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D. C. IRELAND. E. L. E. WHITE.

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A Baby's Faith.

"Only a handbill!" Prosaic!
And the lady's fingers slight
Took from the waiting servant's hand
The tiny missive white.
One careless glance at its contents,
And she tossed it in the air;
It slipped through the open casement,
Without her thought or care.
Circling, floating, fluttering down,
It sought the dusty street,
And dropped as soft as a snowflake,
At a baby's pattering feet.
The little one caught the paper,
With a cry of glad surprise,
And lifted to the blue of heaven
A pair of heavenly eyes.
"Tis a letter from my mamma,
I know," the baby said.
"God has sent it down from heaven,
Where she went when she was dead.
Read it, nurse," the boy commanded;
But the nurse's eyes were dim.
Not for her to read the message
That his mother sent to him.

But the baby kissed his treasure;
He could "read between the lines,"
And the coarse and common paper
Bore a word from fairer climes.
So the lady's careless fingers
Tossed a message to his heart,
Which in the years of childhood,
Bore a not forgotten part.
—Boston Record.

Miss Cleveland at Home.

Brooklyn Magazine.

Within the past few years Miss Cleveland has increased her possessions in Holland Patent, and has added many improvements to her home. Among the additions were a large library on the second floor and several piazzas and halls about the mansion, all increasing its exterior as well as its interior appearance. It is the home of a literary woman, a person of real literary instincts. One sees books, magazines, writing materials, secretaries, and round tables for scribes, but no sign of sewing basket, or cookery manuals, or keys. However sharply the visitor looks for these signs of femininity, she sees them not, neither does she note any preoccupation on the part of Miss Cleveland in household matters; and yet she is the mistress of a beautifully ordered and exquisitely neat home. Mail-time is important there, where letters come from all parts of the United States on all imaginable subjects and from all classes of people. The autograph-hunter invades its pri-

vacancy, and the newspaper reporter is a frequent visitor at the front door. Beyond that portal, however, he does not come. Miss Cleveland's home is her castle, and its privacy is not invaded by any one. Invited guests find it a delightful place to visit, and the few intimate friends she has in Holland Patent have a welcome always. In the decorations with which she is surrounded, in that blending of the old and the new, we find all that indicates a real home. Her father's arm-chair and secretary are in her library; her mother's easy-chair is in her room; the great mahogany side-board is in the dining-room, and the piano and parlor furnishings once her mother's are now hers.

"Miss Cleveland is now resuming her old habits in her old home and taking up her old books, and studies, and old life generally. She is very regular in her habits. She breakfasts at 8, goes into her library at 9, and spends the morning there. At 1 o'clock she dines, preferring while in her country home to have a midday dinner. The after-noon she spends in driving or walking, visiting with her friends and guests. She is utterly defiant of wind and weather, driving in the rain rather than not at all, and her solitary figure at all seasons mounting the hills, crossing the meadows, and disappearing off in the woods, has been long familiar to the lookers-out-of-windows along the village street or in the more scattered farm-houses. Her visits are mostly to those whom she can serve in some way. Her mother was very thoughtful for the poor, and in this respect her daughter imitates her.

The annual discussion about public schools is going on. Any system of instruction that does not fit our youth to earn a living is a failure. As it is, thousands are yearly sent out with their heads crammed and their hands filled with sacksfull of short strings. Fortunately the most of us have a faculty for forgetting, which is all that saves us from mental dyspepsia through life.

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