

night they had gone out to the ruins and had not returned. A party had been made up to go in search of them, but lions had been seen prowling around, and it had been decided to wait for daylight. Colonel Grayson walked at the head of the party as it set out. At the big block of stone all gathered around what the lion had abandoned an hour before.

"But the woman?" said the Colonel, as he peered among the ruins.

"Here—this way," replied a man, as he caught sight of footprints leading away.

They followed them out on the lonely desert—over the ridges, across the dips, past bush and cacti. Five miles away they found her. She

was lying on her face on the sands, and she was dead and cold. No lion had struck her down, no poisonous serpent had sent his fangs into her flesh. She had prayed God that she might die, and her prayer had been granted.

"You knew the man—who was he?" asked the captain of the steamer, as the Colonel knelt down beside the dead.

There was no answer.

"And the woman—who was she?"

The Colonel covered his face with his hands, and a tear trickled through his fingers.

The pursuit was ended. The moonlight had departed. The dead were dead.



TURN ABOUT

MABEL is home from the sea and sun,
 For an absence long atoning;
 Home for the Winter's romp and fun,
 And the sad, sad waves are moaning.
 She has bathed and basked in the sand and spray,
 With the ocean breezes flouting,
 And now it is time, in the ballroom gay,
 Her shoulders have an outing.

EDWIN L. SABIN.



AFRAID OF WAKING UP

MRS. RIVERTON—Life is a dream, isn't it?
 MRS. BRIDGES—It seems like it to me. We've had the same cook nearly two weeks.



OUGHT TO BE EQUAL TO THE JOB

HE—If I should try to kiss you, Miss Maude, would you call for help?
 SHE—No; you'd have to help yourself.