

DUST AND ASHES.

She practiced on him all her wiles Till in love's silken net she caught him...

DESERTED LOVERS.

"Our ship! our ship! See, Henry, she is sailing away without us. What can it mean?" The speaker, Lucy Morrill, was a beautiful girl—a dark-eyed brunette...

tained, in exchange for fruit, from the master of an English vessel that had once anchored off the island. These dresses, Lucy, who was skillful with the needle, soon altered to fit her person.

planning, knocked me and the two mates down, tied our hands and feet, thrust us into the hold like pigs, and then, clapping on sail, headed away from the island.

GROWING OLD.

Growing old! The pulse's measure Keeps its even tenor still. Eye and hand nor fail nor falter, And the brain obeys the will...

SYMPATHY AND LOVE.

Taking tea the other evening with an old acquaintance, now professor in a New England college, the conversation recalled some of the friends of our younger days, and he surprised me with this remark: "A woman's sympathies lie nearer her heart than her love."

out the observatory where he worked, the queerly-shaped building that showed its dark outlines in the moonlight, just over the campus on the hill, she wondered what it was that prompted her to beg him to take her there...

"In a dignified manner that even surprised herself, Charlotte began: 'I understand that the trustees have given you the power regarding the professorship which my father's death made vacant?'"