

THE FREE LANCE.

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THE MAID OF ITALY.

When the evening falls and the cloudless walls
Of the West are aflush with the rose,
With the flare of the skies in her violet eyes,
She sits in the twilight close;
And the luminous glow
On the sunset's face
Encircles her brow
With an aureole grace
Where the love tide ebbs and flows.

When the silver sheen of the dawn is seen
In the mirror of lake or stream,
And the day-light's shine on the fruit of the vine
Is lying with tender gleam.
She walks in the light
Of her cloudless skies,
And the dark and the bright
Are revealed in her eyes
Like fire of love in a dream.

TWO MISTAKES.

It was just about a quarter to six on the evening of a mild June day that a cab dashed rapidly up to the curbstone before No. 816 Haddon St. There was nothing unusual in the appearance of the vehicle itself. It was one of those common conveyances such as one may see at any time on the crowded streets of a great city. So it is not to the cab or its equipments that we turn our attention.

Barely had it stopped, however, when the door was opened, and a slight girlish form sprang out. To attempt to describe her would be impossible. She was beautiful, and that one word, though often misapplied, was sufficient in this case. With charming grace and ease she tripped lightly up the brown stone steps