

MRS. BROWN.

She is pretty as a fairy.
And her voice is soft and low
And her chatter, light and airy.

"LITTLE MRS. HAYNES."

BY MARGARET VERNE.

It was an eventful era in my young life when my father announced his intention of renting the light, airy, southern chamber of our old brown house to a young portrait-painter who was about becoming a resident in our village during a few weeks of the summer.

and so I said that I would wear it, if he wanted me to.
"Would I consent to be called little Mrs. Haynes?"
"Of course, if you consent."

rapid, wondering expression of tenderness, as he repeated them.
"My dear little Phoebe! May God bless you!"
I stole quietly away from him out of the house, with that fervent benediction lying fresh and deep upon my childish heart, and threw myself down in the shade of the old orchard trees and sobbed out the heaviness that pressed upon my spirits.

my chamber without being absolutely rude, as he passed there till my strange musical appearance was noticed by my father and mother, and my mood commented freely upon before our guest.
"You appear so strange, Phoebe," said my mother one morning. "I really do not know how to understand you. I'm afraid that Mr. Haynes will think you are not pleased to see him. Every chance that occurs you resolutely avoid him, as though he were the vilest monster, instead of a dear friend. What is the matter?"

THE CAROLINES.
Some Information About Some Islands That are Talked of Just Now.
New York Sun.
"Where are these Caroline Islands, anyhow, and what do they amount to?" is a question which is daily made on all the exchanges and in all the brokers' offices.

Gambling as a Science.
"Gambling is a scientific profession founded upon the foibles of mankind," stately remarked "one of them" to a reporter, the other day, as the two were seated in the main room of a watering-place gambling resort, and as the reporter glanced down the vista of Turkish carpets and frescoed ceilings, of rich draperies and costly furnishings, and saw the obsequious servants adieu with their viands and expensive wines gliding to and fro at the beck of the players, the thought obtruded that fall this elegance and luxury were the superstructure the foibles of mankind made rather a satisfactory bedrock.