

hand, and ring, and man, were not there. They rubbed their eyes, ran into the passage.

The steward was called. He knew no one on the ship answering the description; nor did the thorough search the next morning show the thief; perhaps he had been some strange stowa-

way—perhaps he had been washed from the deck.

The Britannia then was tossing and groaning in the arms of the roaring storm, and, as far as that ship's company was concerned, the dark-visaged unknown seemed to have gone back into the tempest whence he had come.

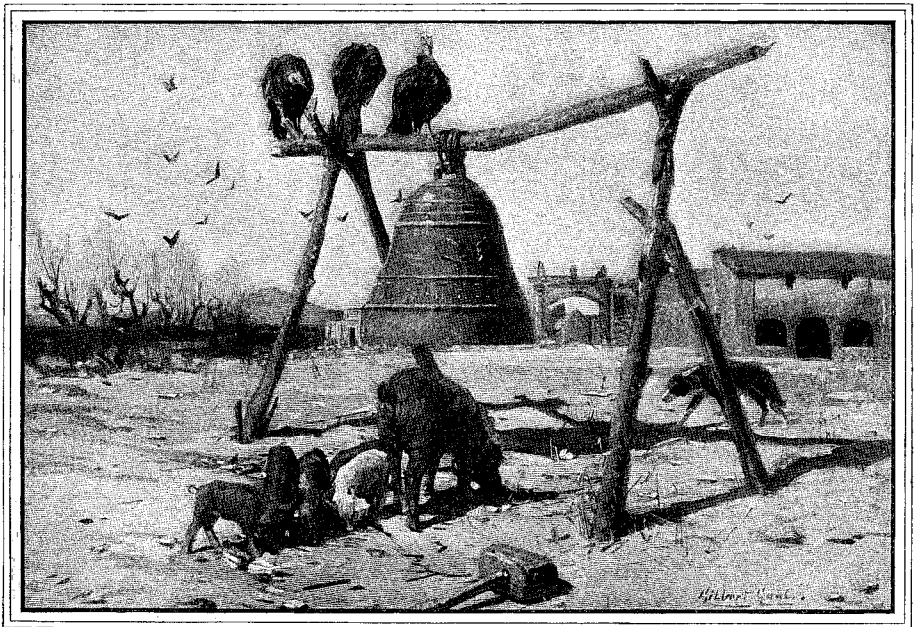
SONGS FOR TWO

By Arthur Sherburne Hardy

LOVE me not, Dearest, for the smile,
 The tender greeting, or the wile
 By which, unconscious of its road,
 My soul seeks thine in its abode,
 Nor say "I love thee for thine eyes"—
 For when Death shuts them, where thy skies?
 But love me for my love,
 Then am I safe from all surprise,
 And thou above
 The loss of all that dies.

Thy names are like sweet flowers that grow
 Within a garden where I go,
 Sometimes at dawn, to see each one
 Lift its head proudly in the sun;
 Sometimes at night,
 When only by the fragrant air
 I know them there.
 And none are grieved or think I slight
 Their worth, if closest to my breast
 This one I take which holds within its own
 Each single fragrance of the rest—
 My friend, my friend!
 And as I loved it first alone,
 So shall I love it to the end,
 For none were half so dear were it not best.

To give is more than to receive, men say—
 But thou hast made them one! What if, some day
 Men bade me render back the gifts I cannot pay—
 Since all are undeserved!—should I obey?
 Lo, all these years of giving, when we try
 To own our thanks we hear the giver cry:
 "Nay, it was thou who gavest, Dear, not I!"
 If Wisdom smile, let Wisdom go!
 All things above
 This is the truest: that we know because we love,
 Not love because we know.



THE DROUTH AT SAN ANTON

By William Henry Shelton

UP and down the cañon of the Apishapa not a drop of rain had fallen for three months, and all the masses of the little Padre had not so much as persuaded one white cloud to come from behind the great mountains or rise out of the eastern plain into the clear blue sky which arched over San Anton. In all that time the good God had not suffered this one longed-for banner of hope to cheer the upturned eyes of the pious villagers. Despite their prayers and flagellations, and the good offices of the Padre, and the intercessions of all the saints, the hot sun blazed across the spotless blue sky by day, and the dry moon hung among the countless stars by night. The river, which in better times was the glory of San Anton, bringing the tumbling waters from the cool mountains past the very doors of the people, was now just a thread of creeping water, flanked by stagnant pools among the dry stones, and the parched street that overhung the bank from the store of Red Mike (the one spot in San Anton that was never dry) down to the last adobe house in the

village, that of Don Miguel, just opposite to the foot-bridge, was thick with dust and wallowing dogs. If there were any men in San Anton between the hours of ten in the morning and four in the afternoon, they were drinking up their credit for good fleeces and pulled goat's hair at the bar of Red Mike, or sleeping off the effect of earlier potations in the privacy of their own adobe walls. And well they might abide in-doors, for the sky was still blue and the sun was fierce, and a furnace heat palpitated about the black cross on the little chapel of mud, and threatened to roast alive the red pigs wallowing in the dust under the sacred bell, which swung between two wooden horses in the dirty plaza of San Anton.

Every object in sight was gray with dust; the houses, the rocks, the withered grass, the stunted cotton-woods and ragged alders that fringed the sorry river, the curled leaves of the thirsty corn, the sickly bean-stalks clinging to lurching poles. Dust clung to the sagebrush and prickly pears along the rocky, treeless road down the mountain. It slid in small drifts over the gravelly