

### WAITING

Because I held my hands and wait,  
How sure for wind, nor tide, nor sea,  
I have no more 'midst time or fate,  
For, let my own shall come to me.

Many my heart, I make delays,  
For what avails this eager pace;  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Adopt, awake, by night or day,  
The friends I seek are seeking me;  
My heart shall reap where it has sown,  
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw  
The brook that springs in yonder heights;  
So flows the good with equal law  
Unto the source of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky,  
The tidal waves unto the sea;  
No time nor space, nor deep, nor high,  
Can keep my own away from me.

—John Burroughs.

### A MONTH.

"You can't do it, Mab; you can't hire a furnished house only for a month. It would be a chance in a hundred."

"I can try, and I am going to, Ethel. To stay stifling in this lonesome boarding house all the vacation is unbearable, and country board wouldn't be better, cooped up in attic chambers with the scent of fried doughnuts in all the closets. People who have pleasant country-places do leave them sometimes in the summer, for the lakes and the mountains; and the use of such a house would be a godsend to us."

"Yes, dear. Well, what do you propose to do?"

"Go down and see the house agents. I'll go with you."

These two young ladies were charming sisters of about twenty—school-teachers in the city. They had no home but the large boarding house where they had dwelt for the last year, and this was cheerless enough when deserted by the nicest people who had fled away to green fields and pastures new at the first breath of sultry air.

Ethel was a pretty blonde—Mab, a bright brunette; but just now their beauty was shaded by overwork. They needed rest and escape from the monotonous round of school teaching.

The house agents listened and shook their heads.

"We have no furnished houses to let for so short a time as for a month. For two months now, or for the season—"

"We have only a month's vacation, and would need it only for that time," said Mab.

"Can give you no encouragement, positively. Sorry! Would be glad to accommodate you, ladies. And you might leave your address, and if any opening occurs we will let you know."

"I told you so," said Ethel. So they turned away.

A handsome, buxom lady, richly dressed, passed in as they came out. "Here's the key to the Pansies," she said. "I shan't need it for a month. I am going to the seashore, where it is livelier."

"But you hired the cottage for the season, Mrs. Willoughby."

"Well, all you have to do is to let it for me. I am responsible for the rent, of course, in any event. I prefer to have it let. There is the garden, horse and phaeton, poultry and cow. Somebody may as well have the good of them."

"Is the place quite vacant?"

"No. My boy Pixie is there."

"Fortunately we have a chance to let it at once for you, Mrs. Willoughby," said one of the agents, seizing his hat and hurrying after Mab and Ethel.

"Well, we have got the hundredth chance, sure enough, Mab."

"Isn't it a gem of a place, Ethel? And the strawberries and the flowers!"

"And the charming rooms!"

"And the pony phaeton!"

"And the Jersey cow that gives real cream! Fresh eggs every day, too. That boy, Pixie, seemed glad to see us. I expect he is lonesome."

"Everything is just delightful!"

The girls may well have congratulated themselves. The Pansies had every comfort and convenience for country life, but Helen Willoughby, being especially fond of society, and her brother being absent on a yachting trip for a month, had tired of its quiet and seclusion. But the retirement was just what Mab and Ethel needed and desired.

The pure, balmy air gave them refreshing sleep and good appetites. With their own fair hands they cooked the daintiest meals, trimmed the room with flowers, lunched off strawberries and cream, drove about the green country roads in the luxurious phaeton, or played and sang in the cool parlors—for there was a piano and plenty of music at their disposal. So happy and contented were they that they could think of the month ending only with a groan.

They put the unwelcome thought aside and enjoyed the present. They had no neighbors and they didn't want any. They wore cool wrappers all day, read in the hammocks, braided their hair down their backs, and lingered for two mortal hours at their meals.

But in these days of liberty and abandon came the long rain-storm. The rain came down in sheets—torrents. It was a deluge.

The girls watched it from their chamber window.

From a direction beyond their range two sturdy pedestrians, protected by a single umbrella, marched arm-in-arm through the merciless fall of water.

"Very stupid of me, Alan; but I thought we could make the six miles, and get to my sister's house before the rain fairly set in. But here we are, blowing our way through the water like a couple of porpoises. If you hadn't been sick—I'm afraid you'll get your death."

"Never mind, Lance. I'm dry as yet. I see a glimpse of white among the trees. Is that the house?"

"Yes, that's the cottage. Helen is there. Is that the house?"

"You're browned up so by your sea trip, Lance, I don't believe your sister'll know you."

"Salt water agrees with me better than fresh—that's a fact."

By the time they had reached the Pansies, the rain storm had increased to such violence that Mr. Laurence Leighton burst open the door without much ceremony, and hurriedly relieved the virgin gold from the hills and shoes and dripping coats in the hall, where they proceeded to the parlor, where the open piano, flowers and books about gave the apartment the air to which Mrs. Willoughby's brother was accustomed.

"Helen is somewhere about, Alan. I'll find her in a minute."

Meanwhile the girls had heard the sounds of intrusion with unspeakable dismay.

"Robbers!" breathed Mab.

"Lunatics!" whispered Ethel.

Ethel looked as if she was going to faint. Mab's black eyes flashed. She picked up a parasol and marched down stairs. Ethel, catching the spirit of resistance, caught up a poker and followed.

Lance, who was about leaving the parlor in search of his sister, retreated in dismay before the appearance of these fair but very eccentric-looking strangers.

"Sirs!" cried Mab, "What does this mean? What are you here for?"

"Madam—ladies—" stammered Lance, looking at the parasol and poker.

"A mistake," murmured Alan Westford.

"What mistake?" demanded Mab.

"This is our house. By what right are you here?"

"Pardon, but I left my sister, Mrs. Helen Willoughby—"

"She vacated the premises more than a fortnight ago."

"Then pray excuse me! I am intruding. I am Mr. Laurence Leighton; this is my friend, Mr. Westford, in whose yacht I have lately taken a sea-trip. We landed only this morning, and have had no late news of my sister's movements. I supposed she was here. We have just walked from Harborside, overtaken by the storm, and Mr. Westford has hardly yet recovered from an attack of pleurisy; but we will go to the village—to the hotel—at once, of course."

Mab's black eyes looked into Alan Westford's blue ones; and Ethel's blue eyes looked into Laurence's black ones. There was a pause.

"If Mr. Westford is sick—" said Mab, dropping her parasol.

"Of course he can't go out into the rain," said Ethel, putting away her poker.

"No, and I hope you will pardon us," said Mab.

"And stay to supper. We are not inhospitable," said Ethel.

"And Pixie shall drive you over to the hotel in the phaeton this evening," concluded Mab.

The supper was very nice. The young ladies wore their most becoming dresses and put up their long braids. Alan thought that Mab was the prettier; Laurence thought Ethel was.

The gentlemen spent the most delightful evening of their lives at the Pansies, and found their way back there, by invitation, the next day.

Quickly two engagements followed. These young people evidently counted time by heart beats. When, in the following spring, Laurence and Ethel were married, they purchased the Pansies as their summer home; while Alan and Mab took their wedding trip in the former's beautiful yacht.

### CHEATING GAS METERS.

The New Automatic Kind Very Popular on New York's East Side.

The automatic gas meters which were placed on the east side by the Consolidated Gas Company are not doing their work satisfactorily. The machines are so constructed that when a 25-cent piece is dropped in the slot a valve is opened which allows 208 1-3 feet of gas to be used before it closes again. Several thousands of these meters were placed in the tenements of the east side. At first everything went all right, but soon the company's agent noticed that although a great deal of gas was being used few coins were being dropped in the slot. An investigation disclosed the system by which the gas company was being cheated.

The quarter used was attached to a string and lowered into the slot. There it was worked up and down until the valve had been opened four or five times, when it was allowed to drop. By this means more than 1,000 feet of gas was obtained for 25 cents. To meet this trick the company placed a small knife in the machine in such a way as to cut the string. This, however, was soon got around by the use of wire instead of cord.

The east side, in a blaze of lights, now awaits the next move on the part of the gas company.—New York Sun.

### The High Hat of England.

In London silk hats are worn in the afternoon by all sorts of men with all sorts of suits. It is therefore not surprising to learn that 12,000,000 of them are made annually in the United Kingdom.

### SUN BONNETS FOR HORSES.

They are Worn During Hot Weather and Have Decreased the Mortality.

Horses in London wear straw hats during the warm season. For some time the English Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been agitating the question of protecting the heads of horses during the hot weather. This agitation has finally had a good effect, and nearly every horse that is compelled to draw heavy loads through the London streets is now protected from the sun's rays by a bonnet.

This plan has long been followed in France and the hat adopted in England is the same as that used in Bordeaux. It looks much like the straw hats familiar to visitors to American summer resorts and bathing beaches. The brim is wide and there are holes through which the horse's ears project. It is held in place by being tied to the bridle.

Manufacturers of straw goods are delighted with the innovation, as they have been kept busy all summer making the hats. They sell for a trifle, but such tremendous numbers are used that the total cost is considerable.

The mortality among horses has decreased greatly since the use of the hats became common. As the hats have high crowns, there is plenty of room for ventilation.—New York World.

### STREET ARAB A GOVERNOR.

He Was Adopted by a Gentleman and Given a Fine Education.

John Green Brady, of Indiana, who has been appointed governor of Alaska, never knew his parents, says the Savannah News. He grew up a veritable street arab in the utmost poverty. In 1860 he was sent to Indiana by a carload of walrus. The car reached Tipton, a county seat thirty miles north of Indianapolis, and a number of the youngsters were committed to the care of residents. Judge John Green, a prominent citizen of the place, called for the "ugliest, raggedest and most friendless" in the lot. Jack, as he was afterward known, was promptly presented, and the Judge took the lad home. He appreciated his home and the kindness of his benefactors, and diligently applied himself to study. A course at the public school was followed by a year at Waveland Academy, and that by four years at Harvard. After he had been graduated at Cambridge he was sent by Judge Green to England to pursue his theological studies. Returning to Tipton in 1876, the next year he went to Alaska as a missionary under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church, and he has since remained there.

### New Way to Light Matches.

A profitable noontime pastime among the gamins who frequent the vicinity of the Reading Terminal never fails to draw a large and interested crowd, says the Philadelphia Press. One of the boys will lay ten matches in an even row on the hard asphalt. The heads of the matches all point the same way and the matches are about an inch apart. Then the youngster swings a cord on the end of which is fastened a piece of lead.

Swinging the cord rapidly, he handles it so deftly that he hits at will the head of each match and sets it blazing. He makes an agreement with the crowd that if he succeeds in igniting in this manner each of the ten matches without missing he is to have ten cents. Usually the business men who watch the performance are so well pleased that the gamins get considerably more than a dime for his trouble and skill.

### The Wrong Man.

"Hold on, gentlemen, before you adjourn; I notice that you elected Charlotte Corday as an honorary member this evening."

"That's all right, ain't it? She killed a man."

"Yep, it's all right that far. But 'th man she killed was the biggest Afar-chist in all France."

"Sho! you don't say! Gentlemen, I move that Mrs. Corday's name be stricken from the roll and that we give her three groans. Carried."—Cleveland Leader.

### A Precise Definition.

"Oil must conflag," said Mr. Rafferty, "that it ain't clear ty me what's meant by arbrithration."

"It's a great t'ing," replied Mr. Dolan. "Oil'll explain it till yez. 'Spoe two people hev a quar'—"

"Which is liable to happen any day?"

"They call in three or four other people to take a hand and ipress an opinion, an' the result is absolute peace or a general free fight, ayther of which is to be desired."—Washington Star.

### An Unsympathetic Mood.

"Is it not sweet and inspiring," she said, "to stand on the shore where the waves sing eternally and gaze into the offing?"

"Well," replied the young man, who lacks sentiment. "I suppose that is enjoyable if you know how to appreciate it. But the last time I went to the seashore I didn't give much thought to the offing. What I wanted was an awning."—Washington Star.

### Serving on the Instalment Plan.

Preacher—My man, how long are you in for?

Boozer (serving sixty days for the fortieth time)—Well, boss, dis is de way of it. If I keeps on as I have been, I'm doin' a life sentence on de instalment plan.

"What makes Bumpy so down on the long distance telephone?"

"He called up a man in Toledo that owes him \$2.50. They wrangled till it cost Bumpy \$12."—Detroit Free Press.

### THE MAJOR'S SCHEME

BY A. M.

Major DeVaux stood on the steps outside his club in St. James street, drawn up as stiff as if on parade, undecided for the moment as to where he should go, when he perceived his brother-in-law, Sir John Persley, hurrying towards him, vexation and annoyance so plainly to be seen in the expression of his face as to make the major inwardly exclaim: "By George! and call out at once: 'Well! what's amiss?'"

"Everything's amiss," replied Sir John. "Here's a regular kettle of fish; Agatha insists upon marrying the groom."

"Whew!" whistled the major between his teeth; "we must stop that."

"Stop it—yes. But how? The fool of a girl is in love with the scoundrel, and has told her mother, most decidedly, that she intends to marry him. She is twenty-one, and her fortune is her own. And then the brute is such a handsome dog. It's enough to drive one mad. It's all my lady's fault; she would have me engage the fellow before he looked so smart on horseback, and here's the nice result of her folly."

The major knitted his brows and thought for a few moments.

"Ah," he at length said, "we must exercise a little diplomacy."

"If you coerce her she'll take the bit between her teeth and bolt probably, and then where will you be?"

"Saints in Heaven!" exclaimed Sir John testily, "would you have us give in to the girl and agree to the marriage?"

"Not at all; at least, only appear to do so. Girls, like cats, must be stroked the right way, if you wish them not to use their claws. I'll think the matter over, and call and see you and Maria this afternoon. When am I most likely to find you in and Agatha out?"

"Any time; we'll stay in for you."

True to his promise, Major De Vaux presented himself in Clarges street that same afternoon, when he found Sir John and Lady Persley impatiently awaiting him.

"Well, have you thought of anything?" said his sister, jumping up to greet him. "We are in the greatest distress, and have decided to dismiss Jorkins with a month's wages, and leave town at once with Agatha. I'm sure it will bring my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, if this detestable marriage takes place."

The major smiled as he looked at Lady Persley's orange-colored wig.

"Pooh!" he said, "no need to die yet. I've thought of a plan. But, first of all, no dismissing of Jorkins just now. Say nothing whatever to him against his engagement, and take him into the country with the horses, as a matter of course. I have not the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with your groom, but I presume his manners are much like the manners of other servants, and what I propose is, that as soon as you get to Persley Court, you ask him to dinner."

"Ask the groom to dinner!" exclaimed Lady Persley, in accents of horror. "Are you dreaming, Wilfrid? I'm sure I'll do no such thing."

"Yes, you will, if you are wise," returned her brother. "And what is more you will ask the county to meet him."

"Publish our disgrace in that manner?—never!" said Lady Persley, with indignation.

"My dear Maria, Jorkins is a remarkably good looking young fellow, and doubtless on horseback in the hunting field, where Agatha has chiefly seen him, presents a gallant appearance. The girl's head, like that of most girls, is stuffed full of nonsense, and Jorkins may have encouraged an idea that he is above his apparent pretenses, or it may be simply a case of calf love."

"Any way, if Agatha can see him without his surrounding halo of nobility, she will be disenchanted and disgusted with him, and break off with him herself."

"So long as she only sees him in his proper position, as her attendant squire, he is quite handsome enough to take any silly woman's fancy captive."

So it was decided to follow the major's advice.

"And you will let me know the result," he said, as he took leave of his sister and Sir John, and went back to his club.

"I'm sure I don't know what to say to Agatha," remarked Lady Maria, as soon as Major De Vaux had quitted the room, "for only last night I told her she deserved a good whipping, and I'd like to give her one. What would you do?"

"Well, women should know how to manage women. I should say a little kissing and crying over her would be the best plan."

Thus fortified, Lady Maria left the drawing-room, and went up-stairs and tapped gently at her daughter's bedroom door; for it was locked.

"Who's there?" in rather a choked voice from Agatha inside.

"It's only I, dear. Let me come in. I have something to say to you."

As the key turned the door stood open of itself, for as soon as Agatha had unlocked it she went and threw herself face downwards on the bed. Lady Maria went up to it and took the sobbing girl in her arms.

"My dear," she said, "I cannot bear this estrangement any longer, it makes me miserable. Your father and I have been talking the matter over, and if you will only promise to do nothing rash or see if things cannot be in any way arranged satisfactorily."

"Oh, mother," cried Agatha, clinging to her, "how good you are. I am miserable, too; but I love him so."

"Yes, dear, I understand," said Lady Maria with such a grimace that had her daughter seen it she would have put little faith in those overtures of peace.

"If you only knew Cyril better—" began Agatha.

"Cyril! who's Cyril?" returned Lady Maria sharply. "Do you mean Jorkins?—I thought his name was James."

"So it is, dearest mother, James Cyril; but we prefer his second name, it is prettier—do you not think so?"

Poor Lady Maria could scarcely suppress a groan, but anxious to end the interview, all she said was—

"Now, look here, my dear child, you must wash your face and let Mlle. Toilette dress you in your prettiest and come out for a drive. The fresh air will do you good after all this agitation. I think we have all had enough of town this season, and so we will go back to the Court next week and resume our old, quiet, humdrum life."

Then Lady Maria kissed her and went down-stairs quite proud of her diplomacy.

Agatha was very pale, and her face now disfigured by grief, looked decidedly plain. At no time could she lay claim to any beauty beyond that of youth and a certain distinction, derived from her tall figure and her birth and breeding.

After this explanation with her mother domestic affairs went on more comfortable, no special allusion was made to her engagement, and by her parents' silence on the subject, she naturally concluded that they were no longer inimical to it.

This opinion she communicated to Jorkins the first opportunity she had of speaking to him alone, when they had all gone down into the country, apparently on good terms.

Once settled at the Court, there was Major de Vaux's advice to be carried out, and here lay a difficulty.

"It is easy enough to make up a dinner-party," said Lady Maria to her husband, "although most of our friends are still in town, but how am I to invite that wretch Jorkins? I cannot send my groom a written invitation, he would boast of it at the village ale house, and show it about amongst the other servants; anyhow every one of them must hear of his being asked to dinner. Oh, it is infamous of Agatha to have placed us in such a false position."

"Let Agatha ask him herself, by word of mouth."

"Well, that will be best, perhaps," returned Lady Maria, "but it's dreadful altogether. Fancy having to sit at table with the man—and smelling of stables, too."

"We shall survive that, my dear. Anything is better than that Agatha should give him to us as a son-in-law. That would be a disgrace nothing could wipe out."

Then Lady Maria called her daughter and told her to invite her lover. "Because, you see, my dear, if you are going to marry him, we ought to introduce him to our friends beforehand. He will so soon be one of us."

Agatha's message from her mother was such a surprise to Mr. Jorkins as to completely dumfound him, for, although he had persuaded the girl to marry him, he never for an instant supposed such a marriage could take place, unless he defied her parents and ran away with her.

But modesty and a small opinion of himself not being his most remarkable qualities, he merely said—

"Oh, that's the way the cat jumps is it? Well, I'm agreeable. I suppose I'll 'ave to get evening toggery."

"Of course," said Agatha, "and mind you look very nice, so that I may feel proud of my choice," and the girl's plain face lighted up into almost beauty, from the love that shone in it, as she lifted her eyes to him.

In truth he was exceedingly good to look at, with a face that might have belonged to Antinous, and a small, delicately-formed figure that would have led one to suppose, what he had more than once hinted at to Agatha, that he was of noble blood on one side.

"I mustn't stay now," said Agatha. "I have to go out for a drive with mother, and have scarcely time to put my hat on," for Jorkins would have detained her to ask a little more about the invitation, the day fixed, and who he was likely to meet.

"Blessed if I wouldn't sooner feed in the servants' hall," he said, "but I suppose as Sir John and my lady request the honor of my company, I must do the polite, too."

The excessive incongruity of the position did not seem to strike Agatha or her lover. He was too conceited, and she too much in love with him.

Jorkins having informed the tailor who made his liveries that he required such an outfit as a "regular swell" would wear in the evening, appeared on the day of the dinner, faultlessly dressed, and looking so distinguished as to induce Colonel Despard to ask who he was.

"Don't know his face. Very like Lord Henry Erie, only better looking."

"That young fellow. Oh, Cyril," replied Sir John, when luckily for him, dinner was announced. Jorkins was told to take in Miss Bolton; and, except that he offered her the wrong arm, did not commit himself in any way at that early stage of the evening.

Lady Maria had purposely so arranged that Agatha should sit opposite him and thus be cognizant of all that went on. At first he was very silent and awkward, not addressing a word to his partner, and trying nervously to imitate the manners of those around him.

But after a while, as the butler filled his glass and he emptied it again and again, he became pot-vallant. Why should he not enjoy himself, like any other man? Both these swells! He was going to marry the heiress, and a fig for Sir John and my lady.

With such feelings combined with Dutch courage from the quantity of wine he had taken, Mr. Jorkins, just before the ladies quitted the dining-room, threw himself back in his chair, and thrusting his hands into the pockets of his trousers, exclaimed in a loud voice—

"Well, my lily, this 'as been a downright, regular feed, I must say, and I think therefore, as it is every one's duty to thank the givers of it; and so, my lily, 'ere's yours and Sir John's jolly good 'ealth."

Next day a telegram addressed to Major the Honorable Wilfrid de Vaux was received by that gentleman, containing the following—

"Jorkins dismissed with a month's wages."

### HE WAS INTERESTED.

But the Engineer Did not Appreciate His Desire to See the Boiler Burst.

Lord Rosse, the builder of the famous Rosse telescope, was not only a scientist but an expert mechanic, and was fond of watching and examining all kinds of machinery. One of his peculiarities was an absence of neatness in his dress. He seldom looked to be what he was, and many amusing mistakes arose from this habit. One day while visiting the engine room of a large manufactory he suddenly became intensely interested in something he saw, and with an apprehensive manner he pulled out his watch and looked from it to the engine. The engineer, a burly fellow, unaware of the distinguished visitor's fame, came up and growled out:

"Well, what's up with you? What are you shaking your head for and looking at your watch? See anything to bother you?"

"Oh, no, nothing to bother me very much. I was just wondering how many minutes would pass before that boiler would explode."

"Boiler explode! Say, you're crazy! You get out of here right away. Come!"

"Oh, let me stay; there's a good fellow. It will take only a few minutes more while that screw is loose there before she goes off."

The engineer to humor his crazy man glanced at the screw and gave a yell. With a jump he was at it, tightening it like a madman. When he had finished, the perspiration stood out on his brow in beads.

"Why didn't you speak sooner?" he demanded, after his fright was over.

"You didn't give me much chance," replied Lord Rosse; "and, besides, I never yet had an opportunity to see a boiler explode."

### PROPOSED COLONY OF WIDOWS.

A Farm Given to Each of Them Which Must be Cultivated Without Men.

Mrs. Hattie N. Bemis of Arabia, Neb., owns a large tract of land in northwestern Nebraska, which she says she intends to give to twelve deserving widows of Northwestern farmers. In return she will require them to cultivate it without male assistance. She says that she will start them out with all the machinery they need, a sufficient number of cattle, horses, swine and poultry to serve as a nestegg, and money to last them until the first harvest can be disposed of. She admits that the climate is dry, but she proposes to instruct her wards in the operation of the Campbell system of soil culture, by which method experiments have proved that the rainfall of the section is sufficient to insure bountiful crops. The nearest the women will be allowed to come to dealing with men is to sell their crops to them. If Mrs. Bemis should learn that a farm hand of the male persuasion has been employed about the premises the farm will revert to her. Any member of the community who marries will also forfeit her title to share in the property.—Chicago Record.

### WOUNDED HEARTS HEALED.

The Organ Laid Bare and Given Same Treatment as Any External Wound.

At Berlin a day or two ago Herr Reilin, of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, astonished the members of the Surgical Congress by recounting his experiences in the treatment of wounded hearts. It has always been held that ninety per cent of such cases must prove fatal, death being caused either by shock or by the flow of blood into the pericardial cavity, whereby the heart's action is gradually brought to a standstill. Hitherto no serious attempts have been made to save the patient's life. Herr Reilin, however, conceived the daring idea of applying precisely the same treatment that would be used in the case of an external wound. A man was brought into the hospital suffering from a stab in the heart. He laid bare the organ, and succeeded in checking the hemorrhage by means of a suture. The patient made a capital recovery, and was produced before the congress alive and well.