THE TOYS

HIE DUIN.

His man, who looks from thoughtful eyes, And moved and spoke in quist, grown-up wise, Having my law the secont time desleyed, it strink him, and desirated its property of the secont time desleyed. He mother, who was policint, being dead. He mother, who was policint, being dead. Then, fearing lenk his grief should hinder aleep, I visited his bent, letter found him administrating the found his should hinder aleep. With darks most eyelded, and their habes yet From better long was. Riseday away his tears, left other habes yet From better decreased and the first his should be found to be found

our party and the state of the

ELSIE

My mother and I were spending the sommer with my sucle, David Gregory, at his home. The kind old gentleman had written to me to bring one of my schoolmates with me. "Some one he wrote) who laves the country." I invited Elsis (enther. See head a like myself, but lived with Mme. Du Pois, teaching the children who were day scholars.

One afternoon uncle came in where we were all sitting over our lancy work, and said, with a suitle.

"Madge, put this in the lible for me. See, it is a four-leaved clover. I found it just now. Some good fortune must surely be coming to me."

Some good fortune must surely be coming to me."

When I had done as he asked he sat down and unfolded a new plan for our amusement. We were to get up tableaux and invite all we chose to help us, and conclude with a dance.

"Oh, nucle, how nice! When shall it be?"
"As seon as you wish. I will have everything done for you that is nucessary, and you may use surything in the house you like for the purpose. I want you to enjoy yourselves as nuch as you can. It will be but a dail house after you are gone, and I shall only have the gay memores to enliven it."

When he had loft us I exclaimed: "Oh, manma, sen't it a pity that uncle never had any children! He is as found of seeing young folks enjoy themselves."

"Hush, Madge" she hastily replied; "for merry's sake! never say anything like that before your uncle."

"Why not, mannia?"

mercys sakel never say anything like that before your unde."
"Why not, manma?"
"Because, my child, there are reasons why you should not.
I wondered a good deal in my mind over that scrap of conversation, but I did not ask any more questions. It was no hard matter to get a merry party to join us, and such fin as we had, rununaging in the attics, with Deb's as-sistance, for old-fashioned things to turn into use.

sistance, for old-fashioned things to turn into use.

One afternson mamma called Elaie and my-solf into her room to look through an old trunk she had found slowed in the back of an imused closest.

"Here, girls, examine. I shouthfut wonder, from the peep I have taken, if we had found a treasure trivie.

"He were both delighted. When we had taken out its outcuts—old fashioned dresses, feathers, laces, etc., in a tray, all by itself, was a dress which would have driven Queen Mab to envy, and which was evidently more modern in its fashion than the other articles strewn around us. It was a long-trained skirt of the palest like silk, with an overdress of like tulle, covered with embroidered clover blossoma, as if some careless hand had flung them in profusion all over the delicate material. The roselftes out the tray slippers were decorated in the same way, and a wreath of white clover, sprinkled with mimic dewdrops, lay with them.

"I think, Madge," said mamma, "it must

while a physician was hastily sent for. No one could account for the strange attack until uncla, after a long time, awoke to consciousness.

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

"Miss Ventor, may I have the chain and locket you were to-night?"

Wonderingly Elsie rose and got it for her.

"Deb, Deb!" I exclaimed, "what is the matter! How is dear uncle! Why do you want Elsie's chain?"

"Miss Marige," salemnly interrupted Deb, "with that clover-dress came misfortune to this house, and now it has brought good luck back again, I think."

And without stopping to explain her ambignous sentenos or answer my question, she departed. When Deb came into the room again, it was to say uncle was better and wanted Elsie. When we were alone Deb told me a strange story—that my uncle had had a child, a beautiful daughter, who had married against his will, and whom he had refused to forgive until it was too late.

"Miss Madge, it was at her coming out party she were that dross—she was always fanctill—and at that party she met the gentleman she married. With my own eyes I saw her father clasp that chain and locket (here a light broke in upon my mind) around her pretty neck. When he refused to let her marry her lover (whom he knew was dissipated) she ran away, Miss Madge, and they went abroad to a foreign country. Her husband died, we heard. But with all Mr. David's trying, we could never get any news of her till this day. At last, through your means, Miss Madge, her daughter, Mr. David's own grandchild, has been brought to his very house."

David's own grandchild, has been brought to his very house."

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

Elsis told how she came to be with Mme. Du Pois. When Madame had first established her school, she was in her garden one day, and saw a young woman passing on her way from the station, carrying a child in her arms. She was struck by the weary look in the pale face, and going to the gate, she called her to come in and rest. Madame made her comfortable in her sitting-rosen, and hastened to bring some refreshment. When she reached the room again she saw the young woman had fainted, as she supposed. But it was not a faint—it was death. No inquiries could discover who she was, and she was quietly hurried-dear, good Madame herself creeting a plain monument to her memory. The haby's clothes were marked "Elsie Ventnor," and so Madame called her.—World.

HOW VALENTINES ARE MADE

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Modern valentines, aside from the valuable presents contained in them, are very pretty things, and they are growing prettire every year, since large business houses space neither skill nor money in getting them up. The most interesting thing about them to "grown-upe" is the way they are made; and perhaps even you youngsters who watch eagerly for the pestinal, "anning beneath the load of embarrassments not his own," would like to know how satin and lace and flowers and other dainty things grow into a valentine.

It is no fairy's handiwork. It went through the hands of grim-looking workmen and dowdy-looking gris; it made familiar acquaintance with sand paper and glue pols, and steel stamps and inky presses and paint brushes, and all sorts of unpleasant things before it reached your hands.

To be sure a dreamy artist may have designed it, but a lithographer with inky fingers printed the picture on it; a die cutter with sloeves rolled up made a pattern in steel of the lace work on the edge; and a dingy looking pressuma with a paper hat on stamped the pattern around the picture. Another hard-handed workman rubbet the back of the stamped lace with sand paper lift is came in boles and looked like lace, and not merely like stamped; paper, and a row of grits at a common long table—thing about their own narrow lives, the hasil times, and so forth—put on the colore with stanging gumment on the hearts and capids and flowers and mirrors and doors and certains, and stock in the sachet powder, and tied up the bows, and sewed on the fringes, and tucked in the hasil kerchief or other gift, and otherwise sinished the thing exactly like the pattern before them.

You see the suntiment shout a valentine doesn't begin yet. To all these workmen it is merely before them.

You see the suntiment shout a valentine that makes it such a nice thing to get.

The hideous abenimation called a "comic valenties," which is merely a cruel or low minded insult to the receiver, is beneath the notice of any gentleman, whethe

on the hearts and capits and flowers and mirror and does and curtains, and stanks in the same way, and a wreath of white clover, sprinkled with mimic dewdrops, lay with them.

"I think, Madge," said mamma, "it must have belonged to your uncles sister, fillds; have been also was a great belle in her day." "Ob, mamma, we'll have a tableau called the Spirit of Good Fortune, and Elsie shall west this dress. Came, dear, and try it on."

Even the famous belle herself could not have looked fairer than did ny friend, when we had arrayed her in the beautiful costame. Instead of the mane I had chosen, mamma thought it would be just as appropriate, and much pretier, to all the tableau. The Four-leaved Clover."

The evening came, and all the tableaux were successfully gone through with, amid great applanc, except the last.

When I was belping Elsie to dress, she opened case, and taking out a massive chain, clasped it around her neck, saying.

"Well, the all I have left of my mothers. I never wear it as it would hardly be suitable for my pain dresses. See." And opening the diament studded locket which hang from the diament studded locket which hand the diament studded locket which hang from the diament studded locket which hand the diament studded locket which hand

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THE PARTY OF

LIGHT BREAKS.

LETTERS TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

"Please tell me the Pip and Jyp story, it's so splendid, you know," said Master Walter while we were waiting for the dessert this noon. Walter always thinks the present time is the convenient season for stories. "Yes, I would like to hear it, tio," said his mamma. "Theard you tell it yesterday and am quite interested in t. It will be a nice story to put Wille to sleep on when he is a little older. You know our dog is named Pip, and brother Will's is Jyp. It is curious to find a story with their names in it."

When reducing the grade of meanings are substrainy of the purtle and pale-faced memory when the boy of the purtle and pale-faced memory when the boy of the purtle and pale-faced memory when the boy of the purtle and pale-faced memory when the boy of the purtle and pale-faced memory when the boy of the purtle and pale-faced memory when the purtle wh