged you better than to threaten you in any way. Forgive me, and in token of your forgiveness stay and dine with me. If you will not give your heart to my companion, I can trust you for all the courtesy a friend of mine may claim."

"Indeed you can! I am heartily at your service and hers for a cavalier, auntie."

"Will you ring the bell near you."

A servant answered the summons, and Mrs. Hepburn said:

"Go to No. 1 and ask the lady there if she will come to me, if she is disengaged. Heigho, Rob," she added, as the servant departed, "you have no idea what a very pretty castle in the air you have demolished."

"I am sorry! But you will forgive me when you have seen my Edna. You will not let mother's strong prejudice against a perfect stranger influence you, will you, auntie?"

"I won't promise. Ah! I hear my friend. She has come in at another door. Come in?"

There was a rustle of skirts, the bedroom door opened, and in the doorway stood a tall, graceful girl, whose eyes flashed and whose cheeks grew rosy, when she beheld Robert Harkner. Just for one moment she stood there, and then Rob had both her hands fast in his, and was drawing her toward him. But her face grew pale, and she drew back from the loving arms that would have encircled her.

"You must not," she faltered; "your mother wrote me! I cannot be the cause of a quarrel between you and your mother."

"You need not fear that," said Mrs. Hepburn, dryly. "I will undertake to remove all her objections."

"You! Do you know her?" asked Edna.

"From her cradle, my dear. This gentleman is my great nephew, Miss Seabright! And," she added, merrily, "you may depend upon him for all the courtesy a friend of mine may claim."

"More, more, Edna!" Rob cried. "You may trust him for a life's devotion, for truest love, for entire loyalty. You have long known my love, and have shown me your own, and Aunt Maria will help me to coax you to give me soon a husband's right to love and protect you all your life."

"Bless me," said Aunt Maria, looking straight at the wall, "if I did not think that was my heir talking. I thought, Mr. Robert Harkner, your love and honor could not be bought."

"Nor can they, auntie, for long ago they were freely given away. Edna, darling, you will not send me from you now?"

"No," she answered, shyly. "I see now why my kind friend took me from the seminary. If she is pleased, I am——"

"What, Edna?" asked Rob.

For she paused, all bright blushes.

"Utterly miserable, of course she is," said Aunt Maria, "but she may be hungry, as I am. Too much talking has given me an appetite, so I am going to dress for dinner, and, Master Rob, in ten minutes I shall call Edna. But you may dine with us."

What Rob said in these ten minutes you may guess, but certain it is that Edna never left Mrs. Hepburn until there was a grand wedding at that lady's house, when Miss Seabright became the bride of Robert Harker.

And Mrs. Harkner smiles graciously upon her daughter-in-law, who is, she tells her friends, "such a lovely woman, and such a favorite with dear Aunt Maria, who met with her in her summer travels, and was perfectly charmed with her."

And society asks no further information regarding Mrs. Hepburn's companion.

THE Treasury girls call a man "Bub" until he is forty-seven.

THE ARMY.

Facts and Figures from the Register for 1876—Nationality of Officers—Militia Force of the United States.

The following facts and figures, gleaned from the "Army Register" for 1876, now ready for distribution, possess more than ordinary interest in view of the much-talked-of reduction of the army:

The aggregate strength of the army, counting every one connected with the military service, except contract, or acting assistant surgeons, and teamsters in the employ of the Quartermaster's department, and including the professors and cadets at West Point, is 28,346, as shown by the subjoined statement:

	Officers.	Men.
General officers and staff departments	579	679
Staff officers in excess of legal organization	27	....
Ten regiments of cavalry	432	8,450
Five regiments of artillery	280	2,600
Twenty-five regiments of infantry	877	12,083
Officers retired from active service	300	....
Ordnance sergeants	...	115
Commissary sergeants	...	148
Enlisted men unattached to regiments—viz., clerks, messengers, orderlies, recruiting parties, military prison guard, etc	...	623
Signal service detachment	...	450
Superintendents of national cemeteries	...	71
Veterinary surgeons	...	9
Indian scouts	...	300
Total	2,495	25,530
Add professors, 9, and cadets, 312	321	2,816
Aggregate		28,346

The acts of June 23, 1874, and March 3, 1875, reorganizing the staff corps, provide "that no officer now in service shall be reduced in rank or mustered out" by reason of reductions made by said acts. There are now in the service in excess of the number allowed by these acts, four inspectors-general (colonels), four judge-advocates (majors), one colonel, and seven storekeepers (captains) in the Quartermaster's department, and eleven ordnance storekeepers (Captains).

Veterinary surgeons and superintendents of national cemeteries are recognized as civilians.

The allowance of quarters, fuel and forage is now published for the first time in the "Army Register." The General of the Army receives $50 per month in lieu of forage, and $300 per month for quarter and fuel, making his pay $17,700 per annum. The Lieutenant-general receives $600 per year for forage, which increases his pay to $11,600 a year, with quarters and fuel in kind. Other officers are allowed as follows: Major-generals, six rooms; brigadier-generals and colonels, five rooms; lieutenant-colonels and majors, four rooms; captains, three rooms; lieutenants, two rooms. When rooms have to be rented for officers on military duty, in consequence of there being no quarters owned by the Government, the amount authorized to be paid for each room is $26 per month at San Francisco, and $18 at all other places. Fuel and forage issued to officers are considered public property. What they do not consume must be returned to the Quartermaster and accounted for by him.

There were eighty-two casualties reported during last year, namely: Resignations, 22; declined, 1; deaths, 43; dismissals, 11, and cashiered, 4. These were offset by 117 new appointments, viz: In the medical department, 23; pay department, 8; corps of engineers, 14; cavalry, 14; artillery, 16, and infantry, 42.

Eleven and one-quarter per cent. of the officers of our army are of foreign birth. Irishmen take the lead, there being more than twice as many officers credited to Ireland than to any other country. The details are: Ireland, 109; Germany, 52; England, 41; Canada, 21; Scotland, 17; France, 10; Sweden, 6; Switzerland, 4; South America, 3; Italy, 3; Nova Scotia, 2; East India, 2; Austria, Poland, Hungary, Malta, Corfu, Madeira, the Netherlands, New Brunswick, Asia, and the Sandwich Islands, 1 each.

Two hundred and eighty-four officers rose from the ranks, of whom one is professor of civil and military engineering and science of war at West Point; two are quartermasters, with the rank of major; one is a major of cavalry; one a major of artillery; one colonel, one lieutenant-colonel, and three majors on the retired list, and the rest are captains and subalterns. The proportion of officers of cavalry, artillery, and infantry who entered the service through the recruiting rendezvous is nearly fifteen per cent., and doubtless would be greater if the right class of men could be induced to join the army and remain in it. Forty-two and one-half per cent. of the appointees from the army are of foreign nationality, of whom 50 are credited to Ireland, 20 to Germany, 11 to England, 6 to Scotland, 2 to Switzerland, and 1 each to Canada and Sweden.

The tabular statement of the militia force of the United States is precisely the same as that published a year ago, no returns having been received since 1874. In Delaware, West Virginia, Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin and Nebraska, "no enrollment" is reported, while from New Hampshire, Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee and Nevada, no returns have been received. The aggregate "number of men available for military duty (unorganized)" is stated to be 3,701,977.

A Parental Veto.

Yesterday noon a bold, bad boy who lives on Columbia street went home from school and said: "Dear mother, mayn't I go in my bare feet this afternoon? None of the boys wear shoes in the spring." But his mother said, "No, my darling boy, I cannot let you go barefooted, and if you tease me about it I will wattle your tender cuticle with the unkind end of a cheerful skate-strap." So the bold, bad boy closed the debate with a sigh, and when the yeas and nays were called his motion did not prevail, and the house soon after adjourned. But the boy went out of the yard by the alley-way, and took off his shoes and stockings, and hid them behind the wood-pile, and scudded merrily off to school, and everybody admired his flat, muddy bare feet. But when he got out of school the ground was covered with snow, and he had a very solemn time hippity-hopping back home, and when he got there he couldn't tell the wood-pile from a haystack, and his shoes and stockings might as well have been in the middle of the ocean for all the good they did him. So he went into the house, and, after a great deal of filibustering, he made his report, which was tabled, and the house went into committee of the whole on the state of the boy. His mother took the floor, and after an exciting and highly interesting session the committee rose and the house adjourned, while the boy rubbed such portions of his anatomy as he could reach, and framed a bill for the more perfect protection of chilblains.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Cash Value of Rain-Fall.

"Rainwater brings down yearly about twelve pounds of ammonia per acre of ground. To supply an equal amount in sulphate of ammonia at six cents per pound would cost the farmer $2.88, and this is therefore the manurial value of rain. To this, however, must be added a certain quantity of nitric or nitrous acid."—*Scientific Miscellany, in the Galaxy.*

Here we have it in figures—dollars and cents. There is a little uncertainty, perhaps, for it is not stated whether the computation is in our currency slightly depreciated, or in gold. It would have been better if this point had been made clear, for it is well to be precise in these matters. To be entirely safe let us assume that the value of the rain-fall is expressed in legal tenders—$2.88 per acre, and to this "must be added a certain quantity of nitric or nitrous acid," value not expressed. Why add it? The chemical affinity would be damaging to the greenbacks. It affords a strong argument for the specie resumption, for the acid would not deteriorate the gold. These "Scientific Miscellany" fellows seem never to consider the whole field. They leave out important matter, or having themselves complete knowledge of affairs, they cannot easly descend to explanation, hence the liability of common farmers to be misled by expressions of the highest wisdom. In sober fact it will not do to add "nitric or nitrous acid" to our currency. We must have the hardest kind or it were better not to make the addition. But guarding against a contingency which might transmute our money into gas or other intangible condition, there is comfort in the precison with which plain farmers may, by the aid of this formula, compute incomes. A thousand acres brings annually to the owner $2,880, no dodging that result. Now that is a fair income for any ordinary farmer. Suppose he pays in taxes and little charities $880, he can manage to get through the year very well on the $2,000 unless his family be very expensive, in which case let him get a few hundred acres more. If he is precise and methodical, why he will first find out how much he requires to get through the year, and then get his acres to suit, making some allowance, perhaps, for very dry seasons when the rain-fall might possibly be worth not more than $2.37 to the acre. He need not buy high-priced land, for the rain falls alike on the just and the unjust, that is to say, all he wants is the land. A landless tailor and a burly farmer by chance happened to be in the shop of the former during the shower. The farmer having easy conscience dozed in his chair, while a young woman, an object of affectionate regard with both, came in and saw the tailor plying his needle while the farmer slept. She could marry either; which should she take? Industry is better than somnolent idleness. The brisk tailor divining her thought, said:

"See I have earned sixpence while that lazy fellow has slept!"

The sun shone brightly through the broken clouds full in the farmer's face. Wakening with a yawn he looked out at the freshened fields, quoth he:

"That shower has given me $25!"

Shrewd damsel. "He's my choice," the discomfited tailor plainly read in her face.

'Tis ever thus. The acres and the rain-fall—$2.88 manurial value to the acre—why, it only leaves the question of acres to decide. That being done all the affairs of life flow smoothly.—*The Husbandman.*

Decline of New York Commerce.

It is a well-known fact that New York does not hold her own as a commercial emporium in comparison with the other great cities of the Union. Twenty years ago New York overshadowed the whole country. She held almost a monopoly of foreign and domestic trade. New Orleans had a profitable foreign and internal commerce, but it was owing to the peculiar advantages of its location. Philadelphia was an enterprising and thrifty manufacturing city, but much of its trade was done through New York Boston and Baltimore were merely smal trading towns with more ambition than capital or commerce to back them. To-day, however, these cities are rivals of New York and challenge her commercial supremacy. Their growth, even during the present period of business stagnation and financial depression, while New York has hardly held her own and other cities are at a standstill, show that they have vast resources of enterprise and energy, and are overcoming the disadvantages of their situation and gaining new facilities. New York still takes the lead, but her virtual monopoly is gone.

One cause of this comparative decline is the extensive development of the railway system which distributes business and tends to build up a number of trading centers instead of pouring all its advantages into one. Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore have their railway lines, and are reaching out through them to the great lakes and the vast region beyond the Mississippi. And in this respect each of these cities has the decided advantage over New York, which, instead of using her railways for the increase of her commerce, is used by the railways for their own profit. Baltimore owes half of her recent growth to the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, which was built for cash and operated on strict business principles and with a view to increasing the business of the city. Both the railway managers and the merchants of that city have arranged to secure terminal facilities of all kinds, so that goods can be shipped from the West to Baltimore and distributed into ware-houses or reshipped so much cheaper than here that it is a decided gain to Western dealers to do their business through that city. The fact is that, while freights are against New York, the handling of goods of all kinds here is so slow and expensive that trade is driven away.—*New York Graphic.*

"I'LL scratch your eye out," hissed an incensed female passenger in a horse-car, who imagined that the gentleman by her side was going one eye on her. "Oh, scratch away, madam!" he quietly remarked, "it's glass."

KATE.

There's something in the name of Kate
Which many will condemn;
But listen, now, while I relate
The traits of some of them.

There's deli-Kate, a modest dame,
And worthy of your love;
She's nice and beautiful in frame,
As gentle as a dove.

Communi-Kate's intelligent,
As we may well suppose;
Her fruitful mind is ever bent
On telling what she knows.

There's intri-Kate, she's so obscure,
It is hard to find her out,
For she is often very sure
To put your wits to rout.

Prevari-Kate's a stubborn maid,
She's sure to have her way;
The cunning, caviling young jade
Objects to all you say.

There's alter-Kate, a perfect pest,
Much given to dispute;
Her prattling tongue can never rest,
You cannot her refute.

There's dido-Kate, quite in a fret,
Who fails to gain her point;
Her face is quite unfortunate,
And sorely out of joint.

Equivo-Kate no one will woo,
The thing would be absurd;
She is so faithless and untrue,
You cannot take her word.

There's vindi-Kate, she's good and true
And strives with all her might
Her duty faithfully to do,
And battles for the right.

There's rusti-Kate, a country lass,
Quite fond of rural scenes;
She likes to ramble through the grass
And through the evergreens.

Of all the maidens you can find
There's none like edu-Kate;
Because she elevates the mind,
And aims at something great.

Wit and Humor.

SINKING fund bonds will not always float a loan.

TROWSERS obtained on credit are breeches of trust.

PICKPOCKETS gather crowds only to dis-purse them.

THEORY may be all very well, but young doctors and lawyers prefer practice.

A PENNSYLVANIA mechanic has invented what he calls a "Smith roller and crusher." Bring on your Smiths if you want them rolled and crushed.—*Free Press.*

IF a generous but ugly boy gives his younger brother "sixty" for stealing one of his apples, and that night the apples give him "sixty" two, how many apples did the younger brother receive?—*Danbury News.*

A HARTFORD gentleman who had tarried late at a wine supper, found his wife awaiting his return in a high state of nervousness. Said she, "Here I've been waiting and rocking in a chair till my head swims round like a top." "Jess so where I've been," responded he; "it's in the atmosphere."

"THIS is a nice late hour to be coming home, sir," remarked Mrs. Spilkins, from the head of the stairs, as Leander let himself in with a night-key at 1 a. m. "C'rect again," mumbled Leander, hanging his hat on the gas burner, "but you mus' 'member, lovey, if'ts nice late hour, this's 'nice late' case, you know.'—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

DURING a trial before Justice Scott, at San Diego, the other day, a native Californian was introduced to testify. One of the lawyers, rather doubting his reliability, inquired: "Do you know anything of heaven?" "No." "Do you know anything of hell?" "No." "Do you know anything of Jesus Christ?" The witness studied a minute, and, getting his ideas all in a muddle, replied: "What do I know about these things? I just came from Lower California."

AN eminent Scottish divine happened to meet at the house of a lawyer, whom he considered too sharp a practitioner, two of his parishioners. The lawyer jocularly and ungraciously put the question: "Doctor, these are members of your flock; may I ask, do you look upon them as white or black sheep?" "I don't know," answered the divine, dryly, "whether they are black or white sheep; but I know if they are long here they are pretty sure to be fleeced."

AN INVITATION.

"I'll scream if you touch me!"
Exclaimed a pert miss
Whose lover was seeking
An innocent kiss.
By this prudish conduct
Cold water was thrown—
And the lover drew backward
And—let her alone!

"I'll scream if you touch me!"
She hollered once more.
He cried: "I'm not near you!"
And found it a bore.
She quickly subsided,
Grew tender to view,
And whispered quite softly:
"I'll scream till you do!"

THE front steps of a citizen of High street have needed repairs for many months past, and almost every day since last October he has promised to send a carpenter around to fix them. He came home the other day to find that his wife had been tripped up again by the steps, and this time she had received a broken limb. She felt just as any woman would, and as he came into the house she stopped groaning long enough to say: "The doctor says I'm laid up for three or four months, and I guess you'll fix those steps now!" "They ought to have been fixed long ago," he slowly replied, "but if you are going to be laid up all summer I won't bother with 'em—I'll come and go by the side door!"—*Free Press.*

Stick to Business.

A young lawyer is apt to become disheartened, because briefs and cases did not crowd upon him while he was yet redolent of calf-bound volumes, and had small use for red tape, concluding he had mistaken his calling, so, plunged into politics, finally settling down into the character of a middling pettifogger, scrambling for his daily bread. There is an honest farmer who has toiled a few years, got his farm paid for, but does not grow rich very rapidly, as much for lack of contentment mingled with his industry as anything, though he is not aware of it. He listens to the wonderful stories told of California, and how fortunes may be had for the trouble of picking them up; mortgages his farm to raise money, goes away to the land of gold, and after many months of hard toil, comes home to commence again at the bottom of the hill for a more weary and less successful climbing up again. Mark the men in every community who are notorious for ability and equally notorious for never getting ahead, and you will usually find them to be those who never stick to any one business long, but are always forsaking their occupation just when it begins to be profitable. Young man, stick to your business.