

ALONE.

I stand beside the surging main,
That moaneth on the solitary shore,
And swiftly to my memory come again
The days of yore.

Once more we seem to wander hand-in-hand,
In shady gloaming of an Autumn day,
Along the level tracts of yellow sand
'Mid twilight grey.

A lovely maiden at my side I see,
Her golden hair stirred by the breezy wind;
Her soft blue eyes, that seemed so true to me;
Ah! love is blind!

Ah! you forget the words of love you spoke:
Your vows that nought but death our lives
Should part. [broke
'Twas play to you! What matter that it
A faithful heart.

Gone are those blissful dreams of early youth,
Their melancholy dirge the night winds sigh;
For me, good bye to love, and joy and truth—
A last good-bye.

I am deceived! Gone is my being's light,
And nothing now but weariness and pain,
And the dim mists of a November night,
To me remain!

THE NEGRO RHYMER.

It was a favorite story with my venerable friend, Doctor C —, who prior to his removal to Philadelphia, (where he died a decade ago), resided for many years in Eastern Virginia and was brimful of anecdotes of the old *regime*. A half-century ago Lynchburg boasted of but one citizen, who donned the Quaker garb and advanced the peculiar tenets of his orthodox faith. This man was highly esteemed, and was known throughout the whole country, — by the sobriquet of "Friend," being rarely if ever addressed by his proper surname, Davis.

"Friend" Davis was wealthy and eccentric and beneath his cut-and-dried exterior of drab solemnity carried a genial heart and one withal attuned to merry jest. His weakness for harmless jovial croquet on every occasion, when the least bid was made for its development. Lynchburg at the period of which I write had its representative darkey, a shiftless god-natured negro, whose freedom was a legacy from a deceased master, the name of whom this descendant of Ham adopted out of a crude but well-meaning sense of gratitude.

Elijah James was certainly an "original" in everything but the worthy name he so unworthily bore. He was the prime mover in every practical joke or questionable frolic, and his honesty hardly held a straight face when suspicion pointed its finger at the generally accepted author of Sunday night ralls on divers, exposed hen-roosts. Elijah amongst his manifold accomplishments had the enviable facility of rhyme. Every word in the Lexicon put him on his mettle to produce a simple or compound tag of euphony. On this special trait of this particular freedman hinges the tale, which I tell as it was told me.

One beautiful afternoon in the early autumn, when Elijah's brouddening grin (as he came sauntering up the Main street) completely eclipsed the smiles of nature, "Friend" Davis stood at the open door of his well-stocked smoke-house. As the darkey with a grotesque salutation (partaking jointly of the essence of a bow, a scrape and a double-shuffle) came to a halt before the staid sentinel of the tempting border, his distended jaws nearly overtopped his greedy eyes as he gazed with longing vision on the luxurious spread, within the Quaker's store room for sides and shoulders.

Davis marked the darkey's eagerness and a chance for some quiet sport. "Friend Elijah," he said, "well I know thee loves nara bacon. Now the biggest flitch on yonder hook is thine

as my free gift, if thee makes a better rhyme to my name than I to thy name."

"Agreed," replied the Ethiopie with another grimace and pigeon-wing antic, which warned his demure challenger that victory already hovered above the sable crest of his melodious antagonist.

With a loud prefatory ahem! Davis commenced—

"Elijah Jeemes
Thou art full of schemes."

Roaring with laughter at the strain put upon his cognomen by the designing Quaker, the jolly negro was not slow in passing the verdict, to this effect—

"Ah! Friend,
There's room to mend,
And if I'm not mistaken,
Thee'll now hand out that bacon."

The discomfited Davis was faithful to his promise and enjoyed his rout with as keen a zest, as the capering Canaanite did his own easy triumph and its savory recompense.—
Norristown Herald. STRENEWYCK.

PICTURES.

The sunbeams dance long on the clover,
And kiss the red lips of the rose;
But a man dances wildly all over,
When a hammer drops on his toes
—*Hackensack Republican.*

The peach blushes red in the sunlight,
Which brightens the bloom on the rose;
But 'tis not the sunbeam imparteth
Such bloom to the toper's red nose.
—*Meriden Recorder.*

The cherries in clusters hang drooping,
While goose-berries ripen amain;
But both will account for your stooping
With the torturing abdominal pain.
—*Erratic Enriquet.*

The clouds are heavy and damp and gray,
The mist and drizzle all pleasure mar;
And man, seized with a fever christened "Hay,"
Sallys upon his nasal catarrh.
—*Norristown Herald.*

The pic nic season draweth nigh,
When boys and girls enjoy a frolic;
But if they water-melons try,
'Twill make them feel quite melon-colic.

Referring to an article which appeared in the *San Francisco Chronicle* on the death of W. S. O'Brien, the bonanza king, the *News Letter* has the following:—

"We did not conceive that it was in the power of human passion to gratify itself in lower depths of malice, or to proceed to greater extremes of personal, rancorous hatred. We think so still. But if that case has not been surpassed, it has at least been equalled by the unspeakable brutality, the indescribable malice of the *Chronicle*, as exhibited in its references to the memory of the late W. S. O'Brien. A filthy publication, of the vilest concoction of infamy, a more degraded exhibition of ill-timed malice never emanated from the most bestial of the human race. It is too filthy for expression, too vile for more distinct allusion, and too malicious for adequate characterization in language permissible this side of the portals of the damned."

Who ever saw a rope walk?—*Rome Sentinel.*
Who ever saw a horse fly?—*Albany Argus.*
Who ever saw a cat fish?—*Yonkers Gazette.*
Who ever heard a milk dam?—*Commercial Bulletin.*
Who ever saw a tree toed?—*Hackensack Republican.*
Who ever saw a milk made?—*N. J. Herald.*

Who ever saw a chick weed, or heard a cartoon?

AN APOLOGY FOR FLIRTATION.

"Ah! women are flirts!" you tell me,
"Well, yes—if by flirts you mean
A trifling false than you men are;
And greatly more true than they seem."

"But women are cruel—so cruel!
They flatter and coax for a while,
Then tread on the heels that we give them,
And deal us a blow with a sweet!"

"We are cruel—it may be; but cruel
In a million of charming ways;
So sorry at times to have hurt you,
So kind on the gloomiest days.

"But you men!—you calculate nicely
How near you may go or how far,
And never one moment you soften,
Nor pity the hopes that you mar.

"And when you at last are successful,
And the flower floats down to your feet,
Is colors are no more so perfect,
Is perfume is no more so sweet.

"You leave it to lie on the roadside
(First trampling it down in the dust.)
And fancy that such is your right here,
To break and to outrage our trust.

"Believe me, that if you would let us
Be honest and true as we are,
(Not striving to conquer us always.)
The world would be better by far."
—*Temple Bar.*

MR. SCHMIDT'S MISTAKE.

BY CHARLES F. DAVIS.

I keeps me von leedle schtore town Broad-way, and does a pooty goot peennis, but I ton't got mough capital to work mit, so I finds id hard vout to get me all der credits vout I would like. Last veck I hear about some goots dot a barty vas going to sell pooty sheap, and so I writes dot man if he vould gife me der refusal of dose goots for a gouple a days. He gafe me der refusal—dot is, he said I gouldn't haf dem—but he said he vould gall on me and see mine schtore, and den if mine schtanding in peennis vas goot perhaps ve might do something to gedder. Vell, I vas behind mine gouster yesterday, ven a shentleman gomes in und dakes my py der vant and say, "Mr. Schmidt, I pelieve." I says "Yaw," und den I dinks to minself, dis vas der man vut has dose goots to sell, und I musd try to make some goot impressions mit him so ve gould do some peennis. "Dis vos goot schtore," he says, looking around, "bud you ton't goot a pooty pig schtack already." I vas avraid to let him know dot I only haf bout a thousand tollars vort of goots in der place, so I says, "You ton't vould dink I haf more as dree thousand tollars in dis leedle schtore, ain't it?" He says: "You ton't tole me! Vos dot possible?" I says: "Yaw." I meant dot id vas possible, dough id vasn't so, vor I vas like Shorge Vashington ven he cut toun der "old elm," on Poston Commons, mit his leedle cadet, und gouldent dell some lies about id.

"Vell," says der shentleman, "I dinks you ought to know petter as anybody else vout you haf got in der schtore," und den he dakes a pig book vout under his arm und say: "Vell I poots you toun vor dree tons und tollars." I ask him vut he means py "poots me toun," und den he says he vas von off der dax-men, or assessors of broberdy, und he tank me so kintly as never vos, because he say I vos sooch an honest Dutscher, und tidn't dry und sheat der goferments. I dells you vut it vos, I tidn't veel any more petter as a hundred ber cent. ven dot man valks outt off mine schtore, und der next dime I make free mit sdangers I finds first deir peennis outt.

Mr. Schilling is a prominent Chicago socialist. He is a silver man.—*Detroit Free Press.*
He ought to live in Penceacoala, Florida.—*London Advertiser.*

Florin-ce more like.