

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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Original Poetry.

FOR THE REPORTER.

SALLIE AND I.

BY E. O. GOODRICH, JR.

Of six, we two are all that's left, Sallie and I, We've been with many friends bereft, Sallie and I...

Selected Tale.

DREAM-HAUNTED.

I had taken a lease of Gledhills of my friend Mr. Lomond. The latter, before he would consider the business settled, insisted upon my sleeping one night at Gledhills.

stretched a velvety expanse of lawn, set here and there with a gay basket of flowers, the whole being shut in by a clump of sombre firs. I have said that the room was a time that still retained the air of a family portrait, which still hung over the mantle-piece, as it had hung for half a century or more.

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eyes, in which nothing but love for him was then visible, and then he stooped again and kissed her not less tenderly than before. His roqu沿海ure and hat had fallen to the ground, and he now stood revealed a man of fashion of the period.

"And—and you did not expect your father back so soon?" he said, mimicking her tone with a sneer. "Is it not so, you white-faced jade?" "Indeed, papa, I—" pleaded the trembling Lenore.

"I can not—I dare not fight with you," murmured Varrel. "Oh ho! do not think to escape me thus. You refuse to fight. Then take the punishment of coward's!"

Colonel Lomond's bronzed cheek looked even darker than usual, and his eyes seemed to burn with intense hate as he stood gazing at his antagonist from under his lowering brows; but his extended arm was firm as a bar of steel.

self-inflation, at the sight of all the pretty girls fleeing from them as from hideous cannibals, or by witnessing, as we have done, the conversion of themselves into paucity hobgoblins, the mamma holding naughty children away from them, and saying, "Be good, or I shall call the white man to bite you."

There was a great contrast between the two men as they stood thus, fronting what for one of them must be inevitable death.