

to Maud, "fellahs of that clawse do those things, and don't feel it much; used to it from childhood you know. Being used to it is everything in such cases, I always say. But come Maud, its a Strauss waltz and nearly half over already, and all on account of that blooming ungentlemanly yarn of Travers."

Miss Maud quickly finished the glass of claret, and drawing on her gloves arose, and slipped her hand lightly through his arm. The colour was almost back in her cheeks again, and as he leaned over, and whispered something in her ear, she laughed lightly, and replied:

"Oh yes of course, its just as you wanted it, mamma has consented to this spring."

"By Jove now! that's doosed good of her you know, Maud, but really we couldn't either of us wait any longer, could we now?"

She laughed lightly, but her answer was lost in the low throb of the music, as they glided off together upon the polished floor, and disappeared amid the throng of the dancers.

Far away in the west alone upon the side of a hill a little white head stone looked up through the quiet night to where the stars were. It seemed in the silence as if it questioned them, but no answer came back, for if the stars have a secret they keep it well.

STUART LIVINGSTON.

REGRET.

If I had known

That when the morrow dawned the roses would be dead,
I would have filled my hands with blossoms white and red,
If I had known!

If I had known

That I should be to-day deaf to all happy birds,
I would have lain for hours to listen to your words,
If I had known!

If I had known

That with the morrow's light you would be gone for aye,
I would have been more kind, sweet Love had had his way.
If I had known.

SOPHIE M. ALMON-HENSLEY.