



SNAP SHOTS.

DRIFTING AWAY.

Drifting away from each other,
Slightly drifting apart;
Nothing between but the world's cold screen.

THE GRAVE-DIGGERS DAUGHTER.

RATTLE of musketry came from the direction of the village. The old grave-digger, Boloski, wakened by the noise, listened a moment to the sharp reports, then called aloud—'Milena! Milena!'

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—a shadow—through those files of tombs and spectral crosses.



TWIN ROSE BUDS.

struggling with the insurgents down by the cafe and the little wood. All goes well, however; the scythes are sharp and do their bloody mowing; and the heads fall like grain.

'But the pelisse?' demanded Milena. 'To-morrow, when the work is done.' And the mayor also quitted the cemetery, and Milena took up her spade, and with a great swallow of brandy commenced to dig the first trench, crooning as she worked the words of an ancient grave-digger's song.



HON. WILLIAM MACDOUGALL'S ENDURING MONUMENT.—'THE LOVERS WALK.'

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

sent it rolling like a ball to the depths below. Another swallow of brandy, a new body in the hole, then the tomb securely closed, Milena was ready to begin a second. In the meantime, the moon rising 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 soundless plain.



EVENING PRAYER.

Then she began to crumble the earth between her fingers and to fill 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 circling 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 Pickergery Hamtagg!' he hissed. 'I swear you shall bitterly repent it!'

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 degrees centigrade below zero, and then gradually bringing them up again to the normal temperature.



'MY PETS.'

MOTHER'S LULLAY.

Hush-a-bye, baby! Mother will sing to thee, Soft is the moan of the wind in the night, Bright stars are glistening, Like sentinels watching my baby.

CHANGING CHUCK PANTALOONS.

OW far it is expedient a railway car dressing room is which would be of great use in the negative mental countries guards walk along boards and while the train is in motion.

But in England a passenger likes to change his attire in class compartment, as a rule secure from interruption. At least, so thought Mr. Chucker, as he alighted from a train at Paddington, and across the platform, holding a rug and a carpet bag, contained a complete change of dress-clothes.

Mr. Chucker had received a letter from his friend of influential position in a busy man, he had not to dress at his office in the West End of London.

From beneath his coat he drew a compact bundle of letters, cut the string that bound them together, struck a match, made a bonfire of the collection, and watched them slowly consume to ashes.

'This is so sudden,' said the widow, blushing, 'and so unexpected. I—I thought your visits to our house were for the purpose of seeing my daughter.'

'If you please, my dear,' said Rachael, pleasantly, 'you will be glad to know, I dare say, that I am to be your father-in-law. 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.'

Aluminum neckties have been introduced into Germany. They are really made of the cosmopolitan metal, and frosted or otherwise ornamented in various 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 or silk.

'Why, why, dear Mr. Chucker, at this situation, I think I cannot be stopping. The train was stopped. Mr. Chucker might be it would do, since he was going by express; but