

YOUTH AND AGE.

Turn back, old dial-plate of time,
Spare to my locks their hue of jet;
With youth my glowing fancies rhyme—
For age I am not ready yet.

The wrinkled gray beard, passing by,
Was by my schoolmate long ago;
Some hint like that that flashed through his eye,
And yet I hold it is not so.

What means the traitorous almanac?
Who reads the tale in pages tell?
I feel of youth I nothing lack,
In May's eternal realm I dwell.

Are these their flowers and fields as fair
As those in far-off days I knew?
I day I fervently declare
I never saw a sky more blue!

Here's Maude, who wears the daintiest rose
Of sixteen summers on her cheek;
She's not the gray beard—well he knew
'Tis out with her care to speak.

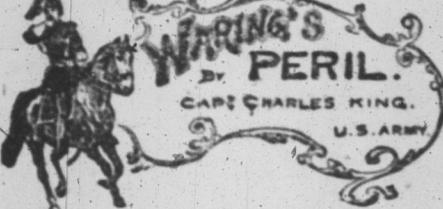
Since naught of nature's charms has fled,
And Maude's lips my lips have pressed,
There must be youth and joy ahead—
How can you ask a lover's test?

Thrilled by the rapture of her smile,
Why should I mind her?—ask?

Let Age be his frosty ash-well

Ask Time to turn his dial back.

—Joel Weston, in Leslie's Weekly.



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VILL—CONTINUED

Quietly rising from his seat, the official who so recently had had the verbal tilt with Cram held forth a rusty, cross-hilted, two-edged knife that looked as though it might have lain in the mud and wet for hours.

"Have you ever seen this knife before?" he asked. And Doyle, lifting up his eyes one instant, groaned, shuddered, and said:

"Oh, my God, yes!"

"Whose property is it or was it?"

At first he would not reply. He moaned and shook. At last:

"Sure, the initials are on the top," he cried.

But the official was relentless.

"Tell us what they are and what they represent."

People were crowding the hallway and forcing themselves into the room. Cram and Ferry, curiously watching their ill-starred comrade, had exchanged glances of dismay when the knife was so suddenly produced. Now they bent breathlessly forward.

The silence for the moment was oppressive.

"It's the knife I made," he sobbed at last, desperately, miserably, "the

packetbook significantly.

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