

it. "You let me be!" cried the woman. "Put it out where 'tis on the floor. Give me that pillar."

They each took a pillow and smothered the thing where it ran toward a valanced bed.

"Don't call!" whispered Helen, sharply. "Rosamond! We must save Rosamond."

At last she and the woman had, to her mind, the common cause of sparing Rosamond. There was soothing in it. Again she felt the calm responsive to an urgent need. Her shadowy fears had fused into one dread, and she was fighting it. This was embodied terror, yet it was nothing compared with the soul-tremor she had felt before. And the "Fire Charm" went surging through her memory.

Jane Harding had not ceased beating

at the thing where it ran about the floor, and Helen alternately fought it there and then turned back to strip charred shreds and tatters from the woman's clothing. The burning river reached the bed and touched it. Helen stooped to it; her own skirt caught, and the flames had her.

"Don't call!" she whispered, with the "Fire Charm" deafening in her ears. "Don't call Rosamond!"

In a flash of pain, her senses sickened. Suddenly she was in a world where heat and light were one enemy and the thick air choked her.

Sensation was an anguish. In the revolt of her tortured body, she even forgot Rosamond. And the "Fire Charm" rippled into sleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Two Love-Songs

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

I

I DO not know if your eyes are green or gray
Or if there are other eyes brighter than they;
They have looked in my eyes; when they look in my eyes I can see
One thing, and a thing to be surely the death of me.

If I had been born a blind man without sight,
That sorrow would never have set this wrong thing right;
When I touched your hand I would feel, and no need to see,
The one same thing, and a thing the death of me.

Only when I am asleep I am easy in mind,
And my sleep is gone, and a thing I cannot find;
I am wishing that I could sleep both day and night
In a bed where I should not toss from left to right.

II

O woman of my love, I am walking with you on the sand,
And the moon's white on the sand and the foam's white in the sea;
And I am thinking my own thoughts, and your hand is on my hand,
And your heart thinks by my side, and it's not thinking of me.

O woman of my love, the world is narrow and wide,
And I wonder which is the lonelier of us two?
You are thinking of one who is near to your heart, and far from your side;
I am thinking my own thoughts, and they are all thoughts of you.

A Statesman of To-morrow

BY ROY ROLFE GILSON

THE campaign had begun.

Father was a Reformativ, so Mother and you and Lizbeth were Reformatives. As to Publicrats, you had a vague notion, taking them by and large, as Grandfather used to say, that they were by nature drinking-men, inclined to staying out nights, poker, even thievery and wife-beating, and other naughtiness. Father did not say so, but you had seen pictures of them in the newspapers on the library table. Gross, full-stomached men they were, with short-cropped hair, and square, unshaven jaws; gambling-looking men, with monster diamonds in their striped shirts, tilting their plug hats rakishly, clutching cigars with pudgy, bejewelled fingers, and rolling their swollen eyes gloatingly over bags of gold. Sometimes they kept a tiger. It was an emblem, Father said. You rather fancied it scared policemen while its masters jingled and gambled their ill-gotten gains, wrung somehow, somewhere, as you opined, from the widows and orphans and the honest workman with his square cap and his dinner-pail.

But, on the other hand, what a noble race were the Reformatives! What fine pictures they always made in those newspapers on the library table! How gracefully they wore their long Prince Alberts, carried their tall silk hats! What dignity of mien! What venerable beards! What flashing eyes and philanthropic brows! And what a way they had of lifting their index-fingers to the Stars and Stripes, or winding its folds about their heaving breasts—while above their heads the Sun of Prosperity burst, triumphant, through the lowering clouds of Publicratic rule!

Oh, it was all there—there in the newspapers on the library table,—and even a boy like you had but to look on this picture and on that to be a Reformativ.

Some good men, doubtless, were Pub-

licrats. Father himself admitted that. There were several in Ourtown—church members, too. Stanch, dyed-in-the-wool Publicrats they were, but you never would have thought it. They *looked* like Reformatives. Misguided beings you thought them; for it followed, as the night the day, in your love for Father, that a party of men that could give him so much pain, whose deeds down-town or under domes could wring from him such direful prophecies, must be a godless breed indeed. Mother thought so too.

You heard the table-talk. You listened to the bands. You watched the torches flaring in the wind of an October night, and the white transparencies bobbing by. On foot, jostling the other boys, you followed a Senator and four white horses from the railroad to the Grand Opera House. Breathless you heard him, watched him thresh the air, saw his face redden, his bosom swell, heard his speech-worn voice leap hoarsely from his throat as he raised aloft a trembling finger to the flag above his head.

Five hundred men sprang to their feet in answer. The floor quivered. The rafters rang. You could not hear the music of the band—but in that din you heard a still, small voice. You heard the Man within you rapping at the door.

Homeward that night you struck at shadows with your hedgerow stick. Parry! Thrust! You fenced with them—and laughed aloud at your folly. Across the threshold you wandered restlessly from room to room. From the library shelf a plaster Webster glowered upon your dream. You halted suddenly. Manfully you stood before him, giving him frown for frown, matching your future against his past. Your lips tightened. Your jaws set. Your eyes flashed fire beneath your beetling brows. The glow of that recent eloquence was still upon you. The words of the Senator still sounded sweetly in your ears.