UNDER THE VIOLETS Her hands are coid: her face is white No more her pulses come and go: Her eyes are shut to life and light; Fold the white vestures, snow and a And lay her where the violets blow. But not beneath the graven stone, To plead for tears for alien eyes, A slender cross of wood alone Shall say that here a maiden lies In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round
To make the scoreting smallght dim,
That drinks the greenness from thy ground.
And drops their dead leaves on the mound.
When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And through their leaves the robins call,
And, ripening in the Autumn sun,
The accurs and the chestmat fall
the sights and goods. When o'er their boughs the squirrels run, and through their leaves the robins call, And, ripening in the Autumn sun, The accorns and the chestnute fall, Doubt not that she will heed them all, For her the morning choir shall sing Its matis from the branches high. And every minstrel voice of Spring That thrills beneath the April sky Shall greet her with its earliest cry. When turning round their dial-track.

Eastward the lengthening shadows pas
Her little mourners, clad in black,
The crickets sliding through the grass.

Shall pipe for her an evening mass. In leaves and blossoms to the skies. So may the soul that warmed it rise.

If any, born of kindlier blood, Should ask, "What maiden lies below?" Say only this "A tender bud, That tried to blossom in the snow, Lies withered where the violets blow." INCORRIGIBLE.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

"A man who comes and goes to and from his business in the city on the knifeboard of an omnibaa."
"I know; I have thought of that; I shall be able to watch for him coming home."

Edgar!"
"You had better say you will have shrimps and watercresses at one, and then there will be—"
"No further depths of vulgar enormity possible. Well, we will have shrimps and watercresses then!"

"No further depths of vulgar enormity possible. Well, we will have shrimps and watercresses then!"

"Katie, you are incorrible!"

"So Miss Collier used to say!" returned the subject of this flattering remark, with a gentle sigh of submission to fake, as though the quality of incorrigibleness were a thing she could no more help than the colour of her eyes or hair.

Let us take a glance at this unmanageable Kata. Dark eyes, deeply set beneath well-defined brown; a square low forehead, round which the burnished locks formed delicate feedrin; a little straight nose, and the sweetest at all most perfect mouth, hardly ever close shut, and just, only just, showing a kiny line of pearl-white beeth; as to stature, neither noticeable indeed for a supple figure that owed none of its alimness to compression. There is a gravity almost trenching upon sadness in this girl's eyes, that seems at variance with the sweet mouth; and a physiologist would have deep-ened and developed her character she would possess much power of sndurance, together with a keen capability of suffering. Such characters are brave even to deflance, and wont to seek little counfort either in self-pity or in the pity of others. And Katie was one who loved with passionate intensity, when once her tenderness was aroused; only dinging the closer to those she held dear, when others scorned, slighted, or ridiculed them.

She and he sister Mand, one year her self-pity or in the pity of others. And Katie was now beloved with passionate intensity, when once her tenderness was aroused; only dinging the closer to those she held dear, when others scorned, slighted, or ridiculed them.

She and he sister Mand, one year her self-pity or in the pity of others. And Katie was comeded in filling a mother's place, but at the time my story opens matters were greatly changed. Miss Collier had left them to go and reside with an invalid relative, and greatest change of all—their father, John Draper Stewart, had married again, and a does alliance, the result of similarity of gre

tween Maud and her stepmother. So you see, Katie was somewhat "left out in the cold !"

In fact, as we have just heard her sister declare, she was "incorrigible," and not even the combined wills of the other two, not all their sneers and ceaseless bickerings, could induce her to give up her young lover, Edgar Birley. I fear that the pretty rebel received underhand encouragement from John Stewart himself, for though the new wife ruled him with a rod of iron, and made him pay a pretty figure for having married a person "well connected," and a ci-decand beauty into the bargain, he, like the honest dity merchant he was, held certain strong notions of fair play, and roundly declared that he "liked the law, held certain strong notions of fair play, and roundly declared that he "liked the leave the honest dity merchant he was, held certain strong notions of fair play, and roundly declared that he "liked the leave the honest dity merchant he was, held certain strong and the control of the property of the control of the property of the control of the property of the control of t

the word "warenouse," and suiffed plaintively, as though something of an ill savours "Came between the wind and her gentility." Still her friends were wont to say that, "really Amelia had done very well for herself" for they pardoned the mcrohant's social shortcomings in consideration of his yearly thousands. Amelia was now engaged in a struggle to do still better for herself, which meant attaining as high a rung of the social ladder as possible. Mand, just 'nuckeen, stately and beautiful, and as vain as any plumed macaw, seemed no bad fulcrum upon which to rest the social lever, and thou shall be the social word, and the family position and satisfy her own craving an bition.

Mand was "out," but Kate still only fluttered upon the edge of the social world, and ceaseless were the domestic moanings over 'the still configuration and satisfy her own craving an bition.

Mand was "out," but Kate still only fluttered upon the edge of the social world, and ceaseless were the domestic moanings over 'the still configuration. But these 'to lampt too. But these 'to lampt too. But these

mother was not without hopes that a briliant marriage might as length assure the family position and satisfy her own craving Mand was "out," but Kate still only find tered upon the edge of the social world, and coaseless were the domestic monaings over that lamentable sfair with young Rirley. However, this affair had fram and culminative rign, and while Kate was, as that ledy declared emphasically, "a perfect child, and quite unable to know her own mind."

"She seems to know it well enough now, at all events." John would make rejoinder, in knowing that her father was Edga's mon over small troubles, but, after a long day's nagging from the other two wome, as her was not one to make "be moon over small troubles, but, after a long day's nagging from the other two wome, as her as a heavy it was an a "Well my lase." It has a heavy that was perhaps not as genteel as it might have been, but somehow brought a misty brightness to her ayes, a glow of comfort to her had been as the same which are the same had been as a heavy in the half-door, and get a hearty kins and a "Well, my lase." It has a hearty as the heart of the mini-detached villa on the surburban road. Kate had a fright, and often a withy aswer but the saw that her love was barry weighted in the battle of life, and she will weighted in the battle of life, and she will weighted in the battle of life, and she will weighted in the battle of life, and she will weighted in the battle of life, and she will weighted in the battle of life, and she will weighted in the battle of life, and she will weighted in the battle of life, and she will weighted in the battle of life, and she will weighted in the battle of life, and she will weighted in the battle of life, and she will weighted in the battle of life, and she will weight the large will be successed in membra. South Kensington Why, the very gargyeles on the wait of the large will be successed in membra life, and he will be successed

business took up all his time, and kept hat the warehouse late every "I will write to the John to himself, on the last of hurry and bustle. And t in the midst of his work, he

from this mortal sphere first few months of need a certain refreshing ser freedom, I fear is a p Meanwhile, Mand shed

"I know; I have thought of that; I shall be able to watch for him coming home."

"A man who will take you to live in a semi-detached villa, on some suburban road no one ever heard of —"

"Yes; they are so comfortable, those semi-detached houses—"

"Small rooms!"

"I like small room; how cosy they are of an evening when the curtains are drawn close! I shall have his tea all ready for him, you know, when he comes home; he always fooks so kired after his day's work; poor Edgar!"