

BABY JOAN... *Frank L. Stanton... Atlanta Constitution.*

When she came that day in her caps and curls,

With a flash of eyes and a flash of pearls,
She seemed like one of the fairy girls,
And I said to myself I would freely give
A tithe of the years that I have to live,
Though crowned with glory and gold unknown,

For the love of a lass like Baby Joan.

When she came that day in her mystery,
With her beautiful, dutiful history,
Written as clear in her eloquent eyes
As the stars are traced in the south's sweet skies ;

When she came and laid, like a white snow-flake,

Her hand in mine, if my heart would break,
It had broken then with its love and moan,
Like a rose at the feet of Baby Joan.

O! Baby Joan, when the years have flown
There are hearts that will break for your own—your own—

But I pray, my dear, that your heart may be
Always the heart that you showed to me,
That beautiful day when you dreamed my way,

And gave December a glimpse of May.
You have left me to dream of your face alone,

And I read my dreams for you, Baby Joan.

ELIZA AND THE INK.

HARRY PAINTO-DAY.

The ink-pot contained a shallow sediment, composed of short hairs, adipose deposit, grated bricks, and a small percentage of moisture. It came out on the pen in chunks. When I had spoiled the third postcard, Eliza said I was not to talk like that.

"Very well, then," I said, "why don't you have the ink-pot refilled? I'm not made of postcards, and I hate waste."

She replied that anybody would think I was made of something to hear me talk. I thought I had never heard a poorer retort, and told her so. I did not stay to argue it further, as I had to be off to the city. On my return I found the ink-pot full. "This," I thought to myself, "is very nice of Eliza." I had a letter I wanted to write, and sat down to it.

I wrote one word and it came out a delicate pale gray. I called Eliza at once.

I was never quieter in my manner, and it was absurd of her to say that I needn't howl the house down.

"We will not discuss that," I replied. "Just now I sat down to write a letter—"

"What do you want to write letters for now? You might just as well have done them at the office."

I shrugged my shoulders in a Continental manner. "You are probably not aware that I was writing to your own mother. She has so few pleasures. If you do not feel rebuked now—"

"I don't think mamma will lend you any more if you do write."

"We will not enter into that. Why did you fill the ink-pot with water?"

"I didn't."

"Then who did?"

"Nobody did. I didn't think of it until tea-time, and then—well, the tea was there."

I once read a story where a man laughed a low, mirthless laugh. I did that laugh then. "Say no more," I said. "This is contemptible. Now I forbid you to get the ink—I will get it myself."

On the following night she asked me if I had bought that ink. I replied "No, Eliza; it has been an exceptionally busy day, and I have not had the time."

"I thought you had forgotten it perhaps."

"I supposed you would say that," I said. "In you, it does not surprise me."

A week later Eliza said that she wanted to do her accounts. "I am glad of that," I said. "Now you will know the misery of living without ink in the house."

"No, I sha'n't," she said, "because I always do my accounts in pencil."

"About three months ago I asked you to fill that ink-pot with ink. Why is it not done?"

"Because you also definitely forbade me to get any ink to fill it with. And you said you'd get it yourself. And it wasn't three months ago."

"I always knew you could not argue, Eliza," I replied. "But I am sorry to see that your memory is failing you as well."

On the next day I bought a penny bottle of ink, and left it behind me in an omnibus. There was another bottle (this must have been a week later) which I bought, but