

MY PICTURE.

I stood at my western window,
Thankful that I could stand,
So long had I been inspired.

HER BOATMAN.

It was a moonlight night. The river,
dark and sullen, moved in its rocky bed
like some gigantic serpent half over-
come by the lethargy of sleep.

"Can it be?" she said, slowly. "I
did not see your face by daylight, you
know."
"Yea, and not without thee," she
said, starting away from the dripping figure.

Prince Alexander's career is the
more remarkable because of late years,
while thrones have been very frequent-
ly well filled, the cadets of the royal
houses have not distinguished them-
selves in proportion to their opportu-
nities.

Essentials of a Good Fighter.

In answer to the question, "What
are the essentials of a thoroughly good
fighter?" Sullivan said:
"Pluck, skill, endurance, and a good
head on his shoulders. I tell you sir a
man fights with his head almost as