

THE MORNING BREAKS.

By Grace Appleton. The morning breaks, and with it brings the first faint breath of spring.

CAN'T AFFORD TO MARRY

When are you and Mildred going to be married? The speaker sat opposite the young man addressed, smoking a cigar.

A VISIT TO GRANDPA'S.

By Anna Oldfield Wiggins. The dreamy tones of an instrument, coming to me through a latticed window, have conspired with nature's charms to tempt me to disregard my father's injunction that I should do no literary work during my sojourn at a few weeks at his home.

So it is said, and so in justice to the dead, most of them try to do. But, Grayson, old fellow, you and I know from our own experience, that habit is stronger than good resolutions.

But you lose sight of the fact that Mildred will inherit a large share of her father's property. Not at all, Mr. Osborne is only fifty, hale and hearty. He will probably live for twenty years yet, and not till he dies will his daughter get one cent.

Yes, he married the daughter of a man said to be worth a million. Old Mr. Johnson did not give her a penny. She had her wedding outfit, but that was all.

I beg your pardon. There are plenty of them, but, of course, to find them I fear you must go outside of the fashionable set, for it is only the daughters and wives of rich men who can afford to be fashionable. If you wish a wife you must look elsewhere for one, unless you expect to be a millionaire.

Where would you look? There are plenty of families where the daughters are well educated, and yet are able to help themselves. I know one daughter who makes all their hats and bonnets; another is a capital dressmaker.

Well, since you speak of it, I can recall such families also; but they don't go to public balls and dance the german. No, the daughters of such families are taught that home virtues are better than surface accomplishments.

Keeping Plants in Winter. Doors opening into the room in which you keep ferns should have strips of larding tacked about them in such a way as to close all cracks through which the wind can enter.

WORLD'S FAIR CRANKS.

The crank antedates the flood, and annoyed Noah. Great Events Call Out Vast Numbers of Them—The Fortcoming Columbian Exposition Has Already Had That Effect—Numerous Tall Towers Proposed.

It is a good plan to take a day for doing this work, and begin at one corner of the room, and go over it thoroughly, finishing up each part as you go along.

Now swiftly through The morning dew, They tread the dew, two by two; And from each throat, And from each foot, "I choose to be first in the boat."

The boat holds four, "We want one more," Cries Stella, as she grasps the oar; "Let's get a boat!" The shaggy pet— Merie thinks he'll make the boat upset.

A bonnet fair They would disdain; Their cheeks are crimson with health's stain, With eyes as bright as morning light, They boast their sail—a paper kite!

For sailors' crews They have no need, But put their heads to the reeds; And glide along, The ripples throng, Around them, on his song.

Now smooth and slow, Their boat they tow, To grandpa's bond with their cargo; Wherein lie hidden, Are fit with gnomes, And sunshine kisses lily streams.

The records are only marsh grasses, and our Pan, which is necessary to the delusion, is only a big frog, that croaks and leaps and croaks again.

The children are not selfish in their efforts to reap pleasure, but they very graciously contribute their mite toward the entertainment of the elders.

Who would exchange this visit for the seashore or the mountains? Surely not the three little maids who are so happily enjoying their disabilities by ferrying to the hay cart as the "spray buggy with holes in it," or to the milk which is not "nice and white as that which we buy in town."

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WRITERS OF FICTION.

By Wm. Alexander Bowen. "HACKERAY'S Vanity Fair" is undoubtedly a first-class novel.

The estimated cost of this vast and solid structure is \$2,500,000—a trifle when a New York is figuring. It is unnecessary to say that it is proposed to make it a permanent institution.

Chicago has very tall buildings now, and, if the fair is located there, will create some veritable "sky-scrapers." One of which a sketch is given, will be of twenty-light stories.

It will be built of iron, and contain no wood except what is used in the doors and windows, being in consequence absolutely fire-proof. It will be furnished with thirteen elevators, one for every two floors above the second, which will stop to receive passengers at no others than the ones they serve.

It will be 350 feet in height, containing nearly 1,000 rooms, and be perfect and complete in all its appointments. The tower, as its inventor naively remarks, "will be fitted with a perfect system of electric cars, which will convey passengers to any part of the structure. The cost of the work is not given, but to the uninitiated in the art of 'castle building,' would seem to be 'considerable.'"

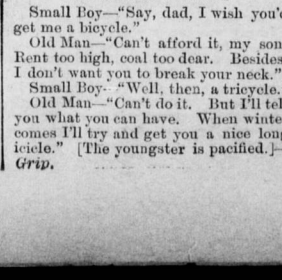
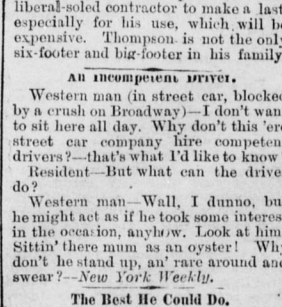
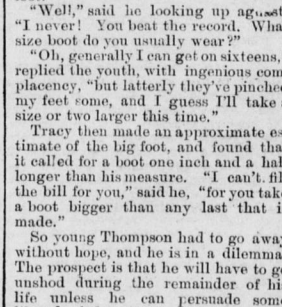
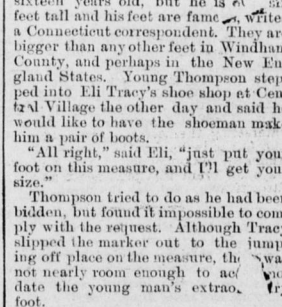
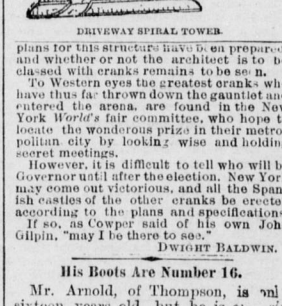
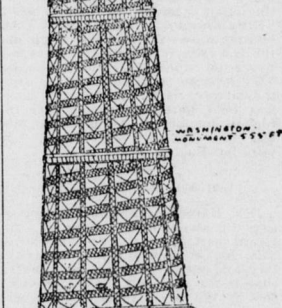
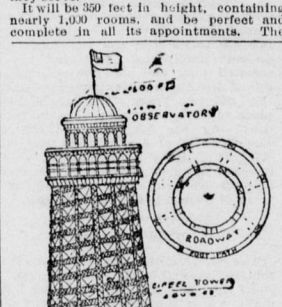
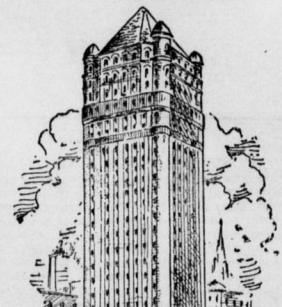
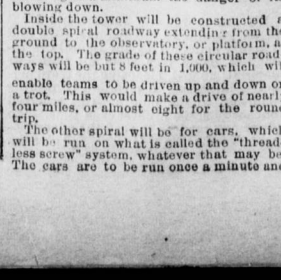
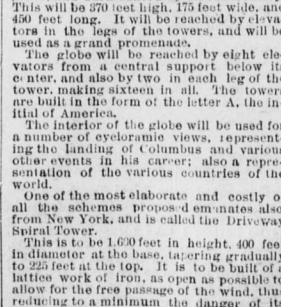
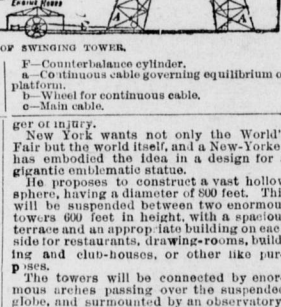
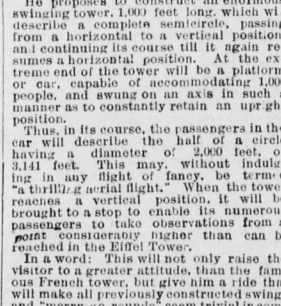
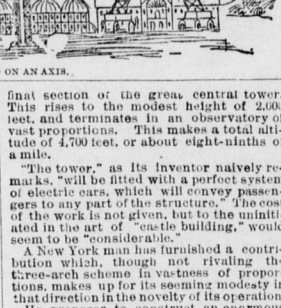
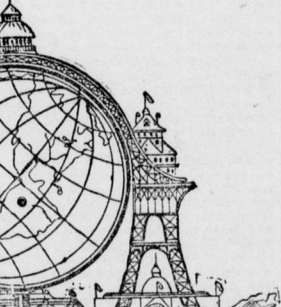
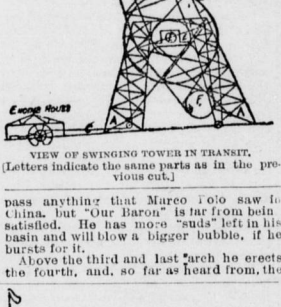
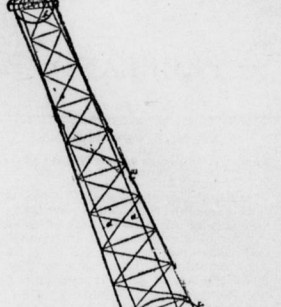
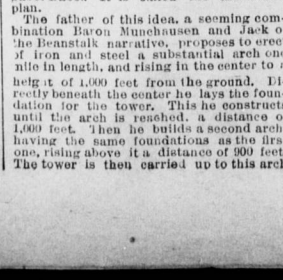
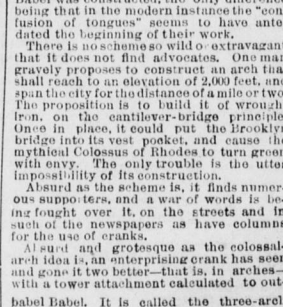
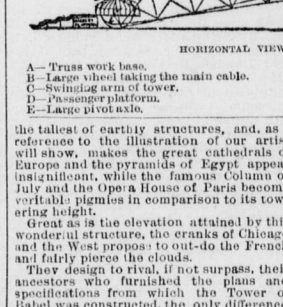
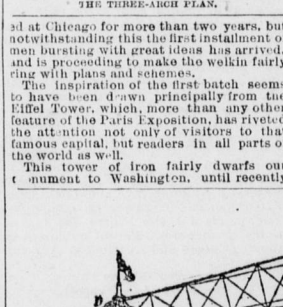
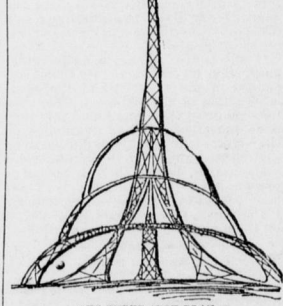
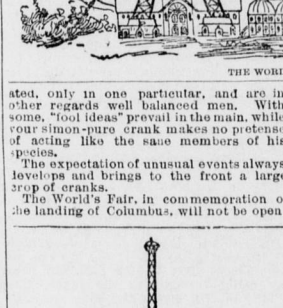
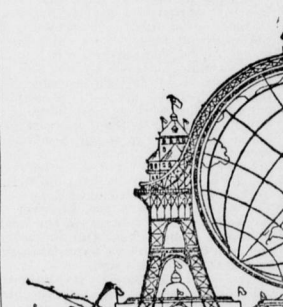
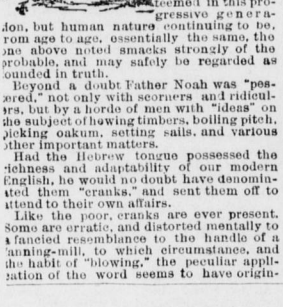
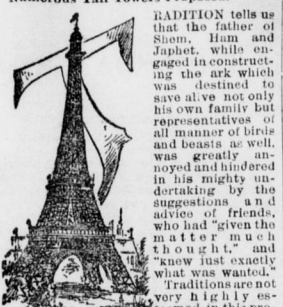
A New York man has furnished a contribution which, though not rivaling the Eiffel tower, makes up for its seeming modesty in that direction in the novelty of its operation. He proposes to construct an enormous swinging tower, 1,000 feet long, which will describe a complete semicircle, passing from a horizontal to a vertical position, and continuing its course till it again resumes a horizontal position.

In a word: This will not only raise the visitor to a greater altitude, than the famous French tower, but give him a ride that will make all previous constructed swings and merry-go-rounds seem trivial in comparison.

The swinging tower will also serve as a means of transporting people from one point to another. In the line of transport, it will be the most ingenious proposed to construct two of them, one turning east and west, and the other north and south.

It is proposed to have it on a level with the ground, and to be kept constantly in motion, at so low a rate of speed as to enable people to step on and off without danger of injury.

New York wants not only the World's Fair, but a New York tower, and has embodied the idea in a design for a gigantic emblematic statue. He proposes to construct a vast hollow sphere, having a diameter of 300 feet. This will be suspended between two enormous towers 600 feet in height, with a spacious terrace and an approach building on each side for restaurants, drawing-rooms, ball-rooms and club-houses, or other like purposes.



AMERICAN FABLES.

THE BANANA PEEL. BANANA peel that lay on the sidewalk smiled to itself and accosted an apple core with, "Just watch that man yonder. When he comes to me he will think there is an earthquake. He will lift the sidewalk and walk hard enough to break the crystal out of his watch."

"But how will that benefit you?" inquired the apple core. "It will attract attention to me. At present the man ignores your humble servant entirely, but after I throw him he will recognize my existence."

"Yes, he will recognize your existence to the extent of swearing about you and probably kicking you into the gutter."

Notoriety is not always a good thing.

THE SICK HORSE. A horse that had been sick for two years finally went to a doctor and was cured. He felt that he was now in luck. While he had been ill he had not worked any, but had been turned loose into the pasture.

When he went back home his master found that he was well and hitched him to the plow the next morning. "I wish I had not paid that doctor four dollars to cure me, as it takes me a life of ease and makes me toil. There is evidently some sort of skulluggery here."

MORAL. It is better to be a sick horse.—Chicago Ledger.

Movable Birthdays. There lives, or there did a few years ago, an old lady in this country who has a movable birthday. She had the good fortune to be born on Easter Sunday, and she insists on receiving presents and congratulations on that festive day, no matter when it occurs.

There is a charm in these bits of crockery and remnants of grandma's china, which she has been stowing away for months in anticipation of the rustic palace which adorns her spacious lawn in the form of a muslin tent. This fragmentary dinner service, embracing every conceivable shape and design, is arranged in painful precision on the crude pine shelves which serve for both china cabinet and butler's pantry.

A pair of bricks supporting a block of wood personates a range; it is seldom that these little culinary artists seek rest from their manifold duties, but when they do so they fling themselves in the most uncomfortable attitudes upon a divan, which is posing as a late pattern of mahogany and burlacette; but which is, *entre nous*, only a pine box covered with carpet, and of home manufacture as well.

Yet the shapeless dishes, rude stove and impromptu furniture, homely as they are, do not become monotonous, as do the toy services, miniature range and tapestried furniture, which they frequently abandon at home.

