

INDIAN SUMMER.

Far in the field the men
at work are singing,
Their voices by the distance
mellowed low.
O'er the crisp air
the words are floating faintly
"It's time for us to go."

You would enjoy,
if you could hear it with me,
That rich sweet cadence,
blown across the lot
Ah, no! In dreaming of the past
one moment
The present I forgot.

Never again we two
will stand together
To hear the negroes singing
in the field;
Never, in spring, together
make the woodlands
Their richest treasures yield.

Gone is the dear old
comradeship forever,
And though I cannot
bear to let it go,
Yet in my heart,
through all my wild rebellion
I know it must be so.

Think not I blame you
it was your misfortune
That you were not
what you could never be.
But in the old glad days
when first I knew you
Perfect you seemed to me.

For in one short year
we dreamed a dream together
Then slow but sure,
the disillusion came.
The vision faded,
leaving only ashes,
Only myself to blame.

(The clear pale sky shines
darklier through the branches,
The west wind sways
the treetops to and fro
And still upon the air
the song is drifting—
"It's time for us to go.")

Though I have ceased to love you
yet your presence
Follows me still,
wherever lies my way.
I miss your very voice;
a hundred tokens
Speak of you every day.

Still life goes on;
and yet, alone forever
I stand, for in the world
I have no part.
When Love and Hope,
and all the joy of living
Are gone from out my heart.

And ever through the day
I hear strange voices
And ever through the night
strange sights I see
Until within my heart
belief grows certain
That fate is calling me.

Ache on, oh heart!
It will not be forever;
Even for this the end
will come at last,
When Death brings living,
or at least oblivion
Of all the mocking past.

The men file home
along the dusty roadway;
In the red west the sun
is sinking slow;
And through my heart
the words go echoing over
"It's time for us to go."

—Dorothy Green, in
The Advocate.

THE TRYST.

De night creep down erlong de lan',
De shadders rise an' shake
De frog is sta'tin' up his ban'
De cricket is awake;
My work is mos' nigh done, Celes',
Tonight I won't be late,
I's hu'yin thoo my level bes',
Wait fu' me by de gate.

De mockin' bird 'll sen' his glee
A thrillin, thoo an' thoo,
I know dat ol' magnolia tree
Is smellin' de' fu' you;
De jessamine erside de road
Is bloomin' rich an' white,
My heart's a-th'obbin' cause it knowed
You'd wait fu' me tonight.

Hit's lonesome, ain't it, stan'in' thaih
Wid no one nigh to talk?
But ain't dey whispahs in de aih
Erlong de gyahden walk?
Don't somep'n kin' o' call my name,
An' say "he love you bes'?"
Hit's true, I wants to say de same,
So wait fu' me, Celes'.

Sing somep'n fu' to pass de time,
Outsing de mockin' bird,
You got de music an' de rhyme,
You beat him wid de word.
I's comin' now, my wo'k is done;
De hour has come fu' res',
I wants to fly, but only run,—
Wait fu' me, deah Celes'.

—Paul Laurence Dunbar, in the
New Lippincott.

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"Wiggins has joined a chess club."
"Indeed? Isn't he young to retire
from active life?"—Town Topics.

Waiter (to absent minded young lady)
—Will you be good enough to eat, miss?
Miss (indignantly)—I'm good enough
to eat already, Cholly says.

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