

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

In spring when branches of woodbine Hung leafless over the rocks, And fleecy snow in the hollows Lay in unsheltered nooks.

NEARER HOME.

"One sweetly solemn thought," Sang the maiden so and low; While the tender strains were fraught With a soulful pathos and flow.

THE MAD MARKSMAN.

I had just taken a turn, in company with Doctor Noiroi, through the vast gardens that surrounded his hospital, and was advancing with him towards the stoop of his own special dwelling.

rupted the course of his representations. But we must begin at the beginning. There is an exciting story involved, that I certainly am the only person acquainted with, having with me, during the six months this man has been here, succeeded in reconstructing the details of it, thanks to certain words an intermittent delirium snatches from him.

DEATH'S ANCHOR.

With sorrows ever freshened, And dived by winds of care, Two beams that love had mated Were sundered in despair.

A VANISHING EFFECT.

Two persons—a man and a girl—were walking slowly down a picturesque and precipitous path beside a mountain lake.

Her companion was tall and blonde, and muscular, with dreamy brown eyes and a womanish chin.

"Why, Al, I see nobody at all," she said. "You did not see her because she has gone. She vanished," he murmured.

"I saw only an ordinary mortal dressed rather elegantly in vanishing effects of blue and yellow," she said, in her quiet and uncompromising way.

"Five minutes afterwards he was on the stage, commencing his exercises. As he turned he saw behind him in the coulisse the American leaning against a flat.

"Was it a crime?—was it an accident? They thought only of stifling the affair. In Paris the dead are speedily out of mind. The first excitement over, people forgot the two heroes of this bloody drama.

shall be compelled to recognize her as an old acquaintance," she admitted reluctantly, as the fair vision again vanished.

"Will you indeed?" he commented in gratified surprise. "I knew Celestia Ausley long ago," Amie responded, with a new gravity.

"Amie is not capable of any great passion of any kind, neither of any one sentiment nor sweet enthusiasms," he would think, apologizing to his own compunction.

London Letter to Chicago Tribune. Among the American women who have attained a high position in London socially is Mrs. Pierre Lorillard Ronalds, nee Mrs. Fanny Carter.

Within the last few years Mrs. Ronalds has returned to London, and now holds a position in society second to none.

Dr. George Alfred Walker, known as "Graveyard" Walker, who died last week at his residence, Ynsyfaig, Barmouth, North Wales, after a brief illness, was born at Nottingham in 1807.

A Tooth Betrays a Murderer. Toronto (Can.) Mail. Guibal, the assassin, has just been convicted at Perpignan of the murder of a girl named Marie Cerbere.

and regarding her with a look of gratitude and contrition that he fancied she did not wholly comprehend.

"I have a notion, Amie, that I was really somewhat infatuated with your old acquaintance," he once said, attempting the penitential explanation that he deemed indispensable.

"Amie is not capable of any great passion of any kind, neither of any one sentiment nor sweet enthusiasms," he would think, apologizing to his own compunction.

American Beltes Abroad. Among the American women who have attained a high position in London socially is Mrs. Pierre Lorillard Ronalds, nee Mrs. Fanny Carter.

Within the last few years Mrs. Ronalds has returned to London, and now holds a position in society second to none.

Dr. George Alfred Walker, known as "Graveyard" Walker, who died last week at his residence, Ynsyfaig, Barmouth, North Wales, after a brief illness, was born at Nottingham in 1807.

A Tooth Betrays a Murderer. Toronto (Can.) Mail. Guibal, the assassin, has just been convicted at Perpignan of the murder of a girl named Marie Cerbere.

More Than Fifty Years at the Case.

Western newspapers are boasting over a printer in the employ of the San Francisco Chronicle who has completed half a century of a "sit" at the case. There is a printer in Erie, Pa., named Michael J. Quinn, known among the printers as "Father" Quinn, who has a longer string than the Golden Gate man.

A Strange Case of Blindness.

Three months ago, says an Oswego, (N. Y.) dispatch, Amos Baden, of Barre, near Waverly, fell sick with fever. A week after, he became totally blind.

Dr. "Graveyard" Walker.

Dr. George Alfred Walker, known as "Graveyard" Walker, who died last week at his residence, Ynsyfaig, Barmouth, North Wales, after a brief illness, was born at Nottingham in 1807.

A Tooth Betrays a Murderer.

Guibal, the assassin, has just been convicted at Perpignan of the murder of a girl named Marie Cerbere.