The Home Reading Circle

AN INGENUE.

Daphne Rendel, in the Boston Herald.

e to introduce Mr. Dyeay," said the & st, Sir John Beauchamy, as he ar pro ched Lois Campbell; and, looku g u . Lois saw a tall man bowing I for her. He had clear-cut feature | and his hair was slightly tinged gray. She rose, and, taking his arr..., they joined the procession winding down stairs to dinner.

Howard Dycey prided himself on always breaking the ice with a new acquaintance during the passage from the drawing room to the dining room door. Because Lois Campbell looked so obviously "new," he could not resist teasing her, by asking her if she had read Boschkoff's "latest,"

"I have just finished it." is good!" exclaimed Dycey, surja ed. "I suppose you think him a ver; great dramatist!" I don't know that I do," re-

plied Lois. "I confess it disgusted Dycey's exclamations of horror were

interrupted by the necessity of getting seated at the dinner table. Lois found old friend Roland Grey on her left. He smiled as he drew in his chair. was rather late tonight, and

could not make my way to you across the drawing room," he said. "I hope you are staying some time with Lady Beauchamp and that you are enjoying your London gayeties. "Yes," answered Lois, "I am hav-

ing a yery good time, and Mary wants me to stay all the season. I think London delightful."

Dycey did not appreciate sitting silent between two ladies, both conversing with other men. Accordingly, he claimed his prion right to Lois' atten-

"Miss Campbell, he began, "I am sorry you do not like Baschkoff. May

I ask why he disgusts you?" "I shall find it difficult to explain," replied Lois, "for my reasons are rather emotional than intelligent. He appears to me to delight only in intellectual and moral monstrosities, And then to be assured that these libels are the portraits of true women, freed from the trammels of society! I am quite sure that in no circumstances could I act or feel as one of his women; and I do not believe that I am particularly conventional, or in any way exceptional.

Dycey listened with an air of pro found attention, which was somewhat embarrassing.

"Exceptional, at all events, in the conciseness with which you express your opinions, Miss Campbell," he re-

Lois colored slightly.

"You say you are not conventional," continued Dycey. "Perhaps you are not a very good judge, Remember, your character has been largely formed by what one may call heriditary propriety, fostered by education. So-called civilization has not been at work all these centuries without leaving its mark on the human race."

"So much the better, surely." "Forgive me," replied Dycey, "it has one can walk alone without crutches supplied by society. I believe your dislike arises more from timidity than disgust. Clear your mind of all prejudice, and you will, I am certain, immediately appreciate such genius. Women capable of grasping great ideas are not numerous, and we cannot afford to allow one to languish upon the milk and water diet of mere conventionality. Please read the book by Boschkoff that I will send you carefully, and then I will discuss it with you. You are staying here some time, I believe?" Yes; till the end of July."

"Before then I am sure you will be an ardent admirer of Boschkoff." He had heard enough of this pretty proselyte, and turned to the lady on the other side

Roland Gray seized the opportunity to converse with Lois about old home associations.

Upstairs Lois found herself sitting next to a certain Miss Cowan, a thorough-paced society girl, who knew everything and everybody. She listened with amusement to her cynical comments on things in general, when they were interrupted by an elderly, hardfeatured woman, whom Lois had never

seen before in her friends house, "What have you two been talking about? Have you been telling Miss Campbell of the ball last night, Fanasked Mrs. Lewis, as she seated herself or the lounge, with one hand placed caressingly on Miss Cowan's arm, who, however, took her arm away as soon as was pol. el, possible. "Are you going to many dances, Miss Campbell?" she continued.

"No. We know very few ball-giving people," replied Lois. "Oh, there are lots of ways of get-

ting invitations. I will certainly get you a card for Mrs. Forsyth's ball, and also for that nice Mr. Grey. I don't think he goes out much in London yet." "But Lady Beauchamp does not know Mrs. Forsyth."

"Oh, that is no difficulty. Mrs. Forsythe does not know one-tenth of the people she has invited. She is quite new to society, and I am sending out the invitations. She will be delighted to ask any one I suggest. It is to be a very grand affair. Every one will be there, as there is to be a magnificent cotilion. I will send Lady Beauchamp a card tomorrow," Mrs. Lewis prom-

ised, smiling graciously upon Lots, Here the conversation ended as the

Blood Humors

crusted, pin ply, or blotchy, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, from infancy to age, peedily cured by warm baths with Curicuna BOAP, gentle anointings with CUTICURA (ointnt), the great skin cure, and mild doses of Coriouna Resolvent, greatest of blood

FACE HUMORS Falling Hair and Baby Blem-

********* gentlemen appeared, and consequently

> ladies. "Who is Mrs. Lewis?" asked Lois of Miss Cowan. She felt she instinctively disliked the overdressed lady with the overassured manner who had just left

caused a slight movement among the

"Oh, she is very bad form!" answered Miss Cowan. "I can't understand how people can let her run them. I believe she positively takes money for bringing nice young men like Mr. Grey to balls. And in fact, Roland Grey was waylaid, on his approaching Lois, by Mrs. Lewis, who seemed determined to secure such a presentable young man for her many social requirements.

Dycey came and sat down by Lois. I have just been hearing how delightully you sing, Miss Campbell. You are fond of music? Did you hear 'Lohengrin' last night?"

Lois flushed, "Oh, yes," she replied, "I have never been to the opera be-

Dycey was, pleased with her enthusi-"You should go to Bayreuth." "How I should love that! But I fear there is no chance of my doing so; at all events, this year."

"I am taking a party there in Aug-You must come with us, Miss Campbell. Lois, in the excitement that the sound

or mention of Wagner aroused in her, at once began to ply Dycey with questions about it, so that Lady Beauchamp's remark when the party had broken up was natural enough. "You seemed to get on with Mr. Dycey, Lois. He is amusing, is he

"Yes. We quarreled at dinner over Boschkoff, and made it up afterward over music.

"He knows a good deal about music," said Mary Beauchamp. "He is really cleverer than most of his set. It is their creed of mutual admiration which annoys me, though I can't help liking them individually. It will be very interesting if you become one of their shining lights. It might very well ome about through your singing and Mr. Dycey's good word. But be a common mortal as long as you can." She added: "I like your friend, Mr. Grey, very much. He seems so straightforard and sincere.

The musical sympathy between Lois and Mr. Dycey having been fully established, Mr. Dycey volunteered his services for accompanying her in the songs she had arranged to sing at a concert Lady Beauchamp was giving. Their practices brought him often to the house, more often than was necessary, but then he wished to improve his acquaintance with this "new little girl," as he called her to his friends. He got into the way of escorting Lois and her chaperon to concerts. Lady Beauchamp, who did not care for

music, performed her duties faithfully. Once, and once only, did she fail hersudden summons to the country! Lois was wild with disappointment; she was to have heard Paderewski. She roamed about the drawing room cramped and crippled us, and now no disconsolately after Mary had gone She could not settle to any occupation, but stood drumming with her fingers against the window pane, and staring

absently into the park. Suddenly a hansom drove up to the door, the bell rang and the butler announced "Mr. Dycey."

I saw Lady Beauchamp driving into Victoria station this morning," he said, and I feared that looked as if you were not going to St. James's hall this afternoon.'

"Yes," replied Lois. "She was called suddenly into the country, so I can-

"You must not miss this concert," he exclaimed. "I have a hansom waiting. Come with me."

The girl hesitated. Dycey interrupted her with a slightly pitying smile. "You don't mean to say on are afraid of the proprieties, Miss Campbell? I assure you it is all right —quite usual now. Won't you come?" Lois flushed at the thought of being

considered prudish. She did not like this man's smile at her timidity. "I'll be ready in a minute," she said, and left the room hastily.

"Why should she not go?" she argued with herself. There was nothing wrong in it, and it would be delightful.

She felt shy and strange in St James's hall, seated beside Dycey, who knew so many people, yet delightfully important, too, as she studied with him his large edition of the sonata. She was soon lost in the music, and thought of nothing else. But her sense of exultation forsook her when the concert was over. As they made their way to the door her cavilier exchanged remarks with many acquaintances, and Lois felt they eyed her inquiringly.

"Dycey has picked up a 'new girl,' she heard one lady remark, and flushed furiously.

"Oh, please don't trouble. I can quite well go home alone," she implored, as Dycey hailed a cab. "That's out of the question." he re

plied with a lordly air. "I shall certainin see you home.' As they were getting into the hansom, Roland Grey came along the pavement. He stopped for a second in surprise, then took off his hat stiffly

and walked on. Lois was angry with him, angry with herself. Why should he look surprised? She had done nothing wrong, she repeated to herself. All the same, she devoutly wished that he had not seen

When they reached the house, and Dycey had rung the bell, she said, putting out her hand:

Thank you so very much. I can't tell you how immensely I enjoyed the music. It was most good of you to take

"Not a bit," he replied. "It is a great delight to have such a sympathetic companion." He had taken her hand, but did not mean to be dismissed at once. "Don't you think we had better have a little further practice for tomorrow? We could have it before Lady Beauchamp returns." The vision of Roland Grey's aston-

ished eyes rose before Lois, and she "I am afraid not now. I am rather

tired. But you will come early tomorrow, to see that nothing goes wrong, on't you?" She quietly withdrew her hand, and

said "Good-by" and hailed again the hansom, which was driving slowly

Roland Grey's evident surprise and displeasure at her proceedings had

stung her, and put Lois on the defensive. She had not known before whether she quite approved of them or she did not like it when Mary allowed "I don't know whether that was

girls do so. Don't follow their lead too When the day of the concert came Lols sang well, and there was quite a throng of admiring friends round her when she finished, who kept up a little buzz of compliments, Dycey's

quiet "That was good" pleased her most; it sounded sincere. At the close of the party she was left alone in the back drawing room. while Lady Beauchamp was saying farewell to her guests. She was standing by the piano, tidying her music,

when Roland Grey came up to her. "Thank you so much for your singing. I never enjoyed anything so much," he said earnestly.

Lois smiled. "I am glad you liked it. But are you not rather extravagant in your praise?" "No," he replied, "it was not a compliment," and he stood fingering the music nervously. At length he con-

tinued, "I suppose Dycey plays very well? Lois looked up. "I have never met any one who accompanies so sympathetically. It makes one sing."

Roland dropped a piece of music and

with you to Paderewski's concert yesterday, did he not?" Lois was determined not to appear ashamed of her conduct, and so replied: "Yes. Mary was unexpectedly called out of town, and Mr. Dycey, thinking it a pity I should miss the concert, kindly came here and took me.

Grey lost his air of embarrassment and became grave. "Do you like that sort of person?" he asked suddenly. Lois flushed. "What do you mean?"

with a little spurt of defiance.

It was very good of him," she added,

she demanded. He looked at her earnestly, thought you agreed with me a little time ago that the teaching of that particular set of self-styled 'cultured' people was not very wholesome. Have you changed your mind?"

"I don't know when I said anything of the kind. I certainly think them much more interesting than commonplace people." "Oh, the poor, maligned common-

place!" exclaimed Grey. "What a fearful crime it is nowadays to be dull and respectable! "I cannot think what we are quarrelling about, or why you should be

with Mr. Dycey," said Lois, letting her vexation get the upper hand. "It was open to misconstruction," he said, drily, and then putting his elbows on the plane, he leaned toward her, "Lois," he said, "for the sake of old times you must forgive what I say, but I wish you would keep clear

of that kind of thing. People are always so ready to gossip." The girl threw her head back angrily. "I don't know what you mean, or why you should talk so to me or listen to gossip. Why should a girl not have men as friends without peo-

ple talking?" "I hate to have you spoken of as Dycey's 'new discovery,' and to hear people asking whether you will do. I nate the humbug of this intellectual flirting," he said, with sudden wrath. Lois kept silence, and he was concious that he had lost his self con-

"I am sorry to have hurt you," he said. "I have said more than I ought; orgive. Of course, I have no right to speak to you so," and, turning quickly, with a bow, he left her

Howard Dycey was coming up from the tea room, and as they passed on the stairs he noted with a certain enjoyment Grey's evident discomfiture, while Lois, hearing Dycey's voice, escaped to her own room. There she flung herself on her bed in a storm of tears. Her pride was bitterly wounded, and she was furious with Roland. Soon, however, with the remembrance of his face at parting her anger melted away. She began to realize how dear his esteem had been to her. He had said that he had no right to speak to her thus. But was that true? Had not her silence given him the right that day, last autumn, when, in a sudden rush of feelings he had spoken of his cherished hope of winning her for his wife? True, he had not allowed her to answer, saying that everything was to remain as if he had said nothing till she had seen more of the world and he had made a position. How faithfully he had kept his word, never allowing his own feeling to appear or trying to influence hers. Last autumn Lois had been glad that she was not forced to answer She had felt that he was a dear friend, to whom it would be painful to say No." But now she felt she knew not what. Only the thought of saying "No"

made her shudder. What did she care for Dycey? she sked herself. He was clever and musical, but that was ail. He was not a real man, like Roland. And to be spoken of as "Dycey's discovery!" She pictured to herself Dycey saying to his friends, "Oh, I've discovered a new girl; not a bad little thing. Fairly amusing, and sings well." Her cheeks tingled, and she buried her face still deeper in the pillow. Suddenly she recollected, with a start, that they were going to the opera, and that she must dress at once. Roland Grey had said he was going to the opera, too. She would try and speak to him and make friends. It was childish to show temper because he had criticised her confuct, an it was consoling to feel that he would not have done so had he not

cared. The opera was excellent, but Lois could not enjoy the music; she was so eager to discover Roland Grey. After me time she perceived him in another box, with a party of people she did not know. She was almost sure he had seen her, but would not look her way. She waited impatiently for the close of the first act, hoping he might come to their box; but though he left his own,

he did not come. The second interval came, but no Roland appeared, nor any else. Lois began to feel ill-used. She wished some acquaintance would come and speak to them; every one else seemed to have friends. She had hopes of coming across Roland on their way out, but it was Howard Dycey who come up to her. "Remember, we are to hear all this together again at Bayreuth. Mrs. Ber-

ry will come with us, and I have taken tickets." "Come, Lois, the carriage is here," cried Lady Beauchamp, taking Dycey's

Lois, turning her head as she laid her hand on Sir John's arm, saw Roland Grey's back turned toward her. He must have heard everything Dycey had cald. Of course she was not going to Bayreuth, but Roland would think it was all arranged. She must not trust herself to return Dycey's "good night," much less explain that she would not be one of his party.

A week or two passed. The ladics

saw Roland Grey at parties, and though he once or twice spoke to Lady Beauchamp he never came near Lois. not, but now she was quite sure she had done right to go with Dycey. But coldness was of no account, and yet this continual avoidance vexed her bither eyes to widen a little at the news of the afternoon's escapade. terly. Wherever she went she found herself watching for his appearance,

and when he did come she was plain'y quite wise, Lois, though a good many aware of his presence, although she would not allow her eyes to wander in his direction for a moment. thought her very inattentive, for, while pretendig to listen to their conversation, she was waiting nervously for the approach of Roland.

One morning Lady Beauchamp came into the drawing room hurriedly ,hold-ing an open letter in her hand. "Lois," she said, "one of the men has failed for my dinner party on the Would you mind writing a card

for Mr. Grey?" "Why trouble about it?" asked Lois "I need not dine, and then you will be an even number.

"Oh, no! we cannot spare you." plied Mary. "Do you mind writing it?" Lois was sorry she had demurred. 'Of course not. I will write at once.' "Thank you, dear," said Lady Beauchamp. "Remember, and she left the room. "Remember, we dine at 8,"

An idea struck Lois. Was not this the opportunity for which she had been looking? She wanted Roland Grey's friendship again (of course, nothing more), and could she not tell him so in a letter inclosed with the card? She would stand up for the theory that girls stooped to pick it up again. "He went | can make friends of men as well as of women, and not allow one such friendship to be broken by a litte fit of temper. She took up her pen eagerly, but was then confronted with the difficulty of putting her meaning into words. It was a delicate matter. Many an innocent sheet of note paper was sacrificed. The final copy she finished hurriedly, and without reading it over, as she heard Lady Beauchamp returning. No sooner had it gone than Lois half pented. Had she not written foolishly? What had she said? Something about hoping he would come, as they had seen so little of him lately; and something about London being such a mighty place, one so easily lost one's friends; and then at the end, some grandiloquent sentence about friendship being so sacred that it should not be lightly thrown aside. She recollected it with a blush.

Next day brought a note from Roland Grey. She opened it nervously. "Dear Miss Lois:" ("What an odd way to address me!" she thought as she read. "It should be 'Miss Campbell,' or plain 'Lois.' ")

"I am much obliged for your kind interest in me, but I fear I must beg to be excused. The fact is, that I am fordispleased that I went to the concert tunate in possessing many good friends already; and as I am content with their number I should hardly feet justified in availing myself of your proposal. Yours truly, Roland Grey.' Lois crushed the note in her hand, and turned to leave the room.

You will be ready to drive at 4 o'clock, dear," said Lady Beauchamp. "Oh, I can't go this afternoon," was the short reply, and she rushed upstairs

Mary looked after her inquiringly, 'Poor child!" she murmured. "I wonder what it is all about!" Meanwhile, Lois was hastily pacing

up and down her room. At that moment she hated Roland Grey. She had done nothing to deserve this. It was a cool, deliberate insult. No one had ever insulted her before. She shook her head back fiercely. She would never speak to him again. Then, suddenly, she leaned her head on the sill in an agony of tears.

She had discovered that she did love Roland Grey. His ill-usage had opened she made no complaint, and resented any remarks as to her health. She went through her round of gayeties with a fixed determination, more suited to a course of self-chastlsement than to efforts at enjoyment.

Only once, at a big crush, did she resume anything of her old vivacity, and then it had a false ring. An observer might have noticed that it was coincident with the approach of Grey, who was making his way as if to speak to her. She would not see him and turned toward Mr. Dycey, looked up brightly and asked him tails of his last boating expedition. Dycey, who had that moment been telling her about it, politely repeated

himself, and then inquired: "So you like a tale twice told?" "I beg your pardon," said he, confused, "I was thinking about some-thing else."

"That is honest, at least, Miss Campbell," he said, with a slight sneer, and left her.

Roland Grey had left the room. He had seemed willing to speak to her, but since the rebuff she had received she was unapproachable. He was to dine with them on the 10th, but Lois was resolved that she would not be of the party, and she accepted a sudden invitation to stay in the country.

Lady Beauchamp gladly assented to her leaving town for a few days. She had guessed for some time past that something was troubling Lois, and also that, whatever that something was, concerned Roland Grey. Now that Lois was going away, and the young man coming to dinner, she would take the opportunity of discovering what was wrong. It could not be simply that Lois had refused to marry Grey. for then she would not be thus anxious to avoid him, and he so willing to meet, He was the sort of man who would take a refusal as final; and besides, it was only the other day that he avoided Lois as studiously as she now avoided him. There must be some misunderstanding between them. Lady Beauchamp fully intended that this

one should be disentangled. She noted his look of grave disapcointment when she told him that Miss Campbell was away, and remarked that he was decidedly preoccupied during dinner. Afterward, in the course of conversation with him, she remarked that she was afraid London life

was too much for Lois. Roland seemed interested and anxious to know what could be done, and whether she was soon returning to

"I can't make out what is the matter with her," replied Lady Beau-"She has lost all her spirits and her color. But she gets quite vexed if I so much as hint that she is not looking well. She will tell me nothing, but I fancy that something is troubling her. Perhaps you can en-lighten me?" she said, suddenly look-ing straight at the young man.

Lady Beauchamp had not intended o say this. She felt that she had made a bold plunge, and was very grateful for a chance interruption at this point. But before she left she asked him to call on her that next

Sunday Roland Grey was completely mysti-What part was Lady Beauchamp playing, and why was Lois unhappy? The sudden thought that Dycey might be the cause made him clinch his handr. But no; it was impossible that Lois could have been so imposed upon Dycey's evident interest had never meant love.

He called early on Lady Beauchamp

She was very gracious to him. After a little conversation, Roland

asked, nervously, "I had been hoping that I might have seen Miss Campbell." "Lois returns tomorrow. You must ome and see her. I do not think you have met for some time;" and Lady Beauchamp looked at him inquiringly. "I should have been exceedingly glad to see her again. We used to be very good friends, but lately I fancy I have bored her. She knows so many other people." Roland had taken up his hat, and sat with it in his hands, examining it closely

"That is very odd; for, if you will forgive me, I believed it was you who wished to avoid meeting. I know she noticed it," continued Lady Beau-"Perhaps she is offended." "I should deserve it if she were, for I did keep away at one time. I foolishly

thought that old friends were not se agreeable to her as new, and I did not like to force myself upon her." "Oh, there you are quite wrong. Sh is one of the most constant people I Once her friend, always her

friend.

most likely hurt her." "I do not see how that can be; for she wrote me such a kind note when dinner. Since then she must have repented, for I have never been able to stand her behavior."

"Well, I should certainly say, from

Your having done that has

my knowledge of Lois, that she was offended," said Lady Beauchamp, absently surveying her shoe buckles. am afraid there must be some misunderstanding between you. You had better have an explanation." "I wish I could follow your advice; but she gives me no chance of speaking to her, and the grievance has not

substance enough for a letter. It would

be absurd to write: 'You are treating me coldly; pray, how have I offended "I think the only way would be to meet her unexpectedly, when she would be forced to speak to you. What do you say to being here when she comes back tomorrow? What more natural than that you should come to call? and then if there has been any misunderstanding you will be able to clear it up. Oh.

you must come. Be here at 5." When Lois returned, laden with a creat bunch of roses, she was informed that Lady Beauchamp wanted her in the drawing room, and accordingly she ran lightly upstairs, and came to a full stop. There was no Lady Beauchamp, but a man was advancing to ward her from the window. The glare of the afternoon sun was behind him she could not distinguish his face,

"Miss Campbell," he said. Lois started, and some of the flowers she held fell to the floor. "Lois," Grey repeated humbly, "I am sorry I startled you, but I wanted so much to see you."

She stooped to pick up the flowers but rose hastily as he bent to help her. She wanted to run away, but felt that would be undignified. Instead, she said, stiffly: "I did not expect to see you." Roland left most of the flowers on

the floor, but he held one rosebud, which he twisted nervously in his fing-"No," he replied, "but Lady Beauchamp said I might call. I was so

anxious to see you." "Why?" Lois inquired coldly. The door by which she had entered still stood open behind her, but now Grey closed it quietly, and Lois dropped into a seat. They had not shake

"We have always been such good

friends," he said, "until lately. Have I

hands

offended you? I am very sorry. What Peaches, have I done? Lois made an inarticulate sound. "Some time ago," he continued, "I confess that I purposely avoided you but, oh, Lois! won't you understand? wanted you to feel quite free,"

Lois remained motionless, and h went on more calmly: "When I received your letter I knew how wrong I had been to doubt your friendship, and I thought then

"What do you mean?" she flashed. "You asked me to come and see you and you said that you held friendship so sacred that it could not be lightly thrown aside. I quite agreed, and-"Have you come here to mock me?"

she demanded, rising angrily. He put out his hand to detain her Why do you say I mock you? I would rather die than dream of doing so." Lois gave a harsh laugh. "Your leter was an insult!"

"An insult? Good heavens! what do you mean?" "I do not think I need tell you."

"I do," he said, confronting her You shall tell me," "Do you not call it an insult?" she asked, with a catch in her voice, "when I tell you of my friendship, and you write that-that you are content with the number of your friends, and do no. need to avail yourself of my proposal." "I never wrote such a thing," said

Grey. "I have the letter," answered Lois, There was dead silence in the room They stood confronting each other, The girl looked lovely in her indigna-Her eyes were large and bright, and her pale cheeks were flushed. She held her chin well in the air, but there was a suspicious twitching at the cor-

ners of her mouth. A ray of comprehension illumined his "Oh, my darling," he gasped, and you got that letter? Careless diot that I am! That letter was never neant for you. It was meant for Mrs.

Lewis. He tried to take her hand, but she

drew it back. "I don't understand," she murmured He made her sit down again. shall never forgive myself. It has all been due to my stupidity. Shortly before I got your note I received one from that tiresome woman, Mrs. Lewis, informing me that if I were willing she would be happy to get me into the very best society. She is always pes-tering me by word and letter, and so wrote off that testy little note. And at the same time I wrote my reply to you, and like a fool must have slipped the letters into the wrong envelopes." He stopped speaking and came a step nearer Lois. There was a moment's silence, and then she rose and put her hand in his.

"Dear, and I have been stupid, too," she said, "and have also made a mistake, for I read what you inrended for 'Dear Mrs. Lewis' as 'Dear Mrs Lois'." She looked up at him, and a little smile broke over her face, such as Roland Grey believed had never been seen on woman's countenance before.

INGENIOUS TEACHING. Words of Admirable Advice to the Mothers of the Land.

New York Evening Post. A mother who could hear in the next coom every morning her small son of nine talking to himself as he spelled out the words and added the figures, crosswise and up and dwn, and in every possible way, of a large calendar which hung directly in front of his bed, bethought herself of furnishing

the calendar and put in its place a good print of Raphael's "Madonna delia Seggiola;" this, with no word to him of the change. The next morning the little one's voice was stilled, but a noise less peep into the room showed his eyes glued rapturously to the picture, while about his lips the hint of a smile betrayed that his absorbing interest was pleased one. Since then at intervals his morning picture is changed, not too frequently, for a child demands reiteration, until the boy has become a small connoisseur in famous paintings, and his occasional short visits to an art gallery are a great delight to him because of his matin studies. The first ten minutes of a child's day are a most valuable receptive period. The young brain is refreshed by sleep, unexcited by any of the day's occupations, eager for impressions and peculiarly responsive to their influence

A writer on child-study considers that equally important with the first waking hours should be the last of the day. The mother who sits at her little one's bed as the tired, small frame is settling into repose will almost invariably find that the mind just before sleep works with unusual, if brief, clearness; she will be wise to let this last, strongly imprinted impression be she inclosed your card of invitation to a soothing one. A gentle voice, a short, easily comprehended tale with no sadness, no tragedy, no sharp elements of get a word with her. I cannot under- any sort, will send the temporarily keen but fast succumbing faculties off into slumber-land under the best and most healthful auspices. Too many mothers leave to servants these significant mo ments of their children's lives, lovely to the mothers if they will enjoy them, and priceless to the growing character of their respective powers if taken ad-

RADWAY'S PILLS.

Always Reliable, Purely Vegetable

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. Radway's Pills for the cure of all disorders of the stomach. Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Dizziness, Vertigo, Costiveness, Piles. SICK HEADACHE, FEMALE COMPLAINTS. INDIGESTION.

DYSPEPSIA. CONSTIPATION,

ALL DISORDERS OF THE LIVER

Observe the following symptoms, resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness of weight of the stomach, sour crustations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and duli pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flusnes of heat, burning in the flesh.

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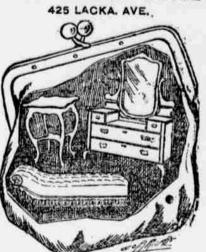
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