

THE RECKONING.

By Elizabeth Waddell.

You come to render back, you say,
All things of mine you did withhold,
As I to you—love's tale being told—
Some other day.

First—given you in exchange—the Ring—
A serpent-seal, carnelian-eyed,
Semper fidelis graved inside—
A fitting thing!

A moment over it I linger:
"So is my love," the old rhyme goes—
Ay, hollow as this circlet shows
When off your finger!

And, leaflets of my heart expanded,
My letters, yellow now like leaves
When trees (the North of treasure reaves,
Stand empty-handed.

A tress of braided hair, good luck!
Love's earnest of love's all, in truth!
Too weighty to be kept, though, sooth,
Slight to give back!

All—is this all? But that seems odd—
Not one thing more—a memory-wraith,
A trifle—just my old, sweet faith
In man and God?

—The Mirror.

MAKING GOLD ROSES.

Roses in a factory! Real roses, mind you, pink and soft and delicate petaled, roses sending out their exquisite garden fragrance among the odors of oil and leather and acid, roses with drops of dew jewelling their half-curled leaves, Killarneys and American Beauties and Marechal Niels standing in jar after jar among belts and tool benches and electro-chemical baths, real roses for the basic material which this curious factory converts into metal rosebud hatpins.

Perhaps you've seen them in the city—metal rosebud hatpins in the big jewelry stores, wonderfully accurate and true to nature—and have wondered how the artist secured such faithful reproductions. But they are the work of no silversmiths. There is just one place in the world that turns out these metallized rosebuds, says

the Technical World, and that is a little factory in North Chicago.

Here the perfumed roses come fresh every morning from the greenhouses, hundreds of them at a time, some barely opened, some with two or three leaves curled back, some closed tight and smooth in their long green calyxes. Here the roses go through a new and interesting process that turns them into metal, hardening them beyond possibility of destruction, and reproducing every vein and leaf and roughness of calyx beyond chance of change.

GOING AND COMING.

Well, that Thanksgiving dinner is over to be sure that's only the first of the holiday dinners, and just as a reminder it isn't too early to begin reserving your tables for Christmas and New Year's.

But there's something else a little more important than the big occasions. You have to eat every day, and when you're ready for lunch it ought to be some satisfaction to you to feel that you can go to the Louvre, satisfied that the table d'hote lunch always contains variety enough to appeal to the taste of those who like good food at a reasonable price. Something, too, to know that it won't take you an hour to get it—it's for busy men and a lot of them are taking advantage of the fact. Of course we serve any and everything—you can order as you please, but the regular lunch is the big feature from 12 to 2 p. m.

Whatever you want to eat or drink at luncheon, dinner or supper with excellent music and the best of service, you can get day or night at the Louvre Rathskellar, Salt Lake's one best restaurant.

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