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Memory's Song.

The earth cast off her snowy shrouds,
And overhead the skies
Looked down between the soft white clouds,
As blue as children's eyes:
The breath of spring was all too sweet, she said,
Too like the spring that came ere he was dead.

ALL FOR LOVE.

One pleasant July evening in the summer of 1875 a party of three—two ladies and a gentleman—drove to the principal hotel at Rockville and inquired for rooms. The clerk eagerly showed them the apartments then vacant, and the next morning the hotel register exhibited the following names: "Mrs. Linington, Miss Linington, Robert Linington, all of Baltimore."

wyn," thought Marvin. But he waited some little time before following them in. The room was crowded with players of all classes—not a few of them being guests at the hotel—some of whom were engaged at billiards, while others were playing cards. Engaged at the latter game were the two of whom Max was in search, and as he approached the table at which they were playing he saw Selwyn deftly slip a card up his sleeve. Stepping quickly to his side, Max seized his arm.

As the man spoke he pointed to the pistol, of which he had taken possession, and with a pang Max realized it as one which he had loaned to Bob Linington but a few days before. The truth flashed on him, and in an instant his resolve was taken. "I admit my guilt," he said, quietly. "Do with me what you will."

mother was laid to rest before making Bob's confession public. "Where is Miss Linington now?" Max inquired, huskily, as the lawyer concluded his tale. "At the village hotel, where she desires to see you—if only for a few minutes," was the reply.

SENATOR BECK'S RIDE. How a Sleepy Old Mare Astonished Him—A Vivid Description of a Fast Horse's Performance. Senator Beck, of Kentucky, told the following story to a Washington correspondent:

"The captain turned the mare over to a hostler and we went inside, and I helped myself pretty liberally. "Captain, you gave me a great fright," I said. "I had no idea that mare could go. Why she's fit to be a racer."

ITEMS OF INTEREST. The San Francisco Examiner prints a story to the effect that the real Roger Tichborne is living at San Diego, California. A Jersey milkman milks his cow from door to door. This enough to bring tears to the eyes of the hardest-hearted hydrant.