

The Two Lives.

Among the lonely hills they played, No other bairns they ever knew, A little lad, a little maid, In sweet companionship they grew.

BY A HAIR.

She played charmingly. Whether it was a tschardas from Liszt or a fantasia from Moszkowski I know not; but it streamed forth under her white fingers like a rousing gypsy melody and as sparkling as old Tokay wine.

disappear around the corner of the street?

Her beautiful brow was still pressed against the window pane, when the maid entered and handed her a card. She only cast a glance at the name, but the soft melancholy which overspread her face vanished. Her countenance lighted up as though a sunbeam had illumined it, and she replied: "Tell him that he is welcome."

getfulness. She had been so accustomed to those twilight visits of her friend—whose heart was more true to her, more overflowing with self-sacrifice and love, than any other, and who was more ready to shield her against misfortune in the time of need—when avarice was grasping at her fortune and slandering aiming at her reputation. He had earned her trust with the pledge of his life!

and, taking both her hands in his, he said: "Now, Gertrude—Miss Kennendiss—you really must not come here in this manner. People are talking of it down in the village. I heard it remarked upon to day, and if your uncle should hear of it he would send you to a nunnery and kill me outright."

FASHION NOTES. —The new veillings have triple spots arranged like a pyramid either in chenille, crocheted silk or embroidery, and tulle of this kind can be had in white, green, yellow, pink, gray and blue.

HORSE NOTES. —Abe Perry, the trainer, is sick at his home in Lexington. —San Antonio, Tex., is to have a permanent driving club.