But at night, at the hour in which I had been accustomed to meet her, I stole forth again. I approached the house; I climbed the wall; I entered the window; I was in her chamber. All was still and solitary. I saw not a living thing there, but the lights burned bright and clear. I drew near to the bed; I beheld a figure stretched upon it, a taper at the feet and a taper at the head, so there was plenty of light for me to see my bride. She was a corpse...

The Modern Romance.

We had walked, and bathed, and boated,
Played tennis, and likewise whist.
He had been my partner always,
That summer at Maveriste.
At last his vacation ended;
His four weeks' time had sped,
And back to the dusty city
Must go my darling Fred.

I knew he was going to ask me,
As we sat there that last afternoon,
In the shade of the dark-green spruces,
Where a thrush was whistling his tune.
Gently he bent above me:
"May I dare, my dear, to hope
To hear," he whispered softly,
"That you use Ivory Soap?"

An Indian Reservation.

Last summer a friend invited me to accompany him on a photographing trip to the Hoopa Reservation, which lay off in the mountains, some seventy-five miles from the town where I was spending my vacation; and on my acceptance of the invitation, arrangements were made whereby we were to start a week later. Two cameras, with a generous store of plates, were packed in a strong box, and sent on a few miles, by boat, to the place from which a pack train was to start for the Reservation a few days afterward. The day the pack train left, we traveled part way by boat and rail; and when we stepped from the train, we found a couple of saddle-mules awaiting us, the rest of the train being on ahead. Our steeds did not wait to buck, but as soon as we were on their backs set off in royal fashion to overtake the mules traveling ahead. When we approached the train each fresh jingle of the bell set our mules braying, thereby nearly shaking us off, and proclaiming our presence from afar. As soon as we joined the crowd our mules became immediately lazy and silent, save giving now and then a heart-felt grunt. We made friends very quickly with the packers, and at the proper time halted and took dinner with them. As the train went no farther that day we left them early in the afternoon, after taking a photograph, and hurried on to our stopping-place. By vigorous use of spur and switch we reached the ranch that evening before nightfall, and were entertained by a Chinaman, who presided in the absence of the owner. Our host hardly seemed a Chinaman at all, he was so different from most of his countrymen; for he could ride a horse as well as many a white, was a crack shot with a rifle, and was wedded to a squaw. "Charley" was the proud father of a two-year-old boy, and the little chap, half Mongolian, half Indian, was said to be a bright, intelligent child, with considerable of a resemblance to a monkey.

This ranch was not more than fifteen miles from the Reservation, and as we were in no hurry, we fished during the whole of the next morning in the creek running near the house, and succeeded in catching a hundred and fifty trout before noontime. The road terminated at this point, and the rest of the distance was traveled that afternoon by a trail over the roughest country imaginable. After a steady climb of two hours we took along the crests of divides that form the water-shed between two river-courses, and after a circuitous journey along the nearly level back-bone, we began the descent. The region here was extremely wild; on every side were great black chasms, and steep, precipitous buttes, treeless and bare. At one place the trail was cut in the face of a precipice, a hundred or more feet above a little stream that found its way amid giant boulders. But the sure-footed mules carried us safely over all such places, and at length we emerged into full view of the Hoopa Valley, where Fort Gas-