

PANTHEISM.

God—eternity in motion—time and space
And all that makes these entities, and full,
Through every atom particle, with life
Made manifest in Himself, and to Himself;
And, as their comprehension, each, as kind,
From smaller being up to the stature vast
Of great Archangels, with the One, who rule
Planets and sun, and the vast seeming wastes
As yet all starless; wherefore, what'er is
Which is of Spirit of that Essence is;
Unending as is He, though the Create
Must suffer change, till elemental-base
Of lower matter is so purged and fined
That it is Spirit the long Aeon through;
So to Himself returning, winning rest,
And then resurgence, in the ceaseless rounds.

—IDYLA.

THE SEARCH FOR REST.

A traveller searched through
many weary years for rest,
In vain he sought
In every land beneath the
shining blue-domed sky
But found it not.

At last came Death, in silence
touched his tired brain,
And brought release,
Tread softly, for in yonder
grassy bed, he found
The place of peace.

—William Reed Dunroy.

A Nosegay.

'Tis a fashion these days to admire the
florid flowers, the showy orchids and the
like. A long procession bows before the
shrine of the shaggy chrysanthemum,
and the rose no longer reigns, the
single sweet flower that caused the war
of the roses in old England so many
years ago, is now a monster red, yellow
or pink cabbage, with its myriad of de-
cadent devotees. The tender violet and
the buttercup are well nigh only dreams,
and the forget-me-not is forgot. The
old fashioned flowers are relegated to
the back yard and are consorts of ple-
bian vegetables. The brilliant mary-
gold hobnobs with the inevitable par-
sley, and the four-o'clock mingles its
leaves with the beet. Once in a while
you will find an old fashioned garden,
and its gardner will be as old fashioned
as the garden. She will be a tiny old
lady with hair as white as wool. She
will wear a dress of gray with white at
the neck and sleeves. Her eyes, faded,
but kindly, will be as sweet as the for-
get-me-nots that brush her dress as she
passes along the garden path. At her
feet is the modest mignonette, and the
white and green candy tuft, as sweet as
its name. Pansies peep with monkey-
faces from under the fence, and day
lillies shine from among the green and
glossy leaves. Round about is a hedge
of sweet peas, a veritable bit of torn
rainbow, clinging to a background of
tendrils and vine. And somewhere a
feathery cypress vine with its vivid stars
will creep to hide unsightly poles or
strings that have been put up as props
to its upward wanderings. Along the
fence there are marygolds and holly-
hocks and bachelor's buttons. Yes, and
there are flaunting poppies, red flags in
sunshine. And the little old lady chat-
ters never so quaintly of her pets, and
will pluck you a nosegay, as sweet as the
memory of those whom you have loved
and lost, as sweet as the kisses that you
will never feel again on your lips and
cheeks.

WILLIAM REED DUNROY.

He— I lost my head last night.

She— It won't be a great find for any-
body.

Hewitt— You are married, aren't you?

Jewitt— Well, suppose I am? I haven't
asked for your pity, have I?

Poeticus— All the world loves a lover.

Cynicus— Especially the jewelers and
florists.

F. Hopkinson Smith's Glowing
Tribute to the Southern Woman.

But that voice of hers!

It may be because of the associations
of my own early life. I can still remem-
ber the broad arms and capacious lulla-
by rest of the old black mammy who
brought me through from babyhood to
boyhood—or it may be because those and
succeeding days accustomed my ears to
the cadences of the liquid voices of the
south, but certain it is that today
there is no sound that escapes human
lips so grateful as the soft tones of a
southern woman. This sweet soul, with
her velvet tread and touch, had doubt-
less a sad history of her own—a shat-
tered past—nothing left but a few
graves, the whereabouts of some perhaps
unknown to her. Since those cruel days
there had come privation and bitter
poverty, and that dread loneliness which
takes possession of the helpless. And
yet nothing had disturbed her exquisite
patience or robbed her of the marvellous
restfulness of manner and refinement
which distinguishes the southern woman
of today. If this gentle lady had suf-
fered none of these things, I am all the
more glad for her sake. And yet, all
the same, I think I have read her signs
aright, the indications are always so
plain, and so many of her sisters have
trod the wine press, too, and still do. Yet
nothing has ever embittered the sweet-
ness of their natures or cramped their
generous hospitality. What they had
they gave—gave cheerfully and gracious-
ly—and so they do today.—From "Some
Notes on Tennessee's Centennial," by
F. Hopkinson Smith, in the September
Scrivners.

Leading authorities agree that in the
future movement of the Granger stocks
the leader will continue to be Burling-
ton. It holds that place logically. It
has in Nebras a 2253 miles of road, and
in Illinois, 1,330. These two states have
the biggest crops of the year. It has
also a large mileage in Iowa which is
also fairly well off in respect to crops,
though not up to Illinois and Nebraska.
The earnings of the Burlington, there-
fore, will be a very large crop this year—
so large, and so much beyond what was
estimated in the early part of the year,
that it is reasonable to expect the most
active trading in stock will be at figures
above par. It may be added, also, that
the earnings of the Rock Island are
justifying the expectations of the direc-
tors.—*Town Topics*.

"Phwy do they call thim things dog
carts, I dunno?"

"On account of the people phwat roide
in them, to be sure."

Hewitt—I dreamed last night that it
was raining wine.

Jewett—I'll bet you didn't try to bor-
row an umbrella.

"Miss Gotrox is after a high-sounding
title."

"Going to marry, eh?"

"No, she is thinking of writing a book."

First Model—Why, Maude, dear, you
look like a lightning rod struck by a
cyclone! What in the world have you
been doing?

Second Model—Only posing for a new
art poster, dear!

She—I have just finished reading
twenty-five short stories in the maga-
zines.

He—Is that what makes you look so
happy?

She—Yes. I found a good one.

Mrs. Lakeside—My dear, why do you
always dress in black?

Mrs. Grasswidow—To keep them
guessing whether its life insurance or
alimony.

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