

I walked the streets at midnight. But my thoughts were far away. For my leaf of light, not withered, Was green again with May.

He vanished from my brow, And I (ah me!) looked forward, As I looked now.

Why should I not look forward? I knew that my son was strong; The might there is in song.

My heart was light and friendly; I loved my fellow-men.

For I had comrades there.

Where are these dear old folks? Ah! whilst they have their own?

I asked myself at midnight.

As I walked the streets alone.

There were the friends, singer, And Harry, who lived for Woman.

And Tom, who lived for Art.

Poor Pete's song is over.

And the heart of Fred is still;

And the heart of Tom is still;

The other at Mayven Hill.

Wrapped in the blue they fought in.

They buried them where they lay;

And there Tom and Harry,

Who were poor, laid the gray.

As I walked the streets at midnight,

That snatched my comrades from me.

My eyes were filled with tears.

I thought of bloody battles,

Of death, of death, of death.

They had met and killed each other.

For wearing blue and gray.

Of happy homes that were darkened,

Of hearts that were desolate,

Of tend'ring hearts that were pale,

Of love that was pale to pale.

I lifted the wretched living;

I think I did the dead;

I know I did for Harry,

And dropped a tear for Fred.

"Poor boys!" I said, For pondering

What I am in the s'r' lea,

And they were in the green.

I lifted my head no longer;

I was summoned,

Before they could not go.

When we know what life and death are,

We shall then know what is best;

Meanwhile we live and labor;

What else can we rest.

They do not know us,

They do not miss the sunshine,

They do not feel the rain.

If they are even once more of theirs,

It is when the winter,

We feel the first spring airs.

When the birds from tropic countries

Come back again to ours,

And the trees of leaf and snow drifts,

The grass was thick with flowers.

When the birds from tropic countries

Be scattered where they lie,

The blue and gray together,

Beneath the same sweet sky.

Stand upon the path of right,

Except the common valor,

That made us at last

Herper's Weekly.

The Gentleman Beggar.

One morning, many years ago, I

called by appointment on Mr. John

Balance, the fashionable pawnbroker,

to accompany him to Liverpool in pur-

suit for a levanting customer, for Bal-

ance, in addition to pawning, does a

little business in the 60-per-cent. line.

It rained in torrents when the cab

stopped at the passage which leads past

the pawnshop, his mistress does.

The cabman rang twice, and at length

Balance appeared, looking through the

mist and rain in the entry, illuminated

by his perpetual cigar.

As I eyed him

inquisitively, remembering that

trains wait for no man, something like a

hairy dog, a bundle of rags rose up

at his feet and barred his passage for a

moment. Then Balance cried out with

an exclamation, in answer apparently to

something I could not hear: "What,

man alive! sit in the passage! there

take that and get some fresh bread,

for I have a bad tooth."

So I went in. So I went in. I went into the "bancos" and we bawled

away at ten miles an hour, just catching

the express as the doors of the station

were closing. My curiosity was full

set; for, although Balance can be free

with his money, it is not exactly to be

gave that his generosity is usually dis-

played; so, when comfortably en-

closed in a coupe, I finished with:

"You are liberal with your money

this morning, but you do not give

to street beggars," but I

still know what walk to take when

the law and sharp leave off buying law."

Balance, who would have made an

excellent person if he had not been

bred to a case-hardening trade, and has

still a soft bit left in his heart that is

always fighting with his hard heart, did

not smile at all, but looked as grim as

if squeezing a lemon into his Saturday

night's punch." He answers slowly: "A

can't say that," he said, "a miserable

scut, he is now, but I am your

Masters David," that mischievous

bundle of rags was born and bred a

gentleman; the son of a nobleman, the

husband of an heiress, and has sat and

dined at tables where you and I, Master

David, are only allowed to view the

admirable Mr. Leasem's face, passing

the cabman's ring twice, and at length

Balance appeared, looking through the

mist and rain in the entry, illuminated

by his perpetual cigar.

As I eyed him

inquisitively, remembering that

trains wait for no man, something like a

hairy dog, a bundle of rags rose up

at his feet and barred his passage for a

moment. Then Balance cried out with

an exclamation, in answer apparently to

something I could not hear: "What,

man alive! sit in the passage! there

take that and get some fresh bread,

for I have a bad tooth."

So I went in. So I went in. I went into the "bancos" and we bawled

away at ten miles an hour, just catching

the express as the doors of the station

were closing. My curiosity was full

set; for, although Balance can be free

with his money, it is not exactly to be

gave that his generosity is usually dis-

played; so, when comfortably en-

closed in a coupe, I finished with:

"You are liberal with your money

this morning, but you do not give

to street beggars," but I

still know what walk to take when

the law and sharp leave off buying law."

Balance, who would have made an

excellent person if he had not been

bred to a case-hardening trade, and has

still a soft bit left in his heart that is

always fighting with his hard heart, did

not smile at all, but looked as grim as

if squeezing a lemon into his Saturday

night's punch." He answers slowly: "A

can't say that," he said, "a miserable

scut, he is now, but I am your

Masters David," that mischievous

bundle of rags was born and bred a

gentleman; the son of a nobleman, the

husband of an heiress, and has sat and

dined at tables where you and I, Master

David, are only allowed to view the

admirable Mr. Leasem's face, passing

the cabman's ring twice, and at length

Balance appeared, looking through the

mist and rain in the entry, illuminated

by his perpetual cigar.

As I eyed him

inquisitively, remembering that

trains wait for no man, something like a

hairy dog, a bundle of rags rose up

at his feet and barred his passage for a

moment. Then Balance cried out with

an exclamation, in answer apparently to

something I could not hear: "What,

man alive! sit in the passage! there

take that and get some fresh bread,