

DON'T BE IN A HURRY.

By JOSEPHINE COLLARD.

Don't be in a hurry
To answer yes or no;
Nothing's lost by being
Reasonably slow.
In a hasty moment
You may give consent;
And through years of torment
Leisurely repent.

If a lover seeks you
To become his wife,
Happiness or misery
May be yours for life.
Don't be in a hurry
Your feelings to confess,
But think the matter over
Before you answer yes.

Should one ask forgiveness
For a grave offense,
Honest tears betraying
Earnest penitence,
Pity and console him,
All his fears allay,
And don't be in a hurry
To drive the child away.

Hurry brings us worry,
Worry wears us out,
Easy-going people
Know what they're about,
Headless haste will bring us
Surely to the ditch,
And trouble overwhelm us
If we hurry to be rich.

Don't be in a hurry
To throw yourself away,
By the side of wisdom
For a while delay.
Make your life worth living,
Nobly act your part,
And don't be in a hurry
To spoil it at the start.

Don't be in a hurry
To speak the angry word;
Don't be in a hurry
To spread the tale you've heard;
Don't be in a hurry
With evil ones to go,
And don't be in a hurry
To answer yes or no.

THE BALLOON TREE.

CHAPTER I.

The Colonel said:
We rode for several hours straight from the shore toward the heart of the island. The sun was low in the western sky when we left the ship. Neither on the water nor on the land had we felt a breath of air stirring. The glare was upon everything. Over the low range of hills miles away in the interior hung a few copper-colored clouds. "Wind," said Briery. Kiloa shook his head.

Vegetation of all kinds showed the effects of the long continued drought. The eye wandered without relief from the sickly russet of the undergrowth, so dry in places that leaves and stems cracked under the horses' feet, to the yellowish brown of the thirsty trees that skirted the bridge path. No growing thing was green except the bell-top cactus, fit to flourish in the crater of a living volcano.

Kiloa leaned over the saddle and tore from one of these plants its top, as big as a California pear and bloated with juice. He crushed the bell in his fist, and, turning, flung into our hot faces a few grateful drops of water.

Then the guide began to talk rapidly in his language of vowels and liquids. Briery translated for my benefit.

The god Lalala loved a woman of the island. He came in the form of fire. She, accustomed to the ordinary temperature of the climate, only shivered before his approaches. Then he wooed her as a shower of rain and won her heart. Kaloa was a divinity much more powerful than Lalala, but malicious to the last degree. He also coveted this woman, who was very beautiful. Kaloa's importunities were in vain. In spite, he changed her to a cactus and rooted her to the ground under the burning sun. The good Lalala was powerless to avert this vengeance; but he took up his abode with the cactus woman, still in the form of a rain shower, and never left her, even in the driest season. Thus it happens that the bell-top cactus is an unfailing reservoir of pure, cold water.

Long after dark we reached the channel of a vanished stream, and Kiloa led us for several miles along its dry bed. We were exceedingly tired when the guide bade us dismount. He tethered the panting horses and then dashed into the dense thicket on the bank. A hundred yards of scrambling, and we came to a poor thatched hut. The savage raised both hands above his head and uttered a musical fiasco, not unlike the yodel peculiar to the Valais. This call brought out the occupant of the hut, upon whom Briery flashed the light of his lantern. It was an old woman, hideous beyond the imagination of a dyspeptic's dream.

"Omanaha gela!" exclaimed Kaloa. "Hail, holy woman!" translated Briery. Between Kiloa and the holy hag there ensued a long colloquy, respectful on his part, sententious and impatient on hers. Briery listened with eager attention. Several times he clenched his arm as if unable to repress his anxiety. The woman seemed to be persuaded by Kiloa's arguments, or won by his entreaties. At last she pointed toward the southeast, slowly pronouncing a few words that apparently satisfied my companions.

The direction indicated by the holy woman was still toward the hills, but twenty or thirty degrees to the left of the general course which we had pursued since leaving the shore.

"Push on! push on!" cried Briery. "We can afford to lose no time."

We rode all night. At sunrise there was a paucity of hardly ten minutes for the scanty breakfast supplied by our haversacks. Then we were again in the saddle, making our way through a thicket that grew more and more difficult, and under a sun that grew hotter.

"Perhaps," I remarked finally to my taciturn friend, "you have no objection to telling me now why it is that two civilized beings and one amiable savage should be plunging through this infernal jungle, as if they were on an errand of life or death?"

"Yes," he said; "it's best you should know."

Briery produced from an inner breast pocket a letter which had been read and re-read until it was worn in the creases. "This," he went on, "is from Professor Quakversuch of the University of Upsala. It reached me at Valparaiso."

Glancing around as if he feared that every tree fern in that tropical wilderness was an eavesdropper, or that the hood-like spathes of the giant caladiums overhead were ears waiting to drink in some mighty secret of science, Briery

road in a low voice from the letter of the

great Swedish botanist:
"You will have in those islands," wrote the Professor, "a rare opportunity to investigate certain extraordinary accounts given me years ago by the Jesuit missionary Buteaux concerning the Migratory Tree, the 'cerus vagrans' of Jansenius and other speculative physiologists."

"The explorer Spohr claims to have beheld it; but there is reason as you know, for accepting all of Spohr's statements with caution."

"That is not the case with the assertions of my late valued correspondent, the Jesuit missionary. Father Buteaux was a learned botanist, an accurate observer, and a most pious and conscientious man. He never saw the Migratory Tree; but during the long period of his labors in that part of the world, he accumulated, from widely different sources, a mass of testimony as to its existence and habits."

"Is it quite inconceivable, my dear Briery, that somewhere in the range of Nature there is a vegetable organization as far above the cabbage, let us say, in complexity and potentiality, as the ape is above the monkey? Nature is continuous. In all her scheme we find no chasms, no gaps. There may be missing links in our books and classifications and cabinets, but there are none in the organic world. Is not all of lower Nature struggling upward to arrive at the point of self-consciousness and volition? In the unceasing process of evolution, differentiation, improvement in special function, why may not a plant arrive at this point and feel, will, act—in short, possess and exercise the characteristics of the true animal?"

Briery's voice trembled with enthusiasm as he read this passage.

"I have no doubt," continued Professor Quakversuch, "that if it shall be your great good fortune to encounter a specimen of the Migratory Tree described by Buteaux, you will find that it possesses a well-defined system of real nerves and ganglia, constituting, in fact, the seat of vegetable intelligence. I conjure you to be very thorough in your dissections."

"According to the indications furnished me by the Jesuit, this extraordinary tree should belong to the order of Caeteaceae. It should be developed only in conditions of extreme heat and dryness. Its roots should be hardly more than rudimentary, affording a precarious attachment to the earth. This attachment it should be able to sever at will, soaring up into the air and away to another place selected by itself, as a bird shits to its habitation. I infer that these migrations are accomplished by means of the property of secreting hydrogen gas, with which it inflates at pleasure a bladder-like organ of highly elastic tissue, thus lifting itself out of the ground and off to a new abode."

"Buteaux added that the Migratory Tree was invariably worshiped by the natives as a supernatural being, and that the mystery thrown by them around its cult was the greatest obstacle in the path of the investigator."

"There!" exclaimed Briery, folding up Professor Quakversuch's letter. "Is not that quest worthy the risk or sacrifice of life itself? To add to the recorded facts of vegetable morphology the proved existence of a tree that wanders, a tree that kills, a tree, perhaps, that thinks—this is glory to be won at any cost! The lamented Decandolle of Geneva—"

"Confound the lamented Decandolle of Geneva!" shouted I, for it was excessively hot, and I felt that we had come on a fool's errand.

CHAPTER II.

It was near sunset on the second day of our journey when Kiloa, who was riding several rods in advance of us, uttered a quick cry, leaped from his saddle, and stooped to the ground.

Briery was at his side in an instant. I followed with less agility; my joints were very stiff, and I had no scientific enthusiasm to lubricate them. Briery was on his hands and knees, eagerly examining what seemed to be a recent disturbance of the soil. The savage was prostrate, rubbing his forehead in the dust, as if in a religious ecstasy, and warbling the same fiasco notes that we had heard at the holy woman's hut.

"What beast's trail have you struck?" I demanded.

"The trail of no beast," answered Briery, almost angrily. "Do you see this broad round abrasion of the surface, where a heavy weight has rested? Do you see these little troughs in the fresh earth, radiating from the center like the points of a star? They are the scars left by slender roots torn up from their shallow beds. Do you see Kiloa's hysterical performance? I tell you we are on the track of the Sacred Tree. It has been here, and not long ago."

Acting under Briery's excited instructions we continued the hunt on foot. Kiloa started toward the east, I toward the west, and Briery took the southward course.

To cover the ground thoroughly, we agreed to advance in gradually widening zigzags, communicating with each other at intervals by pistol shots. There could have been no more foolish arrangement. In a quarter of an hour I had lost my head and my bearing in a thicket. For another quarter of an hour I discharged my revolver repeatedly, without getting a single response from east or south. I spent the remainder of daylight in a blundering effort to make my way back to the place where the horses were; and then the sun went down, leaving me in sudden darkness, alone in a wilderness of the extent and character of which I had not the faintest idea.

I will spare you the history of my sufferings during the whole of that night and the next day, and the next night, and another day. When it was dark I wandered about in blind despair, longing for daylight, not daring to sleep or even to stop, and in continual terror of the unknown dangers that surrounded me. In the daytime I longed for night, for the sun scorched his way through the thickest roof that the luxuriant foliage afforded, and drove me nearly mad. The provisions in my haversack were exhausted. My canteen was my saddle; I should have died of thirst had it not been for the bell-top cactus, which I found twice. But in that horrible experience neither the torture of hunger and thirst, nor the torture of heat equalled the misery of the thought that my life was to be sacrificed to the delusion of a crazy botanist, who had dreamed of the impossible.

The impossible?

On the second afternoon, still staggering aimlessly on through the jungle, I lost my last strength and fell to the ground. Despair and indifference had long since given way to an eager desire for the end. I closed my eyes with indescribable relief; the hot sun seemed pleasant on my face as consciousness departed.

Did a beautiful and gentle woman come to me while I lay unconscious, and take my head in her lap and put her arms around me? Did she press her free to mine and in a whisper bid me have courage? That was the belief that filled my mind when it struggled back for a moment into consciousness; I clutched at the warm, soft arms and swooned again.

Do not look at each other and smile, gentlemen; in that cruel wilderness, in my helpless condition, I found pity and benignant tenderness. The next time my senses returned I saw that something was bending over me—something majestic if not beautiful, humane if not human, gracious if not woman. The arms that held me and drew me up were moist and they throbbled with the pulsation of life. There was a faint, sweet odor, like the smell of a woman's perfumed hair. The touch was a caress, the clasp an embrace.

Can I describe its form? No, not with a definiteness that would satisfy the Quakversuchs and the Brierys. I saw that the trunk was massive. The branches that lifted me from the ground and held me carefully and gently were flexible and symmetrically disposed. Above my head there was a wreath of strange foliage, and in the midst of it a dazzling sphere of scarlet. The scarlet globe grew while I watched it, but the effort of the watching was too much for me.

Remember, if you please, that at this time physical exhaustion and mental torture had brought me to the point where I passed to and fro between consciousness and unconsciousness as easily and as frequently as one fluctuates between slumber and wakefulness during a night of fever. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that in my extreme weakness I should be beloved and cared for by a caetus. I did not seek an explanation of this good fortune, or try to analyze it. I simply accepted it as a matter of course, as a child accepts a benefit from an unexpected quarter. The one idea that possessed me was that I had found an unknown friend, instinct with womanly sympathy, and immeasurably kind.

And as night came on it seemed to me that the scarlet bulb overhead became enormously distended, so that it almost filled the sky. Was I gently rocked by the supple arms that still held me? Were we floating off together into the air? I did not know or care. Now I fancied that I was in my berth on ship, cradled by the swell of the sea; now, that I was borne on with prodigious speed through the darkness by my own volition. The sense of incessant motion affected all my dreams. Whenever I awoke I felt a cool breeze steadily beating against my face—the first breath of air since we had landed. I was vaguely happy, gentlemen. I had surrendered all responsibility for my own fate. I had gained the protection of a being of superior powers.

CHAPTER III.

"The brandy flask, Kiloa!" It was daylight. I lay upon the ground and Briery was supporting my shoulders. In his face was a look of bewilderment that I shall never forget.

"My God!" he cried, "and how did you get up here? We gave up the search two days ago."

The brandy pulled me together. I staggered to my feet and looked around. The cause of Briery's extreme amazement was apparent at a glance. We were not in the wilderness. We were at the shore. There was the bay and the ship at anchor, half a mile off. They were already lowering a boat to send for us.

And there to the south was a bright red spot on the horizon, hardly larger than the morning star—the Balloon Tree returning to the wilderness. I saw it, Briery saw it, the savage Kiloa saw it. We watched it till it vanished. We watched it with very different emotions, Briery with scientific interest and intense disappointment, I with a heart full of wonder and gratitude.

I clasped my forehead with both hands. It was no dream, then. The Tree, the caetus, the embrace, the scarlet bulb, the night journey through the air, were not creations and incidents of delirium. Call it tree, or call it plant animal—there it was! Let men of science quarrel over the question of its existence in nature; this I know: It had found me dying and had brought me more than a hundred miles straight to the ship where I belonged. Under Providence, gentlemen, that sentient and intelligent vegetable organization saved my life.

[At this point the Colonel got up and left the club. He was very much moved: Pretty soon Briery came in, briskly as usual. He picked up an uncut copy of Lord Ragmouch's "Travels in Kerguelen's Land," and settled himself in an easy chair at the corner of the fireplace.

Young Traddles timidly approached the veteran globe trotter. "Excuse me, Mr. Briery," said he, "but I should like to ask you a question about the Balloon Tree. Were there scientific reasons for believing that its sex was—"

"Ah," interrupted Briery, looking bored, "the Colonel has been favoring you with that extraordinary narrative? Has he honored me again with a share in the adventure? Yes! Well, did he bag the game this time?"

"Why, no?" said young Traddles. "You last saw the Tree as a scarlet spot against the horizon."

"By Jove, another miss!" said Briery, calmly, beginning to cut the leaves of his book. —New York Sun.

Sergeant Ballantine, on one occasion, had a lady client named Tickle. Mr. Ballantine said to the judge: "Tickle, my client, is a lord—!" Here he was interrupted by the judge, saying: "Tickle her yourself, my learned brother." Ballantine, who is a great wit, looked glum for a whole day.

The people who attend the theater in Kansas City are not afraid of fire or a panic; but they are alarmed at an epidemic of nails in the opera house seats. The subject is one of harrowing importance.

He Can Walk.

She inquired of three different persons in the corridor of the postoffice as to where the money order department was, and not feeling satisfied with this she asked at both stamp windows. Then she felt reasonably certain that she would not go down cellar or up stairs in going to the money order room, and she timidly entered that place and asked:
"Can I send a money order?"
"Yes'm."
"For \$5?"
"Yes'm."
"To Saginaw?"
"Yes'm."
"To my husband?"
"Yes'm. Please fill out a blank?"
She filled out three different ones before the writing suited her, and tried four different pens, before she found a holder of the right build and color.

"This order is for \$5," she said, as she stood at the window.

"Yes'm."
"He went there to secure work, but he can't find any."
"Yes'm."
"And he wants to come home."
"No doubt of it."
"But \$5 seems like an awful price to bring any one from Saginaw."
"So it does."
"He might not find work if he came home."
"No, ma'am."
"And so he might as well be there as here."
"Yes'm."
"Well, I guess I'll wait a day or two, anyhow. If he finds work he won't want it, and if he gets tired and comes home on foot he'll be so worn out that he can't more than half jaw around. Five dollars is quite a sum. I can buy a nice pair of shoes with that."

Statesmen and Mice.

I see it published that Archbishop Wood, who is dangerously ill, was much annoyed by the gnawing and scampering of a mouse in the rafters over his bedroom. He asked that it be caught, but not harmed. When captured, the Archbishop insisted that the creature should be imprisoned in a revolving wire cage and placed at his bedside. This was done, and what was an irritation has now become a comfort and a diversion to the sick man. You remember how Jefferson Davis, when confined at Fortress Monroe, made friends of two mice that played upon his table and shared his meals, and how he grieved when one of them disappeared. Mr. Stephens, at Liberty hall, used to supply a colony of these rodents. They had the freedom of that house without being presented with a snuff-box. The old commander called them his pets, and did not care what antics they played around his feet or up his pantaloons. While he was absent at Washington, some of the colored people at the hall exterminated the whole brood, and when the master returned, his pets were not there to welcome him. Colonel Wharton Greene, of North Carolina, who will succeed the late Mr. Shackelford in congress, has wonderful love for all animals, and they visibly return it. He will not allow the toads in his garden to be killed, but on the contrary, has so won upon them by familiarity and kindness that they know him, testify their joy at his presence, and absolutely hunt for him, when they miss him, all over the house! Wonderful, indeed, is the power of affection, even when exhibited to the beasts that perish!—Correspondence of Augusta Chronicle.

Denominational Drags.

A number of the employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad company have organized a Christian Union.

The Congregationalist says that practical Christian work is often an excellent solvent of theological doubts.

The Detroit Methodist Alliance raised money enough to pay the debts of every church of the denomination in that city.

The old Congregational church of Litchfield, Conn., where the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher formerly preached, is now used as a skating rink.

Bishop Spalding of Peoria is the pioneer of a movement to establish a Catholic university in the United States, not inferior to Harvard or Yale.

Father St. Cyr, an octogenarian Jesuit priest, who first introduced religion to Chicago when it was an Indian settlement, died a few days ago in South St. Louis.

A quaint old minister was once asked what he thought of his two sons, who were both preachers. "Well," he replied, "George has a better show in his shop-window than John, but John has a larger stock in his warehouse."

The Presbyterian Journal suggests the following as the ideal church Sabbath: Morning, church service; afternoon, Sabbath school, and the whole church in it as classes, studying the bible; evening, families at home in family communion, reading and worship.

The Judge.

"Is this the place ye give pinshins?" eagerly inquired a ruddy-faced Irish woman at a pension office in Washington.

"It is, madam, what can I do for you?" politely inquired the agent.

"Ouch! a dale, sur. D'ys know wan Mrs. McGuffin?" she asked.

"Yes, madam; she is a lady who secured a pension from this office, is she not?"

"She is, sur, she got it becase her husband, Barney McGuffin, hasn't had a leg onder 'im since he was in the war."

"The same party. Proceed, madam," said the pension agent.

"Well, sur, an' sure Oi was thinkin' she was no better nor me, an' an' my man—"

"Was he in the late war with McGuffin?" quickly inquired the wily agent.

"He was, an' the divil a word a lie in it, but he hasn't had a sober leg onder 'im since, so Oi thought Oi could draw a pinshin, too."

"This ain't a Moonshiner's office, madam, or a Good Templar's lodge, either, so go along about your business," angrily cried the disappointed pension agent.

To Joseph Jefferson is attributed the remark that although the late lamented Duchess of Gainsborough's hat may form a fine background to a lovely face, it is a bad foreground to a comedy.

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