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THE PARTING HOUR.

There's something in the "parting hour"
Will chill the warmest heart,
Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,
Are fated all to part;
But this I've seen—and many a pang
Has pressed it on my mind—
The one who goes is happier
Than those he leaves behind.

The bride goes to the bridegroom's home
With doubtings and with tears,
But does not hope her rainbow spread
Across her cloudy fears?
Alas! the mother who remains,
What comfort can she find,
But this—the one is happier
Then the one she leaves behind.

Have you a friend, a comrade dear,
An old and valued friend?
Be sure your time of sweet concourse
At length will have an end!
And when you part—as part you will—
Oh, take it not unkind,
If he who goes is happier
Than you he leaves behind.

God wills it so, and so it is;
The pilgrims on the way,
Though weak and worn, more cheerful are
Than all the rest who stay.
And when at last, poor man subdued,
Lies down to death resigned,
May he not still be happier far
Than those he leaves behind?

AFOUL OF AN ICEBERG.

"You had better go below, sir," said the man at the wheel. "It's a raw, bad day, and you are not used to this 'ere weather."

"I am well protected against it," I replied. "I couldn't stay below now. If we have to encounter any icebergs, I had rather be up here."

He looked at me a moment, and then muttered with a grim smile:

"It matters little where you are, if we do meet any."

He had scarcely spoken, when the lookout's voice rang out, sharply and startlingly:

"Ice! ice! dead ahead!"

At the same instant, we saw a huge object looming up in the gloom, scarcely two fathoms' length ahead of us. The wheel turned like lightning, and the vessel swung suddenly round.

"My God!" I cried, seizing the old man's arm. "Are you mad?"

He threw me off, fiercely, and held the wheel down with almost superhuman strength. Another instant, we went crashing into the mountain of ice, striking it with our broadside. The ship quivered violently, and groaned like a human being in mortal agony. The tall masts and yards, which were of iron, snapped as though they had been reeds, and heavy masses of ice came crashing down upon the deck. It was a moment of fearful horror. We had escaped destruction for the time, but how long could it last? We had scarcely struck before the captain was at the wheel.

"That was well done, Ben," he said hoarsely, to the old steersman. "If we had struck her bow foremost, we'd have gone through at once. Keep her steady, just as she is, and we'll try to forge ahead slowly. With God's help, we may clear the berg yet." He disappeared in the direction of the engine-room.

It was a fearful situation. We were lying heavily against the berg, neither end of which could be seen through the fog. The dense mass towered above us as far as we could see, and I am sure I do not exaggerate when I estimate its height at five hundred feet. The first collision had injured us greatly. The hull of the ship, though made of iron, was bent in in several places, and the bulwarks on the port side were almost entirely destroyed. The masts were gone, and, together with the heavy yards and rigging, which were of iron and wire, hung over on the ice, and every moment dragged off huge blocks of it, which fell on the deck with deafening crashes. Had we struck fairly on the bows, instant destruction must have been our doom; and as it was, only the immense strength of our iron hull saved us.

The incidents which occurred after the collision did not occupy more than three-quarters of an hour, but they seemed then like a lifetime. Words are not strong enough to depict them. They occurred in much less time than I am consuming in describing them.

The passengers crowded on deck at the shock, but were driven into the saloon and steerage by the captain. So great was their terror, that they obeyed without hesitating. As the vessel moved slowly ahead, the masses of ice, caught by the wreck of the rigging, fell faster on the deck.

"They'll crush in the decks if they are not stopped," cried the old steersman. "Aloft, there, and clean away that rubbish!" he shouted.

Desperate as was the undertaking, several men with axes sprang aloft, and soon their energetic blows severed the mass of rubbish from the ship. The vessel recovered her equilibrium, and moved forward more freely.

We could do nothing but forge ahead slowly, and await the turn of events. The iceberg was fully a mile in length, and as yet we could not see the end of it. Each moment seemed an age of agony, and we were constantly crashing against the berg, and at every collision it seemed to me that the ship would go to pieces.

"Forward, there!" shouted the captain to the lookout in the bow.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"What do you see ahead?"

We held our breath as we waited for the answer. It came slowly and mournfully, and smote painfully upon our hearts.

"Nothing but ice, sir."

Again we went crashing into the berg, and again the ship quivered as with a violent spasm. Since the first collision, I had not moved from my place near the wheel.

"How long can we stand this?" I asked, of the old steerman.

"God knows," said he. "I am only surprised that we are living now."

"Starboard your wheel!" cried the lookout, suddenly. "There's a crack in the ice, and we are going into it."

The vessel's head swung around from the berg, and we moved slowly by an immense aperture in the glittering mass. Here was another danger. Suppose we should be drawn, or should run into one of these flaws. No human power could save us then, for we could never extricate the ship from such a position.

"Forward, there!" shouted the captain, again.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"What do you see ahead?"

Oh, how our hearts ached as we listened to the answer! "Nothing but ice, sir!"

He had hardly spoken, when a tremendous stream of water burst from the iceberg and swept down upon the decks. The men could scarcely stand against it. There was a rush of passengers from below, and they swarmed out on deck, thinking that the vessel was sinking.

"Drive them back!" yelled the captain. "The hatches and doors must be closed, or the ship will be filled with water in an instant."

There was a desperate struggle, but the passengers were finally forced down below, and the doors and hatches secured. Still the water rushed down upon the decks from the dizzy heights of the ice. The vessel rolled and rocked violently, and at every strain her hull creaked alarmingly. The men were completely drenched, and could scarcely keep their footing. I had not left my post by old Ben, and was wet through to the skin; but I could not move. I was powerless to stir.

"This can't last much longer," said old Ben, as he held the wheel hard down. "This heavy fall of water, and this constant thumping against the ice will knock her to pieces in a few minutes, if she is iron."

The fog now seemed to be growing lighter, and I could see more of the iceberg. As far as my eyes could see in any direction there was nothing but the clear, crystal surface, with its huge fissures and jagged pinnacles. Every minute the ship would crash against the fearful mass, and I felt that old Ben was right. We could not stand it much longer. The rush of water now lessened, and soon ceased entirely, but the fall of blocks of ice recommenced. The captain cried out:

"Forward there!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"What do you see ahead?"

There was no answer. A deep silence reigned along the deck for a minute or two, but then the time seemed greater to us. Then the reply came clearly and slowly:

"There's clear water a hundred fathoms ahead, sir, and the fog is lifting."

Not a man stirred, or spoke. The vessel moved slowly and painfully forward. Another moment, and we saw the end of the terrible mountain of ice. Three minutes more, and our stern was clear of it, and we were running in open water, and the sky was brightening. Still not a sound was heard intill the captain's voice broke the stillness.

"Let us pray."

Involuntarily we all fell on our knees, and the captain in earnest, trembling tones, gave thanks to the God of Heaven for our deliverance from our great danger. Yes, we were free from the danger, and in half an hour the fog had entirely disappeared. Then as the sun came out, we could see our iceberg a few miles astern, flashing and glittering in the brilliant light. It was an immense berg, and we had ample cause to be thankful that it had dealt so lightly with us.

We had suffered fearfully from our collision, and now, that the danger was passed, we could afford to ascertain the extent of our damages. Our masts were so completely destroyed that they were of no use to us at all; our hull was bent and crushed in several places, but fortunately no holes had been made in it by the ice. The immense strength of this portion of the steamer had alone saved the entire vessel from destruction, but the strain on it had been so great that a dangerous leak had been sprung. This we endeavored to stop, but with only partial success, and during the remainder of the voyage, the pumps were kept going constantly. The scene on the deck was tearful to behold. Nearly all the bulwarks had been knocked away by the collision and the falling ice blocks; and forecastle, fancy wood and iron work, and almost everything of the kind had been destroyed, and there we lay a wreck. No one would have recognized the proud steamer that had sailed so gracefully out of port a few weeks before. We were terribly crippled, but through the mercy of Heaven we were not helpless. Neither the engine, the screw nor the rudder had been injured, and as we had on board an unusually large supply of coal, we felt confident that we could reach Liverpool if we had favorable weather, though we should be several weeks behind our regular time. All hope of a speedy voyage was ended now. We were glad enough to get to England on any terms.

Strange to say, during the collision and the scenes that followed, not a human being was lost or injured. This was all the more wonderful from the fact that the deck was full of men at the time, and the masses of ice were falling the whole length of the ship. To the coolness of the captain and the old steersman we felt that we owed our safety, and when the danger was fairly over, the passengers held a meeting, and drew up a set of resolutions thanking them for their gallant conduct.

A great change came over the passengers. They became more serious than they had been before the accident. Religious services were held daily on board, and were attended by every one on ship, except those on duty, and never have I witnessed more interesting meetings than I saw and participated in there.

Old Ben confessed to me that the accident had "converted" him, and that after so signal and great a manifestation of God's mercy, he could hold aloof no longer. It compelled him to be a Christian.

In due time we reached Liverpool. Our sorry appearance, as we steamed into the harbor, attracted great attention, and the story of our trials was listened to with wonder and interest.

A Country Bride.

A few days ago a young man with his bride came to Chicago on their wedding journey and located at the Sherman House. It was apparent at first sight that they were unused to city ways, but the bride was so radient with the fresh bloom that country life and air alone can give, that the groom was envied by all the young men who make that hotel their abiding place. The morning after their arrival the chambermaid visited the young couple's room at the unquestionably early hour of eight o'clock. A 'come in' answered her knock, and, on entering the room, she found the bed made up, and the room in the neatest kind of order. The chambermaid was astonished to find all her work anticipated, and proposed to sweep the room while the young couple were in the dining room. "Why," was her answer, 'we had breakfast two hours ago.' During the stay of the couple the chambermaid had no work to do in their room. The revelation to the servant that a woman in a hotel could do something for herself was a strange one, and was duly reported. The young men took a deeper interest in the little lady who knew how and was not afraid to 'do up' her own room, and the example becoming contagious, infected the other ladies in the hotel, much to the satisfaction of the chambermaids.

A Carpet Bag by Telegraph.

The Troy *Northern Budget* is the responsible narrator of this anecdote:

'On Friday a German, somewhat intoxicated, boarded the Hudson River train at Kinderhook for the purpose of coming to the city. He threw his satchel down in a corner of the car, took a seat, and was soon in the arms of Morpheus. On awaking he alleged that he left his baggage at Kinderhook, and asked the boy employed on the train what he should do to recover it.

The latter, who had seen the German place his satchel in the corner, replied:

"You give me 50 cents, and I'll telegraph to Kinderhook to have the depot master to forward it by telegraph to Greenbush. It will reach there before we do." The German paid the 30 cents, gave a minute description of the missing property, and the boy departed, taking the satchel into another car. On reaching Greenbush the boy returned with the bag, and placing it in the German's hands, said, 'There is the first satchel I ever saw come by telegraph.' 'Ah,' replied the German, 'dot delegraff is vun great dings; here dake anoder quarter, mein boy.' And he did.

Nelly Blyth's Courtship.

Nelly Blyth gives the following account of her courtship with Willie Elshander: Willie was foreman to Mr. Blossom, o' Cloverlea, my father's nearest neebor, when I was aughteen. The first time I saw him was i' the kirk, an' I thocht, as I still think, that there wasna a prettier man i' the hail congregation. My help was often requir't at Cloverlea—whiles oot and whiles in. I shortly had an opportunity o' admirin' his character as weel as his personal attractions. He was nane o' the lazy lubbers wha' dinna care whether the wark's wrought or otherwise, if they get the time deen. He was aye busy himsel', an' of coorse the lave behooved to be the same. But forby that he was active, he was aye in good humor. He tauld us mony lively stories, whilk were baith sensible an' funny, an' sang auld Scotch sangs "i' the braid auld Scotch tongue." In short, he was a most agreeable lad, an' the langer I kent him I thought the mair o' him. I should had said afore that i' the bringin' up o' their family my parents had ta'en pains to instruct them in a' that was likely to be fore use to them in after life. Sae the lassies o' us were a' learned dress makin' after gettin' a' the book learnin', ay, an' mair than they were weel able to gie us. Weel, I had been busy makin' frocks to my brither's lassies, an' hadna seen Willie for a week, when the evenin' the dresses were finished my mither said I was as white as a clout, and suggested that I should gang oot a while. I had nae objection to mak' to onything, sae takin' ub the buik I gaed awa' doon the loanin' wi' the intention o' shearin' a sackfu' o' girss to the key. It was a maist lovely evenin'; a'thing was fresh an' bonnie, an' the birdies were haudin' quite a concert amo' the trees. I began to shear my girse; an' my heart bein' as licht as those o' the birds, I shortly joined in their music by singin' 'My Nannie's Awa'.' The last notes o' the sangie had hardly passed my lips when a voice close aside me says, 'Bravo, Nell;' an' lookin' up I saw Willie Elshander lookin' ahin' a buss. 'My lad,' quoth I, 'if I had a grip o' you I'll sort you for listenin' to my timmer-tuned voice.' 'Deed,' quoth he, 'I've been greatly delighted wi' it; but are you well enough, Nell? Ye're unco white.' 'Perfectly sae,' quoth I. 'Hoo's yourse'f?' 'Brawly,' quoth he, seatin' himsel' an' beginnin' a friendly crack, whilk lastit for some time, when after a few minutes silence Willie says, 'Hoo's your lad, Nelly?' 'I dinna ken o' hacin' ane,' quoth I. 'Hoo's your lass?' I wad like to ken wha she is, some paragon o' nae doot.' 'Right,' quoth he. 'Guess wha she is?' 'Maybe it's Nancy Blossom, or Jean Scott, or Maggie Gray, your ain neebors.' 'Better than ony o' them,' says Willie. 'Ou,' quoth I, 'I dinna ken wha it can be unless it's the sooter's widow or auld Bell Smith.' 'Oh, ye're a tormentin' lassie,' quoth he, 'but my sweetheart's name is Nelly Blyth; dae you ken her?'

My tongue had been waggin' pretty freely afore, but, as sailor Jack said to his opponent, that held in my jawtickler. Willie drew me in about to him, but to tell what was said for the neist half hour wad be a violation o' sacred things. When we rose frae our seat Willie an' me were bound to ilk ither by a pure an' holy love, sae he shoulder's my girse, sayin' he wad hae some fun wi' my mither when we gued hame.

At the end of the house we met my mither.

'There's a braw nicht, Mrs. Blyth,' were Willie's first words.

'Ou, Willie, laddie,' quoth she, 'is this you wi' the bien?' 'Deed is't,' answered he, 'Nell and me hare been courtin'. I hope ye winna cast ony stumbling blocks in our way.' 'That's a guid lad you hae,' quoth my mither, evasively. 'A guid lad!' says the rogue laughin', 'but I hope ye winna miner Nell and me to coort.' And my mither never dreant that he was telling the truth as a joke, sae she just said, 'Na, na,' an' joined in the laughin'. It was ten o'clock when Willie said guid-nicht to my father and mither. 'Guid nicht, Willie,' said they baith. 'Haste ye back again.' 'I'll be back to see Nelly,' but where is she that she's no' sayin' guid-nicht? 'I'm comin' oot to close the hen-house door,' quoth I; but forby the fastenin' o' the door, there was a shakin' o' the hands, a pressin' o' lips, an' a whisperin' o' tender words, an' Willie gued up the loanin' I heard him singin' the words—

"Awa', ye haughty nobles wha' deem
sic pleasure sma';
There's a joy shall never enter your
lofty home or ha';
But the purest joys are tasted—the
fairest charms are seen—
When the ploughman meets his lassie
'neath the gloamin' star at e'en."

An' that nicht the gloamin' star didna shine on twa happier bein's than Willie Elshander an' Nelly Blyth.

Newspapers.

WHAT IT COSTS TO ESTABLISH A FIRST-CLASS NEWSPAPER—ITEMS FOR ALL TO READ.

Everyone professing to have any acquaintance with affairs now reads his morning newspaper, which is sought for as eagerly in country towns and villages as in larger centres of population. In these times a well established newspaper generally represents the work of a very considerable portion of a life time, the investment of a large amount of capital, the expenditure of a ceaseless amount of toil. The papers that have grown up with a community, whose names have become "household words" among them, are those which are generally in most request, if they are conducted in accordance with the necessities of the times, and do not lag behind in the ever pressing race. Sometimes a brilliant *coup* sends a journal to the front in a comparatively short time. But not often. The old favorites have possession of the field, and are thus able to put forth any exertion that may be needed to meet new demands, to overcome advancing competition or hostility.

One great cause of the failure of country newspapers, is the tardiness and neglect on the part of the subscribers in paying the small price asked for it, thus compelling the publisher to borrow money to carry on his business, and pay high rates of interest or keep continually getting deeper into debt. Now that publishers are obliged by law to pay postage in advance on all papers sent from their office, the only way to conduct the business properly and fairly would be to demand *pay in advance* from every subscriber, and send no paper until it was first paid for. The man who takes a newspaper for a year, or perhaps two or three years, without paying anything for it, and then asks or expects the publisher to accept the same price for it as though he had paid in advance, is making an unjust request, and is not doing as he would others should do to him. He is the recipient of a loan without interest, and every dollar thus laying in the hands of subscribers is netting a clear *loss* to the publisher of from 15 to 20 per cent. per year. If delinquents would only take the trouble to think of these facts, it would perhaps cause them to act more consistently and pay their just debts more promptly. Judging from our own case, we believe that every newspaper could be made more interesting and valuable to its patrons, and, we feel sure, would be, if its patrons would only pay up and assist with the *needful* in the gathering of important news and paying for expert and competent writers upon its staff.

There are no more enterprising and persevering men in the world than newspaper publishers, and few so badly rewarded for their efforts and labors to please, instruct and improve the people. There is not a newspaper in the land that pretends to any fair degree of respectability and enterprise but is worth ten times the amount of its subscription to its readers during the year if they but receive it and read it as it merits.

Take away the newspapers from the towns and villages of Canada, and one-half of them would sink into total obscurity, excepting to a few in the immediate localities; and were it not for the newspaper many of them would not yet have come into notice at all, and business would not be one-twentieth of what it is to-day in them. And what would be the condition of the people throughout the country generally? We will not attempt to describe the state of society without newspapers; the picture would not be a pleasant one, nor the condition shown a desirable one.

Yet how loth some persons are to pay for their newspapers at all. We can count upon our books the names of hundreds who owe us one, two and three years' subscriptions—the very money we need so much to carry on our publication, and which justly belongs to us, yet days and months and even years go by, and no effort is ever made to get us one dollar. There is a limit beyond which patience is not a virtue, and the only way to deal fairly with some men is to give them a gentle reminder of their indebtedness through the Clerk of the Division Court; and when they have paid the *extra rates* for not paying in advance, and the Court fees besides, they will understand more fully how publishers sometimes collect the debts due them. "Whom the shoe fits," &c. ets., and "a word to the wise is sufficient."

Cost of the Strike.

The riots in Chicago are over, and it is well that they are ended so soon. It will be still better if the leading rioters are dealt with so severely as to prevent a repetition during the present generation. The experiment was too costly to be soon repeated. One can scarcely foot up the cost yet; but we look at a few figures which will enable us to form some faint idea of the extent to which a community is affected by riot, independently of pillage or the destruction of human life.

The value of the live stock, grain, and other produce kept out of Chicago by the strike approximates $2,300,000. The loss of trade to our dealers in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, clothing, drugs, and other wholesale goods, is not far from $3,000,000 more; and our varied manufacturing industries would have turned out $1,750,000 worth of products during the time they have been kept in forced idleness by the mob.

Here is a total, in round numbers, of $7,000,000. Ten per cent of this would be $700,000, which is rather an under-estimate of the wages to workers and the profits to capitalists who would have handled the property. Adding the cost of calling out the military and the special police, with the value of property that was owned in Chicago but burned in Pittsburg, and we have a total of not less than $1,250,000, or an average of $2.50 per head of the entire population of the city.

It would be scarcely fair to count the whole of this as net loss, though, even here, we have compensating disadvantages. Most of the produce will probably find its way here within the next week or two, but the result will not unlikely be an unsettling of questions that will be severely felt by some holders. Some of the retarded trade in merchandise will undoubtedly be added to the normal volume of the immediate future; but no small proportion of it is lost beyond recall. The same may be said of the lost industry, which is nearly so much out of pocket both to the employer and the employed. Pare it as we will, we can scarcely estimate the net loss at less than two dollars per head; while many of the strikers, who aimed to better their condition, will find their individual losses to foot up much more than the average.

We might moralize on this—showing that the strike does not pay the striker, and that it is a crime against innocent people—but we forbear. A single fact is worth a shipload of argument, and the fact of a million dollars loss, emphasized by broken heads, empty stomachs, and demoralized wardrobes, will probably plead powerfully against a repetition of the late attempt, which would be the height of folly, if it were not criminal.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The high toned tramp.—Yesterday a gentleman residing in a neat, modest cottage in the suburbs, caught a tramp prowling about his back yard, evidently trying to steal something. 'Why don't you come to the front door if you want anything?' indignantly roared the proprietor. 'That's what I was looking for,' was the impudent reply. 'Didn't you see it on the other side of the house?' retorted the gentleman. 'How was I to know that was the front door? No silver door plate, no telephone, no statuary, no servant to take your hat and cane. Tell your boss there is a gentleman out here who is waiting for his breakfast.' When the gentleman got back with his shot-gun the tramp was not there anymore.'

A very doubtful age—Sans-age.

Shopkeeper's science—Buy-ology.

Man glories in his strength; woman glories in her hair. Butter glories in both.

The man who keeps cool is happier than the man who keeps school, this weather.

General Sevenyearitch would be the man to bring the Russians up to the scratch.

A couple up-town, who have seven children, named one of them Theophilus, which is theophil- name in the family.