

THE MODERN MUSE.

A Sudden Shower. James Whitcomb Riley. Barefooted boys scud up the street...

Doors bang, and mother voices call. From alien homes; and rusty creaks...

The highwa' smokes, sharp echoes ring; The cattle bleat and cowbells clink...

The swallow dips beneath the eaves, And flirts his plumes and folds his wings...

The bumblebee is peeted down, The wet stem of the hollyhock...

Within, the baby claps his hands And sings with rapture strange and vague...

When I was but a baby youth And Binetown seemed the world to me...

But when some years had passed, and I, Men-waive a wanderer, returned...

A cottage suddenly discerned, A freckled sister, gray with age...

When this I saw and heard, then learned, As from my ramble I returned...

Sorrow's Ghost. Philip Bourke Marston. Was one sitting, habited in gray...

She answered, in low tones, just heard Through sighs...

Then on the air these words grew audible: "The same she is who scorched thine eyes..."

On the Sun's Bed. New York Advertiser. "You see," I said to my small boy...

Well, that is where the great big sun Is just settling down to bed...

Thought I would tell you a story, But still he's there behind the clouds...

Not really, though, I think, And then before I could explain...

How he lighted other lands In our bedtime—for he has none...

Indubitably my sun always stands, With a shake of his wavy head...

On Wilton's Peak. Above the clouds on mountain peak, Mist fragrant from pine trees...

With wealth of Goiconda mines; Eyes sparkle bright with surprise...

At visions that around them lie, The fairest 'neath the vaulted sky...

Above the clouds, with upraised hands, To grasp the glittering worlds...

Our Modern Amazon. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop in Harper's Bazar. I'm trying on my armor, dear...

With which I wish to go to war, I shall count some brilliant conquests before...

Here's a white dress and lily-trimmed hat, And a parasol like foam...

You would not think this simple silk, As light as a sea gull's wing...

And here's a fan—it is not smoke, But lace and ostrich feather...

And at this shoe, all tipped with gold, A trembling slave shall stoop...

When the Rain Came Down. Boston Transcript. While the rain came down they stayed...

God Did the Best.

Edna Dool Jackson. Mother, I see you with your airy light, Leading your babies, all in white...

I cannot help tears when I see them twine Their fingers in yours, and their bright curls...

You tremble each hour because your arms Are weak; your heart is wrung with alarms...

You know that over your hair have even now Pain and disease, whose fulfilling slow...

You must dread for yours the crime that sears, Dark guilt unwashed by repentant tears...

But grief is selfish; I cannot see Always why I should so stricken be...

THOMPSON OF OURS. THE CONFIDENTIAL REPORT. Vanity Fair.

Up there between Quetta and Candahar it gets very cold in January...

The colonel blew on his fingers, howled for fresh wood to be piled upon...

Before him upon the table lay the loathsome sheets of foolscap known as...

Now, even when forced to look from the point of view of disapproval upon...

Goethe's love-letters to a single one of his lady loves are valued at \$67,000.

Madama, the present king of Sogon, was once a telegraph operator.

A statue of General Logan, designed by St. Gaudens, and to cost \$50,000, is to be placed at the entrance of Jackson park.

Stanley is reported to have made \$181,000 from his American tour.

Mr. Smook, of Indianapolis, has been the leader of one church choir for twenty-one years.

General Frank Marshall, the first governor Kansas ever had, has become a "promoter" in his old age.

Prof. M. W. Harrington, the new chief of the weather bureau, who descended from the weather bureau of Vermont.

Ex-Senator Ingalls is going abroad with W. A. Croft's autumn party.

Ex-Senator Edmunds is very domestic in his tastes, and one of his greatest pleasures is a daily horseback ride.

The inventory of General Sherman's property now to be found in St. Louis, Mo., includes one hundred and thirty pieces of real estate.

Hubert Howe Bancroft, the historian of the Pacific coast, commenced life as a clerk in a bookstore.

The house in which Bishop Huntington of Central New York, is summing up at Hadley, Mass., was built by his son in 1754.

He failed for half a million straight and this was most surprising.

Suitable to the Occasion. New York Herald: "What were poor Mosky's last words when she killed him?"

Adam—Where shall we go to spend the summer, my dear?

Harper's Bazar: "I hear Bronson sang 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep' at the concert."

Mountain costume is made of ecrú flannel trimmed with black velvet.

Harper's Bazar: "This liver is awful, Maud," said Mr. Newwood.

DOGDAY DELIGHTS.

Accommodating. Columbus Post: "Mistah Johnson," said one colored gentleman...

"Mistah Black, ye mus' excuse me. I has a very important engagement this yer present evening."

"Hold hard," he gasped; "I think I've got a bullet somewhere, and—my arm's smashed."

"Why, damn it!" growled the colonel, laying him gently down, and looking round upon the circle of horror-stricken faces.

It was some weeks before Major Hamerton was able to tell the story of Lieutenant Hamerton's fall.

It was longer still though before Billy was able to tell the story of his own fall.

But in the end the "harum-scarum young devil" got well, and the colonel had the pleasure of sending up a "confidential report" of a very superior kind.

A Collection of Don'ts for Girls. Doll's Dictionary: Don't—all talk at once.

Don't—eat anything to save it. Don't—be afraid to do right.

Don't—ask your mother to wait upon you. Don't—drink ice water while you are very warm.

Don't—be impatient with your little brothers and sisters.

Don't—judge your playmates by the clothes they wear.

Don't—forget that wry faces make no good.

Don't—forget that kind words cost nothing.

Don't—tense for what has been wisely refused you.

Don't—drink tea or coffee before you are twenty years old.

Don't—allow that evil communications corrupt good manners.

Life.—It is understood that this is a merely a summer flirtation.

Rebottled Head: Miss Ethel (the family absent)—Oh, Hannah! I've found a charming little poem.

Hannah (the cook)—Light sakes! Miss Ethel, there's no more left.

He was a doughty millionaire from the West so wild and free.

But alas he had his weakness, and a bankrupt now is he.

He went east like a lion, but he's busted now you see.

For he spent an entire summer at "Soubretteville."

Scout Craving for a Sandwich. Munsey's Weekly: Edwin (as they reach the summit of the mountain after a long climb)—Ah, we are here at last!

Balaam's Pet Not in It. New York Sun: "Chellie was nearly drowned in the surf this morning."

The Wise Comprise. He failed for half a million straight and this was most surprising.

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STORIES TOLD BY MEN.

NATURE'S DISTILLERY. Editor Cabell of the Oakland (Cal.) Tribune, says the overflow in the Colorado desert isn't much of a wonder.

"Can I speak to you alone a moment, Skelchey?" "Yes, on one condition."

Wh' 's the Use. What's the use of growling about the hot weather? Only wait six months and it will be cold enough to freeze your nose off.

Little Ticklers. The Ocean Grove bathers don't care a rap for the muds.

A Personal Reflection. Epoch: "Miss Hilde didn't sing today," remarked a friend to the leader of the choir of the Church of the Odeotory.

Save It! Save It! Philadelphia Times: "Well, but Maud!" The absent-minded youth was interrupted by the horse-stricken girl.

One o' the Lawyer. Galesville Eagle: An old man was on the witness stand and was being cross-examined by the lawyer.

A Bright Idea. Detroit Free Press: The smart speechies of children are always off-hand, and consequently they are not to be taken too seriously.

Elia's Lucky Stroke. New York Herald: Little Elia wanted candy, and that is the way she got it.

He Took My Hand. New York Herald: He took my hand, I dropped my eyes—Women are timid, men are wise—

Living and Learning. Somerville Journal: "How do you pronounce it, 'dapo' or 'depo'?" asked Miss Wabash.

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Senator Palmer's Modesty. Back in Detroit they tell a pleasing little story of Senator Palmer's modesty.

Bright for Bessie. Philadelphia Record: "Bessie," said Miss Maud, "you have a little piece of this chicken!"

A Misinterpreted Hoop. Burdette: Will-a-ye Father, for mercy's sake, whatever else the baby that he yells so like all possessed?"

The Livestock and the Liver. Harper's Bazar: "This liver is awful, Maud," said Mr. Newwood.