

My Toast.

Not to the queen of fashion; Not to the jeweled breast; Not to the slave of fashion; Not to the royal crest.

WINNING A PRIZE.

It was a sultry afternoon in August, and Mrs. Chatter was "picking up" a codfish for breakfast, or rather, part of their appearance to Mrs. Chatters' domicile.

"and see if we can't change the carpet around to hide the worn spots, and I'll get a little varnish and shine up the furniture a bit, and—" thus speaking, Almira flew up the stairs, with Mrs. Chatter slowly judging after.

hadn't been for that bold, scheming, audacious waitress!" "But here," as Mrs. Brown afterward told her particular friends, "I couldn't hold my tongue no longer.

Called Back. In the waning brightness of departing Summer Phyllis Redfern sat in the old trysting-place alone. A quaint opal ring—her wedding ring—glittered on her finger.

of a little newborn babe was heard in the cottage. "Jack's little baby," said Phyllis, as it lay on her heart, "and he may never see it."

HORSE NOTES. —Gollah and Alcade are being backed heavily for the Kentucky Derby. —Phyllis will not be taken to Kentucky, but will continue to stand at Racine.