

TO HIM WHO WAITS.

To him who waits amid the world's applause
His share of justice, tolling day by day,
All things will come now dim and far away.
To him who waits.

To him who waits beyond the darkness drear
The morning comes with resplendent light,
Bringing assurance of a day more bright.
To him who waits.

To him who waits, though tears may often fall,
And knees be bowed in sorrow and in prayer.
All grief will end, and everything be fair.
To him who waits.

To him who waits and reaches out his hands
To aid a toiler up life's beetling crags,
Surewise will come from every ill that flings,
To him who waits.

To him who waits and struggles not in vain
To overcome the evils that abound
Within his breast, sweet will the victory sound.
To him who waits.

To him who waits there comes a wily strong,
Who sneer and scoff, and look with baleful eyes.
But what of them, they are but gnats and flies,
To him who waits.

To him who waits there must be remorse
For useful work, whatever may befit,
A compensation reaching far and wide,
To him who waits.

To him who waits the stars are always friends,
The restless ocean and the azure sky.
All things in nature speak and prophesy,
To him who waits.

To him who waits true love will some day come
And lay an offering at his blameless shrine,
Life will be love, and love will be divine,
To him who waits.

To him who waits the world will some day cheer
And sing his praise; Fame's mysterious gates
Will open for him; heaven seems more near
To him who waits.

Moses G. Shirley, in Boston Globe.

Ordeal of the Young Seigneur.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

His chief occupation in the day-time was to stand on the bench by the small barred window and watch the pigeons on the roof and in the eaves of the hospital opposite. For five years he had done this and it was the one thing in his whole life during that time which had a charm for him. Every change of weather and season was registered there as plainly as if he could see the surface of the world. In the summer the slates seemed to have a great fire beneath them, for a quivering hot air rose up from them and the pigeons never alighted on them save in the early morning or in the evening. Just over the peak of the roof could be seen the topmost branch of an oak, too slight to bear the weight of the pigeons, but the eaves under the projecting roof were dark and cool, and there his eyes rested when he tired of the hard blue sky and the glare of the roof. He could also see the top of the hospital windows, barred up and down, but never anything within; for the windows were ever dusty, and all was dark beyond. But now and then he heard bitter cries coming through one open window in the summer time, and he listened to them grow fainter and fainter, till they sank to a low moan, and then ceased altogether.

In winter the roof was covered for months by a blanket of snow, which looked like a shawl of impaled wool, white and restful, and the hospital windows were spread with frost. But the pigeons were the same—almost as gay, and walking on the ledges of the roof or crowding on the shelves of the lead pipes. He studied them much, but he loved them more. His prison was less a prison because of them, and in the long five years of expiation he found himself in touch with them than with the wardens of the prison or any of his companions. With the former he was respectful, and he gave them no trouble at all; with the latter he had nothing in common, for they were criminals, and he—he had blundered when wild and mad with drink, so wild and mad that he had no remembrance, absolutely none, of the incident by which Jean Vigot lost his life. He remembered that they had played cards far into the night, that they had quarreled, then made their peace again; that the others had left, that they had begun playing cards and drinking again, and then all was blurred, save for a vague recollection that he had won all the money Vigot had and had pocketed it. Then came the blank. He waked to find two officers of the law beside him, and the body of Jean Vigot, stark and dreadful, a few feet away.

When the officers put their hands upon him he shook them off. When they did it again he would have fought them to the death had it not been for his friend, tall Medallion, who laid a strong hand on his arm and said, "Steady, Converse, steady!" and he had yielded to the firm, friendly pressure.

Medallion had left no stone unturned to clear him at the trial, had himself played detective unceasingly, but the hard facts remained there, and on a chain of circumstantial evidence Louis Converse, the young Seigneur, was sent to prison for ten years for manslaughter. That was the compromise effected. Louis himself had said only that he didn't remember, but he could not believe he had committed the crime. Robert? He shrugged his shoulders at that—he insisted that his lawyer should not reply to the insulting and foolish suggestion. But the evidence had shown that Vigot had all the winnings when the other members of the party left the two, and this very money had been found in Louis' pocket. There was only Louis' word

that they had played cards again. Anger? Possibly. Louis could not remember, though he knew they had quarreled. The judge himself, charging the jury, said that he never before saw a prisoner so frank and outwardly honest, but warned them that they must not lose sight of the crime itself, the taking of a human life, whereby a woman was made a widow and a child fatherless.

And so with the few remarks the judge sentenced the young Seigneur to ten years in prison, and then himself, shaken and pale, left the court room hurriedly, for Louis Converse's father had been his friend from boyhood.

Louis took his sentence calmly, looking the judge squarely in the eyes and when the judge stopped he bowed to him, turned to the jury and said: "Gentlemen, you have ruined my life. You don't know and I don't know who killed the man. You have guessed, and I take the penalty. Suppose I'm innocent, how will you feel when the truth comes out? You've known me more or less these twenty years, and you've said with no more knowledge than I've got that I did this miserable thing. I don't know but that one of you did it, but you are safe, and I take my tea years."

He turned from them, and as he did he saw a woman looking at him from a corner of the court room with a strange, wild expression. At the moment he saw no more than an excited, bewildered face, but afterward this face came and went before him, flashing in and out of dark places in a mocking sort of way. As he went from the court room another woman made her way to him in spite of the guards. It was the little chemist's wife who years before had been his father's housekeeper, who had been present when he first opened his eyes on the world.

"My poor boy! My poor boy!" she said, clasping his manacled hands.

He kissed her on the cheek, without a word, and hurried on into his prison, and the good world was shut out. In prison he refused to see all visitors, even Medallion, the little chemist's wife, and the good Father Fabre. Letters, too, he refused to accept and read. He had no contact, wished no contact, with the outer world, but lived his hard, lonely life by himself, silent, brooding, studious—for now books were to him a pleasure. And he wrote, too, but never to any soul outside the prison. This life had nothing to do with the world from which he came, and he meant that it should not.

So perfect a prisoner was he that the warders protected him from visitors, and he was never but once or twice stared at, and then he saw nothing, heard nothing. He had entered his prison a wild, excitable, dissipated youth, and he had become a mature, quiet, cold, brooding man. Five years had done the work of twenty. He had lived the life of the prison, yet he was not a part of it, nor yet was he a part of the world without. And the face of the woman who looked at him so strangely in the court room haunted him now and then, so that at last it became a part of his real life, which was lived standing by the window, where he looked out at the pigeons on the roof of the hospital.

"She was sorry for me," he said many a time to himself, and he was sorry for himself, and he was shaken with misery often, so that he rocked to and fro as he sat on his bed, and a warder heard him cry out even in the last days of his imprisonment, "Oh, God, canst Thou do everything but speak?" And again: "That hour the memory of that hour, in exchange for my ruined life!"

But there were times when he was very quiet and calm, and he spent hours in watching the ways of the pigeons. And he was doing this one day when the jailor came to him and said: "Monsieur Converse, you are free. The Governor has sent off five years from your sentence."

Then he was told that people were waiting without—Medallion, and the little chemist and wife, and others more important. But he would not go to meet them, and he stepped into the old world alone at dawn the next morning, and looked out upon a still, sleeping town. And there was no one stirring in the place, but suddenly there stood before him a woman, who had watched by the prison gates all night, and she put out a hand in entreaty, and said, with a breaking voice, "You are free at last!"

He remembered her—the woman who had looked at him so anxiously and sorrowfully in the court room. He looked at her kindly now, yet he was dazed, too, with his new advent to freedom and good earth.

"Why did you come to meet me?" he asked.

"I was sorry for you," she replied. "But that is no reason."

"I once committed a crime," she whispered, with shrinking bitterness. "That's bad," he said. "Were you punished?"

She shook her head and answered "No."

"That's worse," he added.

"I let some one else take my crime upon him and be punished for it," she said, an agony in her eyes.

"Why was that?" he said, looking at her intently.

"I had a little child," was her reply.

"And the other?"

"He was alone in the world," she said.

A bitter smile crept to his lips and his eyes were all afire, for a strange thought came to him. Then he shut his eyes, and when he opened them again discovery was in them.

"I remember you now," he said. "I remember I waked and saw you looking at me that night! Who was the father of your child?" he asked eagerly.

"Jean Vigot," she replied. "He left me to starve."

"I am innocent of his death!" he said quietly and gladly.

She nodded. He was silent for a moment.

"The child still lives," he asked. She nodded again. "Well, let it be so," he added. "But you owe me five years—and a lost reputation."

"I wish to God I could give them back," she cried, tears streaming down her cheeks. "It was for my child, he was so young!"

"It can't be helped now," he said,

and he turned away from her. "Won't you forgive me?" she asked, bitterly.

"Won't you give me back those five years?" he replied, meaningly. "If the child did not need me I would give my life," she answered. "I owe it to you." Her haggard, hunted face made him sorry. He, too, had suffered.

"It's all right," he answered, gently. "Take care of your child."

And again he moved away from her and went down the little hill with a cloud gone from his face that had rested there five years. Once he turned around. The woman was gone, but over the prison a flock of pigeons were flying. He took off his hat to them. Then he went through the town, looking neither to the right nor left, and came to his own house, where the summer morning was already entering the open windows, though he had looked to find the place closed and dark. The little chemist's wife met him in the doorway. She could not speak, nor could he, but he kissed her, as he had done when he went condemned to prison. Then he passed on to his own room, and entering, sat down before the the open window and peacefully drank in the glory of a new world. But more than once he choked down a sob that rose in his throat.

HOW A PIANO IS TUNED.

Simplest Thing in the World When You Know How.

...Plunk—plunk—kerchug—twang—twang—bang!" You have heard these sounds before, though they look a little unfamiliar when reproduced on paper. They represent the performance of a piano tuner from an outside and tympanic standpoint. They are the tangible and disagreeable part of the necessary business of putting in tune an instrument which, alas! too many people spend a deplorably large portion of their lives in putting out of tune.

This business of tuning pianos, which certainly looks rather mysterious as you watch the manner in which the operator prises up first one string and then another, sounding meanwhile a confused jargon of notes until the puzzled listener does not know an octave from a fifth is not, however, as difficult as and mysterious as at first it appears.

All that is required is an exact ear and a few simple tools, viz.: a tuning fork (usually a C fork), a long, hammer-like key, and a wedge or mallet. The accuracy of the tuner's ear is partly a natural gift, partly the result of long practice.

Even the most unpracticed ear can readily distinguish sound from noise; sound is produced by regular vibrations, while noise is a mixture of sounds thrown together without reference to any law. High notes have a large number of vibrations per second, while low notes have a small number. The highest A is calculated to have 3,480 vibrations per second, while the lowest A has only 27 1/2.

The majority of tuners have adopted a method of tuning which includes but two intervals—the octave and the fifth.

The ordinary square piano has two strings, and most uprights have three strings to each note, except in the lower octave.

The pitch of one of these strings is tuned in the relation of octave or fifth to some previous note. The remaining strings are then tuned in unison with the first string.

As the strings approach unison, a number of strong and rapid beats or pulsations are perceptible to the ear; as they come still closer, the beats become slower, till finally they are no longer to be heard. Then the unison is perfect.

The ear in tuning is guided by progression from a confused sound to strong beats, and then from smooth waves to one continuous sound. Unisons and octaves are always tuned perfectly—that is, the beats must entirely disappear. In the fifths, when perfectly tuned, there will be neither wave nor beat.

It takes generally about three hours to learn the business, and a good workman will make from \$18 to \$35 a week. A few women have been employed as tuners with great success.

Romance of the Billiard Ball.

Interesting as is the natural history of the billiard ball, its romance is no less attractive. A product of the most intelligent of animals, grown in the wilds of a tropical forest, taken by the wily devices of savagery men, transported many hundreds of miles on the shoulders of hapless slaves, the object for which battle and murder are done, carried round the globe by sail and steam manufactured into proper shape by the labor of skilled mechanics, the means by which professional players gain their livelihood, by which amateur players pass a social hour in the billiard hall, on the private table, often at some period of its career in the pawn shop, finally, when its usefulness as a billiard ball is ended, to be cut up into toys, there are few articles of ordinary use, even in the midst of our extraordinary civilization, that can show a more varied history.

Poison in Its Spur.

Ornithorhynchus paradoxus, the unique Australian duck-billed water mole, has lost its character for harmlessness, but has an added peculiarity, a sting like a bee. The male has on its hind leg a powerful spur connected with a gland. When attacked it does not scratch with the spur, but digs it in; and now an Australian naturalist has discovered that a virulent poison is ejected from the spur. He has found two men who were poisoned in handling the animal, and a number of dogs, four of the latter dying.

Remarkable Mimetic Power.

Mr. Moffatt, the distinguished missionary and father in law of Dr. Livingstone, once preached a long sermon to tribe in the interior of Africa. Shortly after he had finished he saw that the crowds were gathering around a very common looking savage. To his surprise, however, the lad mounted a stone and repeated every word of the sermon that had just been preached.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A REPORT from Russia states that it has been found that "strychnine can cure men of the appetite for drink." It cures them in this country also if they take enough of it.

BECAUSE the Reichstag was spiteful against Bismarck, conservative Germany is roaring against universal suffrage. But it is well to remember that only a few years ago the Emperor himself was spiteful against Bismarck.

A PHILADELPHIA street railroad now operated by electricity saves \$3,915 a month as between the cost of coal and that of horse feed. It is said that this is only one of numerous items in which the trolley system has greatly cut down operating expenses.

ORDINARY vigilance would prevent nine-tenths of the bank defalcations. But the vigilance which does not see anything suspicious in the personal deposits of a \$1,200 clerk reaching \$10,000 in a recent case, is not ordinary; it's extraordinary, in the opinion of the Hartford Journal.

THEREARE a great many medical missionaries, but Dr. Jennie M. Taylor is the first person to go to foreign land as a dental missionary. She is the daughter of the Rev. A. E. Taylor, a Methodist minister of Martinsville, Pa., and is working in Africa a missionary and dentist.

A NEW YORK woman, whose name is held secret, has endowed the chair of history in the National University, to be built at Washington, with \$107,250. The intimation of the offer was made on an old postal card, and within twenty-four hours the head of the university was leaving New York with securities to the required amount in his possession. For expeditiousness this surpasses the endowment record. When the woman was asked why she selected the chair of history she said: "Men can give for bricks and mortar, I'll give for brains."

THIRIFT is not an extinct trait in the original home of the thrifty, New England. A young woman writes to a Boston paper to tell how well a family of three can live on \$10 a week. "My mother," she says, "is an invalid. My father is foreman in a factory and earns \$21 a week, and I stay home and do the work. Every week we put \$12 away. I dress well and can play the piano. I attend the theater twice a week, but the 25 cent seats are good enough for me. Saturday I cook a quart of beans and one-half pound of salmon, and that does us until Tuesday. Tuesday a pint of oysters is sufficient for dinner. Wednesday I buy a chicken or a small piece of lamb, which does until Saturday with a little fish. We use a small quantity of pastry and bread and cake and vegetables. We run two fires, burn gas; we use matches and pepper. My father only spends 10 cents a week for pleasure. When my company stays to tea Sunday we have a few extras. I do all my dress-making, and average four dresses a year." But the poor father's 10 cents' worth of "pleasure!"

THE power of hypnotism has been made responsible for almost everything, and now a writer in the Pittsburgh Dispatch attempts to show that sleeping in church is often due to this subtle force. The conditions under which the phenomenon is most frequently observed are described as follows: "There is a dim and subdued light in the room; the atmosphere is somewhat close; the temperature is high; somewhat behind the speaker, in a position which compels the eyes of the congregation, is a jet of gas or a sharp gleam of electricity, into which they look, as the sermon proceeds; and the preacher goes on and on, in a gentle and monotonous voice, and down and up, like a mother's lullaby; and behold, our eyelids are pressed down against our will by soft, invisible fingers, and everything is deliciously vague and far away." This, the writer would have his readers believe, is hypnotic sleep. Most people, however, will be inclined to think that poor ventilation in the churches, or natural fatigued on the part of the sleepers, is responsible for more of this kind of somnolence than can be traced to any mysterious power.

THE importation of beans at the ports of New York, Boston and Philadelphia last year was 244,776 bags of 200 pounds each, and yet this country is admirably adapted for bean culture. A correspondent of the Country Gentleman says: "Where the crop is grown on a large scale so that machinery can be largely used the cost of growing should not be materially greater than that of growing an equal area of wheat. They may be planted by machinery, harvested by machinery, threshed by machinery, and the large buyers in bean growing districts use machinery largely in picking over the product. The yield will probably be equal to that of wheat.

Then look at the price per bushel compared with that of wheat. The straw, too, is a valuable food for sheep, as well as for other live stock, far exceeding wheat in this respect. Bean prices, usually high, are likely to be higher this year. The domestic demand always exceeds the home grown supply, and large quantities are annually imported.

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