Sad is the parting of the ghostly ships Chance throws together on the ocean wide; Sweet were the words then tossed from lips to

Partings.

Save farewell greetings that e'er such betide

And sad the parting, my heart replies,
Of Trust whose faith with dim day-dawn But 'neath the noonday's rays, pales, droops Or e'er the evening star its course hath run

But sadder parting yet no mortal hath, Than they whose hearts by passions flered

path-

Who live to love-who love, alas, to mourn -Luther G. Riggs.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A novel thing-A readable romance. "Greatly to his credit"-A bank de-

At Marseilles, France, diphtheria ex-sts in fowls.

Jersey City manufactures sausages of horse flesh.

Bridal tours will be short this year if fne "old man" is.

The tailor's notice, "Fits guaranteed,"

is an unhealthy sign. St. Louis claims to be the mule meropolis of the world. Chinamen, who will cat almost every-thing, avoid raw oysters.

Did you ever see a pretty milkmaid in quan—dary?—Lukens. A New York dealer in birds imported

last year 100,000 canaries. If attitudes were animated, a dandy yould never strike one.

Water, when it becomes steam, is ex-