

RICH SENTIMENT AND GOOD LOGIC IN OLD POETRY THIS WEEK

Scrapbooks of Five Decades Ago Give Up Some More Old Favorites—Requested Rhymes Are Coming In and Will Be Printed Soon.

MUSTY scrap books, some 40 and 50 years old, have given up some choice old favorite poetry for this week, and The Oregonian is especially gratified at being able to reprint several genuinely good poems that have been repeatedly requested. There may be some who are impatient, or discouraged at not seeing reprinted, to date several poems that have been requested, but some of those will appear in a short time. They are now in The Oregonian office and will be edited and set forth soon. In the pages of poetry today may be found not only grand sentiment but a wealth of logic finely expressed.

The Oregonian is indebted to several readers for the following copy of "Tom Twist," by W. A. Butler, which has been repeatedly requested.

TOM TWIST.

BY W. A. BUTLER.

Tom Twist was a wonderful fellow, No boy was so nimble and strong; He could turn ten summersaults backward, And stand on his head all day long.

No running, or leaping, or jumping, This tough little curd could fire; His muscles were as hard as iron, His sinews were bundles of wire.

Tom Twist liked the life of a sailor, So off with a hat, and a slipper, He went to a Nantucket captain, Who took him on board of his ship.

The vessel was crowded with seamen, Young, old, stout and slim and tall, But in running, and jumping, and leaping, Tom Twist was ahead of them all.

He could scamper all through the rigging, As spry and as still as a cat, And as for a leap from the mainmast, To deck, he thought nothing of that.

He could dance on the end of the yard-arm, Sleep sound in the bend of a sail, And hang by his feet from the bowsprit, When the wind was blowing a gale.

The ship went down in a tempest, A thousand fathoms or more, But Tommy dived under the breakers, And swimming five miles, reached the shore.

The shore was a cannibal island, The natives were hungry enough; They felt poor Tommy all over, And found him entirely too tough.

They put him into a boy-coop, Just to fatten him up for a feast, But Tommy crept out very slyly, And climbed to the top of a tree.

The tree was the nest of a condor, A bird with prodigious big wings, Who lived upon sea-constrictors, And other digestible things.

She soon woke him up with her pecking, But Tommy gave one of his sprinks, And fit on the bird's Chinaman's grin, Between the pit neck and her wings.

The condor tried pinching and plunging, But Tommy held on with firm hand, Then off with a scream flew the condor, Out forest and ocean and land.

By-and-by, growing tired of his burden, And flying quite close to the ground, Tom untwisted his leg from the creature, And quickly slid off with a bound.

He landed all right and feet foremost, A little confused by his fall, And then ascertained he had lighted On top of the great Chinese wall!

He walked to the city of Pekin, And he turned ten summersaults backward, And then he made him a mandarin, And then Tom had to play the celestial.

And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial.

And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial.

And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial.

And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial.

And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial.

And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial.

And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial.

And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial.

And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial.

And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial, And then he had to play the celestial.

Blue Weather," which were requested recently. There is a break between the sixth and last verse.

THE SEPTEMBER GALE.

I'm not a chicken; I have seen Full many a chill September, And though I was a youngster then, That gale I well remember.

The day before my kite string snapped, And I, my kite pursuing, The wind whisked off my pain-leaf hat— For me two storms were brewing!

It came, as quarrels sometimes do, When married pairs get clashing; There was a heavy sigh or two, Before the first wind blast.

A little stir among the clouds, Before they rent asunder; A little rocking of the trees, And then came on the thunder.

Oh, how the ponds and rivers boiled, And how the bushes rattled, And oaks were scattered on the ground, As if the Titans battled!

And all in a howl I saw the clouds in a howl, And all below clattered, The earth was like a frying pan, Or some such hissing matter.

It chanced to be our washing day, And all our things were drying, The storm came roaring through the lines, And set them all a-flying.

I saw the shirts and petticoats, Go riding off like witches; I lost, ah! blouses, but I lost my Sunday breeches!

I saw them straddling through the air, Afloat too late to win them; I saw them chase the clouds as if A demon had been in them.

They were my darling and my pride, My boyhood's only riches; "Farewell, farewell," I faintly cried, "My breeches! Oh, my breeches!"

That night I saw them in my dreams— How changed from what I knew arid— The dew had steeped their faded thread, The winds had whistled through their hair.

I saw the wide and ghastly rents, Where demon claws had torn them; A hole was in the ceiling, and As if an imp had worn them.

I have had many happy years, And many a day and night, But those young pantaloons have gone Forever and forever!

And still I remember the last Of all my earthly riches, This aching heart shall cease to mourn, My loved, my long-lost breeches!

OLIVER WEDDELL HOLMES.

Mrs. H. H. Smith, 227 East Fortieth street, has sent in two poems that are particularly good. The one entitled "When I Was Young" is taken from an old scrapbook, pasted there over 40 years ago, and some of the different times at public entertainments by her daughter, and always greatly appreciated.

When I was young, young rails were meek and looked round kind of shy, And when they were compelled to speak, They did so modestly.

They staid at home, and did the work; He made Indian bread and wheat, And only went to "singing school" and sometimes to night meetin'.

And children were obedient then, they had no sassy airs, But minded what their parents said, and learned to say their prayers, and nowaday's they know enough before they know their letters.

And young ones that can hardly walk will contradict their fathers, and young ones in ten is found who makes or tells my daughter, Folks don't do as they oughter, They had not oughter do as they do— Why don't they do as they oughter?

"When I was young, if a man had failed, he shut up house and hall, And never ventured out at night, if he ventured out at all. His wife sold all her shingle plates, and his son came home from college, And his girl left school, and learned to wash and bake, and such like knowledge.

They gave up cakes and pumpkin pie, and had the plainest eating; They never asked folks home to tea, and seldom went to meeting. The man that was bankrupt enough he'd be hardy dared to show his head among his townfolks now.

He had to be a merchant falla, they say he makes a penny; His wife don't have a gown the less, and his daughter, just as many, His sons they smoke their costly cigars, and drink their costly wine.

His wife goes to the opera and he has folks to dine! He walks the streets, he drives his gig, and shows him all his civilities, And what in these days were called "debts," are now called "liabilities." They call the man "unfortunate" now who runs his head in the city jail, In my days 'twas his creditors to whom we gave the pity.

But there! I tell my daughter, Folks don't do as they'd oughter; They had not oughter do as they do, Why don't they do as they'd oughter?

"When I was young, crime was crime— It had no other name, And when 'twas proved against a man, he had to be a blame. They called the man that stole a thief; they wanted no fine feelings, What folks call "fine feelings" now, in my day they called stealing. They did not make a reprobate the theme of song and story, As if the birds or the bright stars, the brighter was his glory.

Not when a murder had been done, could they be the murder dead, They hung him as they would a crow— a terror to his kind! But nowadays, it seems to me, when the murderer has sympathy proportioned to his guilt, And when the man who proved a man to be a second Cain, A dozen jurors will be found to bring him insane.

And then petitions will be signed, and texts of scripture twisted, Until the man who's proved to be as blood-drunk as Baltimore, Maryland, my Maryland! Will walk abroad like other men—only a greater hero!

But there! I tell my daughter, Folks don't do as they'd oughter, They had not oughter do as they do, Oh, why don't they do as they'd oughter?" (Author Unknown.)

Mrs. H. E. Morrow, of Kent, Or., has contributed the "Battle of Regillus,"

and she also was one of the contributors of "Tom Twist."

THE BATTLE OF LAKE REGILLUS.

Right glad were all the Romans Who, in that hour of dread, Against great odds bore up the war Around a valley near.

When from the south the cheering Rose with a mighty swell— "Hermilus comes! Hermilus! Who kept the bridge so well!"

Mamilus spied Hermilus, And dashed across the way, "Hermilus! I have sought thee Through many a bloody day. One of me two, Hermilus, Shall never more go home. I will lay on for Tusculum, And lay thou on for Rome."

All round them passed the battle While met in mortal fray, The Roman and the Tuscan, The horses black and gray, Hermilus smote Mamilus, Thru breastplate and thru breast, And fast flowed out the purple blood, Over the purple vest.

Mamilus smote Hermilus Thru headpiece and thru head, When by a stroke of pride Together fell down dead, Down fell they dead together, In a great lake of gore, As still stood all who saw them fall, While men might count a score.

Fast, fast, with heels wild spinning, He burst thru ranks of fighting men, He sprang o'er heaps of dead, His battle far outstripping, His flank all blood and foam; He sought the southern mountains, The mountains of his home.

The pass was steep and rugged, The wolves they howled and whined, But he ran like a whirlwind up the side, And left the wolves behind. Thru many a startled hamlet, Thundered his flying feet, He rushed thru the gate of Tusculum; He rushed up the long white stair, He rushed by tower and temple, And paused not in his race, Till he stood before his master's door In the stately market place.

And straightway round him gathered A pale and trembling crowd, And when they knew his cries of rage, Brake forth, and wailing loud; And women rent their tresses, And their great Prince's fall, And old men girt on their old swords, And went to man the wall.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK. X Y Z of Portland, has contributed the following poem.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK. My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf, It stood ninety years on the floor; It was taller by half than the old man himself, Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.

It was bought on the morn of the day The day he was born, a happy day, And was always his treasure and pride; But it stopped short—never to go again— When the old man died.

Chorus. Ninety years without stumbling—tick, tick, tick, tick, His life seconds numbering—tick, tick, tick, tick, It stopped short—never to go again— When the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swinging to and fro, Many hours had he spent while a boy, And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know his joys; For he struck twenty-four when he entered the door, With a blooming and beautiful bride, But it stopped short—never to go again— When the old man died.

My grandfather said that those he could not help but love, For a servant so faithful he found, For it wanted no time and had but one desire— When the old man died.

At the close of each week to be wound, And its hands never hung by its frown, And it stopped short—never to go again— When the old man died.

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night— An alarm that for years had been dumb— And we knew that his spirit was pluming for flight, That his hour of departure had come, Still the clock kept time with a soft and muffled thime, As if he were still with us, But it stopped short—never to go again— When the old man died.

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND. (Requested.) The traitor's foot is on thy soil, Maryland, my Maryland! Let not his touch thy honor spoil, Maryland, my Maryland! Wipe out the unparitotic gore that deck'd the streets of Baltimore, And be the loyal state of yore, Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear mother, be thyself again, Maryland, my Maryland! The Union shall not call in vain, Maryland, my Maryland! She wants to meet you in the field, our country's flag and laws to shield, And never call to treason yield, Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the rebel toll, Maryland, my Maryland! Thou wilt not bend to his control, Maryland, my Maryland! Better the fire upon the soldier's better blade, the shot, the bow, Than degradation of the soul, Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to a wandering son's appeal, Maryland, my Maryland! My mother, state, to thee I kneel, Maryland, my Maryland! For liberty and truth and right, let all your loyal sons unite, Drive all invaders from thy sight, Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek, Maryland, my Maryland! But thou wert ever bravely meek, Maryland, my Maryland! Arise, and heed thy sister's cry, let every hand and heart comply, And burst the chains of tyranny, Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant cannon roar, Maryland, my Maryland! The tide and drum of Baltimore, Maryland, my Maryland! Huzza! she comes to help restore the Union as it was before, And honor be thou evermore, Maryland, my Maryland!

This selection was found among some old papers, poorly written and badly faded. As I never saw it in print, nor can I find anyone who ever heard of the piece, I am hoping you will print it.

and, perhaps, some one of your readers can furnish the author's name.

MRS. T. G. HAVEN.

ROSEBURY, OR.

THE JOURNEY.

In a land by men forgotten, Was a vale in Springtime green, Overlooked by lofty mountains, Trodden o'er since summer's sheen, On fairer earth no heaven smiled, In days when God with mortals whiled.

In its midst a winding river, Flowed and sang by wood and glen; Along a pathway winding with it, He saw, or dreamed to see, a vision Gliding near, all darkly veiled; But when he rose with wounded pride, The vision vanished from his side.

High upon the trackless mountains, In the rain clouds it began, Leaping, dashing down the mountains, Rippling on, the river ran; And laughed while sang the birds above, On drooping bough, in joy and love.

Gazed a traveler o'er the valley, From the bank beneath the bowers; Walking down upon the pathway, In the rosy morning hours, When the dew shone on the green sward, Fell on his smiling, youthful eyes.

But he stood not still to tarry, Men from the farm and the mill, Onward lured him greater beauty, Than the flowers on his way; Then he sought the steps were bound To seek what mortals never found.

Lo! appeared a slender maiden, Where the stream in eddies flowed, And the spray of her bosom fell, On her lips a fleeting smile, All the rainbow colors showed, She gathered flowers on the brink, Some red, some blue, some gold, and some pink.

Rosy cheeks and Auburn tresses, Her hair like a waterfall, Her eyes like the laughing sky, The light of heaven in thine eye, Her blue eyes with welcome glad, She said, "Oh, wanderer, be my guest!" And pinned a flower to his breast, "See the blossoms, fair and fragrant, And the birds of every hue; He rushed by tower and temple, And paused not in his race, Oh, tarry, taste of this delight, Ere Spring and bloom are taking flight."

"Maiden," said he, "thou'rt lovelier Than the blossoms in the vale; Sweeter than the dancing fairies, In an Eden fair tale. A passer-by this morn I came, And old men girt on their old swords, And went to man the wall.

Saddened looked the rosy maiden, In the stranger's eyes awhile, Wounded grew her bosom swelling, On her lips a fleeting smile, "My name is Beauty," she replied, "And quickly turned she from his side.

Onward, down the deeper river, Entered he another vale, Where the waters murmured softly, As the elfins tell a tale; When on the banks the banks along Sang gladder birds a sweeter song.

Laden bees were sipping nectar, On the fragrant breathing flowers, Summer zephyrs whispered softly, In the broad-leaved pendant bowers, While seemed to sing the calmer strains, "Sit on my brink to rest and dream."

Wanted on the balmy breezes, Came a song so soft and sweet, That he listened, looked, and wondered, Where he might the songstress meet, Who so full-blown from a nest, Could make his own enrapt, upstart.

All the passion and the longing, In the flowing notes expressed, Touched a chord that never had thrilled him, Deep within his throbbing breast, Upon the brink with roses fair, He saw her braid her golden hair.

Looking on her smiling image, "Neath the waters' placid flow, She could see the stranger's image, Who so full-blown from a nest, And up she rose with tripping feet, So she might the traveler greet.

All that gave her song his beauty, Saw he in her eyes gleam, That held fast his feet before her, For she seemed a wondrous dream, Who so full-blown from a nest, And each looked in the others eyes, Hers of sudden dropped as dazzled, And she smiled her lips to hide, But she followed, scarce resisting, As he drew her to his side.

Together down the path they went, Amid the rose's sweet scent, And the highest bliss that mortal, On this earth can hold and share, Sweet music of two happy hearts, Thrilled in one enchanted pair, Till sank the high tide of its power, And the first glow had left the flower.

Then she said: "Here ends my valley; O'er its bounds I cannot go, For we are gently, softly, Where the broader waters flow, My valley pass all earth-born men, But none shall e'er come back again."

"If without thee, then, I must wander," Mourned he in accents soft, "Tell me by what name thou goest, That I may repeat thy name, 'My name is Love,' she quickly said, And, turning back, away she fled.

Slowly flowed the silver river, Through an Eden of its own, Wherein the corn was ripe and golden, Waving with abundant yield, And harvest songs of mirth and cheer Fell on the silent traveler's ear.

Fruits of red and gold and purple Hung on lowly bending boughs, And herds upon the sward, Sweet scents were floating on the breeze, That stirred the laden orchard trees, Lo, who walks upon the pathway, Autumn flowers in her hair, And from her hand a basket pending, Filled with fruitage rich and rare, Her eye so kind, her cheek so browned, And herds upon the sward, Sweet scents were floating on the breeze, That stirred the laden orchard trees.

And she sang in ditty measure, "Mother, state, to thee I kneel, Sang of the reapers' work and pleasure, And of sweetness ere it flows, Of vintage and the bubbling wine, A heaven's boon in life's decline.

"Tarry stranger," she invited, "Ever be thy eyes on me, The mid-day shade is cool and grateful, And the fruits are ripe and sweet, 'Thy words and face are kind,' he said, And followed in the way she led.

And a feast she spread before him; Flushed for him the purple glow, The sweetness of the valley's bounties, Like her own heart's overflow, And from the crystal waters' brink She brought him cool, refreshing drink.

White her charming rippling laughter, With the joy of harvest lowed; Her dimpled cheek that smiled contentment, With its crimson fullness glowed, And he, who looked her eyes, So like the mellow Autumn skies, Gaily spoke he of his journey.

Fairer than an elfin dream, Of beauty reigning in her valley, And of love on earth supreme, Till drowsed he where the shades were deep, And she lulled him with song to sleep.

The dreary earth, the gloomy heavens, Sadness, grief, oppressed his soul; Before his spirit's falling vision Faded nigh the luring goal; To reach it seemed beyond his power, For fainter grew he every hour.

When in the pitfalls of the pathway, With pain his footsteps faltered, He saw, or dreamed to see, a vision Gliding near, all darkly veiled; But when he rose with wounded pride, The vision vanished from his side.

Anon he sank, exhausted, helpless, And again she glided close, Removed her veil, extended mercy, Till, with strength renewed, he rose; Her cheek looked pale; her eyes were dead, And all her form in mourning clad.

"Sweet vision," said the traveler, "I never shall forget thee, When beauty, love and goodness tarried On my way and smiled on me, Men from the farm and the mill, I gave of joy, an equal part, Onward lured him greater beauty, Than the flowers on his way; Then he sought the steps were bound To seek what mortals never found.

"But thou hast come to raise and succor, Ready my distress to share, When neither sweetness, smile and promise May repay thee for thy care; Where the stream in eddies flowed, And the spray of her bosom fell, On her lips a fleeting smile, All the rainbow colors showed, She gathered flowers on the brink, Some red, some blue, some gold, and some pink.

"Thou wert not where a rosy pathway Led thee through fairyland, Nor where the sweets for heart and palate Were bestowed by lavish hand, But where the suffering cry, The light of heaven in thine eye.

"Nay, such is not the human spirit, That would shun another's woe; Thine never was by mortal written, In men's lawbook here below; Thy home is not upon this earth; Tell me, what realm has given you birth?"

Again she veiled her pallid visage, And drew closer to his side, "My kin," she said, "are they who suffer, My kin is where they bide; I come in woe, for I am pity, Whose birthplace is the heavenly city."

Now went the traveler onward, slowly, Like the river's slackened flow, As it approached a misty ocean, In the evening's waning glow; Around him lay a gray-hued plain, That faded in a skyless main.

The solitude unvaried, silent, Filled his heart with dire dismay, Until he heard a matron near him, Asking: "Whither leads thy way?" "To yonder misty goal," she bide, Beside the waveless, silent sea.

"The goal," she said, "by yonder ocean, Is a tombstone on a mound, Where wait the ghosts of countless travelers, For the others thither bound." She gave a smile that was not glad, Her face was aged, but not sad.

She firmly stepped with constant caution, Smiling on each desert flower, And gazing on the changeful heavens, Hung her cloak with wind and shower; Her eyes were keen and deep and clear, And seemed to pierce the far and near.

To her his bosom he unbanded; "Told me of his sinful past, 'Oh, friend!' she said, in mournful murmur, 'Thou hast journeyed all too fast, For none who go in fever haste Come all too soon upon this waste.'"

"Where swiftly ran the river's current, In its youthful natural speed, Thou didst outstrip it in thy folly, Taking neither rest nor heed; Youth has its own mad, happy run, For none who go in fever haste Come all too soon upon this waste."

"The happiness to life allotted, Comes unbidden, comes unasked; If a song, or a gentle measure, O'erjoys are dearly bought, But they who have not known excess, Lean on the side of happiness."

"Oh, had I met thee," said the traveler, "In the rosy morn of May, I should have lingered on my pathway, And my life was song and play; And lengthened all its pleasant hours Among its fragrant Summer flowers."

"Full well I know thy name is Wisdom, But thou comest all too late, That I may profit by thy precepts, Such is mortal's common fate; 'Now cometh thine,' she smiling said, 'The evening has, like morn, its red.'"

And on he wandered by her guidance, Wandered peaceful, calm and slow, And smiled upon the brightened tombstone, In the sunset's afterglow, No song he heard no sunlight beamed, And hungry vultures floating screamed.

The following clipping is received from Miss F. G. Coquilley, of Coquille, OR.

SOMETHING SWEET TO THINK OF. Something sweet to think of in this world of care, Though dear friends have left us they are never far, Something sweet to dream of, hark the angels say— Call us not back again, we're with you every day.

With you in the twilight, with you all the morn, With you in the sunlight, with you all day long, With you ever, ever more, hark! the angels say— Call us not back again, we're with you every day.

Something sweet to think of, a dear heartless treasure round my heart she wove, How I long to see her, but the angels say— Call her not back again, she's with you every day.

Blessed sainted mother, I can see her As in days of childhood when she blessed my brow, 'Tis my sweetest, dearest joy when she the angels say— Call her not back again, she's with you every day.

Something sweet to think of, loved ones gone before, Bright and joyous spirits round us every morn, They are singing sweetly with the angels lay; Call us not back again, we're with you every day.

Wander not in darkness, for we give you light, That will make you happy through both day and night; 'Tis a blessing to you all when the angels say— Call us not back again, we're with you every day.

"The Ballad of Lady Jane" has been

sent in by Mrs. R. H. Louttit, of Portland.

THE BALLAD OF LADY JANE.

"Come bask thee lass, the hour is nigh, The bridal hour, I ween, When thou must wed Sir Ellerslie, The bravest knight e'er seen."

"I will not wed, though he may woo," The daughter made reply; "Until my own true love return, A simple maid am I."

"Come, bask thee, lass, thy love is false, And ne'er return shall he, Thy father bids thee wed this night The brave Sir Ellerslie."

"Now, father, do not cruel be, Unto thy daughter dear, For certainly I may not wed, Until my love appear."

The baron stamped with iron foot Upon the oaken floor; He curs'd her love in Palestine, And curs'd his daughter more.

"Don't dare presume to rule thy sire? Base child, I say to thee, 'My lady, unfold thee, And of brave Sir Ellerslie!'"

Sweet Lady Jane turn'd sad away, And shed a silent tear; Her love was far across the sea, And suitor none was near.

Run, run, dark river, to the sea, And in its bosom hide; This night a woeful maiden seeks The shelter of thy tide.

She stands upon the river bank, Where often she had strayed, A happy lover at her side, And she's a happy maid.

The night is dark, the river deep, But sought of fear hath she; "Farewell, my father dear," she cries, "Who could so cruel be!"

"Farewell, farewell, my sweetheart dear, So far, so far away— Would that thou hadst beside thy love, I could but to stay!"

The air is laden with the scent Of thyme and rosemary, And the birds within their nests Are sleeping peacefully.

But all alone, upon the bank, There stands a figure white, Accursed be that flowing tide, Accursed be that night!

She leaps into the gurgling stream, Without a sob or sigh— Oh, how she longs to see him, Who can but love or die!

Now, faithful colts, 'tis thy time, To show a noble breed; Thy mistress dear in yonder stream Of thee hath surely need!

He springs— he seizes in his mouth, Those locks of flowing gold, And to the river bank doth bring His mistress wet and cold.

"Now hast thou done a cruel thing, The very loss of me, Wouldst thou hadst left me, in yon stream, To perish utterly!"

"For what canst thou, my colts, know Of anguish or distress? See'st thou the lights in yonder hall, And canst thou their meaning guess?"

"They wait