

ONLY WAIT.

When the spirit worn and weary,
'Neath its daily load of care,
Finds the pathway long and dreary,
And the burden hard to bear;
Tired with hoping, fatigued with fearing,
Slugs to reach the golden gate;
Then, in accents soft and cheering,
Patience whispers, "Only wait;
For a brighter day is dawning,
Joy awaits us in the morning—
In the beauty of the morning—
Only wait."

Oh sad hearts, whose soundless sorrow
Dares not let a murmur fall,
Only wait and trust the morrow—
God's great love is over all.
Only wait, O wounded spirit,
By the cross of life weighed down;
Thou shalt surely earth inherit—
Bear the cross and win the crown;
For a brighter day is dawning,
Joy awaits us in the morning—
In the beauty of the morning—
Only wait.

Our Young Folks.

The Boy and the Highwayman.

At a social gathering in New York city, not very long since, a Scottish gentleman told the following story. A Lanashire boy—John Willet by name—was sent by his father to the fair at Warrington, to sell a cow. The lad led the cow six miles to the fair grounds, where he was fortunate enough not only to make a ready sale, but to obtain a larger price than had been anticipated. Having completed his business, the lad looked around until he became tired, when he concluded to set forth on his way homeward.

In all probability his sale of the cow and his pocketing of the proceeds had been watched by a man who had determined to get the money if he could. The possibility of being robbed did not occur to the boy—especially as it was broad daylight, and in a public thoroughfare, near the large town of Warrington.

The boy started for home. At a lonely spot, the road led through a deep vale, beneath the shade of overhanging willows, a man on horseback came up from behind, passed on a few yards, and then suddenly wheeled about, and demanded young Willet's money or his life.

"No fooling, lad! I saw you take the gold piece and the silver. Hand it over, or you are a dead boy."

The lad looked at man and horse—the one an evil, bear-eyed fellow, the other sleek and handsome—and then started back upon the run, for the robber was between him and his home.

Of course the highwayman spurred on in pursuit; and when the boy knew that the pursuer was upon him, he leaped upon one side, then took the silver pieces from his pocket and cast them away upon the ground at the roadside, and started as though he would run again.

With an oath the man leaped from his horse and hastened to where he saw several of the shillings and half-crowns amongst the grass, probably thinking he could secure those, and then overtake the boy at his leisure.

But the boy had a plan of his own. On the instant the man leaped from his saddle, he stopped and picked up a large stone; the robber stooped over to pick the silver from the grass; young Willet made a bound and hurled the stone at the man, striking him on the back of the head, and knocking him down. After this, to leap into the robber's saddle and start for home was the work of but a moment.

And the boy reached his home without further adventure, where his father, astonished by the manner of his son's arrival, was still more astonished when he heard the story.

In the saddle-bags were found over ten pounds in silver, eight sovereigns, two gold watches and a beautiful gold mounted revolver.

The horse and the watches were advertised, and ere long a gentleman from Bolton appeared, and proved that the horse and one of the watches were his. He had offered ten pounds reward for his horse; and this sum he gladly paid. And when he had heard the boy's story, he made him a present of the watch, which was one of Dent's best chronometers. For the other watch no owner ever appeared, and that the father took.

A year later our hero was very sure he recognized his acquaintance of the highway in a convict who was on his way, with many others, to the penal colony of Botany Bay.

"As for John Willet himself," said Douglas, in conclusion, "the last time I saw him he was high sheriff of his county, and one of the most popular and efficient officers in the kingdom."

First Steamboat Down the Ohio.

In 1811, several years after Fulton had introduced steamboats on the Hudson, the first steamboat which ever sailed on the western waters was built at Pittsburgh.

She was called the New Orleans, and in October of that year she made her experimental voyage down the Ohio, carrying her builder, Mr. Rosevelt, his wife and family, the engineer, the pilot, six hands and several servants.

As there were then no wood or coal

yards along the banks of the rivers, they were obliged to wait while the men went on shore, cut down trees and prepared them for fuel.

Mr. Rosevelt discovered, in a former voyage, a coal-bed near Yellow Banks on the Indiana side of the river, and purchased of the State government the privilege of taking fuel from it.

The early chronicles speak of the intense excitement created among the settlers along the Ohio by the appearance of the steamboat. No rumor of the strange boat had reached them; they gazed with astonishment at the singular craft without sails or oars, and ahead of the current, pass before them.

On a still, moonlight night, the vessel suddenly appeared before Louisville, and allowed the steam to escape from the steampipe. The inhabitants were alarmed, and rising from their beds, rushed out to ascertain the cause. Many fled in terror, declaring that the comet then visible had fallen into the Ohio, and produced the strange hissing sound.

On arriving at the coal-vein, it was discovered that a large quantity of coal had been quarried out and laid on the shore by thieves, who intended to carry it off.

While the hands were loading the boat with this coal, the settlers in great alarm flocked to inquire if they had not heard the strange noises on the river and in the woods during the previous day. The voyagers laughed at their fears, believing them to be created by the noise by the steamboat. But the squatters insisted that they had not only felt the earth tremble, but seen the shore shake.

The next day the voyage was resumed. The weather, though it was in November, was oppressively hot. The atmosphere was thick and heavy, though still. The sun shone like a red ball of fire. The vast solitudes around them and the surface of the water seemed enveloped in a mournful twilight. One chronicler describes it as "an awful day; so still you could have heard a pin drop on the deck." In the night they often heard a rushing sound and a violent splash. Then large portions of the shore would tear away from the land and fall into the river. The voyagers were convinced that there had been an earthquake.

On the second day there was a singular strange appearance of the sky, and the terrible convulsions of nature increased. The pilot, becoming alarmed and confused, declared that he did not know which way to steer. The channel had been so changed, that where deep water had been there lay large trees, with their roots turned upwards.

The trees on the banks of the river swayed to and fro though there was no wind, and now and then some giant of the forest would be tossed into the roaring waters.

When night approached, the voyagers sailed hour after hour, seeking for a safe place to tie up the boat. At last they came to a little island, and there they moored.

All night they kept watch on deck. Many times they heard the noise as earth and trees slid from the shore and were swallowed up in the river. Some times the island was so shaken as to jar the boat from stem to stern.

The next morning they could not recognize any point—the shores and channel had been wholly changed, calling on, they found themselves near the mouth of the Ohio, and about noon reached a small town called New Madrid, on the right bank of the Mississippi. Many of the inhabitants had fled in terror to the higher ground, and those who remained pleaded to be taken on board.

From New Madrid they passed beyond the effect of the earthquake, but the river was found to be unusually swollen for the time of year, and full of trees. They reached Natchez the last week in January, 1812.

Since then many vessels have passed over those waters; but for strange adventures and fearful perils, we hardly believe any voyage will exceed that first trip down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers.—*Ex.*

Covering Arrears.

There died a few weeks ago an old man who may be mentioned here as Uncle Reube. For thirty years he sold his vote as often as there was an election, making no bones about it and accepting the market price without a murmur. One fall, ten or twelve years ago, he went to the man who had generally bought him, and said: "Mr. Blank, I guess I won't sell my vote this time." "You won't? Why, what on earth ails you, Uncle Reube?" "Well, I want to see how it seems to cast a free ballot once." "You'd better take the usual two dollars." "No, I guess not; I'll try it the other way once, even if it kills me." He kept to his resolution and cast a free ballot, but he didn't feel right over it, and at the next election he insisted on having four dollars to cover arrears.

A Sea Trout.

In a strange lake in Norway it is well always to try first with spinning tackle, a bait trolled with a long line from a boat rowed slowly. It will tell you if there are fish to be caught; it will find out for you where the fish most haunt, if there are any. We had a curious experience of the value of this method on a later occasion, and on one of our failures. We found a lake joined to an arm of a fiord by 100 yards only of clear running water. We felt certain of finding salmon there, and if we had begun with flies we might have fished all day and have caught nothing. Instead of this we began to spin. In five minutes we had a run; we watched eagerly to see what we had got. It was a whiting pollock. We went on. We hooked a heavy fish. We assured ourselves that now we had at least a trout. It turned out to be a cod. The sea fish, we found, ran freely into fresh water, and had chased trout and salmon completely out. At Stromen we were in better luck. We started with phantom minnows on traces of a single gut, 40 yards of line, and 40, more in reserve on the reel. Two men rowed us up the shore; an arm's length from the rocks.

Something soon struck me. The reel flew round, the line spun out. In the wake of the boat there was a white fish, as a fish sprang into the air. Was it the Duchess salmon? It was very like it, any way, and if we had lost him, it would have been entered down as a salmon. It proved however, to be no salmon, but a sea trout, and such a sea trout as we had never seen; not a bull trout, not a peck, not a Welsh sewin, or Irish white trout, but a Norwegian, of a kind of its own, different from all of them. It was the first of many that followed, of sizes varying from three pounds to the twelve pounds which the mate had recorded; fine, bold fighting fish, good to look at, good to catch, and as good to eat when we tried them. Finally, in the shallower water at the upper end a fish took me, which from its movements was something else, and proved to be a large char, like what they take in Dr. Fenwick, only four times the weight. Looking carefully at the water, we saw more char, swimming leisurely near the surface taking flies. We dropped our spinning tackle and took our fly rods, and presently we were pulling in char, the blood royal of the salmonids, the elect of all the finned children of the fresh water, as if they had been so many Thames Club.

English Strolling Players.

The company live wherever they can find lodgings among the working people of the neighborhood, generally sharing the kitchen as a sitting room with the natives for the sake of cheapness. Fancy tragedy queens presiding over tea and boater banquets, or Pauline, the proud beauty of Lyons, steaming her pride over the wash-tub, or Juliet with her sleeves tucked up and practically employed in making home-baked bread, to say nothing of Richard III, assisting in the domestic circle by peeling potatoes! All this, together with an occasional glimpse of faded stage finery blending with pots, pans, oddly assorted crockery, and mining or agricultural implements, and you have a picture at once unique and by no means rare. As a specimen of the art required to make their small funds go as far as possible with regard to marketing, the following fact is a fair sample. Four young men lodged together in the same house, sharing in addition to the usual kitchen, a double-bedded room, and as they shared the room in pairs, so they lived with regard to food, each pair choosing whatever articles of consumption suited them best. On one occasion they all went together, one Saturday night, to purchase Sunday's dinner.

After a little wandering about among the butchers' stalls one couple purchased a small roast of beef, which looked quite a picture of mixed red and white—so much so, in fact, that the other couple decided for beef also, and the caterer for the second pair, to his companion's astonishment, selected a piece perfectly lean, giving for the act of this economical reason: "Their beef is so mixed that most of it will turn to dripping, which the landlady manages to crib. Now, ours is all lean, and as both pieces are done together in one tin our meat gets the benefit of their fat, and we lose none of the fish!" Well, now, Saturday night has arrived, the booth is ready, a crowd assembled, and the company out on parade. The women pace backward and forward, linked arm in arm and are dressed with little or no regard to the unities of time or place. Look there, for instance, at that boy-like young lady, arrayed in all the faded glory of MacGragor hose and a Stuart plaid, to which are added a profusion of short white muslin skirts, with a low-necked bodice. I am afraid that such a costume would not be a desirable one among the Boston mistresses of the Highlands. But what has nationality to do with the matter? It is the opening house in a new town; each lady wishes to frame her figure and face in the most fascinating way, and so wears whatever becomes her best; hence this mixture of garments, from the stately threadbare velvet down to the humble washed-out tartan.

"STONE THE WOMAN—LET THE MAN GO FREE."

Yes, stone the woman—let the man go free! Draw back your skirts lest they perchance may touch her garments as she passes; but to him put forth a willing hand to clasp with his that led her to destruction and disgrace. Shut up from her the sacred ways of toll, that she no more may win an honest meal; but open to him all honorable paths, where he may win distinction. Give to him fair, pressed-down measure: of life's sweetest joys. Pass her, O maiden, with a pure, proud face, if she sets out a poor, polluted palm; but lay thy hand in his on bridal day and swear to cling to him with wisely love and tender reverence. Trust him who led a sister woman to a fearful fate.

Yes, stone the woman—let the man go free! Let one soul suffer for the guilt of two—let the doctrine of a hurried world, too out of breath for holding balances where nice distinctions and injustices are calmly weighed. But ah, now will it be on that strange day of final fire and flame, when men shall stand before the one true Judge? Shall sex make then a difference in sin? Shall He, the Searcher of the hidden heart, in His eternal and divine decree condemn the woman and forgive the man?

Anti-Corset Philosophy and History.

One poison is no rule for another in such matters. The letters in the *English Mechanic*, and a little book full of others, selected from a now extinct periodical which I met with about ten years ago, called *Figure-Training*, and others subsequently in the same magazine, amply prove that. The great majority of the writers—I may say all who wrote from their own experience—said they had found the tightest lacing they could bear, especially in stays quite stiff in front, both pleasant and beneficial, and among them was a surgeon. Some, however, find it expedient to remain under contraction only a few hours in the morning and the surgeon discarded his stays when taking strong exercise which seems natural; but others lace tightest for riding, and ladies mostly in the evening, and some enjoy and recommend confinement in stays all night—an old practice which used to be enforced in some families and schools. Men generally prefer belts, but not a few wrote that they found regular long and stiff stays much nicer and better for their health. Two or three said they could stand and walk much longer in them than without, and that their health relapsed whenever they gave it up. Many had begun it under some kind of compulsion, but had soon come to like it, even after severe treatment at first. As I said before, the philosophers got much the worst of it in these discussions.

My philosophy about it is that all those statements of personal experience, with their variations in detail, are worth infinitely more for practical purposes than all the talk about lungs and diaphragms and capacity of chests (which vary a great deal naturally), nature and anatomy, Greek women in flesh and marble, and the unquestioned bad effect of unduly tight-lacing, which proves nothing but itself. Such a multitude of persons of all ages and kinds cannot possibly be either mistaken or lying about the fact of their own good health, or that of their children, pupils, schoolfellows, sisters, mothers and friends, notwithstanding or in consequence of their having been contracted into the smallest circumference they could bear for many years of their lives. It is very easy to be mistaken in attributing either good or bad health to a particular cause, but the fact of it cannot be doubtful. And that, with sundry medical letters such as I have alluded to, is the summary of all those letters containing any personal experience. There were one or two about ladies who had obstinately persisted, in the face of manifest warnings that they were injuring their health, and of course did so.

I remember reading years ago, in an extract from some medical newspaper I think, that the Empress of Austria was killing herself with tight lacing, for she happened to be ill, and was famous for the smallness of her waist—which seems to be specially cultivated there, and is even enforced on boys as well as girls, according to a gentleman who was at school in Vienna, and learned there to enjoy being laced as tight as possible in long and stiff stays, though he was very angry at it at first, as was the case with many others of the above-mentioned writers. Well, she is now a grandmother, and we are told every year that she is still conspicuous in our hunting fields for her riding and her figure.

In one of those letters an old lady of eighty-five said that she used to be contracted into fifteen inches when she was young, and, indeed, the compass of their own span, for from fourteen to fifteen laces, was often spoken of, up to about forty years ago from very early times as the standard to be aimed at by ladies, and frequently reached and occasionally even thirteen; but more in foreign countries than this, though there was one confession of it in the book on figure-training. Of course, I am not advocating those extreme and foolish and dangerous reductions, but only using the fact that ladies lived long and in

good health under them, to prove the monstrous exaggerations about the danger of waists which contain twice as much as those. You, at any rate, will see at once that a waist of twenty inches contains twice as much as one of fourteen, and eighteen nearly half as much again as fifteen.

I cannot imagine what books Lady F. Harberton has been reading—or not reading—to write such amazing things as that twenty-eight inches is a proper size for a young woman's waist, when it is a full size for a well-made young man.

It is just worth notice, on the reiterated assertions about Greek laxity, that the term, "wasp-waisted," in several forms, is as old as Aristophanes. And it is certain that the Romans severely laced and shouldered their girls, and even starved them, if necessary to make them slender and upright. "Juvencus et graciles et sic amantur," Terence says; and Macculey, who had read everything, said that the Roman ladies did till worse things to preserve their forms. Whatever are the reasons for it, it is quite clear from history that corsets and tight-lacing in one form or another have been the windmills of dress reforming Quixotes for 1000 years at least. The wind has sometimes lulled, and they have flattered themselves that they had stopped the sails; but it has always risen again and knocked over the philosophers, "clerical, medical and general," and probably always will; so they may as well save their preaching for some thing more amenable, or at any rate preach more rationally than they do.

Art Notes.

The first exhibition of Japanese art ever made at Berlin is not open, being the collection of Prof. Gierke, of Breslau.

An equestrian group by Watts has been cast in bronze for Chester, England. It represents Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester.

A year ago Queen Victoria bestowed on the Water-color Society the right to call itself the Royal. This confers the privilege of the Queen's signature to the diploma of membership.

The workshops at Paris in which Bartholdi has been confecting his "Liberty Enlightening the World" are thrown open to visitors on Thursdays and Saturdays. Unless they are of the artistic fraternity, a small entrance fee is asked.

Falguere has been elected to the Academie des Beaux Arts, by a large majority over Crauk, Mercie and Barrias, to take the place Jouffroy, whose pupil he once was. Falguere was born in 1831, and has several fine works in the Luxembourg.

Baudry's pictures in the opera-house at Paris have been cleaned by a very simple process in use with crayon and pastel painters; they have been cleansed with bread. The *Athenaeum* reports that they have sustained much less damage than was supposed.

A very large sum has been realized for the materials of an old house in Paris in addition to a hoard of 300,000 francs, discovered in the process of demolition. The old beams were eagerly sought by cabinet-makers, the lead of the roof was a mine, works of art were found behind the wainscot, and marble mantels and staircase, doors and window-frames found a market at good figures.

Mr. George du Maurier, of London Pancho, has acknowledged the dedication of "College Cuts," a publication from the *Columbia Spectator*, and writes: "I can heartily congratulate the artists on their work. The execution and composition seem to me in most cases excellent, and it is delightful to see good point-work from young hands when there is so great a general tendency to use washes and trust to the engraver's interpretation."

Last May the General Assembly of Rhode Island passed a resolution appropriating \$10,000 for a statue to Burnside whenever \$30,000 shall have been subscribed by private persons or otherwise. Towns and cities were authorized to appropriate a fractional part of 1 per cent. of their tax valuations for 1881. The committee having the statue in charge announce that \$13,500 has been subscribed and an effort is now being made to raise this to \$30,000 or \$25,000 and claim the \$10,000 from the State.

The stone cross brought by Charney from Teotihuacan is creating some excitement in Paris. It is about 4 feet high, thick-set, with a relief on one of its faces in the shape of a blunted Greek cross, and on the base four crosses in relief. M. Hamy, Keeper of the Trocadero Museum, holds that it is an emblem of Tlaloc, god of storm and rain, one of the oldest Mexican gods. The presence of such crosses in Mexico caused the Spaniards to believe that St. Thomas, whom they identified with Quetzalcoatl, had preceded Christianity in Mexico.

Man-Hunting in Siberia.

Sorry, indeed, even when death does not come to put an end to his existence, is the lot of the convict who has succeeded in escaping from the mines of Eastern Siberia. Without resources of any kind, he must beg or rob his way back to Russia. The alternative of seeking employment is one which often has disastrous consequences. The convict of the lowest type regards the Siberian colonist as an inferior, and has a saying which describes him as "blind for three days after birth." But the colonist has his revenge. He works the supercilious convict like a beast of burden, and gives him as little rest and as little food as possible. When wages are demanded the colonist has an original way of satisfying his laborer. The money is paid without demur, but before the convict can get clear, he falls dead, killed by a bullet from the gun of his cruel employer. This method of payment is sometimes carried out on a large scale. It is adopted in the case of vagabond laborers who, having finished their autumn work in the fields, return to the neighboring village to be paid off. The wages are forthcoming, and the laborers allowed to depart with their hard-earned money. But they have no sooner gone than the peasant farmer assembles his neighbors and having provided them with horses and firearms, the whole party sallies forth in pursuit of the vagabonds. The returning laborers are speedily overtaken; most are killed on the spot, all are robbed, the recovered money being divided between the farmer and his confederates.

The only respect shown for authority is the prevalent habit, where robbery has been the motive of slaughter, of concealing the dead. The murdered convicts are usually cut up and mutilated, and the remains buried in out-of-the-way places. This hunting of the "hunchbacks," as the escaped convicts are often called in derision, has gone on for years, entering so deeply into the habits of the people that it has escaped the attention of few travelers through Eastern Siberia. "Where are the men?" was asked of a woman left in charge of a small village adjoining the highway. "Gone after the hunchbacks," was the reply. Such is the prevailing demoralization in this respect that boys have been heard to ask their fathers to kill vagabonds in order that they may see "how the fellow will roll on his hump." In some of the governments it is certain death for a convict escaped, or still under supervision, to be caught returning from the mine. Occasionally the soldiers imitate the colonists in their expletions of the vagabond. The Cossack, as well as the ordinary colonist, covets cheap labor, and is in the habit of rewarding with an ounce or two of lead the convict who declines to pass from one condition of bond slavery to another.

During the colonization of the Transbaikalian region the hunting of vagabonds was one of the common diversions of the newly arrived settlers. From Tomsk to Chitá there is a locality that has rendered itself notorious for the pursuit on a large scale of escaped convicts. In the Tomsk government itself whole villages are described as living solely by the robbery of vagabonds. The river Karasan has been so filled with the bodies of murdered convicts as to become putrid. Near Fingul open woods are known as a favorite ground for the slaughter. The whole of the district is full of the memories and traditions of Siberian man-hunting. Heroes of the sport are still alive. Bitkov, Romanov and Zvorota were each expert in different ways. Romanov, for instance, gained celebrity in the village of Fingul, where he was in the habit of lying in ambush close to the highway, and shooting down every vagabond who passed. In the autumn evenings Bitkov used to pick off stragglers along the banks of the river Augar. During subsequent sport along the Biryus there were individual Siberians who boasted that they had brought down as many as sixty and in some cases ninety vagabonds. Only upon one of these hunters of men do the vagabonds seem to have taken vengeance. They selected one Paramonich, who had been all his life engaged in killing convicts. The vagabonds assembled together, seized him and brought his career to a close by plunging him alive into a cauldron of incandescent metal.

The picture attributed to Carracci acquired for \$2400 by the Uffizi at Florence, is incomplete, as if it had formed part of a larger scene. The background is filled by a hill. An ecclesiastic in rich robes stands surrounded by soldiers with halberds; a Moor and a negro are near him. A man in a dark robe lined with yellow whispers in his ear. In front of the principal figures and running across the picture is a beam, on which a man sits with his feet in a hole in the ground. He looks backward at the ecclesiastic with a malicious expression. According to the *Academy*, the drawing is excellent and the color very rich and luminous.