

A NIGHT PICTURE.

By C. P. CRANCH.

A groan from a dim-lit upper room, A hurried step on the stair in the gloom; In the court below—then out in the night The crowd a man through an alley lay. Till long after daybreak did he return.

The night was black as he hurried along.

The streets were filled with a jostling throng.

And every stranger's eye he caught.

Was sure to know his secret thought.

The tall grim houses seemed to frown.

Dark and gloomy was his window show.

Like fiery eyes on him alight.

And dashed great spots of blood red

On the black velvet of his coat.

And as he passed the gas-lamps tall,

He saw his lengthening shadow fall.

Before he knew it, it had grown.

To a plant of a darker hue;

But still the trampling feet;

He left behind the trampling feet;

And on through wind and rain he strode.

Accordingly Miss Seabright ordered a

servant to show Mr. Harrington to an

apartment on the upper floor, and re

ferred to her own room to dress for

her own room to dress for