

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST.

"Oh, mother, mother, I am so tired!" "Cheer up, my child, we have not very far to go. Come closer, let me brush the dew from your curls. Now take my hand."

milk-room window. "Is Job Raynesford crazy! To give ten dollars to a strolling vagrant! If he don't get a piece of my mind!"

she-five thousand dollars may seem a small sum to you, but it is my all." Mrs. Everleigh's soft voice broke the momentary silence that succeeded this appeal.

The Missing Suspender. "Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoonendyke, as he stretched himself and drew on his pantaloons, "you've cleaned these trousers up first-rate. This is what I call economy. If I'd taken 'em to the tailor's it would have cost a couple of dollars at least, and you've saved just that amount," and Mr. Spoonendyke went to his ablutions and then pulled on his shirt.

upon one another; woman has few opportunities of this among her own sex, and the peculiar nature of her modesty, which has come down to her through long generations of inheritance by sex, forbids her mingling freely with her masculine business competitors.

theater-going babies obstinately refuse to pass an opinion on the performance until they have seen it. This is equally proper in both babies and critics, but it is nevertheless exasperating when neither actors nor audience nor mothers can make out what in the world they are all making such a ridiculous railing about.