

Late Verse

A MIDSUMMER REVERIE.

Somewhere—far away—
 There's a cottage by the sea,
 Where the rippling waves murmur up to the skies
 Their ceaseless melody.
 And there, in the glare of the noon,
 When the hot sand glints and gleams,
 And the white gulls scream and dip in the surge,
 In cadence soft there seems
 To come to me from a cloudless sky,
 Through the mists of space, a tremulous sigh—
 From somewhere—far away!

Somewhere—far away—
 Where this wee, quaint cottage stands,
 There's a maiden, all slender and tall and fair,
 With white, imperial hands.
 And she, when the twilight falls
 Gazes out on the tireless sea,
 And I pray to the gods, in my exile here,
 That her thoughts may turn to me.
 And I dream in my den, in this dismal place,
 Of the royal glance of a pure white face—
 That's somewhere—far away!

Somewhere—far away—
 Where the silent stars shine down,
 And the bland moon sails in a sleepy way
 Over the slumbering town,
 She stands by the sea—this maid I know—
 And her great eyes glow and shine;
 And perchance—who knows?—her heart beats for
 me,
 For she knows she possesses mine,
 And that I'd sell my soul to the devil tonight
 To be there with her, in the soft moonlight—
 Somewhere—far away!

—Town Topics.

THE CHILDREN.

Mother of many children I—sprung of my heart
 and my brain—
 And some have been born in gladness and some
 have been born in pain.
 But one has gone singing from out my door,
 Never to come again.

Content and Ease and Comfort—they abide with
 me day by day;
 They smooth my couch and place my chair as duti-
 ful children may,
 And Success and Power, my strong-limbed sons,
 Stand ever to clear my way.

And these be the prudent children, the careful
 children and wise,
 There was one, and only one, with a reckless
 dream in his eyes,
 He who was one with the wind o' the dawn,
 And kin to the wood and the skies.

Faithful and fond are my children, and they tend
 me well, in sooth;
 Success and Content and Power, good proof is mine
 of their truth,
 But the name of aim that I lost was Joy,
 Yes, my first-born Joy of Youth.

Well do my children guard me, jealous of this their
 right;
 Carefully, soberly, ever by daylight and candle-
 light,
 But, oh, for my prodigal Joy of Youth,
 Somewhere out in the night.

—Theodosia Garrison Smart Set.

MY LIONESS.

One night we were together, you and I,
 And had unsown Assyria for a lair

Before the walls of Babylon rose in air,
 Low, languid hills were heaped against the sky,
 And white bones marked the walls of alkali,
 When suddenly down the lion-path a sound,
 The wild man-odor—then a crouch, a bound,
 And the frail thing fell quivering with a cry.

Your yellow eyes burned beautiful with light;
 The dead man lay there open-eyed and white;
 I roared one triumph over the desert wide,
 Then stretched out, glad of the sands and sat-
 isfied;
 And through the long, star-stilled Assyrian night,
 I felt your body breathing by my side.
 —Edwin Markham in August Cosmopolitan.

ORGANIZED CHARITY.

Cheques drawn by hunger should be promptly
 cashed,
 Wherever charity makes distributions;
 The payees ne'er be made to stand abashed
 For judgment on their moral constutions.
 'Twas thus I saw two daughters of disaster,
 One hungry-good, the other hungry-bad.
 The former had a letter from her pastor,
 The latter neither line nor pastor had.

And so the hungry-bad, with mind dejected,
 Turned slowly to the throbbing thoroughfare,
 Wherein, as may be readily suspected,
 She had not walked the distance of a square
 Ere she a Christian gentleman did meet,
 Who, after long and pious meditation,
 Becoming much more generous than discreet,
 Relieved her want and shared her degradation.

The hungry-bad I saw but once again—
 The silent, focal object of a curious crowd—
 Her eyes were glazed, the acid's searing stain
 Was on her lips; her soul to death had bowed.
 The moral is, I think, conspicuous—
 So plain, in fact, that all who run may read—
 That goodness ought to be ubiquitous,
 And charity is what all people need.

—Town Talk.

"What preparation have you undergone," asked
 the great explorer, scornfully, "for the hardships
 unavoidably attendant on the expedition you wish
 to take with me?" "I have frequently walked
 across the bath-room linoleum barefooted," proud-
 ly answered the would-be voyager. Whereupon
 the great explorer apologized, and assigned him a
 berth.—Ex.



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