

When the ball was at its height on that still and tropic
night,
She thought of him and hastened to his room
As she crossed the barrack square she could hear the
dreamy air
Of a waltz tune softly stealing through the gloom.

His door was open, too, with the moonlight streaming
through,
And the floor was wet and slippery where she trod,
For an ugly knife lay buried in the heart of Mad Carew
'Twas the vengeance of the little yellow god.

There's a one-eyed yellow idol to the north of Kat-
mandu
There's a little marble cross below the town,
There's a broken-hearted woman tends the grave of
Mad Carew,
And that yellow god forever gazes down.

FINIS

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In the sad, sweet hour of Sunset,
When the twilight shadows fall,
I seem to see you in my dreams,
And hear your sweet voice call.
I clasp your hand so tender,
My heart to yours is wed,
We wander into dreamland
With fairy blossoms spread.
No need of words between us
As heart to heart we stand,
Embowered in the shadows
Of love's sweet fairyland.
Oh, would that we might ever
Devour love's treasure trove,
As through this life we wander
To our long home above.