

## ALL THINGS COME TO HIM WHO WAITS.

AN IDYLL OF THE GENERAL ELECTIONS, 1887.

THE editor came to his sanctum den in mood that was mellow,  
I ween;  
He had just been off on a round-town tour and several men he'd  
seen.

The tick in the telegraph office near was steady and loud and true,  
Bringing tidings of how the fight had gone the whole of the country  
through.

"Ho, John!" cried the editor, cheerily, to the foreman wild  
within,—

For the morrow was publication day, despite of election din,  
And the township folks would wonder and the townsmen fume and  
fret,

If the sheet was late, and talk and prate, saying, "Why, ain't the  
Sun up yet?"

"Ho, John! the returns are with us, and the space reserved we'll fill  
With an item headed boldly, 'Sir John at the Helm Still!'  
So rattle ahead, my hearty, and we'll get to press on time!"  
And the able editor ambled off with a native air sublime.

The item recorded victory for the Tory Grand Old Man!  
It said he had carried the country from Beersheba to Dan!  
"Majority, seven-and thirty!" was the telling tale it told,  
And the figures showed how the wave had flowed, the facts were  
calm and cold.

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"Ho, John! is that paragraph set yet?" the editor loud did roar,  
As he loomed with anxious visage inside the press-room door.  
"We're maybe a little off, John. The hour just gone by  
Brings news of another color—there's a less majority!"

"And as we are independent, and want to make all things fit,  
We'll slightly alter the head-lines and change the returns a bit.  
So, fix it up in this way:—'Blake Scarcely Fills the Bill.'  
A working maj. for the Government—with places to hear from  
still!"

Then the foreman fidgeted wrothly and ordered all hands to work;  
He saw the facts and figs. re-built, with a grim, sardonic smirk.  
But hardly were all things ready when rushed the editor in  
With face perplexed and mind sore vexed, and voice with no cheery  
ring.

"Ho, John!" he cried, "the elections—we've got 'em all mixed,  
I guess;  
There's some cussed plot, whence I wot not, to worry a patient  
Press!  
We must change the figures and make the news:—'An Even-Up  
Scrap To-day.'  
'A Tie! A Tie!' is now the cry—if the telegraph's not astray."

The printer he ground his teeth in rage, and many a word spake he  
Which, truth to tell, would not sound well in prose or in poetry.  
But, with patience grand, he at once took a hand at doctoring up  
the stuff.  
And he said, as he scratched his bothered head, "I'm no hog—I  
have had enough!"

But ere the worryful work was done, there hastened back up the  
stair  
The editor, pale with a pallor born of doubt and of dread despair.  
"Ho, John!" gasped he, "you must kill that news—kill it dead  
as dead,  
For the telegraph tells us finally that Blake's about three ahead!"

"Perhaps by the morn, when the dailies come, we will have it all  
down pat,  
Hold back the rag till the daylight dawns! There's naught for it  
now but that.  
We can say, in excuse, we're awaiting the news, and right here  
this truth will fit,  
You can't always generally sometimes tell from the corner in which  
you sit."

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Merrily rose the morning sun, and cheerily broke the day;  
And up with the light rose the editor bright, and John, the fore-  
man, gay,—

For they felt that the mails would fill the sails of their ships on the  
sea of doubt,  
And the vessel would glide with the newsy tide and never be put  
about.

The dailies came and they scanned the same—the editor, John,  
the imp,  
An office bore, the man next door, and a printer tramp with a limp.  
"It's what I first said," the editor read the *World*, "Sir John is in  
With a big support." "Hold on, old sport," said John, with a  
gruesome grin,

"The *Mail* says no—what a rum old go!—his backing is mighty  
slim!"

"The *News* ain't certain," the tramp declared, "if Blake hain't the  
drop on him!"

"Here's the *Globe*, and it gives old Blake a boom—this time he has  
won the game!"

'Twas the bore who spoke, and the imp in broke with, "The '*Tizer*  
it sings the same!"

Then the editor spake, and his voice did quake with a passionate ire  
intense:—

"It's mighty rough for to stand this bluff, but it's good I am on the  
fence;

Give readers a shot from the whole blank lot; I'm right clear up  
on a stump.

Like me, let 'em wait in a suspense state till they find how the cat  
will jump."

TOLL.

## THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XXXVI.



UT as no one negatived the proposal to  
rejoin the ladies, the gentlemen left the  
dining room, Bramley going into his  
host's library in order to speak by tele-  
phone to the clerk at the hotel, with  
reference to Mr. Crinkle. The informa-  
tion he received from that worthy appear-  
ed to disconcert him, for, when he  
entered the drawing-room, a cloud was  
observable on his brow.

"I'm sorry to say that Crinkle has not  
yet returned to the hotel," he said, "I  
hope nothing has happened to him."

"Oh!" exclaimed Yubbits, "I don't  
see what *could* happen to him; still,  
as we know where he went, or rather  
where he said he was going, it would not

be a bad idea for Coddleby and me to go and hunt him  
up. I won't ask you to come, Bramley," as that gentle-  
man seated himself on a sofa by Miss Douglas' side;  
"what do you say, Coddleby?"

"I'm perfectly agreeable," replied the other. "some-  
thing must have occurred to detain him; perhaps he's  
lost his way."

"I'll go too," cried their jolly host, setting about im-  
mediate preparations for starting. "If the poor fellow  
has lost his way"—ringing the bell,—"he must be  
hungry. "Huggins," as a footman, appeared, "get some  
sandwiches or something put up in my fishing creel—  
handy to carry you know"—to Yubbits, "and a bottle  
of stout or so, and look sharp, please," and he left the  
room, reappearing in a few minutes with the creel slung  
at his side. "Come, gentlemen; let us be off at once;  
nine o'clock,—moonlight—h'm! yes, come along, let us  
hunt up the lost poet. Do you think you can find your  
way to where he is likely to be?"

Yubbits suggested that they should take the same road as  
they had come by on the day preceding, which would bring  
them out at the spot where the tree was, under which