

My Grave.

For me no great metropolis of the dead—
Highways and byways, squares and crescents of death—
But, after I have breathed my last sad breath;

LOVE IN A FOG.

Annunziata, Francesca Belloni's nurse, was standing at the top of a large flight of stairs. There were tears in her faded eyes, and tear-stains on her withered old cheeks, as with trembling hands she plaited and unplaited the hem of her embroidered apron.

babbo, please go away. Leave me in peace, in peace.
The miserable professor trembled and something of the immense suffering in the girl's eyes penetrated the dense covering that shrouded Dottore Caporali's soul. Francesca buried herself once more in the cushions. The two old men looked helplessly at one another and then went feebly away.

days ago, and much slaughter. Many of our youth went this morning at day-break to join the Garibaldi.
Annunziata began again. "The signorina has told us all that she wishes to die, and lie down in the little churchyard. I care for nothing, nothing, let me die!" cried the signorina.

Il Signor Re has visited him in the hospital.
The terrible tension of suspense was over. He was alive. What mattered anything so that he yet lived?
And the victory, signorina! The Garibaldi had gained the day everywhere—

FASHION NOTES.
—Many of the Newmarket cuffs, with fronts to match, have stripes of color alternating with narrow lines of white, and the surface of a fair proportion of these are covered with "mille raiés" in red, pink and blue.

HORSE NOTES.
—Macey Brothers, Versailles, Ky., says that Messenger Chief has from five to twenty-five colts finer than any horse in Kentucky, for money.
—It is reported that Secretary T. J. Vail, of the National Trotting Association will resign after the May meeting of the Board of Review.

"Go away, Nunziata, leave me in peace, always in peace."
She dared not go down stairs where the old master was closeted with the Signor Dottore, for the professor was not like himself this morning. He was disturbed and bewildered and was impatient of Annunziata's lamentations. Why had the malign Englishman ever come to trouble this peaceful home on the Lieva? Those cold English, cruel and icy as their chill, foggy land! And he had been going smoothly for the dear Signor Antonio till the maledetto di Inglese turned the head of our little Francesca!

A great cry of grief came up to Francesca's ears from below, and then a sound of Annunziata sobbing and walking.
Francesca sprang up and moved to the door, but as her hand was on the handle she paused. Francesca's heart had grown bitter and hard under her pain. She was angry with the world, with babbo and Antonio, angry with old Nunziata, and most of all angry with herself. And just because she was angry with herself she began to wrap a chill mantle of self-justification about her. She and Nunziata had been rather estranged of late, and the last few days Francesca said to herself that Annunziata had been unkind and sulky.

She liked now to sit under the shade of the gray-green olive trees on the sunny vine trellised terrace.
She could hear the wind rustling in the bamboos in the dry ditch. It was there she used to sit with Antonio on the worn stone bench and watch for babbo coming home from his scientific laboratory. It pleased her to linger there in the fragrant stillness, while the lizards crept close to her feet with their strong bright eyes staring at her out of little palpitating bodies. Sometimes Antonio had lured a green lizard to crawl on his hand.

Animals That Change Color.
There is a tiny crustacean, the chameleon shrimp, which can alter its hue to that of any material on which it happens to rest. On a sandy bottom it appears gray or sand-colored; when lurking among seaweed it becomes green, or red, or brown, according to the nature of its momentary background. Probably the effect is quite unconscious, or at least involuntary, like blushing with ourselves—and nobody ever blushed on purpose, though they do say a distinguished poet once complained that an eminent actor did not follow his stage directions because he omitted to obey the rubrical remark, "Here Harold purples with anger."

—Fashion tends more and more to specialties, and the toilet for the drawing room does not in any way resemble the promenade costume, and the woman who confounds the one with the other finds herself on all occasions at variance with the refined taste and quiet elegance which prevail at present.
The French caprice, originality and luxuriance of the evening toilet appears in marked contrast to the exceptional simplicity and quaintness of the tailor-made street-gown, which is as extreme from the evening dress in its sober effect as a gay toboggan suit and a nun's robe.

—The French Cabinet have placed betting under the control of the racing societies, stipulating that a portion of the profits from the sale of privileges shall be devoted to the encouragement of horse breeding.
—"Pink-eye" has appeared in leading and is spreading rapidly. Thirty horses of the City Passenger Railway Company, together with a large number of horses owned by private parties, are affected with it.
—Ben Woodmansee, of St. Paul, has had an offer to go to Richmond, Va., and enter into business. He is considering the matter, and will go down there this week and look over the ground. It is possible he may go there to live. His health is greatly improved.