

The Answer.

You ask me why I love the little one;
Go ask the leaves that beckon to the rain,
Why they love the dew that on the grass
gathers,
Go ask the clouds that through the silent
night

Life still and gray beneath the stars' cold
kiss,
Why with the coming of the morning light
They blush to rise, then ask me this.

Go ask the wild bird why his sweetest song
Rings through the wood-dale with the
dawning day,
Ask the road brook that leaps its path along
Why to the restless sea it sings its way;
Go ask the violet why its innocent sweet
Should recompense the one that crushed it
low,

Then question why I kneel at the dust feet—
Why I should love—why I should worship
these.

The sea holds many an tale to its great heart,
But each tale knows and loves a single one;
I know no tale from the dear life apart,
I lay down all the world can give but love,
Perchance for this when some soft breeze is
blown

Across by lips, thou'lt breathe a loving
word—
A secret for my loyal heart alone,
Brought by the odorous summer wind un-
heard.

Perchance for this thou'lt whisper to the rose
That nestles timidly upon thy breast,
That somewhere in the world thy love con-
fesses—
For from thy love, but by thy love con-
fessed.

And bid it breathe thy meaning on the air,
Touched lightly by thy lips last dis-
missed,
And by its sweetness know which thou hast
kissed.

—Louis C. Prindle, in N. Y. Evening Post

"PATERN'S"

"Ah, my dear Miss Flora!"
I gave my friend Mr. Patern my
hand, but at the same time I followed
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"I would like to see it, the whatever
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"If you'd be at home to-morrow
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evening, miss, I'd be proud to bring it
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Evening in Port Royal means any
hour after twelve midnight, so I rather
expected to see the pattern put in an
apartment long before dark. Instead of
which it was eleven o'clock when Wag-
oner rang our bell, and inquired for me.
He had made sure of finding me returned
from my walk abroad.

"I brought it over, miss. It's drawn
up close to the sidewalk. Will you
look at it?"

I went out, accompanied by various
members of my family. There stood a
rough little cart. Wagoner pulled it
behind him, and forward, explaining mat-
ters in his eager voice.

"I'll show you how it works, miss,"
he said, finally, and got in, working
crank up and down, and started off down
the street at nearly a breakneck speed.

"It goes beautifully," I said, "it's a
woman of the past, when he stopped a
last, and stood before us, hat in hand
waiting to be congratulated. 'It's like
a velocipede.'"

"Oh, certainly, No, miss, it's not a

