

[For the Torch.]  
WAITING.

Day after day I listened,

To hear thy dear kind voice,  
For thy presence, like the gentle Spring,  
Would make the heart rejoice.

Mornings came and vanished,  
Sunsets passed away,  
Yet with the same wild longing  
I waited day by day.

The pale moon rose up calmly,  
The tiny stars shone bright,  
And "Twilight" with trembling fingers  
Spread the ebony mantle of night.

Once, with a wail of anguish,  
I called upon thy name,  
And "Fancy" told me thy loving voice  
Answered me back again.

Then, fainting *Hope* grew stronger,  
And strove to soothe my pain,  
Till the solemn voice of *Reason*  
Proclaimed her efforts vain.

So, kissing the weeping angel,  
A tender, and sad Good-by,  
I leaned on the firm arm of Reason,  
And awaited the brightening sky  
E. B. M. R.

[For the Torch.]  
DROP AFTER DROP.

Drop after drop the descending rain  
Falls on the land and disappears;  
But it will arise and descend again,  
Arise and descend for millions of years.  
And so with the giant oak of the wood,  
Which hath tempest and storm withstood,  
Falls to the ground in a state of decay  
And soon from our vision hath passed away,  
But not destroyed—for law divine  
Rears it again in another as fine,  
Which in its turn will fall and decay,  
While we sagely declare it hath passed away  
When lo! in another form it appears  
And rises and falls for millions of years!  
EAK.

[For the Torch.]  
HARDUPISHNESS.

Hardupishness is a source to which we owe much of that conical element which pervades our everyday life. A life of ease and affluence would be little worth living for were it not for the comfortable feeling of superiority over the more unfortunate portion of the community. The supreme magnificence of "Poor beggar, awfully hard up," with which remark some people are apt to imply that unless a man has money he is none of their kind, has a moral in itself, and it cannot be denied that nowadays, more than ever before, "money makes the man." Hardupishness is essentially gentlemanly poverty—is that grave yet amusing state of existence from which standpoint the man of better days looks back into the past with a tinge of conical remorse, his thoughts wandering half vacantly to merrier scenes, perhaps wild ones, which have found their end in his present unenviable state of chronic hardupishness; or maybe some financial failure over which he had no control. Such a state of existence brings man's best and worst impulses into direct and violent collision, the proof of which we see in the living examples we daily

meet, we daily read about, and see depicted on the dramatic stage. Some of our best novelists have found their theme in the career of a broken down gentleman, and are not two of the most comical creations of Kenny and Bonicault respectively, "Jeremy Diddler" and "Dazzle," and even "Money," owes its plot to the primary hardupishness of Alfred Evelyn and Clara Douglass, if we may with propriety apply such a term to so accomplished a young lady.

Hardupishness to-day is most particularly noticeable among men who *lately* represented some Insurance Company, unappreciated artists, ex-Army officers, and the like. These gentlemen may generally be "spotted" by their somewhat seedy dress—boots not exactly worn out but soon expected to be—have duns in every street, are continually bolting round corners and up alley-ways—have a strong reluctance to meet their landlady—have great expectations, but alas, no effects. "Sam, have you such a thing as tencence about you?" Always borrowing odd change because it looks like urgent necessity.

To delve into the inmost secrets of such a life as the above would be almost heartless, but some of these harmless little episodes such as we all have heard about, are so comical as to be irresistible.

How Jones went home very late to avoid his washer-woman, and found her asleep in his chair; how she left him, reluctantly no doubt, without any clean linen, and how sad and perplexed he looked, as standing before the glass, he wondered how long the shirt on his back would look presentable. How Smith took off the only water-tight pair of boots he owned and speculated as to the number of hours wear was left in them. And how "Thompson with a P" came to the conclusion that the old-fashioned knee breeches of by-gone days were vastly superior to trousers of to-day, because the bottoms couldn't wear out; or how when he was very hungry he dared not ask his landlady twice for meat.

The young lawyer too, with ever so many suits, but alas but half a suit of clothes.

The young man who thinks he was cut out for a literary turn of life, who spends his last fifty cents on pens, ink and paper, and rushes off weighty articles on "The Eastern Question" for "The Herald,"—"The World of the future, and how to get there," for "The Evangelical Churchman,"—"Horace Greeley as he used to be" for "The Tribune." Then he has a dash at "The Monthlies," but, poor fellow, is it that he has no brains? Oh! no, cursed fate. Would they but read them. Could they but imagine how cheap he would do these things for them. Would they but try him. Let us drop the curtain and kindly say—crushed genius.

The man of Patents, too, the inventive genius. "There's millions in it" class, are superb in their hardupishness. Professor Whirlpool, poor old fellow, lives on 6 cents a day, but expects to make a fortune next week. "Must succeed. My dear young friend, I tell you it's the most certain triumph of genius. Sir, my fame will ascend into Ethereal distance, will float from the Himalayas to the Rocky Mountains. Will descend Vesuvius, but that mighty volcano, not able to contain it, will throw it up again to the astonished world." No doubt. This accounts for the eruption.

But this is but one side of the question. Hardupishness is the spring of imagination. Never hard up is to have missed the finest thing in the world. Not to be worth a cent, and to imagine that you are worth a fortune, is almost within the range of a thoroughly well trained hardupish imagination. Hard up fellows frequently assert that they are quite as well satisfied with a piece of cheese and a glass of lager, and a toothpick, as the most sumptuous repast that the best hotel can afford. They have only to stand on the hotel steps, toothpick of course, indispensable.

This philosophical hardupishness is but acquired after years of patient study; but it is worth trying; life goes very easily once thoroughly well trained to it. When a man has arrived at the pitch of perfection of Smith—the same Smith we all know—he has but to touch the imaginative lump and it's all right. When the thermometer's below zero, he has but to imagine it 100° in the shade. No trouble. No coal bills required. He actually lives on nothing. Well, he imagines himself spending \$10,000 a year,—capital notion. Then, although he has but one suit of clothes, he changes them several times a day—and it's all right—just as good as six different ones.

And so the world wags. Millions don't know what they are missing. If they could only be persuaded to devote their thousands as a public fund for those who have had enough of hardupishness for a time, and try it—of course, only as a change for the old stagers—why, they would never regret the step.

But enough of frivolity. Life has a dark side as well as a light one. Comedy has its place, and perhaps no one reaches so near the essence of true comedy as the hard-up man who laughs at his own poverty.

Never does the charming worldly wise Ouida reach such a height of touching pathos, free from dramatic exaggeration, as when describing the hermit gentleman, an exile on a Norwegian shore—shunning old friends—too proud to ask aid, too proud to exhibit his fall from greatness.

It is in the dire straits of desolation and poverty that we discover greatness of character—it is poverty that has thrust genius on the world; it is poverty, that is hardupishness, that has led ambitious men on to affluence, has lent a fire and strength to combat all obstacles, has maintained a pride and resolution indomitable. Born rich and social position demand respect. Made rich and social position secure respect and admiration.  
FIRE FLY.

Small Beginnings.

"Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the boundless land."

Little nips of whisky,  
Little horns of beer,  
Make the high old bender  
And the drunk severe.

—Phillips Thompson in TORCH.

Little notes of nonsense,  
Little quips and jests,  
Make the modern joker  
And his brother pests.

—N. Y. News.

"Ambush" Scales.

"Reckon that air scales of yours is an Ambush scales, ain't it?" said a countryman to his grocer as he took the sugar and handed over the money.

"Ambush scales, what do you mean?" replied the merchant. "Who's Ambush?"

"Ambush—why, y'know—reg'lar Ambush—y'understand what 'Ambush' means, don't ye?"

"Well, I should hope so, Mr. Woodruff. Ambush means bid—means something concealed—means—wait, here's the dictionary; I'll just read to yer exactly what it means, so'st you needn't never use it wrong after this—here 'tis—A—amb—ambush—to lie in wait for—"

"Yis, that's it, squire; don't go no further—to lie in wait for two cents."—N. Y. News.

"Miss Kent Mason, M. A.," is the way the newest star in the brilliant galaxy of Michigan temperance lecturers is billed.—*Detroit Evening News*.

A baby is a necessity, but twins always did seem to me to be of a speculative nature.—*Josh Billings*.