

# FANTASY IN PROSE



**Difficult Task.**  
To regard all our neighbors with love—There are few who will understand  
What a difficult task this may prove.  
For your neighbor may know the correct  
And blow it full out of tune,  
Or his dog is a rolling pin  
With a habit of biting the moon.  
And his daughter is learning to play  
Or to sing—which is possibly worse,  
And you listen and long day by day  
For a nice quiet ride in a hearse.

Or your neighbor with eloquent power  
Tear path, when you're hurrying stops  
And talks for at least a half hour  
Of the army, free silver and crops;  
Or his children use language that's barred  
Or else simply believe and roar;  
Or he sticks the milk at your door.  
He can drink the specific command—  
But, coming urbanity's mark,  
One may as well say it off hand,  
It's a deuce of a difficult task.

—Washington Star.

## MET IN A FOREIGN LAND

**And They Were Glad to Meet, And, Indeed, Why Shouldn't He Kiss Her, If She Wished It?**

They met first in Paris, where, being Americans and far away from home, they felt that it would be foolish to stand on ceremony. So she smiled—very properly of course—and he lifted his hat, and then each wanted to know what city the other was from, and he asked if she knew the Gregories, and she asked if he knew the Lockwoods, and they talked about "home," and both felt far less lonely than before.

But unfortunately all her trunks were all packed; she was to leave Paris on the following day.

He looked when she said it as if the last boat that was ever going to sail for America had just gone, leaving him on the dock, with no hope of overtaking her.

She sighed a faint, little sigh, and then blushed when she raised her eyes and found him gazing at her almost pathetically.

"And are you going home from here?" he asked, when he dared to trust his voice.

"No," she replied, "not directly. Mama wishes to go to Germany first to try the waters."

## HOPE REVIVES.

He felt a new hope in his breast. Why should he linger in Paris? He had seen all he wanted to see of the exposition. It didn't come up to the Chicago show, anyway. Of course, he had to remain somewhere near to look after his firm's exhibit, but he could run up to Germany for a few days as well as not without neglecting his duties. All this flashed through his mind in a second.

She was carelessly swinging her parasol and looking up the boulevard without seeing any of the hundreds of people who were coming and going there.

"Where do you expect to stay the longest in Germany?"

She looked into his eyes, then looked away again and answered:

"We are going to be at—at—"

"Pardon me, I have no right, upon our short acquaintance, to question you in this way. Of course, I cannot expect you to treat me as a lifelong friend, just because we are both Americans—at least not until I have furnished you with satisfactory evidence concerning my standing here. If you will permit me to do this, I will take pleasure in getting the Gregories to let you know all about me when you return home."

## PERFECTLY SATISFIED.

"Yes," she replied, "of course, that will be—oh, I don't mean that. I can see very plainly that you need no references. One can tell a man's worth by his looks, you know, and if the Gregories are friends of yours, that is sufficient. No, I haven't any reason for not caring to tell you where we are going, and I shall be pleased to give you our address. We shall be most of the time at—at—"

Again she hesitated.

He looked at her with wonder and admiration. Ah, she was so beautiful! And how bewitching she was with all that color in her cheeks, which were brushed by her long, dark lashes, for she was gazing down at the ground.

"At where?" he asked, after waiting for her to finish.

"At—at—at—Kiss—oh dear! What an embarrassing name—we shall be at Kissington during the—"

But she never finished the sentence. His lips—, and she didn't care if there were people near who might see.

She was going, too, so what was there for them to think of as long as they liked it themselves and were both going to Kissington?—Chicago Times-Herald.

## ONLY A METAL TAG LEFT.

**Dewey Wreaks Fearful Vengeance on His Assassin.**

"Which is the sporting editor?" chirped a wee old woman, with a parrot-head umbrella.

The copy boy escorted her among the mysteries of the editorial rooms and pointed out the desk embellished with pugilistic photographs.

"There he is, ma'am."

The wee old woman rested her umbrella against a chair and chirped:

"Are you really the sporting editor?"

"Yes, madame," responded that individual, wondering whether his visitor was going to hand him a tract or sell him a book.

"Well, I have a real good story for you."

"For me?"

"Yes, indeed. I want to tell you about the awful fight between my Dewey and the bulldog next door. But I hope you will understand that I abhor fighting in every way."

"Certainly, madame."

"And there would not have been any disagreement if the dog next door had not attacked Dewey."

"What breed of canine is your Dewey, madame?"

"My Dewey is a cat."

"Oh, I see. So the bulldog attacked him?"

"Yes, the horrid thing nipped off a cor-

ner of Dewey's ear. Then Dewey ran walling in to me. I don't know how I could have ever done anything so cruel, but the sight of that ear caused me to lose my temper, and I told Dewey to go out after that horrid dog."

"And I suppose Dewey obeyed?"

"No, indeed; he roared those great, wailing groans with an expression of thanks, and then went out. When I saw the look in Dewey's eyes I was almost tempted to call the owner of the bulldog and warn him in time. Then the sight of Dewey's ear came back, and I decided not to interfere. But I hope you will not think I encouraged the fight or the sport!"

"Certainly not, madame. And did they fight?"

"Well, as I was saying, Dewey went out and the next thing I was called to the window by the worst howls and yelps that you ever heard. I looked out and saw only a black-and-white wheel turning in the air a little above the bricks. Dewey was black and the dog was white. After a little while there was more black in the wheel than there was white, and presently there wasn't any white at all. Then I saw the owner of the bulldog come out. He looked around for his pet in vain. Then I saw him pick up something metal which was the license, and the only thing left of the dog. That is about all. The owner of the dog just went back and closed the shutters. Dewey came in and went to sleep in my work basket. If you want to give me a month's subscription for the story, here's my address. Please don't use it in print, though, because I abhor fights of all kinds. Good morning."

The wee old woman picked up her umbrella and departed.—Chicago News.

## HORSE REPORTER TIPPED.

**Knew What He Was About When He Took Odds on the Game.**

There was no racing at the Gravesend racetrack a week ago, Friday, so the horse reporter decided to spend the afternoon watching the Brooklyns and Cincinnati play ball. It was his first visit to a ball game in several years, and the surroundings were strange to him. He took a seat just back of the reporters' box, gazed around at the empty benches and remarked that the bookies would go out of business with such a crowd.

"Hi," said the man with somebody else's season pass, "they don't allow any betting here, so the gamblers don't come. What are you doing here?"

"Just ran in to kill time and win supper money. How do these teams do?"

"Cincinnati for Brooklyn, ten to one short."

"Long shot, hey?" remarked the horse reporter. "Say, Mr. Scorer, this is one of the baseball reporters, 'let's look at your dope. Three wins and a tie for Brooklyn. I'll just bet 15 to 100 that Cincinnati wins."

"Take you," said the man with somebody else's season pass. "It's like finding the money."

"You're welcome to it if you win it," said the horse reporter. "But say, those Cincinnati fellows warm up as if they were through the game. The Brooklyns look short and don't move around as if they'd stand the gam."

"I've got a fighting chance, ain't I, Mr. Official?"

"That's that, and nothing more," replied the baseball reporter.

"Well, I couldn't sit here without having a bet down. What's keeping them at the post so long? If they delayed like that on the track the whole push would be set down. Ah! There's the bell. They're off."

When the game had progressed four innings and the Cincinnati had a lead of two runs, the horse reporter expressed surprise at the confidence of those about him that Brooklyn would win out.

"Say, what game am I up against, any way?" he asked. "Here's a team leading

by two lengths and running easy, yet you fellows say they're a 5 to 1 shot. How do you figure it? How do they dope in the winning line?"

"Brooklyn, first; Cincinnati, next to last, and Brooklyn's already won 15 out of 18 from the Reds."

"Looks like a pipe for you, don't it?"

"What to care? It's a very difficult thing for any one to say 'No.'"

"No; let it go. We're not playing on the dead line and I won't have to walk home."

"Two more innings were played with another brace of blanks for the champions, and the man with somebody else's season pass lost some of his confidence."

"It's a three-to-one bet now," he said.

"Then I've got a better chance for a trolley ride home," said the horse reporter.

"The odds, according to the man with somebody else's season pass, were reduced to 2 to 1 when the seventh inning ended with another blank for Brooklyn, and it was even money when the last half of the eighth began. When that was concluded and the umpire called the game with the score of 2 to 0 in favor of Cincinnati, the man with somebody else's season pass remarked disgustedly:

"Why the Champs played like a lot of dead ones today."

"Yes," responded the horse reporter, as he pocketed the money. "I was tipped off on that before I came in. I always play sure things."

And he bade the man with somebody else's season pass a smiling good afternoon.—Brooklyn Eagle.

## HARD TO SAY "NO."

**But He Gave Her a Long-Hoped-for Chance to Say "Yes."**

That he was a most exemplary young man and in every way worthy of the favor of any woman whom he might seek in marriage there was no denying, but he was slow on some points of reciprocal affection, and he needed to be shaken up a bit. He was fond of discussing sociological and moral questions, and once started on his hobby he could scarcely be headed in any other direction. He had been quite devoted in his attention to one young woman for as much as six months, but she had been unable to bring him to his senses, though she was willing to confess that she had tried repeatedly to do so. Of course, she had done it in the delicate ways women have in those matters, but what he needed was a club. Not a great while ago he was calling as usual, and as usual he was neglecting

## HOW BROWN WORKED IT.

**Quies Wife's Suspicions and Has a "Little Game."**

To be perfectly honest, Brown does not go to his Griswold street office every night. He tells his wife he is going there. The business which he says is pressing is frequently imaginary, and the man whom he is going to meet does not exist. He belongs to a club, and clubs have their attraction. He thought that his wife was growing suspicious, and Brown is resourceful.

On the evening in question, as the lawyers would say, he told her that there was

a matter of business that could not possibly be deferred until the next day. About 9 she answered the phone and was asked if Brown was at home, and replied: "Brooklyn, first; Cincinnati, next to last, and Brooklyn's already won 15 out of 18 from the Reds."

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## FOR MUSICIANS AND MUSIC-LOVERS.

**FOR MUSICIANS AND MUSIC-LOVERS.**

Socks "loud enough to be heard" are no novelty, but musical socks that make no noise of any kind are among the newest things on foot.

Vaudeville puns on the cloaks as ornaments to hosiery are supposed to have led up to the idea of the musical sock. Naturally this creation of an alleged brain comes from the east. Walt, cloig and jig time are woven into the shanks of men's half hose, in such a way that a violin, clarinet player or cornetist may cock first one foot and then the other on a music rack and play right through the score of a black and white opera. While blue on a black background are popular, but the white figures on a background of bluish purple are better adapted to long-legged musicians, as the combination is proved to be the clearest within the scope of the sign-maker's art.

But the musical sock is not wholly for musicians. It may be for the lover of music as well. For instance, a young man does not play, but he has a sweetheart who does. He has a particular fancy for a certain piece of music. He has it woven into a pair of socks, puts them on, and calls on her. Standing on a center table, just beyond the piano, with a London roll to his trousers, he promotes first one note and then the other to "do, do, do," and repeat. The advances of this sock is that the music can be woven all around it, whereas for the musician it cannot pass the curve of the shin bone.

One disadvantage of the sock as the background of an opera is that only a single act is easily possible in the score. This naturally suggests changing one's socks several times in the course of a five-act opera. This, of course, would be vulgar.

The way out of it seems to be in lengthening the hose, or in the cultivation of Highland calves of the dimensions of those of the William Wallace, the Roderick Dhu and the Robert Bruce. Influences of an ultra-civilization are against the latter recourse, so that the only way out is to lengthen the hose, or in the cultivation of Highland calves of the dimensions of those of the William Wallace, the Roderick Dhu and the Robert Bruce. Influences of an ultra-civilization are against the latter recourse, so that the only way out is to lengthen the hose, or in the cultivation of Highland calves of the dimensions of those of the William Wallace, the Roderick Dhu and the Robert Bruce. Influences of an ultra-civilization are against the latter recourse, so that the only way out is to lengthen the hose, or in the cultivation of Highland calves of the dimensions of those of the William Wallace, the Roderick Dhu and the Robert Bruce.

sentiment for something that only made a girl tired. This time he was moralizing on the temptations of life and the pressure of people to yield without making the proper effort against them in whatever form they might appear.

"However," he said in conclusion, displaying a commendable split of charity for the weak, "it is a very difficult thing for any one to say 'No.'"

Here was an unexpected chance for her. "And conversely," she responded slowly, "so the word came that the full force of it should be very easy for one to say 'Yes.'"

He looked her straight in the eyes at last, and a hush fell upon the scene.

"Just a minute," he hesitated, "Miss Kate, am I a chump?"

"It is very difficult for one to say 'No,'" she said, with a pretty little smile, and later she found it quite easy to say "Yes."—Washington Star.

## OUT OF THE WRONG MOUTH.

**Young Dentist Makes Slight Mistake in Patients.**

The young dentist had a caller. She was a stylish young woman, and towed by a stout chain the ugliest of ugly bulldogs.

"Poor Jim," she said, soothingly, "you must suffer."

The young dentist gazed at the brute and smiled.

"This way, miss," he said.

"Just a minute. Is there a mirror in the building? My hair is wild from the wind."

"You will find one at the end of the hallway, miss."

While she stood before the mirror he surveyed Jim.

"I'm not in the habit of extracting dog teeth," he soliloquized, "but I suppose I can do the work. It would be a good idea to start in now. If she stands near I may get the least bit nervous, and the chances are in favor of the dog making trouble for some one."

"He thought he knew the bad tooth."

"Come here, pup," he said, trying to get around the dog. Then he reached for the forceps and got a good grip on his patient. When Jim opened his mouth the steel

closed down on the supposed bad molar. Man and dog struggled, and the man was victor. The tooth came out. Just then the young woman re-entered. It was an exciting scene, deep, crimson gore, was everywhere. The young dentist was in a corner warding off the vicious attacks with a chair.

"What does this mean?" she gasped.

"I got it out, miss."

"Got what out?"

"The brute's tooth; but it was a hard job."

"Do you mean to say that you extracted one of Jim's teeth?"

"Certainly. Isn't that what you brought him up here for? I found the bad tooth without any trouble."

"But he has no bad teeth."

"What?"

"No, sir; I came in to have one of my own teeth extracted."

"But I heard you say the dog was suffering."

"From fleas."

"Then I will—"

"No, you won't. I'll go to some dentist that knows his business."

Then she took Jim by the chain and dragged him out of the office.—Chicago Record.

## FUN OF THE PARAGRAPHERS.

**Things to Make You Laugh or Cry, as the Case May Be.**

A Coroner's jury in Georgia delivered the following original verdict on the sudden death of a merchant who had fallen in business:

"We, the jury, find from the doctor's statements that the deceased came to his death from heart failure, superinduced by business failure, which was caused by speculation failure, which was the result of failure to see far enough ahead."—Atlanta Constitution.

There's no use trying to do the impossible," said the discouraged editor.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the society reporter. "It has been done. I was at the meeting of a literary club yesterday, and one lady there who read an original poem made 'bon mot' rhyme with 'have got.'"—Answers.

"Why is it," demanded the Sultan, proudly, "that you always blame my poor Kurda for everything?"

The Ambassadors of the powers retired and prepared a joint note.

"Your Majesty's wheys are past finding out," they protested in this, humorously albeit something apocryphally.

An occasional bon mot like the foregoing serves greatly to relieve the tedium of diplomatic negotiation.—Detroit Journal.

## His Record Against Him.

"You are asking me to marry you, Mr. Spoonmore," the young woman replied, "but I do not feel I can trust you. Two years ago you made love to Maud Wintergreen, and when she became interested in you, as I have reason to believe, you coldly dropped her."

"That wasn't exactly the way of it," protested young Spoonmore, "but still

## Some Queer Epitaphs.

The Western World.

A whole lot of people are interested in an epitaph from Vineyard Haven, Mass.: John and Lydia, that blooming pair, A whole killed him and her body lies here, In Skaneateles, N. Y., we find that, Near a watered on Mrs. Smith In 'Till' 'twas the end it laid her, And served as a Methodist.

The uses of a family Bible, and the sad uncertainty of those who have no money to depend upon, are exemplified upon a Maryland tombstone: Elizabeth Scott lies buried here, She was born Nov. 20, 1785, According to the best of our recollection, That the cares of this life are not all left behind in the tomb was evidenced the creed of the family that recorded: Our papa dear has gone to heaven, To make arrangements for eleven.

Four papers.

A tragedy is revealed by the following from New Hampshire: Here lies our young and blooming daughter, Murdered by the cruel and relentless Henry, Upon coming home from school he met her, And with a six self-shooter shot her.

## Refused to Be Called Down.

"Miss Hasty, I must insist upon your exercising more care in the production of your copy. In this story of the mysterious fire in the Wimbledon that you say Mr. Peabody, the bachelor artist, awoke with a start and hastily drawing on his camera, seized his pajamas and hurried to the scene of the conflagration."

"What's wrong about it, Mr. Blue point?"

"Ah! What's wrong? Why, you've got 'em mixed!'"

"That would be natural at a fire, wouldn't it?"

"I don't see, a man couldn't wear cameras?"

"Oh, how funny! I see it now. Cameras go on three legs, don't they? How clever you are! Bluepoint. Ta-ta. I must go to lunch now."

And the editor sighs and gives it up. Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## His Idea of It.

When we were over to Medfordville the other day we saw a game of golf played. They take a round ball about the size of a walnut, make a little pile of sand and put the ball on top of it, and then stand off and whack it with a thing that looks like a billiard cue with a chip pipe at the end of it. Then they chase the ball away over the grass, and when they find it they whack it again.

You'd think from the way they look that they were going to do something worth talking about after awhile, but they don't. All they do is to hammer that little ball over the grass, but what it's all about we don't know, and we put in might near half a day trying to find out. You may be all right for them that likes it, but for our part, we'd a heap rather see watermelon.—Hickory Ridge Missourian.

## When Molly Led the Meeting.

I was settin' with the sinners—way back by the door, In the paw that smiles a welcome—meetin' evenin's to the poor. I was jest the hardest stunner that salvation ever knowed— A real old backslider that had lost the gospel road.

'Twas a Wednesday night pra'r meetin'—when they talked from left to right; An' the word came that the preacher wouldn't be with us that night. An' 'Who would lead the meetin'?' a woman raised her hand, An' Molly, with the bright, sweet eyes, marched up an' took the stan'!

My heart was palpittin'—of what would it Molly say? She didn't keep me waitin'—for her bright eyes shined my way. She give that of tyme hymn out—an' they sung with sweet accord, With Molly's voice a-leadin' 'em—'Come ye with Love the Lord!'

An' lots of 'em went up fer pra'r, an' got religion true. An' Molly called on the pews—'John, ain't you comin' too?' An' I come!—I could stan' it! They holered out, 'Amen!'

With Molly's han' a-holdin' mine I got religion then!

## Not a Bit Confused.

"I am afraid," said the poet to the editor, "that you don't exactly grasp the depth of the ideas expressed in my blank verse."

"Perhaps not," said the editor. "That may be beyond my mental reach."

"I think you wrong yourself," said the poet, kindly. "Let me test the point. Here is a line at random: 'She swiftly passed him down the silent way, and her path a subtle perfume lingered. There, she doesn't seem confused?'"

"Not at all," replied the editor, briskly. "That's easy. You are simply trying to say that a gaudium automobile went down the place."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## THE LATEST NEWS.

All the late news in a Georgia settlement is contained in the following from a rural correspondent:

"Preacher's at camp meetin', Puttin' on the brakes; Postmaster's gone a-dobbin', An' the Colonel's killin' snakes!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

## THE HERO'S TREASURE.

With a rose in the rim of his fawn-colored hat, And a jangle of saber and spur, A soldier rode by in the dawn and dew Ere the village was scarcely astir. The patter and clatter of sharp little boots Brought her into the window above; Her eyes were as blue as the sky overhead, Unclouded by sorrow or love.

In the gold of the sunrise they halted below, And her and brave rider, a space, And her 'kerchief dropped out as she leaned from the sill, A fragment of linen and lace.

He caught it in air on the point of his sword, And buttoned it under his blouse, And cantered away, but drew rein on the hill And turned to look back at the house.

While she dreamed of a soldier returning from war.

To halt at her window again, The mare and her rider lay dead in the dust Where bullets were falling like rain; And a comrade who passed in a moment of bloom, Stopped over and covered his face With a 'kerchief he found in the breast of his blouse.

A fragment of linen and lace, —Misses Irving, in Leslie's Weekly.

## Bowersville's Plight.

We're a-kickin' on the census count down here in Bowersville. The agents that they give out is a mighty bitter pill. They show that Pierce's Station has a ten per cent increase. As Bowersville they must 'a' numerated Jintown's goods! But Bowersville! The census shows she hasn't grown at all. An' the agents and wrath 'em Henry's store clear to the 'City Hall'.

We can't see how they figger it, for it has been our pride That in the last ten years there's only been two men who die. One of them was a peddler, who just gasped for breath an' went. When Deacon Skinner didn't ask him to light.

The other was a fellow who fooled with some dynamite. Jest a button an' a freckle was the only thing to light.

But, gee-mun-nee! There's Higgin's twins, an' an' Peeler's girl an' boy, Besides the triplets that has come to Hezekiah McCoy.

An' other babies! Man alive! You can't walk anywhere 'Thout bumpin' into kerriges with youthful sons an' heirs.

It's jest a kid procession 'em the schoolhouse to the mill— But it isn't in the census that they took o' Bowersville.

The census man—he needn't say he didn't know. He might be blind, but surely he could easy hear 'em bawl!

An' that's why we're a-kickin' on the census man's report— We got a blame good notion fer to take the case to court.

We think the census taker is in danger o' the law.

For classin' Bowersville along with shrimkin' Omaha.

—Josh Wink, in Baltimore American.

## THE FLOPPER.

I'd rather be a flopper than to vote the ticket straight. Though constancy's a virtue which I deeply venerate; Be 'bout as I achieve renown or keep my name in front, Unless I change my politics and do my shittin' stunt!

I'd rather be a flopper than to tread the path pursued. By men who've no aversion for innocuous desertude; And, furthermore, you must pronounce this word in proper style, And call it not "de-sue-tude," but "des-er-tude," the while.

I'd rather be a flopper, with my great quadrennial twist, Than live unknown in Lobsterville, which simply means exist. And so, to all who crave renown, I drop this quiet hint: 'You'll have to be a flopper if you want your name in print."

—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

## DEAD ON THE FIRING LINE.

(July 14, 1900.)

He was a sad-eyed, homely brute, In foam-drenched stretch of hill and dale, And flings the spit-drift down the gale; Where, beaten 'rainst the bending mast, The frozen raindrop clings and cleaves, With steady front to calm or blast, His battered schooner rocks and heaves.

To some the gain, to some the loss, He heeds them not, he only feels The grim white sea that met or live; For men must die that met or live— Lord, may we steer our course aright.

The dripping deck beneath him reels, The flooded scuppers spout the brine; He heeds them not, he only feels The grim white sea that met or live; For men must die that met or live— Lord, may we steer our course aright.

Ort, driven through the night's blind wreck He feels the dread berg's ghastly threat; Or heard draw nigh through walk o' black A throbbing engine chanting death. But with a calm, unshrinking brow, From fronts them, grim and undimmed, For stars and chances of the trade, These are but chances of the trade.

Yet well he knows—where'er it be, On low Cape Cod or bluff Cape Ann— With straining eyes that search the sea, A watching woman waits her man. He knows it, and his love is true, But work is work, and bread is bread, And though men drown and women weep, The hungry thousands must be fed.

To some the gain, to some the loss, To each his chance, the game with Fate; For men must die that met or live— Dear Lord, be kind to those who wait.

—Joe Lincoln, in Harper's Weekly.

## DEAD ON THE FIRING LINE.

Here she lies where all must come After days grown wearisome; She that was Chrysanthemum.

Tufts falter in the wind, With blown leaves her eyes are blind For her shining mouth is dumb, Here she lies where all must come.

Eyes as dark as indigo, Now deeper darkness known; Hair that mocked the raven's wing Feels its lotus withering After days grown wearisome.

Lotus flower between her breasts Rests as deeply as she rests; Milky veil about her rolled, Feels seeks quikem in its fold. Here she rests not, nor the cold— Here she lies where all must come.

Little feet that moved so light Music will not stir tonight, Though the strongest love of men Lited on the saint.

Little hands men's hearts that led Into graves that she had given, What for't her neither cared nor knew, After days grown wearisome—

Little hands shall hold no more Crying door or open door, Keys of pleasure or of grief, Lo! they hold a withered leaf, World, and where is thy distress— One chrysanthemum the best!

World, what sayest thou? She is dumb? She that was Chrysanthemum.

—Chicago Tribune.

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## DEAD ON THE FIRING LINE.

Here she lies where all must come After days grown wearisome; She that was Chrysanthemum.

Tufts falter in the wind, With blown leaves her eyes are blind For her shining mouth is dumb, Here she lies where all must come.

Eyes as dark as indigo, Now deeper darkness known; Hair that mocked the raven's wing Feels its lotus withering After days grown wearisome.

Lotus flower between her breasts Rests as deeply as she rests; Milky veil about her rolled, Feels seeks quikem in its fold. Here she rests not, nor the cold— Here she lies where all must come.

Little feet that moved so light Music will not stir tonight, Though the strongest love of men Lited on the saint.

Little hands men's hearts that led Into graves that she had given, What for't her neither cared nor knew, After days grown wearisome—

Little hands shall hold no more Crying door or open door, Keys of pleasure or of grief, Lo! they hold a withered leaf, World, and where is thy distress— One chrysanthemum the best!

World, what sayest thou? She is dumb? She that was Chrysanthemum.

—Chicago Tribune.

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