

I took the Queen's hand in mine, took it steadily as became a daughter of America, and touched my lips tenderly to it. Then I began the series of retiring courtesies and I do believe that I made eleven! Anyway, I know that I didn't seem embarrassed, though my heart beat wildly as I looked at the brilliant sparkling throng of people that stood at the Queen's left hand. Then a gentleman of the household gathered up my train and threw it over my arm and I knew it was all over—I had been presented—I had kissed the hand of the Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India.

Yellow Jessamines.

BY BEN F. BRYAN.

Rough are the natures of boys and unblessed
With love for things girls love and prize,
Yet oftentimes false pride keeps unconfessed
Things in our hearts, we idolize.

Many and fragrant the free wild flowers grew,
Unhandled in my childhood dell;
And, though no chiding boy friend ever knew,
'Twas one of these I loved so well.

'Twas not the tiny, pink, dwarf pettaled rose,
Wild sister to the queen of flowers;
Nor great Magnolia, pouring as the zephyr blows,
Perfume to the evening hours.

'Twas not the wild pea or red-wood vine,
Nor hall-tree, white as snow banks driven,
Nor Violets, 'neath the long-leaved pine,
Stealing their blue from heaven.

By sunny streams in that old Southern State,
Where once the red man spoke of rest;
From Northern vales to the gulf-kissed gate,
Blooms the flower that I love best.

Sweet Yellow Jessamine, fairest flower!!
I've loved it since the hallowed days