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: Am comforted with quiet, I who said,

"I weary of men's voices and their tread, Of clamoring bells, and whirl of wheels

that pass Lay me beneath some plot of country

grass, Where flowers may spring and birds sing

overhead : Whereto one coming, some fair eve in

spring, Between the day fall and the tender

night, Might pause awhile, Lis friend remember-

And hear low words breathed through the falling light,

Spoken to him by the wind, whispering, "Now he sleeps long, who had so long to fight.'

LOVE IN A FOG.

in her faded eyes, and tear-stains on the sun die over the hill! her withered old cheeks, as with trembling hands she plaited and unplaited the hem of her embroidered apron.

She dared not go into Francesca's ribbon room, for the child she had rocked in that." her bosom turned from her with sighs and moans:

peace, always in peace."

not like himself this morning. He was were very hard and she was so lonely, disturbed and bewildered and was im- oh, so very lonely. Babbo was graver patient of Annunziata's lamentations. than ever, and stared at her as if she Why had the malign Englishman ever were some strange beast, and the Sigcome to trouble this peaceful home on nor Dottore was odious with his silly the Lieva? Those cold English, cruel and icy as their chill, foggy land! All had been going smoothly for the dear Signor Antonio till the maledetto di Inglese turned the head of our little Francescal

'Alme, alme," Annunziata moaned Signor Antonio like a son, Then she saw the Signor Professor coming up the stairs with the Signor Dottore, and she courtesied and wiped her eves.

cheerily.

"Ah, Signor Dottore, it is a sad day directing the gardener. for this house," sighed the nurse.

"No, no, Annunziata, my friend. A much of a girlish caprice-" Annunziata softly opened a door and

peeped into Francesca's room. She nori,"

The room was almost dark. A heavy

peace, in peace."

The miserable professor trembled and something of the immense suffering ziata's lips trembled. Francesca's in the girl's eyes penetrated the dense covering that shrouded Dottore Caporall's soul. Francesca buried herself Her great eyes dilated with a sudden once more in the cushions. The two terror. old men looked helplessly at one another and then went feebly away.

Presently Annunziata came in and looked wistfully at F. ancesca.

"The Signor Antonio bids me ask the signorina if she will have the flowers on the terrace the same as last year."

"I do not care, Nunziata; I have told you I do not care for anything." "Ah, my little one, do not say that,

you will break old Nunzlata's heart. Think of Signor Antonio, too."

"Nunzlata," cried Francesca, turning her flaming eyes suddenly on the leave me in peace." Annunziata sighed very short time she returned again.

to the market at V---; he bids me inquire if he can do anything for the Annunziata, Francesca Belloni's signorina." That wearsome, blundernurse, was standing at the top of a ing Antonio again! Always questions large flight of stairs. There were tears when she wished to be quiet and watch

> "Nothing, nothing, Nunziata. Why does the Signor Antonio plague me like this? I am far too unhappy to want ribbons or lace. He should know

"Pardon, signorina. Last year, when the Signor Antonio started hurriedly "Go away, Nunziata, leave me in without asking your will, you were very angry and scolded him well," She dared not go down stairs where Francesca burst into tears. They were the old master was closeted with the all turning against her now. Even Signor Dottore, for the professor was old Nunziata reproved her. They jokes. There was no one to whom she could tell her thoughts. Oh, what torment, to have no one to praise you and love and pet you! Quale tormento!

angel, don't cry. Run down and see "Alme, alme," Annunziata moaned and wept, and plaited her apron. Her the garden." But Francesca felt a heart was very full, for she loved the strong sense of injury and would not speak. The tears welled into her dark eyes, but she kept them fixed on the hill behind which the sun had dipped, and the tangled bars of changing getting on?" inquired the dottore skies. She never once glanced down dience. at the garden where Antonio was

A great cry of grief came up to trifle, a trifle. You are all making too Francesca's ears from below, and to each other, but now she seemed to and walking.

red damask curtain was drawn across with babbo and Antonio, angry with the principal window, and Francesca old Nunziata, and most of all angry understanding? Bay on a couch in a shadowed corner, with herself. And just because she Truly there w

babbo, please go away. Leave me in days ago, and much slaughter. Many II Signor Re has visited him in the hosof our youth went this morning at day- pital."

break to join the Garibaldi." Annun-The terrible tension of suspense was over. He was alive. What mattered heart gave a great bound and then anything so that he yet lived? "And the victory, signorinal The Garibaldini have gained the day everystood still. Her lips turned white,

where-"

boscm

sobbed.

votion.

she darted towards him.

bent down and kissed her lips.

A great calm came down on Fran-

cesca as her head nestled against An-

tonio's breast, with his big arm wound

psotectingly round her. It was peace

and love. Life would never more be

torn by stormy passions, or tortured by

Dear, dear Antonio; brave, true soul!

From the deep arched heavens fell

voices uttering the ineffable word love.

knew not how to express.

He had come!

"Ecco our Signer Antonio,"

A shadow darkened the portico, and

Antonio walked out into the rich,

broad light. Francesca stood motion-

wrought in his fine figure and hand-

screamed Annunziata from the window

frantically waving her handkerchief.

Annunziata began again. "The

signorina has told us all that she wishes to die, and lie down in the little church- from her face. The throng melted yard. 'I care for nothing, nothing, let me diel' cried the signorina. But the old trembling head down upon her Signor Antonio, good, patient soul, he

too cares for nothing now; nothing for himself. The Signor Antonio has gone

to die for his country." "Nunziata!" There was a harsh jarring of pain in Francesca's cry. But Annunziata went on with a touch | mingled their tears and lamentations. of that cruelty that sometimes leaps up

in the gentlest creatures. "Yes, the Signor Antonio wastes no old nurse; "go away this minute, and breath on words. He has gone to die, and all because the signorina's soft and went sorrowfully away. But in a Italian heart has gone away, and another heart come, hard as steel, hard

"The Signor Antonio goes to-morrow as Iron, harder than the marble of Carrara. "Annanziata, you are a wicked, cruel, old woman!" cried Francesca, passionately. "You know that it is not

true. You know that Antonio would never have refused the call of his country." Her great eyes were flashing, shining so brightly that her face seemed transfigured in the tremulous glow. Annunziata thought she was more beautiful than all the saints in heaven. They were both so wretched, and their hearts beat in harmony of sorrow; but they were also angry and excited and unforgiving.

"Ah! The signorina is happy to console herself so easily," moaned Annunziata, as she went away down the large flight of stairs.

was pursued by a haunting uneasiness eyes were the same. Those tender for her brother Antonio. She insisted | eyes were homes of rest. fiercely to herself that he was merely a brother. The best and kindest of they were locked in a close embrace. brothers-a more faithful slave would "Chelchel" cried Annunziata. "My never be found-but still a brother she asked.

only. She crept down stairs. The professor was in his studio, his head bent over a large tome. "Babbo, don't bring any of the stu-

dents here, and then I will have my dinner with you," she said, The professor looked up with a pre-

occupied smile, but he stroked the Well, Annunziata, how are we clouds above that streaked the ruddy small black head and promised obe-

But somehow, dinner alone with been dazzled and her vanity flattered babbo, while Annunziata hovered reby the brilliant stranger. proachfully near, oppressed Francesca.

She and babbo never had much to say then a sound of Annunziata sobbing have lost touch of him altogether. Some chord that bound her to him had Francesca sprang up and moved to snapped. In a tiny world they stood sbook her head sadly and then threw the door, but as her hand was on the wide distances apart. Was it that

wounded pride and humbled maiden the door open, saying, "Enter, sig- handle she paused. Francesca's heart Antonio, with his quick sympathy and modesty. had grown bitter and hard under her gentle tact, had revealed these two pain. She was angry with the world, opposite beings to one another and She would never tease him again by united them in the light of his large childish caprices.

Truly there was a great void without with her head burled in the red velvet was angry with herself she began to Antonio. She never remembered a The wind murmured in the trees and a nun's robe. cushions. The thick masses of her wrap a chill mantle of self-justification time when he had not filled her life the leaves whispered peace. The scent

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 Francesca threw herself on her knees raies" in red, pink and blue.

by Annunziata and drew the apron -A novelty in Carlsbad glass consists of a filigree net of gold surroundaway from the door. She pulled the ing and partly covering a vase or chalice of tinted glass, which, being blown into the shape after the network "Nunziata - Nunziata, mia," she 13 put over it, imbeds it in the glass.

Annunziata's heart was soothed. -Primrose and heliotrope, primrose thus rocked in the arms of the child and pink. primrose and blue, primrose she had received into the world. They and black, primrose and brown, and primrose with every cclor and shade, while the poor professor looked on with is the feature in spring zephyrs, moist, peering eyes and a sympathy he sateens, percales and etamines.

> -A wrap, of a scarf shape, had points of plush at the sides, and its jet ornaments were mixed with frosted bell-like flowers of the same substance. Braces of jet in one instance were carried over the shoulders of a jetted grenadine wrap, the sleeves of which were in a large bell form.

-The V back of a fleur de sole less and spellbound. Her heart shrank mantle was also of jet, while the same with a sudden, agonizing pain, as she substance supplied the shoulder knot saw in a rapid glance the change and substantial tassels that, falling over back and front, mingled with the some face. A sharp stab of irreparable jetted fringes in which the sleeves were sorrow pierced her when she noticed represented. A jabot of lace was conthe empty sleeve pinned across his breast. Were those pale, wasted cheeks spicuous in the front, drawn in to the figure by a ribbon at the waist. Antonio's? The ghastly creases and

scars on his neck turned her sick with pity. Her soul was swept by great made with waistcoats of contrasting tend to. winds of remorse and yeanring and decolors, and a good deal of decoration is visible in the latter. Foundations of silk She stretched out her little hands as are sometimes braided and fringed, while other waists have the appearance "Tonio, Tonio, il mio Toniol" she of being fastened up the front by a cried. She locked up to him, and deep fanciful lacing, finished with tassels, This sharp touch of life's reality love and trembling and fear were like while in reality they close with buttons worked a change in Francesca. She chasing lights on her face. Ah! his concealed under the loose fronts. Both fancy cloth and colored silks are used in these garments.

"Cescarina," he said, softly, and -Complete bretches are also to be found. These are joined across both front and back by flat bands of pearls, "Why do you tremble, Tonio, mio?" worked in transparency, with decora-There was no answer. But Antonio tion of lace upon one shoulder, and multi-colored crushed roses or other The birds as they flew in and out of flowers on the opposite one. Some the branches, the flowers that sprang draperies for the front of low bodices under the blue expanse above, the are due to Surah, and are in frequent cicada chirping in the grass, the green instances bordered with embroidery and copper colored lizards basking in and pearls finishing with wings or the sun-all these bright things knew epaulets of the latter, which rest on that Francesca had always loved Anthe shouldor. tonio, although her imagination had

-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 luxuriousness 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 carriage mantle of corded silk of the rich red roses was love, and the in a shade of brown was closely molded are affected with it. like a bodice. It ended in front in a _____Ben Woodmansee, of St. Paul, has sharp basque point edged with cash- had an offer to go to Richmond, Va., broke and lost itself in the marble mere-tinted beads, which matched the and enter into business. He is considrich and multi-colored passamenterie ering the matter, and will go down "Oh, yes, that was it. She was as Antonio never came home again, how beams as they glanced and trembled in that covered the shoulders, both back there this week and look over the and front, and fell in fringes of uneven ground. It is possible he may go there length to the waist. The inverted to live, His health is greatly imwaistcoat of brown lace was finished at proved. the neck as a fan, thence descending almost to the knees. It was drawn into points and finished with multi-colored tassels corresponding with those on the Once, during a heavy gale from the arms of the square-cut basque at the back. -A triumph in the art of draping was manifested in a traveling cloak of exceeding simplicity. It was of cloth, light in texture, and of gray effect, due to narrow lines of black and white. Over the close-fitting back was a threecornered handkerchief, with large cross-bars. This was arranged as a folded hood, ending in a point at the waist, while the entire front, from neck to feet, was described by a double revers of the check folded from the points. Round the collar was a necklace of oxidized silver, terminating with an ornament of the same, and a water. As the boat drew near, the duplicate of the necklace was used as a chain across the chest drapery. -Crinoline proper, slightly distending the dress skirt all around, will not return to favor either this or the next season, as the determined opposition of leaders of fashion, both here and abroad, and also in court circles, precludes all possibility of the return of an object so contrary to taste, grace and comfort. The crinolette, just nicely supporting the dress in the back, is so small and so well concealed by draperies that its existence is barely suspected, and when, instead of this, steels are worn in the dress skirt, the number is often reduced to one. The little mattress tournure sent home in all dresses made by good modistes thoroughly supports the dress away from the figure at the waist. This is all that is worn in the way of distending the skirts by leading women of fashion. -There is a new fabric called Geneva chameleon shrimp, which can alter its plush, of which the pile is so short as hue to that of any material on which it to be rather suggestive of velvet, but happens to rest. On a sandy bottom it velvet of that peculiar thick and close appears gray or sand-colored; when make to which the city of palaces lends lurking among seaweed it becomes its name. This plush is being largely green, or red, or brown, according to adopted for the new demi-saison manthe nature of its momentary back- tles. It is as black as jet, richer and ground. Probably the effect is quite bandsomer in appearance than velvet, and has the very valuable attribute of being little injured by rain. Some of the wraps take the form of close-fitting bodices, with extremely rich decorations of jet lace and beads. Some of the jet is as carefully shaped and as delicately carved as are neck and ear training there. He says the best genornaments made of this material. One eral health prevails in the stable, and example had a high Medici collar of that there is nothing in the talk of jet, the turn-down corners of which epidemic. Some of the horses have ticular pigment calls above the others, displayed a lining of velvet. The am- been a little under the weather, but ple folds of lace in front, as well as the not seriously. Troubadour has been basque sides, were held in place by jet | blistered on the off foreleg for a solint. gray where the circumstances demand ornaments, which likewise appeared in from which he showed some lameness them. Many kinds of fish similarly great profusion upon the sleeves. On but he is now well, and the rest from alter color to suit their background by another was arranged a lace fichu, regular work seems to have done him showing as a double fan at the back of the neck, with a handsome jet emmatophores, whose various combina- broidery on each side, while its scarf ment he has made since last si ends and lace front were similarly ornamented.

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.

-A catalogue has been sent us of the Alto Stock Farm, at Lemont, Centre county, Pa. Woodlawn and Woodlawn, Jr., are the stallions.

-We have received a catalogue of Benvenue Stock Farm, Dauphin county, Pa. Heptagon. purchased at the Goldsmith sale, heads the stallion list

-Entries for the Point Breezs meeting close April 25th. The Suffolk. Belmont and Gentlemen's Driving Course purses remain open a week longer.

-Buccaneer, the famous German sire of race horses, died recently, aged 30 years, and the mare Kinesem, winner of the Greenwood cup, is also dead.

-John Turner has Spofford, 2.194; Judge Davis, 2.204, Billy Button, 2.184 Matchless; 2 3e4; Lady Haven, 2.314; Irondale, 2.34, and a few green ones.

-J. B. Haggin has five trainers employed - Messrs. Littlefield, Byrnes, Claypool, Cooper and McCormick-and -Most of the new coat jackets are all have as many horses as they can at-

> -The best of the Suburban candidates at Memphis are Sir Joseph, Ten Stone, Boomerang, Modesty and Free Knight. Sir Joseph worked the best mile in 1.474.

-Charles M. Reed, of Erie, has purchased of Major McDowell, of Ashland, for \$4000, the bay colt Alma Tadema, foaled May 30, 1885, by Dic tator, dam Elfrida, by Harold.

-John Splan has sold to H. Devereux, of Cleveland, the b. m. Lady Grinstead, 8 years, by Alroy, dam by Alexander's Edwin Forrest. She is in foal to Allendorf, by Onward.

-H. G. Dobson has been appointed Superintendent of the Bew race track which he is building near Yonkers N. Y. It is about a mile this side of Yonkers proper, and will be a halfmile course.

-Robert Clare, of Jerome Park, has ourchased the 3-year-old filly Sister Marie, half sister to Pardee, by Reform, out of Sister of Mercy, for \$1500. Fitzpatrick, the jockey paid \$100 for her when a yearling.

-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 Reading and is spreading rapidly. Thirty horses of the City Passenger Railway Company, together with a large number of horses owned by private parties. -"Sandy" Livermore, Camden, N. J., is getting to be quite a stallion man, from the pedigree which he has sent us, of his young horse Wide-awake, by Long Island Dictator, dam Laura Thompson, second dam Lydia Thompson (record 2.261), by Wild Wagoner. -- The Custom House return of horses exported from the port of New York during the last four years is as follows: In 1883, it was 510 head, value, \$161.750; in 1884, 488 head, value, \$181,035; in 1885, 357 head. value, \$143,481; in 1886, 388 head, value, \$159,348. -It is now said that Phyllis, 215; will go Austria, having been purchased by Prince Smith, of Vienna. Mr Smith already has Gladys, 2.33, and Hambleton, 2.264, which were shipped to him from America a year ago. Silver Leaf, 2.23, that was bought a year ago by Mr. Moser, of Vienna, from Chicago parties for \$6000, did not do well, the purchaser being told that she did not need toe-weights, while they were exactly what she wanted. -Samuel Carpenter, of Spring Dale Stock Farm. Port Penn, Del., has sold to Edward S. Handy, Jr., Fox Chase, Pa., the bay gelding Matchless, 4 years old, by Gladiator, dam Lady Gray, by Young Green Mountain Morgan. Also, a draught horse to William Freeman. West Philadelphia, Mr. Carpenter bought of Edward S. Handy, Jr., the sorrel mare Jennie V., by Herminius, dam Nellie, by Wood's Bashaw. Jennie V. goes to Spring Dale for a brood mare. -At the annual meeting of the Turf Congress, held at Cincinnati last November, the question of having salaried judges at the rack meetings of the Western Circuit came up and was referred to a special committee to meet at Louisville, and, after some discussion, the following was adopted: "Resolved, That it is the unanimous sense of this committee that each club of the American Turf Congress should, in the interest of breeders, owners and fair racing, provide a regular set of impartial and skillful judges to serve throughout each meeting." -S. S. Brown has returned to his home, at Pittsburg, after a trip to Mo. bile to inspect his racing stable it good. The Captain speaks highly of Blue Wing, and of the great improveand adds that he has backed the Billet colt for \$400 in the Suburban

black hair stood out in relief against about her. She and Nunziata had the rich crimson of the pillows. Her been rather estranged of late, and the her father and doctor went into the that Annunziata had been unkind and room. The poor old professor was dazed and

biology than of women. A great disdistracting behavior on the part of his little 'Cesca. He had not the smallest idea what to do. Francesca's strange trouble. Ah, she too would know the affection for his distinguished English | dreadful torment of suffering when all was an impassioned pupil. Science and beckoning, "Come, be happy, be was his mistress. He had never an- happy!" other thought. Blind professor!

"'Cesca, my little one. look up. Here is the Signor Dottore."

Francesca lifted her head. There was a faint, dusky glow on her olive hands about in the grain for her doves. but deep and luminous with emotion. her two little hot paims.

Babbo, il moi babbo," she cried. "Let me die. I care no more to live. I wish to sleep in the grave, Oh, yes, to sleep forever, forever with my mother.'

The professor turned pale to the roots of his white hair. But the dottore, with an important manner, took her hand away and buried it under the tray on a table near Francesca without cashions.

"Go away, Signor Dottore; go, go, I do not want you. I wish to die and go abashed for a moment, then she sprang was broken by wandering cries. From to my mother. How miserable I am. after her and called in the passages in the distance rolled the sound of tramp-What torment!"

The professor looked anxiously at the dottore. The Signor Dottore, who felt the unruffled calm of profound wisdom, screwed up his eyes and twink- Francesca, in an imperative tone. led sagaciously at the troubled professor, as much as to say: "He, hel learned to her room. professor, I know a thing or two beyond you. With all your deep researches you are now groping in thick darkness. Stand aside, good professor, and admire the wealth of my knowledge of human nature. The heart of no more for us, nor our joys and woes. the woman is an open book to me." You drive us away from you with cold So with a fatherly and jocose air the words. When I come in here I do not dottore drew a chair toward Fran- find the dear little angel of old, ready cesca's couch.

ter now? What poor fellow have you slain with your dark eyes? Ah, little friends." lady. I hear terrible stories of your cruelty," and the foolish old dottore unkind, you have not spoken to mestruggled to get hold of Francesca's wrist.

piteous shiver of disgust, as she hid heart has been weighed down. These herself deeper in the pillows. The are dark days for the country." professor moved uneasily.

the dottore. "give your devoted ad- membrance darted through her brain. morer that little wrist. The youth of daugerous as ever.

Ge away, babbo," she said. "I implore country.

face was hidden. She never stirred as last few days Francesca said to herself knew he was there. Strange and inexsulky.

puzzled. He knew more of marine sullen as it was possible to be. She had little and empty her life would be! A the radiant air were threads from the turbance was wrought in him by this to be spoilt and implored, although she dulled into a gnawing pain as the days turned away and cried, "Leave me in | dragged by in the shadow of suspense. peace." Now, Annunziata had some student amazed him. The milordo around was smiling with glee, smiling sunny vine trellised terrace.

cesca turned back with her worst feelwished for sympathy, and she made to crawl on his hand. She clasped her father's hand between the grain slip through her fingers in

a word and turned and left the room. As she shut the door, Francesca stood

a vibrating voice: "Annunziata!"

"Signorina," replied the nupse.

"Annunziata, come back," cried Annunziata followed Francesca back

"Nunziata, what is the matter? Why don't you speak to me?"

"Ah, signorina, why should I tell you my sorrow?" said the old nurse with mournful gentleness. "You care with a smile and a kiss for her old "Sa, su, Francesca, what is the mat- nurse, but a proud, harsh signorina, who has forgotten all her faithful

"Nunzlata, it is you who have been

"Signorina, how could I speak? If I open my lips the signorina cries,

"What do you mean, Nunziata," Come, come, Francesca," babbled asked Francesca, a swift flash of re-"Aime! While the signorina has Siapente will mob old Caporall if he been shut up alone, taking no part in doesn't quickly cure the beautiful our troubles, many hearts have been Francesce. A touch of fever, profes- broken. There have been soldiers here, sor, nothing, nothing. A composing soldiers there, Garibaldina everywhere, draught and our Francesca will by as and the news of battles, and every at danger. Where the bullets fell I rancesca turned round and raised mothers weeping for their sons." therself in a sutting position. "Go Francesca was stunned. All this time ded, signorina. A cannon ball took away, Signor Dottore. I hate you, she had forgotten the struggles of her off his left arm. He is in the hospital

with a sense of tenderness and protecting love. Yet till he was gone she hardly plicable enigma. It all came upon her now in the light of a revelation. If hardly spoken a word. Francesca liked sharp pang of remorse smote her, which weaving of love and peace that lies

> She liked now to sit under the shade of the gray green olive trees on the

She could hear the wind rustling in the bamboos in the dry ditch. It was Annunziata would now understand a there she used to sit with Antonio on The professor crossed the room with little of her pain. But only a little, the worn stone bench and watch for a barried, uncertain step, and put his for the old cannot feel with those babbo coming home from his scientific hand timidly on Francesca's shoulder. awful vivid throbs which rend the labaratory. It pleased her to linger eager being of the young. So Fran- there in the fragrant stillness, while the lizards crept close to her feet with ings uppermost, and plunged her little | their strong bright eyes staring at her out of little palpitating bodies. Somecheeks. Her great dark eyes were dry, Let Annunzlata come to her if she times Antonio had lured a green lizard

Kind, faithful Antonio, dearest of golden streams. Why did Annunziata brothers! If he could but return and sob so bitterly? Such a pain began to the old peaceful life go on as before, creep about Francesca's heart? Pre- reading and singing and planting sently she heard Annunziata coming flowers, and laughing with Annunziata, up the stairs, solbing all the while. as happlest brother and sister, while Francesca's heart throbbed very fast. babbo smiled at them through the Annunziata opened the door and amiable mists that rose from his dreams came in with coffee and brioche on a of queer beasts. But Francesca was tray. Her face was convulsed and her | troubled at the bottom of her heart, Francesca's hand in his and felt for the lips twitched. She did not try to hide for she knew she was deceiving herself pulse at her wrist. Francesca drew the disarray of her grief, but set the and caressing an idle fancy. Antonio loved her with no brotherly love.

Then Francesca was aware of voices creeping upon the silence. The air ling feet. They came nearer and nearer, hurrying along the street, and loud hurrahs iburst forth! "Viva la patria-viva la Garibaldi-viva il Rel" Now and then the wailing of a woman rose plaintively amid the joyous shouts. 'Italia-Italia-viva la patrla-"

Suddenly there was a stillness, and after a space a shrill scream from Annunziata. Francesca sprang to her feet and moved quickly across the garden. The professor appeared on the portico with his hair blown about and his eyes scared and starting from under his shaggy gray brows.

"Carina, Carina," he stuttered, and seizing Francesca's hand he drew her into the large stone kitchen.

There was quite a crowd about the door that opened on the street. Old Annuaziata had fallen on a chair with her apron flung over her head. She was trembling like an aspen leaf. Handsome young Tito, Giuseppes lad, "Babbo," pleaded Francesca, with a 'Leave me in peace.' Besides, my stood near her with his arm in a sling and his uniform torn and dusty. Pretty

little Liza hung proudly on his neck. "Ecco la signorina," whispered the crowd at the door.

"Ecco," Tito bowed to Francesca. who enveloped him in a gaze of speech. less entreaty.

"We have had a glorious victory," signorina. The Signor Antonio was the bravest of the brave. He laughed town has widows and orphans, and thickest there was the Signor Antonio. But-the gallant signor is much wounand they say he will recover. Il Gari-

perfume of the chaliced lilies peace. The crisp splash of the fountain as it basin was a ripple of love. The sundeep in the infinite heart of things. -----

An Unsteady Island.

east, a party of spongers in an open were driven off shore, and so boat fierce was the hurricane that their only hope was to keep the boat before the wind and run out into the Gulf. For four or five hours the headlong race was kept up; but finally the wind abated, and by early morning the sea was as smooth as glass, a peculiarity often noticed here after a gale. They had been carried far out of sight of land, and were well nigh worn out. when one of the spongers exclaimed that they were nearing shore, and soon the entire party saw a familiar sight that seemed to signify a reef-a flamingo standing motionless in the bird raised its graceful neck, straightened up, and stretched its wings as if to fly; then, seeing that they were not going to molest it, it resumed its posl-

tion of security. To their astonishment, the men soon perceived that, instead of resting on a reef, the bird had alighted on a huge leather turtle that was fast asleep upon the water. Indeed, the flamingo was in distress, like themselves, having been off shore by the same storm, and it had evidently taken refuge on the sleeping turtle. The men did not attempt to disturb it, and their last view as they pulled away to the east was of the flamingo attempting to lift one leg and go to sleep, an act which the undulating motion of the floating turtle rendered well nigh impossible.

Animals That Change Color.

There is a tiny crustacean, the 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." The change is produced by certain automatic muscles which force up pargeeen coming to the top on a green surface, red on a ruddy one, and brown or forcing forward or backward certain special pigment-cells known as chrotions produce at will almost any re-

non to leave me alone. Babbo, dear "There was a horrible battle a few baidi shook hands with our signor. quired tone or shade.