

ETCHINGS

LEAF AND LOVE.

WHIRL, oh, whirl on the breath of the wind,
 Leaves that are red and gold ;
 The airs of the autumn are cruel and cold,
 Tearing the leaves from the tree !
 Life of my heart, as the wind unkind,
 Why art thou gone from me ?

Fade and be lost, ye dreams of my breast,
 Dreams that were dear of old—
 As bright as the leaves, as their red and gold !
 Go, and be lost like the leaves !
 Full is my heart with the year's unrest,
 Wild as the wind that grieves.

Bare is my life as the naked bough,
 Bent by the wailing blast !
 Oh, ghosts that gleam from the passionate
 past,
 Pleading for joy that is sped,
 Why must ye linger? Ye mock me now,
 Now that her love is dead !

Edward A. Uffington Valentine.

THE QUEST.

SHE pressed her fingers on the spring
 And set the captive free,
 With "Go, my little golden wing,
 And find where Love may be !"

He paused a moment at the door,
 He scanned the open sky,
 And trilled a light farewell before
 He spread his wings to fly.

Then out and upward went her bird
 Upon his happy quest,
 Far, far, until the sunlight blurred
 The yellow of his breast.

And lonely were the hours and long
 She waited once to hear
 The notes of his familiar song
 Uplifted, liquid clear.

But at the morning's rosy break,
 There in his cage above
 He sang again—"Awake, awake !
 Where you dwell, here is Love."

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE KINGMAKER.

HE is the monarch who unmakes
 The tinsel majesty of kings.
 Their glory in his smile partakes
 The scorn of unremembered things;

While to the least in every land,
 Whose lives are dust before his breath,
 He lends for one white hour the grand,
 Remorseless dignity of death.

Bliss Carman.

A YANKEE MAID.

THERE lurks a witchery about
 This dainty Yankee maiden,
 She wins me with a smile or pout
 Through varying moods, and is no doubt
 With wiles and wisdom laden.

Her face is dreamy as the purr
 Of noontide brooks through flowers;
 In dimples deep the sunbeams stir,
 Her smiles are gay as ever were
 The fauns in lazy hours.

Her lustrous eyes in merry wise
 Low laugh from under lashes
 That in a lazy languor rise ;
 And bluer than the bluebell lies
 The deep hue in their flashes.

And then to crown a rare delight
 She studies Worth and Virot :
 A great hat from our wondering sight
 Hides softest curls engoldened bright—
 And he who saves his heart is quite
 A wondrous kind of hero.

Archibald Douglas.

THE SPRIG OF MIGNONETTE.

TOWARD thoughts of youthful hopes, all past,
 Full oft I turn, with many a sigh ;
 For youth is fled, but love must last,
 And, fading still, the old hopes lie
 Like this quaint posy, long put by;
 And gentle memories linger yet,
 As with these yellowed leaves and dry
 The faint, sweet scent of mignonette.

The ivied wall and postern gate,
 The maid who waited once for me,
 The willing heart for any fate,
 And promises for years to be,
 That trysting hour beneath the tree
 Time has not taught me to forget,
 Nor soft wind blowing from the sea,
 And faint, sweet scent of mignonette.

So when my days are nearly run,
 And overspreading darkness lowers ;
 When right of peace is almost won,
 Will you not come, dear, in those hours ?
 Step lightly once more through the flowers,
 Come back to me, who love you yet,
 And bring me out of heaven's bowers
 The faint, sweet scent of mignonette !

ENVOY.

Musk roses, lilies, pansies, too,
 Bound in life's garland with the rue ;
 Yet holds my heart with its regret,
 The faint, sweet scent of mignonette.

M. W. T.

THE WRECK.

OH, the wind went out to sea last night,
 The wind went out to sea;
 And the moon hid under a cloud from sight,
 And the billows rose with their fangs of white
 To do what its will might be.

They seized a ship that was homeward bound,
 And they snapped her mast in twain;
 And they swept her decks till the blackness
 round
 Was thick with the souls of sailors drowned,
 And loud with their cries of pain.

The wind blew in to the land at morn
 And ruffled the rose's pride,
 And kissed the face of the babe new born,
 And toyed with the silk of the tasseled corn
 And the curls of the captain's bride.

But it left *him* out on the dreary deep,
 On a drifting spar, ah me!
 And he called her name as he sank to sleep,
 In the coral caves—oh, the angels weep
 When the wind goes out to sea!

Minna Irving.

A TWILIGHT PICTURE.

At the hour of twilight stillly,
 In a cozy window nook,
 Softly bending like a lily
 O'er her little story book,
 Sitteth Edith;
 As she readeth,
 Pity shines in every look.

Few the cares that ever find her,
 Summer's with her all the year;
 Jack will tease, or Gyp won't mind her—
 Such the woes she hath to fear.
 She must borrow
 All her sorrow,
 On her book hath dropped a tear!

I, alas, am eight and twenty,
 Edith's only eight and three;
 I have daily cares in plenty,
 Sorrows, too, that never flee;
 Would that Edith
 As she readeth
 Might let fall a tear for me!

Samuel Minturn Peck.

A NOVEMBER SONG.

THE winds of autumn wail and sigh
 About the fenced fold;
 The far, free reaches of the sky
 Have lost their blue and gold;
 And thou, my heavy heart, and thou
 Dost sorrow with the leafless bough.

How tender sweet the vanished days,
 And yet how winged fleet!
 Alas! but gray and sodden ways
 Now ope before my feet;
 And love, that gave the summer grace,
 Conceals the sunlight of his face.

Clinton Scollard.

FLOOD TIDE.

To deepest slumber swoons the silent sea;
 No sinuous ripple cuts the shimmering targe
 With steel blue line, though at the golden
 marge
 The full flood tides rise higher, momentarily.
 Familiar things show strange and shadowy
 Through dubious mist; a swart sail'd fisher
 barge,
 Drifting inshore, looms phantom-like and
 large,
 With muffled voices set to harmony.

So surge the tides of love within my breast.
 My lady mocks me—but I steadfast bide;
 My lady tasks—I bow to her behest;
 Such checks are but as pebbles, swept aside
 By following currents. Shall the sweet shore
 say,
 "No farther come"—and shall the sea obey?
Bessie Gray.

IN MARYLAND.

In Maryland, in Maryland,
 All loves are warm as embers;
 Her daughters' eyes, her daughters' sighs,
 How well my heart remembers!
 And oh, my love, from your dear mouth,
 The while I touch your tresses,
 To hear the cadence of the south,
 Whose words are like caresses!

In Maryland, in Maryland,
 The hours are made for suing,
 And hearts are light and eyes are bright
 With witcheries of wooing;
 But oh, the skies are cold and gray
 That northward sweep above you,
 And maids have not learned how to say
 As *she* can say "I love you."

In Maryland, in Maryland,
 To all my homeward yearning,
 My heart goes forth from out the north,
 To her enchantments turning;
 And oh, the longing and the pain,
 Her errant sons assailing,
 At dawn in southern skies again
 To see the gold stars paling!

In Maryland, in Maryland,
 Awaits my lass so slender,
 Till I shall haste to clasp her waist
 And hear her greeting tender;
 And oh, the bliss to steal a kiss,
 Soft creeping up behind her,
 In Maryland, in Maryland,
 Returning home to find her!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

SLEEP!

I WOULD not wake thee, peaceful one!
 Why wake those eyes to weep?

Thy hard earned rest is just begun—
 And now thy weary task is done,

I would not wake thee, quiet one.
 Until God call thee—sleep!

Catharine Young Glen.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

HALL CAINE'S NEW NOVEL.

WE have secured, for publication in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, Hall Caine's forthcoming novel. Mr. Caine has been working steadily upon this story since his completion of "The Manxman." The novel is already written, but is yet to be rewritten, polished, and repolished. * Mr. Caine regards it as the greatest piece of fiction he has produced. We have been over the story very carefully with him, and fully agree with him in his opinion of it. It delves deep into human nature, dealing with scenes of far greater dramatic force than are found in "The Manxman" or any of Mr. Caine's novels. The opening of the story is in the Isle of Man; then the scene is transferred to London, the greatest theater of the world. Here the deep strength of the story develops.

Hall Caine is the most forceful, most masterly living writing of fiction. This is our opinion; this is the opinion of England. No man looks so deep into human passions and purposes as he. His reasoning is logical, his work is one layer of logic upon another. He reasons from cause to effect, and reasons as only a philosopher can reason.

The story will be begun in MUNSEY'S as soon as Mr. Caine is willing to regard it as finished.

PARTY AND LIBERTY.

THE New York *Sun* formally arraigns certain citizens who have dared to criticise nominations made by the political party to which they belong, and to declare their intention of voting against the nominees. "Do not these disturbers of harmony understand," asks the *Sun*, "that it has never been the custom of their party to nominate candidates whose support is optional or contingent, and not honorably and irrevocably binding on all those participating in the choice?"

Without pausing for any such unworthy personality as to inquire whether the editor of the *Sun* has always followed his own doctrine—in the Presidential campaign of 1884, for instance—we wish to record our opinion that the worst bane of American politics has long been this claim of the sacredness of a party nomination—the theory that an honorable citizen is bound to vote for the evil one, if the personage in question has secured the regular indorsement. The man who surrenders his judgment and conscience to the dictates of any partisan organization or machinery whatsoever is a slave, and the fact, we are glad to see, is being more widely recognized every year.

The position taken by the *Sun* is one we should hardly expect from that journal, so able

and so independent. It is more like the utterance of the machine sheet under the sting of the party lash.

A UNIQUE AUDIENCE.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE has the most unique audience in the world—unique in size, unique in character. Its readers are the wide awake, up to date people of this up to date, wide awake country. We are proud of such an audience; it is an inspiration to work for such an audience—two million five hundred thousand readers—readers who comprise the wealth and the culture and the energy and the intellectual force of the country. It is, therefore, no wonder that MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE has so quickly taken its place at the head of all periodicals, with merchants and manufacturers, as the medium—the one medium, beyond all others, through which they can best reach the people—the money spending people. This is why the advertising pages of MUNSEY'S are the barometer of trade, the record of progress, the kaleidoscope of commerce—the directory of standard goods. A careful perusal of such advertising pages from month to month keeps one in touch with the times.

AN OCCASIONAL BULLSEYE.

THERE are writers who occasionally hit the bullseye; there are others who have a habit of hitting it right along. Dickens and Bulwer and Scott and Thackeray and Reade had the unerring aim. The public could depend upon them, and from this fact it naturally inclined to depend upon other authors who had once gained its confidence. But it has learned that this confidence is too frequently misplaced.

In a Western town, some years ago, a party of men sat on a veranda smoking and chatting. Presently one of the company spied an eagle far away in the northern sky. He was a majestic bird, king of the air. All eyed him for a few seconds, and then the host went into the house and brought out a rifle. The eagle was a mile away.

"What, are you going to try to shoot him?" exclaimed the party in chorus. The host for reply raised the rifle quickly to his shoulder, and, seeming scarcely to take aim, pulled the trigger. In another instant the great bird fluttered and fell. Cries of amazement followed. Such marksmanship was marvelous, unheard of. The man's fame was already on the wing. He was a wonder, talked about, written about, lauded.

Now the fact was that the shot on which this man's fame rested was nothing more nor less

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