

PARTING.

BY SARAH EDWARDS HENSLEY.

Of valley of the Illinois! Tears' health mine eyelids swell, As gazing on thy beautiful face, I take my last farewell!

TALE OF THREE CITIES.

A train bound for St. Louis had just left the depot at Bellefontaine when a gentleman entered the smoking car, and laid his hand upon the shoulder of his traveling companion—a tall, handsome man of thirty, who sat musingly blowing rings of cigar smoke into the air.

acquaintance, with whom they were to remain that night, and go on the next day to their destination—St. Louis. After the first salutations our hero retired to his room to remove some of the evidences of his ride from New York. He had removed his coat, vest and collar; he had soaped and washed himself, when he made an astounding discovery.

"GIVE ME A LOCK OF YOUR HAIR."

Nebraska Colonizing.

When a French orator had finished an eloquent harangue to a Parisian crowd, one of them cried out, "I should like a lock of that man's hair!" The speaker was only too glad to grant the favor to an admiring auditor.

with, eye-witnesses during a considerable portion of the time the strange proceedings were had. It all that we hear he true, we are utterly unable to give any explanation that would be satisfactory to myself or to anybody else.

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