

Her Photograph.

A picture of a dark-eyed girl With pensive, thoughtful air, Whose pure sweet face looked from beneath Its frame of misty hair.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

Philander Darby entered the reading-room of the club. At the granite threshold of the building he had hesitated, but the power of habit is strong, and for five years it had been his habit to spend from one to three hours daily in the luxurious apartment set apart for the choice spirits composing the club.

tween the bolt of iron and the bolt of electricity that killed Hoyt. It was hard for a fellow to be done to death by a charge of lightning when there was not a cloud in the sky.

"I'd take Phil's chance for the prize he's to draw from her to-night, at all events," said Hardin. "The floral bell is swinging already in the hall of the Lomax house ready for his wedding chimes. Hal speaking of the decorations, that reminds me, Sartini, the florist, told me he had just received an importation of Italian plants, and I promised Darby I'd call by and tell him to send up one of those superb moon-flowers for Miss Lomax. Sartini is certain he has one that will put out its blossoms just about the time of the marriage. Darby thinks that would be a pleasing omen for his bride."

"what if we should find our wedded happiness to be no more than this moon-flower, lovelily to look upon, but to be broken by the first rough usage. See! I cannot make even this small bud attach itself again where it may gather life and beauty anew."

"The drop of poison taken up by her blood? Heaven or mercy, is there no antidote?" "There is one, but that may be impossible. Speak, man! there must be no impossible here."

faculties of his beloved pupil. The heavy lids veiling her vision were slowly raised; surrounding objects were once more photographed upon the retina of the eyes; the tinge of life was returning to lip and cheek; her movements had less of grace and more of energy.

While a party was out fishing at Loch-loo a short time since a large alligator was shot, which sank to the bottom and remained there till it died. When the carcass came to the surface the buzzard soon discovered it, and they swarmed about in large numbers. The breeze kept the lake in such a ripple, however, that they could not keep a foothold on the body of the 'gator, as it turned and floated with every wave.

HORSE NOTES.

Three sisters and one brother to Maud S. are gray. Harry Wilkes and J. Q. have been shipped to Detroit. Terra Cotta has a couple of engagements at Saratoga.

FASHION NOTES.

Fancy cloth, in small checks, is employed for jackets for cool days; the lining is plaid silk or shot surlin. Mantles are still made with a velvet foundation, almost hidden by the most costly jet work.