

THE BABY'S BED.

"The baby must have a cradle," the fair young mother said. "To nestle his precious head. He shall have a cradle of yellow, and a coverlet soft and white, and the lattice work shall be woven through with ribbons dainty and bright."

LIVING IN PAPER BAGS.

For he's going to marry Yum-Yum, He's going to marry Yum-Yum, Yum-Yum, He's going to marry Yum-Yum. This last note is drawled out in a miserable attempt at a profound bass by the freshest, sweetest, clearest voice in the world, and is followed by a silvery peal of laughter so like a bird's joyous trill that for a moment I am inclined to think it is only a continuation of the chorus of the little songsters that have been singing outside my window all morning.

would not, Ad—I could not be so mean and small, you know." She throws herself at my feet, her head upon my knees, her eyes wandering out to the orchard, where, evidently, a very tragic scene has taken place. She goes on hurriedly: "I know I said if Charley Somers ever proposed to me again I would accept. I know I said I was tired of this pinching life—for" timidly, "you know it is pinching, Ad, dear. I know I said I had heard of the great inconvenience of living in trunks—I tried that last season in the mountains; even the lesser inconvenience of living in bureau drawers. I know I said last week, when I came home from Mrs. Graham's, with her elegant, artistic house and pantries stocked—literally overflowing with the good things of life—I said I could not endure living in paper bags any longer—I know I did; but, Ad, when Charley today offered me his hand—full, yes, full, Ad, of every comfort and luxury—somehow," she says, hesitatingly, "I could not. I don't know why, but I couldn't."

grave and quiet as he lingers on the piazza a few minutes. When he has gone she comes in very quietly. When I assist her to remove her riding dress she says: "Ad, dear, this ride has given me such a fearful headache that I cannot see any of those chattering boys tonight. Entertain them for me, please, won't you, that's a dear!" This is all she says to me, although I know there is something wrong, and late that night, when the "boys" are all gone, I find her with her fair head lying in the moonlight in the window.

DECEPTION AMONG WOMEN. Why Husbands and Fathers Are to Blame for Much Apparent Dishonesty. Since the field of woman's work has broadened, it has been discovered that the proportion of women clerks, cashiers and forewomen, who betray the trust reposed in them, is much less than that of male employees. Opposite this, as if the purpose were to balance the sins of the sexes, we find the simple proposition that, as a rule, women are more deceptive than men, but the deception is practiced either in small matters or in sentiment.

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An Unexpected Solution. At a Sunday school service a clergyman was explaining to a number of smart little urchins the necessity of Christian profession in order properly to enjoy the blessings of Providence in this world, and to make it apparent to the youthful mind, he said: "For instance, I want to introduce water into my house. I turn it on. The pipes and faucets and every convenience are in good order, but I get no water. Can any of you tell me why I don't get any water?" He expected the children to see that it was because he had not made connection with the main in the street. The boys looked perplexed. They could not see why the water should refuse to run into his premises after such faultless plumbing.

Danger of Theater Fires. "It's a wonder to me," says an actress, "that there are not more theater fires. Many dressing rooms have unprotected gas jets, the long flames swaying with every draft. Only the other night my Gainsborough hat, loaded with feathers, ignited and blazed to ruins on my head. Then the girls are often so careless. In the haste of quick changes a stub candle is set up in its own grease on a wooden shelf and often forgotten when the girl rushes to the stage. Of course there are people around to watch for such careless acts, but it would not be hard to have no one to see them in time." Which is told not to produce disquiet, but to enforce extra caution.—New York Times.

How Acorns Are Eaten. Acorns form an important article of diet among many tribes of India. They are bruised into meal and made into dough for bread. The meal is usually soaked preliminary in water to take away its bitter taste. Acorns are stored away in trees by wood packers, and in times of scarcity the natives rob these deposits.—Washington Star.