

HALF A DREAM.

I stood one night in front of the Lyceum, while a drizzling rain was falling, and the cold canopy of fog and mist seemed settling down closer every minute. I had left Oxford that morning, and in ordinary costume was comfortably surveying the confused sights before walking to my hotel. The eagerness of those who were still within pushed the first who had left the theater beyond the scanty limits of the awning, and many stood in the street waiting for cab or carriage. Suddenly my eye fell on a familiar face. It was Buchanan of St. Vitus (my own college), who in full evening costume, with a breadth of shirt-front that the rain was already discomposing, stood outside the awning with a young lady on his arm. They had no umbrella, and evidently would have to wait some minutes yet. The rain fell pitilessly on his companion's pretty headpiece, but she did not seem to mind it much. I pressed up to them and said, "Here, Buchanan; I can't bear to see your friend getting so wet. Take my umbrella till your carriage comes."

and sister at Guilford, and was returning there by the last train on a lovely July night, from a cricket-match at Aldershot. Suddenly there was a violent lurch, then the carriage seemed to spring into the air, turned over on one side, and after plowing up the ground for a few yards, subsided, along with all behind it, into a general wreck, covered with clouds of dust. The engine had gone on, and the carriage I was in, having run off the line, had carried confusion and ruin into all behind it. To my utter amazement, beyond a good shaking I was not hurt; so having extricated myself from the smashed carriage, I proceeded to help the other passengers. There were very few of these, and none were seriously hurt, though contusions and broken heads abounded. Loud was their wrath and dire their threats of actions, and of the compensation they would exact from the company. I left them to their grumbings, and passed to a first class which had not been overturned. By the aid of the guard's lamp we saw a lady sitting with clasped hands, apparently paralyzed with terror; while to add to the confusion a thunder storm now broke forth in a deluge of rain. It was out of the question to leave the lady where she was. "Madame," said the guard, anxiously, "I trust you are not hurt."

to leave on the morrow; I was to depart for India on the following week. Naturally that evening we were neither very cheerful. My sister was gone to visit a friend; my mother knitted in silence; our talk at the sofa had gradually died also in silence. Twilight crept in and brought its store of sad memories. We were to part for a long term of years to-morrow. Still, how could I speak of love? Be base to Buchanan, and abuse his trust? Never!

The life of a Prince. No one has solved the problem of perpetual motion, but the nearest approach to it, says a correspondent of the New York Sun, is undoubtedly to be found in the life of the Prince of Wales. While the queen is enjoying the Arcadian retirement of Osborne, the seclusion of Windsor, or the simple pleasures of Balmoral, the heir apparent fulfills the duties his mother shirks, and contrives with almost superhuman energy, to attend to them without foregoing his own pursuits.

SHORT BITS. The Lady Burdett-Coutts-Bartlett has arranged for the dispatch to Egypt of a small staff of nurses. A "blind pool" is one where you cannot see how it is going to affect your chances for a re-nomination. Cardinal Newman was a skillful violin player in his earlier years, and even now, when he is more than 80, he sometimes draws the bow. Ex-President Brown, of Hamilton College, has been engaged to fill a chair of instruction in Dartmouth College during the fall term now approaching. The creameries of Iowa now aggregate upward of 500, while the high price of dairy products this year will cause an increase in the number for another season. The Troy Times says: "United States Justice Field is quite Democratic in his manner, and wears clear down to his ears a big silk hat which needs blocking."

FEMINE BREVITIES. The New Orleans Playcune states that point-lace stockings are both fashionable and expensive, but doesn't tell just how high they come. A north country fishwife went to buy a dress. "None of your gaudy colors for me," she said at once to the man at the counter; "give me plain red and yellow." A young man recently married, said: "I thought when I got married my wife would darn my socks and let me alone; instead of that she lets my socks alone and darns me." A strong-minded woman of Woodstock, Ont., built a fire and deliberately stood over it until she was horribly and fatally burned. Her last words were: "I am going to Jesus."

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