

WAIT.

Canst thou not wait for me, O hurrying years, Till I go back and gather up the past...

Let me go back and bind the ripened sheaves That I left wasting in the harvest field...

Let me go back—withered, repentant hands Gather the unkind words my lips have said...

Let all my fair days die, but those I married With selfishness and sin—I humbly ask To have them back, unwarded and unscarred...

Canst thou not wait, but now, O hurrying years, Even while I lay at thy swift-going feet...

The shivering vines cling closer to the walls, Around the house the wind creeps with a cry...

And while the midnight snow weaves cruel yalis, I and my soul are waiting the reply.

-S. B. McManus, in Chicago Current.

DUNCAN'S GLASS.

"Then sometimes, sir," said old Matthew Duncan, the coast guard at Trambay...

"Now, first of all, you point this glass over at yonder old bit of a ruin on the cliffs...

"Ay, I see it now. And I see a white cross—a rough dab of paint on it."

"Right; when a man sees that, 'tis a sign he has the focus right, and that he can see us the focus—only I hope he'll never get a chance to see what I saw..."

"Well, fifteen years ago, come mid-summer-day, I was on guard here at three o'clock in the morning..."

"I hadn't long to wait before I saw what made the rabbit jump away in such a hurry: a man and woman came out of the ruins and sat on some of the loose stones outside..."

"At first these two were friendly enough—even if the glass were wrong in the focus, I could have seen that they were sweethearts..."

"Said I, 'Here's the old story of all the world, of morning, noon and night, going on here on the top of this cliff at four o'clock in the morning...'"

"But I hadn't time for much thinking as it took all my attention watching. There was a quarrel, and that was plain. But, 'Pooh,' says I to myself, 'they'll kiss and be friends in ten minutes...'"

"The tide was full up at that time, but just at the turn; and once it turns, it runs there like the race of a mill; and the man was soon lost to view in the ruins..."

and there was a scuffling; but perhaps her going over was an accident; I couldn't swear that, when he thrust out his two hands, he had given her a push that had sent her over."

"Well, sir, the burden of my secret lay heavy on my mind, and as I walked up and down on my lonely beach I began to eat into me. Says I to myself, 'Matthew Duncan, you know of a murder and you've never told of it, and it ended in my getting a fever, and I was as near dead as a man could be...'"

"Well, I was very weak, and couldn't talk much, and I was weary with my earnestness in trying to make them believe what I said, so I just laid back with my eyes closed, and they thought I was asleep. But I heard them talking, and the captain said, 'This is a pity, too, for he's one of the best and sharpest-eyed men on the force, and I'm afraid he'll never be fit for anything again...'"

"I saw it was no use trying to persuade any of the gentlemen; I did my best, and there, now, I must leave it."

"But I wasn't quite easy in my mind. Looking at it now at this distance of time, I think it was my duty to have reported it, and taken the consequences, whatever they might have been..."

"The Artless Japanese Way. The following example of a Japanese etiquette reminds us of a somewhat analogous case where two young Cuban gentlemen were the actors. They had called on some young ladies in the town of Concord, Mass., where they were residing for educational purposes..."

"The lady's husband returned and still the gentleman from Japan stayed on. He was, as a matter of necessity, invited to dinner. Finally, the gentleman of the house relieved his wife in entertaining this apparently stationary visitor, but as the evening wore on he became so tired and sleepy that he retired to his own apartment, and the hostess again served her courage to the sticking-point and resumed the entertainment of the guest..."

"Five years passed," said the old man, and the doctor, and the parson and the captain forgot all about this matter; they didn't trouble themselves much about the ravings of a man in a fever, as they thought, and 'twas midsummer morning again, and it was my turn to be on guard. I don't know what it was that made me keep looking continually at the cliff, and at the part of the ruins where you see the cross painted on the stone..."

"But I hadn't time for much thinking as it took all my attention watching. There was a quarrel, and that was plain. But, 'Pooh,' says I to myself, 'they'll kiss and be friends in ten minutes...'"

"The tide was full up at that time, but just at the turn; and once it turns, it runs there like the race of a mill; and the man was soon lost to view in the ruins..."

"Now, sir, says I to myself, 'What shall I do—shall I report this?' I thought, and thought, and at last I says, 'No, I won't report it, even to my old woman, for if I do, there's no tellin' to whom she'll report it again...'"

who at first only tapped his forehead, and said I must not go back to fever again—but the rights of it was gone in to and found out."

"I said, 'Captain have the ruins searched, and I'll take anyone you name to the spot.'"

"Well, Duncan, said he, 'I'd be sorry for you to go off your head, for you are my sharpest-eyed man. I'll go with you myself, and I'll ask the minister to go, too.'"

"And there, sir, under the very stone which I pointed out, we found the parcel sure enough. It was an old leather purse wrapped up in a piece of tarred canvas, which looked like an old bit of a sail, and in it was a ten-pound note and a piece of paper, and on it was written, in a hand such almost as a school boy would write—'John Hinch threw his sweetheart over this cliff five years ago, this very day and hour [you see, sir, he had it all got ready for the very time,] because she wouldn't give him the ten pounds in this purse...'"

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A TEXAS PIONEER.

Death of a Distinguished Citizen of the Lone Star State.

A special telegram announcing the death, at his home in Harris county, Texas, on the 21st of January, of Hon. Ashbel Smith, was received Friday morning. With this death one of the most distinguished of the ancient and heroic band of Texan pioneers has passed away and few of them left behind."

Ashbel Smith was born in Connecticut in 1806. He graduated at Yale college and then studied medicine. After obtaining his medical degree he removed to South Carolina and spent some years there in the practice of his profession, but subsequently visited Paris, where he resided for a considerable period, devoting himself to the study of languages and the civil law, and perfecting himself in his profession by practicing in the hospitals of the French capital."

In 1836 the Texas struggle for independence began to attract attention both in America and Europe, and Dr. Smith resolved to espouse the cause of the Texans, and sailed for America, but this was before the days of railway and steamship travel, and he did not arrive in Texas until the great and decisive battle of San Jacinto was fought. He at once tendered his services to President Sam Houston, and was early in 1837 appointed surgeon general of the Texas army."

From 1842 to 1845, under Presidents Houston and Anson Jones, Dr. Smith served the Texas Republic as ambassador to the court of France, and subsequently performed special missions for his country to the courts of England, Spain, and Sarinina. At Turin, the capital of the latter kingdom, in 1842, the Texas ambassador attended the wedding of Victor Emmanuel, then crown prince, but subsequently king of Italy, who was married to the Archduchess Adelaide of Austria, afterward the mother of Humbert IV., the present king of Italy."

In 1845 Dr. Smith was secretary of state to President Anson Jones, who took an active interest in the negotiations which brought about the annexation of Texas to the United States, and during the Mexican war he acted as Texas commissioner with General Taylor's army. In 1849 he was appointed chief of the board of examiners at the military academy at West Point. He served many terms in the state legislature, both before and after the civil war. At the breaking out of that struggle he raised a company which was incorporated into the 2d regiment of Texas infantry, and marched to the scene of war in Tennessee. It was engaged in the battle of Shiloh, losing many officers and men, and there Capt. Smith was promoted to be colonel of the regiment on the field, and served with great gallantry to the close of the war. He was a warm friend of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, with whom he had served in the Texas national army, and after the war, being a member of the Texas legislature, he offered a motion that the body of Gen. Johnston be interred on Texas soil at the cost of the state. The resolution was adopted, and Dr. Smith was chairman of the committee which had charge of the matter, finally securing the interment of the remains at Austin, the Texas capital."

Dr. Smith was a man of profound learning, and up to the time of his death never neglected his duties. His charity was proverbial, and for many years his services in a large medical practice were given away freely to all, while a great part of his income from valuable estates was spent in private benefactions. His courage, fortitude and endurance were invincible, and although advanced in life while in the military service of the confederacy, few men could equal him in undergoing the hardships of a campaign. To the end of his long and useful life his energy and activity never flagged, and at the time of his death he was serving his state as president of the board of regents of the Texas university. He died at the ripe age of 80 years, and was one of the most distinguished and useful men which Texas has ever produced."

-New Orleans Picayune.

Oil the Hinges. He never oiled the hinges, sir, But let them clog with rust; And that's the reason breezes stir The grasses o'er his dust. Too full of business for rest, No time for holiday; And now, his hands upon his breast Are crumbling to decay."

She danced the gayest of the crowd, Amidst the ball-room light; To-day her limbs encased in shroud Were buried out of sight. She didn't stop the light to oil, But, buoyed on the wave Of social gayer's turmoil, She danced into her grave."

The pen is silent, and the song, Half-uttered, turned to ice; The cord is snapped, for overlong He paid the nurse's price. Rest would have oiled the hinges when His temples throbbled with pain; They broke as break the lives of men Who stem the tide in vain."

Then stop to oil the hinges, sir, When traveling the road; For rest were better than to spin The flagging brain with gold. Reprisal's death, the price of toll Or pleasure unrestrained; And dead the end of all turmoil, When life might have been gained."

-H. S. Keller.

A Domestic Paradox.

"Jennie, what is that thing you are wearing on your head this evening?" inquired a newly-made Benedict of his bride. "It's an invisible net, George, dear." "O, I see." "See what?" "I see that it is—invisible. In fact, I never saw anything so plainly invisible in my life."—Drake's Travelers' Magazine.

Bored the Professor.

Miss Popular (to Prof. Pfeiffer, who is showing her the paper he is to read before the Scientific Club)—"And you have to read those long, long papers, and before an audience! How I pity you!" Prof. Pfeiffer—"Oh zat is not so much ze pity as to haf to listen to ze ozzers!"—Harper's Magazine.

A Cure for Blizzards.

"Yes, I am on my way to Washington, replied a man with a buffalo overcoat and a beaver cap who was held up for an interview at one of the hotels the other day."

"It is hinted that you have made an important discovery?" "So I have. I am Capt. John White, of Montana, the man who first discovered the birthplace of blizzards, and who invented a cure for them."

"Tell me about it?" "Well, I have nothing to conceal in the matter. For five winters past I have been in the Far West watching cold waves or blizzards. Nineteen out of every twenty start on a line drawn from Fort Union, in the northern part of Montana, to Fort Laramie in Southern Wyoming. There are mountains, rivers, valleys and plains on that line, and these bring about the conditions required for a radical atmospheric change."

"Did you ever see a blizzard born?" "A hundred of them."

"What is the operation?" "Well, for instance, one day last winter I was in camp on the Powder River, in Wyoming and directly west of the Black Hills. It was a pleasant, sunny day, and during the forenoon the wind blew smartly from the Hills. Just about noon, while I was preparing my dinner, a puff of wind from the Laramie Mountains to the south, hit me. On the plains, a mile to the south of me, and just where two valleys brought these two different winds to a focus-point, a cloud of snow was lifted high in air, and the wind began to circle. In ten minutes the cloud began moving toward me, and the mercury soon went down eleven degrees. The cloud bore to the northeast, struck the north fork of the Big Cheyenne River, and followed it east to Fort Sulley, spreading its flanks as it went. At Sulley it ran down the Missouri to the Iowa State line. Here the wave was a hundred miles long. When it got down to Omaha it was 200 miles. It left the river there and went east, and by the time the center reached Des Moines one wing was at Minneapolis, due north, and the other at Sedalia, due south. From wing to wing was 500 miles. That wave took in Wisconsin, Illinois and Indiana, and was kept from Michigan by lake influence, and later on all the Atlantic coast, from Maine to Virginia was overtaken by it. That was only one out of the many I have seen born."

"Could it have been stopped?" "Certainly. It was no larger than a barrel when it started."

"What is your cure for these cold waves?" "Well, I've been experimenting. You must warm the air as the first step. In that case you kill the germ and the blizzard falls flat. On this line of the birthplace of blizzards, a distance of 500 miles, base-burner coal stoves should be set about six feet apart. Ten thousand stoves might do it, but the government might as well add 5,000 more and make a sure thing of it. Each stove would burn, say, nine tons of coal during the winter. One man, as I figure it, could attend to five stoves. As all the stoves would be out of doors, only one length of pipe to a stove would be required. I figure on saving 78,000 joints of stove-pipe. This item alone would pay for most of the coal. Every blizzard costs the country \$3,000,000. We have an average of ten per season. I figure that I can stop every one for \$100,000 each. This saves the country \$29,000,000 per season. The government puts \$20,000,000 in its pocket and hands me the other nine."

"And you have an idea that your scheme will be adopted?" "Certainly. The only fear I have is that the government may want to put plain stoves off on me, while I shall stick for the nickel-plated affairs. There's no use going into this thing with anything cheap. I shall return in about a week, and as I will then know exactly how much I can save on stove pipe I hope you will come and see me. This afternoon I shall try and figure on using one leg to a stove, thus saving 30,000 stove-legs. This would pay for the coal for 367 stoves. Don't forget to come and see me."—Detroit Free Press.

Toombs and the Philanthropist. After Toombs' famous Boston speech a philanthropist came to him as he stood in the center of a group at his hotel and said: "Sir, I have come to ask you a question, and you impress me as a man who will tell the truth, even if it bears against him."

"I will try," said Mr. Toombs, with great meekness. "I am told sir," said the man, "that down in Georgia you actually work poor negroes to the plow, instead of mules or horses. Is that true sir?" Mr. Toombs looked like a man hit hard, but asked: "Do you know the cost of a negre man, sir?" "Oh, yes," was the reply. "From \$1,000 up to \$1,500, for human flesh, sir. Man's horrid trade in man!"

Said Mr. Toombs: "Will \$900 do for an average?" "Yes, sir," said the man; "I think we may say that."

"Do you know the cost of a common mule of horse?" said Mr. Toombs. "Yes, sir; the average cost of unimproved stock may be \$100. You neglect your brutes, sir."

"Granted," said Mr. Toombs. "Now how many negro men do you think it takes to pull a two-horse plow in clay soil like ours?" "I have not thought of that, sir; but—ah—we will say ten."

"Then," said Mr. Toombs, in that tender, pathetic tone which would have made him perfect as a revivalist, exhorter, "then we have a mule team at \$200, a negre team that cost \$9,000; and what do you think of the economy of it yourself?"

The talk ended, and only one man failed to smile.—Southern Bivouac.

When He Gets Round.

Wife—"John, dear, I notice that your brother James never makes a friendly call upon us unless he is intoxicated."

Husband—"No, my dear, he doesn't. James reminds me of the moon."

Wife—"Reminds you of the moon?" Husband—"Yes, dear; he never gets round till he's full."—Boston Courier.

OTHERWISE AND PERSONAL.

CHIEF JUSTICE WAITE has in mind a pleasure trip to Alaska.

PAUL H. HAYNE, the poet, has just passed his fifty-sixth birthday anniversary.

SOME of Gen. Logan's admirers at Knoxville, Tenn., have shipped a large, live gray eagle to his address in Washington.

EDGAR ALLAN POE is said to be the favorite American author in France. Edition after edition of his works have been published, some of them being very sumptuous.

THE Bulgarian government has informed the Russian government that it would be ready to pay on the 25th of April next, the sum of \$225,000, as an installment of the amount due for expenses incurred by Russia in occupying Bulgaria with her troops during the war of 1877 and 1878.

THE Bulgarian government has closed a contract with a house in Germany for the purchase of forty thousand uniforms, while the Serbian government has concluded an arrangement with the Austrian Capt. Zubovitch for the delivery of torpedoes enough to cost about \$120,000. These torpedoes are to be used on the Danube south of Nisch.

KATE FIELD says that Mrs. Brown's conversation was most interesting. It was frequently intermingled with trenchant, quaint remarks, leavened with a quiet, graceful humor of her own, but it was eminently calculated for a tea-table. All that she said was always worth hearing. Persons were never her theme, unless public characters were under discussion or friend were to be praised, which kind office she frequently took upon herself.

In southern Russia a severe agricultural crisis is prevailing, and the distress is very great. The provincial authorities have been empowered to borrow \$12,000 to be distributed in small loans for the purchase of grain seed. A request has been made for the state to build a railroad from Panza to Lozow in order to furnish the destitute people with work. On account of the drought wheat has risen considerably in price.

MISS ANNE WHITNEY is much talked of in Boston now as a sculptor of marked power. She used to fancy herself a poet. One day, however, having overturned a pot of sand in the greenhouse, which, from its dampness, readily took impressions, she began to model it, keeping at the work for hours, and returning to it next day with zest, till she had wrought out her idea. Her thought had taken visible form, and it gave her such satisfaction that she then and there decided to make sculpture the pursuit of her life, and began to work immediately and in earnest.

SOME idea may be formed of the magnitude of the higher institutes of learning in Germany when compared with those of the United States, by reading the official reports of the number of students in any one of them. It is reported that there are now 2,865 students in the University of Munich. Of these 1,057 are devoting themselves to the studies of medicine, 890 in judiciary branches, 890 law students, 524 to the study of philosophy, 150 to theology, 102 to national economy, and 152 to pharmacy.

THE decorations of the "Order of Christ," which Prince Bismarck just received from Pope Leo XIII., consist of a diamond star, with eight principal and seven smaller points. In the center is a red enameled cross, tastefully entwined with a golden garland of oak-leaves and acorns. The star is to be worn upon the breast. The second insignia is a large enameled cross of the same stellated form as the other to be worn upon a scarlet ribbon about the neck. Surmounting the cross are the military emblems of Bismarck's profession in gold, such as cannon, swords, armors, and helmets. The whole decoration is about six inches in length and cost \$3,000.

THE board of education of Berlin, as an experiment, will soon place in the three school houses about to be erected warm water baths for the accommodation of the school children. The city of Magdeburg will soon follow suit, but the merit of this innovation belongs to the mayor of Göttingen, upon whose recommendation such baths were introduced into the school buildings of that city, and have been for several years in successful operation. The official report describes their constitution and management as follows: The apartment containing the baths is situated in the basement of the building; the walls are covered with cement and the floor with asphalt, and when necessary overlaid with boards and mats. The apparatus consists of three tin bath-tubs 31 feet wide each, supplied withouches. In the beginning children seemed disinclined to use them, but gradually grew more courageous, and the baths have now become so popular that they are used by 75 per cent of the children. Bathing is done during school hours, five or six children of the same size are permitted to enter the bath at a time, and by proper management a middle-sized school-room can take a wash in an hour.