



NO. 24

THE TAPE ASCENDS—AND BEYOND STILL
STILL CHANTS THE DAYBREAK

AT THE VERGE OF NIGHT

The Lark; No. 24

by *Les Jeunes*:

Gelett Burgess, Editor:
24 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Bruce Porter

Ernest Peixotto

Florence Lundborg

Porter Garnett

Yone Noguchi

Carolyn Wells

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

With this Number, the Second Book of *The Lark* is completed, and the further issuance of *The Lark* is suspended. There will, however, be published an *Epilark*, or *Memoir*, containing certain phases of the intimate history of *The Lark*, with Reflections thereon. The *Epilark* will also contain a Table of Contents of the Second Book of *The Lark*, disclosing the authorship of the articles which have appeared anonymously during the year.

By special arrangement with Herbert S. Stone & Co., *The Lark* is enabled to fill its unexpired subscriptions with issues of the *Chap Book*, and unless otherwise ordered, that Review will be sent to subscribers after the publication of the *Epilark*, which will be ready about April 15th.

The Prize for the best set of answers to *The Lark's* Catechism has been awarded to Miss *Maida Castelbun*.

SAN FRANCISCO APRIL FIRST

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THE GODDESS SPINS THE WOOL
OF THE RIVULET TO ITS LENGTH.
O SILVER SONG OF THE FEMALE
SPINNER !
O GOLDEN SILENCE OF THE
MALE SPINNER !
GOD IS SPINNING WITH THE
WHEEL OF TIME, WHITE OF
DAY AND DARKNESS OF THE
NIGHT TO ETERNITY.

YONE NOGUCHI.



LARENCE LUNDGREN

STUDIES FOR TRACTS III.



WO men walked wildly through a hill-country, talking with pale lips—talking out a Silence that had fed and grown powerful between them, at the board they shared as brothers.

They had come out to kill that Silence, and one of them fought in the name of Truth—pitted against his friend, who was dearer than his heart to him. . . .

They had come by now into a wide meadow, and pressed down its slope, defiant, pale and apart. Silence had seized the space in fresh triumph, and a dogged fear possessed the heart of both.

A hand's breadth of marshy spring broke their course, and water-birds scattered from the sedge, with shrieks.

. . . The men faced; there was a word spoken, and the blow fell—and the blood that had answered the pulse of the false-hearted, trickled slowly through the fresh grass, and gave its colour to the waters of the spring.

* * * * *

He had buried his friend with wild grieving, and now, at the end of the night, had come again to the spring, and to a momentary forgetfulness. He lifted his face out of the earth, to behold the calm day breaking; and lo, a miracle of horror! The pool was scarlet under the lights of dawn, and in the madness of his renewed memories he saw, slipping away into the grass, the red witness to his crime! He stopped the trickle with his hands—he crowded the narrow conduit with his body—and the day and the night he laboured, that the sod and the rocks and the fresh branches of the trees might stay the waters of this spring, whose inconsiderable stream had, till now, served but to give refreshment to the birds of the air and the small animals of the grass. Day by day the pool grew wider in the lap of the meadow, till it mirrored giant trees and had drowned the reeds. . . . The birds still came, and now the beasts of the wood, but he drove them off with cries,

CONTINUED.

that the whole innocent creation might not taste the taint of the blood.

His own fever he must cool at a clean spring across the range, and he ran like a hound with the thirst upon him, there and back, in terror lest in his absence, the barrier should break and the crimson flood pour into the valley below, and the world be loud with his hunting.

Months had passed, and the season of the rain was close upon him, when, after one of these breathless journeys, he came into the edge of the meadow, to hear the clamour of voices and the clink of the chain. He saw the faces of men, intent upon their business of survey, but the horror of his detection vented itself in a cry, and he fled through the cañons of the unexplored hills.

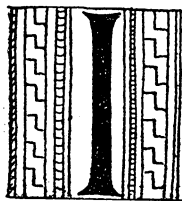
* * * * *

Old age and the nearness of Death had freed him from his fear, and he had come back to die:

He crept to the old places, and saw the meadow a brimming lake, with a vast masonry retaining it. He believed that the waters were still pestilential with the crime, and that men, in the fear of contamination, had carried on his own work to permanence. He looked again into the eyes of his fellows, and unalarmed, saw their wonder at his return. . . . To one, gentler than the rest, he told his story: how his hand, raised in defense of Truth, had turned the clean water to the ever-increasing curse; how his hands had begun the work of its retention, that the earth might not know his shame and the shame of his friend. . . . And, smilingly, his auditor lifted the worn body of the old man and carried him to the hill-top; he showed him, far below, the green and prosperous plain, its villages and farms gleaming in the sun; and the stranger said: "Behold! the valley is peopled and made fair by the waters of the spring! The Truth has survived!" The old man's tears were bitter, and he cried: "But I have killed my friend!"

— *Bruce Porter.*

THE TEST OF THE OPEN AIR:



IT was rash, frightfully rash, to attempt the downs with the shell of our acquaintance still unchipped,—for that ten minutes in the hall counted as nothing. Rolf had said, “You won’t like him at first,” and the memory of the words lay on my early morning delight like a black frost. I could have flung myself from the car to escape, but for the depressed silence that betrayed his state. We passed the sentry at the gate, with averted faces and lagging feet, and turned down the red path. “There is one glimmer of hope,” he said, without preface. “We don’t either of us try to cloak our struggles with ready-made talk. That will save the day, if anything can.” “It must come of itself, or not at all,” I said, attacking the up-slope with lighter feet. The isolation of the downs began to seem a shade less impossible.

“How do you take it when people quote your works to you?” I asked, pausing at the top to look down on a trail of fog muffling the cañon below.

“I bear it as best I can,” he said. “Don’t! I want to think it is myself the man ye went forth for to see.”

“Are you jealous of yourself the writer? That side is all I know of you.”

“Forget it. I want to go back to the primer. Let us be simply a man and a woman.”

It had come, but we neither of us knew it then. When the wet sod, matted and spongy, was under our feet, and the mellow wind poured through our outspread fingers, and little triangles of blue sea glimmered in the curves of the downs, we laughed to find the miracle wrought without our knowledge.

“Yet we’ve known each other barely an hour,” I marvelled.

“Almost anything could happen in an hour. It is long enough for a man to fall in love in,” he said. “How long does it take a woman?”

“Ten minutes,—ten years sometimes.”

An hour later we paused between the downs and the deep sea, the beginning all forgotten.

A SURBURBAN IDYL.

"This is living!" he exclaimed. "Yet we had to be poor to do it. If we were rich, this meeting would have been degraded to a Sunday afternoon call and a cup of tea."

"For all we hate poverty so, she gives us some of our best days."

"We never get to the heart of things without her. Wait a minute,—there is something in that."

The path down the cliff was broken, and treacherous with spray, but he sprang down without hand or eye for my progress. When I dared look, I found him kneeling on the smooth wet sand, writing with a stick. I came close and read:

*"Wine and pleasure and gold were fused
In a cup I drained as the cup of life.
A soldier deaf to the drum and fife.
I pass unseeing, with feet unbruised.
What have I wrought——"*

As the stick paused, the sea swept out a long white arm and brushed the writing away. I sprang back; but he stood laughing, with the wet grasp on his ankles. A sudden knowledge of the life primeval flashed from his eyes into mine.

"Come," he said, holding out his hand, and then we were flying like gulls along the beach. Our reckless feet dared the clutch of the waves, and scattered the foam-wreaths till they fled like white rabbits across the sand. We lifted our faces to the wind, and let it carry our laughter where it would. When the grey rocks cried a halt, sun and sea were our world; and Pan, our God, was not dead.

He seized me by the shoulders.

"I have found you. You are one of us," he exulted; I knew what was coming, but I did not turn away.

* * * * *

We parted at the edge of the downs. We would not risk our idyl to the deadening commonplace of city streets.

"It was too perfect," he said. "I shall never dare see you again, for fear of spoiling it. Go back to the Philistines that think they know you."

"You would not condemn Vivette to that," I protested over my shoulder.

"The ten minutes are safely over, and the ten years not begun," he said. "Run for your life!"

—Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

SELECTIONS FROM ANSWERS



WOULD You rather see or be a Purple Cow? Why? (b) Account for the Origin of the Species.

M. C. (a) See one. I. **ÆSTHETIC REASON.** The Novice should accept the guide of Authority, and the creator affirms preference for choice given. [Cf. *Lark* No. 1.] II. **PHILOSOPHIC REASON.** By analogy of Des Cartes, "*Cogito ergo Sum*," I conclude—"I see; therefore I am."—that is, seeing implies

being (a Purple Cow). III. **POPULAR REASON.** In the Alphabetical Sequence, C is preceded by B. I conclude C-ing implies B-ing, and is therefore the more desirable choice. IV. **MORAL REASON.** God in his infinite wisdom has not seen fit to make me a P.C., and it would be flying in the face of Providence to desire it. C. F. McC. (a) See one. Because it would otherwise be embarrassing to be milked by "a maide, comely and meeke enow." [Cf. *Lark*, No. 18.] G. C. (a) Be one. Because by looking in a pool I could easily see one. S. A. (b) A red cow, upon seeing itself depicted by the artist, became quite blue. The poet describes his impressions of its aspect during the intermediate stages of the chromatic transformation.

2. (a) Who was Vivette? (b) Give her age and last name.

R. R. (a) The Editor of the *Lark* changed into a girl. (b) A woman being the age she looks, and as the Editor of the *Lark* is not a girl, Vivette has no age. A "F. M." (b) Vivette's marriage was set for March 15th. I do not know, therefore, if her name had changed at the time of going to press. It is probably Burgess. (b) Age of the butterfly or Sphinx.

M. C. (b) She said it was 23, on January 1st, '97. [Cf. *Lark*, No. 14.]

3. (a) What is the most interesting page in the *Lark*? (b) The least interesting?

M. C. (a) Names of Contributors. (b) Any old page.

A. P. (a) Blank pages. (b) Advertisement of Noguchi's Poems.

S. A. (a) First page of Interchangeable Philosophical Paragraphs. (b) Second page of same.

4. (a) Which number of the *Lark* has contained the most typographical errors? (b) The fewest?

M. C. (a) The last number. (b) The first number.

R. R. It is impossible to distinguish between the rhetorical and grammatical ignorance of the Editor and the faithfulness of the proof-reader.

5. (a) Why are "*Les Jeunes*" so called? (b) What is their average age and sex?

R. R. (a) A misprint for "*les jaunes*," for to copy the Yellow Book.

S. A. (a) A misprint for "*les jeunes*," they having risen too early for breakfast, in order to see the *Lark* off.

A. P. (b) Dot-age. Sex, The Eternal Feminine.

R. R. (b) A Group, on being asked how old it was, replied, that if half of the men were divided by the girls, the result would be equal to half the girls derided by twice the men. How old was the Goop?

6. (a) What is the Moral Significance of the "*Chewing Gum Man*"? (b) Of the "*Runaway Train*"? (c) Of the "*Towel and the Door*"?

TO THE "LARK'S" CATECHISM.

S. A. (a) Our Social System, created with the best intention, gradually grows in proportions till it endangers safety as well as progress. The corporations and monopolies alone are benefited by its existence. [Cf. "the cars run under him day and night;" also, "they pulled him for days and days and days." (b) Continuation of same. Here the people get possession of the monopoly. [Cf. "They run away with the Railroad Train." Good times to be restored by the popular revolt, shown in the ultimate landing in the "caramel goo." (c) Indifference of the Masses to the same social revolution. [Cf. "Somehow I don't care at all."]

M. C. (a) Symbolism showing the failure of Decadent Literature. Uselessness of the movement. Long drawn out and sticky. The vulgar herd chews and re-chews, but can neither swallow nor digest. Lack of design. [Cf. "the head was put on seprit, instead."] (b) Political satire. The political machine is temporarily captured by the Socialistic Party. Politics is taken out of the regular ruts, but the boss (Huldy Ann) applies soothing taffy and regains control. (c) A hit at Realistic Literature and its insinuating psycho-physiological problems.

7. (a) What Critic has said that the *Lark* is too good to live? (b) What, that it has no excuse for being? (c) Reconcile these statements.

M. C. (a) The Editor of the *Lark*. (b) The General Public. (c) The good die young.

8. Who wrote the poem, "*To Salvini*"? (b) "*The Ballad of the Effeminate*"? (c) Why? (d) "*A Boy's Will*"? (e) "*Inexpensive Cynicisms*"? (f) "*The Last Centaur*"? (g) Give reasons for your opinions.

There were no intelligent answers to these queries. See Table of Contents in *Epilark* for the correct solutions.

9. (a) Describe the anatomy of the Goop. (b) Give Rules for Drawing.

S. A. The Goop is the result of a failure of the skeleton to ossify. The artist must first know the anatomy of the human figure to the minutest detail. The Goop is the result of carefully excluding every effect of this knowledge.

G. T. (b) Hitch a string to one end of the Goop, and then draw it.

A "F. M." Chewing Gum, 1 part; Abstract ideas, 1 part; Absence of mind, 2 parts; wire, 3 parts. Mix, stir, pat, pull, flatten; add thumbs, and eyes, and mouth to taste; strain and serve cold; with nonsense quatrain.

M. C. The Goop is the projection upon a warped surface of a semi-solid, whose periphery is a curve in space $2y = a(3bx + 7)$. The polar co-ordinates x and y have major asymptotes for all minus values of a upon the axis of y . Nodes and cusps occur at all values of x greater than b where the curve is convex toward pole, and conjugate points wherever y is a function of a . All points of inflexion are tangent to the origin. Q. E. D.

10. Describe the policy of the *Lark* in exactly 100 words.

R. R. Joy of life, Day Dreaming gay, Optimism, Babies Play; Dryads, Mams, Mottos, Pan; Purple Kine, Chewing Gum Man; Fusitula, Jeunes, Vivette, Helen Nerea, Quarrelet; Nonsense, Fable, Tours-de-force, Naïveté, assumed of course; Romance, Rhetoric, Rondeau, Fate, Cynicisms, Golden Gate; Yone, Lundborg, Huldy Ann, Porter, Garnett, all the clan; Arden, Eve, Bohemia, Dawn, Milk-maid, Doxey Piping Faun; Youth, Adventure, Love and Life, Hope, Excitement, Fancy, Strife; Wisdom, Wit, and Allegory, Rhyme and Metre, Prose and Story Frolic, Fact, Didactic, Glee, Music, Mirthier, Mountain, Sea; Puzzles, typographic blunder, Hope, Enthusiasm, Wonder; all but Satire, Venom, Spite, Youth and Truth and Flight and Right!

A CASTLE IN THE AIR.





A CASTLE IN SPAIN.

THE POETASTER'S SOMERSAULT.



WAKE, O gentle Muse, my ardent lyre,
 My fingers burn to woo th' impatient
 strings!
 My spirit reeks with song, my brain 's on fire,
 My heart is full of ecstasy and things!
 I yearn to quaff the sweet Pierian springs
 And offer one more tribute at thy shrine—
 Ho, Pegasus extend thy mighty wings
 I sing the praises of a maid divine!



—Porter Garnett.

O Betty G. the pictured pink
 Of prim perfection she,
 I fill my eager pen with ink,
 My glass with good Chablis.
 Should you this maiden ever see,
 That she your fancy suits,
 Most anything I'll ready be
 To bet — e. g. my boots!





OW strange it seemed to be back in Maldivers at last! It tasted bittersweet, as revisitations use, for here was the sovereignty of our honeymoon achieved, and though it showed now as beautiful, it was subtly changed in colour as by the turn of a season.

We pattered down the old lane, gay as larks, with the same old-time delight of existence in us, — ah, Vivette still had fuel to feed my fire, and will have, please God, forever. I was a very story-book hero that day for the steady glow of love that warmed me; the spring wind captured my mood, and she had but to catch my hand as we walked, and it set me a-crowing like a game-cock. She walked bare-headed, smelling at the pine breeze, and I did not notice that she was quieter than usual, or if I did, I set it down to the open air and the voices of mother earth, that often dominated her as nothing in town ever could.

We found the inn, and after we had heard the gossip of the village, we made a long evening of it before the fire, she browning her bare toes at the andirons and I watching the flames over her shoulder. She was very still. The past year flickered like a spectre in the fire, and our thoughts crossed and recrossed each other, as a chance word tied them together with a common recollection, whence they diverged again, in chase of our erring fancies.

Suddenly, I felt Vivette clasp my hands. "It will storm," she said, trembling; "I can't bear it, to-night!"

She was not mistaken, for as it is often enough the case she felt the approach of a thunder-storm, and suffered pitifully while it lasted. She was a foundling, you remember, and it was her belief that she had been born on such a night. She was troubled by the vague imagining as to her unknown parents that came over her at these times, and she seemed so far away from me that I could not comfort

CLAD STILL IN MYSTERY:

her. There was an hour of torture for us both, but she met it bravely.

The next day was pure June—clear and mild with a promise of summer to be joyously fulfilled, and we were out at daybreak and romped till the dew dried. It was at breakfast that we first heard of the fair that was on, and Vivette was in a high tension of excitement at the merry-making, for it was to be the event of the season in Maldivers and not to be missed. So there we went straightway to renew our youth with the country-folk—to pat prize babies, and to see the side shows.

Vivette played fast and loose with one revel after another, tasting one primitive bliss then passing on to the next, and returning to the most satisfactory. She was a master-hand at the ring tossing, despoiling the proprietor of a full dozen Japanese parasols, with which booty she laded me. We interviewed the monstrosities, and ate all those things that one ought to eat at a county fair. Where went her pink sunbonnet, there was a bunch of laddies to chorus her laughter,—had there been a May pole I would have been a king no doubt, for the sun shone that day and she bloomed like a rose. And so by degrees we rollicked on with the rest of the innocents till we came to the balloon enclosure, for there was to be an ascension at four o'clock, and behind the canvas screen the big globe was rocking like a fat pippin in a tub of soft water.

Need's must but she should go inside and speculate upon the airship, and we found the bird tied in its cage moaning for its freedom. "Oh, for a sail in that chariot!" sighed Vivette; "it would be like dreaming, sure!" She climbed into the basket with her parasols, and then looked up. "We might just climb up to that first cloud," she said, with a far-away look, and very seriously.

"I've a mind to try it with you," said I.

"Oh, no, Robin!" she cried, a little wildly, I thought. But I had begun loosing the ropes.

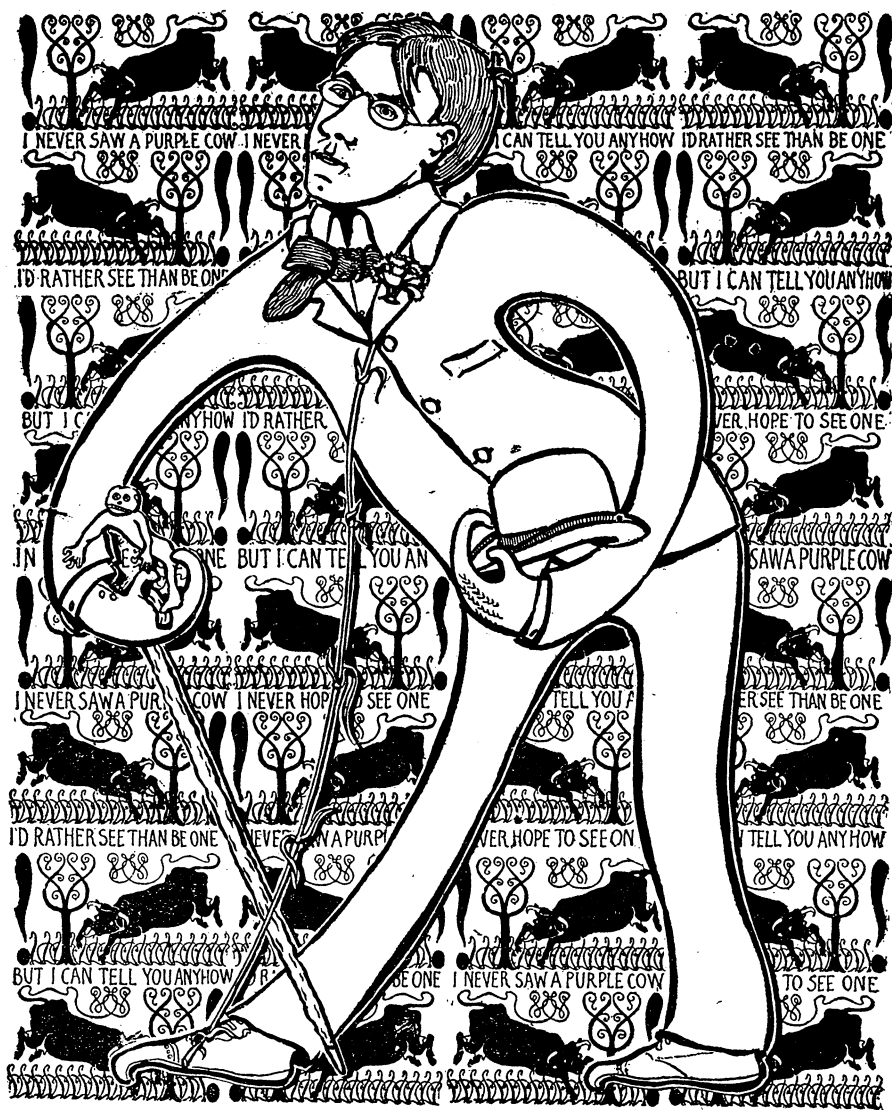
THE FASCINATIONS OF SUSPENSE.

"Do you see that toe?" she said, forcing her foot through a hole in the wicker. I kissed the point of it, obediently. She had a way of putting a little shoe between the balusters as I went down stairs of a morning; and "come here, while I whisper," she said. I held my head very close. "*Do you love me?*" she whispered very small, indeed. I did n't say no. "Always?" she insisted, with a little quaver. I looked at her fearfully, for she was sobered. "Forever, Vivette!" I said with a little gasp. She had grown pale. "I wonder who was my mother?" she said to herself, but half aloud. "*Forever*, then, Robin, 'tis a long time!"

I forced a smile, and ran back to the gate and up the lane a way to see that the watchman had not returned. As I turned, I saw a figure drop from the platform of the tent opposite the entrance, and hurriedly cross the street. There was something queerly familiar about his appearance, and I hesitated, dazed by the uncertainty of the resemblance. Who was it? In a flash it came back to me. It was the old ex-Director of the Romance Association! A fearful presentiment came over me, and I broke forward in a run. But it was too late. There was a yell from the crowd around me that sung in my ears like a tempest. Even then I was too bewildered to think. A man pointed upward. There, in midair, was the balloon, climbing toward the nearest cloud, and over the ledge of the basket a small face, and an arm outstretched. It rose higher and higher, and when it was a marble's size there fluttered out a shower of tiny parachutes. A westerly wind bore the balloon up into the blue, it became a dot,—then disappeared. I had broken into the enclosure but no one was there. A Japanese parasol fell at my feet—upon it was scrawled in a wild hand the word "*Forever!*"

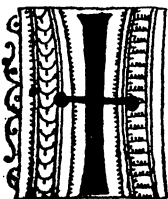
—Gelett Burgess.

*Ah, yes, I wrote the "Purple Cow" —
I'm Sorry, now, I wrote it;*



*But I can tell you Anyhow
I'll Kill you if you Quote it!*

A QUINTUPLE INVOLUTION:



WAS crossing the room to speak to Dick, when he suddenly turned and reached for a violin which was on a shelf above his head. I paused, seeing he was about to show it to a wide-eyed young girl, who took it with the caress of a musician.

"YES," Dick was saying, "Yes, Miss Craigin, that's the identical instrument." "But how do you come to have it?" "I?" said Dick, carelessly, "Oh, stole it. It is a jolly good story, but a bit longish; shall I tell it you?"

WELL, one summer, half-a-dozen years back, I was trotting about Spain, doing the heavy, picturesque, broad-brimmed hat, you know, and all that, and one night I put up at a gay little tavern. Spent next morning lying on a wooden bench in the courtyard, with closed eyes, to feel the sun on my eyelids. Delightful sensation—know it? As I lay there, a strolling player came along with a violin—jarring note, of course,—ought to have been a mandolin, or guitar at least. But he played that violin in a way that made me open my eyes. Not that he played so well, nor was there anything remarkable in the violin as an instrument. He played only an accompaniment; a most melodious accompaniment, to a gay little Spanish air. Now, this is the strange part. I seemed to hear the ballad sung; sung by a rich, full, soprano voice. I swear I could almost hear the words, and yet the fellow played only a tum-ti-tum harmony, without a suggestion of a tune. I beckoned him, and he came and sat beside me. "Play it again," said I, and he did. "Who is she?" I asked. His eyes blazed! "Ah! señor," he said, "can *you* hear her? It is not given to every one. Ah, my Benita! I will tell you of her. You go away to a strange land; perhaps you can find her."

BENITA was beautiful, señor; ah, yes, with eyes like the sky, and hair like the setting sun—and she sang always, and I played to her songs,—and so we earned our life—street musicians, señor, and a more blessed existence was never dreamed of—a life of love and music in Spain! He

A PROBLEM IN ARABIC FICTION

would indeed be a madman who would ask more. But one day Benita came to me. "Dear," she said, "I am going away; I am going over the sea, away to the great world. Hush, not a word! it is no use; you cannot stop me. You have known me a year. We have been happy; is it not so? Yes? Well listen, and I will tell you all!"

I AM the daughter of a pirate; my father was the bravest Corsair that ever sailed a ship. Our home was a series of caves on a rocky island near the coast. One night, I lay awake gazing at the stone ceiling of my apartment, when I heard shrieks and yells from our ship, which lay at anchor not far away. I called to my father, but heard no answer. I threw on my clothes (I wore always a man's garb then), and rushed out of the cave. It was a wild night. The warring elements tore each other fiercely, and the angry heavens fired alternate peals and flashes. Heedless of the towering waves, I unfastened my own boat and started for the ship. Hardly I made my way, but at last I drew near. The great black hulk loomed high above me, and my little boat buffed up against it, like Time buffing up against Eternity. With the strength and speed of a wild-cat, I flew up the rope-ladder, and sprang to the deck of the "*Dare Devil*." My fears had been only too well grounded. It was a mutiny. I reached the scene just in time to see my brave father killed—by my lover! Up on the cabin I climbed, and shook my fist at the crew. "Traitors"! I shouted, and was answered with jeers and epithets that stung me like lashes. "Unsexed?" I cried, "ay, to the glory of my father! What have I to do with skirts? I, the pirate daughter of a pirate chief! Pietro! Caitiff! Stand out. I loved you; yes, heaven help me, I love you still; but you killed my father. The pirate's daughter will avenge!" With a swift movement, he flung himself into the sea, and I never saw him again until to-day. He is alive. I will follow him; I will track him until I kill him, then, Caro, I will return to you. When I am ready, you will know, for you will hear me again, singing to your violin, the old barcarole."

SEÑOR, she went; she followed him. I waited a long time; then, at last, I heard the voice of my Benita, singing when I played the barcarole, and so began my search.

VED A BIT TOO HURRIEDLY.

What do I care if she has killed her man or not. She had her desire; she pursued him; now she calls me, and I love her. I seek her. Shall I find her, think you, señor?"

OF course, the man was crazy, you see, and yet, a strolling player in the original is a most delightful thing. "Play it again," said I. He did, and by Jove! even more plainly than before, I heard Benita's voice rising clear and sweet, above the quivering strings. From that moment a mad desire to possess the instrument seized me. It was ungovernable. Do you know what an ungovernable impulse is? When, as I had expected, he could not be persuaded to sell it, I really was forced to steal it. I was blameless, for I was not a free agent. The violin had bewitched me, and so obliterated entirely all codes of ethics or morality. The details of the deed are not pleasant. But it is mine, and I play the barcarole, and I hear Benita's voice trilling, caroling, dying away to a whisper, then shaking out her siren notes again in a mad, merry, shower of gladness, until ——"

DICK gently took the violin from Miss Craigin, who seemed attracted to it by an irresistible fascination. She leaned forward, her blue eyes sparkling, her primrose hair shining in the firelight. "And did you want it," she asked, and her tone was excitedly intense, "did you want it that *you* might find Benita?" "Yes," said Dick, "I stole it that I, with my greater opportunities, might find the beautiful singer, and myself play the accompaniment to her barcarole."

"Then the time has come, at last, your quest is ended, for I am the pirate's daughter! I have not yet found Pietro, but I am Benita and I will sing the barcarole!"

"Thanks, so much, my dear Miss Craigin," said Dick, "I wish you would,—but you must pardon me that I do not show more surprise. You see I have often told this story, and you are the fourteenth one that has owned up to being the lady in question—and I am of a nature so easily imposed on, I believed the first one that told me, and—I married her."

AND I approached the two and greeted Miss Craigin with an appropriate platitude.
—Carolyn Wells.

THE CREED OF DESIRE (*a last word*)



*TILL to be sure of the Dawn—
Still to be glad for the Sea—
Still to know fire of the blood:
God keep these gifts in me!*

*Then — I shall cleave the dark!
Then, I shall breast the redoubt!
Then I shall Glory the Lord—
And go down to the grave
With a shout!*

—Bruce Porter.

“That’s rayther a sudden pull-up, ain’t it, Sammy?” inquired Mr. Weller.

“Not a bit on it,” said Sam; “she’ll wish there wos more, and that’s the great art o’ letter writin’.”—Pickwick Papers.