

izes too rapidly. There are flaws in his reasoning, which the cautious, slow-going jurymen found out before a long case was delivered to them for settlement. His judgment on matters which concern the whole United States cannot be safely consulted when it has often proved unsound in matters pertaining to Lancaster county, Nebraska. The parable of civil-service advancement in the Bible, refers the applicant for higher honors to his performance in little things. Presidents, governors and mayors who disregard this imperative hint in regard to appointments, regret it, when their administrations have been dimmed by the indiscretions and indolence of their appointees. An average man, or even a man like Mr. Bryan, who excels the average man in brilliancy and quickness, is a calamity in the presidential chair. That office, the highest and most honorable in the world, because the holder is the free choice of 75,000,000 free people, should be filled by a man who has been tried and not found wanting in executive positions requiring sagacity and rare foresight. Every man has his metier. There are several in which Mr. Bryan might have achieved distinction. I know of no living eminent actor who is at once so graceful, so responsive, so flexible, who has so good a voice, or one who has such facile control over the muscles of his face. And surely there is no more popular lecturer than Mr. Bryan.

UNCALLED.

When I go to see her ladyship,
I often let her know
That I'm coming,—
specifying hour and all,—
But at times I give no warning,
and it's fun, the way things go,
When she isn't just expecting
me to call.

Overhead there floats a murmur
in an interested tone,
But the part that I can hear
is very small.
As I seat me in the parlor
on the sofa all alone,
When she isn't just expecting
me to call.

Soon there follow sounds of action,
and I hear—or partly feel—
What I take to be a slipper's
muffled fall;
Rapid steps pass above me
that suggest a shoeless heel,
When she isn't just expecting
me to call.

Then I scrutinize my finger-nails
and hum funereal airs,
I examine all the pictures
on the wall,
And I peer behind the curtains
and I classify the chairs,
When she isn't just expecting
me to call.

I stretch out my feet before me,
place my elbows on my knees,
Clasp my hands, and watch
the sluggish minutes crawl;
All in silence—save the creaking
of my collar as I wheeze—
When she isn't just expecting
me to call.

But at last there comes a rustle
and a swish upon the stair,
Then a quick, familiar step
across the hall;
And the hand-clasp's just as hearty,
and the face is just as fair
As they are when she's expecting
me to call.

Lippincotts.

AT THE FERRY.

[BY MARTHA PIERCE.]

"There may be heaven; there must be hell;
Meantime there is our earth here—well!"

All day we had come across barren lands, and our eyes were weary for the sight of green. When, at the quiet, colored end of evening, we drove in among the tall, thin-foliaged, whispering cottonwoods which fringe the river, they seemed to our grateful vision the most beautiful of the trees of the earth. Between their straight, smooth poles, we caught generous glimpses of the broad glistening river, back of the old Serpent, which men call the Big Horn. The red sun struck into iridescence all its little scale-like waves, so that it was, for the time, a reptile of gold and fire, which drew its proud length into long, sinuous curves, and glided slowly through the ash-colored land, and away to meet the approaching night. Beyond the smoothly flowing river, the lifeless soil rose in a long, cheerless slope, flattened into a little plateau, then twisted itself into the most absurd and grotesque of gray, naked hills. "Penury, inertness and grimace, in some strange sort were the land's portion."

Against the gray hills and the red sunset floated the flag of glory. Beneath its protecting folds were grouped seven saloons, a livery barn, three stores, two hotels, and enough shacks to complete the "city"—twenty odd buildings in all. These things our friend, the attorney, explained to us in the intervals of his frenzied hallooing, which was not intended (as might have been supposed) to rouse the country from Basin City to Gray Bull, but merely to attract the attention of the deaf old ferryman, who was on the other side. Certainly, dearie! Who ever heard of a ferryman on the hither side of a stream?

"What in time ails him?" inquired the lawyer, pathetically. "I made allowance for his being deaf. Hay! Ha oy! Whay! Whay! Who o-ay!"

"Don't jump up and down, Adolph," said his wife, placidly. "He will not hear you any sooner."

"Thunder!" said Adolph. "It will not thunder. I doubt its raising him if it did," observed Mollie, innocently.

The lawyer scowled. "It's all very well to giggle, you women," he said, savagely. "But when it comes to staying out all night in sight of the town, I doubt your finding it so funny."

"Let us all shout together," Lou suggested. "Perhaps united we can raise the natives. 'In union there is strength,' she quoted, solemnly. 'United we stand, you know.'"

United in spirit, but sadly divided as to pitch, we raised a scream which made the air shiver, then waited in anxious silence.

"Goin' over?" The slow rascal was so lazy as to be scarcely disassociated from the swish of the river, and the crooning of the cottonwoods. Unstartled, I turned to view a snuff-colored young man in a wide sombrero. He leaned against the front wheel and gazed upon me with sad, blue eyes, whose gentleness was somewhat at variance with the small arsenal which he carried on his person. "Goin' over?" he repeated. "I'm sure I don't know," I said. "We—we'd like to."

"Ferryman's a little deaf," he ventured.

"Rather!" I said, dryly; but I think my answer was lost upon him, for Adolph was again baying the rising moon.

"What's he yelling' for?" observed my new acquaintance. "Ferryman's comin'."

I strained my eyes. Yes, certainly, the black bulk was creeping out from the other shore, I breathed long and deep.

"Thank goodness!" said Lou. "I was

afraid we should have to ford."

"Ford!" said the snuff-colored person. "Ford! You don't know much about this river, I take it. I reckon you couldn't ford that river no more than you could fly. Not when she's this high!"

"I reckon," he added, meditatively, "you folks is from the east some'ers."

"Well, a little east," said Lou, cheerfully; "Lincoln."

A gleam shot suddenly across the languid face, and as he straightened himself a trifle and stroked his discouraged moustache, he looked almost jaunty.

"Lincoln? You ladies live there?"

"I do," I asserted, proudly.

"I used to," cried Lou.

He gazed across the river. "I suppose you know Miss Martinson," he said with extreme carelessness.

"Of course!" I said promptly (whether I really did or not is of no consequence). "She is in our church."

"Is she, now? Sings there, I s'pose?"

"Oh, certainly; every Sunday! You know her? She is a friend of yours?" I inquired.

The gleam had brightened into a steady glow that shone in his eyes and reddened his sallow cheeks.

"Yes," he said, and truly he approached animation; "I know her. She was out here three year ago. They camped a couple o' months over t' the tie camp—her and her folks. She used to ride a good deal, and she mostly rode my hosses. That's how I come to know her. Goin' over now?"

But Adolph, the impatient, had already driven on the boat. "You'll have no trouble," he called cheerfully to us. "The men will help you with the horses. We'll wait on—"

The ferry-boat swung out in the stream and carried his voice away. The black team snorted and backed, and it required the strong hand of the cowboy on the bits, and Louie's loud voice, to persuade old John that the thing was not a monster which had come out of the night to swallow him. When he stood quiet again, the stranger resumed his place at the wheel and seemed watching the lights shining out, one by one, across the river.

"That's how I come to know her," he said, slowly. "She was a mighty lively girl," he added, cheerfully. "She used to sing till she made the hull camp ring. And ride! I reckon she could ride. She nigh about rode my best hoss to death. Yes, ma'am. She was perty tolerable hard on a hoss; she was that! She used to go tearin' around so, I was afraid she'd break 'er neck. She was mighty reckless. That's how I come to let her ride my best horse. I could trust him. He's that sure footed, you couldn't trip him with a wire. No, ma'am. But she knocked him out considerable; she did so! He ain't been the same hoss since she went back. D' I understand you to say she sings in a church? I reckon there's a good crowd there every Sunday to hear her, ain't there? Say, but they don't like it any better than the Bar U boys did. Ma'am. The Bar U? That my ranch. The boys used to go over to the tie camp evenin's to hear her sing. Sometimes she didn't know we was there, and some times she did. When she was singin' to herself, she generally sung—exercises, I reckon they was. Not much of any words to 'em that anybody could understand, but when she sung for the boys it was, 'I Have an Aged Mother,' and 'Nellie Gray' or 'Annie Laurie,' anything, perty much, they'd ast her for, unless it was some cowboy songs. Course, she couldn't be expected to know the round-up songs, livin', as she did, where there ain't no round-ups. I 'mind one of the boys ast her one night to sing 'Git Along, Ye Little Doggy,' but she said she'd never had the pleasure of hearin' it. So Liger—it was Liger that ast her—he up and sung it

for her. And she seemed to enjoy it mightily. Said she'd never been more royally entertained in 'er life!

"Ma'am. No, they won't be out this summer. Her pa, he's finished up his business at the tie camp, and he sold out his interest in the U Bar-Bar last summer. I reckon, anyway, she wouldn't of been likely to come back to these parts again. 'The world's too big,' she used to say, 'and there are too many places I must see.' Here's the ferry-boat agin."

"There, now, old fell" addressing himself to John, "wait till I get you by the bit. Steady now. Sho! That ain't a-goin' to hurt ye. Come along now. All right, ye see; not a blame thing in the world to be scared at. There, now; that's right, follow! Jist stand at his head till ye git acrost, if ye've nothin' else to do. I'm not crossin' tonight, or I'd hold 'em myself. The team's all right, ladies. The boy'll hold 'em. No trouble at all. Glad I happened along."

He still lingered, with his hand on the wheel. The ferryman scowled at him.

"If ye should happen to see Miss Mildred, when ye go back," he said gently, "jist ask her if she remembers Coyote Sam, will ye? What say? Oh, yes, may be Rod 'nd me'll be over tomorrow. Rod's my pardner. Hope you'll enjoy the barbecue. Good night."

He leaped over the narrow, but widening strip of water between the boat and the shore and was lost in the whispering darkness.

A CHANGE OF CLOTHING.

George MacAdam tells in St. Nicholas for September of one of the social changes for which the French Revolution was responsible.

After patiently bearing for centuries the wicked burden of corrupt and extravagant upper class and a pompous and idle clergy, the people seemed suddenly to realize their power. "How is all this pomp supported?" they asked of each other. "Out of the sweat of the people!" was wrathfully answered. And then "the five-and-twenty savage millions, amid smoke as of Tophet, confusion as of Babel, noise as of the crack of doom," fell upon everyone and everything that represented or stood for the old system of injustice and serfdom. In their relentless fury, nothing was spared; men and women alike were carried by shouting mobs to the guillotine. Even the little dauphin, a lad of eight, was thrust into a foul prison, where "for more than a year he had no change of shirt or stockings," and where he at last died from neglect and suffering. In fear and trembling at the power of the people, the aristocrats threw away their silken knee breeches and powdered wigs, and put on unpretentious clothes. "Don't kill us," they cried; "we are the same as you; do we not dress alike? Are not our clothes as simple as yours?" Men now wore their own hair, short, plain and unpowdered. The wide skirts of the coats were cut down to long tails, and the knee-breeches were lengthened to the ankle and became pantaloons.

WORTH VISITING.

A Scots story: A few days ago, in the smoke-room of a Glasgow hotel, a Yankee was asking for information about visiting the "show places" in Scotland. After a few were given and noted the town of Stirling was mentioned. "Waal," observed the Yankee, "I guess I must go there; that's where the silver comes from."

London Chronicle.

Ernest—What would you say if I should pop the question?
Dora—Tell you to question pop.