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## August.

The quiet of the summer afternoon  
Is broken only by the faintest sigh  
Of breezes as they come to rest awhile  
Among the cooling shades. The hills are  
wrapped

In one wide sweep of sunshine, and the skies  
Are blue; yet hardly does the star-lit night  
Sleep on so calmly as this golden day.

F. B.

## Lambeaux.

Lambeaux stood at the window of his little dingy studio, humming parts of Arias. But he was not thinking of the tunes, for he was tapping on the window and his eyes were looking far over the eastern hills away into the mysterious home of the rising sun. As if returning to present surroundings he tossed his head back and thrusting his hands into his pockets, walked back and forth through his little room, sometimes stepping over yellow sheets of music scattered over the floor. Now he pushed his violin case aside with his foot—now his bow.

Thoughtlessly he picked up his old scratched clarinet and began playing a mournful mellow tune. Soft and low the tones came forth, now he was playing with them, now he was teasing them, and again the sad sweet melody began, for Lambeaux was forgetting this material world and with closed eyes and body bent slightly forward he appeared to be listening to the tones of his clarinet. His soul was wrapped up in its language, for its music was telling that which mere words can never say.

Soon the song changed to a wild thrill, emotion after emotion poured forth. The old musician bent further forward with eyes still closed and the clarinet trembled in his white wrinkled hands. Was he dreaming of a lovely past? Was he happy?—no, with a feeling of disgust he places the clarinet into its case.

"Oh, monsieur! more, more—" the plead-

ing voice came from the open door.

There sat a small boy, a rag-a-muffin. The bright spring sunlight was dancing on his dark hair. Large tear drops fell from his deep brown eyes and as they rolled down his dusty cheeks, they left little paths. With the sleeve of his torn faded yellow jacket he tried to hide the traces of his weeping.

Lambeaux gave a grunt and with a look of surprise went to the door.

"What do you want?" he asked half pleasantly.

"Monsieur, music, more—more!" Little Gecko walked to the case then with a cry of delight—"Let me play! Oh let me play!"

Lambeaux looked sadly at the boy, then with a sudden passionate embrace, he gathered up the slight form in his arms and cried, "Mil veces! mil veces! so like my own little boy! so like my own little boy!—my wife—my child—both gone. Your souls—yes, boy, play, *play*, for old Lambeaux for his heart is sad and lonely. He has no one to love him for his wife and boy, his only loved ones, are dead—dead! Play then, play my boy!"

Taking a rosary from the pocket of his large flowered jacket he sunk into a deep old-fashioned chair and counted his beads while little Gecko blew sad, sweet, simple melodies upon the clarinet for the old musician Lambeaux.

HELEN FRANCIS LANGER.

## The Frying Pan.

Boys have no rights which a lady is bound to respect. It does not take a Chief-Justice Taney to make this truth apparent. A little observation will prove it to an unprejudiced mind. For instance, consider the lot of certain boys who have somehow been dragged into spending their multitudinous spare moments in furnishing amusement for the young ladies of their set. The boys show signs of studious intent occasionally. But there at the long table the young ladies sit, and watch and watch and watch until the fly appears.

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