

AT THE OLD TRYSTING PLACE.

The dead leaves rustle at my feet, The moon is shining brightly; Something has softly dimmed my eyes. Across the path one shadow lies. The path too trod so lightly.

THE PRICE OF SUCCESS.

There was a din of carpenter's tools and the rasping of a painter's scraper on the west wing of the house when Mrs. Hunter stepped in the midst of her work and shaded her eyes from the glaring rays of the spring sun.

success; but they had also formed a character as hard, stern, and relentless as the rock-ribs of his hilly land. Ambition to accumulate money led him on to enrich his mind with knowledge, not for the pleasure which it could afford, but for the higher reach of power and wealth which it would inevitably bring.

stumbled over the stooping form. She tried to hide her tear-stained eyes from his bright, searching ones; but he was not so easily baffled. He had watched and pitied the careworn face too carefully to fail to notice a change.

better," sympathizingly replied his little wife. "Yes, but those confounded—that is, I wish we didn't have company. I don't feel like entertaining."

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. Modesty in Letters—Unearned Increment—Distinction—The Bliss of Ignorance—A Literal View, Etc., Etc.

A PRACTICAL VIEW. Struggling Pastor—The collections have fallen off terribly. Practical Wife—It's that new vestryman who passes the plate. He never watches to see what people put on.—[New York Weekly.