

POETRY

Indirection.

Bare are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer; Bare is the rose that grows, but the secret that clings to it is rarer; Sweet the exhalation of dawn, but the strain that precedes it is greater; And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the metre.

A Woman's Work.

One hand on the glory of epiphany, One hand on the world of unrest, Her heart for the pity eternal, Her faithful and abiding rest.

Woman's Love.

A sentinel angel, sitting high in glory, Heard this shrill wailing from purgatory: "Have mercy, mighty angel! hear my story: 'I loved, and blind with passionate love, I fell; I loved brought me down to death and death to hell; For God is just, and death for sin is well."

MELICENT:

The Mystery of the Veiled Picture.

A NOVEL—By FAYE MADOC.

There came sounds as of people coming towards them through the shrubbery. The sound was an unexpectable relief to both. A light laugh—that was Clinton; an affected reprimand—that was Mrs. Gardner. Amy and Rene walked forward to meet them.

but not to original thinkers," replied Mr. Fremaine. "Contact with others may corrupt mediocrity, but it can only render originality more piercing. In London such a one as your brother would expand into a man of repute. London is the place for rising stars."

greatest excesses of spirits his tones were invariably modulated and his manner partially subdued. He resembled one who dances upon the brink of a precipice, but warily, lest a false step should be his destruction. And his very joviality was graceful.

"Why don't you make it say something else?" "I have tried. I have tried to make it say, 'Melicent! Melicent! I and I have tried to make it say 'Love! Love! Love! but it will only reply, 'Come! Come! Come!'"

CHAPTER VI. Melicent was in her quaint garden on the following afternoon, when a servant came to tell her that Mr. Fremaine was below. For some time she had been leaning idly on the broad, low parapet which surrounded the roof—a position which gave her an easy view both of the quiet Green and the busy little High street, though she was herself invisible. To say that she had been musing might not be strictly true. She had been rather emptying her mind of all volition, and permitting involuntary fancies to chase each other through its vacant recesses.

George W. Williams, the author of "The History of the Negro Race in America," in a recent lecture at Chickering Hall, New York City, said that the negro race came to America against their will, but now that they were here they would stay.

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