

MY TREASURES.

My children, how many? Why bless you, there's four! Two rickety, fun-loving boys, who always give mamma enough work to do. But working is one of my joys.

JOHN'S STORY.

The Decoits and Horrors of a Gambling Establishment.

"Well, would you like to hear my adventure in New Orleans?" John Bright leaned his elbow on the arm of the red plush chair in which he sat, with a thoughtful look in his dark-blue eyes.

a foothold. The next and next proved to be the same. Unconsciously we walked on, the young lady by almost imperceptible guidance directing our footsteps. We walked along the Rue Royale, quite into the heart of the old French town, the young lady scarcely seeming aware of the fact that we had traversed so many blocks.

gan to apologize, but Monsieur De Chartre stopped me. "My dear sir," he said, cordially, "you can not go out in such a storm. I will not permit it. My home is large. We have ample accommodations. Remain with us to-night."

of desperation, I went to my room and dressed myself, leaving not the slightest trace of my presence there. Assuring myself that not a card or a slip of paper was left as a clue to my identity, I took my boots in my hand and crept noiselessly down the stairway.

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

THE SICK DOLLY.

Mamma, Dolly's down to sleep, An' I w'd try to keep Vewy, vewy still; For it's a sick wake, I think It wouldn't be ill.

"GOING-TO."

Rose Murray's Ten Minutes' Experience in Sometime.

"Sometime's come! Hurry up! Sometime's come!" "Sometime! What do you mean? Where are you, any way? and who's speaking to me? I don't see any one."

"But what to do next? There was that wall, surrounded by its rows of sharp nails. It would have been madness to have attempted to scale it. The gate was barred and fastened with a heavy chain. I could not cry out for assistance; that would have meant certain death from those desperate, dark-browed men at the faro table.

"What did you do?" Eugene was impatient of the delay. He leaned forward anxiously. His own cigarette had gone out. He had forgotten it in his absorbing interest.

"What a queer dream I've had," thought Rose; "this is my own room, and it's almost dinner-time by the clock. I'd better go and make the dessert I told mother I would after awhile."

MEDICAL QUACKS.

It is now the latest dodge of medical quacks who impose upon the credulity of the unsuspecting, to advertise their nostrums under the head of some so-called company.

HARD ON MOSE.

He Wishes to Insult a Delinquent Debtor and Give Himself Away.

Mose Schaumburg was as mad as a moist hen one day last week. In a voice that quivered with rage, he said to his clerk, Ike Silverstone:

"Sit down dot desk at, and write a letter vat I dictates dot Jake Oppenheimer at. Write: 'I have written to you. Who has not answered dot letter? Jake Oppenheimer. Who has had no attentions to dose duns? Jake Oppenheimer.' Have you got dot down, Mr. Silverstone?"

done. She said: "I can't, I can't, I can't!" and then sat down and burst into tears. Still came the dreadful chorus: "Sometime! sometime!"