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One column one year, \$50.00
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One square (10 lines) 1 insertion 75
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period than one year are payable at the
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responsible for the money.

Poetry.

The Years.

Why do we heap huge mounds of years
Before us and behind,
And scorn the little days that pass
Like angels on the wind?

Each, turning round a small white face,
As beautiful as near—
Because it is so small a face
We will not see it clear.

Select Tale.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

It was a little studio, quiet at the
top of the house. Upon the easel
that occupied the post of honor in
the middle of the room, a large piece
of canvas glowed with the soft tints
of a spring landscape, and Frank
Seymour stood before it, pallet in
hand, his large brown eyes dreamy
with a sort of inspiration.

In a comfortable easy chair, by
the door, sat a plump, rosy, little
female, in a lace cap with plenty
of narrow white satin ribbons flut-
tering from it, and silver gray pop-
lin dress. Mrs. Seymour, in fact, our
artist's mother, who had just come
up from the very basement "to see
how Frank was getting along."

"Here, mother," said the young
man with an enthusiastic sparkle in
his eyes, "just see the way the sun-
set light touches the top most
branches of the old apple tree. I
like the brown, subdued gold of that
tint; it somehow reminds me of
Grace Teller's hair."

Mrs. Seymour moved uneasily in
her chair.

"Yes, it's very pretty; but it
strikes me, Frank, you are lately
discovering a good many similitudes
between Miss Teller and your pic-
tures."

Frank laughed good humoredly.

"Well, mother, she is pretty."

"Yes I don't deny that she ain't
pretty enough."

"Now, mother, what's the mean-
ing of that ambiguous tone?" de-
manded the young artist, pleasantly.

"What have you discovered about
Miss Grace Teller that isn't charm-
ing and womanly and lovely?"

"Frank do you know who she is?"

"Yes, I know that she is a re-
markable pretty girl, with a voice
that sounds exactly like the low rip-
ple of the little rivulet where I used
to play when I was a boy."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Seymour,
sharply.

"Well, then, if you are not satisfi-
ed with my description of her as
she is, would you like to know what
she will be?"

"Mrs. Seymour looked puzzled.

"Mother, I think one day she will
be my wife."

"Frank I Frank! are you crazy?"

"Not that I know of," said Mr.
Seymour, composedly, squeezing a
little deep blue eye on his pallet out
of a dainty tin tube, and mixing it
thoughtfully.

"We know so little about her,"
thought Mrs. Seymour. "To be
sure she is visiting Mary Elton, and
Mary belongs to a very good family
if she does live in a half house and
takes in fine embroidery for a living.
But then she has no style at all com-
pared with Cynthia Parker, and
Cynthia always fancied our Frank.
Then, moreover, she has five or six
thousand dollars of her own. But
dear me, a young man in love is the
most headstrong creature alive."

Mrs. Seymour mused while long-
er, and then put on her mouse col-
ored silk bonnet, and gray shawl,
and set out upon a tour of investi-
gation.

"I'll find out something about
Miss Teller, or I'll know the reason
why," thought the indefatigable
widow.

Miss Grace Teller was "at home,"
sipping Mary Elton in an elaborate
piece of embroidery. The room
where the two girls sat was very
plain, carpeted with the cheapest
green, and furnished with very or-
dinary pink and white chairs, yet
it looked snug and cozy for the
blackbird was chirping noisily in
the window, and a stand of migro-
nole and velvet blossomed pansies
gave a delightful taint to this pretty
picture of every-day life.

Mary Elton was pale, thin, and
did not at all pretty; there was a trea-
sured sweetness about her mouth,
that seemed to whisper that she
might have been different under dif-
ferent circumstances. Grace Teller
was a lovely blonde, with large blue
eyes, rose-leaved skin, and her
lustrous tresses fell over her
shoulders like an aureole.

As Mrs. Seymour entered, a deep
shade of pink stole over Grace
Teller's cheeks, but otherwise all
was calm and self-possessed, as
if she had been married to the
handsome young man who had
suddenly married the old lady's inter-
esting daughter.

"Why warm this morning?"
said Mrs. Seymour, as she
glanced at the old lady's
fanning.

"I should wonder, Grace."

"And so the gold twilight faded
to a purple, rather than the steady
blue of a summer twilight, and the
stars came out, one by one, and
filled the sky with a soft, silvery
glow."

"I'm afraid you will make a dread-
ful drawing, will you, about the
old lady's fanning?"

"I shouldn't wonder, Grace."

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"I'm afraid you will make a dread-
ful drawing, will you, about the
old lady's fanning?"

him. "Are you acquainted with Cyn-
thia?"

"No, I believe Miss Parker spends
most of her time in this city."

"That's very true," said Mrs. Sey-
mour, eagerly; "Cynthia says there's
no society worth having in Factory-
ville—only the girls that work in the
factory; Cynthia is very genteel.
But excuse my curiosity, Miss Tel-
ler—how did you become acquaint-
ed with Mr. Parker and not with
his daughter?"

Grace colored.

"Business brought me in contact
frequently with the gentleman of
whom you speak. But I never hap-
pened to meet his daughter."

Mrs. Seymour gave a little start in
her chair—she was beginning to see
through the mystery.

"Perhaps you have something to
do with the calico factory?"

"I have," said Grace with calm
dignity.

"A factory girl!" gasped Mrs.
Seymour, growing red and white.

"Is there any disgrace in the title?"
quietly asked Grace, although her
own cheeks were dyed crimson.

"Disgrace! Oh, no—certainly
not; there's no harm in earning one's
living in any honorable way,"
returned Mrs. Seymour, absently.

The fact was, she was thinking in
her inmost mind, "what will Frank
say?" and anticipating the flag of
triumph she was about to wave over
him.

"I do not hesitate to confess,"
went on Grace, looking Mrs. Sey-
mour full in the face, "that to the
calico factory I owe my daily bread."

"Very laudable, I'm sure," said
the old lady, growing a little uneasy
under the clear blue gaze, "only—
there are steps and gradations in all
society you know, and—I am a little
surprised to find you so intimate
with Miss Elton whose family is—"

Mary came over to Grace's side,
and stooped to kiss her cheek.

"My dearest friend—my most pre-
cious companion," she murmured,
"I should be quiet lost without her,
Mrs. Seymour."

This old lady took her leave stiffly,
and did not ask Grace to return her
call, although she extended an invita-
tion to Mary, conched in the polit-
est and most distant terms.

"Frank!" she ejaculated, never
once stopping to remove her bon-
net, and bursting into her son's stu-
dio like an express messenger of
good and bad news, "who do you sup-
pose your paragon of a Miss Teller
is?"

"The loveliest of her sex," return-
ed Frank, briefly and comprehensiv-
ely.

"A factory girl!" screamed the old
lady at the height of her lungs, "a
factory girl!"

"Well, what of that?"

"What of that? Frank Seymour,
you never mean to say that you
would have anything to say to a
common factory girl?"

"I should pronounce her a very
uncommon factory girl," said the
young man, with an aggravating
calmness.

"Frank, don't jest with me, plead-
ing the poor little mother, with tears
in her eyes. Tell me at once you
will give up this fancy for a girl that
is in no way equal to you."

"No—she is in no respect my
equal, returned Frank, with reddening
cheek and sparkling eye, "but it is
because she is in every respect
my superior. Grace Teller is one of
the noblest women that ever breath-
ed of this terrestrial air, as well as
one of the most beautiful. Mother, I
love her, and she has promised to
be my wife."

Mrs. Seymour sat down, limp, life-
less and despairing.

"Frank! Frank! I never thought
to see my son marry a common fac-
tory girl."

And then a torrent of tears came
to her relief, while Frank went on
quietly touching up to the scarlet
foliage of a splendid old maple in the
foreground of his picture.

"So you are determined to marry
me, Frank, in spite of everything?"

Grace Teller had been crying—the
dew yet on her eyelashes, and the
unnatural crimson on her cheeks, as
Frank Seymour came in, and Mary
Elton considerably slipped out "to
look for a missing pattern."

"I should think so," said Frank,
looking admiringly down on the gold
head that was stooping among the
pansies.

"But your mother thinks me far
below you in social position."

"Social position be—ignored.
What do I care for social position,
if I can only marry the girl I love?"

A NEW ORLEANS Judge, riding in
the cars recently, from a single
glance at the countenance of a lady
by his side, imagined he knew her,
and ventured to remark that the day
was pleasant.

She only remarked, "Yes."

"Why do you wear a veil?"

"I use I attract gentlemen."

"It is the province of gentlemen
to admire," replied the gallant man-
-of-law.

"What do you think of me?"

"I think you are a beauty."

"I'm afraid you will make a dread-
ful drawing, will you, about the
old lady's fanning?"

"I shouldn't wonder, Grace."

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old lady's fanning?"

"I shouldn't wonder, Grace."

ices on the first Wednesday evening
in July—the fact was she wanted a
chance to confide her griefs to Mrs.
Randall's sympathetic ear.

"Crying! Yes, of course I have
been crying, Mrs. Randall, I've done
nothing but cry for a week."

"Mercy on us," said Mrs. Randall,
elevating her kid-gloved hands,
"what is the matter? I hope Frank
isn't in any sort of trouble."

"My dear," said the old lady, in
a mysterious whisper, "Frank has
been entrapped, inveigled into the
most dreadful entanglement. Did
you ever fancy that he, the most
fastidious and particular of created
beings, could be resolutely deter-
mined on marrying a factory girl?"

Mrs. Randall uttered an exclama-
tion of horror surprise, and at the
same moment a party of guests
were announced, among whom was
Miss Grace Teller, looking rather
more lovely than usual.

"Well," thought Mrs. Seymour,
as her hostess hurried away to wel-
come the new comers, "will wonders
never cease? Grace Teller at Mrs.
Randall's soiree. But I suppose it's
all on account of Mary Elton's uncle
the Judge. Here comes Mr. Parker
and Cynthia—dear me, what a curi-
ous mixture our American society
is; how they will be shocked at
meeting Grace Teller."

Involuntarily she advanced a step
or two to witness the meeting. Mr.
Parker looked quiet as much astound-
ed as she had expected, but some-
how it was not just the kind of
astonishment that was on the pro-
gramme.

"Miss Grace; you here? Why,
when did you come from Factory-
ville?"

"You are acquainted with Miss
Teller?" asked Mrs. Randall, with
some surprise.

"Quiet well; in fact I have had
the management of her property for
some years. Miss Teller is the
young lady who owns the extensive
calico factories from which our vil-
lage takes its name."

"Dear me!" ejaculated Mrs. Sey-
mour, turning pale and sinking
down on a divan near her. "Why,
they say the heiress of the old gen-
tleman who owned the Factoryville
property is the richest girl in the
country."

"Grace," said Frank, gravely and
almost sternly, "what does this
mean?"

The blue eyes filled with tears as
she clung close to his arm.

"I can't help owning the calico
factories, Frank. Don't you love me
just as well as if I didn't?"

"My little deceiver. But why
didn't you tell me?"

"Why should I tell you, Frank?
It was so nice to leave the heiress
behind and to be plain Grace Teller
for awhile. And when I saw how
opposed your mother was to our en-
gagement, a spark of woman's will-
fulness rose up within me, and I re-
solved I would maintain my incor-
ruptible, come what might. Mrs. Sey-
mour," she added, turning archly
around and holding out her hand to
the discomfited old lady, "didn't I
tell you that I owed my daily bread
to the factory?"

And poor Mrs. Seymour, for once
in her life, was at a loss for an an-
swer.

How to Take Life.

Take life like a man. Take it just
as though it was—as it is—an earnest,
vital, essential affair. Take it
just as though you were born to the
task of performing a merry part in
it—as though the world had waited
your coming. Take it as though it
were a grand opportunity to achieve,
to carry forward great and good
schemes to hold and to cheer a suf-
fering, weary, it may be heart-bro-
ken brother. The fact is, life is un-
dervalued by a great majority of
mankind. It is not made half as
much of as should be the case.
Where is there a man or woman who
accomplishes one tithe of what they
might be doing. Who cannot look
back on opportunities lost, plans
unachieved, thoughts crushed, and
all caused from lack of necessary and
possible effort? If we knew better
how to take and make the most of
life, it would be greater than it is.
Now and then a man stands aside
from the crowd, laborers earnestly,
steadfastly, confidentially, and
straightway becomes famous for wis-
dom, intellect, skill, greatness of
some sort. The world wonders, ad-
mires, idolizes; and yet it only il-
lustrates what each may do if he
takes hold of life with a purpose. If
a man but say he will, and follow it
up, there is nothing in reason he
may not expect to accomplish.

The light of the future promises to
be the electric light;—we mean, of
course, that light which men are
used to when the sun is off duty.
Chicago papers report that it has been
introduced into the water works there,
and that during the eight hours of dark-
ness it makes the interior of the build-
ing as bright as in the day time, at a
cost of eight cents per night. With
half a dozen electric lights suitably
located, it is claimed that the whole
city could be illuminated far better
than it is now by gas, and at a com-
paratively trifling expense.

It seems no prophetic skill to fore-
tell how speedily and entirely this
electric light will substitute gas, if the
half that is told of it be true. And
even kerosene, the opportune and
precious product of our own Pen-
sylvania, will be doomed, if this rival
proves its luminous claims to be what
its friends assert.

Of Ohio stumpor, while making a
speech, paused in the midst of it and
exclaimed:

"Now, gentlemen, what do you
think?"

Instantly a man rose in the as-
sembly, and with one eye partly
closed, modestly, with a strong
Scottish brogue, replied:

"I think, sir, I do, indeed, sit—
I think if you and I were to stamp
the country together, we would tell more
lies than any other two men in the
country, sir, and I'd not say a word
against during the whole time, sir!"

Two little girls were comparing
progress in arithmetic study. "I have
got to original sin," said one. "How
far have you got?"

"Oh, I'm beyond redemption," said
the other.

It is estimated that the Indian set-
tles on the coast of India are
increasing at the rate of one per cent
per annum.

The Earth not a True Globe.

Our planet is not a true globe, be-
cause of its former plastic condition
before the formation and cooling of
the surface. When the globe was
soft it was more or less yielding,
and then the rotation of the earth to
which I have referred tended to
drive off, as it were, the matter in
the equatorial regions; so that the
distance through the centre of the
earth between the two surfaces as
far as possible removed from the
poles of rotation, or those parts of
the earth which that imaginary axis
comes through, is rather greater
than the distance between the
two points where the axis comes to
the surface. The reason of that
fact, and that it must have been so,
has been beautifully established by
several experiments. That the earth
was once hotter than it is now is there-
fore proved, both by the irregulari-
ties of its surface, and by its shape
as a whole. We must not imagine,
however, that there has been but
one change. The minor irregulari-
ties are all gradually changing by
inner energies, the action of the air
and water, and it may be that even
the largest ones are young, com-
pared with the age of the planet's
surface. Nor does the change end
here; the equatorial protuberance
itself may but after all mark a point
in a great cycle of change, which
has compelled the earth to rotate
now about one axis and now about
another. Mathematicians consid-
er it highly probable that the axis
of the earth may have been in an-
cient times very differently situat-
ed to what it is at present, and indeed,
that "it might have gradually shift-
ed through 10, 20, 30° 40, or more
degrees, without at any time any
perceptible sudden disturbance of
either land and water." Thus it ap-
pears that nature prevents cata-
strophes by the very hugeness of
the scale on which she works.—Norman
Lockyear in Good Words.

For THE POST.

European Correspondent.

LETTER No. 1.

The departure of an ocean steam-
er is always an event of considerable
importance. For several hours be-
fore the time of sailing the dock is
crowded with baggage, people hur-
rying down in carriages, men and
women rushing along on foot, passen-
gers and their friends crowding on
board the vessel, the whole making
a perfect pandemonium of noise
and confusion. On the morning of
our departure in addition to all this
nature was weeping most abundantly
and constantly, evidently, sympa-
thizing with the friends of the trav-
ellers.

The half hour bell sounds and the
crowd on the steamer begins to
lessen and that on the wharf to in-
crease. The ten minute bell only adds
to the confusion and at the last mo-
ment the shore people on board the
steamer rush frantically off, the
bridge is drawn, the hawsers cast
from the pier, the engine begins to
move, there is a great splashing of
the water at the stern of the vessel,
gradually the vast steamer seems to
have the breath of life infused into
her, and slowly she leaves the wharf
amid the farewell calls of friends, the
waving of handkerchiefs, the shout-
ing of the crowd, and the friendly
whistle of passing steam vessels.

The waving of handkerchiefs con-
tinues until we lose sight of the
wharf, and is kept up still later by
those whose zealous friends follow
them down the harbor in tugs. Our
steamer being a new one and this
her first departure from New York
she was escorted down the harbor by
several tugs and passenger vessels.
Those at length turn back and leav-
ing us with a final salute of a cannon
and steam whistles, and we are soon
opposite the light ship at Sandy
Hook.

On the way down the bay the
passengers walk the upper deck ad-
miring the beautiful fields of Long
Island, the green hills of Staten Is-
land, and the low lying Jersey shore
in the distance. Many of the pas-
senger write letters or postal cards,
which can be sent back by the pilot
and will be the last that friends can
hear from them until we are in sight
of the Irish coast.

Just outside of the light ship we
begin to feel the ocean swell and the
great steamer rises and falls in a
way that makes many look with
doubt into the future. Soon some
of the passengers quietly and with-
out remark go down to their state-
rooms while others sit upon the up-
per deck, in a thoughtful meditative
way until gradually a paleness steals
over their faces, and after an hour
or so they quietly disappear below.

Others of a resolute nature who have
determined that as for them they
will not be seasick, walk rapidly up
and down the deck fighting in vain
the grim monster who is literally
clutching their vitals. Experienced
sailors and those who are not at all
affected by the sea, lounge leisurely
about and enjoy the fresh breeze and
the discomfort of their unfortunate
follow passengers. By the time
the steamer has been out two hours
and the land has disappeared from
sight the dividing line between those
who are to stand the voyage, is fairly
drawn. If the weather is at all
rough, half the passengers will not
be at the table the first meal and
some will not be seen at all during
the passage. For sea-sickness there
is no permanent or sure cure. What
relieves one does another no good,
but forced contribution to the Atlan-
tic are a general relief to all who are
affected.

Our voyage was a very monoton-
ous one having fog and quiet weath-
er nearly all the way. Once, on the
banks of Newfoundland the mon-
otony was broken by running down
a fishing smack from Beverly, Mass.,
which was anchored directly across
our course. I can never forget how
wildly the fishermen ran to the stern
of their vessel as the black hull of
the steamer suddenly appeared to
rush out of the dense fog, bearing
down on them directly amidship and
sorely two hundred yards away.
Almost instant death threatens them
for in less than half a minute they
expect to be run down by the steam-
er. But they are seen from our ves-
sel and the steamer is instantly
turned from her course, so that only the
bowsprit of the fishing smack is cut
off close up to the hull, and the
shattered vessel grates harshly
against the iron side of the steamer as
we pass along. Our steamer is stop-
ped, the men taken from their sick-
ing vessel, and we are on our course
again through the interminable fog.
There is nothing that strikes a greater
feeling of dread through a passen-
ger's consciousness than the shrill fog
whistle sounding ominously in his ears
day and night, and this is particularly
so after a misfortune like ours. You
can hardly conceive how many imagi-
nary vessels we run down or how
many imaginary icebergs we run into
during the remaining days of the fog.
Occasionally the dense fog would
clear away for a few hours and we
would have a view of the boundless
ocean, with not a living thing in
sight except ourselves, and in the
background of the sky which
appeared to be above and around us.

Are You Gaining.

If you are gaining a little every
day, be content. Are your expenses
less than your income, so that,
though it be a little, you are yet
constantly accumulating and grow-
ing richer every day? Be content,
for as concerns money you are do-
ing well. Are you gaining knowl-
edge every day? Though it be little
by little, the aggregate of the accu-
mulation, where no day is permitted
to pass without adding something
to the stock will be surprising to
yourself. Solomon did not become
the wisest man in the world in a
minute. Little by little never omit-
ting to learn something even for a
single day—always reading, always
studying a little between the time of
rising up in the morning and lay-
ing down at night; this is the way
to accumulate a full store-house of
knowledge. Finally, are you daily
gaining in character? Be not dis-
couraged, because it be little. The
best men fall far short of what they
would wish to be. It is something,
it is much, if you keep good resolu-
tions better to-day than you did
yesterday, better this year than you
did last year. Strive to be perfect,
but do not become downhearted so
long as you are approaching near to
the high standard at which you aim.
Little by little fortunes are accumu-
lated; little by little character and
reputation are achieved.

Electric Light.

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ellers.

The half hour bell sounds and the
crowd on the steamer begins to
lessen and that on the wharf to in-
crease. The ten minute bell only adds
to the confusion and at the last mo-
ment the shore people on board the
steamer rush frantically off, the
bridge is drawn, the hawsers cast
from the pier, the engine begins to
move, there is a great splashing of
the water at the stern of the vessel,
gradually the vast steamer seems to
have the breath of life infused into
her, and slowly she leaves the wharf
amid the farewell calls of friends, the
waving of handkerchiefs, the shout-
ing of the crowd, and the friendly
whistle of passing steam vessels.

The waving of handkerchiefs con-
tinues until we lose sight of the
wharf, and is kept up still later by
those whose zealous friends follow
them down the harbor in tugs. Our
steamer being a new one and this
her first departure from New York
she was escorted down the harbor by
several tugs and passenger vessels.
Those at length turn back and leav-
ing us with a final salute of a cannon
and steam whistles, and we are soon
opposite the light ship at Sandy
Hook.

On the way down the bay the
passengers walk the upper deck ad-
miring the beautiful fields of Long
Island, the green hills of Staten Is-
land, and the low lying Jersey shore
in the distance. Many of the pas-
senger write letters or postal cards,
which can be sent back by the pilot
and will be the last that friends can
hear from them until we are in sight