

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS.

My thoughts go home to that old brown house, With its low roof sloping down to the east...

THE ARTIST'S ROMANCE.

Alfred Hart was an artist, as yet unknown to fame. He had sent a picture to the Academy, and it had been refused...

dreams, despite the hardness of his bed. He dreamed that he was President of the Royal Academy, and that he would allow no pictures there but his own.

saw Daffodil's father tucking up his sleeves. "Did you address such language to me sir?" asked Alfred trying to look fierce but trembling in his shoes.

The Burglar. "There is no use talking, Mr. Wyks, I cannot stand this much longer. You have been out every night this week until after twelve, and I haven't a wink of sleep about you, until I am almost blind with it."

hold, so rudely aroused from his slumber, entered a protest in angry tones. The door was opened, and Mrs. Wyks took her stand on the steps...

THE FASHIONS. -Gold hairpins remain fashionable. -Silver jewelry is worn more than ever before. -Glance effects in surah silk are again to be seen.