

A BIRD STORY.

It's strange how little boys' mothers can find it all out as they do. If a fellow does anything naughty...

DOLLY, THE FLOWER GIRL.

BY HELEN FORETT GRIVES.

"She has got a face like one of her own rosebuds," said Mr. Fitzalan. "I've heard of her more than once," returned Frank Calvery...

THOUGHTS IN A CITY CHURCH.

Forgive the fault, if sometimes on Thy day, And in Thine house, my prayer hath folded wing...

REMARKABLE DREAMS OF SOLDIERS.

By D. K. R.

A week previous to the battle of Fair Oaks a New York volunteer who passed the night in the tent of a member of the Third Michigan Infantry got up in the morning looking very glum and downhearted...

BACHELOR HOUSEKEEPING.

By D. K. R.

Dreary November—lead-skied, verdureless November—had put its frozen period to the long golden autumn days. Very lonely and blank, too, seemed the future to James and William Harward...

DOG-CATCHING IN NEW YORK.

By D. K. R.

The dog catcher is in his glory. The unlicensed, unmuzzled canines are being led into captivity by forties and fifties, and from the pound at the foot of Sixteenth street, East River, the wail of sorrow goes up in howls, growls, yelps, barks and snarls...

HIS LITTLE ONE DEAD.

The Tender Grief of the Love That Glorifies the Humblest Man.

There is nothing in the world so sad as human nature, and the tears come into my eyes now as I think of the pitiful little story Tom told me as he smoked his after-supper pipe last night...

THE MOWER.

By D. K. R.

Cutting his swath in the sun to-day, He hears the best of the clover hum, He sees the birds at their darting play, He looks where the great clouds stealthily come...

THE MOWER.

By D. K. R.

What is the cruel fate that bred Her to be and him to ruin? What is the pitiless power that led Him in his strength to his own undoing? Let the breeze blow up and the cloud roll on...