

as he sat there on the floor, smeared with the vixen's blood, I shot him down as if he had been a snake; how I mixed some of their blood and tasted it, satiating the beast within me like a miser playing with his gold. Then as they lay there, he dead and she bleeding, I called down heaven's curse upon them forever. And thus my oath was fulfilled and my nature satisfied. My child had been avenged and outraged friendship vindicated."

Here are some samples of a modern advertisement for new musical compositions:

"Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming" (with illuminated cover).

"Trust Her Not" (for 50 cents).

"I Would Not Live Always" (without accompaniment.)

"See, the Conquering Hero Comes" (with full orchestra.)

"When the Sun Shall Set No More" (in C).

"The Tale of the Swordfish" (with many scales).

"After the Ball" (for second base).

"Home, Sweet Home" (in A flat).

—Exchange.

THE VIOLET (*Das Vülchen*).

A violet in the fields alone,
 In spring's creative hour,
 Crouched all unnoticed and alone:
 It was a heartsome flower.
 A youthful shepherd maiden
 Came tripping there along,
 So freely, so gaily,
 And stirred the fields with song.
 "Ah!" thought the violet, "If I were
 But Nature's favorite flower,
 Gifted with all she hath most rare.
 Ah! for one little hour!
 So might the darling pluck me
 And set me in her breast,
 Just laid there, to fade there,
 A moment there to rest.
 But ah! But ah! the maiden came,
 Travelling in Beauty's bower,
 And recked not of the violet's pain,
 But trampled the poor flower.
 It sank, it died, yet gladly:
 "Yea, though I die," it cried,
 "'Twas she there, I see there,
 Hath crushed me in her pride."

—L. C.