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THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

The music ceased, the last quadrille was o'er,
And one by one the waning beauties fled;

THE TINTORETTO.

I.—THE PAINTER'S FAMILY.

Our true tale is of a daughter of Venice—Venice
of which the poet sings—
There is a glorious city in the sea;

were magic in the very names to soothe her, she
now took the arm of her son with a look of gratified
affection.
"Little Dominic indeed! A great tall young
man of twenty—my pupil and successor! He is,

music in itself—This lovely evening must indeed
have tempted you, for supper is on the table, and
you're both still here.
"Where were you waiting for me, Marietta," said her
father some what gravely; "where have you been?"

taking of our supper? Marietta, child, what can
you be about, to leave his reverence standing so
long! A chair girl—quick a chair."
Starting from her apparent stupor, Marietta,

revere my father; and love you, sister—love you
more than you believe."
"If you love me, Dominic, come home with
me at once."
"I am all obedience, you see, dear Marietta,

IV.—THE MORNING WALK.
All were yet asleep in the house of the artist—
even the Tinoretto, usually so early a riser; indeed,

Magazine.