

THE TOYS.

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes,
And moved and spoke in quiet, grown-up wise.

ELSIE.

My mother and I were spending the summer
with my uncle, David Gregory, at his home.

When I had done as he asked he sat down
and unfolded a new plan for our amusement.

"Hush, Madge!" she hastily replied: "for
mercy's sake! never say anything like that

I wondered a good deal in my mind over that
scrap of conversation, but I did not ask any

"Here, girls, examine. I shouldn't wonder,
from the peep I have taken, if we had found a

"We were both delighted. When we had taken
out its contents—old-fashioned dresses, feathers,

"I think, Madge," said mamma, "it must
have belonged to your uncle's sister, Billa; I

"Oh, mamma, we'll have a tabeau called the
'Spirit of Good Fortune,' and Elsie shall wear

Even the famous belle herself could not have
looked fairer than did my friend, when we had

"The evening came, and all the tableaux were
successfully gone through with, and great applau-

"When I was helping Elsie to dress, she opened
a case, and taking out a massive chain, clasped it

"I will wear this to-night, Madge."

"Why, Elsie! what an exquisite thing."

"Yes, it is all I have left of my mother's. I
never wear it, as it would hardly be suitable for

The curtain rose, and Elsie stood in a graceful
attitude, handing the symbol of good fortune to a

while a physician was hastily sent for. No one
could account for the strange attack until uncle,

Then Deb, the old housekeeper, with strangely
working features, came into our room and said:

"Miss Madge," solemnly interrupted Deb,
"with that clover-dress came misfortune to this

"Miss Madge," it was at her coming out party
she wore that dress—she was always fanciful—and

Here the good woman clasped her arms around
me and wept for very joy.

Elsie told how she came to be with Mme. Du
Pois. When Madame had first established her

HOW VALENTINES ARE MADE.

Modern valentines, aside from the valuable
presents contained in them, are very pretty

It is no fairy's handiwork. It went through
the hands of grim-looking workmen and dowdy-

To be sure a dainty artist may have designed
it, but a lithographer with inky fingers printed

You see the sentiment about a valentine
doesn't begin yet. To all these workmen it is

The hideous abomination called a "mamma
valentine," which is merely a cruel or low-minded

GLASS VENEERS.—A company was recently
formed in New York for the purpose of manufac-

SKIN CURING.—An Australian correspondent
recommends the following method of preserving

LIGHT BREAKS.

When twilight's gentle musings are suddenly
ended by the dropping out of sight of the rays

Even at the dark hour of midnight, when all
nature is drowned in sleep, save the wailing

When the little boy is presented his first
knife, light breaks, and glorious visions of the

THE DEBT TO MOTHERS.—Mothers live for
their children, make self-sacrifices for them,

APPETITE AND WORK.—Pavo says that a falling-
off of the appetite indicates a diminished

BUSINESS.—The New York Tribune says: Mr.
Vanderbilt was asked one day what was the

LETTERS TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

"Please tell me the Pip and Jyp story, it's so
splendid, you know," said Master Walter while

Of course I told the story. It seems to be
my fortune to be continually finding little boys

Once upon a time there were two little dogs.
One was named Pip, and the other was named

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