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WHEN THE SONG'S GONE OUT OF YOUR LIFE.

"When the song's gone out of your life, you can't start another while it's ringing in your ears, but it's best to have a bit of silence, and out of that may be a psalm to come by-and-by."—Edward Garrett.

When the song's gone out of your life, That you thought would last to the end, That first sweet song of the heart, That no after days can lend, The song of the birds to the trees, The song of the wind to the flowers, The song that the heart sings low to itself When it wakes in life's morning hours:

"You can start no other song," Not even a tremulous one, Will falter forth on the empty air, It dies in your aching throat, It is all in vain that you try, For the spirit of song has fled— The nightingale sings no more to the rose When the beautiful flower is dead.

So let silence softly fall On the bruised heart's quivering strings: Perhaps from the loss of all you may learn The song that the seraph sings: A grand and glorious psalm That will tremble, and rise and thrill, And fill your breast with its grateful rest, And its lonely yearnings still.

ENDOWED.

BY HARRIET MC EWE KIMBALL.

Then hast not gold? Why, this is gold All clustered round thy forehead white; And thou art weighed, and wert it told, I could not say its worth tonight!

Thou hast not wit? Why, what is this Whereof thou boastest? Woe, what a night! Who doth forget a tongue to his— As I well might forget tonight!

Nor stas! Well, ah, well! I own Thou hast no place assured thee quite, So now I raise thee to a throne; Begin thy reign, my Queen, tonight.

(Scribner.)

DEMARK'S WIFE.

Of course every one knows the mercantile house of Demark & Co. Singleman and I were the Co., and Demark— well of course he was Demark.

Demark and Singleman had roomed together when they were boys and young men. Then Demark got married, and Singleman took the rooms he has now.

"Singleman, old fellow," said I, when we sat alone in the counting-room after the store was closed Christmas eve— "I have a turkey which I want help on tomorrow. Come down to dinner."

"Too late, my boy; I just promised Demark that I would go up with him tomorrow. His wife particularly requested it, and one don't like to refuse, you know."

"Oh, of course not. Very nice little woman, Demark's wife is."

"What!" said Singleman, so fiercely and sharply that I was quite startled.

"I said Mrs. Demark was rather a fine lady!"

"Certainly! certainly!" said Singleman, looking somewhat abashed. Then after a pause, he said:

"I didn't exactly catch what you said at first."

The fire was slowly smouldering in the grate, and the shutters were closed. I poked up the coals and remarked that it looked a little like snow outside.

"I always feel a little queer and nervous on Christmas eve," said Singleman, evidently thinking about his abrupt ejaculation a few minutes before, and not heeding what I said; "you mustn't mind me."

"What's the matter, Singleman?" said I.

"Didn't I ever tell you about it?" he said.

"No."

"If I hadn't acted like a fool," he replied harshly, speaking more to himself than to me, "it might have been different now."

I presumed that it would, and so did not contradict him.

"I thought you knew how near I came to getting married once," he said with an attempt at a laugh. The laugh wouldn't come and so he took the poker and vented it on the fire.

"When I used to be a clerk here, you know, Demark and I roomed away out on Woodward avenue. It was thought to be away out in the interior of Michigan then; it is different now. Every morning as I came down the avenue I met a young girl. There were no street cars then, and besides if there had been—well we practised economy, you know—that's why we boarded away out there in the country—but that girl—I didn't notice her very much at first, and Demark, he never noticed her at all. We both came down together. Demark was always thinking on business; he was—have a cigar? Listening is dry work; smoke and make it dry."

"Why, Singleman, you know I never smoke; go on."

"I told you I was queer tonight. Did you ever notice how wrapped up in business Demark is? Business will be the conversation of the turkey tomorrow. I tell you young men nowadays—"

"How about the girl?"

"Oh, yes—she always dressed plainly, but you ought to have seen her. I tell you, John, young ladies nowadays think of nothing but dress, and yet with all their silks and feathers—"

"I know; Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like your Woodward avenue belle—in plain clothes."

He poked the fire for nearly two minutes, and I began to feel a figurative put my foot into it and lost my story.

"I think any one must have fallen in love with her, but I never cared for any one before or since. I was completely—but what's the use of talking of that. I met her every morning. She always looked straight ahead and never seemed to know that she passed the same two fellows every day. Where did she live? What did she do? One night as I came up late from the store I was astonished to see my young lady—I call her mine—standing at a desk in a counting room.

Her hat and cloak were flung on the desk beside her, and she was evidently just ready to leave. The loveliest little frown on her brow, and the figures evidently wouldn't add up right. The lamp light shown on her fair face, and it never looked so handsome before. I stood before the window and gazed there in rapt admiration and I may say adoration. I tell you, John, I don't believe that folks nowadays know what it is—

"Well, did she come out?"

"Of course she did," said Singleman a little crossly, "and equally of course I followed at a distance and saw where she lived. She seemed to set her lips closely together, drew her cloak around her and walked swiftly to her destination. Several times I determined to speak to her, but had neither courage nor excuse. 'Demark,' said I, when I reached my room, 'wake up, and I shook—'

"Singleman," said I, "I am not Demark. There is no use in shaking me."

"I beg your pardon," continued Singleman, releasing his grip on my shoulder. "I don't think you care much about what I am saying, though what interest you can have—"

"Now don't fly off in a tangent in that manner. Of course I want to know how it turned out. What did you say to Demark?"

"Nothing that night. You can't waken Demark when he once gets to sleep. Why, one time when we were boarding down on Jefferson avenue a fire broke out about 2 o'clock in the morning, and I—"

"Well, about the girl?"

"Oh, yes; next morning I unfolded my plan to Demark. It was the day before Christmas. I told him all about my discovery of where she was employed. 'Now,' said I, 'she's anxious to get the accounts straightened out before the end of the year.'"

"Evidently," said Demark.

"Well, very likely she'll be there late tonight, now we'll follow her— you on the opposite side of the street and I on the same side she is, and you cross over and speak to her and try to make her take your arm, then she'll scream and I'll rush up and rescue her, and of course see her home and get acquainted."

"Rather an ancient device," I remarked.

"Perhaps now," said Singleman, in an irritated manner. "Young men of the present day are up to almost anything, but I never heard of it before; of course it was silly, guess I know that without being told of it, but nowadays people think—"

"No they don't! Singleman; go on with what you were saying. Demark consented, of course?"

"No he didn't; that is not at first. He got indignant at having all the disgrace of the operation and none of the pleasure, but I explained to him that he did not care a cent for the girl, while I was madly in love with her, and conjuring him by all the ties of friendship, he at last reluctantly consented. You see, Demark never cared anything about girls, or such as that; he was all business. I have often said to him jokingly of course, that I believed that if—"

"Singleman—go on with that diabolical plot of yours, and never mind Demark. I know him well enough."

"Of course you do. Well, all the way down to the store where she worked, Demark was saying what a mean thing it was for two young men to conspire to frighten the life out of a girl in the dark streets of a city. We got there at last, and she was at the desk. Ah, John, when I picture how she stood there—but that's no matter. I thought she would never come out—it seemed ages. I never could have stood it, only it kept all my attention getting Demark to stick to his promise for he wanted to back out now that he was on the spot. You know Demark is the very soul of honor. Why, when Beat & Embezzled failed, you know, we needn't have paid a cent, for they had no—"

"Singleman, do you remember that I know the particulars of that failure?"

"Certainly. That's a fact. I forgot that. Well, Demark wanted to go home again, and begged me to release him from his promise, but I wouldn't, and he stuck to his contract like a man—he always does, you know. Well, just as the city hall bell struck eleven."

"Oh, oh! Singleman—keep straight now. Why man, the city hall was not built then."

"That's so—I am telling a straight story for all that slip. Some bell struck eleven. I had my face pressed close against the pane, but where she could not see me, and as the hour was tolling she shut the heavy ledger with a bang that made me start, and I heard her say, 'Only an hour to Christmas,' and she smiled. John she looked divinely—like an angel, only angels don't keep books, excepting the recording angel. But just then Demark began begging off again. She came out, and as before walked rapidly away."

"Now," I whispered to Demark, "remember your promise."

He crossed the street without a word, and followed the girl. Demark asked his part like a man, or a villain, rather. He crossed back again and coming up to her said:

"Madam allow me to see you home," and offered his arm.</
