

## THE UNFINISHED SONG.

Once, when the hills in the sunlight lay bare  
And the voice of sweet springtime was filling the air,  
When the robin was wooing his tender-eyed mate,  
And the blossoms in slumber no longer would wait,  
We two together among the white clover,  
We two together in flower-sweet June;  
Began the first notes of a song sweet and now  
And love beat the time of the tune.

Oh, and the summer came fond and fleet,  
The bee on the lily lay drunk on its sweet;  
The birdsongs were hushed on the drowsy air,  
And silence and sunlight fell soft everywhere,  
But hitherto rang our song at the hush of the noonday,  
Full sweetly it rose on the listening ear,  
And the melody thrilled to the pulse of the tune  
Till even the meadow lark tarried to hear.

But ah, came the winter so sure and swift,  
And looked all the earth in an icy drift.  
The lily lay scorched by the frost-king's breath,  
And the bee from his stinger had awakened to death.  
Then snapt the sweet strings in the chord that rang clearest,  
And one voice had broke in a sob and a moan;  
And the sweet song died ere the end was sung—  
For how could I sing it alone?

M. ESTELLE SMITH.

## WHY?

Why do we hold our best word back  
And voice the commonplace?  
Why do our deeds the beauty lack  
Of inward motives' grace?  
We judge by surface acts of men,  
Nor explanation ask.  
Oh! why thus judge of others when  
Our own life wears a mask?

Why do the lips refuse to speak  
When overflows the soul?  
Is it because the words would break,  
With feeling overful?  
Why do our hearts so dumbly ache  
Beneath the smiling face?  
Why goes the life mutely to the stake  
With never slackened pace?

Why do our falling tears reflect  
None of the heart blood's hue?  
Why are the rocks where hopes are wrecked  
Hidden from surface view?  
I know not why—but this I know:  
Through earth, with visor down,  
Humanity will ever go,  
Unknowing and unknown.

—Basil G. Jordan in the Philadelphia Ledger.

## MUSTARD USED AS A WEAPON.

SWEET REVENGE OF A PARIS GIRL FOR BEING JILTED.

A young lady in Paris had been jilted by her lover, though she had tried all she could to retain her place in his affections. After she had wept in solitude for several days she determined to have her revenge. The Viscount was preparing to dine at his club, and was only waiting for the return of his valet, whom he had sent out for a paper, when there was a loud ring, and he had to open the door himself. Before him stood a tall female figure dressed in black, her face ghastly pale with suppressed motion. The Viscount started back—"Jeanne!"

The young lady advanced a few steps into the passage, hissed out the word "Wretch!" and produced from behind her back a small Venetian phial, the gift of a former lover. Quick as lightning she lifted it in the air and dashed its contents into the face of the gay deceiver. With a loud yell he dropped to the ground and shouted for help. The neighbors, the concierge and the police hastened to the spot. The unhappy man could not be persuaded to get up from the ground, on which he rolled about in apparent agony, crying: "Vitriol, vitriol! I am a dead man!" Meantime Jeanne stood there like a marble statue, gazing at her victim.

"Are you the perpetrator of the deed?" gasped the commissary of police, out of breath with running up the stairs.

Jeanne gave a silent nod.

"You have thrown a corrosive fluid at his face!"

Another nod.

"I am dying—dying!"

"What kind of fluid was it?"

Jeanne hesitated to reply. A gleam of fierce satisfaction illuminated her features. Then came the answer, clear and steady, from her lips:

"A very weak infusion of mustard!"

Jeanne was avenged. Paris had not laughed so much for a long time. The Viscount has made himself scarce.—*Le Temps*.

## HOW SAMBO SECURED HIS BET FROM THE MULE.

A Georgian negro was riding a mule along and came to a bridge, when the mule stopped.

"I'll bet you a quarter," said Sambo, "I'll make you go over this bridge."

And with that he gave the mule a blow over the ear which made him nod his head suddenly.

"You tak de bet, den," said the negro, and contrived to get the stubborn animal over the bridge.

"I won dat quarter, anyhow," said Sambo.

"But how will you get the money?" said a man close by, who had been unperceived.

"To-morrow," said Sambo, "maesa gib me a dollar to get corn and I take a quarter out."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

## THE MAN WHO SAVED THE TRAIN.

The usual crowd were gathered together in the bar parlor, occupying all the best seats, when a little weazen-faced man sneaked in by the back door and slunk into a dark corner.

"That's him," said the ungrammatical loafer.

"Who is it?" asked several at once.

"Why, the chap who saved a train from being wrecked," was the reply.

"Come, tell us all about it," they demanded, as the small man crouched in the darkness, as if unwilling that his heroic deed should be brought out under the glare of the gaslight.

After much persuasion he commenced:—

"It was just such a night as this—bright and clear—and I was going home down the line, when, right before me, across the line, lay a great beam. There it was, pale and ghastly as a lifeless body, and light as it appeared, I could not move it. A sudden rumble and roar told me that the express was approaching, and soon would reach the fatal spot. Nearer and nearer it came, till, just as the train was upon me, I sprang aside, placed myself between the obstruction and the track, and the train flew on unharmed."

The silence was so dense you could have heard a dewdrop fall.

Presently someone said: "What did you do with the beam?"

"I didn't touch it," the small man replied.

"Well," persisted the questioner, "if you couldn't lift it and did not touch it, how did the train get over it?"

"Why, don't you see," said the weazen one, as he arose from his seat and sidled towards the door, "the obstruction was a moonbeam, and I jumped so that the shadow of my body took its place, and——"

But, luckily for him, he was outside.

## ROBERT J. BURDETTE'S DON'TS.

Don't do it at the wrong time. Never ask a subscription of a hungry man; never try to interest a man in Foreign Missions who is chasing after a train; and never make a morning call on a woman in the midst of house-cleaning, whose husband is sick, whose girl has left her, and whose baby has just swallowed a button and upset a bottle of ink, and endeavor to enlist her sympathies in behalf of a poor woman who wants to go to Vassar.

Don't do it at the wrong place. Never try to entertain a bank teller at his window; never take advantage of a funeral to get the young people together to arrange for a sociable; never inject your views on second probation, or the seventh chapter of Romans, in the midst of the business meeting; never take a beam out of your neighbor's eye when there's a crowd looking on. You might get a cinder in your own.

Don't try to prance before you walk. Don't be in too great a hurry to show Methuselah how the thing should be done. The world was here ages before you came, and never knew you were coming. It will be here ages after you have gone away, and maybe it won't know you were here. Hold up your head and stop high; that's right. But keep close enough to the earth—which is the humble planet the rest of us inhabit—to have something to put your foot on when you set it down.

Don't sing long-metre hymns to common-metre tunes: "Who does?" "O, lots of people older and wiser and more experienced than you youngsters. I have heard common-metre sermons preached from long-metre texts by short-metre preachers, to peculiar-metre congregations, and the effect is a fugue that makes the organ shudder. Keep your ears open, and you'll catch yourself at it one of these days, unless you should die a great deal younger than you are now."

## WHAT BECOMES OF HAIRPINS?

Five hundred millions of hairpins! That is what the women of this land annually buy, beg, or borrow. Now, a hairpin never wears out. It sometimes becomes pale and bent with age, but its avoirdupois is all there. What, therefore, becomes of these successive millions? During the last ten years 5,000,000,000 of hairpins have been made and sold. At present there are only about 100,000,000 in circulation. Now, where—where are the other 4,900,000,000? They have been sown broadcast from Land's End to California, and have left not a trace behind. Of course some of them are picked up and restored to their sphere of usefulness, but most women are as shy of adopting strange hairpins as they are of accepting an unidentified toothbrush. The hairpins, therefore, go to make up the flotsam and jetsam thrown out by the tide of humanity and dumped into the waste places of the suburbs.

And, speaking of hairpins becoming pale with age, why is it that when a package of new ones can be bought for a few pence most women cling to their old ones until every vestige of color has gone, and he who runs may easily count their gleaming heads?

And, again, can anyone explain how it is that every woman knows her own hairpins just as she knows her own baby, no matter how numerous and similar its companions? And, furthermore, all women have at least one pet hairpin. It is guarded with religious care from year to year. It is the keystone in the construction of her coiffure. Other generations of hairpins come and go, but that particular one is looked after too zealously to be lost. Generosity, friendship, filial devotion—nothing is strong enough to induce a woman to part with her treasure. She will laugh and offer you her entire stock, but will reserve her pet. Every boarding-school girl can tell how she has rescued her particular hairpin from the bureau, nay, from the very locks of some friend who had abstracted it.

Mothers, if your boys come in lame from their games, bathe in Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.