

A DREAM.

W. ALLINGHAM.

I heard a dog howl in the moonlight night, And I went to the window to see the light...

On they passed, and on they passed; Towards the moon, from first to last; Every in the moonlight of the lane...

Schoolmates, marching as when we played At soldiers ones, but now more staid; Those were the strangest sight to me...

Straight and handsome folk, bent and weak; And some that I loved and gasped to speak; Some but a day in their churchyard bed...

A long, long crowd, where each seemed lonely; And yet of them all there was one, one only; That raised a head or looked my way...

On, on, moving bridge they made Across the moon stream, from shade to shade; Young and old, women and men...

And first there came a bitter laughter, And a sound of tears a moment after; And then a music, softly and gay...

That every morning, day by day, I strive to recall it if I may.

OLD POPPLEWELL'S WILL.

It was a great shock to the feelings of Mr. Silas Popplewell to discover that his father had bequeathed a legacy of £2000 to his house-keeper, a certain Mrs. Draycott.

When the mourners returned to the house, Mrs. Draycott was standing by the fire-place in the sitting room conversing with a prim, professional-looking gentleman, who, on perceiving Silas, advanced to meet him, rubbing his hands.

"Mr. Popplewell, I believe," he said, with a slight bow, "I have the honor to be acquainted with you."

"I think you are mistaken, Mr. Popplewell," said Mr. Reeves, politely, but firmly. "Your father executed a will in my presence which I prepared for him about a year ago."

Nothing occurred during the next few days to arouse Silas Popplewell's apprehensions, and as he was not troubled with a conscience he began to congratulate himself upon the decisive step he had taken.

thought Silas, and he chuckled at the notion of having frustrated such an infamous scheme. When the day of the funeral arrived Silas felt strangely nervous and uncomfortable.

"It is to be feared that Silas suffered his mind to wander a good deal from his old father's obsequies. He may have had a soft corner in his heart for the old man's memory, but nervousness and apprehension rendered it inaccessible on this occasion."

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"I wrote because the late Mr. Popplewell told me in case you did not," said the woman, looking towards Silas, defiantly. "He wished the will to be read at the funeral."

"The will is locked up in the iron box in the study," interposed Mrs. Draycott, with decision. "My father has left no will," asserted Silas, taking up his position on the hearth-rug and endeavoring to speak calmly.

"I don't believe it," exclaimed the housekeeper, excitedly. "Why, I saw it with my own eyes not a month ago."

"Will you tell us, Mr. Lawyer, who will get the money, supposing what Mr. Silas says is true," inquired a voice in an aggrieved tone.

and so he died," cried she, speaking under strong excitement. "But I'm no longer bound to keep his secret, and I won't. I say, Bill Allen!" she exclaimed, appealing to one of the mourners.

"I was his lawful wife, Mr. Reeves, and he knew it," she explained, turning to the astonished solicitor. "He deserted me years ago and married a lady—Mr. Silas' mother. I found him out again by accident quite recently, and promised to keep his secret on condition that he would provide for me by his will."

"This is most serious," said the solicitor, turning to Silas, who stood aghast with horror and amazement, "if this lady can prove her marriage."

"Who gets the money now, then?" demanded the person who had asked the question before. "Well, gentlemen, I am sorry to say that Mr. Silas Popplewell was unfortunately for himself, nullius in filius, or illegitimate, can inherit nothing," replied Mr. Reeves.

At a certain factory yesterday a number of young women were working at a small table, each table covered with small instruments and things, the likes of which I had never seen before. At one table two girls were threading needles with fine, silky hair, and sewing them in little squares on thin, transparent gauze.

"They don't say that it is a pionic excursion," laughed the Professor, "but eye-brows, small as they are, are very important in the make-up of the face. You have no idea how odd one looks when utterly denuded of hair over the eyes."

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