



THE SONG OF THE JEWELS.

BY CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON.



H, the Ruby flashed, and
the Ruby glowed,
And the Ruby flamed
with a blood red
flame;
And over the moun-
tains the Lover
came,
Came wandering slowly
and anxious browed.
"Choose me! Choose
me!" the Ruby cried,
"What gift more grand
for a stately dame?
I breathe Love's fire with
my gorgeous red?"
Ah, close beside
The Diamond lay on its
velvet bed;
But never a word the
Diamond said.

"Choose me! Choose me!" the Sapphire cried.
O doubting Lover,
Go search, an' please thee, the wide world over,
What gift more fair than a Sapphire's blue?—
Love's color—Love, steadfast and tried and true.

The Ruby is bold
In its flaunting pride,
The Emerald cold
In its loveless green,

Beware of Pearls for a promised bride,
The fitful Opal is fair to see,
Yet falseness lurks in that sullen mien
Choose me! Choose me!
For Love should whisper fidelity."

Ah, close beside
The Diamond lay on its velvet bed;
But never a word the Diamond said.

The Opal paled with a sudden ire;
As suddenly flushing an angry red:
"Thou dream'st thou art watching my light expire.
It sleeps and wakes; it is never dead.
What gift more fitting? Choose me!" it said.
"For what is thy love?" the Opal cried.
"Thy love but a spark of immortal fire?"

Ah, close beside
The Diamond lay on its velvet bed;
But never a word the Diamond said.
"Ah, pure and white
My shimmering light,"
Spake the Pearl's sweet voice, "as the fair white breast
Where I would rest.

What gift more lovely than I?" it cried,
"Choose me for thy maiden, me, by right
Of delicate beauty and worth allied."

Ah, close beside
The Diamond lay on its velvet bed;
But never a word the Diamond said.

"Choose me!" called the Amethyst. "Crowned kings
My royal color have proudly worn;
No lover a lordlier jewel brings;
A Queen I reign—for thy Queen was born.

O harken, and know me a faithful guide."

Ah, close beside
The Diamond lay on its velvet bed;
But never a word the Diamond said.

The Ruby, crimson with anger, flamed;
The Opal flushed with a pained surprise.
The Amethyst opened its violet eyes;
The Sapphire glittered with outraged pride;
The Pearl wept silently, sore ashamed;

For close beside
No Diamond lay on its velvet bed;
Yet never a word had the Diamond said.

—The Connoisseur.

THE STORY OF A WATCH.

AS TOLD BY ITSELF.



I WAS made in London, about the year Queen Victoria was born, at an establishment where the proprietor had a theoretical and practical knowledge of the business, and every workman had to be a complete master of the branch of business he professed. The caliber from which I was made was one of the best, all my different parts were arranged with a view to general utility, combined with strength where strength was required. I had no patent improvement whatever, and contained no complex arrangement to counteract the evil effects of faults that had no business to exist. To sum up my various properties, I was a sound, well-made lever watch, adjusted to positions and moderate changes of temperature, had heavy gold cases and cost £30. My owner used me well, and was regular in his habits, and every eighteen months or so left me at the shop where I was made, to be cleaned and looked over. The watchmaker charged his own price for his trouble, and my owner paid it cheerfully; and for several years the most perfect satisfaction prevailed among all concerned.

One evening, after my owner had wound and placed me in the usual position for the night, he remarked to his wife what an excellent watch I was; that I had never failed to do my duty, or in a single instance led him astray since he had received me as a marriage present fifteen years ago; and that I was the best watch that was ever made, and that he would not part with me for a £100. Little did he suspect, when he made that remark, how soon he was to lose me; and as little did I think, while basking in the sunshine of his praises, what terrible adversity was in store for me. Early next morning, as my hands were between 1 and 2 o'clock, a man, wearing a mask, cautiously opened the door of the room, and I saw at once that his visit meant mischief. After glancing hurriedly around he came to the dressing table, took all the jewelry that was lying around, snatched me and my owner's wife's watch from our pockets, and took us, and some silver plate found in another part of the house, to quarters in London where stolen goods were received, and before the sun rose that morning my