

pavement in front of his home. At the sound of Lee's voice he turned and saw Lee, who had quickened his steps in his impatience to be recognized once more, even by a baby. The child gave one look, in which there was more of deadly terror than recognition, and toddled into the house as fast as his tiny feet could carry him. His mother looked out to see what had frightened the child, and saw Lee standing irresolute on the pavement. The door closed, and Lee heard the snap of the lock as his sister turned the key. Then Lee knew that as long as he lived he

would be a stranger to his own race and kindred.

A messenger boy was standing in front of the telegraph office, proudly exhibiting a revolver to a knot of his friends. Suddenly a little Chinaman broke through the group, snatched the revolver and dashed down the intricate alleys of Chinatown, where his pursuers soon lost the trail.

They found Lee's body under the placard at the entrance of the Hall of Judgment, the placard that had first announced his doom. The look of loneliness had left the little Chinaman's face.



ALWAYS

THE stars that glimmer through the heart of night,
When daylight breaks, unseen, shine steadfast still;
And so my love, in absence, gleams as bright
As in thy presence, dear, and ever will.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.



HIS TOTAL ECLIPSE

THE CYNIC—Ah! poor man, he's gone over to the silent majority!
JONES—Dead?
THE CYNIC—No. Married.



TO THE MANNER BORN

JAGGLES—When one is annoyed by conversation in a theatre it is generally by the rich people in the boxes.
WAGGLES—Another proof that money talks.



THE HIGHER CRITICISM

BRIGGS—How did you like the play last night?
GRIGGS—Horrible! It was so indecently decent.

IN LOVE'S CONFESSIONAL

TO you, whose every word and deed and thought
 Ring true and honest as thrice-tested gold,
 The tale of my shortcomings I have brought—
 Now you have given the pardon I besought,
 Forgive the little sins I have not told!

The foolish, petty faults I scarce can name;
 So mean and paltry are they, that I fear
 You would not think them worth a word of blame,
 You would but pity and—despise them, dear.
 And since I love you so in woman's wise,
 Nor am from woman's curse of pride exempt,
 I would far rather read within your eyes
 Hatred, my best-beloved, than contempt!

Wherefore, to you, whose every deed and thought
 Are crystal-clear—you, whom I love too well—
 The tale of my shortcomings I have brought,
 And you have given the pardon I besought,
 Forgive the little sins I cannot tell!

AILEEN BEATH.



SAME OLD THEME—WITH VARIATIONS

IT was the old, old story. They met, they loved to distraction. After a while he grew weary of the affection she lavished upon him. She reproached him. They quarreled. She returned his ring and presents; told him, with a burst of tears, that she never wanted to see him again, and watched his departure from the window. That night she cried herself to sleep in the orthodox way of broken-hearted maidens. He celebrated his deliverance from apron-strings by getting gloriously intoxicated.

They met after five years had elapsed; and herein this tale differs from the regulation story. He was not filled with pangs of jealousy at beholding her with other men; she felt no desire to make mean remarks about the girls whose company he sought. They didn't sit in a corner together and make pessimistic remarks anent everything in general and life in particular until they discovered that the long-dormant love for each other was what made things so blue for them. They didn't renew their engagement, with wedding-cake and the strains of the "Lohengrin March" in the near future, as the curtain falls.

They sat in a corner, it is true, but not to talk of the past—simply to bore each other telling the bright things their respective children said and did. "And here endeth the first lesson."

R. S. PHILLIPS.