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IN MY CHAMBER. In my chamber, dark and lonely, Where I suffer, where I die,

And I wonder, where I die, No one near my bed, and stillness, Unseen angels hovering by,

Rejoiced, I bring to mind the never Thoughts of pain or thoughts of illness, And with eyes and ears closed over,

But with something of a light, Until that heavy hand was laid on my forehead,

"THE LAST MAN." I dreamed a dream the other night, When everything was hushed and still,

The man with the blue umbrella. It was not Paul Fry, this man with the blue umbrella,

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phoant, was accompanied by a man's deep groan. Clara rushed forward in the direction of the firing, and came suddenly in view of a stark and bleeding form extended on the ground,

Clara mechanically read the paper thus thrust into her hands. "I will explain all to George," she said. "He is condemned, but he shall not die!"

Clara's face could not grow any paler, but she seemed to have her heart was turning white. "I have had news for you," the man said, pityingly, as he saw Clara's quivering lip.

"I hope you can, ma'am, sure I do; but everything tends again my way. There was his own gun, with his name on the lock, close up to him."

"Clara shivered, for she knew to whom, without her husband's knowledge, she had lent the fowling piece only a few nights before."

"This is a terrible business, Clara," he said to her, kissing her tenderly. "And George! Graham, he shall not suffer for—"

"I do, distinctly," Clara said, fixing her searching eyes upon the calm face near her. Graham rose and walked to the window.

There was a long and painful silence, which was not broken till the door closed behind the young man's retreating form.

Upon George's trial, every bit of evidence turned against him. The keeper spoke of the recent annoyance from poachers; his having met George once or twice in the park, with that same gun in his hands;

Clara, with trembling lips, read this aloud to Graham. "You do not remember who borrowed the gun do you?" "I do, distinctly," Clara said, fixing her searching eyes upon the calm face near her.

Clara found one comfort in her position. She could roam in her father's park; receive her friends, her free and gladsome girlishhood, and here, often joined by her brother, could have forgotten had she chosen to forget, the step which had exiled her from the untrammelled enjoyment of these scenes.

How THE JAPANESE RESTORE FADED FLOWERS.—A Nagasaki correspondent of the New York Herald writes: "After a bouquet is drooping beyond all remedy of fresh water, the Japanese can bring it back to all its first glory by very simple and seemingly most destructive operation."

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