time passed by death seemed to become more terrible. The world, which only a short time before he had thought so poor,—now it was worth everything to him. Oh, to leave it and go forth alone into the unknown darkness was dreadful! If he only could go back to the little mission station overlooking the broad river to the great forests. At last he fairly broke into sobs, and sobbed himself to sleep. In the morning he was calmer, though as the soldiers led him out across the drill yard his head hung down upon his breast, and his step had lost its elasticity. He apparently heard nothing, saw nothing; and after a short walk and a few minutes' preparation, a sharp report rang out, which told the end.

The Lisbon Rag Fair.—As seen by a Co-ed.

YOU have all heard of Donnybrook Fair, and fairs nearer home, too, but has anyone ever been to a Rag Fair. Feira da Ladra, as the Portuguese say in their musical tongue, with its thick lisp on the d, to which no tongue not born Portuguese can ever hope to attain. It is a charming October morning, with a clear, blue sky, and the big, yellow aqueduct that one constantly meets in unexpected places, and that is always surprising and picturesque, looks quaintier than ever as we step beneath one of its arches. We pass the chifurz, as the fountains are called, and the water-carriers, filling and bearing off their barrels, cast a lazy glance upon the Inglezas, who soon hear their sharp little squeal of A—qua (water), as they trot off on their accustomed rounds. "Perhaps the lady has never seen a woman with two husbands?" asks the guide, anxious to point out all the curiosities of the route; "do they ever have two in your country?" That old paralyzed man sitting in the balcony up there is one, and the other lives farther down the street; the other is a handsome man." There he sat, poor old fellow,—the one that was not handsome,—dressed entirely in dazzling white, gazing down upon the life in the street below with a perplexed air. Was he on the lookout for the other one? "Who takes care of this sick man?" asks the lady; "he looks very nice." "O, his daughter; and the wife, she helps them along, and lives with him sometimes for awhile." "And do they agree—the husbands?" "O, yes, they get along. The woman, O, she likes the handsome one the best, but she treats them both well."

But here comes an open horse-car, and, jumping in, the two husbands recede in the distance, as, pushed by five mules, we go galloping up a long hill; up hill and down hill—into the gutter—onto the track—off again—here we go! Round sharp corners, through narrow lanes, until at length, after an even pull near the river-side, with here and there charming glimpses of the Tagus between the buildings, we step down and out, preparatory to stepping up and on. It really requires no little resolution to commence the ascent of one of the exceedingly steep hills for which Lisbon is famed. However, it is the first step which costs, after all, and a laugh wipes out the fatigue; a laugh wholly irresistible as one watches the careful descent of several Portuguese gentlemen, stiffly arrayed in the latest Paris modes—nothing if not elegant. But to walk gracefully down a steep decline,—it is an impossibility even to them. One sees the effort to maintain a gait even, yet careless; and, glancing back at them, they seem to be quite on the trot, so useless is the struggle between elegance and the laws of gravitation.

Shall we step into this old church and rest awhile—so nearly finished, and with such exquisite stone-carving around the doors? Look at this of the principal entrance; how clear and delicate. As we enter, an old fellow pops out from under an arch, which has put on a look of habitation. He comes with a jerk, as though we had pulled a string. "Why was it never finished, Miss? Well,"—looking up at the blue sky through the circle of what was intended to be a dome,—"the money gave out,