

scandalized, that a young lady of Miss Violet Brockton's prospects, and a neice of Her Ladyship at that, would condescend to marry not only a barbarous American, but a dauber in paint, as well.

The writer has also to chronicle that, on the site of the mountaineer's cabin, in the heart of the Sierras, now stands a handsome Swiss chalet.

Thither come every summer the once struggling, but now rich and famous, artist, and his charming

wife, like two pilgrims journeying to some revered shrine. As the years come and go, Time touches them very gently. Their cup of joy runneth over, for sturdy lads and bonnie lasses play about their door, and the sound of their children's voices is like sweetest music to their ears. The mountaineer plays "mine host" with ready hospitality, while Zeke is monarch of the domain, and is accorded all the prerogatives of one born to the purple.

MEM LINTON.



A FANCY.

If, some day, you should chance to pass my grave,
With folded hands and meditative air,
And, glancing down upon a marble shaft,
Should read my name, in simple letters, there—

Ah! then, I think, from out the silent past,
My voice would call across the vanished years;
And you would know—alas! too late—that I
Once loved you well, in secret and in tears.

ELLA HIGGINSON.