

my beautiful, gaze once again, the last time, on the face of her whom you professed to love, but do not. You will be taken to the dungeon from whence you came and at the expiration of three days you will be shot dead by our musketeers. Adieu! Adieu! I am sorry you did not heed my warning. I go to grieve for one who was all in all to me." In the depth of my agony I cried out: "Hear me, Amolai! Hear my defence, and if you cannot be made relent by my excuse, at least remember that I love you distractedly. Do not turn from me without hearing my plea. By the love you bear me, hear me out." But no! she turned around and left the room, while I was conducted back to my dungeon to await death. What agony and mind torture I underwent in those three days clapsing between my sentence and its fulfilment. I was fed as well as before, but the air in the dungeon was so insufferably close and foul I could not touch a morsel of it. On the morning of the fourth day, at sunrise, the chains on the door of my cell clanked rustily and the door was swung wide open. Outside were six sturdy

musketeers dressed in a curious uniform. One of these stepped forward and, after blindfolding my eyes and binding my hands, led me forth outside the door. As I stood there offering up my petitions to the Heavenly throne, the ominous words were spoken, "One!" Oh, heaven, how long he waits! "Two!" Why don't they fire and finish it. "Three!" The rifles belch forth their deadly fire. As they did so a shriek was heard, and a pair of soft arms encircled my neck. It was the Queen, who had thrown herself in front of me and received the bullets intended for me. She was gently carried away, and again the words "One, Two!"—but here I awoke and found myself on the bank where some three or four hours before I had lain down to sleep. A cold perspiration was standing in large drops on my brow. I jumped up, and after giving myself a good shaking to find out whether I was hurt from the bullets, returned home mentally resolving to tell no one of my trip, but after having kept it a secret for over fifteen years, I thought I would let the world know of my dreamland trip to the realms of the Auganatees.

PAST YOUTH.

BY ADA A. SQUIRE.

When the wane of life falls o'er our path
We gaze on another shore
At the reddened gold of a sun that has set
To rise on us nevermore!

And we softly list to the voices which
Made glad the long ago;
And the by-gone faces come again
Just as they used to do.

Oh, dear lost youth! our memories
Will ever hold thee dear;
When falls the gloaming o'er our lives
We turn to thee for cheer.