only to prove to Mr. McGrew the fallacy of costly raiment? Where-" of his prediction. George was not "on footstep on the stair, throughout the pect me to answer them all, do you?" long, long day, yet the one tread, for

manding "copy."

again to

The toil of Dropping buckets into empty wells, And growing old in drawing nothing up.

"Sweet spirit of repose, bend closer side of the grave, where tired mortals a clear, bell-like voice. may woo thee at will, nor ever woo thee for bread, for name, fame, and wealth, common politeness, Stanley slowly arose

He'll be on hand tomorrow." ever-blooming trees, and the warmth of But the inevitable tomorrow came unceasing sunshine usurps the place

"There, there! What an avalanche hand," and though his ear caught every of questions! You surely can not ex-

Mr. George Stanley sprang to a sitwhich he listened, came not. Ere the ting posture, and gazed, with unmitisun had crossed the meridian, the "hook" gated astonishment, into the face of the was empty and the printers were de- speaker. Lying there at full length, half buried in the long, green grass, and "Copy!" ejaculated Mr. McGrew, vi- the shadow of overhanging foliage, with ciously, while unwonted clouds gathered the murmuring Willamette at his feet, and lowered upon his broad expanse of and the softest of September sunshine brow. "Think ye that copy grows upon peeping at him through the branches trees, to be gathered at will? Insatiate overhead, he had deemed himself secure fiends, be gone; and trouble me not!" in his isolation from the haunts of men: Affrighted, cowering, the poor typos had reveled in the delicious sense of slunk away and hid themselves beneath freedom from all restraint, and in his their cases, while, over the office of the apostrophic appeal to the spirit of re-Champion, settled a pall of gloomy si- pose, had been as unconscious of the lence, broken only by a mysterious presence of a human auditor, as though "inip, snip, snipping" sound, coming buried deep in the coral caves of the sea from the depths of the editorial sanc- nymphs. Yet there, not four paces dis-Manager McGrew had found a tant, seated composedly on a mossy log. pair of scissors, rusty from long disuse, was a figure, robed in a very matter-ofand was doing all that a brave man could fact looking brown dress, a coronal of do to supply his printers with "copy." bronze-brown hair surmounting a small. well-poised head, and a face of darkened "Oh, rest! Sweet rest! Hast thou tints, whose sole power of attraction apcome to me at last? Fain would I reach peared to lie in the odd bits of light and out, and, clasping thee, hold thee for- shadow reflected from some hidden flame ever! But thou knowest well how to within, through a pair of clear, earnest elude the grasp of such as I. 'Tis but brown eyes. All these details, Stanley a flutter of thy soft wings about me, a took in with that first, long, straight breath from thy fragrant lips upon my stare of astonishment. Yes, she was hubrow, and thou wilt flit, leaving me man-distinctly, unmistakably human. There she sat, looking straight into his wondering eyes, with the shadow of a smile lurking around the corners of her small mouth.

"You are not perceptibly glad of my while I ask thee—Is there no land, this presence," she remarked composedly, in

With a look, strangely mingled, of in vain? Where the ceaseless struggle chagrin, displeasure, and the instinct of is unknown? Where manna grows on and bowed, without uttering a word