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IN LONG TIME.

In time thou the roses are still,
At night we hear the whippoorwill
The garden's full of mignonette—
I wonder how I could forget
That this time would come! Remembrance's pain
Transports me to the field again,
In time time.

To fragrant fields, where, after school,
I played long in the summer and
Until I heard my mother call—
When shall I hear that cadence fall?
When feel time-free arms clustering me,
To which, I ran so fast and free,
In time time.

In time time We little know,
As we are going to and fro,
With people unknown to our hands,
That some spring day in foreign lands
Their ears will unknowingly hear some young
Brother then say song that's sung
In time time.
—Mary Tenney in Boston Transcript.

MY MISS SMITH.

When I was about to come to America—for though I was born quite here, I had lived most of my life in London—every one who spoke to me on the subject told me that I should find young girls had much more liberty in the United States, and that this made it pleasanter for young men who desired to pay them attention. Whatever else they said, they were sure to say that.

I was very young—barely large enough as yet to wear high hats and dress coats on occasions of importance—and though I seriously shaved twice a week, all that appeared on the edge of the razor was a little pale yellow down.

I was to go into business in New York, to take the place of a son of a certain Peter Smith, who had insisted upon going upon the stage instead of into the cotton business.

Old Mr. Smith was, I had heard, constantly a prisoner in his own room in consequence of the gout, and his daughter, Miss Smith, was to come on board the vessel and receive me. I remembered afterward that I had never heard Miss Smith's age mentioned, but I supposed her to be a mature spinster.

"You can't remember Miss Smith, I am sure," said my elder sister, who had brought me up, our parents having been taken from us while I was yet a child. "But she used to come to see us often when you were four years old, and admired you greatly. It is likely that she will think you ought to have some recollection of a little horse and wagon she gave you."

"A horse and wagon?" said I.

"Yes," said Sophie, "and you'd better pretend to remember it, for I know she is very touchy—very touchy indeed."

I promised to do so. As my sister and her husband intended following me in six months our parting was not a melancholy one. My voyage was pleasant, and I arrived in New York without having met with any unusual experiences.

It appeared to me absurd that I should have been sent over to be called for as if I were a parcel, but as it had been done I waited in the cabin like a lamb until one of the waiters appeared, bearing upon a salver a card which he presented to me. I read it and started to my feet.

"Miss Smith is here, then?" said I.

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter.

And I followed him into the presence of a lady in a gray walking suit, who came running toward me, holding out both hands.

"I was so afraid you would not wait for me!" she said.

I had expected an elderly lady. The person who addressed me was both young and pretty, and I hesitated a moment before removing her greeting.

"This is Miss Smith?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered. "And this is Mr. John Smith?"

I bowed and held out my hand.

"It is all right, Johnny," she added. "Let us get into the carriage at once. Is everything arranged about your baggage? Dear me, how strange to see you again after all these years! How you have altered!"

"Naturally," I said. "I was such a little fellow when you saw me last."

"I am older than you, you know," said she, as we took our seats in the carriage. "Yes, your hair used to be red, but I suppose you have forgotten me entirely."

Her lip quivered. She was touchy, as my sister had said. I hastened to soothe her.

"Forgotten you? No, indeed," said I. "I was speaking only yesterday of the toy horse and wagon you gave me."

"Did it?" said she. "I had forgotten all about that. What sort of a horse was it?"

"Oh, brown," said I nonchalantly "and a little wagon with wheels."

She nodded.

"Yes, I think I faintly remember," said she. "It has been sad, has it not, never to see each other all these years?"

As I had no remembrance whatever of Miss Smith, I knew that I spoke in a somewhat formal and conventional tone when I replied, "Extremely so." And in a moment there I saw that tears stood in her eyes, and that she was trying to wipe them away with her handkerchief without letting me perceive the fact.

She was so pretty and so sweet that I really felt myself quite a brute. I drew nearer to her and began:

"My dear Miss Smith"——

She suddenly sat bolt upright, her cheeks flaming and her lip quivering.

"England seems to be the stiffest, meanest, most dreadful place!" said she. "You are like a poker, or a column of ice, or something. Miss Smith to me! I suppose they do so over there, but it sounds so. I've been longing to see you—thinking of you, remembering how nice you were, feeling as if the world would change for the better as soon as I saw you, and you call me 'Miss Smith,' as if we had had a quarrel!"

"I suppose we are more formal on the other side," said I. "It is the custom over there."

"An abominable custom!" said she. "There! I am not angry, but—Oh, Johnny, Johnny! I suppose I ought to have remembered how long it was."

"Yes so," said I. "I felt surprised. I expected to see a spinster. I had no idea you were so young. I haven't got over the surprise."

"How queer you are!" said she. "Of course I am older than you, but we are just of an age to enjoy ourselves together. Now, aren't we?"

"Of course," said I.

"Call me Tiny, and kiss me, then," said Miss Smith.

"Would it right they have told me that American girls were free in their manners from English manners!" I thought. Then I put my arm about her waist, and said:

"My dear Tiny, I don't think she mean would be cold to you, even after being engaged so thoroughly as I have been."

"Oh, that English way is too bad," she said suddenly, seizing my hand and extending it to me with interest. "It's gentlemanly, and you are well dressed. I'm quite proud of you, and we'll live together all our lives, and never, never part again. Will we?"

I was disembowelled. This was going on rapidly. Evidently this American Miss Smith had taken advantage of long year, and was making an offer of her heart and hand.

"Tiny, you are silent again," said she. "Oh, John! I believe you have fallen in love with somebody—and you are engaged to some English girl. Tell me at once if it is so, that I may not build my poor little castle only to have them shattered over."

"I have never dreamed of engaging myself," said I. "I haven't been in love, and I don't think myself in circumstances to marry."

"I begin to breathe again," said Miss Smith. "As to circumstances, I can make a dollar go as far as five. I'll show you how to live on cent to nothing and live well. Kiss me again, Jack! I am so happy! Wasn't shall we go housekeeping?"

The rest of the matter evidently was that she had proposed and been accepted. However, I kissed her. She was so evidently responsible that I could not believe these proceedings customary in America. I felt that my friends should have informed me how far these Yankee girls could go. It made me that no one thought it worth the part of the world, for I knew that Miss Smith was responsible, and her father a man of good position. Moreover, she had an innocent air, with all her boldness. I could have fallen in love with her on the spot but for her curious conduct. This, however, repelled me. She on there, after this astounding behavior, without a tremor in her voice or a blush upon her face, and again remarked:

"I'm so happy, Jack!"

Oh! what were those American girls made of?

We came to a pause at last before a house which was not quite up to my idea of the wealthy Mr. Smith's residence, but was very respectable, and Miss Smith informed me into a parlor which seemed to me to be full of girls. In the back one a tea table was spread.

"I've asked everybody to meet you," she said. "All the dear girls who were in the last class at boarding school with me."

Then, having caused me to deposit my hat upon the rack, and having somehow disposed of my traveling bag, she took me by the arm and whirled me about, introducing me to Kate and Ann, Tilly and Nelly, Jane and Eliza, with last comes Sophie, and Mary Ann, and Jane Ann in black; and each one made some remark to the effect that dear Tiny had spoken so much of me—that she thought of me so—that they supposed she was happy now, etc.

My bewilderment grew greater, but I was determined to see the affair out. It was to me as curious as any strange ceremonies among the Cannibal Islands would have been.

This was apparently a betrothal party. However, they could not marry so sudden say will in any land. When it came to that I should march myself.

At last we were all summoned to the table.

"Your place is at the foot, Johnny," said Miss Smith, and I stood behind my chair, waiting for the ladies to be seated, when a servant whispered something in Miss Smith's ear, at which she turned pale, looked at me for a moment with an unutterable expression in her eyes and fled from the room.

The girls looked after her; one followed her, many looks and whispered to the others, who, one after the other, left the room.

It occurred to me that the clergyman had arrived, and that the matrimonial ceremonies were about to be celebrated, and I decided to get nearer the door. It might be that my only hope lay in flight. As I entered the front parlor I saw that the hall was deserted. On the upper floor voices were lifted, and some one seemed to be in hysterics. Shortly a masculine voice said firmly, "I'll settle him!" and a switch in a traveling dress came rushing down since three steps at a time.

He entered the room in which I stood and advanced toward me.

"What is the meaning of all this?" said he.

"Exactly what I should like to know, sir," said I.

"I am John Smith," said he.

"So am I," I answered.

"I arrived from England in the——," said he.

"So did I," I replied.

"I am Miss Smith's brother," said he.

The truth began to dawn upon me.

"I am one," said I, and then as gravely as possible I related the facts that I have already told you, at the same time producing from my pocket letters which gave witness to my veracity.

"This is a dreadful thing for Tiny," said the young man. "We have been separated since our childhood. She is very sensitive and is terribly mortified. She believes that you purposely played a trick upon her, and really don't know what to say."

"Don't say anything," I replied. "If I may have my hat and portmanteau I'll go. No doubt I can find my friend very easily. I'll get a cab. I have the address."

"It is awfully absurd!" said the other John Smith.

"Awfully!" said I.

With these words we parted, and about an hour afterward I had shaken hands with another Miss Smith, a jolly, middle aged lady, who enjoyed the story that I told her hugely.

As for the other Miss Smith, I had not known the street to which she took me or her number, or her home. I discovered that there were several pages of John Smiths in the directory, and she has passed out of my life as completely as though she were one of those mysterious beings who, among the young princes of "The Arabian Nights' Tales," entertain them splendidly in marble halls, where fountains play and slaves serve curious dainties, and who at dawn have vanished with their servants and palaces as though they were but visions of a dream.

Had it not been so I fancy this story might have had a more romantic termination, for I still remember her as the loveliest and sweetest creature whom I ever met, and have often followed some pretty figure for long blocks, only to discover, when at last I got a glimpse of her face, that it was not my Miss Smith. However, I am not old yet. The world is not a very large place, when you come to think of it. I may meet her yet.—Mary Kyle Dallas in Frescott Companion.

Mrs. Moses Believes in Educating Women.

Mrs. Annie Nathan Myers is one of the clever young women of the day. She was among the first to take the examination review for women at Columbia college, and it is mainly through her persistent efforts that Barnard College was founded. She has made an exhaustive study of the condition of women's education throughout the country, and is convinced that giving the ballot to women would simply increase the intelligent vote, unless some educational qualification were introduced, also thinks that women should be broadly educated and admitted to all spheres of activity before the power of franchise is conferred upon them.—New York Letter.

The 200 factories of the United States manufacture about 19,000,000,000 of these diminutive but useful articles every year. This is a pin a day for each inhabitant.

From an idol of the sun comes Sunday; so, in other words, upon the day we now hold sacred as the Sabbath the ancients worshiped the sun.

A Stranger Takes In.

"Then not in the country," said the lawyer. "Glad to get back alive."

"Here's that!"

"Had a case in the Superior court in—well there's no use telling you the name of the county. Just before it came up a United States deputy marshal from St. Louis knocked a man down in the courtroom. The judge got mad and locked the offender, who wasn't a bit chastened, and finally asked in the usual summer possible:

"'Judge, is there any law against a United States deputy marshal knocking a Dutchman down?'

"'Mr. Clerk,' said the judge, 'enter a fine of twenty dollars against Mr. Smith for contempt of court.'

"'Well, judge,' said Smith, 'that's kind of rough.'

"'Make the fine forty dollars, Mr. Clerk,' said the judge.

"'Well,' said Smith, somewhat bewildered, 'how is this, judge, I want to know?'

"'Make the fine fifty dollars, said the judge.

"'I'll pay it,' said Smith, in desperation, 'but once it please the court, that is not law in St. Louis.'

"'Make the fine seventy-five dollars,' said the judge. 'The court advises you to return to St. Louis.'"—Chicago Post.

One Was Blind and the Other Deaf.

A gentleman with an amusing incident occurred at the Irish coast, which is situated in the steamer landing on the Union depot the other day.

He was seen by many guests the pleasure and thirteen with trousers for goal in some blind. He generally has somebody with him, but on this particular day he was alone.

A strange looking little low Dupont sing in the stand, and taking out a pad and pencil scribbled something upon it and started to hand it to the Irish man. The Irish reader did not seem to notice him, and the old fellow jabbed his thumb in his ribs several times to attract his attention.

"Get out!" howled the blind man. "Somebody take him away!"

Again the old man poked him in the ribs, and again the blind man shook him off and howled.

The little old man angrily pointed to the writing on the pad, and had just started to hand it to the reader a third time to get his attention when a bonaparte-hat bookblack came into the scuffle.

"What's the matter?" he inquired of the blind man.

"Take him away!" said that passenger.

The bootblack took the pad from the little old man and read: "I'm deaf. Give me a dime, sir."—Albany Argus.

Naval warfare, always changing, suggests new fields of exploit with every development or experiment that takes place on the water. Global hail, up to the recent rebellion, three of the large ironclads considered most available as battleships. The Hissear and Escalada, two of them, joined the rebels at the outbreak of the war. The fact that these have both been blown to atoms by torpedoes skillfully planted beneath them will now turn the attention of water gunners rather to the development of the torpedo boat than of the huge ironclad. Fortunately our new navy has already more promise for torpedo boats and torpedoes than for the war ships. At any rate the torpedo will probably prove most dependable in the line of coast defense.

Miss Frances Willard's long practice in presiding at public meetings has given her an ease of manner in the chair that many a man might envy. She is among the few women who produce the impression of being no more embarrassed when acting as chairman for a large assembly than she would feel with a single guest in her own drawing room.

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"A 1"

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