

## A MOWING SONG

SWING and sway in rhythmic measure,  
 Kings might envy us our pleasure,  
 Mowing is but play;  
 Far the golden grain is sweeping,  
 Slowly to the west is creeping  
 The rich-freighted day;  
 Then swing and sway.

Swing and sway, no stroke abating,  
 Other harvest-fields are waiting,  
 Onward! do not stay;  
 Joyous blood each vein is filling,  
 Action every nerve is thrilling,  
 Labor is but play;  
 Then swing and sway.

Swing and sway—beneath our scything  
 Like a foe the grain is writhing—  
 Conquer while we may!  
 Hour by hour the shadows lengthen,  
 Every muscle now must strengthen,  
 Swiftly flies the day;  
 Then swing and sway.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH WELLS.



## AN EYE TO BUSINESS

BRIGGS—I saw the name of that clairvoyant in the papers, and consulted her.  
 GRIGGS—Was she very good?  
 “She was a good advertising medium.”



## ONE BETTER

FIRST BOY—We’ve got a new attachment on our piano.  
 SECOND BOY—That’s nothing! We’ve got one on our house.

# THE SUICIDE

By Agnes Russell Weekes

ALONG the dark corridor, lighted by electric lights, Aubourg swung at a rapid pace, walking with the lazily graceful, catlike tread which marked a strain of Italian blood in him, and carrying in his hand the packet which he had just gone out to purchase. Closed doors on either side kept their secrets; the mysterious teeming life of a great hotel moved invisible around him, but Aubourg evidently saw nothing of it. His dark, fine, Norman features had the look of preoccupied and half-melancholy recklessness which is found in the old portraits of dead and gone cavaliers.

Gaining the end of the corridor and opening the last door on the right, he was surprised to find his room in darkness. He tried to find his way to the mantelpiece, but he had not taken three steps when he blundered against a chair; then, turning quickly to avoid it, he struck against the table, and a crash of splintered glass told him that he had knocked off some small article which his memory refused to identify. With a muttered exclamation of impatience, Aubourg retraced his steps to the door, and switched on the electric light. Its cold, dazzling stare revealed a large, shabby room, an iron bedstead with a threadbare blue canopy, and a cheap and scanty set of furniture. A leather portmanteau, marked with the initials "C. H.," stood beside the washstand; and on a circular table in the middle of the room stood an empty bottle of Bass's, a clay pipe, and a tobacco pouch, flanked by a litter of foreign newspapers and railway guides and Eng-

lish books and magazines. On the floor lay the fragments of a broken tumbler. Nothing could have made a sharper contrast with the luxurious trimness of Aubourg's own apartment. It was like a glimpse of another man's private life, and Aubourg, who was sick of his own, felt the attraction of this bohemian interior, thus caught at unawares and bare to his curiosity.

"At all events, I must pick up his tumbler for him," he thought, moving toward the table, "and I owe him an apology for breaking it. I suppose I've come up a story too high."

He picked up the fragments carefully, and stood looking down at the table. A letter lay on its oilcloth cover, addressed in a woman's hand to "Cecil Hurst, Esq., Hôtel Russe, Bruxelles, Belgique." Aubourg fingered it doubtfully, but laid it down again. After all, not even the white packet that he carried in his hand could release him from that elementary obligation. He did not scruple, however, to take up the book that lay face downward by the letter, and glance through the first lines that caught his eye.

*"But now the King of Terrors comes, overshadowing flesh and spirit with the vague, with the illimitable darkness of His wings: and while His power is upon us, the power and the fashion of this world are changed. Who fears Death instant, has no room to fear pain, or night, or judgment, or the phantasmagoria of an imaginary hell, which pass away and are absorbed by His omnipotent and annihilating stroke. . . ."*

"Just tell me what you're doing here, will you?" said a level and