THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

(Jones has just returned to his native country, after a long absence.)

He: "The last time I saw you was twelve years ago—and you were such a pretty little girl. But how you've changed! Why, I never should recognize you!" (Silence, large and somber.)

MY PIPE AND I.
I sat at ease, half sleeping,
With my pipe as a solace from care,
And a dreamy pensiveness creeping
Through the smoke-wreaths curling there.

A dainty note lay in my fingers,
Addressed in a feminine hand,
And the subtle odor which lingers
Seems an absent form to command.

My thoughts o'er the past were straying,
As memories hurriedly came;
My eyes were in sympathy staying
To gaze on a face in its frame.

A demure little face seen dimly
Through clouds of blue, wreathing smoke,—
A face one could love supremely,
A smile 'twere bliss to invoke.

With a sigh I aroused, and leaning
To the light, brushed the smoke-rings away,
Again read the note and its meaning:
Ah me! she was married to-day.

—Yale Record.

A TRAMPLED ROSE.

(Rondeau.)
A trampled rose, its petal rent,
As though some evil sprite had lent
His elfin fury to destroy,
Deeming nought other than a toy
What I, with burning kiss, had sent.

And she, her fair head downward bent,
Heard all my vows, with love intent,—
Nor quivered thou with pain's alloy,
A trampled rose.

I fain would call it accident,
This tiny slipper's sharp indent,—
Yet must I other means employ
To well explain my lack of joy
And heart's blood, with thy dying spent,—
A trampled rose.

—Fortnight.

It is said that the French have reason to fear an epidemic of Krupp.—Life.