

A SONG.

The dewy spring time lingers,
The birds sing on the tree;
There is bursting bloom and blossom,

Still let the olden, mellow
Light shine on land or sea,
For the hearts that come hereafter
It shines no more for me.

As in some chord of music
A pain too deep for tears,
So now the very beauty
Of the saddened spring appears.

Still let new hearts awaken
'Neath summer suns aglow;
Some hearts will miss their heaven,
Some hearts may not know.

Still let the dewy dawning
Ave for hearts that wake,
And the twilight shadows deepen
O'er the human hearts that break.

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A Timepiece with a History
Across the corridor from the roomy of
fices of Secretary Whitney is the compass
testing room of the navy department. I
stroled in there today and saw two very
interesting curios. One was a quaint
high backed chair which had been used
for years by Gideon Welles, who was the
secretary of the navy in Lincoln's cabinet.

Cheerful Mortuary Practices.
In one corner was an inclosure, which
contained bushels upon bushels of human
bones, piled in heaps, bleaching and blis-
tering in the sun. A grave was being dug
and we watched the process. The Indians
used a crowbar and mattocks, scooping out
the loose earth with their hands. Pro-
ceeding lower down, they filled their
cup fiber aprons with the dirt and
crumbled to the top with it. Now and
then the crowbar would enter something
with a cracking and tearing sound—pass-
ing through a skull. Then the Indians
would take it out in their hands, examine
and comment upon it, and generally iden-
tify it as having belonged to some friend
or neighbor. If the bones belonging with
it were easily obtainable they lifted them
out respectfully and laid them on the pile
in the charnel house.

A Deed of Darkness.
I never hunted a deer, but I think I can
understand how a man, thrilled by the
excitement of a long chase, full of the
ardor of pursuit, giving the game all the
fair chances of the field, himself enduring
fatigue, thirst, peril in the chase, match-
ing his own endurance, patience and skill
against the speed, strength and instinct
of the game, can at last bring his rifle to
his shoulder and shoot down the antlered
monarch bounding away for life. But to
be in a boat, hidden away in the dark-
ness, crouching back in the shadows of
the glowing decoy, waiting through long
hours of darkness, listening to every
sound, gun in hand, finger on the trigger,
hiding in cold and mist, silent, motion-
less, waiting, watching until the beauti-
ful creature comes timidly to the water,
lifts its startled head to gaze with bright,
curious eyes at the light that is death,
coming nearer and nearer—to kill this
creature then, at pistol range in cold
blood—pshaw! this is not hunting. It is
an assassination. It is murder. It is a
deed of darkness worthy of the gloomy
shadows that hide the perpetrator.—Robert
J. Burdette.

An Old Method of Bookbinding.
The British museum has a capital way
of binding its books and collections ac-
cording to the color of the contents. Of
course, theology has thoroughly estab-
lished its claims to be bound in blue
leather, one would say without hesita-
tion, should be in pale yellow, a soft suffu-
sion not quite defined, half way from green
to being red. Then it stands to sense that
natural history should appear in green
covers, like nature herself, with which it
deals. History being a record in the main
of bloody events—the struggle to survive
—should monopolize the red. Novels
might come in pink, or in particular mot-
tled jacket, biography in sober black. This
is a hint for private collectors as well.
Browning should have a color all to him-
self—a mixture of theology, philosophy,
biography and poetry. Bind the realists
in flesh color.—Globe-Democrat

Society Women in Washington.
The duties of a society woman in Wash-
ington are not light. In fact, the gov-
ernment ought to furnish a private secre-
tary to every woman who tries to pay her
social obligations at the capital. Says the
wife of Justice Miller: "The science and
practice of social bookkeeping have been
reduced to a nicety. The first thing is to
enter the names of all ladies calling and
leaving their cards, their addresses when
given, the day they called, the day they
receive and something about them when
they are strangers to you. This is the
foundation of your scheme. Then you
follow it up by crediting your return visit
and making any notes respecting the par-
ties to guide your future action."—New
York World.

Characters in a Novel.
As to dialogue, remember that your
characters should reveal themselves in
dialogues as much as in action. They
must speak as they think, each after his
own manner. It is true that in real life
most people seem to speak with the same
forms and fashions and formulae; make
the same little jokes and employ the same
little metaphors, going on with these
without the least sense of weariness till
the stage, or the novel, or a comic paper
supplies them with a new set. You must
therefore in dialogue, as I have already
said, exaggerate. Your talk must be
crisp—it must never drag, and above all
it must not be too long.—Walter Besant
in London Atalanta

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