

WAIT FOR THE MORNING.

Wait for the morning—it will come indeed.
As surely as the night hath given need.
The yearning eyes, at last, will strain their
sight
No more unanswered by the morning light;
No longer will they vainly strive through
tears
To pierce the darkness of thy doubts and
fears,
But, bathed in balmy dews and rays of
dawn,
Will smile with rapture o'er the darkness
gone.
Wait for the morning, O thou smitten
child,
Scorned, scourged and persecuted and re-
viled.
Athirst and famishing, none pitying thee,
Crowned with the twisted thorn of agony—
No faintest gleam of sunlight through the
dense
Infinity of gloom to lead thee thence—
Wait for the morning, it will come indeed
As surely as the night hath given need.

Eunice's Pension-Money.

"I do declare for't, Eunice, them pesky hens hain't laid but six eggs!" exclaimed Mrs. Martin, entering the kitchen door which led to the shed. "I've a good mind to wring every one o' their necks, an' then get some o' Mis' Eben Morse's chickens; hern air always master-hand; to lay. Guess you'll hev to go down to the store an' git me a dozen o' eggs; we've got none but these, an' they won't make no kind of a cake."

"I'd better stop to the postoffice too, hadn't I? The mail must a' come in by now," replied Eunice Hillyer, Mrs. Martin's hired girl, and second cousin also.

In this part of our land, servants, so called, were unknown; if a farmer's wife could not do all her own work, some neighbor's daughter was hired to help her; but though she bargained for a weekly stipend, she did not thereby lose caste; she ate with the family who employed her, entered into all their plans and amusements, and not seldom married the farmer's son or brother.

"Yes, I would if I was you. Mebbe you'll git that pension o' yours," said Mrs. Martin, laughing. "If so be's you're ever to get it, that is."

"Julia Perkins was waitin' three years, but hers come at last."

"That's so. Well, 'patient waitin', no losin', the sayin' is. An', oh, Eunice, as you come home, spos'n you pick some o' them round woodberries; they'd look kind o' nice on the parlor mantel-shelf."

After a brief absence Eunice came back, without any letters, but with the eggs and a huge bunch of the brilliant scarlet berries of the rowan-tree, which Mrs. Martin and her neighbors called "round woodberries." As she handed the latter to Mrs. Martin, she said:

"Do you remember that big, squat blue vase in the attic? I mean the one Uncle Joe brought home from Chiny an' giv' to mother, the very last voyage before he was wrecked. I see one some-thin' like it, only not near so handsome, when I was down to Augusty last week; a neighbor o' Mis' Parker's had it settin' on her hearth, full of flowers. Spos'n I git mine to put these berries in?"

"I would. But what a creetur you be fur ideas, Eunice! Now I'd never a' took note o' such a thing."

So Eunice went up to the attic and presently returned with a large and valuable china jar which her mother had, for many years, used as a sort of catch-all. When, after Mrs. Hillyer's death, the little house and all its furniture were sold to pay the funeral expenses, doctor's bill, etc., this jar was put aside for Eunice among the few things she might keep for herself, because it was old and useless, save as a memento of former days.

The Hillyers were once in comfortable circumstances, but when Eunice's father died, his widow sold the farmlands because there was no one to attend to them.

Basil, the only son, had no taste for farming; he preferred to work in one of the many sawmills near Bangor, and was doing well when the war broke out. He had always given a liberal share of his wages to his mother, and when, shortly after he enlisted in the army, he received a commission as second Lieutenant, his pride and joy were more on account of the widowed mother and little sister at home than for himself. Twice afterward he was promoted, and with increased

pay for himself there came increased comfort—almost luxury, to their simple tastes—for the loved ones. Then, in the awful Wilderness, a bullet whizzed through the air, and Captain Basil Hillyer, after but a few seconds of suffering, passed into the better land; and there was mourning in the little farmhouse where he was born.

And now, beside deep grief, the trouble of poverty came to Mrs. Hillyer and her little daughter. The former was not strong, and the aid that ten-year-old Eunice could give was slight, so the two struggled along, hopeless of better days, until at last news came to their ears that a soldier's mother, a dependent upon him during his lifetime, was entitled to a pension. The law granting such pension had been in force before Mrs. Hillyer heard of it, and then weary months were consumed in obtaining all the apparently needless information which the Pension Office insisted upon.

Now and then a fellow-townsmen actually did get a pension; in one case a widow (just preparing to take to herself a second husband) was well known to have got nearly a thousand dollars; this possibly was something tangible to live and hope for. At last a piece of good fortune came quite near home.

Mrs. Hillyer's cousin's daughter, one Julia Perkins, received a little over twelve hundred dollars pension-money, which should have come to Mrs. Perkins, but that she died a few weeks before her case was acted upon at the office in Washington.

Just about the time that that spur was given to her hope, Mrs. Hillyer received an unusually explicit letter from the Pension Office, which said, without very much circumlocution, that the one evidence now needed was some proof, either by letters from the dead soldier or by sworn statements from responsible persons who paid or saw paid to her money which her son sent her before and during his service in the army, that she was actually dependent upon Captain Basil Hillyer for her maintenance. Many such letters had been received; some of them had been lost or destroyed, but Mrs. Hillyer was very certain that at least a dozen of them, tied together with a bit of tape; had been put in that very indefinite place—somewhere. And as the son had always been so careless as to send his money directly to her in a banknote, there were no witnesses to any payments by him.

During the search for the lost letters death came to Mrs. Hillyer and ended all her anxieties and privations. In the general overhauling incident upon the sale and the removal of her own effects, Eunice could find no trace of the much-desired letters; so she concluded that her mother had unconsciously destroyed them; and now she spoke of her pension much as one speaks of one's ship that is to "come in," but which so rarely ever does make port.

As she was emptying the jar of the bits of old string and torn newspapers which it contained, she said to Mrs. Martin:

"Be you goin' campin' with Ezry Knight's folks?"

"Well, I dunno; I kind o' thought I sh'd like to; we ain't so very drove just now. I wonder if they've made up their minds where's best to go?" answered Mrs. Martin, pausing in her work of beating eggs.

"I see Ida when I was to the store, an' she says they've about decided to go to Sunk-Haze Medder; 'tain't so very far. Morse's folks is all goin'."

"Then, of course, you be, too; so I'll hev to go to keep an eye on you an' Eben."

"There's a good lot o' nice strong twine in this jar," said Eunice, irrelevantly.

"Eben's as good a feller as ever trod shoe-leather," continues Mrs. Martin, not to be arrested in her remarks by Eunice's twine. "He ain't so awful smart as some folks, mebbe, but 'cuteness ain't all one looks for in a husband. I s'pose he can't help his natur'; 'twan't his choosin' that he was born o' that money-lovin' Morse tribe; there never was a Morse that wouldn't squeeze a cent till it hollered! Ah, Eunice, if you'd only git that pension, Eben 'd marry you quick enough then! Well, you might easy git a wuss man, if he is one— Why, Eunice, what's the matter?"

The last words were caused by the unwonted sight of Eunice in tears; the girl had dropped into a chair beside the table, and, holding a letter in her hand, was weeping bitterly, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Look!" said she, with a sob; "one of Basil's letters! I found them in the jar!"

"Sho now!" exclaimed Mrs. Martin,

sympathetically. "Poor Basil!" Then suddenly remembering the importance of these letters, she added, excitedly: "Not his army letters that you've ben a searchin' for? Well, well, but I be glad! Now you'll git your pension—and Eben, too!"

No one who knew the Morses was at all surprised that Eben, who had planned a long visit to relatives in Philadelphia, should offer to take the precious letters to Washington, and, if possible, close up Eunice's business for her.

As soon as he arrived in Washington, Eben betook himself to the Pension Office (which was then in its old quarters on Pennsylvania avenue, and on being asked by a colored man who sat at the head of the long flight of stairs which led from the street to the Commissioner's room, the lower part of the building being occupied by a store, what his errand was, he said he had come to see about a pension for Mrs. Hillyer, Captain Hillyer's mother. This was so much more lucid and exhaustive an answer than the man usually got to such questions, that he did not send Basil very far, only to the room of the Chief Clerk, directly behind him. Here too, Eben, being a man of few words and knowing just what he was after, in one sentence stated his errand so clearly, that he was told to whom to go for exact information.

Through one or two swinging-doors, up three or four steps, through a narrow and crooked passageway, and then down three or four steps, he went with a messenger, till at last he was ushered into a small room where four clerks sat, probably at work, though three of them were listening to some quotations from the Revised Statutes which the other, a spare, upright old gentleman, was reading aloud. On making his errand known to the clerk who sat nearest the door, Eben was directed to a fatherly-looking man, with snow-white hair and beard, who sat by a window.

He answered various questions put by this clerk, who presently said:

"Oh, I see! The dependent mother is dead, you say?"

"Yes, sir; she died in March, 1882, nigh on to two years ago."

"What papers are those which you have? The doctor's bill and—"

"No, sir; the letters which you wrote so many times for—letters from Captain Hillyer when he sent money to his mother."

"Ah, yes; the evidence of maintenance. They'll have to go to the Auditor, of course. Let me see," continued the clerk, consulting several ledgers while he spoke; "no, the Hillyer case has not yet gone to the Auditor, so I will take those letters. You haven't sent on the bills yet, have you?"

"Bills! What bills, sir?"

"The undertaker's, the doctor's—"

"But Captain Hillyer didn't need no doctor, poor fellow! He was shot through the head in the Wilderness, an' died where he fell."

"The soldier? Oh, yes, that evidence is all right. Now, what we want is the bills for the mother's last sickness and burial; this is an accrued pension case, you know."

"A what, sir?" asked puzzled Eben.

"If Mrs. Hillyer were alive she would receive twenty dollars a month pension, with back pay from the date of the soldier's death. But she being dead the money reverts to the government, who, however, will pay all properly certified bills for the mother's funeral, also bills for her board, nursing, medical attendance, etc."

"Do you mean that her daughter can't have this money?"

"Only in payment of those bills?"

"Other folks' daughters have got their mothers' pensions!"

"Oh, yes, that used to be the custom; but the Third Auditor has decided that the law did not so intend dependent parents' pensions; that such were payable only to the parent, and not to his or her heir, except in case a dependent father had left a second wife."

"Then a soldier's step-mother could draw his pension money even if he never saw her, or hated her like poison, while his sister can't touch it?"

"Yes."

"I call that an abominably unjust law!" exclaimed Eben, indignantly.

"Perhaps Cnptain Hillyer's sister can get a few years' pension as a dependent sister. How old was she when he died?"

"No offense to you, sir, but Eunice Hillyer 'll not have anything more to do with a Government that takes back the money it owed to her mother. If I, or any one else, had owed money to Mrs. Hillyer, this very same Government would make me pay my debt to her heirs. Poor old lady! She ate her heart out

waitin' for this money; she died from sheer anxiety and overwork. If she'd had a quarter part of what was owing to her, she'd be alive now!" and with these words Eben took his leave.

A rich golden haze was in the air, and a sense of rest and contentment of feeling that it was afternoon and the day's work was done, and even the busiest might sit idle for a brief period—came over Eunice Hillyer the day before Thanksgiving. Mr. Martin's buttery was full to overflowing with spicy mince pies. Yellow custard, golden pumpkin, deep-red cranberry, and numerous other pies, were ranged in tempting rows on the shelves; in the stone jars below were cookies and doughnuts enough to have fed a regiment of hungry boys; in the deep drawers were loaf after loaf of cake—fruit, pound, cup, caramel, walnut, marble, spice, silver and gold, jelly—and there was no cakemaker in town equal to Eunice. Mrs. Martin had said to her that very morning.

"Well, Eunice, as Eben got home yesterday, an' there ain't no word of your pension, I guess there's no hope of it. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, you know, an' what should a' done this Thanksgivin' without you to make my cake I'm sure I don't know; for my cousins from Bath, who are to be here to-morrow, are famous cooks, an' I sh'd hate awfully not to have a mite of decent cake to set before them; an' somehow I do have a dretful heavy hand with dough of all sorts. So it's a mercy to me there ain't no prospect of you marryin' Eben Morse."

Which doubtless was a comfort to Mrs. Martin, but not so much so to Eunice. The girl was coming slowly home from the store, where she had been to make some last purchase for the morrow's festivities, and recalling to mind what Mrs. Martin had said, was sorely tempted to have a cry out there in the gathering darkness all by herself. She had been so sure that, now the missing letters were in her hand, the long-for money would be hers. But she was not mercenary; it was not the coin she regretted; it was those fair visions she had allowed her mental eyes to see, of a snug home where, within another year, she and Eben should have their own Thanksgiving to keep, their own fat turkey to roast, their own buttery full of appetizing dainties.

She tried not to let herself say, even if only to herself, that there was little for her to give thanks for this year, and little for her to look forward to which would ever be worth remembering on any future Thanksgiving Day. Of course Eben would not stay single for her sake; he was too fond of home-life to be willing to go wifeless all his days, and there were at least two girls of her acquaintance who would gladly marry him.

As she thus meditated, Eben's voice sounded in her ear:

"Well, Eunice, here I am."

"Had a pleasant journey, Eben?" was her calm reply. She did hope her eyes would not look red in this dim light.

"Pretty good. But, Eunice, your pension is all a humbug."

Eunice was not surprised, yet the news, so placidly told, was depressing.

He went on to describe his adventures and his interview with the clerk, adding:

"Now, if you'd a' got your rights, you'd a had about five thousand dollars pension money; an' that's a good deal, ain't it? Enough to make a girl worth marryin' for, ain't it?"

At the reiterated question, Eunice felt obliged to answer:

"Yes, Eben."

To herself she said:

"Ah, well, he can't help his disposition, an' I can't help bein' poor."

"I hear," continued Eben, slowly and emphatically, "that the boys 'round town have been sayin' that soon's you got your pension I was goin' to ask you to marry me. You know's well as I do that we Morses have always been powerful money-lovin', don't you?"

"Yes," she said again, with a little sigh.

"Now, I never had no faith in this pension; but bein' a Morse, no one would a believed I was sure you'd never git it; now I am sure, an' everybody knows it—knows I ain't after your money now. Eunice, I've been waitin' on you for nigh on to two years, an' you've known me always; what's to hinder our gittin' married to-morrow, Thanksgivin' Day?"

Again Eunice said, "Yes, Eben," but without a sigh.—*Frances E. Wardleigh.*

Pinkerton men guard the body of W. H. Vanderbilt, in the New Dorp vault, day and night.

White woodchucks have been seen the past summer in Redding township, Ind.