

WHERE SHE COMES.

With heavy elders overhung, Half hid in clover thasses, An old fence rambles on, among The tangled meadow-grasses.

THE STOLEN LOVE SONG.

I had been in a good humor for a day or two when Mr. Mason came into luncheon, looking radiant. "I have been," he said, glancing my way, "since nine o'clock interviewing Miss Gwen."

you part. You are a musician. I seldom meet one. "A musician!" I repeated. "I cannot play of any account whatever."

light before the altar, a part of the Divine Compassion the lamp lighted up, a part of all the pain of life, of all that was sad and human. It was love! Over and over it was played, over and over, as though the persistent irritation of it were its glory and its strength—love, love, love!

But the man broke away from us and rushed down the corridor. Then we saw him fall back. For around the curve of the passage came a woman, her silver train sweeping after her, her hair blazing with jewels.

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brakes. The momentum of his train, however was so great that he found that it would be impossible to avert a crash, and he and his fireman leaped for their lives.