quarters, and Kalsandoni, fearful that some attempt was about to be made on his dwelling, took his daughter's hand to awaken her. It was cold. In surprise he held the lamp toward her face; nothing could be more glowing than its crimson; her features appeared full of animated beauty—but the hand grew more icy. He held a mirror to her face; there was no sign of breath on it. He cried out that "his Euphrosyne, his beloved, his angel, was dead!" The priest came, the physician, the nurse, but all was in vain. Beauty, genius, and love, had then finished their mortal career. Euphrosyne had died at midnight; but her look, singularly lovely, showed she had died happy.

On that night, Marco Bozzaris had given Carlo the command of one of the divisions that were to break in upon the flanks of the Turkish camp, reserving for himself and his three hundred Souliotes the attack on the centre. The last words of this glorious Greek might be written in brass and marble beside the noblest inscription of the Spartan soul, "If you lose sight of me during the battle, come and look for me in the pasha's tent." At midnight he stormed the lines, routed the Turks with immense slaughter, and set the whole encampment in a blaze. Carlo had rushed in at the opposite quarter, and had reached the tent at the moment when Mustapha was mounting a horse to escape. He fired his musket, and the horse fell; but a spahi galloping up while he was in the act of grasping the pasha, fired his pistol into his bosom. Carlo fell, mortally wounded. The fight was furious where he lay; and Bozzaris, stooping to lift him from the ground, received a ball in the loins. He revenged it by a blow of his scimitar, that swept off the Turk's head, and he still persisted in carrying the young Italian from the field, when a second ball struck the hero in the forehead. They fell together.

A tress of Euphrosyne's hair was found in Carlo's bosom; Carlo's letter was found clasped in Euphrosyne's hand. He had indeed found the fatal bride whom he dreaded to meet, but whom none can shun. His life passed away with the last breath of Euphrosyne. Their last moment was the same; and in a little dell of wild olive and vine on the side of the hill above Missolonghi, to the east, they sleep in the same grave.

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Where We Feed.

"For I am a stranger, and a long way from home."

The truth of this song never comes so strongly to a Tech. man as when he is taking his daily feed at his "beanery." He quite agrees with the sad and now classic reply of the small boy to a question, "We don't live; we board." Of course we mean the average fellow who goes to the ordinary boarding-house; not those who, like '90's late lamented "Adonis," boarded at one of the best hotels.

The places which have the honor of feeding most of us are a good deal alike. Some may have lunch and six o'clock dinners, or noon dinners and tea. They may have racks for your napkins, as if they were shaving-mugs at a barber-shop, or they may give you clean napkins every day. You know they have been washed, for they are still so wet. They may sell you meal tickets, which get punched and very quickly knocked entirely out, or you may pay by the week—for a month or so, and then run up a bill. But, barring these little differences, one place is about like another, and you get heartily sick of any one if you stay there too long. There is never so much variety in the bill of fare but that you can learn it from one week's end to another. Squash, apple, mince; mince, squash, apple. Washington pie is introduced about four times a week, to vary the combination. As you get more familiar with the steaks, they get tougher,—or you think they do, and it all amounts to the same thing. Sunday morning, with its "fish-balls, beans, or eggs," is a great break in the monotony. Soup may come seven times a week under seven different names, but you know the same beef-bone was at the bottom of the soup-kettle all the time.