

Quiet Hours.

The morning will soon be here, For over the purple hill The daylight is easing the night away...

Blossoms.

They met while yet the year was young, And 'mid the blossoming boughs they sang, Like other birds, their tale of love.

Like other birds, they wandered free In tender shades of bush or tree, Or sunlight of the sky above.

They wandered free and loved the dawn, Bashed with their wings the dew at morn, And innocently sped the days.

Like other birds, when autumn came, Sure it could never be the same, They went along their separate ways.

With half a smile and half a sigh, When, as the winter hours go by, Comes, like a melody's refrain,

A scent of blossoms, softly sung, They murmur, "When the year was young 'Twas sweet. 'Twill never come again."

—Philip O. Sullivan in Harper's Magazine.

THE IRON CAGE.

At the commencement of the French Revolution Lady Pennyman and her two daughters retired to Lisle, where they had hired a large and handsome house at a very trifling rent.

successful. The lad was declared to be incorrigible; there was a feigned necessity of more severe correction; he was sentenced to two days' captivity and privation.

a few minutes' asleep when her dog, which lay by the bedside, leaped, howling and terrified, upon the bed, the door of the chamber slowly opened, and a pale, thin and sickly youth came in, cast his eyes mildly toward her...

He was a tall man, rather over than under six feet. He was dressed in a dark brown suit of Oxford mixture; he had a stick in his hand, wore a billy-cock hat, and his coat was buttoned right up to his throat.

never saw such an expression come over a man's face before—perfectly demoniacal. To my surprise he sat down and spoke as calmly and deliberately as possible.