

DOWN BY THE BROOK IN THE MEADOW

It was down by the brook in the meadow, Where the daisies and buttercups grew...

Rose Forrester's Escape.

"Everybody envies Rose Forrester." The pale girl, in gold-colored silk, lifted the broad lines from her clear eyes...

George Bancroft's Workshop.

Mr. Bancroft's workshop is upon the second floor, in a large square room facing the street, in Washington, D. C.

Uses of Cork.

The lighter uses of cork makes it superior to all other substances for life preservers, for insulating the buoyancy of life boats.

The Lottery of Life.

Mary Leslie, having been left a poor orphan, sought to earn her living by working as a designer in wall papers.

The Game of Quits.

Quits is by no means a difficult game to play, seeing that neither great strength or force is required.

The Textile Power of the World.

Men's first steps in civilization may be traced almost directly to their efforts to clothe themselves.

The Old Palm Tree.

The multitudinous species of the Palm Family, the products of a few only have found their way into American and European commerce.

Violin Making.

The question whether violin making is a lost art is answered in the negative by G. L. Chapin, who has been an enthusiastic student of the subject for thirty years.

A Piece of Romance.

Recently Mr. Robert Preston and wife, a couple who were happily united a few days ago, arrived in Little Rock, Arkansas, en route for Texas.

Lord Byron's Daughter.

Few persons probably have ever read the commencing and concluding stanzas of the third canto of "Child Harold" without a deep interest in the "Ada" who touchingly apostrophizes the story of her life.

Quassa vs. Mosquitoes.

A few years ago we had some peach trees which being on a well exposed slope, were draughted, were very bright.

India Shawls.

An India shawl, like a wonderful painting, possesses beauty unlike to the cultivated eye.

Miss Percival.

Miss Percival turned away, with a face that was almost radiant with the smile of a young girl.

Tom's Story.

"You needn't stare so, Joe," said Tom Percival, who was looking over the shoulder of the artist.

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