## SO LONG.

"But a week is so long!" he said,
With a toss of his curly head.
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—
Seven whole days! Why, in six, you know
(You said it yourself—you told me so),
The great God up in heaven
Made all the earth and the seas and skies,
The trees and the birds and the butterflies
How can I wait for my seeds to grow?"

"But a month is so long!" he said,
With a droop of his boyish head.
"Hear me count—one, two, three, four—
Four whole weeks and three days more;
Thirty-one days, and each will creep
As the shadows crawl over yonder steep;
Thirty-one nights, and I shall lie
Watching the stars climb up the sky.
How can I wait till a month is o'er?"

"But a year is so long!" he said,
Uplifting his bright young head.
"All the seasons must come and go
Over the hills with footsteps slow—
Autumn and winter, summer and spring;
Oh, for a bridge of gold to fling
Over the chasm deep and wide,
That I might cross to the other side,
Where she is waiting—my love, my bride!"

"Ten years may be long," he said,
Slow raising his stately head,
"But there's much to win, there is much to lose,
A man must labor, a man must choose,
And he must be strong to wait!
The years may be long, but who would wear
The crown of honor must do and dare.
No time has he to toy with fate
Who would climb to manhood's high estate."

"Ah! life is not long," he said,
Bowing his grand white head.
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—
Seventy years! As swift their flight
As swallows cleaving the morning light
Or golden gleams at even.
Life is short as a summer night—
How long, oh, God, is eternity!"

## CONSTANT AND TRUE.

"What an industrious little thing you are, Thalia! I, for one, fear that if mamma relied for her three quarts of berries upon me she would have to do without."

So saying handsome Ida Minturn leans her head upon her white hand while she watches languidly her cousin's busy movements.

It is a sweet, arch face that Thalia lifts to her as she smilingly answers: "Tired already? Ida, I do believe you were born to be a drone in the hive. Everything seems to weary you except going to parties and—"

"Flirting, I suppose you would finish with. Well, you are not far wrong; and, by the bye, Thalia, I have found a new and delightful subject upon which to try my powers of fascination. Pa should have thought twice before he engaged such a handsome overseer. To be sure, he is rather cold and distant; but you'll see yet how expressive I can make his dark eyes look."

A delicate pink rushes to the younger girl's fair face as she springs to her feet, almost dropping her basket of berries.

"Ida Minturn, I am ashamed of you! Indeed, I was going to finish my sentence in no such way. I detest the very word flirtation, and I do not believe Mr. Holmes would stoop to such a thing."

"Thalia, how seriously you do take things! If you could only see how dramatic you look—gory, outstretched hand and all! But here comes Mr. Holmes himself. I believe I will tell him of your enthusiastic defense. I doubt not but it would amuse him."

"Oh, Ida, please don't!"

And Thalia's cheeks grow to the deepest rose as she pleads.

But there is no need for fear, as, with merely a grave, courteous lift of his straw hat, Mr. Holmes passes on to where, in a distant part of the field, some men are engaged at their work.

The golden summer months flit gently by and it is not long before it is plainly evident to all eyes but Mrs. Minturn's how affairs are tending between the handsome young overseer of the farm and the gentle young girl who for the past three years has made her home with her aunt.

"I think he's perfectly splendid!" Ida says candidly, as with many blushes Thalia confesses the fact of her engagement. "But mamma will never consent, and I myself think you're very foolish, Thalia. Love is all well enough, but I for one have too much ambition to throw myself away on a poor young man. I look for a coronet at the very least, and you, with your pretty face, might certainly do better."

"Better! Ah, no!" And Thalia's face is more than pretty—beautiful—as she speaks. "My Harry is noble and good. What could be better than that? And if he is poor, I am too, but I count myself rich in his love!"

Ida is right in prognosticating her mother's disapproval.

"Engaged! And to a man not worth a penny, and of whose family one knows nothing about! Thalia, I am shocked. I have seen that you were very friendly, but I had no idea of this, for we have all treated Mr. Holmes with more consideration than his position calls for. And what will your uncle say? Just what I do—that the affair must be stopped at once. I am your guardian, Thalia, and until you are of age you can contract no marriage without my consent. You know that, and I now say that this engagement must be broken."

And all Thalia's tears and pleadings are of no avail. Mrs. Minturn is firm. In two weeks' time they will go to London, and she decides in her own mind that she shall then see that her niece is plunged into the very vortex of that fashionable life from which as yet her tender years have kept her.

It is a cruel blow to Harry Holmes, for, relying upon his employer's evident friendliness, he has suffered himself to build high hopes.

"Three years! Oh, Thalia, your love will never survive such a test!"

"Have no fear, Harry," Thalia answers, resolutely, "for neither time, place nor surroundings can alter my heart, and when your time of probation is over, and I am my own mistress, you have only to come and demand your own—for I shall be yours then as now."

In the belt that clasps her slight waist nestles a cluster of daisies. Stooping, Harry disentangles them from their fastenings.

"I will keep them, Thalia, as a remembrance of your words. And now I have something to tell you. Since your uncle told me the other day, that, after this week, my services would be no longer needed, I have received a communication from Ireland, which has decided me to go there at once. It is a letter from an uncle of whose existence until now I have been ignorant. But read it for yourself.

This is what Thalia reads:

"MY DEAR NEPHEW: I have only just learned, after long inquiry, that my sister left a son, and that he and you are one and the same. This letter will undoubtedly prove a surprise to you, as, from my sister's solemn vow, made to me as she left her home, I know that you never can have heard my name. Let me explain: At an early age your mother and myself were left orphans. Time went by, and your mother met and became attached to one whom beyond all others I disliked, and for just cause.

"They were engaged and married, in despite of my vehement protestations. I refused to sanction the marriage or be present at the ceremony. Margaret had to the full the impetuous character of our family. On the eve of her departure for her future home she came to me and said: 'Stephen, henceforth do not ever expect to hear aught of me or mine. You have chosen to wound me in the tenderest feelings of my nature, and to insult him who is my husband. I shall never forget you. Never again to my dying day shall your name, or any allusion to you, pass my lips. I sever the connection between us. Should I have children, they shall grow up in ignorance of any relatives save those upon their father's side. I have pledged my husband to a like vow, and it shall be kept.' Before I could recover from the surprise her implacable words caused she had gone. That was the last time I ever saw her.

"Now, my nephew, your mother's vow was wrong, and I have no doubt that ere she died she would have gladly recalled it. I am old and alone in the world and in sad need. You are young and strong and to you I turn. I implore you, as the last of my family, the only one living upon whom I have any claim, to come to my succor if it be possible for you to do so. Your uncle,

"STEPHEN HARTLEY."

"Mr. Henry Holmes."

"I am glad you are going, Harry," Thalia said, as she finished reading. "Poor old man, all alone in the world and needing aid—his is a sad lot."

"I knew you would feel so, my darling," Harry answers; and then, the letter forgotten, they talk as lovers delight to do, until the moments, flying by, bring at last the dreaded time of parting.

"Who is the drone now, Thalia Rivers, I should like to be informed?" exclaims Ida one evening coming into her cousin's room fully arrayed in an exquisite ball costume. "It is almost time to be going, and here you sit with that everlasting picture in your hand! Thalia! Thalia! haven't you forgotten that nonsense yet?"

No, Thalia has not forgotten, although the last three years have been a bewildering time to the girl's shrinking, retiring nature. She is growing more accustomed to the thousand demands and forms of society, but they weary her infinitely.

Not one word since their parting has she heard from her lover; but, as she had truly told him, "neither time nor place can change her heart," and deep down in its pure recesses is still enshrined one handsome, dark face, with grave brow and speaking eyes.

"What do you think Renie Andrews told me this morning?" Ida says, a month later.

"I'm sure I do not know," Thalia replies, looking up from the book she is reading.

"Well, what would you say if my coroneted destiny were even now on his way to England? Renie tells me that her cousin from Ireland is to arrive in time for her fete, and that with him is to come a veritable Crœsus and heir to a prospective title. Renie says that he is handsome, too, for she has seen his picture. I tell you what, Thalia, I feel it in my bones—as nurse used to say—that this young stranger will not return to his ancestral acres as unencumbered as he comes. Some English girl will certainly captivate him; and why should it not be your humble servant?"

By the time her cousin finishes, Thalia's face is full of the amusement she cannot repress; but Ida is too much engrossed with her pleasant fancies to notice or be offended. That same afternoon the postman brings a letter to Thalia, addressed in bold, manly characters. She has never seen Harry's writing, and yet her fingers tremble, and her soft cheek flushes, as she opens the envelope; for something tells her whose hand penned her name. Inside are only a few lines:

"DARLING THALIA—(if I may still call you so)—This day in which I write brings you your twenty-first birthday, and the end of the period of your probation. If you remember and still adhere to the words you said as we parted, send to me a cluster of flowers like to those I took from you as a remembrance, and which I have worn ever since close to the heart that beats now as fervently for you, and you only, as it did then, three years ago.

HARRY."

An address follows. The next mail bears with it Thalia's answer. What it is the reader may surmise.

The weeks glide by, and at length, to Ida's delight, the day of the looked-forward-to garden fete dawns. Ida looks regally handsome. Thalia's quaint simplicity of dress suits the girlish style well. The afternoon is waning, and as yet no distinguished stranger has made his appearance.

It is warm, and, a little tired by a game of lawn-tennis, Thalia strolls off to a rustic seat. Throwing aside her hat, she leans her head upon her hand, and for awhile loses herself in a happy day-dream. Suddenly a step approaches, and a well-remembered voice speaks her name.

With startled eyes, Thalia springs to her feet to find herself drawn to a warmly-beating heart.

"Do you know me, Thalia?"

"Yes," she whispered; "it is my lover come back to me."

He laughs—a joyous laugh.

"My constant darling!" he murmured. "And you still are ready and willing to leave you luxurious home and become a poor man's wife?"

"We will not be poor, Harry, for we shall be rich in love."

A look of almost adoring affection fills the young man's earnest eyes as they rest upon the sweet, downcast face.

"I have something to tell you, little one," he says, "that will surprise you. I went to Ireland expecting to find a relative, old, poor and needy; I found an uncle, titled, and the sole representative of a rich and powerful family. His letter had been worded thus to try me. He was in need, he said, of affection. I found him waiting and longing to extend to me the father's love I had never known, and I stand here to-day as his heir, waiting to claim the wife who loved me when poor and obscure, and who, I trust, will care for me just as much in my changed circumstances."

"You are a lucky little thing!" Ida says, when the truth is made known to her, "and I think your case proves that after all it does pay to be constant and true."

And much to her wordly mother's chagrin a year later, instead of waiting for the often-talked of coronet, Ida gives her handsome self, indifference and listlessness left behind, to a poor young bank clerk whose only claim to consideration is an honest, loving heart.

### Killed His Child.

That there may be a world of pathos in the apparently prosaic life of a policeman is shown by the following incident, related in the Chicago *Herald:*

"Did you ever shoot any one?" The speaker was a visitor at the armory, and the person addressed was a patrolman who looked up hurriedly and walked away without an answer. "You see," said another officer, in explanation, "he had an experience once that he does not like to think or talk about. He used to walk in the Twelfth street district when it was called the terror district, and when they had the murder bell there. Whenever there was a shooting or killing in that precinct the bell was rung, so as to notify all patrolmen that a crime had been committed, and make them more vigilant, if possible, in their search for desperate characters. One dark, rainy night this officer obtained permission from the roundsman to step over to his home, a few blocks away, to get his rubber coat, and while he was in the house he looked into the room where his children were sleeping. Wishing to have one revolver outside of his coat he took off his belt and laid the weapon on a bureau. Just as he was about to strap it on he noticed that the hammer was down, and some way in trying to put it at half cock the thing was discharged. A little girl jumped up from the bed with a red blotch upon her forehead, and crying, "Oh, papa!" fell flat on her face. At that instant the murder bell rung, its tones coming into the little house, deep, sonorous and horrifying. This officer thought it was for him, but it was not, of course. There had been a shooting somewhere else, and the bell was ringing for a tough and not for the heart-broken policeman. Well, that thing pretty near drove him crazy. The little girl never spoke again, and she died inside of a week. The coroner exonerated the father, but he never exonerated himself. A few weeks after this he begged to be transferred from the terror district, away from the echo of the murder bell, and that's why he's up here. He has told me that he wouldn't live or walk a beat within sound of that bell if he knew he would be made general superintendent at the end of the month."

### Lost Rivers.

One of the most singular features of the Territory of Idaho is the occurrence of dark, rocky chasms, into which creeks and large streams suddenly disappear and are never more seen. The fissures are old lava channels produced by the outside of the mass cooling and forming a tube, which, when the fiery stream was exhausted, has been left empty, whilst the roof of the lava duct, having at some point fallen in, presents there the opening into which the river plunges and is lost. At one place along the Snake, one of these rivers appears gushing from a cleft high up in basaltic walls where it leaps a cataract into the torrent below. Where this stream has its origin, or at what point it is swallowed up is absolutely unknown, although it is believed that its sources are a long way up in the north country. Beside becoming the channels of streams, the lava conduits are frequently found impacted with the ice masses which never entirely melt.

### The Cook An Artist.

The chef of a leading hotel in New York lately admitted a reporter to his inner sanctum, and there confided to him the great secret of the cooking art. "Everything in its raw state," says the oracle, "has a distinctive taste, but the cook's art is to bring it to the surface so that it reaches the palate. The secret in our profession is to supply flavors where they are absent and to develop them when they are there, just as the painter makes his effect stand out from the canvas.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A plan for lessening the violence of storms has been submitted to the French Academy of Sciences by M. Minard, who proposes to use a great number of lightning rods elevated on telegraph posts and connected with the iron tracks of railways.

Mineral wool is used for packing to deaden the sound between floors in buildings, and being incombustible it is now pretty generally used between the floors and ceilings in new houses. Mineral wool is obtained from the slag from blast furnaces, and is produced by throwing a jet of steam against the stream of slag as it flows from the furnace.

Experiments have been made at one of the large collieries in England with compressed lime for bringing down coal from the ledges. Holes are bored into the vein of coal, filled in with compressed lime and rubbish and then water is forced in, which causes the charge to expand and bring down great masses os the fuel in solid lumps. The experiments are said to have been highly satisfactory.

The reign of Charles II. of England was a great era in science. Sir Isaac Newton discovered the wondrous law that holds the sun and planets in their orbits; Halley commenced his learned investigation of tides, comets, and the earth's magnetism; Boyle improved the air pump and studied by its aid the properties of the atmosphere; Hobbes and Locke discoursed of the human mind, its laws and relations to matter.

When pure platinum is as soft as silver, but by the addition of iridium it becomes the hardest of metals. The great difficulty in manipulating platinum is its excessive resistance to heat. A temperatere that will make steel run like water and melt down fire clay has absolutely no effect upon it. You may put a piece of platinum wire not thicker than human hair into a blast furnace where ingots of steel are melting down all around it and the bit of wire will come out as absolutely unchanged as if it had been in an ice-box all the time.

It is said that an electric hand lamp has been invented, the illuminating principle of which is generated by some simple chemicals that are ridicuously cheap and easily manipulated. A little sliding drawer at the bottom of the lamp holds the electric spark in the solution, while, by simple touching a button, a magnificent light is developed or extinguished, as the case may be. This lamp does not specially differ in appearance from the ordinary kerosene affair, and can be used in the same way, but with a complete absence of trouble, odor or danger.

### An Antique Town Still Unchanged.

Why, I saw houses in Nuremburg that are not a day more than a hundred and fifty years old! I was shocked by the sight of a dozen, at least, plate glass windows. There is gas in Nuremburg. They have street cars there. Some of the city wall has been torn down to let in more of the nineteenth century. But hardly a sight or sound within the circuit of Rothenburg breaks in upon your midiæval dream. The narrow, dingy streets are lighted—so far as lighted at all—by lanterns. These are hung on wires stretched across the street, and are drawn in by pulleys at one side to be replenished. Street-rail or gas-lamp there are none. The town is hugged completely around with turreted gates. And the towers, as they throw their arms tenderly about their charge, look back to bid defiance to all modern institutions. At some points, the very water in the moat still sleeps in venerable stagnation. As your omnibus rattles under three or four successive arches into the silent streets, the lingering echoes of our new era die away behind, and you drop four or five centuries from human history. You wander through the little city (of not more than 6,500 inhabitants) wherever your feet incline, and pass hundreds of houses, any one of which, like a certain old domicile in New London, Ct., or one in Medford, Mass., would be the chief "lion" of an American town. Most of them were standing before the Pilgrim fathers left Holland—many of them before America was discovered. With their steep, towering, red-tiled roofs, their sculptured gateways and corner turrets for defense, and gloomy court-yards, they look down in lordly compassion on your freshness and your upstart nation beyond the sea. Hour after hour I roam the streets, looking in vain for a modern house. Every street is paved throughout, with not a sidewalk to be seen. The primitive simplicity and naturalness, too, of the Rothenbergers, are charming. About every man you meet recognizes you as a stranger, and feeling that the town owes you a courtesy, touches his hat with a cordial smile. Not a bad example for some of us Americans. It must be granted that the odor of antiquity in some of the by-streets is slightly too strong for the most romantic. But one can pardon that and even overlook the torture chamber, under the Rathhaus (of which the present generation is innocent) in consideration of all the wierd fascination of the quaint old town.—*Prof. C. B. Wilcox.*

### A Rustic Rejoinder.

"How in the world can you content yourself to live in this dead-and-alive place!" asked the city visitor of her country cousin. "I know I should die if I had to stay here."

"Well," replied the rustic relative, "I suppose I should, too; but then the city folks ain't here only a few weeks in the year, you know."

In the United States there are in round numbers 120,000 miles of railroads, costing $6,000,000,000.

## MORE IN THE MAN THAN IN THE LAND.

I knowed a man, which he lived in Jones,
Which Jones is a county of red hills and stones,
And he lived pretty much by gettin, of loans.
And his mules were nuthin' but skin and bones,
And his hogs was flat as his corn-bread pones,
And he had 'bout a thousand acres of land.

This man—which his name it was also Jones—
He swore that he'd leave them old red hills and stones'
Fur he couldn't make nuthin' but yellerish cotton.
And little o' thot, and his fences was rotten,
And what little corn he had, hit was boughten,
And danged if a livin' was in the land.

And the longer he swore the madder he got,
And he riz and he walked to the stable lot;
And he hollared to Tom to come thar and hitch,
For to emigrate somewhar whar land was rich,
And to quit raisin' cockburs, thistles and sich,
And a waistin' their time on the cussed land.

So him and Tom they hitched up the mules,
Pertestin' that folks was mighty big fools
That 'ud stay in Georgy their lifetime out,
Just scratchin' a livin' when all of 'em mought
Get places in Texas, whar cotton would sprout
By the time you could plant in the land.

And he driv by a house whar a man named Brown
Was a livin' not far from the edge of town,
And he bantered Brown for to buy his place,
And said that bein' as money was skace,
And bein' as sheriffs was hard o' face
Two dollars and acre would git the land.
They closed at a dollar and fifty cents,
And Jones he bought him a wagin and tents,
And loaded his corn and his wimmin and truck,
And moved to Texas, which it tuck
His entire pile, with the best 'o luck,
To git thar and git him a little land.

But Brown moved out on the old Jones farm,
And he rolled up his breeches and bared his arm,
And he picked all the rocks from off'n the groun',
And he rooted it up and plowed it down;
Then he plowed his corn and his wheat in the land.

Five years glid by, and Brown, one day
(Which he'd got so fat that he wouldn't weigh),
Was a settin down, sorter lazily,
To the bulliest dinner you ever see,
When one o' the children jumped on his knee,
And says: "Yan's Jones, which you bought his land."

And thar was Jones, standing out at the fence,
And he hadn't no wagin, nor mules nor tents,
For he had left Texas afoot and cum
To Georgy to see if he couldn't get sum
Employment, and he was lookin' as humble as ef
He had never owned any land.

But Brown he axed him in, and he sot
Him down to his vittles smokin' hot,
And when he had filled hisself and the floor
Brown looked at him sharp and riz and swore
That "whether man's land was rich or poor,
Thar was more in the man than thar was in the land."

—*Sidney Lanier, in Southern Cultivator.*

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The court cryer. A royal infant.—*Boston Post.*

The butcher who trusts loses flesh.—*Boston Post.*

The diver is the man who weights for the tide.—*New York Journal.*

Babies know nothing of politics, yet they are fond of crow.—*Puck.*

A door is sometimes a jar and an earthquake always is.—*Lowell Courier.*

In the midst of all the excitement concerning it, the north pole remains perfectly cool.—*Blizzard.*

"The work of reclaiming the Potomac flats is rapidly going on," so says an exchange. "This must be pleasant reading for Washington dudes.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A boarding-house cook has been awarded $450 for the invention of a new and improved chicken soup. Perhaps the improvement consists of putting in some chicken.—*Derrick.*

"At great heights, dogs lose their power of barking." It is a fine scheme, then, to keep your dog in the garret, or tie him up to the swaying limb of a tall and lonely tree.—*Hawkeye.*

A young gentleman wishes to know which is proper to say on leaving a young lady friend after a late call—good night or good evening? Never tell a lie, young man; say good morning.—*Burlington Free Press.*

SHE AND ME.

She held him fast in her soft white arms
And kissed him warm with a yearning hug,
For she was a girl of the upper ten,
And he—well, he was a dogoned pug.
—*Merchant-Traveler.*

Maud—"Isn't this a queer title for a book, mother: 'Not Like Other Girls?' I wonder what she can be if she is not like other girls?" Mother—"I don't know, unless she goes into the kitchen and helps her mother instead of staying in the parlor to read novels."—*Life.*

A horrible example: A Parisian doctor precribed for a lady who had objections against growing stout: "Take exercise, my dear lady. Consider the trees of the field; they never take exercise, and as a consequence they go on growing bigger and bigger every year."—*Boston Journal.*