

AT MIDNIGHT.

I wandered at midnight in the graveyard;
The smell of damp grass was in my nostrils
I heard my heart throbbing in the awful silence.

ELEANOR IN LOVE.

She held in her hand the letter. Should she send it? That moment was one of those vital critical epochs of existence upon which may swing, as upon a hinge, the door of destiny.

careed nothing for him—she knew she didn't. He was a pleasant summer friend, nothing more. He had light hair; she wouldn't marry a blonde, anyway. Then he was too serious, too "preachy."

only, "did you ever see an owl? You positively make me think of one sometimes." His face paled a little. His mouth had a firmer look as he walked in silence by her side to the gate.

He had told them that a telegram brought him from Texas a month ago to the bedside of his mother, who was critically ill, and whose only son he was.

Where the English Poets Are Buried. Of Shakespeare Westminster abbey contains only a monument. His bones, as everybody knows, rest at Stratford-upon-Avon, and Milton is honored only by a bust.