

procession waddles past. They press onward to the goal. The geese are winners, with the turkeys asleep two miles away in their trees.

"Egad!" exclaims the Prince, with a regretful yawn, as the Plantagenet arrives with his flasks, "egad! I never realized what night-howlets those geese of Berkeley's were! And

I'm glad I didn't compound with Harris the other day; for now, d'ye see, Jock, my debts have gone to one hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds."

"That will not hurt the flavor of the wine, whatever," and the wise Plantagenet breaks another bottle's neck.



WHEN EVE HAD COME

WHEN eve had come, and thicker grew
The shadows all the garden through,
Beside the rose-embowered gate,
Her laughter stilled. To speak, or wait—
Oh, beating heart, what should I do!

Long lashes hid her eyes of blue,
Twin violets befringed with dew;
Or was it tears, that shining freight,
When eve had come?

I am not one to love, and rue;
I caught the trembling sigh she drew,
And like a wild bird to his mate
I told my love with heart elate,
And felt the rapture Adam knew,
When Eve had come.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.



HYPNOTIC

THE woman at the head of the table, beautiful in the glow of the golden lamp on silver and china, gazed fixedly on the man at the opposite end.

He felt the strange influence of that look, and lifted his eyes to hers.

"Oh, it's all right, Maria," he said, cheerfully; "I posted your letter when I went out this morning."



A STAR-GAZER

HEWITT—Gruet says his business is looking up.
JEWETT—Of course it is: he's an astronomer.

MORVA

By Marvin Dana

I SAW her figure outlined in black against the soft splendor of the sky as she stood on the crest of the bluff.

"Morva," I called, eagerly, and ran up the steep distance. So I came, panting, to her waiting arms.

Around us lay the still and somber beauty of the fiord. The naked rocks of the cliff fell in a precipice of black from our feet. The westering sun shone gently through gray mists—gently and sadly. Behind us rose the gloomy thicket of pines. The scene seemed saturated with mingled peace and sorrow. And this mood of nature was in sympathy with the emotion of our hearts. We loved, and now was the moment of our parting.

For a little we rested silent, breast to breast. Then I whispered, fondly:

"Thou lovest me, Morva? Thou lovest me, even me?" For I would hear again those fairest words from fairest lips.

And the answer came, soft as the murmur of the Summer airs that played about us:

"I love thee, thee alone, and forever."

Then Morva twined her arm about my neck, and again her lips met mine. In a moment she withdrew, blushing and confused. But I caught her arm as she dropped it from me, and, raising it, kissed her wrist.

My eyes rested on a strange mark where the sleeve had fallen back, leaving the rounded flesh visible.

I looked at this curiously, and I wondered that I had never before noticed it.

"What is this?" I questioned.

"It is a birth-mark," Morva answered. "My mother had the same sign on her arms—my grandmother, too."

"Her arms? Do you, then, have a like mark above the other wrist?"

Morva bared her right arm, and there, as on the one I held, was a curious line, like an S reversed, faintly red.

But soon I left off studying these, for my span of minutes with Morva was passing.

"And when I return from this journey," I said at last, "then, dearest, we are to become man and wife; then thou wilt be mine, Morva?"

"I am thine now," she murmured, "thine now and always."

"Thou wilt be mine in life and in death?" I asked, reverently, "even as I shall be thine?"

"Yes," Morva made answer, "in death as in life, thine forever."

The sun had passed, and the mysterious pathos of twilight on the fiords moved me to morbid dreaming.

"If thou diest, Morva, wilt thou yet prove to me that thy love is not dead?"

"Even so."

The hour of our farewell had sped. I strode from her side, and set off running down the slope, for I feared lest my strength should fail me. I turned away from the lovely girl, fled from the delicious thrall her lithe grace and dainty beauty put upon me. Yet, though I left her weeping, and though sorrow throbbed in my heart-beats, a subtle joy was in me, for our love was perfect—she was mine and I was hers, forever and forever.