

from her dark eyes, a smile or coquettish wave of her fan, and is unspeakably happy if, when his constancy has been found to stand sufficient stress of weather, she comes out on the balcony to look—not at him, oh, no—but at the clouds, at the drove of donkeys passing, or at her neighbor's new carriage—anything except at the pathetic face under the great sombrero, as, heedless of the crowd, he gazes steadfastly at the object of his adoration. From that moment all is plain sailing, and long conversations

on the most interesting of all subjects are held in the language of signs and glances. After long waiting, he receives a formal invitation to her home from her guardians, the balcony and sidewalks are deserted for the drawingroom, and the courtship continues under the supervision of all the family, and terminates, let us hope, in a happy civil marriage, the ceremony in the church, and that visit to the photographer which, in every Mexican damsel's opinion, is the acme of success.

A MEMORY.

F. SIMPSON.

A glow of golden sunset,
The shrill cicada's cry,
An overarching forest,
A river rushing by.
I stand with her enraptured,
And gaze upon the stream,
And as the twilight gathers
I dream a pleasant dream.

Out on a distant prairie,
Tree-locked I seem to see
A vine-embowered cottage,
A dear one waiting me;

A loving look and tender
From gray eyes brightly beam,
And my heart fills with gladness
At this, my pleasant dream.
The sombre shadows falling,
I look into her eyes;
An old, old question spoken,
A saddened voice replies.

* * * * *

We pass without the forest,
Flows on the eddying stream,
But that low word in answer
Ended my sweetest dream.

ISABELLE.

F. SIMPSON.

Skipping graceful as a fawn,
O'er the flower-covered lawn;
Singing songs in merry glee,
Songs of olden melody;
Hiding by some old oak tree,
Leading my poor heart astray;
Oh, her witching smiles a spell,
Graceful, loving Isabelle.

In her hair she now entwines
Fragrant flowers, slender vines;
How her dark eyes sparkle bright,
Lovelier than the stars of night;
With her dainty, winsome art,
She hath won from me my heart;
But I know she'll treat it well,
Darling, dark-eyed Isabelle.