

STOLEN GLORIES.

My darling's glorious eyes! My darling's radiant smile! Sweet gleams from paradise, With naught of earthly guile!

A Stray.

The red rays of the setting sun lengthened the shadows against the black deadened hills, as the workmen swarmed out of the pit...

The motley nature of the mining village was shown by the different dialects in which the conversations were carried on...

Fragments of their conversation came to a woman standing at the top of the rickety steps leading up the face of the cliff above the mines...

The one man who spoke to her was not a good sight to behold. He had a partially washed red coat and a black hat...

"Good evening to you, Kate," he said, as he reached the level where she stood. "Here is the lady you'd better watch out about these awags, it's a bad place for little chaps..."

"What's the matter down there?" asked Kate with a nod towards the pit. "Something wrong?"

"Oh, yes; same old story, some of 'em men docked a half a car because a wee bit of 'em happened in, an' the new cars are short weight they say..."

The woman, leading the child, turned also from the steps towards the little cabin she called home, around the unpainted boards of which clambered morning glories...

"Well, I should hope Dan isn't so hard up as to pick up friends among tramps and strays!" "That's enough said the man called Dan..."

A stray! That was all. Four years since she came first, a big-eyed girl of seventeen, dusty and footsore from long travel...

without friends. The doctor's voice was the only kind one she had heard since the day the child was born, and he looked on her pityingly...

Two weeks after coming he ventured on the subject of her destination and intentions. "So far she said nothing except her name, and when asked, she said, 'Kate,' that was all..."

"I have come to have a talk with you, Kate," said the doctor. "This little fellow is old enough now for you to take him home with you..."

"I did not want to live. They should have let me die in the street that day; they had a right to let me die. It was dark but I saw your friend..."

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"I hear it's quite a gang of 'em come—big boys, all of 'em—a-quan a round of the diggers." "It'll be a sorry round to them if they scales an' some of the rules ain't changed afore..."

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contempt of self. Ah how vile she was growing in her own eyes! How often, lately, had she freed her mind from the fetters of the past...

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into a roaring torrent, nearer and nearer it came. Another step and it would engulf her. Down she staggered, her whole remaining strength collected in a wild scream as those black, phantom like waves closed around her...

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III YEARS OLD.

An Extraordinary Case of Longevity.

The privilege of talking with a woman 111 years old is not to be expected often in a lifetime, writes a Vienna correspondent of The London Times, and one must therefore value such an interview as I had this afternoon with Magdalene Ponza, the oldest of the Emperor Francis Joseph's subjects...

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Character in Hair.

If we might judge from the "Penny Awful," and even from the "Shilling Shocker," there is a moral fatality in hair, says an observer in Cassell's Family Magazine. The dark-eyed woman with "wealth of raven locks" is a fiend of deep plots and machinations...

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