

shadows of evening were stealing over the city, Jack Wilson, the promising college graduate, breathed his last. Two years of wild gambling and drink had done their work, but poor Jack was blissfully unconscious of his state. Again, in his feverish raving he was rambling by Cleo's side in their childhood's days. Again he plucked the wild rose for her sunny hair. Again he was toiling night and day to win the highest honours so that Cleo would be proud of him; and on this billow of illusion his soul was tossed into Lethe's stream and his body into a pauper's grave.

Meanwhile, Cleo, after many weary months of anxious pondering as to whether Jack really cared for her or not, consented to the persuasions of her family, and accepted what was considered by all a desirable offer of marriage. Years thus came and passed in which she lived to rue her choice. But death at last claimed her husband, and once more she was free.

With hopeful heart she turned her steps toward her native land, wondering if Jack had ever married, and, if not, could he learn to love her? Little she dreamed of the wreck she had made of one more dear to her than her own life.

Now, as the days go by, a woman is often seen at twilight hour, kneeling by a lonely grave. The knowledge of her dead loves love had come to Cleo too late.

ROBERT PEACE.

Summer Flowers.

"O, little Susannie, why do you sigh so?
Why are you sad to-day?"

"I sigh for the flowers, sweet little flowers—
Flowers that come in May."

"Sigh not Susannie, the year holds them safely,
Safely they're hidden away.