

ONLY A MAN.

The curtain falls and the play is ended;
 Go home, good people, one and all;
 Put out the lights and close the doorways,
 And leave to ghosts the silent hall.

The curtain falls and the play is ended,
 But yonder stand in dreamy mood,
 Amid the canvas worlds, an actor
 Upon whose face the shadows brood.

He may have been, amid the gaelights,
 A king, a slave, a sage, a clown,
 With tattered rags or royal purple,
 With clanking chains or golden crown.

But now—when all the play is ended,
 And all the varieties are done,
 He lays aside the pomp and tinsel,
 The night's strange, empty dreams are run.

He lays aside his royal purple,
 Beside the green-room's half closed door,
 And steps into the silent darkness
 Only a man—and nothing more.

Only a man whose heart-strings quiver
 With the loves and hates of every day;
 Only a man, upon whose heart-strings
 The silent fates their life-chords play.

Only a man to do and suffer,
 Only a man with heart of flesh;
 Only a man who, in the struggle,
 Will break down—and start afresh.

Weak or strong, unclean or holy,
 Under the blessing or under the ban;
 Seeing the light, or fleeing the darkness;
 Angel or satan—get always a man.

May it not be, when life is ended,
 And on its scenes the curtain falls,
 And through the dawn of death's great silence,
 Gently and softly the Master calls.

That we lay aside our garments;
 Purple or rags, fetters or crown;
 That masked life's stations, hope, ambitions,
 King or slave, or sage or crown.

Yes, each will lay aside his vesture,
 Beside the grave's half-opened door,
 And step into the silent darkness
 Only a man—and nothing more.

With no stains of earth's gray shadows;
 With no glory sent before;
 Simply to stand before the master,
 Only a man—and nothing more.

HARVEY REESE.

White china to decorate at Crancer's, 212 So. 11th.

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THE DEBUTANTE'S DREAM.

The dance was over, with flagging feet
 The debutante sank into slumber sweet,
 Lulled by thoughts of a brilliant crowd
 That tonight its welcome had smiled and bowed.

The women so fair—how the diamonds gleamed;
 From their eyes what amiability beamed!

The men so noble—sure, knights of old
 Could never more glorious sentiments hold.

Oh, the world's a bright, benevolent place
 For a dowered maid with a beautiful face,
 Haloed round with rays of romance,
 Flashed from Illusion's countenance.

And even its pages of daily prose
 Are daintly tinted couleur de rose.

So she dreamt of a paradise (fool so fair!)
 Whose glories she now is allowed to share.

Where the boughs are heavy, her head above,
 With the blossoms of pure unselfish love.

Where the lawns are laid with the sward of Truth,
 And the fountains dance with eternal youth,

And all the virtues are flowering there,
 Loading with perfume the summer air,
 While, hand in hand, through this blest demesne
 Stroll the smartest people she had ever seen.

Here innocence whispers, "I love but you;"
 There honors swears, "You may trust, me trust me true;"

And "Happy," she cried, "am I now to be
 Enrolled in such goodly company.

O wonderful world, with your fairy folk,
 Be mine forever!"—and so awoke.

Long years afterwards, grim and gray,
 She walks alone on her wintry way,
 And all that is left of her dream, to-day,
 Are the eyes that weep and the lips that pray.

BE FIRM.

Be firm. One constant element in luck
 Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck.
 See yon tall shaft? It felt the earthquake's thrill,
 Clung to its base, and greets the sunrise still.

Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip,
 But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip
 Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields
 Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields.

Yet, in opinions look not always back—
 Your wake is nothing, mind the coming track;
 Leave what you've done for what you have to do;
 Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.

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