

THE OLD FISH POND.

Green growths of mosses drip and... Around the grassy bank...

Hard Monarch there, by right of might... And a species of water-bird...

While they—poor things—in deep despair... Still hope for years in him...

Who knows what lurks beneath the tide?... Those "antres vast" and shadows hide...

Some tough old tyrant, wrinkle-laced... Have but for him to look on ailed...

When the pond's terror too august to go... Or, creeping in by stealth...

Who knows? Meanwhile the mosses bead... Around the grassy bank...

THE MUMMY'S SOUL.

BY COLLINS SHACKLEFORD.

It was high noon, and fresh, luxuriant life... The darkness of mid-night...

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ration, and my eyes ached with the fiercest heat...

"Of course not, you foolish fellow. Is it not there in the case? It is impossible for the dead to come to life."

In profound awe, and with a delicate touch, I unwrapped the face of the body. A woman's features, black and shriveled, were revealed.

It was startled—even sickened—at the hidden revelation. For an instant I had forgotten my situation and its surroundings...

My wife moaned, and in her restless, unceasing activity, listening, she suddenly turned to me with a look of terror...

It was a fly, six inches long, with a head the size and shape of a pea, and appeared like a globe of liquid silver.

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months; even then, by becoming suddenly cognizant of having found it in her hands upon many occasions...

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my face; and being beaten off, rose and fluttered hither and thither against the high ceiling...

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shreds of ancient grandeur; and my soul ached for relief, for terror itself had become colossal.

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I arose to leave a room whose atmosphere was pregnant with terrors that I could not name.

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A TEXAS STORY. Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note, as he lay on the mat...

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IT AND HUMOR. Autumn leaves—Just before the 1st of December...