

WIND OF THE WEST.

(Written for THE COURIER.)

Wandering wind of the west
Come in at my window and be my guest,
You must be tired, come in and rest.
Tell me a story of what you have seen
While flying the earth and sky between
O'er many a changeful western scene.

As down the mountain side I came
When all the eastern sky aflame
With dawning fires was, I saw
The night her gloomy curtains draw
And hide her stars, before the sun
His glowing circuit had begun.
I played awhile in an eagle's nest,
I plucked a feather from her breast
And took it with me down below
And dropped it in the river's flow.

I darted through a waterfall
And dashed its spray against the wall,
I tore a rainbow into shreds
And from a spider's silken threads
I made a hammock which I hung
The fragile mountain flowers among.

Across the plains where lonely stand
The brown sod house on the sand,
I idly soared and through their door
I came and played upon their floors.
I played on graves where slanting stood
Plain crosses made from rough pine wood,
I danced on heaps of whitened bones
On fleshless naked skeletons,

I wandered through deserted fields
Where barren soil but scarcely yields
The wandering thistle and ugly weeds
That grow from careless vagrant seeds.

I played with ghosts of long ago,
Of Indian and of buffalo.
I heard the warrior's mournful song
I heard the tramp of shaggy throngs
Across the level dust bathed plain
Then all grew calm and still again
And now I nestle in your breast.
The day is done, I'll stop and rest.

WILLIAM REED DUNROY.

IN THE SPRING KEY.

Far in the east the amber morning breaketh,
The gates of dawn their portals outward swing;
From darksome dreams the quick'ning earth awaketh,
Sing then my heart a song of hope and spring.

Far up the heights the thunders slowly gather,
And storms are born that fairest flowers bring;
Just on before is gladsome, golden weather,
Sing then my heart a song of hope and spring.

Far in the west the shadows swiftly darkle,
Prophetic night spreads wide its ebon wing;
In shining sunrise will the glad earth sparkle,
Sing then my heart a song of hope and spring.

Louise Phillips.

KEPT DARK.

"Isn't it singular," he remarked, "that you are a brunette when both of your parents are so very light?"

"That is very easily explained," she rejoined.

Rising from the low divan where she had been reclining, she threw a lump of coal on the fire.

"You see," she explained while winsome dimples enwrapped her countenance in witchery, "I was born in a flat where babies were prohibited and had to kept dark."

Truly strange it was he had not thought of that.

AN UNFORTUNATE ADMISSION.

"You began practice in Arkansas, did you not, Doctor?"

"Yes," replied the physician, "I did. I would have got along all right if it had not been for my diploma. It occurred to one of the natives to ask what it was. 'My diploma,' I answered, 'is from one of the best schools in the country.' 'You don't mean to tell me,' said the old man, 'that you had to go to school to learn your trade, do ye?' 'Certainly,' said I. 'That is enough for me,' said the old man; 'any feller that hain't got no more nateral sense that he has to go to a school to learn to be a doctor, an' him a grown man, ain't no man for me,' and he jammed his hands into his pockets and walked out. I stayed six weeks more and then gave it up."

"77."

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