

LITTLE MYSELF-AS-I-USED-TO-BE.

Sometimes, when the work of day is done; When the evening light from the west is gone, And the present looms its fellest face...

ARBUTHNOT'S A MEN.

The back windows of the first floor of the Hotel Rockingham were exactly on a level with the back windows of the third floor of the tenement house behind it...

the same drawer, searching the same mass of papers in which the other had been fumbling. With thickish, shakish fingers he picked out a paper, and turned round with a grunt of relief—to see the door ajar.

"Come," she repeated. It was no matter to her how many people went by; she knew they never came in. "That's no one! Come."

She sat that day in silence. Arbuthnot waited unintermittently, but he had no tobacco; when evening fell he said he was starving and had as soon hang as be done with it.

and Arbuthnot knew it; but he made no rush. He was thinking in that blinding shaft of light as he had never thought in his life; thinking of the child—of hanging—with a dead stoppage of his heart.

William H. Berry. Brief Sketch of the Life and Achievements of the People's Candidate For State Treasurer. The biography of William H. Berry, Democratic nominee for state treasurer can be briefly written.