While searching for Loungerisms the other day, the Lounger came upon a theater programme whose back was scribbled with many a hieroglyphic. A half-hour's industrious labor called forth the following translation:

"The scene was now at its height. Wit and merriment were running rife, and both players and audience were in the best of humor. Tommy had cracked his jokes, and the quartette had sung effectively, but still the applause continued. Suddenly the Prince whispered in Tommy's ear. A new twinkle came in Tommy's eye, and again the singers collected. The audience listened. Said the Prince to Tommy, 'Don't push.' The four heads drew together sympathetically. Tommy folded his hands, rolled his eyes, and the linked sweetness of the Cottage Fair again broke the stillness. This time the audience applauded, and Tommy wore the chrysanthemum. For a last time the merry crew collected, and the silence was intense. Now the Prince led off, and at once there rose a discordant cheer that put to shame the efforts of the men before the footlights. Again the audience applauded in derision, and bowing their thanks of appreciation, Tommy and the Prince retired to chuckle over the discomfiture of the warblers." Thus endeth the first lesson.

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All the golden afternoon
The quiet little brook
Sings a sadder, fainter tune
Than it sang in summer June.
And o'er it now the willows look
With faces pale and wan, through fear
Of Winter, who, far in the dim blue haze,
Talks to the woods while they listen to hear
What he and the breezes say to the ear
Of Indian summer's golden days.

---

IN OCTOBER.

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A MORAL QUANDARY.

When an artist with an income of
The tiniest dimensions,
The ends of which will never meet,
In spite of great pretensions,
Meets a stout old lady who will pay
To have her portrait painted,
And paints her young and slender, is
His reputation tainted?

---

PASSION FLOWERS.

The pages of white flutter open to-night,
And the poem that she loved lies revealed to my sight;
We read it together in days that were ours,
And she signed it her own with the pale passion flowers—
The sad passion flowers that drift to my feet,
Drained dry of the dew, and the dawn, and the sweet;
The dead passion flowers, once trembling to this,
The word of my love and the touch of my kiss.
And I speak with the Dead, and I look in her eyes;
I am kissed by her lips, I am sad in her sighs.
I were glad did she smile; but the Dead do not smile;
Tears, sighing, and laughter, and silence the while.
But the Dead never smile, and the Dead are not glad,
For she lay in my arms all uncaring to rise;
And the life of the Dead was revealed in her eyes,
And the woe of the grave, and the blank of the skies.
"Was there song for thy lips?" And the lips whispered,
"Nay."
"Was there light for thy eyes?" and the eyes turned away;
"Gold ways for thy feet?" Ah, the white had bled,
And crownless and sad hung the beautiful head.
Ah, pale passion flowers that glowed in the dawn
Of the days that were Youth's, and the days that are gone!
Ah, sad passion flowers, once leaning to know
The kiss of my bliss and the kiss of my woe!
Ah, dead passion flowers, I shut you to-night
Forever away in the pages of white!

---

TWO POUTING LIPS.

Two pouting lips, a Cupid's bow,
A garden where Love's blossoms blow
Fairer than Luna, queen of night,
My Phyllis' lips all charms unite
In dainty chalice pure as snow.
A holy shrine whose altars show
The rosy fires of Love aglow;
Well may the bard his song indite
To pouting lips!
Not sweets like these the gods bestow
On common mortals here below;
Yet when, Prometheus-like, the height
Of heaven I dare to scale, the sprite
Does not, too coy, bid me forego
Two pouting lips!

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