

THREE KISSES OF FAREWELL.

These, only these, my darling,
Separate, solemn, slow;
Not like the swift and joyous ones
We used to know,
When we kissed because we loved each other
Simply to taste love's sweet,
And lavished our kisses as the summer
Lavishes heat—
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrong,
When hope and fear are spent,
And there is nothing left to give, except
A sacrament.

First of the three, my darling,
Is sacred unto pain;
We have hurt each other often;
We shall again,
When we pine because we miss each other,
And do not understand
How the written word is so much colder
Than eye and hand.
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
Which we may give or take;
Buried, forgiven before it come,
For our love's sake.

The second kiss, my darling,
Is full of joy's sweet thrill;
We have blessed each other always;
We always will.
We shall reach until we find each other;
Past all of time and space;
We shall listen till we hear each other
In every place;
The earth is full of messengers,
Which love sends to and fro;
I kiss thee, darling, for all joy
Which we shall know.

The last kiss, oh, my darling,
My love—I cannot see
Through my tears, as I remember
What it may be.
We may die and never see each other,
Die with no time to give
Any sign that our hearts are faithful
To die as live.
Token of what they will not see
Who see our parting breath,
This one last kiss, my darling, seals
The seal of death!

FOR EVERYBODY.

Sergeant Bates Again.

Sergeant Bates is inspired with the idea of a triumphal tour throughout the world of thirteen immortals, each of whom shall be an ex-soldier from the different nations of the earth, to be led by Bates on a white animal. Bates will carry a banner inscribed with "Peace on earth, good will to men," and will be followed by the ex-soldiers on black horses, each bearing aloft the standard of his country. Bates's quadruped is expected to have ears as long as his own.

Compulsory Education of Children.

The bill for the compulsory education of children, which has passed the New York Senate and become law, requires that all parents having the care of children shall instruct or cause them to be instructed in the rudiments, and that those between the ages of eight and fifteen shall attend school at least fourteen weeks in the year, or be instructed at home for a similar period. This is an important step toward lessening the expenses of reformatory schools and State prisons.

The Transit of Venus.

Great Britain has many observatories in various parts of the world which will be serviceable in the coming transit of Venus. In addition to those regularly established, she will have special stations in the Sandwich Islands, Rodriguez Island, Kerguelen Land, Auckland Island, Alexandria, Peshawar, the Cape of Good Hope, the Mauritius, New South Wales, and Victoria. The United States will have stations at Jeddo, Pekin, Hobart Town, New Zealand, Chatham Island, Kerguelen Land, the Mauritius, and some place in Russian Tartary. France will occupy three stations, Russia four or five, and Germany four.

Marriage at the White House.

The 21st is the date now fixed for the marriage of Miss Nellie Grant at the White House, and 11 a. m. is the hour appointed. There will be eight bridesmaids. Miss Barnes, Miss Fish, Miss Sallie Frelinghuysen, Miss Porter, Miss Drexel, and Miss Dent are six of the number. The bride will wear white satin, with point lace, and the bridesmaids white silk, four wearing rose and four blue trimmings. All the dresses will be made with the corsage high, as they are to be worn in the morning. There will be no groomsmen, but Colonel Fred Grant will officiate as "best man." The bride and groom will leave the city the same day, and sail for England on the 23rd.

A New Stage Horror.

There is a horrible story told by one French correspondent about a melodrama which he heard two dramatic authors projecting. This play was not to be remarkable for its characters, or its plot, or its dialogue; but still it was to be a remarkable play. Its chief incident was to be that of an amputation, which should be realistically represented. A surgeon should operate upon a skillfully-constructed wax arm provided with gutta-percha tubes containing a red fluid. The only difficulty was not in simulating the sanguinary details of taking off a limb, but in catching an actor whose writhing and screaming should be fully up to the level of tortured nature. With him engaged, supposing a man of genius would condescend to so hideous a task—believe, there was every chance of success for the new Parisian sensation.

Mechanical Dictionary.

Mr. Edward H. Knight, civil and mechanical engineer, and editor of the United States Patent Office Gazette, has been some time engaged on a work which promises to be of special interest and value to mechanics, and all who are interested in the progress of invention and art. It is an American mechanical dictionary, giving descriptive definitions of machines, tools, instruments, and processes in an alphabetical order, forming a complete reference-book of information concerning the mechanical appliances of science and the industrial and fine arts.

Every instrument named is to be found fully described in its alphabetical place, as, for instance, the 900 terms used in civil and hydraulic engineering, 500 surgical instruments and appliances, 990 terms in mining, metallurgy, and metal working, or the 500 agricultural implements. It will contain some 6,000 illustrations, and will be issued in numbers of eighty pages each at fifty cents a number, the whole work costing \$15.

A Kenealy Testimonial.

An English paper says: "It appears from the first publication of the *Englishman*, a publication which has been begun by Dr. Kenealy, that Dr. Kenealy's exertions in behalf of Arthur Orton are to be rewarded by a 'Kenealy testimonial.' The sum of £30,000 is to be raised, and to be placed in the 'Government investment funds in this country,' and the income of £1,000 per annum is to be paid to Dr. Kenealy quarterly, partly to assure to that learned gentleman a comfortable independence, and partly to 'show Alexander Cockburn, Chief Justice of England, that the people of this country are neither fools nor fanatics, and will not, at any sacrifice, surrender their rights and liberties won for them by their forefathers!' 'Virtue' has subscribed 4s.; 'Wooden Snuff-box' sends 2s. 9d.; 'A Poor Widow in the Hospital' contributes her mite of 2s., and 'The Savings of a Poor Old Man for 12 Months, who Loves Justice,' amount to no less a sum than 10s. Mr. Guilford Onslow sends £5, and Mrs. Onslow £25, but Mr. Whalley's name does not as yet appear on the list of contributors."

A Boulevard Tragedy.

A writer in the *Temps* acknowledges that "Jeanne d'Arc," a tragedy performed on the boulevard, although identical in name with M. Barbier's celebrated piece, may be regarded as original. The interest of the drama was sustained by a succession of fights till the *dénouement* was brought about by the Maid of Orleans, who left her men to attack an Englishman with particularly long red whiskers. He was worsted at once, but, instead of laying down his arms, he dodged behind her men, who closed round the heroine and bound her hands, while the Englishman gleefully rubbed his own. Jeanne next appeared at the stake, and the audience visibly shuddered. The sandy English warrior then advanced to the Maid and offered her his hand. "Reflect," he cried; "this is your last chance of life." The public waited anxiously for the answer. It came at last. "You are too ugly," exclaimed the heroine, "and, besides, I belong to Heaven!" The applause excited by this reply almost drowned the dying whisper of the Maid, who, noticing an omission in the tableau, distinctly murmured, "You just hand me that flag, and be quick about it!"

Signal Code.

In order to maintain a wholesome and constant state of anxiety while travelling by rail fix these signals in your mind, and watch for them during the journey. They form the

"RAILWAY SIGNAL CODE" OF THE UNITED STATES.

One whistle signifies "down brakes;" two whistles, "off brakes;" three whistles, "back up." Continued whistles signify "danger," and rapid short whistles "a cattle alarm." By means of a sweeping parting of the hands on level of the eyes of the conductor signifies "go a-head;" a downward motion of the hands with extended arms signifies "stop;" a beckoning motion of one hand signifies "back."

A red flag, if waved upon the track, signifies "danger;" if stuck up by the road-side it signifies "danger ahead;" if carried upon a locomotive it signifies "an engine following;" if hoisted at a station it means "stop."

A lantern at night, raised and lowered vertically, is a signal to "start;" swung at right angles across the track, it means "stop;" swung in a circle, it signifies "back the train."

A Good Story.

In a certain town of Massachusetts was an old-fashioned country tavern, kept by an inveterate wag named Divis. On a cold wintry day a good-looking Irishman, who was passing through the village, called at the tavern to warm himself. The landlord and several of his neighbours sat cozily chatting before the fire, and politely made way for the traveller to take a seat among them. "A cowl'd day," says he. Affirmed unanimously. "An' what's the news?" says he. "There is nothing new," replied the host, "only"—in his dry way—"they say the devil's dead." "An' sure," says Pat, "that is news indeed." After awhile he rose, walked across the room, placed some coppers on the bar, returned to the fire, and resumed his seat. The landlord also having gone to the bar, enquired of the traveller what he had to drink for his money. "Nothing at all at all," was his reply. "Why, then, did you lay this money here?" "An' sure, sir," replied Pat, "it's the custom in me own country, when a chap loses his daddy to give him a few coppers to help him pay for the wake."

A Prophecy of Cremation.

An exchange says: "None of the cremationists have yet quoted that striking passage in Lord Lytton's 'Coming Race' which so clearly foreshadows the present movement: 'While these two were talking my attention was drawn to a dark metallic substance at the further end of the room. It was about twenty feet in length, narrow in proportion, and all closed round, save near the roof, there were some small round holes through which might be seen a red light. From the interior emanated a rich, sweet perfume. Then the corpse, covered by a long cerement, was tenderly lifted by six of the nearest kinsfolk and borne toward the dark thing I have described. I pressed forward to see what happened. A sliding door or panel at one end was lifted up—the body deposited within, on a shelf—a sudden whirling, sighing sound heard from within, and lo! at the other end of the machine the lid fell down, and a small handful of smouldering dust dropped into a patera placed to receive it. The son took up the patera and said, 'Behold how great is the Maker. To this little dust He gave form and life and soul. It needs not this little dust for Him to renew form and life and soul to the beloved one we shall soon see again.' On the lid of the patera was engraven the name of the deceased and these words: 'Lent to us' (here the date of birth)—'recalled from us' (here the date of death)."

The Demure Flirt.

A magazine writer says: "The demure flirt is in many respects the exact opposite of the dashing flirt. The latter looks you straight and steadily in the face with clear, unfaltering eyes; the former has downcast orbs, sometimes lifted suddenly with great effect, and as suddenly the white lids,

with their long dark lashes, fall. The demure flirt blushes a great deal, and is quite simple and modest in manner. She is also of a lachrymose tendency, and her eyes fill with becoming tears on suitable occasion. She is affectionate and docile to a creditable extreme, and deports herself on all occasions in modest style. She does the 'poor oppressed' in a telling manner, and a man is a brute indeed if, after receiving her soft confidence, he is not inclined to do battle in her behalf against the whole world, and does not so express himself to the extent of a *bona-fide* proposal, 'for better for worse.' It is a most favourable circumstance for the demure flirt if she is obliged for some reason to reside with an aunt. This relative is represented, under the strictest vow of secrecy, by the dutiful niece, to be such a monster of iniquity and oppression, and her sufferings under her sad trials of so terrible a nature, that the confidant tears his hair and groans aloud that age and sex prevent him from challenging the indulgent and worthy old lady, and inflicting upon her condign punishment. While he fairly weeps at the piteous recital, she beseeches him to calm himself, and says she must bear with what fortitude she may the burden laid upon her. Thereupon the afflicted youth madly commences a speech with 'my poor angel,' of which the result is obvious.

Holman Hunt's Marriage.

London society is just now exercised to an almost revolutionary pitch by the announcement that Mr. Holman Hunt, the eminent artist, is about to marry his deceased wife's sister. Such a marriage, of course, cannot be legally celebrated in England, and so the parties have determined to go abroad to seek some country where the alliance is legal. The great question, "Ought we to visit her?" is likely to be raised, for it is understood that Mr. Hunt means to take his wife off to Jerusalem, which may now be regarded as his residence. In the eyes of English law a lady married to a deceased sister's widower is simply a concubine, and as the lady in this case belongs to a family of high rank a good deal of the excitement arises on that score. But more of the dismay arises from the fact that Holman Hunt is the especially religious artist of England. Pious ladies have been for some time going to weep and pray before his "Shadow of Death," taking season tickets for the same, and also their prayer-books. If the artist had been detected in an intrigue with some lady he would have been pardoned with effusion for his pious pictures; but when he proposes to marry a lady under circumstances that Moses, Parliament, and the Church do not approve, it causes a scandal of the first water. A lady says that "if she had heard the like rumour of the Archbishop of Canterbury it wouldn't have so amazed her, as Hunt has never been such a worldling as the average English bishop, who loves old port and looks kindly on fox-hunting." This marriage, about to be consummated, is not unlikely to exert a very important influence on the question of abolishing the law which prohibits it. The law has, indeed, been repeatedly violated, but hardly by persons of equal position in society.

An Unlucky Talisman.

Several of the Paris journals express great sympathy with the misfortunes of a Frenchman, who, being in Dublin at the time of an execution for murder some three years ago, determined to possess himself of a piece of the rope used upon the "mournful occasion." He is said to have had an interview with "the celebrated Calcraft," and for the sum of five sovereigns to have purchased the whole rope, which he brought back to Paris in triumph, believing himself to be henceforward protected from the shafts of fortune. Within a month one of his children was nearly hanged with this rope by her brother, who was playing at "hangman," and though the father "cut her down" in time, she has never fully recovered from the shock. Some time afterwards the owner of the rope went to Havre on business connected with his trade, and as he had a large sum of money in his possession when he was returning to Paris, he placed it in a box, which he made secure with the "lucky rope." The box was stolen during the journey, and though it was afterwards recovered at the Paris terminus with the rope around it, the money had been abstracted. It might have been thought that after two such disappointments the rope would have been got rid of as a talisman of evil, but that such is not the case is evident from the fact that its owner, who had experienced heavy losses in his business since the robbery, having attempted to commit suicide with it so recently as last week. Just as he had "cut down" his daughter, so his wife "cut down" him, and according to last accounts he is almost convalescent. When he is completely restored to health he will probably see the propriety of parting with such an unlucky purchase, and, as there is no lack of collectors in Paris, he may, by a skilful recital of the dramatic events attached to this rope, get rid of it at a profit.

How Some of Longfellow's Poems Originated.

James T. Field tells how some of Longfellow's poems had their birth and origin. He says: "The 'Psalm of Life' came into existence on a bright summer morning in July, 1838, in Cambridge, as the poet sat between two windows at a small table in the corner of his chamber. It was a voice from his innermost heart, and he kept it some time in manuscript, unwilling to part with it. It expressed his own feelings at that time, when he was rallying from a depression of a deep affliction, and he hid the poem in his own heart for many months. He was accused of taking the famous verse, 'Art is long and time is fleeting,' from Bishop's poem, but I happen to know that was not in his mind, and that the thought came to him with as much freshness and congeniality as if nothing has been written before. 'There is a reaper whose name is Death' crystallized at once, without effort, in the poet's mind, and he wrote it rapidly down, with tears filling his eyes as he composed it. One of the best-known of all Longfellow's shorter poems is 'Excelsior.' The word happened to catch his eye late one autumn evening in 1841, on a torn piece of newspaper, and straightway his imagination took fire at it. Taking the first piece of paper at hand, which happened to be the back of a letter received that night from Charles Sumner, Longfellow crowded it with verses. As first written down 'Excelsior' differs from the perfected and published poem; but it shows in its original conception a rush and glow worthy the theme and the author. On a summer afternoon in 1849, as he was riding on the beach, 'The Skeleton in Armour' rose as 'out of the deep before him, and would not be laid. The story of 'Evangeline' was first suggested to Hawthorne by a friend, who wished him to found a romance upon it. Hawthorne did not quite like the idea, and handed the theme to Longfellow, who saw at once all the essential qualities of a deep and tender idyl.