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AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

S107/2019

COAL

When "the earth was without form and void" erything, that exists now in the way of matter, then existed, but the various materials had not beome segregated. Apparently those things first bemake them gaseous, and among the last of all was bon, all of which even today is not solid, but is und in the atmosphere in the shape of carbonic eld gas. By and bye, probably, this will all become this consummation is a long way in the future. solidifying of minerals was by process of crystallization. The solidifying of water, which has not yet me general, was by a similar process. Water rgoes no change in its nature by being converted from vapor into ice. But the process of solidithe poisonous carbonic acid gas, so that the might become fit for animals and man to breathe. something very different. If you can let your nagination go back into the dim recesses of time and in your mind's eye the first seaweed, which clung the base of the Laurentian Hills, you will find beginning of that wonderful process, whereby poisonous atmosphere was purified, and stores uel were laid up for the use of man. If in the

laboratory of Nature carbonic acid gas had

solidified, the world would have been uninhabit-

but a wonderful process was developed, where-

by the carbon in the gas was made solid, and the

gen, which is the breath of life, was set free. It

is a wonderful thing, is it not? Vegetation only obtained a foothold upon the earth. after a long struggle. A few seaweeds of most primtive type, so primitive that it is not easy to say with certainty that they were plants, grew along the edges of the oldest ocean-washed rocks. Later, in what is known as the Silurian Age, they became more numerous, and as the ages rolled around, they rapidly increased in number and variety; but it was not until a comparatively recent date, geologically speaking, that vegetation reached its greatest development. This was during what is known as the Carboniferous Period. We do not know how long ago this was, nor how long it lasted, but we do know that it was very remote and very long. Bocks of the Carboniferous series are known to be over 14,000 feet, that is nearly three miles in thickness. These rocks are all sedimentary, that is, they were formed by eing deposited from water, except the limestones. and the Carboniferous series consists of shales, sandstones, conglomerates and limestones, interspersed with layers of coal of greater or less thickness. As we do not know how long it took these rocks to form, how long a period was necessary for the oscillations in the land surface of the earth to permit of their mation, how long it took marine animals to form the limestone beds, or how long it took vegetation to produce the carbon of the coal beds, we are without ny reliable measure of the time. It may be men-

tioned that microscopic analysis shows that "many of the English coals consist largely of accumulations f rounded discoidal sacs or bags, which are unquesionably seed-vessels or spore-cases"-to quote Mr. Huxley, it is evident that many centuries of vegetable growth must have been necessary to produce even a thin seam of coal.

The coals of the American continent, as far as is known, are of more recent date than those of England, and they are composed of coarser materials, the microscope showing bark, leaves and woody fibre. The older coals are nearly all the product of ferns and similar vegetation, and these enter also into the composition of the later varieties. It was at one time supposed that their origin might be sought in marine plants, but microscopic investigation has disposed of this explanation. A theory, which found onsiderable acceptance at one time, was that the vegetable matter was deposited by great rivers, but this is disproved by the fact that in some cases the roots of trees have been found in the rocks below the coal, and the trunks in the stratum above it. The conclusion which seems to fit the facts is that this mineral has been formed from the accumulation of vegetable matter where it grew, its present condition being due to a species of combustion under pressure, whereby the water and, perhaps, some of the other volatile matter, was driven off. But while it is probable that the vegetation from which coal was made grew where the coal is formed, it is to be remembered that the character of the rocks, which go to make up the coal fields, and of the fossils contained in them, show that the coal was at one time, and perhaps more than once, submerged beneath the sea, only to be elevated again. It was necessarily deposited in a horizontal position, but it is found ly ing at various angles. Sometimes it is very deep in the earth. Indeed, if the carboniferous strata lay flat, some of the coal seams would be nearly three miles below the surface. Sometimes it lies spread as a sort of blanket just underneath the top soil. A conspicuous instance of this is the Grand Lake coal fields of New Brunswick, a somewhat extensive area over which the coal lies sometimes only a foot or so the grass roots. Farmers dig it up in the winter and

haul it to the towns in their sleds. Coals are of several varieties from the lignite to graphite, the latter, which is generally regarded as a mineral—using that term in its restricted sense—being probably only an altered coal. The most familiar form in which graphite is used is in lead pencils. Anthracite coal, usually spoken of as hard coal, is nearly pure carbon; cannel coal, or properly speaking candle coal, is high in ash and paraffin, and is very seful in the manufature of gas. It is susceptible of a high polish and is sometimes made into ornaments. Of bltuminous coal there are many varieties, and it is not easy to say where the line should be drawn between them and the lignite coals, nor beween the lignite coals and peat. The writer of this article once examined a series of specimens, including varieties from half-formed peat up to graphite, and it was almost impossible with the eye alone to distinguish one variety from that next above it, alhough between varieties a little removed from each

other the difference was plain enough. There are certain substances closely allied to coal and possibly of similar origin. One of these is jet, which is chiefly bitumen. Another was known as Albertite, from the place of its discovery, Albert County, N. B. It is a brilliant black material consisting of almost pure paraffin. It can be lighted with an ordinary match. It was used in the manipufacture of an illuminating oil until the discoveries o petroleum drove it out of the market. It has been pposed by some that petroleum was a by-product of the formation of coal, being driven off from it by eat, the result being that bituminous coal was con erted into anthracite. This idea does not seem generally held at present, and a more recent eory is that it is of animal origin, having been ormed from small marine creatures. The origin of his oil must, however, be conceded to be one of the unsolved problems of geology.

MAKERS OF HISTORY

XVII.

We have seen in a previous article that the Gours. ns and other hordes swept over Eastern Europe early part of the present era. The aboriginal inants of the country were the race known as the vs or Slavonians, who modified by the invasions mentioned and by intermarriage into the ceks form the population of the greater part of Cussia, the Balkan principalities and Southern Aus-

tria. The Slavs are suposed to have been the Scythians of Roman and Greek literature. Little is known about them until about a thousand years ago. Nestor, a Russian historian, who lived in the 11th says the Slavs were not very long before his date little better than the beasts of the forest, but there is evidence to show that he was incorrect and that several centuries earlier they had reached a sufficiently advanced stage of civilization to have a colnage of their own. About A.D. 800 the condition of the Slavonic tribes was deplorable. War was constant; there was no regular administration of justice, and the insecurity of life and property prosperity impossible. In this distress the called upon the Varangians to come and bring order out of chaos. Who the Varangians were is one of the unsolved and apparently insoluble problems of history. It is known that they came from the North, and it has been claimed that they were of the same stock as the Normans, intermixed with exiled adventurers from the Slavic tribes. At the head of the Varangians was Rurik, a half-legendary figure, who looms up large in the morning twilight of Russian history Under the powerful influence of the Varangians the Slavic tribes, became organized into a number of states, some of them principlities, and others repub-lics. The chief of the principalities was known as Russia, the origin of the name being very uncertain. Later these principalities and republics were overrun by the Tatars or Mongols under Genghiz, and reduced to the condition of tributary states. As was mentioned in the last preceding article as long ago as the Thirteenth Century, the Grand Prince of Russia went to Pekin to pay homage to Kublai Khan. To illustrate the arrogant dominion of these Mongol Khans, it may be mentioned that when they deigned to visit Russia, the Grand Prince was expected to spread with his own hands a carpet for the horse of the Khan to stand upon. Then kneeling he offered his suzerain a gold cup full of wine, some of which the Khan would purposely spill on his horse's mane, that the Grand Prince might lick it off. This done, the Prince kissed

the Khan's stirrup and the act of homage was ended. In A.D. 1440, there was born to the wife of Vas-sili the Blind Grand Prince of Russia, a son who was christened Ivan, and in his twenty-second year succeeded his father as Ivan III. He was in every respect a remarkable man. He was ambitious, but without enthusiasm; an able commander but without courage; simple in his habits, yet a master of intrigue. He had two great objects, to establish hisself as supreme over the adjoining republics and to free his country from the Tatar yoke In both efforts he was successful after a series of extraordinary campaigns. The most remarkable of them was that against the Tatars. The opposing armies were drawn up on opposite sides of the Oka. As winter was setting in both commanders were unwilling to at-tempt the passage of the stream, but at length after a night of intense frost, the river was bridged by the ice, whereupon both armies fled precipitately from the scene. The reason of this extraordinary transaction has never been explained. All we know is that the Tatars fied in alarm to the west and the Tatar supremacy in Europe came to an end without a blow

Ivan married Sophia Paleogus, niece of Constantine Paleogus, the last of the Byzantine emperors. After the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, Sophia fied to Rome with her father, where she placed herself under the protection of the Pope, who, in the hope of uniting the Greek and Roman churches, brought about her marriage with Ivan. After his marriage Ivan adopted for his crest the double-headed eagle, signifying thereby that in him and his descendants were united the empires of the east and the He also proclaimed himself Tsar, thereby asserting that he was the successor of the Roman Caesars, but it was his grandson, Ivan IV., known as the Terrible, who was the first Russian ruler to be crowned with that title. The practice is to regard the word Tsar as a corruption of the word Caesar, but this is hardly correct. It is an old Slavic word meaning chief sovereign, and is applied in ancient Slavic literature to Nebuchadnezzar, David, Pharaoh and other great sovereigns of the past. It is probable that the Persian title Shah, the Latin Caesar and the Slavic Tear have the same origin. The German title Kaiser may come directly from the same root, or be simply a modification of Caesar. Sophia brought with her to Russia. all the pride of her Graeco-Roman ancestry. It was through her influence that Ivan refused to d homage to the Khan. "How long," she asked, "am I slave to that Tatar?" So it came about that when the Khan demanded the usual tokens of submission. Ivan refused, and even declined to send a messenger to kiss the stirrup of the Tatar lord, which the latter agreed to accept as a sufficient recognition of his suzerainty.

Ivan's place in history is as the founder of the Russian Empire. He did a great work in freeing his people from the oppression of the Tatars and in wiing the scope for their commerce by extending his territories westward at the expense of Lithuania and Poland, but he extinguished the popular institutions which had been the heritage of the people from time immemorial. He inaugurated the principle of autocracy, although he surrounded himself with a council of nobles much as his successor of today does. illustration of the tremendous lengths to which this autocratic power was pushed, it may be mentioned that Ivan IV., his grandson, who succeeded to the throne when very young, learning in his thirteenth year that some of the nobles were plotting against him, called them together in council, told them the he knew of their treason, and, while he could punish them all would select only one. Whereupon he ordered the leader of the Court party to be seized and thrown to the hounds, who devoured him, while the boy simply looked on. Ivan III., who is known in his tory as the Great, is also notable because he began nquest of Asia, a policy to which his successors have adhered until this day. Only the military skil of Japan has prevented the descendant and successor of Ivan from carrying out the ambition of his race and setting up his court at Pekin, where seven hundred years ago his ancestors knelt in humble sub-mission to Kubial and laid at his feet tribute from

their far-off country. We print a letter today from Mr. Spencer Percival in reply to an article which appeared on this page recently. We do this as a matter of fairness, but hope hereafter to prevent anything controversial from appearing in this department of the paper. At the same time we would like those, who feel inclined to discuss questions relating to social or economic reform or kindred topics, to feel that their letters are always welcome. We would like to make a feature of such letters in the Magazine Section of this paper, but must stipulate that they shall be signed by the writers, and shall not be opposed to the principles of Christianity or be sectarian or personal. All letters will, of course, be subject to editorial supervision, but will not be altered in any way, except to correct cleri-cal errors. No letters for such a department should be more than 1,000 words in length, and each must be confined to one subject. If this idea commends it-self to Colonist readers, we shall be glad to hear from some of them. Perhaps it might be a good plan to take up some specific subject each week, we leave this in the hands of those, who may con-tribute to such a department. A little co-operation between our readers would make such a fea-ture of the paper both interesting and valuable.

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Famous Frenchmen of the Eighteenth Century

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

THE GIRONDINS, DANTON AND ROBESPIERRE

On the 1st of October, 1793, the Girondins, the members of the moderate Republican party who had been arrested and brought back from the provinces were accused before the Convention of conspiracy against the Republic. So eloquent were the debates which followed, so plainly innocent were the prisoners of what they had been accused that the trial might have ended in their favor, had not the proceedings been put a stop to summarily and a verdict of guilty brought in before the prisoners had had a chance to speak in their own defence. They boldly denounced their judges and demanded a fair trial, but an armed force filled the hall, and surrounding them bore them back to the Conciergie, not before, however, one or two dramatic incidents had taken place. Valez, hearing the verdict, had stabbed himself and fallen dying into the arms of his companions. Vergniaud, disdaining to free himself by a death which would be easier than that which threatened his friends, drew from his pocket the bottle of poison that he had been carrying for months and threw it among the crowd. Camille Desmoulins, who with Marat, Danton and Robespierre, had been instrumental in bringing the leaders of the moderate party to trial, was suddenly seized with a fit of remorse, and fled screaming through the throng of people crying, "On, my God, it is I who kill them. Let me pass, let me pass. I will not see them die."

"Allons, enfants de la patrie Le jour de gloire est arrive. Contre nous, de la tyrannie Le couteau sanglot est leve."

It was midnight and the prisoners at the Conciergie, unable to sleep in their crowded, filthy quarters, heard the triumphant notes of the Marseillaise, faintly at first, but gradually growing louder, as the Girondins, marching in steady time, sang in solemn defiance their song of freedom on their way back to the prison. The doors swung open and they marched unfalteringly within the walls which they were to leave soon only to mount the scaffold. They still sang as they journeyed up the stairs and the sound of their

voices filled with awe those who listened.

During the few hours before the execution their invincible courage never failed them. They took a brave farewell of all those near and dear to them. Vergnfaud's little son was brought to him, but so affrighted was the child at the changed aspect of his father that he would have hidden from him. Vergniaud lifted him tenderly in his arms, and smiled upon him. "Look at me well, little one," he said. When you are a man you will say that you have seen Vergniaud, the founder of the Republic at the noblest moment of his life, when he suffered the persecution of scoundrels and prepared himself to die for free-men."

men."

It They emerged from the prison in the morning with the same fearless defiant bearing that had been theirs the night before. Their clothing had become soiled and draggled through long usage, the lace at their cuffs hung in shreds, most of them were hatless, and their hair in disorder, but they laughed in the faces of the mob paid to insult them, and walked erect with steady steps, and ever and always they sang with a solemnity that appalled, the ringing, stirring song of the Marsetllaise. One by one they mounted the steps to the guillo-tine, many of them still singing.

> "Plutot la mort que l'esclavage C'est la devise de Français.

And before they bowed their heads to the axe of the executioner each one cried in his turn "Long live the

In a very few minutes it was over, the blood of best of the revolutionists had been spilled. Henceforth the power was to be all in the hands of Commune of Paris, and the revolutionary army

Guizot says in writing of the death of the Girondins: "History has not imposed upon them the weight of the foundation of the French Republic. It has scarcely imputed to them the last blows against the monarchy. In their inmost souls they died sadly, in face of their vanished illusions and the victory of their enemies, sustained, however, by a sincere love of liberty and country, to which they believed they sacrilced their lives.

The death of the queen and of the Duke of Oreans had preceded the execution of the Girondins the death of Madame Roland, the wife of one of the most distinguished members of the party immediately followed. She died as bravely as the Girondins themselves, bowing to the statue of Liberty in the square opposite to the scaffold. "Oh, Liberty," she cried, "how many crimes are committed in thy name." She allowed a forger to pass to execution first. "Go," she said. "You are afraid. I can wait."

Meantime Danton was gaining a great master

over the people. So much was this the case that Robespierre began to grow jealous of his popularity, and when the denouncers, from whom practically no defended him. Danton had not become wholly hard-ened by the crimes he had committed or for which he was responsible. His part in the September massacres had caused him much agony of conscience, and he involuntarily drew back from further misdeeds. Moreover he had but lately married a wife whom he loved devotedly, and whose influence, no doubt, did much to soften the character of the man whose crimes had usually been the result of passionate impulse rather than preconceived plans. In writing of Danton, some mention should be made of another man who had always worked in conjunction with the popular leader. This was Camille Desmoulins, brilliant young journalist and member of the Cordiliers Club. He had suffered much remorse the death of the Girondins and to repair the injury he had done in helping to bring about their trial, he now began to speak through the medium of his paper in veiled disparagement against the crimes which France were filled to overflowing with "suspected per-Eight thousand people were registered on the books of the Paris prisons, and tremblingly awaited execution. Desmoulins and Panton revolted from the idea of so much bloodshed and the former appealed so powerfully that he aroused the sympathy of the people and caused hope to rise in hearts that had been heavy with despair. Robespierre condemned Desmoulins' papers to be burned, and Danton, and the young journalist who had also lately married, were advised to fly the country while they were sure of

their liberty,
"They dare not arrest me," said Danton, with proud confidence, and refused to quit France and escape the danger which menaced him.

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(To be continued.)

THE STORY TELLER'

Patience on the Bench Sitting in chambers a Western judge saw from the piles of papers in the lawyers' hands that the first case was likely to be hotly contested. He asked: "What is the amount in question?" "Two dollars," said the plaintiff's counsel. "I'll pay it," said the judge, handing over the money. 'Call the next case." He had not the patience of Sir William Grant, who, after listening for two days to the arguments of coursel as to the construction of a correspond to the pullety. counsel as to the construction of a certain act, quietly observed when they had done: "That act has been repealed."—Green Bag.

On the Job

When the tornado which swept Parker county, Texas, picked up the home of Captain James T. Wilburn, 32 miles from Weatherford, it carried Tiger, a two-year-old bull terrier, three miles and dropped him without injury in a field with other wreckage. When found the dog was guarding a leather wallet containing the watch and other jewelry belonging to the brute's master. In escaping from the house the family forgot the dog, locking him up in a room. The house was demolished and the wreckage spilled over a mile of territory.-Dog Journal.

The People Lose

One of the Ohio congressmen vouches for a state-ment which is indicative of the pessimistic view of the average politician when in the throes of defeat. The day after the routing of Parker in 1994 one of the Democratic newspapers in the Buckeye State sent out a circular telegram soliciting expressions of opinion from various politicians throughout the state. It is claimed that the quaintest of the lot was the reply of one county chairman, expressed in these terms: "County has sone for Roosevelt by 150. The people are in minority. Heaven preserve us!"—

The Distracted Wife

A school teacher was endeavoring to convey the fidea of pity to the members of his class. "Now, supposing" he said, "a man working on the river bank suddenly fell in. He could not swim and would be in danger of drowning. Ploture the scene, boys and girls. The man's sudden fall, the cry for help. His wife knowing his peril and hearing his screams, which immediately to the hank. Why does she rush rushes immediately to the bank. Why does she rush

After a pause, a small voice piped forth: "Please, sir, to draw his insurance money."

Disappointed

At a small dinner of a legal association held in Washington not long ago, one of the speakers told of young fellow in Illinois who conceived a desire to shine as a legal light. Accordingly he went up to Springfield, where he accented employment at a small sum from a fairly well known attorney.

At the end of three days' study he returned home.
"Well, Bill, how'd ye like the law?" asked the

"It ain't what it's cracked up to be," responded. Bill gloomily. "I'm sorry I learned it."

His Proper Name

A motorist speeding along a country road in England, was stopped by a policeman, the light on the car heine insufficient. He gave his card to the constable: "John Smith." read the man in blue. "Go on with you! I want your proper name and address. Welve too many Smiths about here. Now, look sharp!" "Then? said the motorist. "It you must have it, it's William Shakespeare, Stratford-on-Avon!" "Thank you, sir!" replied the policeman. "Sorry to have troubled you." And he carefully entered the particulars in his book.

Carlyle Caught

The busy man stopped before an office building

The busy man stopped before an office building and leaned from his carriage. At the same moment an ambitious urchin ran forward and piped:

"Hey, mister, kin I hold ver horse?"

"No, you can't!" snapped the busy man.

"Won't charge v' much." insisted the urchin.

"I don't care about the charge," impatiently responded the man, throwing a blanket over his bony steed. "My horse will not run away."

"Gee, mister, I didn't think he'd run away!"

"No?"

"No. I thought he might fall down."-Democratic

Mr. Green's Waterloo

Mr. Green had been paying four dollars a week for board; his appetite constantly increased. Finally his landlady saw that she must either self out and quit or raise her boarder's rate. One day, after watching him feverishly devouring plateful after plateful, she plucked up courage, and said:

"Mr. Green, I shall have to raise your board to

Mr. Green looked up with a start, then in a tone of consternation he said: consternation he said;
"Oh, Mrs. Small, don't. It's as much as I can do
now to eat four dollars' worth."—Woman's Home

How "Hello" Came

The origin of the expression "Heilo!" as the beginning of a telephonic communication has been much discussed. This, it seems, is Mr. Edison's invention. "Years ago," said his blographer, Mr. Fish, "when the telephone first came into use, people were accustomed to ring a bell, and then say, ponderously: 'Are you there? Are you ready to talk?' Well, Mr. Edison did away with that awkward, un-American way of doing things. He caught up a receiver one day, and yelled into the transmitter one word—a most satisfying capable, soul-satisfying word day, and yelled into the transmitter one word—a most satisfying, capable, soul-satisfying word—'Hello!' It has gone around the world. The Japs use it, it is heard in Turkey; Russia couldn't do without it and neither could Patagonia,"—Pitman's

Out of Sight

A certain regiment was on the march from Phila-delphia to Gettysburg and the companies were or-dered to move with a few minutes' interval between each and to keep each other in sight, the band and

each and to keep each other in sight, the band and drums leading.

The band soon got a long way ahead, and on reaching a bend, halted for a few minutes' rest. Presently up galloped a mounted officer in hot haste and shouted for the band sergeaht.

"What do you mean," he said, "by getting out of sight of the leading company?"

"We were not out of sight, sir," answered the

sergeant.

"What do you mean by telling me that?" exclaimed the officer, in a rage. "You were out of sight. I saw you myself."—Washington Post.

Joke on the Officer

Winston Churchill, president of the British Board winston Churchill, president of the British Board of Trade, has quite a reputation as a wit, and on one occasion he made a neat little joks at the expense of a self-opinionated army officer. The incident occurred during a dinner in South Africa, and Mr. Churchill and the officer were seated side by side. Throughout and the omeer were seated side by side. Infounding the meal the latter was airing his views, until at last Churchill could stand it no longer. "Do you know," he said quietly, "I met a man today who would gladly forfelt £50 for the pleasure of being able to kick

"To kick me, sir!" exclaimed the astonished sol-"I must ask you to tell me his name at once!" h," replied Winston, "I'm not quite sure that I to do that." "But I insist on knowing," demanded the other

angrily.

"Well, then, I suppose I must tell you. It was a poor young fellow in the hospital who has lost both his legs by the bursting of a shell."

WITH THE POETS

A Token of Attachment The bachelor growls when his peace is Disturbed by his nephews and nieces; When their Jam-bespread digits Soil his trousers he fidgets, Although they're preserving the creases.

-Harper's Weekly

Compensation Laughter and Tears are ever close akin, And where Tears falter, Laughter ventures in;

Or when fair Laughter, scourged to flight, leaves pain. Softly the Tears veil o'er the struggle vain;

Nor hides one far from where the other lies— Each waiting each, within my lady's eyes. -Arthur Stanley Riggs in Smart Set.

Wood Magic "The gods are dead. The pipes of Pan are still."
So say the wise, but in the wood's deep heart.
I feel the slow, reverberating thrill
Of music, human touch cannot impart.

The murmur of a thousand strings at play In sobbing ecstacy! My dull ears thrill To every note. 'Tis but the wise who say "The gods are dead, the pipes of Pan are still."

-Beth Slater Whitson in The Metropolitan Mag.

Pastoral

Tall trees their coolness shed across the way.

The bee booms in the clover, and the drone
Of locusts in a drowsy monotone
Startles the slumber of the summer day. Over the grasses truant shadows play—
Frail shreds of gossamer on breezes blown;
And through the meadow pensive and alone Murmurs a little woodland brook astray.

We two, we two, in all the golden weather Wand'ring content through sunny, silent delis, the world forgot, just you and I together—So faint the sound of silver shepherd belis! as though adrift upon a fairy sea Ve slip away to Youth and Arcady. -Thomas S. Jones, Jr., in Everybody's Magazine.

.When Love Is Best Is love not best when from the snows. The fairy shape of springtime grows, When mating birds and budding spray. Foretell the miracle of Ma., When whitely every hedgerow blows?

Or when heaven's sweetness overflows
The bosom of the wayside rose,
And summer sets her pipes a-play,
Is love not best?:

Is it the best when the world glows With the rich hues that autumn shows? Nay, coming in its own sweet way— At any season, hour or day— The heart by fullest rapture knows When love is best!

-Ada Foster Murray in Current Literature. My Love Comes Back to Me Today I tread the dandelions' gold; My heart is full as it can hold; A robin sings o'erhead, and I Sing back my own song in reply.

Upon their nest, in flowering bush, His mate stays in the broading hush

The purple plumes of lilac play, And with their blossoms strew my way. Far off, beyond the hemlock lane, A brown road winds across the plain. I watch that road, as waits the bird To feel the thrill of new life stirred.

I hear from some who hap along:
"That lassie sings a foolish song!"
But what care I for what they say?
My love comes back to me today! -Cora A. Matson Dolson in Current Literature.

To-day So sweet is life with you, dear heart; How can I think—how can I know That sometime we must part?

As happy children play and sing,
Their little lives one long June day,
And all their world a daisied field— We laugh, and love, and play.

Someday must come a soft good-bye For one, the dark—and dreamless slee And then our hands must be unclasped, And one alone shall we

Ah, golden way, go on and on,
A perfect, love-lit, blameless way;
I cannot, dare not see the end,
But live and love To-day! -Kathryn Day Boyns

> Riddles (With Apologies to Tennyson)

Ask me no more! Pray wherefore worry me With talk of when is this and why is that, Of abnormalities about a cat Or eke a dog. When have I answered thee?— Ask me no more!

Ask me no more! What answer should I give?

I know not when a door's transformed; I can't
Imagine why a hen should gallivant
Across the street; I cannot, as I live!

Ask me no more!

Ask me no more! I'm feeling far from well.
From vain attempts at guessing I am numbed.
Pray, where was Moses when the light succumbed?
Tell me, then stop!—for at a touch I yell.
Ask me no more!

-Thomas R. Ybarra in Harper's Magazine for Sep-

Love's Language How does Love speak?

In the faint flush upon the tell-tale cheek, And in the pallor that succeeds it; by The quivering lid of an averted The smile that proves the parent to a sigh.

Thus doth Love speak.

How does Love speak?
In the proud spirit suddenly grown meek—
The haughty heart grown humble; in the tender
And unnamed light that floods the world with splen-

And unnamed light that hoods the world with specific dor;
In the resemblance which the fond eyes trace In all fair things to one beloved face;
In the shy touch of hands that thrill and tremble;
In looks and lips that can no more dissemble.

Thus doth Love speak.

How does Love speak?
In the wild words that, uttered, seem so weak
They shrink, ashamed, to silence; in the fire
Glance strikes with glance, swift flashing high and
higher,
Like lightnings that precede the mighty storm;
In the deep, soulful stiliness; in the warm,
Impassioned tide that sweeps through throbbing veins,
Between the throes of keen delights and pains;
In the embrace where madness melts in bliss,
And in the convulsive rapture of a kiss.
Thus doth Love speak.