

A TWILIGHT SONG.

Hush-a-by, little one,  
Daylight is dying;  
Hush-a-by, sleepy one,  
Cease now thy crying.  
Sweet little songs are best.  
List then! O, list and rest,  
In my arms lying.

Hush-a-by, little one,  
I think the flowers  
Whisper good night to thee  
From leafy bowers.  
Sleep thou, while lilies fair  
Dew-drops like jewels wear  
Through the night hours.

Faint and low, faint and low,  
Sings the bird mother,  
Baby dear, mother hearts  
Echo each other.  
List now to loving cry  
Chirped from their cradles high  
One to another.

Little birds far away  
Soon will be flying;  
Bravely they'll flutter off,  
Dainty wings trying;  
Out from the quiet nest  
Into the world's unrest,  
In swiftness vying.

Hush-a-by, hush-a-by,  
Starlight is showing  
All its sweet charm to earth,  
Quiet bestowing;  
Beaming with tender light,  
Shining with vigil bright,  
Silent and glowing.

O'er thine eyes, baby dear,  
Slumber is creeping,  
Holding thy drooping lids  
Safe in its keeping.  
Calmly at rest thou art,  
Nestling to mother's heart  
Even in sleeping.

—MARY FRENCH MORTON.

THE TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

When first we hearkened to the anguished cry  
Of tortured aliens, suffering near by,  
And, touched by the tears of mothers robbed  
Of sons,  
Bade our youth go and help those struggling  
ones—  
When Freedom's cause our aid invoked once  
more,  
And when from idle peace to busy war,  
Our blackened fleets upon two oceans ranged,  
Prophetic then the thought "The Times have  
Changed."

But when our arms, victorious land and sea,  
Brought hope to patriots struggling to be free,  
And seemed to bid them cast the chains aside,  
Whose links were forged by tyranny and pride;  
When harsh oppression, whose once mighty  
hand  
Extended wide to reach her border land,  
Beheld her last possession lost, estranged,  
The truth was naked then, "The Times have  
Changed."

Changed for the victims of despotic greed,  
Whose wounds, long sore, had almost ceased to  
bleed!  
Changed for the fallen kingdom, whose decay  
O'ertook her pride, as night o'ertakes the day!  
No prophet needed to interpret then  
The stern decree of Law to wanton men,  
Nor voice to tell to guilty power, deranged,  
The wages of its sin, "The Times have  
Changed!"

"The Times have Changed." Another people  
hears  
New meaning in the truth that message bears!  
For when we turn aside from arts of Peace,  
And by War's voice bade harsh misrule to  
cease,  
No plain, familiar footstep marked the way,  
A new and untried path before us lay.

We fathomed not the course of Time arranged,  
Nor knew what now we know, "The Times  
have Changed!"

Dear land that laid an empire in the dust,  
Guard well thy life against that fatal lust!  
O, nation, idling, while grim war once more  
Reddens with thy best blood a foreign shore,  
Forget not how thy noble sires were freed!  
Remember thou wert once the child of greed!  
And may those islands live, with thee, to say,  
"The Times have Changed. And, O, we bless  
the day!" —R. B. MORGAN.

NEWSPAPER WAIFS.

Lawyer.—"Upon what grounds do  
you wish to sue for divorce?" Client—  
"Incompatibility of temperament! He  
writes poetry, and I like to eat occa-  
sionally."—Puck.

Tragedy.—Wife—"I knew you would-  
n't think of ordering all those things I  
told you to, dear, so I went down town  
myself and got them today." Husband  
—"But I did!"—Detroit Free Press.

Miss Stillgirl (sobbing)—"I think its  
awfully mean. That horrid Quill girl  
has been saying that I paint." Miss  
Meanness.—"Never mind, dear. I ex-  
pect if she had your complexion she'd  
paint too."—Tit-Bits.

"What do you think? Papa asked Jack  
if he expected to get any money in mar-  
rying me." "Was Jack insulted?"  
"Insulted? He told pop that a good  
home was more of an object to him than  
wages."—Detroit Free Press.

"They say she is a clever conversa-  
tionalist." "Clever? Conversational-  
ist? Why, she's brilliant. She doesn't  
even need to converse. She can blast a  
reputation just by the way she shrugs  
her shoulders."—Chicago Evening Post.

Kiplingesque.—The keen-eyed street  
urchin espied the great writer as he  
landed from the boat. Stepping for-  
ward briskly, he touched his hat, and  
pointing to the heavy valise in Rud-  
yard's hand smilingly remarked: "Let  
me assume the white man's burden."  
The great Kipling looked down on the  
blue eyes of the eager urchin. "My  
boy," he said in even tones, "a burden  
the hand is worth two in the bush!"  
And the boy passed on.—Cleveland  
Plain-Dealer.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA., Feb., 8, 1899.  
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