THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

You may fondle your fame, like a hunter his game,
And exult in the roar and the rattle,
While the multitudes shout and the cannon blaze out
The praise of the victor in battle;
But the victor will pine when the shoutings subside,
And another will shine at the turn of the tide.

You may garner your gain, like a farmer his grain,
And boast of your bonds and your money;
You may gather your wealth by struggle or stealth,
As gathers the bee its honey;
But your honey will pall in the heat of your pride,
And turn into gall at the turn of the tide.

You may subjugate men, as swine to the pen
By the rod of the tyrant are driven;
You may flourish the whip with a merciless grip,
While force to your fingers is given;
But your fingers will fail, and the men you deride
Will flourish the flail at the turn of the tide.

You may prosper by wrong, as tyrants do, long,
And rule like a pitiless Nero;
And the truculent slave may lustily rave
In praise of his maculate hero;
But the tyrant will quail when the Judge shall decide,
And the right will prevail, at the turn of the tide.

—George Whitman, D. D., in Chicago Standard.

The Waiting of Mr. Horace

By Sarah Lindsay Coleman.

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ALL nature seemed joyous and bright that afternoon, for spring had returned to Carolina. On every side the iron plowshare had gone deep into the heart of the fields, and the earth had a fresh smell that caused a vague thrill of pleasure.

But Mr. Horace noticed none of these things as he rode slowly past the Bryson orchard. The sunshine accentuated the weary lines of his face, the dejected droop of his shoulders.

"Poor Mr. Horace,'" Mrs. Bryson said to her husband, as he passed her gate, "if ever a man was faithful, he is. But he will never win, and he knows it. I believe I will ask him for a setting of turkey eggs.'" She sped down the walk as nimbly as if she had been 20 instead of 50.

Mr. Horace brought his old gray mare to a halt, and waited for his neighbor to catch her breath.

"Turkey eggs?" he asked, with old-fashioned politeness, "certainly, madam." Mrs Bryson drew nearer, and in her earnestness caught the mare by the bridle rein. "Mr. Horace—Mr. Horace," she said, desperately, "it's not turkey eggs! It's been going on so long! You will never win! Why, you are a by-word for courting in the whole settlement, Mr. Horace," pleadingly, for he was looking down at her in such a helpless, bewildered fashion; "Rouse yourself! Marry her in spite of herself! Good evening, sir." She ran back up the path to her home.

Mr. Horace jogged on. His face resumed its dejection, and his shoulders drooped sympathetically.

Twenty-five years is a long look back. He was a slim young fellow, full of hope and youth, that first Sunday afternoon he rode up to Mary Hill's gate, hitched his horse, and went in to begin the siege of her heart; and she was young, and the prettiest girl in all the county.

For ten years he had ridden to her house, and then had ridden away. The visits ended suddenly, and a month later Mr. Horace was married. Mr. Horace's little wife never complained, but at the end of five years she found the burden of life too heavy, and laid it down. It was ten years from the time of his wife's death, and 25 years from the time of his first wooing, as he went up the path to Miss Hill's home. Strange thoughts were thronging his brain. As he put one foot behind him for his old-fashioned bow, he felt decidedly bewildered to hear the words: "Master her Why, you are a by-word for courting."

He looked up to see if she had heard the loud-spoken words. She was smiling and inviting him into the old-fashioned parlor.

"All alone?" he questioned.

"Yes," with a faint flush at the eagerness of his tone. And then she told him that the family were away for the day. With an impatient motion he passed his hand across his brow, as though he brushed imaginary cobwebs from his brain. "Now's the time! Marry her in spite of herself! Rouse yourself!" How the words rang in his ears.

He asked for some water, and when Miss Hill returned she dimly realized that a change had passed over him. Mr. Horace had pulled himself together. He sat down, and held himself erect. He spoke with a dignity new to him.

"Mary," he said, "it's 25 years since I first hitched my horse to your gate-post, and, as I look back, it seems all Sunday afternoons when I have come to see you."

He grew eloquent. He even mentioned the rides through June sunshine and December snow, and the horse grown old in his service. She listened quietly—her delicate face calm. One would never have dreamed of the turmoil of her heart. Many a time when she felt that he needed a woman's care she had pitied him. She had worried lest his stockings were not darned, his food well prepared. Grieved to the heart she sent him from her. Each Sunday she regarded her pretty faded face anxiously as she removed her hat and looked in the mirror, conscious of the fresh faces in their radiant youth that occupied the pew behind hers.

"I'm so delicate and nervous." It had always been her cry. "Your children need a strong will to govern them."

"Yours is strong enough," he said, grimly.

"I could not be a burden, although I have money." She lifted her head in a proud way.

"Try me," he said. "See if I find you a burden."

"You don't understand." Her eyes filled with tears. "I will never marry you. I am too delicate!"

"You shall!" His lips took determined curves she had never seen before. "I have been a patient man, but now—"

"There's the young minister," she rose, hurriedly. "Entertain him a few minutes, please." She slipped from the room.

"Marry her in spite of herself. Now! Now! Where there is a will!" He started as if an electric battery had charged him at the next thought. "No license needed." He greeted the minister quietly. The conversation moved idly as they waited for Miss Hill to come in again.

After she had spoken to her guest, Mr. Horace crossed the room to where she stood. His shoulders were well back, his head held high, his step that of a conqueror. "Brother Simms," he said, gravely, "you come at a most opportune time. My courting is the talk of the neighborhood, and we are going to put an end to the gossip."

"Mr. Horace, this is so sudden!" the minister gasped.

"Unlike my courting," grimly.

"But the family is away!"

"It is Miss Hill I want to marry. Will you perform the ceremony, Brother Simms?"

"Not without witnesses." The minister drew himself up with sudden ministerial pomp.

Mr. Horace stepped from the window and swept the landscape with anxious eyes. The clang of a cowbell cut the soft air. Old Ben was crossing the yard, his grandson, a boy of 12 or 14 years, following him. He came over to the porch in obedience to the summoning hand, and his eyes grew large as he entered the house with the boy. The cows were slowing filing through the barn yard gate. The sun had set, and its soft light filled the room. The minister opened a prayer-book. The expression on Miss Hill's face puzzled him. He remembered that she had said nothing.

"Miss Hill," the minister began.

"Would I force her to marry me, Brother Simms?" Mr. Horace's eyes were full of entreaty as he turned them on her.

"Are you willing, Miss Hill?"

"Yes," faintly. Then in clearer tones: "Perfectly willing."

There was an exultant ring in the man's voice as he made the responses; the woman's voice was low, but audible.

Ben shuffled forward and congratulated them; "but she don't act like herself," he muttered as he went out.

The minister's departure left them alone. Old Mr. Horace drew his bride to his heart and held her there in silence. A man has wisdom straight from the gods who refrains from speech at such a time.

"Horace," Mr. Horace's wife's voice was full of regret. "If you had married me before—now I am old."

He looked at her fondly, and they kissed each other, these middle-aged lovers. "What will they say?" she asked. "My people—and the neighbors?" A faint rumbling of wheels was heard.

"They will say old Horace Stringfield has asserted himself at last." He patted her hand, and chuckled as his horse's impatient neighing grew more frequent. "Old fellow," he called, and his voice rang like a boy's, "be patient, my waiting is over."

WANTED THEM CHAINED.

Shrewd Trick Upon English Scouts Who Gave De Wet Too Much Trouble.

Grim as he is reported to be, the Boer commandant, Christian De Wet, who is just now giving the British in South Africa no end of trouble, is capable of humor, though of a sort that does not always please his antagonists. Some time ago three yeomanry scouts were taken prisoners by him. The Boer, who does not care to be burdened with prisoners, told these three yeomen, on being brought before him, that he had an important dispatch for Gen. Rundle and if they would undertake to personally deliver it to the general he would give them back their liberty. Naturally they were elated at the proposal, and all three gave De Wet their word of honor to deliver the missive into Gen. Rundle's own hands. They received it, a large envelope, well sealed, and with all the outward appearance of containing some important document. Possibly they may have thought it contained a proposal from De Wet to Rundle to surrender. In any case they lost no time in saddling up and covered the ground in haste. On reaching Rundle's headquarters they insisted on handing the letter to the general personally, and on his opening it—the three braves still standing as his audience—he read aloud the contents as follows:

To Gen. Rundle—Dear Sir: Please chain up these three devils, as I can't catch them every day. Yours, DE WET.

Grew Fat While Besieged.

Frederick Palmer, the war correspondent, who accompanied the relief expedition of the allies to Peking, says he carried a bottle of ale all the way from Tientsin to the Chinese capital, thinking how welcome it would be to a friend when he crawled out of his bomb-proof, emaciated and famished. "What he did," writes Palmer, "was to offer me beer and to ask why the relieving column had been so long in coming. He has gained ten pounds since I saw him last. Rice and horse meat seem to be fattening."—N. Y. Herald.

REMARKABLE PAT HANDS.

Five Full Ones That Contained a Wonderful Combination of Numbers.

Inner club circles have been regaled with a story of a recent sitting at draw poker, in which five well-known clubmen took part, says the Baltimore Sun.

It was at the home of one of the members. Two new packs of cards were brought out, the seal of one was cut and the cards shuffled. From this pack cards were dealt around to select the dealer for the opening hand. This done, the second pack of cards was opened and shuffled by one of the party, who handed it to the dealer, who also shuffled. The pack was then tendered for the usual cut, which was done. A round of jackpots had been agreed upon.

The player who had first say was an insurance man, and he promptly opened. Next was a grain merchant, who raised the opener. A member of the stock exchange came next and he saw the raise and went the limit better. A merchant well known for his aggressive spirit sat next in line and he quietly met all that had been bet and raised the limit. It was now around to a railroadman, who was the dealer. There was a pause, and each player inspected his cards with a self-satisfied air. The railroad man broke the silence by meeting all bets and raising them the limit. Everybody stayed in the game. The dealer asked how many cards were wanted and each player in turn said none. The dealer took none. He made a nominal bet and the call was passed all around.

At the show-down the hand in each case was a full house and, beginning with the first to the left of the dealer, as follows: Sevens and deuces, eights and treys, nines and fours, tens and fives, aces and fives. The railroad man was the winner. He has had the cards as held by each player framed and each player has a photograph of them as a souvenir of phenomenal sequence in a game of poker.

A SCENE OF CENTURIES.

Ceremony of Proclaiming England's King Has Not Been Changed in 700 Years.

Upon the gray background of London in the mist was painted, with rapid and glowing touches, one of the scenes of centuries, and a picture animated at once with such actual life and antique meaning as must carry the imagination far back into the glorious past. With the heraldic pomp and proud trumpeting and great acclaim of the stirring and significant spectacle, which the opening pages of future histories of the twentieth century will record in all its color and grouping, Edward VII. was proclaimed abroad in his vast capital as king and emperor, says the London Telegraph. No words can be addressed to him so well-befitting the hearty homage of his subjects near and far as those which were dedicated to the queen-mother of well-beloved and high memory by the chief singer of her reign. In that "noblest office upon earth," to which he has succeeded, "may he rule us long!" To how many inaugural episodes in the long vista of our island fortunes was this scene of medieval pageant in the modern world both a likeness and a contrast! The earl marshal of England, with the baton of his hereditary office in his hand—the heralds and pursuivants with gay tabards and devices as of figures out of the gallant pages of Froissart—the colloquy between Rouge Dragon and the city marshal where the gates of old London once rose, and bygone lord mayors stood for the liberty as well as the loyalty of stout citizens—all these features of old ceremony at the proclamation of King Edward were still as they were seen when the first sovereign of his name ascended the throne 700 years ago.

A MAMMOTH INDEX.

Completion of British Museum List That Has Occupied Twenty Years.

The index of books at the British museum is at last complete, after 20 years of hard work, says the St. James' Gazette. When the printing of the great catalogue began in 1881, the manuscript catalogue then used contained 3,000,000 references to about half as many books—cross titles accounting for the difference between the figures. Since then something like half a million new books have been received at the museum, their average yearly number being now 40,000. The preparation of the printed catalogue has, of course, been enormously expensive. It was hoped at the start to reduce the cost by issuing it to subscribers, and for a year's subscription of £3 10s. a subscriber received all the parts published in the year. As the number of volumes issued annually, however, rose from 16 to 30, while the subscription remained the same, the price of each volume fell from the low sum of 4s. 8d. to 2s. 4d., and the revenue from this source has not been great. Only about 250 copies of each issue are printed, and only about 80 are circulated—half of them given away! In all there are over 600 volumes of the catalogue, containing the titles of 2,000,000 books. The subject index will be the great task of the British museum in the new century. It is to be commenced at once, but will not be ready for 15 years at least.

They Are the Whole Thing.

George Gould and his sister Helen have been appointed receivers for the Countess de Castellane. They will continue, also, says the Chicago Tribune, to be the disbursers.

FIGPRUNE CEREAL.

The Average Length of Human Life

might be prolonged if people in general would exercise more judgment regarding their diet.

Medical science demonstrates that the presence of alkaloids, or tannic acid, in food is the direct cause of indigestion and dyspepsia, the knowledge of which led to the widespread substitution of cereal products for both coffee and tea.

California produces the best and most palatable coffee and tea substitute now on the market—Figprune Cereal. This perfect food beverage consists of 34 per cent fruits and 66 per cent grains. It is a rich, nourishing drink. When poured into the cup it has the rare amber color of the purest coffee. Those suffering from dyspepsia or nervousness will appreciate Figprune. It is a boon to the invalid and healthy people enjoy it. None but coffee experts can tell the difference between Figprune and the best Mocha and Java. Ask your grocer for Figprune Cereal—the perfect table beverage.