

MANHEIM-RUNE.

The gods went to Jutenheim—
There went to slaughter:
Wise are the gods, and good,
Framing the future.

Woning in Jutenheim,
The Jutens to strength grew;
Strong, lacking work-craft,
With strength that in thews is
Strength for destruction.

World-wide waxed Jutenheim,
Rocks they uppled there,
Kindled the mountain fires;
South forced the ice-floes.

Tears rained from Hertha:
Sore wept the man-mother.

Came Woden, the wanderer—
All the strong gods from Asgard,
Who to strength add great work-craft:
In Jutenheim slew they
The brood of the giants;
Smooth spread the meadow land,
The forest land planted,
Quenched all the bale-fires,
Back on the Northland,
Drove the black ice-floes.

Wide o'er the wide world,
Then flourished mankin,
Full-fed by the Mother.

Pride grew in mansoul—
Each man a hater,
Hands outstretched for plunder;
So, the few o'er the many rule,
And kin against kind war.

Sore weepeth Hertha,
As when her tears brought
The gods forth from Asgard,
To war with the giants.

Wherefore waits Woden—
Woden, the wanderer?
Why doth he linger,
Strong Thor the hammer-go,
Thor the fierce Smiter?

Who read the skuld-runes,
Ken that he back wends;
With him, from Asaland,
The gods who have work-craft—
The gods who are wise and good,
Good while sore-striking.

The great gods are builders,
To newness world-shaping;
Though the man-rock for building,
To fragments is riven,
To fashion the hewn-stone,
Wherewith is upbuilded,
The palace of Hertha—
The palace age-during.

—IDYLA.

The Romance of Kenmore.

Kenmore was much interested in Miss Dreper. She was a quiet, fair girl, whom people call nice, and nothing more.

She had come out to her father in the spring and by fall every one could see plainly that Kenmore liked her very much. Moreover, she seemed to like him too.

This was not unexpected, as every one liked him. He was handsome—tall and fair haired—and generally a good fellow. He had plenty of money. It would have been better perhaps if he had had less. But this was one of the questions for students of men to answer.

It was expected that Miss Dreper would fancy him, and so when their engagement was announced in the autumn it was not a surprise.

They acted after the manner of engaged folk and the time passed quite rapidly. Then one day after seven or eight weeks it was suddenly rumored that the engagement had been broken by Kenmore for apparently no reason.

Public sentiment and private gossip all sided with the girl and the men at the club said it was a low trick and came very near expelling Kenmore.

All the while Kenmore went around looking a little haggard and worn keep-

ing his own council. If the talk and remarks hurt him—and they certainly did—he gave no notice of it. He grew paler and a little more haggard, and finally the doctor sent him home for his health. This is what he told me told me the night before he sailed.

"I liked the girl and like her yet but something has come up which makes it impossible to get married. I never told the girl what I know and she does not know now. No one knows but her father, you and I, besides the one or two of whom I shall speak later.

"The trouble arose through my passion for relic hunting. It is so strong that I have a room full of stuff which I have never shown to anybody.

"My greatest delight is to go down beyond the bazars and the markets into the native quarters and houses. Here I find what is really curious. I know their patois and consequently can talk to them as one of themselves; and besides I have money. And who down there can resist that. The priests themselves will sell the relics in the temple for enough of it.

"One day I was down seeking after some things of which I had heard. I was talking to Hallar H—, an old friend of mine who had helped me—for a slight compensation to be sure—to get many valuable little curios.

"I had been talking to him the better part of an hour without succeeding in getting any information, when suddenly he pulled out a little gold bracelet and asked me cunningly whose I thought it was.

"Of course I had no idea and asked him about it. He informed me at once that it had been the property of Colonel Dreper's wife, and the mother of Miss Dreper. I suspected at once it had been stolen and questioned him, though scarcely expecting the truth.

"The story he told me was not the kind which should be told to a fellow who is to marry the subject of it. Colonel Dreper had been up at Tlaluc on duty some eighteen or twenty years before. His wife was with him and their little girl. One night his wife died of fever and even while he was thus afflicted his little child was stolen.

"The funeral services were brief and the few Englishmen sided him for two weeks in hunting for the missing child but she was not found.

"From that time the colonel lived a melancholy life and got removed to another position as soon as possible. On the night before he left the town he went into his bungalow and found crawling about the floor a little child, very white skinned but of native birth. It seemed to fill the vacant spot in his heart and although an effort was made to find the parent none were to be found.

"He took the child with him and when he sailed for England two years ago she was still with him. Last spring she came back and is Miss Dreper.

"The native told me this. He said he had seen Miss Dreper and his eyes cannot lie. Before I would believe him I sent to Tlaluc and had the story investigated. It was with utter despair I received full corroboration of the old Indian's tale.

"That is what has made me break off with her. I could not marry her knowing what I do. She is white and I am white, but I can not do it."

This is the story Kenmore told me the night before he sailed. As I left him, he said half to me and half to himself:

"We all want a romance in our lives. I have had mine—God help me."

GEORGE C. SHEDD.

Elith—Why don't you get rid of that agriculturalist if you don't like him.

Gladys—Well, you know dear, some men are like dice—easily rattled, but hard to shake.

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