

A TRAGEDY.

"Thou wilt be true?"

The words came from the pale lips of a tall, fair girl who stood on the piazza of one of the stateliest mansions on the Island. Her features were cast in a patrician mould. Her eye also had a cast—but let that pass. From off a broad, low brow of purest marble swept a mass of fair and glossy tresses, upon which the sunlight fell, causing them to glimmer with golden glint. It was "the glintiest hair in the world, my pet." A stately figure, clad in such fashionable habiliments as could only have been turned out of the factory of the celebrated Lamier de Paris (de29-1t), completed an *ensemble* that would have made glad an artist's soul. Gwendolen Kahill was, indeed, a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

The winsome maid gazed up into the dark, imperious eyes of a noble cavalier, who bent fondly over her. His arms were entwined about her lissome form. 'Twas love's first embrace. It was calculated to discount the famous hug of the Huguenot lovers. (Don't shoot!) Ferdinand Shine was a hugger beyond compare. He had graduated at Chicago and taken first honors. He was truly a hugger from "way back."

But enough; he speaks. From his stately throat his rich voice rises in tender accents, the while he runs his jewelled fingers through his raven locks in dreamy and searching fashion. The action is full of grace, and yet—but let that pass.

"Oh, Gwendolen!" he exclaims, "can you doubt me?"

There was the tremble of tears in his voice. Ferdinand's was a high-strung, fervent nature. 'Twas agony to his proud soul to be suspected. Besides, he was nervous. He had poetically described himself to Gwendolen as "off his nut." The evening before he had—but to our story.

"Ah, sweet one," Ferdinand continued,

dreamily, abrading his left ankle with his right brogan, "little knowest thou the frenetic passion that rages in my heart as my eyes gaze down into thy deep azure orbs! Oh, yee-unf!"

He took another reef in his arms. Gwendolen gasped. A lovely blush suffused her demask cheeks. She gazed once more into his faithful eyes. Then the graceful head nestled confidently upon the bosom of his three-ply ulster.

"Oh, Ferdy," she whispered, sighing gently, "you hold me so tight. I feel I am all going to sleep. I think my circulation's stopped. But I am so happy, love."

A pang of terror shot through Ferdinand's heart. He rapidly uncoiled his arms. Too late! The sweet girl who had loved him not wisely, but too well, fell back lifeless. Gwendolen was paralysed by pressure.

Before the remorseful youth could recover from his trance of horror a dull thud was heard in his rear. Kahill *frere* had debouched from the vestibule. Ferdinand Shine caromed upon the elm tree that stood opposite the front door—the one, you remember, gentle reader, that the boys peeled for "slippery ellum" on that glad summer day last June, when all the air was heavy with the hum of humble bees and the musical voice of the strawberry vendor warbled adown the tropical streets.—From "*Love's Own Love*," by Colonel Perry Carson.

The *Chicago Tribune* says that most papers do not pay for poetry, but that, wishing to encourage genius in a substantial manner, it gives a cent a pound for all verses written on white paper.

What the ex-Secretary of the Navy likes about the Isthmus Canal is that it won't have any water in it until he is dead. That is the kind of a sailor the Secretary of the Navy usually is.—

Hawkeye.

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