

LULLABY.

Board of dew
The honey bee gives over;
Near her ewe
The lamb neds in the clover,

MASQUERADING.

Mrs. Symes Symington was engaged
in smoothing down the nap of her jetty
velvet poultaine with her pretty, white,

She was a plump, rosy little lady,
not as tall by a head as the handsome
young fellow who called her "mother,"

After this Cleve smiled—so sweetly,
coolly, right in her face.
"But I shall marry little Birdie Lorne,

He leaned his handsome head toward
Mrs. Symington and looked at her in
a proudly cooing way that in her

She watched Cleve's face anxiously,
but there was no sign of change of
views in the gay, debonair face,

"You mistake Birdie altogether,
mother dear. How can it be possible
she wants me for my money when lots

He went out hurriedly, caught up
his hat from the rack and hailed a pass-
ing cab that would speed him on his

A delightful little octagonal room,
hung with the exact shade of dainty
pink silk that was most becoming to

ing-room by one door and into the
beautiful conservatory by another. A
place where tears and trouble ought

Cleve Symington pause a second on the
threshold as he caught a glimpse of a
golden head buried in two tiny fair

She took her handkerchief from her
pocket—a little lace affair, white and
fragrant, and essayed to smile as she

"I am afraid I appear very childish,
Mr. Symington—but when I think—
when it is all gone—"

It was so sweet, this manly, honest,
eager avowal, and coming, as it did,
on the very heels of her misfortune,

"You are so kind, Mr. Symington,
and I appreciate every word you say,
and will remember you gratefully to

Her lips quivered, and her eyes sud-
denly overflowed,
"Your mean what you say, my dear

"It is not all, I love you—"

A plain, large room, on the second
story that bore evidences of very recent
furnishing in the new, cheap carpet

Lorne is the woman I take her to be
she will prove it before an hour passes
over our heads. Since her descent

She looked the door, put the key in
her pocket, and went down the stairs
into the street—exactly in time, for a

There was something so kindly genial
in the air that Birdie did not resent it.
"Your son? I certainly am Miss

"Oh, yes, perfectly well, and as
brave as a lion; only—forgive me, dear
—only hopelessly cast down, on your

"My darling you don't regret marry-
ing a poor man, and having to live in a
suite of rooms? Look up, Birdie, and

Cleve laughed as he drew her head
to his shoulder and smooched her hair.
"I am inclined to be jealous of

"You're not angry, dear? I didn't
know until a month ago that it was all
right. I only lost a thousand after all,

"My own true, unselfish little dar-
ling!"

Ms. Jonathan Board, in a paper read
before the Indiana Horticultural Soci-
ety, says the best soil for strawberries

The old Dutch church at Kinderhook,
N. Y., where Martin Van Buren attend-
ed services when a boy, was once a

The ladies, vain of the foot-stoves,
or warming-pans, which their negro ser-
vants were accustomed to carry into

High up among the hemlock-oo ered
mountains of the most desolate part
of Pennsylvania, far from civilization,

When the waiter was delivering himself
of this eulogy on the meal, the steer-
puncher shoved his chair back. His

Piece after piece of his fell to the
quiet skill of his opponent, and Rev.
Mr. McGruder began to grow mad.

"Excited! It's enough to make a
wooden rocking horse excited to see the
way you skip along with your con-

"I don't wish to hurry you. There,
take that move back. Don't you see
I shall capture both your kings?"

"Yes! You've won! And a good
wholesome one it is. Cheated me out
of the game. I'd sooner be doomed

With Mr. Allen, who recently returned
from Mexico to Denver, Colorado, was
a youth of 18 years named Juan. "Juan,"

search for them, and when months of
patient toil failed to realize their hopes,
a dispute about the title of the land

There was a slight flutter among the
guests at the strange order and the cow-
boy was scanned by many curious eyes.

"Here you are, sir," said the culinary
Ganymede, placing a dish in which was
something nicely cooked, which looked

"I don't think I'll eat anything. I ain't
hungry," he said as he rose unsteadily
from his seat and reached for his hat.

"No," he replied, as the ashen pallor
deepened on his face. "I ain't a bit
hungry." He cast another glance at the

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There in an open space was a small
Mexican settlement, consisting of one
large square building of adobe with one

"I was leading the advance party, and
having a good horse, was some distance
ahead of my men when I came upon one

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