A certain young lady, Who lives in Arcady Thinks her simple Polly A duck of a Dolly; And in an arm-chair, With a minute to spare, Fast chatters away to her: Though what she can say to her By way of invention Is past comprehension; Now kissing, now scolding her, Now warmly enfolding her.

A sly little bird One day overheard Missy's gossiping tattle, And thus ran the prattle:

My sweet darling Dolly ! Now is it not jolly That Christmas is near, With its berries and holly, And best of good cheer? I am vastly delighted, Mamnia has invited Young ladies a few To meet me and you Well may you stare, Miss, At thought of such bliss. Each brings a fine Dolly. But none like my Polly ! Yes. you shall be drest As fine as the best : Nay, finer: for know-Let me whisper it so-I am sure you can bear. Though dumb you appear. You're like my dog Tray, Who knows all I say; For that he shows clear By pricking his ear And beating his tail On the floor like a flail; But he is too shy, I suppose, to reply: Yet what sympathy lies In his liquid brown eyes! His frame all a-shiver And a low whining quiver Betraying his rapture As I hold him in capture.

I wish you would speak,

If only a squeak, Just as Pussy-cat goes When you step on her toes. Now, dearest of dears, Keep open your ears, And let your eyes glisten To show me you listen. I've a toilette, the rarest, To suit you, my fairest; A pink satin dress, From Paris express: Then dainty silk socks, With finely worked clocks; And shoes-O such beauties!-To put on your tooties; Rare pearls to bedeck Your lily-white neck ; A scarf o'er your shoulders, To charm all beholders : And a pair of kid gloves, Such dear little loves, Tight-fitting as skin The fair hands within. O won't you look fine And all else outshine! With envy they'll stare. Their eyes open wide. As you sit on a chair Erect by my side. Dressed out as a Queen Or State days is seen. O, darlingest Dolly! Now isn't Christmas jolly!

IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER III. - (CONTINUED.)

"Oh, Mrs. Rayner is never anything! At least-I mean," said I, annoyed at having spoken without thinking, "she is so reserve ed that-"

"That you like Mr. Rayner best?"-"Oh,

Ho drew himself up rather coldly. "So do most ladies, I believe."

"One can't help liking a person who talks and laughs, and is bright and kind, better than one who never speaks, and glides about like a ghost, and looks coldly at you if you speak to her," I burst out, apologetically at first, but warming into vehemence towards the close of my speech.

"Perhaps she means to be kind," said he gently.

"Then she ought to make her meaning plainer. She can't think it is kind to fix her eyes upon me as if I were something not human, if I laugh, to give me her hand so coldly and unresponsively that it sems like a dead hand in mine, and at other times to take no more notice of me than if I were not there. Besides, she knows that it is the first time I have ever left home, and she must see sometimes that I am not happy."

Mr. Reade suddenly stooped towards me, and then straightened himself again just as suddenly, without any remark ; but he cleared his throat. I remembered that I had no right to make this confession to a comparative stranger, and I added quickly— "I ought not to talk as it I were ill-treat-

ed. I am not at all. If she would only not be quite so cold !"

"Perhaps her own trouble; are very heavy and hard to bear."

"Oh, no, they are not!" I replied confidently. "At least, she has a kind husband and a pretty home, and everything she can wish for. And I think it is very selfish of her to give herself up to brooding over the memory of her dead child, instead of trying to please her living hu band."

" Her dead child?" "Yes. She had a boy who died some years ago, and she has never got over it. That is why she is so reserved.

"Oh! How long ago did this boy die?" asked he, in curicusly incredulous tones. "About five years ago, I think Mr. Rayner said."

"Oh, then it was Mr. Rayner who told you ?"--" Yes."

"And Mrs. Rayner has never got over

"No. It seems difficult to believe, doesn't it, that a brilliant woman who wrote books and was much admired should fade like that into a kind of shadow? I wonder she doesn't write more books to divert her thoughts | sky so dark and she was so well hidden that, from brooding over the past."

"Oh, she wrote books! Did she tell you

so herself?" "No-Mr. Rayner."

"Oh! Dd Mr. Rayner tell you any more?"

The irony in his tone was now so unmistakeable that I hesitated and looked up at him inquiringly. "I am sure he must have told you that he is a very ill-used man and a very long-

suffering husband, and asked you to pity I, before going up stairs to take off my bonhim. Didn't he, Miss Christie? Ah, I see | net, went into our little schoolroom to put he did ?" he cried. I could feel the blood rushing to my

cheeks; but I was indignant at having to submit to this catechism.

"Mr Rayner never asks impertinent ques-

tions," I said severely. The young man drew back, muttered "I beg your pardon," and, turning to watch

any time to cover his discomfiture. I was sorry directly; but my dignity forbade my calling him back to retract the snub. Yet I was dying to know the reason of his violent prejudice against Mr. Rayner. To my relief, in a few minutes he came back to me of his

own accord. "Miss Cristie," he began nervously, "I am afraid I have offended you. Won't you forgive me for being carried a little too far by my interest in a lady who herself confessed that she is away from her friends for the first time and not-very happy?"

I could not resist such an appeal as that; I looked up smiling, with tears in my eyes. "Oh, I am not at all offended! But I should like to know what reason you have for thinking so ill, as you seem to do, of Mr. Raymer."

"Perhaps I am wrong. I really have no proof that he is anything but what he wishes every one to think him-a light-hearted ac, complished man, of idle life and pleasant temper. It is not his fault that, with all his cleverness, his ease of manner is not quite the ease of a gentleman."

I was scarcely experienced enough to have found that out for myself. I considered for a moment, and then said rather timidly-"Won't you tell me anything more? You can if you will, I think, and, alone in the

world as I am, I want all the knowledge I can get of the people I live among, to guide me in my conduct.'

He seemed to debate with himself for a moment; then he sat down beside me on the other shaft of the cart, and said very earnestly— "Seriously, then, Miss Christie, I would

advise you to leave the Alders as soon as you possible can, even before you have got another engagement. You are in the midst of more dangers than you possibly know of, more probably than I know of myself. more certainly than I can warn you against."

His voice was very low as he finished, and, while we both sat silent, he with his eyes intently fixed on my face, mine staring out fearfully at the sky, a dark figure suddenly appeared before us, blocking out the light. It was Mr. Rayner. Mr. Reade and I started guiltily. The new-comer had approached so quietly that we had not heard him; had he heard us?

CHAPTER IV.

In spite of the rain and mud. Mr. Rayner was in the brightest of humours; and his first words dispelled my fear that he might have overheard the warning Mr. Reade had just given me not to stay at the Alders. He caught sight of me first as he came under the roof of the dark sied.

"At last, Miss Christie! It was a happy thought of mine to look for you here. But how in the world did you discover this place of refuge?" Then, turning, he saw my companion. "Hallo, Laurence! Ah, this explains the mystery! You have been playing knight-errant, I see, and I am too late in the field; but I shall carry off the lady, after all. My wife noticed that you started without your ulster, Miss Christie, and, as soon as service was over, she sent me cff with it to meet you."

He helped me on with it, and then I stood between them, silent and rather shy at receiving so much unaccustomed attention, until the rain began to fall less heavily, and we seized the opportunity to escape. When we got in sight of the park, Mr. Reade wanted to take a short cut through it to the house; but Mr. Rayner pointed out that there was no object to be gained by catching a bad cold wading through the long wet grass, so we all went together as far as the park gates, when Mr. Reade left us.

"Nice young fellow, that," said Mr. Rayner, as soon as the other was out of earshot. "Just the kind of open frank lad I should have liked to have for a son in a few years' time. Handsome too, and good-natured. There's not a girl in all the country-side who hasn't a smile and a blush for Laurence.".

I did not think this so great a recommendation as it seemed to Mr. Rayner, but I said nothing; and he went on—

"He is worth all the rest of his family put together. Father-self-important, narrow-minded old simpleton; mother-illdressed, vegetable, kept alive by a sense of her own dignity as the penniless daughter of an earl; sisters-plain stuck-up nonentities; younger brother-dunce at Eton. But they haven't been able to spoil Laurence. He may have a few of their prejudices, but he has none of their narrow-minded pig-headedness. You don't understand the rustic mind yet, Miss Christie. I assure you there are plenty of people in this parish who have condemned me to eternal punishment because I am fond of racing and, worse then all, play the violin."

"Do you play the violin? Oh, I am so fend of it! "Are you? Poor child, you had better not acknowledge the taste as long as you remain in this benighted spot; they class it with the black art. I believe I am popular-

ly supposed to have bewitched the Alders with my playing. Some of the rustics think that the reeds round the pond play all by themselves about midnight, if they are accidentally touched."

"Oh, Mr. Rayner, aren's you rather hard upon the rustics?" I said, laughing. .

"Not a bit, as you will find out soon enough. However, if you are not afraid of being bewitched too, you shall hear my violin some evening, and give me your opinion ct it."

We were within the garden gates by this time, and, as we walked down the path, I saw a woman's figure among the trees on our right. The storm had left the evening if I had not been very sharp sighted, I should not have noticed her. As it was, I could not recognise her, and could only guess that it was Mrs. Rayner. The idea of those great wierd eyes being upon me, watching me, just as they had been on the evening of my arrival, made me uncomfort. able. I was glad Mr. Rayner did not look that way, but went on quietly chatting till we reached the house. He left me in the hall, and went straight into the study, while my church service away. The French window had not been closed, and I walked up to it to see whether the rain had come in. The sky was still heavy with rain-clouds, so that it was quite dark indoors, and, while 1 could plainly see the woman I had noticed among the trees forcing her way through the wet branches, stepping over the flower-beds the rain, began to hum something without on to the lawn, and making her way to the

front of the house, she could not see me. When she came near enough for me to distinguish her figure, I saw that it was not Mrs. Rayner, but Sarah the housemaid. stood, without acknowledging it to myself, rather in awe of this woman; she was so tall and so thin, and had such big eager eyes and such a curiously constrained manner. She was only a few steps from the window where I stood completely hidden by the curtain, when Mr. Rayner passed quickly and caught her arm from behind. She did not turn or cry out, but only stopped short with a sort

"What were you doing in the shrubbery just now, Sarah?" he asked quietly. "If you want to take fresh air in the garden, you must keep to the lawn and the paths. By forcing your way through the trees and walking over the beds you do damage to the flowers-and to yourself. If you cannot re member these simple rules, you will have to look out for another situation."

She turned round sharply.

"Another situation! Ma!" "Yes, you. Though I should be sorry to part with such an old servant, yet one may keep a servant too long."

"Old! I wasn't always old!" she broke out passionately.

"Therefore you were not always in receipt of such good wages as you get now. Now go in and get tea ready. And take care the toast is not burnt again."

I could see that she glared at him with her great black eyes like a tigress at bay, but she did not dare to answer again, but slunk away cowed into the house. I am not surprised, for the tone of cold command with which he spoke those last insignificant words inspired me with a sudden sense of fear of him, with a feeling that I was face to face with an irresistible will, such as I should have thought it impossible for light. hearted Mr. Rayner to inspire.

The whole scene had puzzled me a little. What did Sarah the housemaid want to stand like a spy in the shrubbery for? How had Mr. Rayner seen and recognised her without seeming even to look in that direc. tion? Was there any deeper meaning under the words that had passed between them? There was suppressed passion in the woman's manner which could hardly have been stirred by her master's orders to keep to the garden paths and not to burn the toast; and there was a hard decision in Mr. Rayner's which I had never noticed before, even when he was seriously displeased. I waited behind the curtain by the window until long after he had gone back towards the study, feeling guiltily that his sharp eyes must find me out, innocently as I had played the spy. If he were to speak to me in the tone that he had used to Sarah, I felt that I should run away or burst into tears, or do something else equally foolish and unbecoming in an instructress of youth. But no one molested me. When I crept away from the window and went softly up stairs to my room, there was no one about, and no sound to be heard in the house save a faint clatter of tea things in the servants' hall. At teatime Mr. Rayner was as bright as usual, and laughingly declared that they should never trust me to go to church by myself

again. That night I pondered Mr. Reade's warning to me to leave the Alders; but I soon decided that the suggestion was quite impractical. For, putting aside the fact that

I had no stronger grounds than other poople's prejudice and suspicion for thinking it imprudent to stay, and that I could see no sign of the dangers Mr. Reade had hinted at so vaguely; what reason could I offer either to my employers or to my mother for wishing to go? This sort of diffidence at inventing excuses is a strong barrier to action in young people. And, if I had overcome this diffidence sufficiently to offer a plausible motive for leaving the Alders, where was I to go?

My father was dead; my mother, who had been left with very little to live upon, had been glad, at the time when it was agreed that I should begin to earn my own living, to accept an offer to superintend the household of a brother of hers who had not long lost his wife. My uncle would, I knew, give me a home while I looked out for another situation, but I understood now how few people seemed to want the services of "a young lady, aged eighteen, who preferred children under twelve."

And what a bad recommendation it would be to have left my first situation within a month! And what could I say I did it for? If I said, Because the house was damp, people would think I was too particular. And, if I said I was afraid my pupil's mother was mad, they would want some better reason than the fact that she talked very little and moved very softly for believing me. And, if I said I had been told the place was dangerous, and so thought I had better go, they would think I was mad myself. And, besides these objections to my leaving, was there not, to a young mind, an unacknowledged attraction in the faint air of mystery that hung about the place, which would have made the ordinary British middle-class unnecessarily long performance of the whole household seem rather uninteresting after it? So I decided to pay no attention to vague warnings, but to stay where I was certainly, on the whole, well-off.

The next morning, as I put on a dainty china blue cotton frock that I had never worn before, I could not help noticing how much better I was looking than when I lived in London. Instead of being pale, I had now a pink color in my cheeks, and my eyes seemed to look larger and brighter than they used to do. After a minute's pleased contemplation of my altered appearance, I turned from the glass in shame. What would my mother say if she could see how vain her daughter was growing? Without another look even to see whether I had put in my brooch straight, I went down-stairs. Mr. Rayner was already in the dining-room, but no one else was there yet. He put down his newspaper and smiled at me.

"Come into the garden for a few minutes until the rest of the family assembles." said he; and I followed him through the French window on to the lawn,

The morning sun left this side of the house in shade. The birds were twittering in the ivy and stirring the heavy leaves as they flew out frightened at the noise of the opening window; the dew was sparkling on the grass, and the scent of the flowers was deliciously sweet.

"Looks pretty, doesn't it?" said Mr. "Pretty! It looks and smells like Para. | must be Mr. Rayner come back. I had not

ed, afraid that he would think the speech

profane. But he only laughed very pleasantly. I was smelling a rose while I tried to recover the staid demeanour I cultivated as most suitable to my profession. When I raised my eyes, he was looking at me and still laughing.

"You are fond of roses?"

"Yes, very, Mr. Rayner." I might own so much without any deroga-

tion from my dignity. "But don't you think it was very silly of Beauty to choose only a rose, when her father asked what he should bring her ! have always thought that ostentation of humility spoilt an otherwise amiable character."

I laughed. "Poor girl, think how hard her punishment was! I don't think, if I had married the prince, I could ever have forgotten that he had been a beast, and I should have always been in fear of his changing back again."

"The true story is, you know, that he always remained a beast, but he gave her so many diamonds and beautiful things that | down. she overlooked his ugliness. Like that the

story happens every day." I only shook my head gently; I could not contradict Mr. Rayner, but I would not

believe him. "Now, if you were Beauty, what would you ask papa to bring you?"

I laughed shyly. "A prince?" I blushed and shook my "No, not yet," I said, smiling rather mis-

"A ring, a bracelet, a brooch?"-" Oh,

chievously.

"A Murray's Grammar, a pair of globes, a back-board?" "No, Mr. Rayner. I should say a rose like Beauty-a beautiful Marshal Niel rose.

I couldn't think of anything lovelier than "That is a large pale yellow rose, isn't it? I can't get it to grow here. What a pity we are not in a fairy-tale, Miss Cristie, and then the soil wouldn't matter! We would have Marshal Niel roses growing up to the

chimney-pots." We had sauntered back to the diningroom window, and there, staring out upon us in a strange fixed way, was Mrs. Rayner. She continued to look at us, and especially at me, as if fascinated, until we were close to the window, when she turned with a start; and when we entered the room the intent expression had faded from her lustreless eyes, and she was her usual lifeless self

again. At dinner-time Mr. Rayner did not appear; I was too shy to ask Mrs. Rayner the reason, and I could only guess, when teatime came and again there was no place laid for him, that he had gone away somewhere I was sure of it when he had not reappeared the next morning, and then I became conscious of a slow but sure change, a kind of gradual lightening, in Mrs. Rayner's manner. She did not become talkative or animated like any other woman; but it was as if a statue of stone had become a statue of flesh, feeling the life in its own veins and grown conscious of the life around it. This change brought one strange symptom; she had grown nervous. Instead of wearing always an unrufflad stolidity, she started at any unexpected sound, and a faint tinge of color would mount to her white face at the opening of a distant door or at a step in the passage. This change must certainly, I thought, be due to her husband's departure; but it was hard to tell whether his absence made her glad or sorry, or whether any such vivid feeling as gladness or grief caused the alteration in her manner.

On the second day of Mr. Rayner's absence Sarah came to the school-room, saying that a gentleman wished to speak to me. In the drawing-room I found Mr. Laurence Reade.

"I have come on business with Mr. Ray. ner; but, as they told me he was out, I ventured to trouble you with a commission for him, Miss Cristie."

"I don't know anything about business, especially Mr. Rayner's," I begandoubtfully. "Perhaps Mrs. Rayner - ."

"Oh, I couldn't trouble her with such a small matter! I know she is an iovalid. It is only that two of the village boys want to open an account with the penny bank. So I offered to bring the money.'

He felt in his pockets and produced one penny.

"I must have lost the other," he said gravely. "Can you give me change for a threepenny-piece?" I left him and returned with two half-

pennies. He had forgotten the names of the boys, and it was some time before he remembered them. Then I made a formal note of their names and of the amounts, and Mr. Reade examined it, and made me write it out again in a more business like manner. Then he put the date, and wrote one of the names again, because I had misspelt it, and then smoothed the paper with the blottingpaper and folded it, making, I thought, an

"It seems a great deal of fuss to make about twopence, dossn't it?" I asked innocently. And Mr. Reade, who was bending over

the writing-table, suddenly began to laugh, then checked himself and said-"One cannot be too particular, even about trifles, where other people's money is con-

cerned. And I said, "Oh, no! I see," with an uncomfortable feeling that he was making fun of my ignorance of business-matters. He talked a little about Sunday, and hoped I had not caught cold; and then he went away. And I found, by the amount of hem-

ming Haidee had got through when I went

back to the schoolroom, that he had stayed

quite a long time.

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Nothing happened after that until Saturday, which was the day on which I generally wrote to my mother. After tea, I took my desk up-stairs to my own room; it was

pleasanter there than in the schoolroom; I liked the view of the marsh between the trees, and the sighing of the wind among the poplars. I had not written many lines before another sound overpowered the rustle of the leaves—the faint tones of a violin. At first I could distinguish only a few notes of the melody, then there was a pause and a sound as of an opening window; after that, Schubert's beautiful "Aufenthalt" rang out clearly and held me as if enchanted. It

that he could play like that. I must hear better. When the last long sighing note of the "Aufenthalt" had died away, I shutup my half-finished letter hastily in my desk and slipped down stars with it. The music had begun again. This time it was the "Standchen." I stole softly through the hall, meaning to finish my letter in the schoolroom, where, with the door ajar, I could hear the violin quite well. But, as I passed the drawing room door, Mr. Rayner, without pausing in his playing, cried "Come in!" I was startled by this, for I had made no noise; but I put my desk down on the hall table and went in. Mrs. Rayner and Haidee were there, the former with a hand. some shawl, brought by her husband, on a chair beside her, and my pupil holding a big wax-doll, which she was not looking atthe child never cared for her dolls. Mr. Rayner, looking handsomer than ever, sunburnt, with his chestnut hair in disorder, smiled at me and said, without stopping the music-

"I have not forgotten you. There is a souvenir of your dear London for you," and nodded towards a rough wooden box, nailed

I opened it without much difficulty; it was from Covent Garden, and in it. lying among ferns and moss and cotton wool, were a dozen heavy beauticul Marshal Niel roses. I sat playing with them in an ec-tasy of pleasure, intoxicated w.th music an I flowers. until Mr. Rayner put away his violin and I rose to say good-night.

"Lucky Beauty !" he said, langning, as he opened the door for me. "There is no beast for you to sacrifice yourself to me return for the roses."

I laughed back and left the room, and, putting my desk under my flowers, went to. wards the staircase. Sural was standing near the foot of it, wearing a very forbidding expression.

"So you're bewitched too!" she sal! with a short laugh, and turned sharply towards the servants' hall.

And I wondered what she meant, and why Mr. and Mrs. Rayner kept in their service such a very rude and disagreeable person.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Simple Test. People who seek healthy sites for build.

ing themselves homes are often victims to their sense of sight or to that of others. In many cases the sense of smell is inferior, and the eyes are left to supply the deficiency. A building site may be charming to the vision, and made additionally attractive by being in or proximate to 'a good neighborhood," as the phrase runs, and the family house purchased or builded may possess all the appliances of senitization known to ex perts in building and plum ing, and yet be a mansion of death. Life slips away in a manner which surprises physicians and brings whe to the survivors. Not ong since in an upper district of New York Circ, the family of a well-known clergyma, was almost decimated by diphtheria, and still so far as external appearances were concerned. the house was dry and inviting, an l. strangest of all, in a neighborhool well paved and densely populated by an excellent class of citizens. The premises underwent investigation by plumbers and were pronounced free from all taint of sewer gas. Yet the dread carnival of death carried distanty into the hearts of the heads of the family, and the house was abandoned. Similar instances have, and will always, abound until some simple test for the detection of malarial odors and influences are made. The simplest of all is to place pieces of fresh meat on the propose I site, properly protected from theft, and in twelve hours time it can be decided whether or not the place is unhealthy or the reverse. If the freenm at rapidly purtrifies, avoid the locality as you would a plague spot. All architects should be students of hygiene as well as of the art of conceiving plans for the ases in which has man life is to be saved or sacrifice! -Rochester Union and Advertiser.

Valuable to Tea Drinkers.

It is well known that the green tea affects the nerves much more than the black tea which is believed to arise from the different mode of preparation. For making green tea the leaves are put over the fire and partially dried directly they are picked, but with black tea the leaves are put into a basket and exposed to the influence of the atmosphere for twenty or thirty hours, during which time a slight fermentation takes place, and the color of the haf changes from a green to a brown or chocolate hue (this is easily seen by the infusion of the dried leaf of black and green tea; the leaf after infusion will show the different colors named); they are then put over the fire and finished. In this country about 215,000,000 pounds are delivered yearly, of which about 40,000,-000 are exported, but the proportions are about 207,000,000 of black and 7,090,000 of green, Oolong and Japan. While in Amer. ica the black tea imported is about 5,250, 900, the green tea (including Oplong and uncolored Japan tea, which possesses nearly the same properties as green) amount to 58, 000,000. Would not this excessive use of green account for the cpinion of the American doctors as to the effect of tea on the nervous system? I doubt very much if a pound of black tea, boiled down in the same way as the young hyson mentioned, would poison either rabbits or cats with the same dose. There is no doubt the fermentation of the leaves of black tea reduces the amount of the active principle "theine" that you find

in green. Another thing: in preparing tea for the table, boiling water is put on the leaf and an infusion made which is at once partaken of. But who would ever think of boiling tea to drink? By so doing you extract from the stalk and woody fibre of the leaf an acid decoction that no one would find pleasure in taking, and from which woody part would be most likely extracated the poisonous qualities mentioned. In tea-drinking European countries, as Germany, Russia, etc., scarcely any green is used, and doubtless the great increase in the consumption in this country arises from the almost universal use of black tea, green being only used in mixing with it to impart a flavor, and while of late years the consumption of black tea has largely increased, that of green has remained station. ary, which clearly shows that the taste in this country is entirely different from that of America. May we long continue in this country to enjoy "the cup which cheers but dise! I mean—" I stopped and blush. thought, when he said he played the violin, not inebriates."—Pall Mall Gazette.

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