

a clock. He'll be on hand tomorrow." ever-blooming trees, and the warmth of But the inevitable tomorrow came unceasing sunshine usurps the place only to prove to Mr. McGrew the fallacy of costly raiment? Where— "of his prediction. George was not "on hand," and though his ear caught every footstep on the stair, throughout the long, long day, yet the one tread, for which he listened, came not. Ere the sun had crossed the meridian, the "hook" was empty and the printers were demanding "copy."

"Copy!" ejaculated Mr. McGrew, viciously, while unwonted clouds gathered and lowered upon his broad expanse of brow. "Think ye that copy grows upon trees, to be gathered at will? Insatiate fiends, be gone; and trouble me not!"

Affrighted, cowering, the poor typos slunk away and hid themselves beneath their cases, while, over the office of the *Champion*, settled a pall of gloomy silence, broken only by a mysterious "nip, snip, snipping" sound, coming from the depths of the editorial sanctum. Manager McGrew had found a pair of scissors, rusty from long disuse, and was doing all that a brave man could do to supply his printers with "copy."

"Oh, rest! Sweet rest! Hast thou come to me at last? Fain would I reach out, and, clasping thee, hold thee forever! But thou knowest well how to elude the grasp of such as I. 'Tis but a flutter of thy soft wings about me, a breath from thy fragrant lips upon my brow, and thou wilt flit, leaving me again to

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

"Sweet spirit of repose, bend closer while I ask thee—Is there no land, this side of the grave, where tired mortals may woo thee at will, nor ever woo thee in vain? Where the ceaseless struggle for bread, for name, fame, and wealth, is unknown? Where manna grows on

"You are not perceptibly glad of my presence," she remarked composedly, in a clear, bell-like voice.

With a look, strangely mingled, of chagrin, displeasure, and the instinct of common politeness, Stanley slowly arose and bowed, without uttering a word.