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MADGE MADCAP.

LITTLE Madge Madcap got her second name because she was such a wild, harum-scarum little thing. Her hair always looked as if it had not been combed for a week, and she was a regular romp and tom-boy, tearing her clothes and breaking her toys. Instead of sitting down on the swing, as any sensible child would, she used always to stand up, as you see in the pic-

ture, and one day she got a terrible fall. But nothing cured her, and I am afraid Madcap Madge will come to a terrible end some day if she don't take care.

SEASONED WITH A KISS.

I HAVE brought your dinner, father,"
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her arms a kettle
And lifted its shining lid.
"There's not any pie or pudding,
So I will give you this,"
And upon his toil-worn forehead
She left a childish kiss.

The blacksmith tore off his apron
And dined in a happy mood,
Wondering much at the savor
Hid in his humble food,
While all about him were visions
Full of prophetic bliss,
But he never thought of the magic
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she with her kettle swinging,
Merrily trudged away,
Stopping at sight of a squirrel,
Catching some wild-bird's lay.
And I thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate we should miss
If always our frugal dinners
Were seasoned with a kiss.

—Pittsburg Commercial.