

THE LITTLE KINGS AND QUEENS.

BY H. R.
Monaehs whose kingdom no man bounds.
No league upheld, no cooquen spreads.
Whose crowns are as many mounds.
Whose thrones are cur on sunny heads.

GARNET'S MISTAKE.

A little, low-ownd, yellow cottage,
deeply nestling 'neath a canopy of
branching hemlocks. Here dwelt Mrs.
Darley, or the Widow Darley, as she
was commonly called by the inhabitants
of Linden. Here, since the departure
of her niece, Garnet, her brother Robert's
child, for the city to learn the
dressmaker's trade, which event occurred
a couple of years ago, she had lived
alone, subsisting on the produce she
raised on the few acres of ground at-
tached to the cottage, which she man-
aged to sell or barter away for groceries
at a thriving town three miles distant.

comp exion, tinged with the merest
flush of pink, her dark eyes were al-
most shaped and full of vim, shadowed
by black curling lashes, and a super-
abundance of red-brown hair,
coiled long on her well-shaped head.
She donned a dup-hued calico dress,
which she fastened up on all sides to
keep clear of the dirt, thereby display-
ing a foot arched and slender as an
Arab's, and over her head, hiding her
wondrous hair, was one of her aunt's
sun-bonnets, making her look, as she
declared, a regular guy. She reached
the lot and set to work in earnest, but
somehow she made little progress. Oh!
if some strong-handed masculine crea-
ture was but around! What short
work he would make of the job!

and make dresses, but failed ignom-
inously; was therefore sent home minus
a recommendation. So it will be with
you, Bob." Although a thoroughly
good man, Mr. Denver is a very exact-
ing one, and if your work to-day is a
specimen of what you can do, he will
not keep you in his service any longer
than what is absolutely necessary.
What up-hill work life is for the poor!
Dear me! I wonder what I am good
for, anyhow?"

WHAT IS THE GAIN?
What is the gain?
If one should run a noble race,
And at the last, with weary pace,
Win to the goal, and find his years
A harvest field of waste and tears,
(I turmoil and of buried trust,
Rich with dead hopes and better dust,
And strife and a ceer and ceaseless pain.

What is the gain?
When, having reached a sunlit height,
Through barren sweeps of gloomy night,
Hoping to see beyond the crest
Fair lands of beauty and of rest.
There lies before, stretched far away
Unto the confines of the day
A desolate and staidless plain.

DELMONICO.
How the Late Restaurateur Conducted His
Business.
On one occasion Mr. Delmonico
talked freely with a representative of
the Herald, who said:
"What wages do you pay, Mr. Del-
monico?"
"Ten thousand dollars and more the
first of every month."

"What do you give the head waiter?"
"Fifteen hundred dollars and his
board and lodging. The table-waiters
get \$30 a month, and average \$60 in
fees. I wanted to transfer one of them
from the saloon to the bar, raising him
from \$30 to \$60, but he wouldn't go
because he made \$90 where he was."

Warranted!
CHRYSLER'S
COUNTRY
CURE
No Cure, No Pay.
NORMAN MEDICINE CO., Frank.