

## HER WAITING.

The sunbeams dimpled all the azure ocean,  
The robins caroled vows of sweet devotion,  
And proudly dipped and rose the snug ship  
Starling.  
When young Elsha whispered: "Good-bye,  
darling!  
"I will not be long to wait."

The dusty bees buzzed in and out the bluebells,  
The roses blushed and tossed their heads like  
true belles,  
The sun threw fleeting shadows 'cross the  
morning,  
The brooklet gurgled softly in its flowing—  
And it was long to wait.

Through gay autumnal woods the wind went  
sighing,  
For all his summer sweethearts lay a-dying;  
Blue gentians fringed the tiny upland river,  
Some late bird-note set one sad heart a-quiv-  
er—  
And it was long to wait.

The snow fell thick on river, wood and clear-  
ing,  
The blasts swept round and round in mad  
careering,  
And out among the rocks, from dusk to  
dawning,  
Sounded the fog-bell's wildest cry of warn-  
ing—  
And it was long to wait.

Spring came again, clad in her beauty royal,  
As spring will come to steadfast hearts and  
loyal,  
And lo! the Starling into harbor swinging,  
While from each hedge and tree the birds  
were singing:  
"It was not long to wait!"  
—Emma C. Dowd, in Century.

## LOST AND FOUND.

How Mr. Nicholson Took Care of  
the Precious Baby.

## CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Nicholson was standing in a dubi-  
ous attitude, with the study door half  
open, and her eyes turning from the  
quiet figure in the arm-chair by the  
table to another open door in the pass-  
age behind her, through which she  
could see a flood of sunshine, and in the  
sunshine a cradle.

"I don't feel quite easy," she said; "I  
am so afraid she would cry and no one  
hear her. I wish I had not let nurse go  
out; but all you have to do," coming  
into the room and speaking impressively,  
"all you have to do is to ring the  
bell violently—violently, remember—for  
cook. For Heaven's sake, John," leaning  
on the table and stretching out a  
pretty hand to attract her husband's at-  
tention, "look up, or speak, or answer  
me, or you will drive me mad!"

"What is it all about, Agatha?" The  
calm, placid, intelligent face opposite  
was lifted gently, and the thin finger  
was slipped onto the page to mark a  
page.

"It is baby, John," said Mrs. Nichol-  
son, in a faltering voice, and with idle,  
angry tears rolling down her cheeks.  
"Here have I, for the last ten minutes,  
been begging and imploring of you to  
remember baby; not to nurse her, I  
wouldn't trust you, but only to ring the  
bell if she cries."

"Does that stop her? It seems  
simple enough. I think even I can do  
that."

But Mrs. Nicholson shook her head,  
still weeping.  
"You may laugh at me or sneer if  
you like. If it were my own baby I  
would say nothing; I would bear it all;  
but Emmy's!"

With a patient sigh the gentleman at  
the writing table pushed the book away  
and lost his place. He looked at her in  
a bewildered way.

"What is it, Agatha? a baby! O,  
Emmy's baby, of course."

"And not one-half, one-hundredth  
part, one-thousandth part, as valuable  
in your eyes," broke in Agatha, with  
impetuosity, "as the smallest, the most  
unknown, the most undiscovered star!  
You need not tell me; I know it."

"Of course," frowning gently, "every  
one knows that a star, however small—  
stars are not famous according to their  
size, my dear—is of infinitely more  
value than one half of a baby's head.  
I mean"—hastily—"speaking entirely  
from the scientific point of view; but as  
you were saying—you were saying, were  
you not"—a little doubtfully—"some-  
thing about that unfortunate babe of  
Emmy's?"

Mrs. Nicholson had dried her eyes,  
and was confronting him in all the cool  
splendor of her pretty summer dress,  
and with all the calm determination of  
a woman who has made up her mind.

"Yes, I was," she said; "only, once  
for all, John, if you call it a babe I will  
leave your house at once and never  
never come back; and if you call it un-  
fortunate I shall take that hateful man-  
uscript with me and burn it at the  
kitchen fire. If it were yours"—with  
impassioned irony—"it might, indeed,  
be described as unfortunate; but  
Charles is the best of fathers, and he  
has always been the best of husbands."

"Yes, yes, of course, my dear. I said  
nothing against Charles; I did not know  
we were talking about him. We can  
finish him up to-night," cheerfully. "If  
that is all you had better go out now,  
while it is fine," turning his eyes to the  
dazzling sunlight for an instant, and  
then back to his blotted page. "You  
can tell me about Charles," you know,  
when you come in. The best of hus-  
bands! I don't know much about  
them, I fear, but I know a little about  
the best of wives."

He rose and laid his hand on the long,  
slender, soft gray glove that was lean-  
ing with determination on his neat man-  
uscript. The gray glove closed round  
his hand gently and clung to him, al-  
most as if it were loth to leave the thin,  
worn fingers; but he patted it gently  
and laid it aside. Mrs. Nicholson gave

a faint sigh, but when she spoke again  
she spoke with less determination and  
more pleading.

"It is not Charles, indeed it is not; it  
is the baby. Nurse has gone out, and I  
have put her cradle in the morning room  
by the window. John," suddenly, "are  
you listening? What did I say last?"

"The morning room, Agatha."

"Well," with a sigh of relief, "I see  
you are taking it in and forgetting those  
horrible stars; and how you can com-  
pare a star to a baby," parenthetically,  
"is past me."

"I am sure I never did," he said,  
gently.

"Well, don't interrupt me, John, or I  
shall never get out. What was I say-  
ing? Oh, baby is in the morning room,  
and if she cries—makes one sound—  
you are to ring your bell—this bell,  
John—for cook; do you understand?"

"Yes, I believe so. I am to ring a  
bell—this bell—for cook?"

"Oh, I hope you will," after a pause.  
"Fancy," her eyes filling with tears  
again, "if she cried, and no one heard  
her! Oh John, you will not deceive  
me? You will try—and—ring?"

"My dear," speaking with some digni-  
ty, "surely I am not utterly destitute  
of common humanity or common  
sense. I have interesting work  
here," pointing to the manuscript and  
the books of reference heaped around  
him; "but I suppose, after all, I am  
human."

"O, I hope so, I think so," cried  
Agatha, clasping her hands; "only you  
might not hear her, that was all I  
meant."

"Then I think," he said, with a gen-  
tle sarcastic smile, "that you may dis-  
miss your fears; they are quite ground-  
less."

"Very well," said Agatha, moving in  
a hesitating way to the door. "I am  
satisfied, I am trying to be satisfied;  
don't forget."

"No," cheerfully, "I will take a leaf  
from Charles' book, the best of hus-  
bands."

"Oh"—the gray glove had closed on  
the handle of the door, but released it  
again—"the Paynters are coming to-  
night, so you must not go out star gaz-  
ing."

"All right," obediently, "good-bye."  
"Good-bye." The bright face, that  
had almost disappeared round the door,  
came back again, and leaned against  
the worn velvet of the astronomer's  
coat; for a minute the lips were pressed  
to it, then lifted. "Kiss me John; you  
are a dear old fellow after all, and I am  
a fiend."

The sunshine seemed to leave the  
room with the sweet bright presence  
and hover over the pretty cradle, among  
the sounds and scents of the midsum-  
mer day. In the library there was only  
one shaft of light that came through the  
high windows and fell across the old  
velvet coat, and the tidy manu-  
scripts, and the open books, and left the  
handsome, clever, refined face in  
shadow.

## CHAPTER II.

It might have been two hours after-  
ward—painful after events created a  
confusion in Mr. Nicholson's mind, and  
the two hours might have been two  
days—when he became aware of a  
laugh in the passage by the door. His  
hand had grown tired with writing, but  
the pen traveled steadily on; his eyes  
had grown a little tired; and it was a  
relief to raise them for a minute to the  
locked door, behind which he heard the  
laugh. He rose, with a half smile on  
his grave face, and paused, struck by a  
sudden presentiment. Something came  
back to him, as he stood in the dull  
light of the dull room: was it a dream  
or a memory, or was it—the baby? He  
pushed his papers hurriedly away and  
walked over to the door and unlocked  
it, throwing it wide open. There was  
nothing in the passage but the yellow  
sunlight now upon the walls and on the  
old prints, and Mrs. Nicholson standing  
in her pretty gray dress, with her slim  
hands stretched out and the laugh that  
had disturbed him still upon her lips.

In the room beyond there was more  
sunlight and the cradle.

"John," cried Mrs. Nicholson, laugh-  
ing again as if she could not help it,  
"what have you done with her? Give  
her to me. You are earning your title  
to the best of husbands!"

He looked up in quick perplexity.  
"What is it, Agatha? What do you  
want? I have nothing to give you."

"Oh don't, John!" she cried, im-  
patiently; "don't tease! I want baby."

"Well"—the same perplexed look  
creeping over his face, and softening its  
sternness—"take her," stretching out  
his hand to the cradle in the sunlight.

Agatha's eyes were turned on him for  
a minute with a look of contempt be-  
fore which he positively quailed. Then  
she swept over to the cradle and tossed  
out the little pillow, and the sheets with  
their lace edges, and the pale-blue satin  
coverlet on the floor in a soft heap, and  
stood looking down upon the empty  
cradle as if she would conjure up the  
pink face and the flaxen head into their  
accustomed place.

Mr. Nicholson had followed her on  
tip-toe and was stirring the softly shin-  
ing heap on the floor with his patent  
leather shoes, as if he half imagined  
that she had tossed the baby out among  
them.

"Well?" said Agatha, sharply.

"Do you mean to say," she said,  
putting aside her angry vehemence and  
speaking tearfully, with her gray eyes  
turned up to his—"Oh, John, do you  
mean to say that you have lost her?"

"I have never touched her," he cried,  
hastily, "I never—" heard her, he  
would have added, but again that faint  
memory—that dream—stirred him.  
"Upon my honor, Agatha," he said,  
abruptly, leaning down into the cradle,  
and poking at the mattress with his thin

fingers, "upon my honor I can't re-  
member."

"You can't remember!" said Agatha,  
with slow scorn. "Why, John she  
roared! Cook heard her in the kitchen.  
She came rushing up, and found the  
cradle empty and baby gone. She  
thought you had taken her into the  
study; she told me so; but oh, John, it  
was somebody else, and they have stolen  
her."

"My dear," he said, shaking himself  
together, and speaking more lightly,  
"who would steal her?—a baby roaring,  
as you say!" He shuddered. "Why,  
surely no one in his senses would do  
such a thing!"

"Emmy's baby!" cried Agatha, tear-  
fully, "and that is how you speak of  
her! O John, dear John, think again:  
didn't you hear her? Perhaps you have  
forgotten—perhaps you have put her  
somewhere, and she has gone to sleep.  
Sit down, John, and think—perhaps you  
have put her somewhere and forgot-  
ten."

Mr. Nicholson sat down on the win-  
dow sill and covered his face with his  
hands. He tried to think, but when-  
ever he concentrated his mind on the  
baby he was dimly conscious of that  
fading fancy that he could not grasp  
—that dream of a cry. It had dis-  
turbed him, he remembered, that loud,  
painful, jarring cry, but it had died  
away; surely it had died into peace  
without his interference? "Agatha," he  
said, lifting up his face, sharpened with  
the effect of thought, "I do remember  
something—somebody crying; it must  
have been the babe."

"Yes," said Agatha, eagerly, "go on!  
You heard her! That is right. Cook says  
you must have heard her, she roared so.  
Well, and then? You—"

"I—I can't remember, Agatha. I  
may have gone on writing; that seems  
the most likely, I think; but I may have  
gone to the door. "No," shaking his  
head. "I can't get beyond the cry. I  
do remember that now distinctly."

"Perhaps," said Agatha, hopefully,  
through her tears, "you have put her  
somewhere in the library. What have  
you been doing or using this after-  
noon?"

Mr. Nicholson followed humbly as  
she swept in before him, and flung open  
the great curtains, so that the light  
rushed in on to his table strewn with  
plans and manuscript. Even then he  
spread out his hands, almost uncon-  
sciously, to defend his precious papers  
from her light scornful touch; but she  
stood in the center of the room, looking  
into every corner with her quick, soft  
eyes.

"What have you used, John—this  
chair? You have not been to the cup-  
board? No," peeping into a dark re-  
cess, dusty with papers. "What  
else?"

"Nothing else, Agatha, here, ex-  
cept," with a quick smile, "the waste-  
paper basket, and that is empty. You  
can see for yourself."

"Ah, said Agatha, "here is cook," as  
a heavy breathing became audible in  
the passage. "Cook," her voice trem-  
bling at sight of the sympathetic face,  
"your master has not seen the baby—at  
least, he thinks not. He was very  
busy, but he heard her cry, and he may  
have taken her up and forgotten. We  
are looking for her."

"Which you won't never find her,  
then," said cook, in a broken voice.  
"In my last place but one, where I was  
general cleaner in Mrs. All's family,  
there was a child disappeared, as it  
might be this, and it was never found  
—gypsies or not, it was never come  
across again."

"Oh don't, cook!" cried Agatha,  
plaintively. "And Emmy coming this  
evening! Your master thinks he may  
have put her somewhere and forgotten.  
He remembers hearing her."

"Which he might," said cook, "not  
being deaf. Which I don't mean no  
disrespect, sir, but she was roaring aw-  
ful, and I says to Mary, says I:  
"Master'll never know 'ow to quiet that  
child, so I'll run up and bring her down  
a bit," and I stops to change my apron,  
and I ups, as it might be here, and the  
cradle, as it might be there, and no  
sound, and the cradle as empty as it is  
this minute."

Cook turned dramatically and pointed  
one stout arm to the little cradle in the  
sunlight. Mrs. Nicholson's tearful eyes  
followed the hand, and her husband  
stood uneasily in the center of the  
group, with an anxious frown upon his  
face.

"Which," added cook, scornfully, "I  
think a baby—and such a one, bless  
her!—is of more value than all this rub-  
bish!" She waved her hand over the  
table, on which lay the neat manuscript  
and the rows of mended pens, and Mr.  
Nicholson moved instinctively a step  
backward, as if she had an evil eye and  
his writings would shrivel up at her  
scornful gesture.

"Cook," said Mrs. Nicholson, with  
dignity, marred a little by the quiver  
in her voice, "you don't understand.  
Your master is very clever, and his  
writings are of great value. Of course,  
"with a pleading look upward, "baby  
is our first thought just now. There are  
no wild beasts here, so she can not be  
eaten. But she has gone, and before  
Emmy comes this evening she must be  
found."

"Of course she must," said her hus-  
band, plucking up courage from her  
exceeding gentleness. "We will be-  
gin systematically, and go through  
every room in the house."

So the search began that ended an  
hour later, in the great hall, with three  
perplexed faces meeting each other at  
the foot of the stairs, in a silence that  
Mrs. Nicholson broke.

"It's no use, John; I can not bear it  
any longer. She is lost."

She flung out her empty hands with a  
despairing gesture, but her husband  
caught and held them.

"Don't give up, Agatha; it will all  
come right. If I search the world  
through, I will find her."

"Or the body," said cook.  
Mrs. Nicholson shuddered.

The minute's silence was broken by  
a sound of merry laughter and the  
trampling of feet. For a minute Agatha  
raised her head, listened intently, and  
then she dropped it with a sigh.

"It is only the rectory boys, John,"  
she said; "they have been in the hay  
field all day, and I asked them to tea.  
I can't speak to them, I am so anx-  
ious."

She would have moved away, but the  
noise and laughter were in the hall al-  
ready, and the boys were stumbling up  
toward her in the darkness, over the  
rugs and skins. Something white was  
being shoved from one to the other, and  
was pushed into Agatha's arms at last,  
and held there by a pair of rough, sun-  
burned hands.

"What is it? Oh, Jack, what is it?"  
she cried, bending down and kissing,  
to their owner's great surprise, the  
boy's rough hands.

"Don't, I say," said Jack, drawing  
them away with a curious, shamefaced  
look. "It's only the baby, Mrs. Nichol-  
son. She was crying in the cradle,  
so I just got into the room and bagged  
her. She's been playing in the hay;  
she nearly got jabbed with a rake, but  
Jim got it instead. She's a jolly little  
thing. Did you miss her?"

"Yes, I thought she was lost," said  
Agatha, gently.

"Lost!" with a roar of laughter.  
"Well, that is good! May we wash our  
hands for tea? I'm not so dirty, I been  
holding her; but Jim's simply mud all  
over. Here, have you got her? it's so  
dark I can't see."

The turbulent tide swept away into  
the dim distance of stairs and passages,  
leaving a little group in the twilight  
of the hall; a tall, dark figure, against  
which a golden head was leaning, and  
two arms with a white bundle folded in  
them.

"Kiss her, John," came a soft voice  
from out of the darkness. "I know you  
would rather not; she's only a baby, not  
a star; but just as a punishment, be-  
cause you were so stupid."

The tall figure stooped and laid a  
dark mustache against the little bundle.  
"She's very soft," said another voice;  
"I don't think I ever knew so much  
about a baby before."

There was, after a moment's silence,  
a movement on the man's part, as  
though he were drawing himself up to  
his full height, with a view to reassert-  
ing his dignity. He cleared his throat.

"After all, Agatha," he said, stiffly,  
"I did not lose the baby."

"I never said you did," said Agatha;  
"I only asked you, and you couldn't re-  
member."

"Another time," with an evident ef-  
fort, "I suppose I shall be condemned  
unheard."

"Another time!" scornfully. "You  
may set your mind at rest. Neither I,  
nor Emmy is in the least likely to trust  
you again, at least not with anything of  
value."

"Then how about the baby?" with a  
laugh.

"That," said Agatha, firmly, "in-  
cludes the baby."—London Society.

## MR. PARKHURST'S DILEMMA.

The Unfortunate Predicament in Which  
He Found Himself on a Recent Sunday  
Morning.

The neighbors of Maurice J. Park-  
hurst, of North Eighteenth street, ad-  
vised him when he put a flag-staff on  
top of his house, in order to celebrate  
Governor Cleveland's election, that his  
idea of having a gilt ball in the middle  
of the pole was absurd. Mr. Park-  
hurst thought that he knew better,  
however, and so ran his halliards up  
through the ball and floated the stand-  
ard of Democracy from the top. He  
swore, moreover, that the flag should  
always fly from his roof during the in-  
cumbency of his party. The wind of  
Saturday night interfered with this  
plan, and yesterday morning found  
Mr. Parkhurst's banner flat on the  
slates. Its owner, while eating his  
breakfast, told his wife that it should  
be up again before he went to church,  
and that he had climbed trees when he  
was a boy. Accordingly, he repaired to  
the roof, and finding that the rope  
was broken, proceeded to shin up the  
pole. He found no difficulty in getting  
to the top, and having fixed the rope,  
started back.

The location of the gilt ball interrupted  
Mr. Parkhurst's down-trip. After he  
had let his legs go below the ball he  
found that its protuberance was so  
great as to prevent his closing them  
about the pole beneath. Mrs. Park-  
hurst, who had been admiring her hus-  
band from the scuttle, screamed as she  
saw his dilemma. He climbed back to  
the top of the ball and took in the situ-  
ation. Along Columbia avenue, near  
which Mr. Parkhurst lives, people be-  
gan to go to church. Mr. Parkhurst  
tried again, but found that the circum-  
ference of the ball and the length of his  
legs retained their original relations.  
Meantime his wife ran for the neigh-  
bors. When they came they saw the  
obvious impossibility of either cutting  
the pole down or getting a ladder long  
enough to reach the middle of it. Mr.  
Parkhurst swore. Then a thought oc-  
curred to him. "I'll catch hold of  
that halliard and let me down easy,"  
he said. "The pulley's new and I think  
it will hold." Two men immedi-  
ately manned the life-line, and in the  
manner of a flag Mr. Parkhurst was  
haunted gracefully to the roof. He im-  
mediately hauled up his banner, and  
said yesterday that he would continue  
to keep it and the gilt ball in their old  
positions.—Philadelphia Times.

## DIFFERENCE IN MUTTON.

The Younger the Animal the Better the  
Meat, as a Rule.

"A new subscriber" asks us to state  
the difference in the quality of mutton.  
We suppose he means the difference be-  
tween the meats of the different breeds.  
It is a matter that we have frequently  
discussed in our columns. Practically  
in the American market there is no dif-  
ference. That is to say, mutton is made  
from all breeds, and the average con-  
sumer knows no difference. At best he  
only knows when one roast of mutton  
is of poorer quality than another roast.  
And that knowledge does not lead him  
to make inquiry of his butcher for mut-  
ton of one of the mutton breeds, the  
next time he buys. As a matter of fact,  
good Merino mutton is good mutton,  
but it is not as good as mutton from a  
well-kept mutton sheep. Nature has  
not made it so that it can produce so  
good a quality of meat. A vast deal,  
too, depends upon the character and  
quantity of food. A well and properly-  
fed Merino will make better mutton than  
a poorly-fed, a very poorly-fed Shrop-  
shire, Cotswold or Southdown. We be-  
lieve that there can be no doubt of this.

Now the Dorset chalky downs and the  
blue grass limestone pastures of this  
country make the best mutton in the  
world. That seems to be the particular  
kind of pasturage that produces the  
best mutton. What we have said might  
indicate that the Merino could be fed up  
to the highest mutton standard. Some  
take this position. But that can not be  
accomplished from the fact that the  
texture of the meat will not admit of  
such a result.

But in producing mutton for the mar-  
ket there is a vast difference between  
the Merino and the mutton breeds. The  
profit in mutton production depends  
upon earliness of maturity. If you  
must keep a sheep several months  
longer than would be necessary to keep  
another sheep, before it is large enough  
to be profitably disposed of, we are not  
only losing time, but we are losing in  
quality of mutton. The younger the  
animal, after a certain age, the better  
the meat, as a rule. Consequently if  
one sheep is ready for market several  
months before another is, the mutton  
will be better; and though, as said be-  
fore, quality, beyond the standard of good  
or fair, may not cut a very conspicuous  
figure in the American market at pres-  
ent it will some time, and it is our duty  
to look forward to that event. If a  
Cotswold lamb will furnish forty or  
forty-five pounds of mutton at an age  
when the Merino lamb will furnish  
more than twenty pounds, in a mutton  
point of view the Cotswold is the most  
profitable, both in the matter of quan-  
tity and quality. In selecting a breed  
of sheep, however, all the surrounding  
circumstances need to be taken into  
consideration. If we were com-  
pelled to throw away the carcass of  
the Merino when the animal was no  
longer useful as a wool producer, there  
would be greater need of considering  
more closely the difference in breeds.  
But as the mutton carcass sells readily,  
it is only necessary to take into con-  
sideration the location and other outside  
conditions. Of course, all understand  
that the mutton breeds need better care  
than the merino does. The merino will  
live where the mutton breeds will  
starve, and will do reasonably well with  
neglect or necessary exposure that  
would kill the mutton breeds. This is  
one reason why the merino is preferred  
for the plains. Another reason is that  
those regions are so far from the mut-  
ton markets. That is a matter to be  
taken into consideration always, and  
yet distance from the market does not  
cut the figure that some suppose it does.  
If a man is very near the market there  
would be no difficulty in deciding at  
once upon a mutton breed. If he is  
remote from the market then he may  
select mutton sheep or the merino, as  
seems best under all the circumstances.  
Kentucky sends thousands of sheep to  
the Boston market, and sells this mut-  
ton at two cents a pound, on an aver-  
age, more than New England mutton  
will bring. This would indicate that  
distance has little to do with the profit-  
able production of mutton, if the other  
conditions are favorable.

It requires more care, on the whole,  
to produce mutton than it does wool,  
and that must be considered. Mutton  
can not be produced, for instance, ac-  
cording to the system in vogue on the  
ranges. As already said, the feeding  
must be full and the food of the best  
quality, and the care must be excellent.  
We can learn much from the English  
system of sheep industry. England  
produces the best of mutton because  
they there take the best care of their  
sheep. If they attempted to winter  
their sheep, as hundreds among us do,  
upon dry food, they would produce no  
better mutton than we do. But they  
have long since learned the value of  
roots, especially of turnips. Take away  
the turnip, and the English flock-master  
would be at sea. With their turnips  
and rape they produce a mutton that is  
tender and juicy. They feed, too, large  
quantities of oil cake and other nitro-  
genous foods, which the Rural has so  
often and earnestly urged very flock-  
master among its readers to do. We  
must come to it—expect to achieve  
the highest success in mutton produc-  
tion.—Western Rural.

—Custard for Cake: Blanch one  
pound of almonds by pouring boiling  
water over them to soften the brown  
skin. After the skin is removed chop  
the nuts very fine, and mix with it two  
eggs well beaten, one cup of thick, sour  
cream; sweeten to taste and highly  
flavor with vanilla.—Detroit Post.

—Wash whitewashed walls with vin-  
egar to make paper stick.