



THE DOLLS' PARTY.

THIS little girl is like the old woman that lived in a shoe. She has so many children she don't know what to do. They are lying around in the greatest disorder. She is giving her dolls a party, perhaps that is the reason she can't attend to them better. When she gets the table set she will make them all sit up and behave themselves. The following verses describe how the little girl enjoyed her Christmas when she got so many dolls and toy dishes:

Now Christmas is over,
I'm aching to tell
How I played I was
Santa, I like 'tis so well.

I had a nice apple, so
large and so red,
I wrote grandma's name
and tied on it with
thread;
Then in her work-basket
I put it with care,
And hope she would
think Santa Claus had
been there.

I watched till she found
it; she said, "Who'd
have thought!

'This must be an apple
that Santa Claus
brought."

I hid in a corner and laughed, full of glee,
To think grandma's Santa was only just me.
A case for his glasses I made my papa,
And an apron so dainty for precious
mamma;
(My grandma, she helped me to keep out
of sight
Any untidy stitches, and do it all right)

"Santa Claus even thinks of such old folks
as we!"

Exclaimed my papa as he called me to see.
And mamma sweetly said, "Nothing nicer
than this

Could Santa have brought me," and gave
me a kiss.

MY MOTHER IN JAIL.

"Did you put my mother in jail?" asked a little tot of a girl, while she pushed her sun-bonnet back, and looked from one officer to another, as she stood in the Philadelphia Central Police Station. She was but a child, so young that she could hardly speak plainly, and so small that a policeman had to help her up the steps at the station-house.

"Did you put my mother in jail?"

The officers stared at the little wail. They had arrested a tangled-haired woman who spoke four languages in her rage, and fought the officers like a fury, and did not dream that this was her child; but it was.

The little thing seemed so innocent and pure, they did not want her to see her mother caged like a wild beast behind iron bars; but the mother heard her voice and called for her, and so they swung open the corridor door, and let the little creature in. She went to the cell door, and looked in, and cried out:

"Why, mother, are

you in jail?"

The mother shrank back ashamed, and the child dropped on her knees upon the stone floor, clung to the iron door and prayed:

"Now I lay me down to sleep, and I hope my mother will be let out of jail."

The strong men had strange moisture



THE DOLLS' PARTY.

I like to play Santa, and now I've begun,
I mean every Christmas to keep up the
fun.

MAKE no man your idol, for the best man
must have faults; and his faults will insensibly
become yours, in addition to your own.
This is as true in art as in morals.