

THOSE EVENING SMELLS.

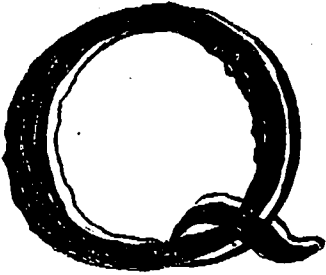
(BY A DWELLER NEAR THE DON. WITH APOLOGIES TO DEAR TOM MOORE.)

THOSE evening smells! Those evening smells!
How sad the tale their vapor tells,
Of death and sorrow all the time,
Attested by the fun'ral chime.

What joyous lives have passed away;
Many a heart that once was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And heeds no more those evening smells.

And so 'twill be when we are gone,
That nauseous fume will still roll on,
Whilst other mortals it compels
To curse your stench, foul evening smells.

PETER PINPOINT.



"THE ANCIENT CAPITAL."

SUGGESTED CHAPTER FOR A NEW NOVEL.

THE first of September, a cold, damp, dreary day, quite out of time with the balmy, sunshiny ones of August, dragged itself wearily away, and was followed by a damper, drearier night.

Not a sunbeam had penetrated the dull grey clouds that hung all day like an unlovely shroud over the cheerless earth.

A few stray rain-drops had fallen since mid-day, and as the evening shades deepened in the west, the clouds drifted nearer, dark and threatening.

The wind moaned among the tree-tops and over bleak stretches of meadowland, dying away in the waste places of the neighboring hills on whose craggy summits the massy clouds seemed to rest.

At the columned entrance of a mansion situated in the suburbs of one of Canada's fair cities, a maiden with auburn ringlets and eyes of hazel, that witching, indescribable hue so seldom met with, save in novels, was engaged in earnest conversation with a handsome youth, over whose naturally cheery countenance the surrounding gloom had cast a slight shadow.

It was their bridal eve. The night was ominous. Soon the voice of distant thunder reached them and checked their speech.

As they stood on the marble steps looking out into the darkness, a cool wind wafted the sweet odor of late blossoms toward them; a shower of crisp leaves from a rose vine that twined in great thorny coils around one of the huge pillars, fluttered down at their feet with a soft rustle, and a night-bird with wierd cry swept past them.

They returned to the cheerful hearth of the drawing-room, and when the time of departure arrived, Ione accompanied her lover to the little garden gate. His path lay through the garden and on into the well-wooded

park that separated their homes. They lingered at the gate, a gentle light streaming from an open window out over the well-worn path that led to it. The night grew darker.

They spoke of the morrow and wished for sunshine. A brilliant flash of lightning pierced the southern sky, a few large drops plashed on the earth about them, and Alphas having murmured a loving goodnight, proceeded homeward through the leafy woods, no thought of danger molesting him. He thought only of the dear one from whom he had just parted, and rejoiced to think that it was for the last time—to-morrow he would claim his beautiful bride.

Alas! little did they dream what the night had in store for them.

They were happy—very happy. No thought of harm occurred to them—why was there not some good spirit near to warn them of impending danger? While lingering at the gate neither of them noticed the gray form that stole silently by them along the hedge. He had lurked all day in a grove on the river-bank, and as night set in he approached the house.

Keeping well in the shadow of the shrubs he reached the western wing and stationed himself beneath Ione's casement. Here he remained until the city bells chimed the midnight hour.

When Ione parted from Alphas at the gate she walked thoughtfully back to the house. Hero, her great shaggy Newfoundland, was at her side, whining and springing up to lick her hand.

"Down! Hero, see, you would brush away his caresses." And she shielded her injured hand with her other one.

The great cold rain-drops fell faster and faster, and the rude wind drove them mercilessly into her face.

The darkness deepened.

It was a wild night—a terrible night suggestive of blood-curdling deeds.

Ione repaired to her room and was soon at rest in dreamland's realm of flowers.

When securing her windows for the night she had neglected one—even a little space of it was open. As the last sweet chime was hushed by the voice of the storm, the stranger entered with noiseless tread.

Did he come in search of gold, or was he some jealous lover of Ione that he sought her life-blood?

The wind howled among the tall trees and a chilly gust entered and flickered the dim light that burned in the chandelier.

Keeping close to the wall he reached the bedside, and, after mumbling, inaudibly, some weird incantation, plunged his dagger into the bosom of the fair Ione.

The murderous deed was done!

So suddenly was it performed that no piercing shriek, that traditional cry of the murdered, echoed on the chilly air.

Ione did not recover sufficient consciousness to utter a sound.

The snowy eyelids trembled, opened halfway and closed again. One dimpled, jewelled hand moved toward the wound, but the sweet, beautiful face still retained its peaceful aspect.

His thirst for blood satisfied, his gory weapon withdrawn, the huge mosquito spread his wings and flew up to the ceiling where he rested till sunrise.

HELEN M. MERRILL.