

A Rosebud Immortal.

We stood in a garden at morning, A garden all golden and green, The leaves in the wind sang together, Her laughter made music between.

PAID IN TEARS.

"Ernest, don't you think it would be pleasant to have Blanche Graves here for a week? I think I shall ask her." "It might be pleasant, mother," answered Ernest Trevors, after a moment's hesitation.

for Willoughby I would leave to-day to earn a living for myself." "Better marry," "I would marry no man unless I loved him," said Blanche.

"What's she to you?" cried the manager, rushing forward. "She is my wife," was the answer, and none who looked at his white, set face and burning eyes doubted his statement.

THE NEGROES OF THE WOODS. Wild Life Led by the Africans of Dutch Guiana—A Strange People. Some native Africans were taken to Panama a while ago to join the thousands of laborers on the canal.

HORSE NOTES. —The Suburban handicap will be run on June 14. —Hanover has been doing regular work and is sound.

FASHION NOTES. —Gold and tinsel of every delicate gradation of color play their part, as well as every conceivable tint, so well blended that they cease to individually assert themselves.