

never escape from this place in time. Oh, Marion, you have risked your life to save mine. Why did you ever come here?"

"Because, Jack,"—and her voice was barely audible above the roar of the oncoming water,—“because I found that I *do* love you."

He started forward and clasped her in his arms. And then the flood was upon them, crushing, grinding, twisting, tearing in all its fury. It passed, but they were gone—they who but a moment before stood there in all the joy of youth—and there was no trace of them left.

But far down the stream, now swelled to the size of a river, where the banks sloped gently down like the banks of a lake, two bodies, locked in each other's embrace, were cast ashore, mangled and torn, yet still recognizable. Marion had at last awoke to the touch of love, but her awakening had come too late

A WARNING.

I know a charming maiden, with a wealth of golden hair;
 She is slender, she is graceful, she is fair.
 Her eyes are of supply *the* heaven's hue,
 They twinkle as she smiles at you,
 And the manner is so sweet and debonair,—
 Of this laughing, fairy-maiden, with a wealth of golden hair.
 But of this charming maiden with the wealth of golden hair,
 If you have untied heart strings, I pray you, beware—
 Lest from those eyes of deepest blue
 Fly an arrow to your heart so true,
 And you, too, my hapless fate may share,—
 A serf of this queenly maiden with the wealth of golden hair.

T. N. M.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

I had just hung out my shingle a few weeks before, therefore my practice had not assumed such vast proportions that I had no time to devote to recreation. On this night I had opened my office window, for it was warm in this sleepy old town, and with a cigar and a choice work on pathology I felt completely at rest. I must have been dozing over my book, for the first thing I knew I heard a faint scream outside my window. Hastily rushing out, sans hat and coat, I saw a remarkably pretty young lady, who had been prevented from continuing her way by a man who evi-