

neighboring wall, and threw herself forward. A low howl responded to the stroke of her arm, and the hungry

beast was gone as it had come-

shadow-through those files of tombs

step. "What is the matter ?" demanded

Milena. "The peasants of our village," re-plted the man, "and of Mikonloff are

DRIFTING AWAY.

Drifting away from each other, Silently drifting apart: Nothing between but the worlds's cold screen, Nothing to lose but a heart.

Only two lives dividing More and more day by day; Only one soul from another sou Steadily drifting away.

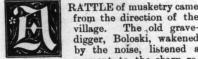
Only a man's heart striving Bitterly hard with its doom Only a hand tender and bland Slipping away in the gloom.

Nothing of doubt or wrong Nothing that either can cure; Nothing to shame; nothing to blame; Nothing to do but endure.

The world cannot stand still, Tides ebb, and women change; Nothing here that is worth a tear, One love less, nothing strange.

Drifting away from each other, Steadily drifting apart; No wrong to each that the world can reach. Nothing lost—but a heart!

THE GRAVE-DIGGERS DAUGHTER.



from the direction of the village. The old gravedigger, Boloski, wakened by the noise, listened a moment to the sharp reports, then called aloud-"Milena ! Mil-

"Coming, father, coming !" she ans-

wered, and already the little naked feet showed themselves upon the rounds of the ladder which led from the loft.

"Did you hear them, Milena ?" he cried ; "the sounds of the gun-boats ? They are fighting in the village"-a violent attack of coughing interrupted his words, and another rattling vol-

ey. Milena had descended just as she quitted her couch of straw,—a young girl, tall, vigorous, and scantily draped in a brief chemise. She had thrown about her shoulders a short pelisse of sheepskin, but her Amazon hips showed themselves firm and beautiful under their light covering, and her virginal breasts appeared an instant, white as polished marble, against the dead black fur.

"It is true, then !" said she, leap-ing the last steps—"it has come at

"What, my child ?" demanded the sick one. "The Revolution has broken out to-

CHRISTMAS EDITION.

sent it rolling like a ball to the depths horsemen, the barrels of their muskets and the blades of their sickles sparkling in the rays of the moon. below. Another swallow of brandy, a new body in the hole, then the tomb se-curely closed, Melina was ready to "Come, open the gate, old mole !" shouted a voice from the crowd-"open the gate, and open quickly. We bring you a score of distinguished begin a second. guests

In the meantime, the moon range higher and higher in the heavens, wrapped in its wan light the silent graves, the crucifix, the roofs of the now sleeping village and the vast and "But I want no guests !" replied Boloski from the interior. "I am ill, as you know well—I dare not go out in soundless plain. a night like this." soundless plain. And again the second trench ready, the grave-digger's daughter approach-ed another group of dead, the face of the first one was covered with blood "Ill or no," cried the voice again,

"the work must be done." "Well, bury them yourselves, then." "We cannot-we have not time." "In that case," said Milena brus-quely, shutting the wicket to end the

which had run from a cut in the head. At the same instant she heard a sighdiscussion, "'tis I who will bury them for you." And she went out to open the gate to the four loaded sledges, bearing the dead bodies of the insurgents, and to the conquerors, armed with their bloody sickles and gleam-

ing scythes. "Throw them there upon the snow," said she to the mayor of the village, who greeted her as she appeared with a friendly nod-"I'll start the business for you at the rising of the sun." "No," said the mayor, "that would not be Christian—the wolves and ray-

ens are already waiting to do their work-they must be buried now. You will receive for the job the usual sum; in addition to that two quarts of brandy, and, for your back, a new pe-

Is it a bargain ?" "A bargain," she answered. "T'll begin when you say"-and with arms akimbo and robust fists upon her shadow-through those files of tombs and spectral crosses. A fresh crash of musketry sounded in the distance, another, and still an-other. Milena traversed at a run the slope of the road which led to the vil-lage, and, at the beginning of the first houses, met a neighbor and a wounded man, the wife, whom she knew well, supporting the husband, whose blood dyed the snow at every step. hips, she regarded the defile of peasants and sledges rapidly discharging their score of dead. Her beautiful face remained impassive ; pity seemed a stranger to those hard features, and yet what charm, what passion in those great black eyes, in that sensitive nose, in that firm, severe mouth ! The mayor counted the money into her hand, put the bottle of brandy on the snow beside her, and the sledges slowly drew on again, the peasants following in their wake as silently as they had come.

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ed with blood and powder, and chaf-ing his frozen hands. In a moment his eyes unclosed. "Valerian !" his name upon Milena's lips was half a scream and half a cry of menacing anger. She shook her head brusquely,thrust him from her, and rose to her feet. "Save you !" said she, with a calm more terrible than either rage or the

to stir.

joy of a glutted vengeance—"when it is God that has delivered you into my hands! You betrayed me-you now belong to me ! Pray to your God, Valerian, perhaps he will be merciful, but from me expect no pardon !" "You have forgotten, then, Milena, forgotten how I loved you !"

In the meantime, the moon rising

a long, shuddering breath that came from this body. Milena drew back

hastily; courageous as she was, she felt her hair rise upon her head; and

soon she saw that rigid body begin

He still lived, then. There was no

longer a doubt of it ! She caught him

in her arms in order to succor him,

rubbing with snow that face begrim-

"No, I have forgotten nothing; but lous struggle began between them-a you, what have you done with all hopeless struggle began between them-a hopeless struggle, too, for soon Val-those yows? You! who ruined me— erian renounced all thought of wrestwho then, in spite of everything left ing himself from the embrace of this me for another ! I shall not spare you savage creature. From loss of blood his strength was gone from him—he

"You will not kill me?" groaned his strength was gone from him-he was but a child in her cruel hands! "Mercy, Milena, I beseech youthe unhappy one. "Kill you? No !" She smiled with a mercy !"



Then she began to crumble the earth between her fingers and to fill in the ditch, to fill it in and stamp it down, as she had filled and stamped the first, her voice firm and clear as ever, rising always in the chorus of her sinister song, and always accompanied by the sound of the clods falling one upon the other by the ring of the spade, by the cawing crows circl-ing hungrily above the heap of the unburied dead. And, in the east, the first gray lights

of the coming morning slowly spread themselves across the heavens. pale and cold as the smile upon the faces of the frozen clay !

HIS REVENGE.

"Ha! You refuse me, do you, Miss Hamtagg?" "I do, Mr. McStab," said the young

lady, coldly. "Then listen to me, Rachael Plickergy

Hamtagg !" he hissed. "I swear you shall bitterly repent it !" Wild whistled the bleak wind. Dis-

mally moaned the huge elm-tree that rasped and scratched itself against the cruel edges of the shingles on the cornice, and gruesomely groaned Algernon Fitz-Thompson McStab, as he stole forth in the dead of night to the ancestral smokehouse in the back yard.

"I'll show her !" he muttered between his teeth.

From beneath his coat he drew a compact bundle of letters, cut the string that bound them together, struck a match, bound them togetner, struck a match, made a bonfire of the collection, and watched them slowly consume to ashes. He was burning letters written in hap-pier days to Rachel Hamtagg. She had

returned them to him.

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"This is so sudden," said the widow, blushingly, "and so unexpected. I-I thought your visits to our house were for

the purpose of seeing my daughter." "She is too young," replied the visitor decidedly. "I told her so last evening. We parted in a friendly spirit; but I gave

Hush-a-bye, baby ! Mother will sing to the Soft is the moan of the wind in Angels are listening, Bright stars are glister Like sentinels watching my bab

Hush-a-bye, baby! What shall I sing to the Sinketh the bird to her nest on th Shadows are creeping. Moonbeams are peeping. Twilight is deepening o'er moo

Lullaby, dearie ! Mother is near thee. Bright may the dreams of my litt Angels defend the; God His love send thee, And carefully guard both my ba Chamb

CHANGING CHUCK PANTALOONS.

OW far it is expedi vert a railway car dressing room which would be q ed in the negativ **E**6 nental countrie guards walk alon boards and coll

while the train is But in England a passe likes to change his attire class compartment, as a secure from interruption. At least, so thought Mr. Chucker, as he alighted fr som at Paddington, an across the platform, holdin way rug and a carpet ba contained a complete chan ment-to wit, dress-clothes. Mr. Chucker had receive tation to dine at Windsor, friend of influential positio ing a busy man, he had not



to dress at his office in the his chambers at the West

night, which has been expected

long ?" "Yes, and a great misfortune it is too," mumbled Boloski, and he crouch-Milena ed again upon his couch. Milena, meanwhile hurriedly arrayed herself in a wadded petticoat and her father's long boots. Binding a scarlet handkerchief about her abundant locks, she went out to learn what assing. was pa

The cemetery was situated on a hill, surrounded by a low earthen wall, with the hut of the grave-digger standing at its gate. It was an excellent post of observation, yet Melina did not stop there, but passed on into the darkness, beneath the bare branches of the willows, upon which the ravens were already croaking, and with a single, careless glance upon the files of tombs, with their leaning crosses. Everything mournful and desolate, everything covered by the melancholy shroud of Winter. She herself walked in snow so deep and thick that it mounted almost to her knees. The cold was ter-rible,—the frozen breath of the night whiped and stung the skin like red-hot needles; but Milena only rubbed her face with a handful of snow, and

buttoned her pelisse closer. Below, in the heart of the valley, the village had delivered itself up to strife and bloodshed, yet here upon this sacred ground all was peace. A large cross rose in the middle of the inclosure, to which was attached the figure of the dying Saviour,-icicles pendant from the thorns which crowned his brow and from the nails which pierced his hands and feet.

Milena listened intently,-not a murmur for the moment broke the stillness. She stopped and gazed up at the heavens, the vast blue vault which seemed to her a satin canopy, retained in place by the golden nails which sparkled and scintilated above her, while beyond there, on the other of the forest, rode the red disk of the rising moon.

All at once a gliding, crouching form passed her like a flash, a pair of glowing eyeballs glared into her

own. "A wolf !" she murmured, and, with an energetic movement, wherein shone all the savage strength of this child of nature, she seized a stone from a



TWIN ROSE BUDS.

me, living ?"

have pity !

him, had risen to his feet, and a fur-

"But the pelisse ?" demanded Milena. work is

"To-morrow, when the And the mayor also quitted the

sharp and do their bloody mowing; the heads fall like grain !" "So !" said Milena ; and she aided cemetery, and Milena took up her spade, and with a great swallow of the peasant woman to place her hus-band in his bed and to bind his brandy commenced to dig the first crooning as she worked the trench, words of an ancient grave-digger's

band in his bed and to bind his wounds. Then she retraced her steps to tranquilize her father. An hour later a loud knocking sounded upon the gate of the ceme-The sad melody, monotonous and slow as befitted the song of the dead, "See what it is, Milena," said the was accompanied by the dull ringing of the iron upon the frozen ground grave-digger again ; and Milena, obeyand the distant howling of the huning the command, opened the wicket gry wolves. obstructed by frost, to find before it

Another swallow of brandy, another swing of her muscular arms, and so it went till the trench was done, and Milina, waiting a moment to regain her breath, gazed on the corpses.

"Twas doubtless you," said she to an old man, with long, white curls, clad in a rich cloak, trimmed with zibeline, and in whose girdle sparkled a superb yataghan, "'twas doubtless you who led the band. Well, this time,

too, you shall go before !" And she took him in her arms like a little child, descended into the trench herself and gently laid him on the ground. With the others she was not so ceremonious, an arm, a leg, a shoulder-anything, in short, that helped to lift and toss them to their bed in the ditch, served her purpose "But God help me !" she cried, suddenly, as before her in the snow lay

stretched a bleeding trunk. "God help me, if it isn't the lord of Kamiez, that cursed Turk and oppressor of the poor !

And she struck the face of the head that lay beside the trunk a blow which

She responded with a disdainful glacial irony which made him shud-der. "I shall only do my duty-I shall foot-thrust which sent him rolling into the gaping hole. A last time he struggled to his feet, his arms out-stretched, and clasping her knees with bury you, as I have received orders !" "Bury me ?" cried Valerian. "Bury supplicating gesture. "Why not ?" responded Milena, with

But his prayers only rendered her more ferocious still. She caught up her spade and struck his hands—their a burst of cruel laughter. "I must earn the sheepskin for my back which the mayor promised me !" "Have pity, Milena, for God's sake, grasp relaxed, she struck again, a second, a third blow-he fell !

"Did you have pity upon me ?" she answered sternly : "You, who have vowed me to sorrow and to shame ! And Milena ? Milena, with one hand clenched upon her spade, the other doubled upon her hip, stood there and heard him This for your beautiful love-behold groaning-stood there and contemplat-And she seized him by the shouled him with cold, fierce eyes and volders and sought to thrust him in ; but he, with that frightful death before uptuous pleasure. "Now," said she, now, Valerian, are

you mine ?"



"MY PETS.

her to understand as delicately as I could that I should not call to see her any more.

that I should not call to see her any more. This is sudden, it is true, but I trust none the less agreeable. May I not venture to hope ?" "Why, sir, I ——" "And, now, my dear," he said, at the expiration of a happy half hour, as he gently lifted her head from his shoulder, "I should like to see your—or perhaps I ought now to say our—durphter to tell ought now to say our-daughter, to tell her of this happy event.' "Shall I call her?"

"If you please, my dear." "Rachael," said Algernon Fitz-Thomp-

son McStab, pleasantly, "you will be glad to know, I dare say, that I am to be your father. That is all we wished to say to her, was it not, my love? You may go, Rachael. Please close the door, my child, as you go out."

FACTS AND FIGURES.

A Swiss scientist has been testing the presence of bacteria in mountain air, and finds that not a single microbe exists beyond an altitude of 2,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Liquors may be aged artificially by gradually cooling them, in the case of brandy, down to 200 degress centrigrade below zero, and then gradually bringing them up again to the normal temperature. The frigoric laboratory, in which the new discovery is to be applied, will shortly be established in Paris.

The longest bridge in the world is the Lion Bridge, near Saugang, China. It extends five and a quarter miles over an arm of the Yellow Sea, and it is supported by 300 huge stone arches. The roadway seventy feet about the water and is enclosed in arm network. A marble lion, twenty-two feet long, rests on the crown of every pillar.

Aluminum neckties have been introduced into Germany. They are really made of the cosmopolitan metal, and frosted or otherwise ornamented in vari ous shapes imitating the ordinary silk or satin article. They are fastened to the collar button or by a band around the neck, and are particularly recommended for summer wear, since they can be easily cleaned when soiled, while they are not perceptibly heavier than cotton, cambric ping into the train, he ling into the hand of t said :

"Keep this compartme dress." "All right, sir," answe

and the next moment t ed.

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Mr. Chucker then unl pet-bag, and drew out with other equipments his bodily adornment. It must not be suppose this without reluctance great stickler about all of life. He objected to out of season. If he l best friend changing his a railway carriage he thought meanly of hin disorderly habits, and judged himself with a for not having better

own time. "If an accident occurr as he removed his co coat,"I wonder what we of me for being half train ?"

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This reflection made was a shy, middle-ag large, red ears, and a The effect of pulling o ways suffused his cou crimson, and it did so that, what with the o from physical exertion resulted from a trout Mr. Barnaby Chucker I tressed. Having rem he denuded himself This was a trying me "Why, why, dear I Mr. Chucker, at this gitations, "I think th cannot be is stopping The train was stopp Mr. Chucker might ha it would do, since he

ling by express;



struggling with the insurgents down by the cafe and the little wood. All goes well, however; the scythes are

a row of sledges encompassed

by

HON. WILLIAM MACDOUGALL'S ENDURING MONUMENT .- "THE LOVERS WALK."