

WAITING.

BY BARTON GREY.

Will the slow weeks never go?
Hark! the curfew ringeth low;
Into twilight soft and gray
Melts at last the weary day;
Once again the night is here,
Are you thinking of me, Dear?

All day long my heart has heard
Just one softly whispered word;
All day long your pain has come
To me through the weary hum;
Everywhere in hall and street
You have tarried with me, Sweet.

In the face of the crowd;
In the eyes that seek you out,
All throughout the hurrying throng,
All amid the strife and tongues,
Nothing have I heard or seen
Save your voice, your face, my Queen.

Other voices come and go,
Other eyes grow dim and bright,
Shed or veil their changeful light;
But I stand apart, alone,
Waiting for you, my Own.

Ah! that waiting, Do you feel,
Darting as the slow days steal
Silent, one by one, away,
How my heart must yearn and pray
For the touch of lips and hand?
Darling, do you understand?

In the daily strife and stress,
Do you see the face that press
Close and hard within, without?
All the dread and all the doubt,
All the tears that elapse and cling,
All the bitter questioning?

Fret, though with no dash of swords,
Within all these phantom borders;
And my soul, as faint the light,
Seems to lose the wanted might,
Shrinks before the dusky crew,
Prays and longs and yearns for you.

Must I always watch and wait,
Enslaved, in your path, you see?
Will you not be brave and come
From the bleeding lips be dumb?
Are within the weary eyes
Hope's last glimmer fades and dies?

Rise! dear heart, bestirring! be true!
See a kingdom waits for you!
High above all stain or scathe
Floats Love's banner, shines Love's faith
Enter in your reign serene!
Come! my own! my love! my queen!

A DAY IN TADOUSAC.

When the head of the shipping firm of Freyton, Wall et Cie in Montreal sent young Noel as their agent along the Lower St. Lawrence, the other partners grumbled loudly. They were shrewd Americans—Noel a mere lad, Canadian-French, gay, crotchety, wordy. He had, too, heavy sums to collect, and there was an ugly story about that his father had been a professional gambler. Pierre Noel was old and imbecile, but his son persisted in taking him with him everywhere, and paid him an exaggerated respect. Wall et Cie grew very uneasy about their money. Blood, they said, would tell at last. But M. Freyton was obstinate in his likings; he would not recall the lad. All they could do was to send the younger Wall to look him up now and then, and to take a rigid account of his receipts.

It never occurred to Louis Noel that he was suspected. Nothing short of a blow on the face would convince that careless fellow that anybody was his enemy. He made his headquarters at the lonely village of Tadousac for a reason, and he supposed the same reason brought James Wall there.

Two men, one August afternoon, met in the orchard of an old pension behind the village. The wind was frosty, and Noel brought a bench out from under the trees into the open sunshine for a young girl who was with them. James Wall sat down upon it beside her, crossed his stout legs comfortably, drew out the Quebec paper and looked at the quotations in lumber. Noel walked away. He could not come near Hester Page to-day. She had dropped a word or two to him last night, a mere nothing when one repeated it, yet very different from the cool, amused criticism with which she had met him heretofore. He had repeated the words a thousand times to himself to-day. Could it be?

He could not speak to her before Wall. He felt as if he must cry out with this sudden madness of hope that sent the blood through his body like flame. He wandered about irresolutely, climbed a tree for some russet pears for her and left them lying on the grass, lighted a cigar, smoked furiously and let it go out in his mouth, then began to sing with a tremendous discordant clatter.

Mr. Wall shuddered, then laughed, compassionately glancing at Miss Page. They were both admirable musicians, and often sang together with that accuracy and neatness of effect which peculiarly marked the words and movements of both.

"These Canadians are restless in body and mind as grasshoppers," James Wall's thick tones grew complacent and intimate with Miss Page. Were they not both Americans? This Noel and all unfortunate foreigners belonged to a great Ultima Thule outside of the States. She smiled, looked deliberately at Louis, then at Wall, then down to the pale blue web she was netting. What with her deliberation, the pale blue net, the creamy gown fitting close to her neat rounded figure, and her lusterless brown hair and eyes, she made a center of calm, of delicate color, which suited the faded hue of the autumnal day. Mr. Wall scanned her over his paper, parsing his thick lips with gusto. He had been calculating her merits and defects for a long time, but his mind was now made up. True she had not money enough to pay her share of the board bills, nor brilliant beauty to push them on socially in Montreal. But some indefinable latent power in the faint-colored, calm little woman had conquered him. As much of the man as was not given up to the lumber interest or to worship of James Wall was genuinely in love with her. He was a poor man, greedy of money, yet he meant to marry this penniless minister's daughter. Why not tell her so at once?

"Noel," he called, "here, Noel!" (It was just as well to let her know their relative positions, and that this scampish fellow, whose infatuation for her was the talk of the village, was only the paid servant of the firm.) "I wish you to finish that report. I start for home to-night. By the way, I will take all your collections with me." Noel did not move. "Do you hear? Please see to it at once."

"Chut! chut! No hurry," Louis leaped over the low stone wall looking

down the mountain. Below him was the uneven street of Tadousac, out through beetling gray cliffs; the old cottages, perched here and there, each sending out through its steep red or yellow or tinized roof a sleepy drift of smoke. Lights shone through the windows of the little ancient church; the door was open; he could see Grigneaux, the fat beadle, climbing into his high seat; then came Father Mathieu up the hill, half a dozen children of the habitants, with their wax-like features and glittering black eyes, tugging at his gown. At the foot of the hill rolled the silent, fathomless tide of Saguenay—that mystery of the North, black as a line drawn by death through the live beauty and comfort of the hills and village. Just then the notes of a French horn filled the air with melancholy sobbing. Louis gave a quick nod of satisfaction. That was his father; he always knew that the old man was happy as long as he was filling the world with his melodious piping. Some young fellows, his comrades, on the pier caught sight of Noel.

"Hi! hi! Louis!" they called. He shouted back, waving his hat to Pere Mathieu, who laughed and nodded. Two sisters of Mercy, pacing decorously in their black robes to the church glanced furtively up and smiled at each other. The whole village knew and liked the merry fellow and the old father of whom he was so fond.

The gate clicked. Wall, tired of waiting, had gone angrily away. "Thanks to God!" chuckled Noel. He hurried towards Hester, then stopped short in a spasm of shame. Who was he? To go to her to ask her to give herself to him? The first man in the world was not fit to touch her! Look at her sitting there, the sun shining full on her! Her hands went with their work, in and out, in and out. The monotony of motion maddened him. For two years he had followed her faithful as a dog. It had been almost enough to see her, to hear her speak now and then. If he told her now that he loved her he would risk all this; she would drive him away. Never to see Hester again? Never? If she married Wall? For a moment he could not get his breath—the world gaped empty about him.

Then his blood swelled with a sudden triumph. Why he was not a child; he was a man, and that was the dear woman that he loved! He went to her leaping over a fallen tree, and threw himself breathless on the grass. Hester, amused, looked down at his sensitive face and burning eyes.

"I heard you singing, Monsieur Noel," she said, after awhile. "Oh! Did you like my voice?" eagerly. "My father does. I don't know. He is a great musician. Perhaps—would you like me to sing to you now?"

"No," Hester smiled. "You—you can talk to me instead," she answered shyly. Noel did not answer. He rose slowly, and leaning against a tree, looked steadily down into her face. She saw how he trembled, though she did not raise her eyes. The very wind was still. A cricket chirping in the stubble counted off the long minutes; far away swelled and sank the long chanting in the church. Hester's fingers went in and out of that wearisome net, but they shook now; she could not see her work. It seemed to her as if all had already been said between them.

"Hester," he broke out at last, "you must have known it this long time. I suppose it seems mad folly to you. I know I'm nothing but Louis Noel. I'm a headlong, good-for-nothing fellow, but—"

He caught her hand and stroked it passionately with his cold fingers. Hester glanced up at the pension windows. She did not forget to be decorous. "No! Don't speak yet!" he cried. "Don't send me away yet! I know the Americans think me flighty—a vaurious. But I can work! I can make you such a happy home here in Tadousac. I know you like Tadousac. Oh, I know all your whims and fancies! I'm a weak little fellow, but I love you so that I could keep trouble away from you as if I were God."

Hester looked at him thoughtfully. She had known for a year that each of these two men would ask her to be his wife, and she knew precisely what answer she would give them, but she was not going to be hurried out of her orderly course.

Louis drew back. "You will not—take my love?" His sudden pallor, his relaxed features, annoyed her. What was the use, after all, of such wearisome, tragic emotions?

"I will see you again," she said, coldly. "We are not alone now. Mr. Wall—"

Wall stood within the gate. Noel turned and joined him without a word. As the men went out together a branch of woodbine struck against one of their faces. Miss Page, when she was alone, broke it off and shyly put it to her lips with a bright blush.

"Bring the reports and money here," said Wall, when they reached the house. "The money," stammered Noel; "it is in a sealed package. Is it necessary to count it?"

Noel's suppressed excitement as he left Hester had started Wall. He eyed his dazed face now with sudden suspicion.

"Bring me the money," he said, sharply. Louis ran up to his chamber. There were steps overhead, then a pause. Ten minutes, half an hour passed. Then the door opened and he stood in it. He looked shrunken and years older than when he went out.

"The money is gone, Wall," he said. "The money? Gone? What do you mean?" "The package. I sealed it yesterday. I locked it in my desk—" "And it is gone?" Noel sank on a chair near the door. Wall went up to him. He was a powerful-built man, and he towered over Louis, who was but a puny young fellow. "Bring me that money!" he said.

return to Montreal to-night and make all known. Even if Freyton will not consent to your arrest, you will be discharged." He lowered his voice. "Miss Page will not be likely to marry a penniless vagabond and a thief."

"What of Miss Page?" said a clear voice behind him. Louis stood up. Wall turned and faced her, a slow heat of triumph rising in his heavy jaws and half-shut blue eyes. There had been some softening of pity in his tone just now, but now he remembered that this man was his rival and was in his power. James Wall was not the man to delay using that power for one remorseful moment.

"Monsieur Noel is in difficulty," he said, gravely looking down and rubbing his well-kept nails as though in embarrassment. "His returns to the firm—there is a deficiency of several thousand pounds."

Hester went quickly up to Noel. There was something wholesome and invigorating in her decisive step, in the keen common sense lighting her brown eyes. "You can set this right, of course," she said.

"I have not spent the money. It was in my desk yesterday." She looked at him for a moment, then for the first time in her life laid her hand on his arm.

"Monsieur Noel, you are not yourself! You have been robbed. Why do you stand here? Why do you not make search—arrest the servants?" Noel avoided her eye. "I will not do that," he said. "They did not take it."

"He does not understand of what you accuse him," she said impatiently to Wall, who now laughed very contemptuously. "I do understand. I will search for the money again." He turned to Wall: "The boat will not be in for an hour. Give me that time."

The stujor was shaken off. Something of his usual gusty awkward vehemence was in his manner as he went out. But when Wall said: "He knows he will not bring the money back." Miss Page secretly felt that he was right. She took up her netting and seated herself by the window.

"We will wait here until the hour is over," she said quietly, and Wall recognized himself a prisoner. A stronger will than his has resolved on justice for Noel. He could not go out as he intended to publish the theft in Tadousac.

"Unfortunately," he said, "suspicion has been directed against this young man for some time. A charming fellow, too! A thousand pities!" "Hester's fingers went steadily in and out of the blue web, but she remained silent.

Noel, on the upper floor, halted at the door of a chamber next to his own. Within the French horns sounded a wailing cry. He stood a minute, drew a long breath of gathered strength and went in smiling. M. Noel, seated by the window rose quickly to meet him, laying down his instrument carefully. He wore a velvet jacket, and a cap on his long white hair. Noel took as much pride in devising picturesque costumes for his father, as a woman would for her baby. His features were sensitive and fine as those of Louis, but the eyes were shallow and glassy, and there was a perpetual deprecating smile about the mouth.

"Is it time for our walk, my son?" he said, speaking the pure French of the old families of Quebec. Louis, with a smile still upon his face, placed a chair. "We will talk a little first, father." Standing behind him, his hands on his shoulders, he glanced at the clock. Not an hour! Yet if he frightened the old man he could discover nothing. He talked of different matters, and then said:

"How did you amuse yourself to-day, sir?" "With my music, Louis, and I strolled across the mountains." "With these, also?" taking from a drawer a pack of greasy cards; M. Noel started up pale and trembling as a guilty child.

"They are not mine! They were lent to me! I only play a little game of Solitaire." "Why, assuredly! Do you ever wager with yourself, sir? One hand against the other?"

"Why I never tried that!" chuckling, delighted. "I wager with Jacques when we play. A trifle—bah!" "And the money to play with? You hide it as you used to do? Here—where Jacques cannot find it?"

M. Noel nodded complacently. "Trust me for that. Nobody will ever find it. Why there are places among the rocks—" Louis looked out at the vast stretch of mountain ledges over which his father had wandered that day. The clock ticked faster.

"Father," he said, coming in front of him. "My son! Who has hurt you?" The gentle face was full of wild terror. "What have they done to you? You never looked like that in your life, Louis."

"Never mind. It's all right, father, all right," kneeling down before him and soothing him. He thought if he told him the truth, surely God would waken some spark of intelligence in the poor dazed brain to help him. The hour was nearly over. His strain was desperate. "There was some money in a package in my desk, father. It is gone. Do you know where it is?"

firm steps without, arose. "He has the money!" she said. Wall also arose. "You have found it?" "No."

Noel, all of his life vehement and passionate stood now quiet and resolute, while Wall swaggered uncertainly. "You know the consequences, Noel? You are accountable. I can do nothing for you, I shall telegraph the firm from Quebec and return to-morrow."

"The money," said Louis, slowly, "may be forthcoming by that time." "So late a repentance will hardly save you," sneered Wall. "If it were not for Freyton I should order your arrest at once."

He turned irresolutely to Miss Page, bowed, and without speaking left the room, going immediately down to the little steamer which lay at the pier.

Hester went up to Louis. "You do not defend yourself," she said, with a queer choking in her voice. "No."

"You did not even say that you were not guilty?" Their eyes met. There was a long silence. Noel put his hand up to his mouth uncertainly.

"I can say nothing." He turned away. She stood still, her clear eyes following him, her unconscious fingers tearing the web she had netted bit by bit. It fell in a heap on the floor. She came to his side with a little rush as Pere Mathieu entered the room.

"I will speak for you then," alighting her hand into his arm. "Ab, Father, congratulate us! I have accepted Monsieur Noel. I must announce our betrothal. This is our custom in the States."

The good Father was shocked by her want of decorum. Her cheeks burned, her eyes shone with brilliancy. "Come, come!" she cried. "We yet be in time to tell the news to our friend James Wall. It will cheer him on his voyage."

She almost dragged Louis down to the garden which overlooked the pier on which a little crowd had gathered. He held her back.

"You shall not blast your life for me! Why do you do this?" "Because I love you," she sobbed. At that instant Wall, stepping from a little bateau on to the deck of the steamer, looked up. He saw her clinging to Noel's arm, started and hastily drew back; the bateau rocked, overturned and Wall, with the Indian boatman, was struggling in the water. The Indian, who swam like a fish, gained the land easily, but Wall was washed a helplessness lump under the steamer, and then drifted down into the black current of the Saguenay.

Hester was a gentle creature, but she certainly did remember at that moment that the drowning man was the only witness against Noel. Louis in an instant was his old self again, frantic with excitement, shooting and kicking off his boots.

"Where are you going?" she shouted sharply. "Why, Wall cannot swim," he cried, plunging into the rushing flood. Both men disappeared into the night. The whole village gathered at the pier, crying, swearing, talking at once. Pere Mathieu ordered out boats and went himself, which presently brought both men ashore. They laid Wall's heavy body under the trees and stood about it with their lanterns, while Pere Mathieu drew off his coat and put his ear to his breast.

"He is still alive," he said. "Carry him—"

But Hester's keen eye saw what no one else did. She swooped down on the prostrate body like a white bird on its prey.

"Stop!" she cried wildly, drawing something from his pocket. "Take witness, all of you, that I take this from him. It is a package marked Louis Noel. Five thousand pounds! O, Louis, Louis!"

Noel put his arm around her and led her away. Her passionate love filled him with such a keen joy that he did not understand what had happened. When he did he only humbly said: "Then I wronged father. God forgive me! Let us go to him."

He was eager to tell him that the American girl, of whom he was so fond, had promised to stay with them in Tadousac and be his wife. Here surely was heaven opened.

A Horse Undertaker.

It would be some consolation to that faithful companion of man, the horse, if he only knew the various articles into which his dead carcass is transformed. He lives again in one hundred and one forms. His skin is manufactured into base balls, and, strange irony of fate, into whip leather. His bones are fashioned into knife handles and other useful matters, or else ground down to powder and used as a fertilizer. His fat is the most valuable portion that is left of him. From it the best kind of railroad grease is made, and occasionally all-healing ointments and hair-promoting pomatums. The hair on his neck and tail becomes the stuffing of the comforting chairs and ottomans upon which languid beauty seeks rest, and his hoofs reappear in the form of Prussian blue, combs and glue. His flesh, freed from every particle of fat, is mixed with other substances and used as manure for raising corn and vegetables. Nor are these the only profits made out of a dead horse. Several men in this city make an excellent livelihood in carting dead horses away and boiling them down, and also in paiting to death aged and injured animals.

Yesterday a Press reporter called upon Jacob P. Myers, a gentleman who enjoys a wide reputation as an equine undertaker. There is very little which denotes his calling about the comfortable residence of Mr. Myers, on North Fourth street. He was sitting in a corner of the kitchen smoking a cigar and watching his wife getting supper ready, while a pretty child and two beautifully marked black and tan terriers played at his feet.

"The dead horse business ain't what it used to be, sir," said he, as he handed a cigar to the reporter. "I remember the time when a man always got \$5 for carting away a carcass, and sometimes he got as much as \$10. Now, as in everything else, it's competition. Why, when my father first started in this business, 40 years ago, there was hardly another man against him. They were strange days. They knewed nothing about the valuable practices of a dead horse. Instead of boiling him down, they used to sell him for cat's meat. Why, every inch of a carcass means dollars and cents now, and to think they gorged such a tarnation thing as a cat with all that money in the rough. It was my father as he got to thinking about it one day as he contemplating the remains of a favorite stallion as had broke his leg by accident and had to be shot. 'You were worth \$1000 yesterday,' says he, musing like, 'and now you're not worth a tinker's cuss. Such is life.' Them were the thoughts which set a rampage through the old man's head as he rode home on the cart with the dead horse, and he sat up all night on the think. The next day he says to the missus, 'Mother, says he, 'I guess I'll experiment a bit with that dead horse in the wash-boiler.' So he sets to work and he boils down big chunks of the flesh, and the skins off the fat, and he soon has several pounds of grease. Then he goes to a manufacturer of soap and candles, and he says, 'What'll you give for this stuff?' and the manufacturer he looks at it and he says, 'I'll take all you can bring me.' So the old man he keeps his eyes open and he gets together all the dead horses he can, and for several years was always paid for taking them away, and you bet he hold no one what he did with them. He found a market for the bones and flesh after all the fat was out of it, and the hounds and every other portion of the carcasses, and had several boilers going on the quiet in a secluded spot near Hivesburg, which he called Hosser's Heaven. But, Lord, it leaked out, and then others began to do the same thing. The public school soon learned that a dead horse had its value, and instead of paying my father for taking the animal away, darned if they didn't refuse to give anything. Then they began to sell the carcass; first for \$1, then for 82, and now they always expect \$3 and \$3.50, if the animal is an extra fat one. Times is altered, sir, indeed."

"Tell me," said the reporter, as he gazed, sympathetically at the equine undertaker, who was heaving a succession of sighs as he related the former halcyon days of his business, "tell me, does any of it find its way into the sausage machine—do you know what I mean?"

"Well, I should squirm!" was the reply; "not if I know it. What do you take me for? No such thing has happened since I succeeded to the business. Certainly, such a case once occurred in my father's time, but that was twenty-three years ago, come next June. Of course I won't vouch for all the other horse-boilers. This is how it happened with my old man. He used to sell the flesh, as I told you, to people as had dogs and cats to feed. One of his customers was a tall German, as used to live on Poplar street way. He used to buy a towering lot of meat, and always insisted on the best cuts. 'Your dogs must be darned particular,' says my father one day to the Deutscher, 'and you must keep a good many dogs!' On one occasion that German bought three hundred weight of raw horseflesh for \$2.50 the lot, and my father he smells a rat. So he gets ad officer and they follow that German home and they find that he keeps a bologny store and blowed if they didn't afterward catch him in the act of chopping up that meat and a mixing of it with salt and pepper, and the darned hoss had died of glanders. He got six months, did that German, and serve him right."

"I love horses, sir, though I do put 'em to death," continued Mr. Myers, "and sometimes I see very painful scenes. Only a day or two ago I was called to a brewery to kill a beautiful animal whose hoof had been caught in a railroad iron and had been torse off. It almost made me feel weak to see the look of agony in the eye of that hoss. One steady blow, however, and that hoss was a gone 'un. As many as 956 carcasses went through my hands last year. Do you see this whiplere? It was made out of the hide of the mare as was lived with me for three years. She was a lively animal and gave birth to a colt while with me, as animal as still is alive and in my employ. The mare fell and broke her leg one day and I had to kill her. He was fond of the mare and had a whip made out of her hide. Now, you can believe this just as you like, but the only way that can get any work out of the colt, which nibbling the bark of a dogwood tree by the way, has now grown into a good sized horse, is to lather it with the whilk, too; but the young man will not make out of its mother's skin. I gaffed that out until he has begun the operation and made the first assessment."

whip made of, for I noticed it a contemplating this ere thing with as much tenderness and melancholy as I ever used in the face of a hoss, and at times I've fancied I've detected tears. There's a darn sight more intellect about a horse than most people imagine. I must ask you to excuse me now, as I notice the missus is lookin' a bit impatient like 'cos supper's gettin' cold. Glad to see you at any time at the factory. Good-night, sir." [Philadelphia Press.

School Gymnastics.

From the circular on "Discipline of the School," republished not long ago by Commissioner Eaton, we abstract Dr. Hiram Orcutt's observations on gymnastics in the school. He says:

Gymnastics are not only useful and important as a means of physical development, but also of school government. The exercise serves as a safety valve to let off the excess of animal spirits, which frequently brings the pupil into collision with his master. It relieves the school of that morbid insensibility and careless indifference which so often result from the monotony and burdened atmosphere of the school room. It sets up a standard of self government and forms the habit of subjection to authority, and as it is a regulator of the physical system, it becomes such to the conduct under law. The gymnastic resembles the military drill and has the same general influence upon the pupil that the military has upon the soldier, to produce system, good order, and obedience. Gymnastics also create self-reliance and available power. This is more important in life than brilliant talents or great learning. It is not the mere possession of physical power that gives ability but the control of that power which this drill secures. And gymnastics preserve and restore health.

It can be shown that the sanitary condition of schools and colleges has improved from 83 to 50 per cent since the introduction of this systematic physical culture. Would we secure to future generations the realization of the motto, "Meas sassa in corpore sano," we must restore to our schools of every grade systematic physical training. True gymnastics are calculated to correct all awkwardness of manner and to cultivate gracefulness of bearing. They give agility, strength and ready control of the muscles, and thus tend to produce a natural and dignified carriage of the body and easy and graceful movements of the limbs.

Again, the systematic drill awakens buoyancy of spirits and personal sympathy. Concert of action brings the class into personal contact in a variety of ways and tends not only to create mutual goodwill but the greatest interest and enthusiasm. This promotes improved circulation, digestion, respiration, and induces a feeling of cheerfulness and helpfulness that dispels despondency and every evil spirit.

The gymnastic garb must leave the limbs free from restraint and the muscles and the vital organs free from pressure. Hence, under this treatment, the beautiful form left as God made it, to be developed according to His own plan. We mark this another advantage of gymnastics, to correct and control the ruinous habit of fashionable female dress. Indeed, every department of education is carried on through a system of practical gymnastics. We have mental gymnastics, moral gymnastics and physical gymnastics, which includes vocal gymnastics. The law of development is through exercise. A "sound mind" is one whose faculties and powers have been called into harmonious action by patient and long-continued study; a "sound body" has been developed by the exercise of its 446 muscles, and neither can be in sound condition while the other is diseased or uncultivated.

The Use of Wealth.

There are thousands of rich men who are not kindlins, but who have the reputation of being so, because they have never been known to have done any special odd with their money. A man with fifty thousand dollars can do more to make himself loved and respected by all with whom he comes in contact, by the judicious expenditure of a thousand dollars in charity, than by giving the whole fifty thousand after he is dead. It seems as though it would be small consolation to a millionaire to leave money to some charitable purpose after death, and be comforted dead that he could not see the smiles of happiness that his generosity had created. Suppose a millionaire who has never had a kind word said of him except by fawning hypocrites, who hope to get some of his money, should lay out a beautiful park/orth a million dollars, and throw it open to all, with walks, drives, lakes, and land everything. Don't you suppose he took a drive through it himself id saw thousands of people having a good time, and all looking their love and respect for him, that his heart would be at ease more pleasure than he would in uttering off coupons with a laws' nor?

In new cover of the Century Magazine is an improvement on the old one. I told one, as near as we could understand, was a map representing the inter-communication of the human system in a state of siege, induced by a sudden attack of cholera morbus. The new design is very unique. In the foreground stands a railway station with a steam locomotive, and in the background a city with a flag on its tallest spire. A bridge connects the station with the city, and a man in a top hat is walking across it. The man is a soldier in a uniform, and he is carrying a rifle. The scene is a representation of the human system in a state of siege, and the man in the uniform is the soldier of fortune who is the only one who can save the city.

Return Jonathan.

A valentine which was sent to a girl in Easton by a youth in Washington brings to mind the story of a name of note in American history. The name of the sender of the missive is Return J. Meigs, and the same Christian name was in the Meigs family for several generations. Many years ago, in ante-revolutionary days, Jonathan Meigs courted a young lady who rejected his addresses. Meigs continued to love the girl; and, though too proud and too sensitive to try a second time to win her, he determined never to marry any one else, and to live and die a bachelor, unless, of her own volition, she relented. After a few years the lady did relent, or perhaps got to know her own heart better, and sent a letter to her former suitor. Meigs got the letter and found it in only two words: "Return, Jonathan." It was enough; Jonathan did return and made her his wife. Their first child was baptized, "Return Jonathan," to commemorate this brief letter that saved the Meigs family from extinction and from that day to this there has been a Return J. Meigs in every generation. The sender of the valentine referred to is the grandson of Gen. M. C. Meigs, late Quartermaster-General, now retired.