

ALONE.

Since she went home— Longer the evening shadows linger here. The winter days will so much of the year, And even summer winds are chill and drear, Since she went home.

DISTILLATION.

The hors d'oeuvre—a novel mixture of savory fish, such as anchovy and red herring, with olives, gherkins, beet root, etc.—had come and gone. The soup, a consommé of delicious flavor, had had its day, and now the fish was before them. And still she had not spoken.

as you read it all comes before you again. Boys are usually like their mothers—I am sure yours is. And his kindly glance seemed to say that in that case the boy had done well.



MISSING WORDS.

A Fascinating Game for the Amusement of Young Rhyameters. THE five children had played everything they knew over twice; at least they thought they had, and still it would not get to be 5 o'clock when they were to go down stairs to the library to play a brand new game with their father.

ANT AND BUMBLEBEE.

A Nature Story of How the Little Ant Praised Her Prize From the Kneary. Over head a bright blue sky; the bees and insects hummed and droned a tender noontide lullaby to all nature, writes Harriet E. Wright, in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SHE WANTS TO KNOW.

Tell me how to woo thee, Freddie, I'm anxious to begin, I have got my facts all ready; Tell me how your love to win.

CASE OF SUSPICION.

Old Lady Lendel had had a long conversation with her young friend and was enjoying herself very much. She was a dear, good soul, Lady Lendel, with a great desire to interfere with everything and put it all right, and remedy the raw amateurishness of Providence.

She still sat on the sofa, looking at the book in her hand and the portrait of her father on the wall. "It's a beautiful picture," she said to herself, "but I don't like it. I don't like the expression on his face. I don't like the way he looks at me. I don't like the way he looks at you. I don't like the way he looks at the world."

HER PAPA.

My papa's all dressed up to-day, He never looked so fine; I thought when I first looked at him, My papa wasn't mine.

The Bottle Confusion.

You must preface this trick by declaring to the company that it was formerly supposed to be impossible to set the Thames on fire, and that it was demonstrated some years ago at the Haymarket Theatre, that for a person to crawl into a quart bottle was an utter impossibility.



Like chess, this new game is played on a board, which is supposed to represent a battle field. At either end of the board are guns, gnats, soldiers and various other indispensable paraphernalia of battle. The combatants, when ready, fight according to the approval rules of warfare and victory falls to that side which first succeeds in mowing down the ranks of its opponents.

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