

something that nobody else could see.

At last the woman could stand it no longer. "I have done my best," she thought. "I have given him his chance, but he does not want it—he is tired, too, already, and I—I am soul-sick for him—and rest.

So, one night, she and Death, stooped together by the little crib and she held the fluttering hands while the blessed Angel of Rest, whom mistaken mortals call the Destroyer, softly kissed the pale lips and they turned and left together. The baby cried never again.

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In a day or two they opened the mother's grave and even her casket, and laid the baby on her breast, and some said they saw the woman smile. I know not, but I think it might have been.—Frances Porcher, in The Mirror.

WHOM THE GODS LOVE

I.

"Whom the gods love die young?" Nay rather say With bated breath—"Whom the gods love die old." Shall the morn pale ere it has coined its gold? The sun go down while it is yet full day? The statue sleep unmolded in the clay? The parchment crumble ere it is unrolled? The story end with half the tale untold? The song drop mute and breathless by the way? Oh, weep for Adonais when he dies With all youth's lofty promise unfulfilled, its splendor lost in sudden, dear eclipse! With love unlivid, and dreams half dreamed he lies— All the red wine from life's gold chalice spilled Ere its bright brim has touched his eager lips!

II.

Whom the gods love die old! O, life, dear life, Let the old sing thy praises, for they know How year by year the summers come and go, Each with its own abounding sweetness ripe! They know though frosts be cruel as the knife Yet with each June the perfect rose shall blow And daisies bloom and the green grass grow Triumphant still, unvexed by storm or strife. They know that night more splendid is than day; That sunset skies flame in the gathering dark, And the deep waters change to molten gold; They know autumn richer is than May, They hear the night-birds singing like the lark— Ah, life, sweet life, whom the gods love die old!

—Julia C. R. Dorr, in the Fiction Number of Scribner's.

If we get a slice of China, our ethnological collection will be the most complete in the world.—The Saturday Evening Post.

A Definition—A satirist is a man who discovers things about himself, and then says them about some one else.—Life.

THE BILLIARD MATCH.

(Translated from the "Contes du Lundi," of Alphonse Daudet, by Katharine Melick.)

When there has been two days of fighting, and when the nights have drenched knapsack and shoulder with a deluvian torrent, soldiers are weary. Yet these three mortal hours they had been left, with idle weapons, to cool their toes in the puddles of the great roads, in the mire of the distempered fields.

Heavy with fatigue, with the dragging nights, the monotonous flate of water, they crowded one upon another for warmth, for support. There were those who slept, standing, leaned against the knapsack of a neighbor, and the weariness, the privations, looked more plainly from those relaxed features, abandoned in slumber. Rain, mud, no fire, no food, skies low and black, the enemy whom one feels all about him,—it is dismal.

What are they doing there? What is going on?

The cannon, the ensigns, turned toward the wood, have the air of watching something. The concealed mitrailleuse intently watch the horizon. All seems ready for an attack. Why not attack? What are they waiting?

They are waiting orders, and headquarters has not sent.

Yet headquarters is not far. It is that noble chateau, Louis XIII., whose red bricks, washed by the rain, glisten half way up between the clumps of trees. A true princely domain, well worthy to bear the pennon of a marshal of France. Behind a great ditch and a rampart of stone which separates them from the road, lawns rise straight to the steps, uniform, green, bordered with vases of flowers. On the other side, in the private grounds of the mansion, hedges make luminous lines, a sheet of water where swans sail, shows like a mirror, and under the roof, in the pagoda of an immense aviary, piercing the foliage with shrill cries, fan-tail pigeons and golden pheasants beat their wings and circle. Though the masters are departed, one does not feel there the desertion, the great abandonment of war. The oriflame of a commander-in-chief has preserved even the least flowerets of the lawn, and it is something starting to find, so close to the field of battle, this opulent calm which comes of ordered arrangement, of correct lines of masonry, of profound stillness of avenues.

The rain which thickens the wretched mud down there on the roads and deepens the bottomless ditches, is here nothing more than an elegant undulation, aristocratic, vivifying the red of the bricks, the green of the lawns, glossing the leaves of the orange trees, the white plumes of the swans. All shimmers, all is peaceful. Truly, without the flag which floats at the crest of the roof, without the two soldiers on guard before the balustrade, one would never believe this headquarters. The horses rest in their stalls. Here and there one encounters servants, or orderlies in undress uniform, lounging about the kitchen entrances, or some gardener in red pantaloons, tranquilly drawing his rake through the gravel of the great court.

The dining hall, where open windows command the view of the stone staircase, show a table half cleared, bottles uncorked, glasses tarnished and empty, dull against the crumpled damask, all the end of a repast, a convivial party. From one side come bursts of voices, of laughter, of rolling balls, of clinking glasses. The marshal gives his party and the army waits orders. When the marshal has begun his party, the heavens may fall. Nothing in the world shall prevent him from finishing it.

Billiards! This is the weakness of a great sol-

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