

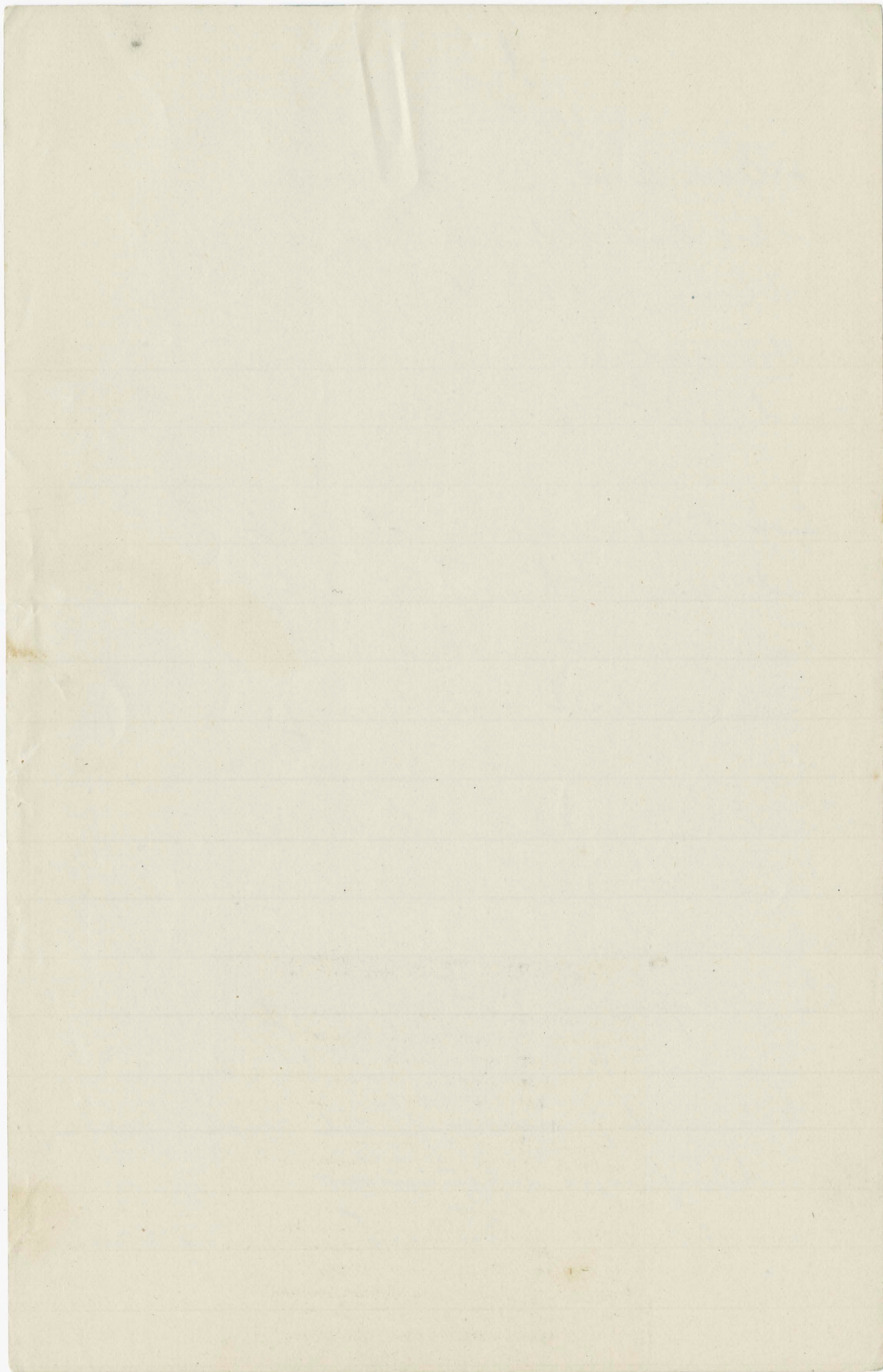
Album Verses. Q. W. Holmes.

When Eve had led her lord astray,
 And Cain had killed his brother,
 The stars and flowers, the poets say,
 Agreed with one another,

To cheat the cunning simplest art,
 And teach the race its duty,
 By keeping on its wicked heart
 Their eyes of light and beauty.

A million sleepless lids, they say,
 Will be at least a warning;
 And, as the flowers would watch by day,
 The stars from eve to morning.

On hill and prairie, field and lawn,
 Their dmy eyes capturing
 The flowers still watch from reddening dawn
 Till western skies are burning.



Alas! each hour of daylight tells
 A tale of shame so crushing,
 That some turn white as sea-bleached shells,
 And some are always blushing,

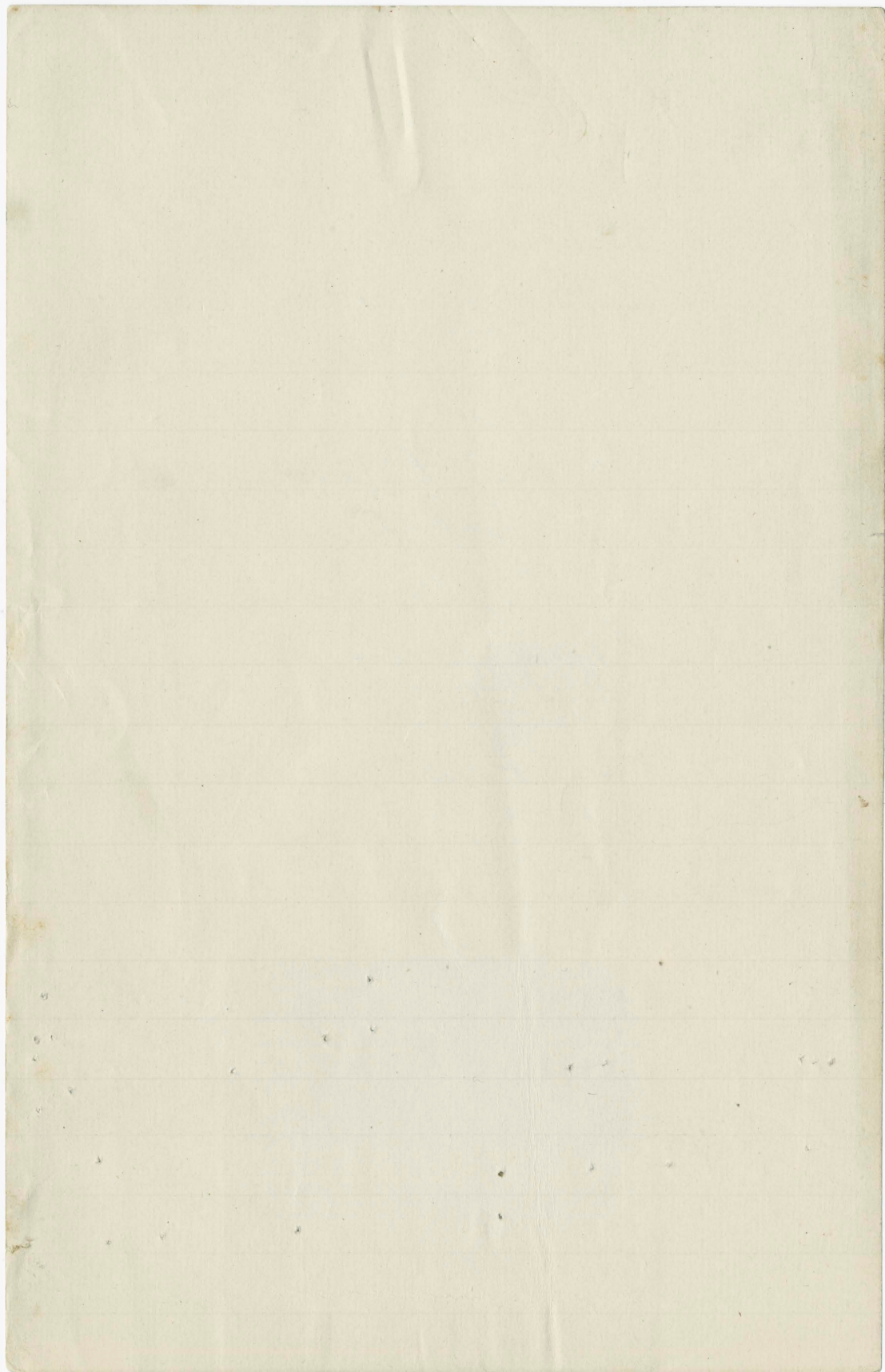
But when the patient stars look down
 On all their light discovers,
 The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown
 The lips of lying lovers,

They try to shut their saddening eyes
 And in their vain endeavor
 We see them blinking in the skies
 And so they wink forever

BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD.

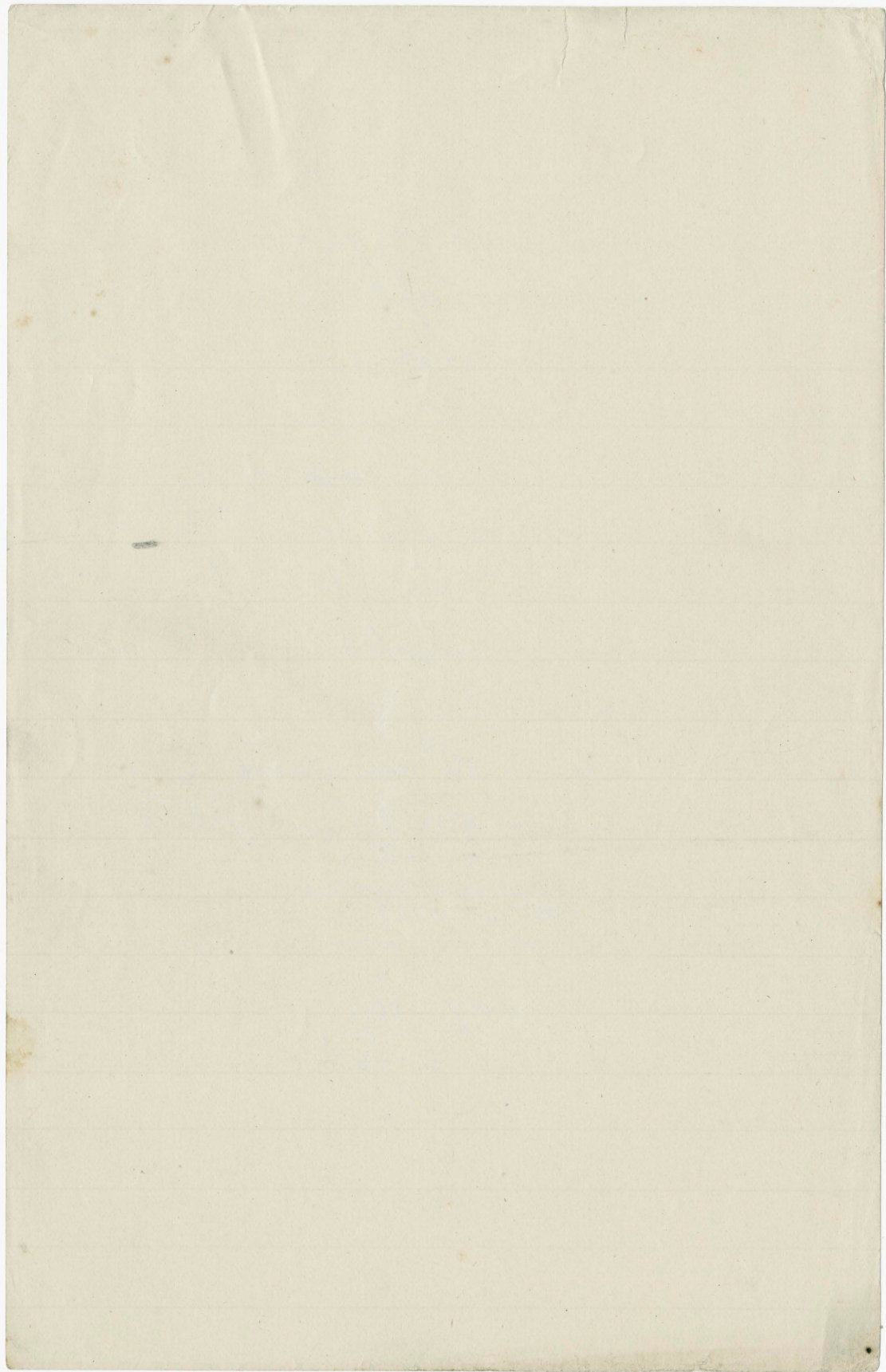
Backward, turn backward, O, Time in thy flight,
 Make me a dude again just for to-night;
 I am so weary of being too fat,
 Wearing broad trousers, a seventeen hat;
 Weary of baldness and teeth that are gone,
 Weary of having my dry goods in pawn;
 Weary of being so fat and so rude,
 Make me a dude again, make me a dude.

Once I was slim as a hickory cane,
 My pocket by ounces out balanced my brain;
 I drove dizzy horses, I rode in a hack,
 I had a ten dollar shirt onto my back;
 I wore all my glasses all bordered with gold,
 I ne'er told a story too ancient and old;
 I always was found in the happiest mood,
 Make me a dude again, make me a dude.



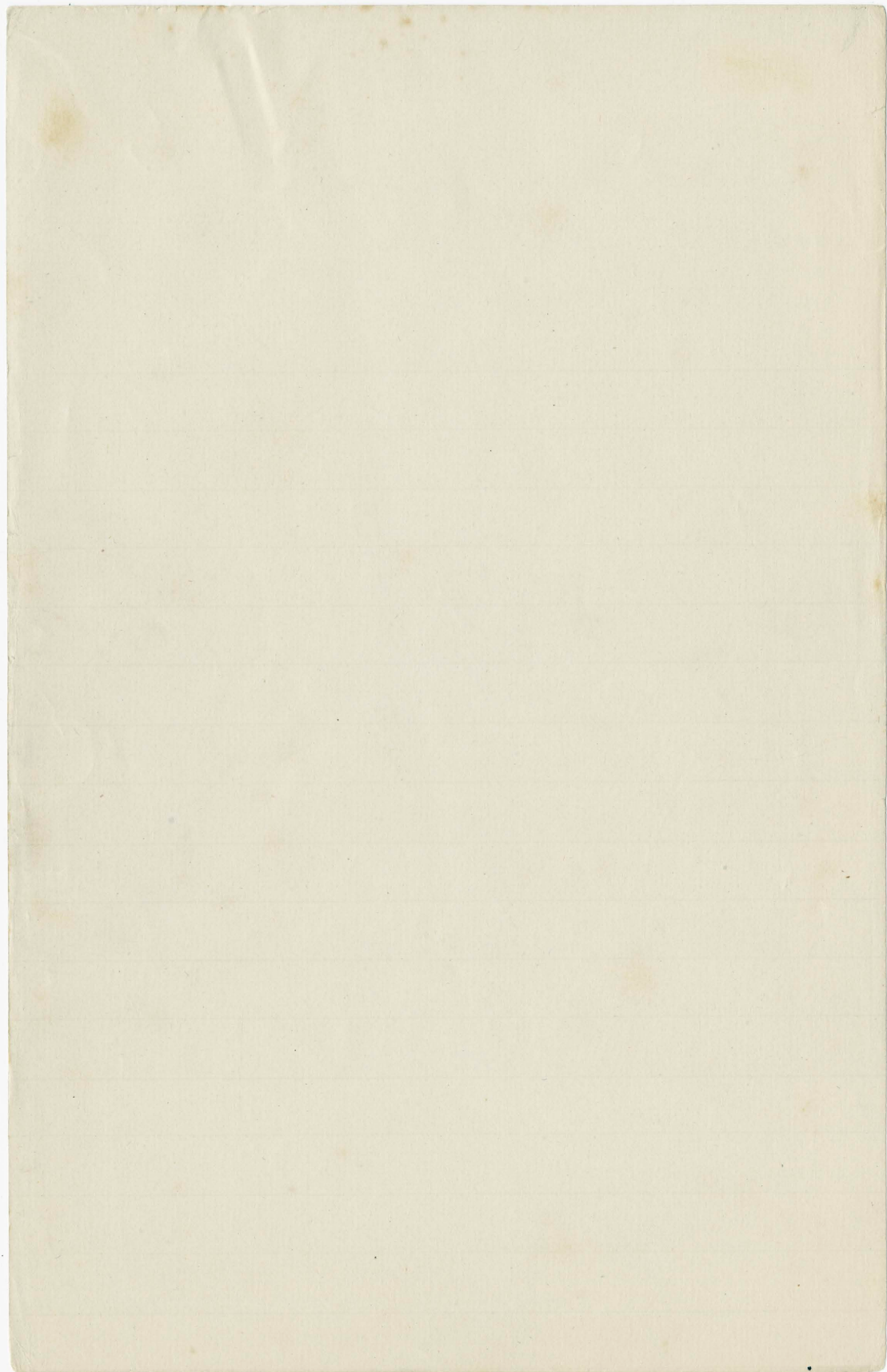
In the midst of a queer higgly-
figgly dream last night I thought the
Great Panjandrum appeared to me with
the kind offer to have some one class
of my fellow-beings immediately exter-
minated; provided I could, without
taking too much of his valuable time,
decide which particular class it should
be. Just seven minutes were given in
which to make and announce the
decision. Of course I accepted with a-
lacrity, and at once hastened to run
over in my mind such of the obnox-
ious varieties of human nature as
could most speedily be recalled.

At first I thought I would select
the people who do not answer letters;
but I reflected that sometimes we write
letters in haste, which had better be answered
at leisure, or even not at all, on the
principle that the least said, soonest



mended. Then I dallied for a moment with the idea that it should be those who hearing us say things in joke, straightway report them as things said in earnest. Surely, thought I to myself we can't go amiss in having this venomous species obliterated! But as the genial destroyer looked at his watch a little impatiently, I hurriedly recollected certain other deserving candidates.

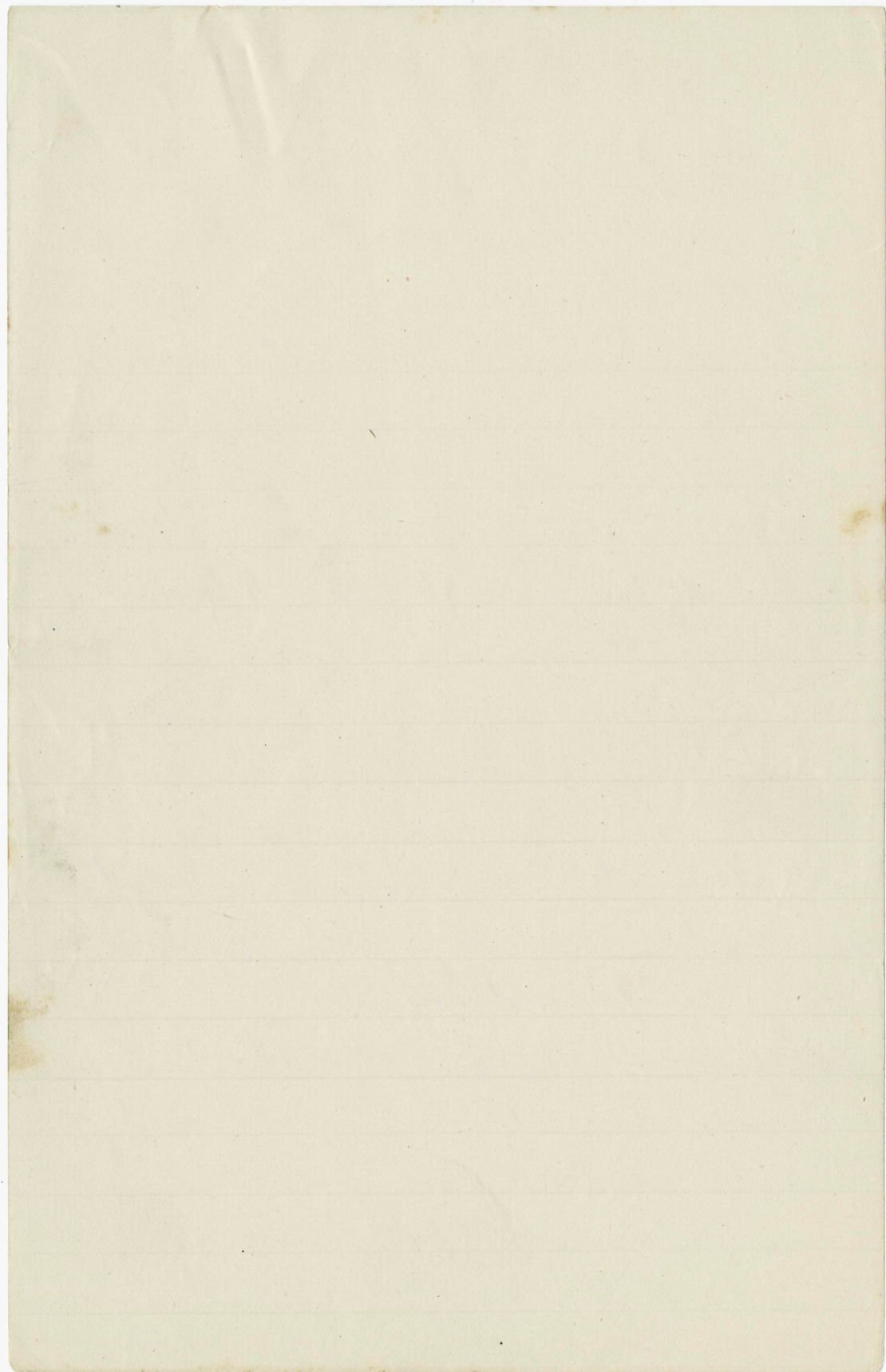
There were those who always allow for every body else's being late at appointments and so afflict the punctual soul with a quarter of an hour of painful fidgets; and those who borrow tennis rackets and shut music; and the bookstall attendant who tag us around with recommendations of the latest inanities; and the brotherhood of locomotive engineers who



agonize the ear of night with gratuitous shrieks as of whistling fiends, and the literary ladies who follow up our plainest observations with praise of how nicely, or prettily, or nobly or something, it was said.

"Six minutes and three quarters" whispered the Grand Panjandrum, punching at me with his scepter, and knocking his little round button at top against the ceiling as he hastily rose. I made one more rapid snatch among my recollections of people who are with-difficulty to be endured and cried,

"Take those who carry a perpetual countenance of cold displeasure, and contrive to make each member of the household or the company feel that he is at all times the special object of it." The detesting monster nodded be-



magnly over his shoulder and winked
as who should say, "You have well chosen."

We all have a general idea of imagination;
and recognize it as a greater power
than manipulation - calculation - observation.

If we see an old woman spinning
at the fire-side, and distributing her
thread dextrously, we respect her for
her manipulation. If we ask how
much she will make in a year
and she answers quickly - we respect
her for her calculations. If she is
watching at the same time that
none of her grand-children fall into
the fire - we respect her for her ob-
servation. Yet for all this she may be a
common place, old woman. But if she
is all the time telling those grand-children
a fairy story, we praise her for her imagination
and say she is a remarkable woman. Ruskin

