

uncle had not told them of his compact with Dr. Rolph. The murmur rose higher and higher, but uncle prayed on without ceasing. An hour passed and he was still on his knees. There was now no relevancy in his appeal. He uttered merely words and disconnected phrases to consume time. The muscles of his throat contracted, his tongue was dry and clave to his mouth, his voice was husky, but he prayed on, the words falling without meaning upon his hearers. He told me later that he did not know what he was saying, and that the only real prayer uttered in all that time was a silent one, composed of four words, 'God hasten Rolph's footsteps.'

"Whenever I see the play 'Damon and Pythias' I am reminded of that fearful scene" continued Dr. Clark. "At the end of an hour and a half, there was quite an uproar, and the discontent had almost become a riot, when a voice cried 'Here comes Dr. Rolph.' My uncle did not hear or heed the new tumult that had now arose, but he prayed on, becoming weaker each moment.

"Soon the horseman approached near enough to be recognized, and the Doctor dashed up to the very foot of the scaffold, scattering people right and left.

"He was too weak to speak or move, but a man in the crowd, snatching a document from his hand and mounting on the back of the horse, shouted 'Reprieve!' 'Reprieve!'

"It was so: and that was how Carr and Smith were saved."

THOSE TRUNKS.

Ladies, did you ever see a man pack up? Shades of our grandmothers and big sisters, it is a sight to make you weep! To see a big brawny man who can box, play football, etc., sitting in a chaos of unpacked clothing, as helpless as a baby, would make you feel your power if anything could. Delilah, I always think, went to a great deal of unnecessary trouble in getting the whip hand of Samson. She bound him with new ropes and green withes, and fretted and worried and sulked and cried till she pestered the secret out of him. Now, if she had just made him pack up his own duds when he was taking his annual business trip among the Philistines she would have had him first thing. The man carried the gates of Gaza up the mountain, he broke the ropes that bound him, he brained a few hundred Philistines with the jawbone of an ass, but he would have surrendered without a blow and cried quarter if she had just set him to pack his own trunks. The fact is, Delilah didn't understand a man at all.

The modern bachelor Samson takes a day off for packing up. He goes to his room, gets on his football suit and proceeds to empty all the closets and drawers. Then he lights a cigarette and rests awhile. He next proceeds to pile up all the clothing he can rake together in a heap of picturesque and studied confusion on the bed and floor. Then he goes out and plays ball for an hour. Returned, he takes a light lunch, and gets to work once more. He carefully folds up all his best clothes and laundried linen. Did you ever see a man fold clothes? He is patient—that is pretty patient for awhile. But why in time (the expletives are my own, not the man's), those confounded collars won't stay rolled up, even when tied, why that infernal coat folds up all lumpy, why those shirt cuffs will slip out and get stepped on, is a mystery. What's the matter with the things anyway? Then he kicks his hat box and swears.

After a rest and a cigarette he resolves to go to work on a new principle. (You will *always* find that a man works on a principle). He will be patient and calm. He will study each garment, fold it up and pack it on a scientific basis. Science is bound to win. The result is huge success. Everythings folds up like a book and fits into its place like brickwork. He fills his trunks, lays his blankets over the top, tucks them care-

fully in, shuts the trunk, locks it, and straps it so tight that it will take steam power to undo it. Then he sits down, lights a cigarette and contemplates his work with a calm satisfaction. A man always moralizes at such a time. It is the funniest thing that the worst-tempered, most inconsistent man will deliver to every one around him, and to himself if there's nobody else handy, the most impressive and conclusive moral discourse ever listened to. What's the use of getting mad over things? If a fellow just sets to work calmly on a scientific principle, taking each difficulty as it comes, things turn out all right. There's no good in making yourself hot, and everyone around you uncomfortable by raising a fuss.

Then he thinks he will get dressed. He looks around for his linen and shoes, and that new spring suit he has just paid thirty-five dollars for. He doesn't see the suit. It must be in the other room. No, it's not there. Oh yes, he remembers now he left it folded up in the bottom drawer. That's all right, he will have a shave. Where's his razor? By Jove it's in the trunk. Never mind, there's no use bothering over a trifle, he will drop in at the barber's on the way down town. He looks in the drawer for the suit. Horrors, it's not there! Eh? No! It can't be! Yes by Thor, it's down at the very bottom of that biggest trunk that he nearly broke his back strapping down! With a yell of rage he seizes the strap and hauls at it till it breaks off where the knife slipped and cut it when he was boring an extra hole in it. He tumbles backward and bumps his head on the bureau. He gets up raging, cuts the strap, turns the trunk upside down, gets that blessed suit, lugs it up and goes down town for lunch. That afternoon, after telegraphing his friends that he cannot leave the city until next day, he hires a man to pack those trunks for two dollars, and tells him to keep whatever he cannot find room for. He swears he will never be caught packing a trunk again if he has to travel to Europe in his underclothing.

LONGING.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN, POET LAUREATE.

The hills slope down to the valley, the streams run down to the sea,

And my heart, my heart, O, far one! sets and strains towards thee.

But only the feet of the mountain are felt by the rim of the plain,

And the source and the soul of the hurrying stream reach not the calling main.

The dawn is sick for the daylight, the morning yearns for the noon,

And the twilight sighs for the evening star and the rising of the moon.

But the dawn and the daylight never were seen in the self-same skies,

And the gloaming dies of its own desire when the moon and stars arise.

The springtime calls to the summer, "Oh mingle your life with mine!"

And summer to autumn 'plaineth low, "Must the harvest be only thine?"

But the nightingale goes when the swallow comes, ere the leaf is the blossom fled;

And when autumn sits on her golden sheaves, then the reign of the rose is dead.

And hunger and thirst and wail and want, are lost in the empty air,

And the heavenly spirit vainly pines for the touch of the earthly fair.

And the hills slope down to the valley, the streams run down to the sea,

And my heart, my heart, O far one! sets and strains towards thee."

--From "The Sibyl."