

A MEMORY.

How dear to this heart are the old-fashioned dresses,

When fond recollection presents them to view!

In fancy I see the old wardrobes and presses

Which held the loved gowns that in girlhood I knew.

The wide-spreading mohair, the silk that hung by it;

The straw-colored satin with trimmings of brown;

The ruffled foulard, the pink organdie nigh it;

But, O! for the pocket that hung in each gown!

The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete pocket,

The praiseworthy pocket that hung in my gown.

That dear, roomy pocket, I'd hail as a treasure,

Could I but behold it in gowns of to-day; I'd find it the source of an exquisite pleasure,

But all my modistes sternly answered me "Nay!"

'Twould be so convenient when going out shopping,

'Twould hold my small purchases coming from town;

And always my purse or my 'kerchief I'm dropping—

O me! for the pocket that hung in my gown,

The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete pocket,

The praiseworthy pocket that hung in my gown.

A gown with a pocket! How fondly I'd guard it!

Each day ere I'd don it I'd brush it with care;

Not a full Paris costume could make me discard it,

Though trimmed with the laces an empress might wear.

But I have no hope, for the fashion is banished;

The tear of regret will my fond visions drown:

As fancy reverts to the days that have vanished,

I sigh for the pocket that hung in my gown.

The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete pocket,

The praiseworthy pocket that hung in my gown.

—Carolyn Wells, in *Life*.

A CLEAR CASE.

Auburn hair inclined to curl,

Honest eyes and winning smile;

Form to set the brain awhirl,

Lips that might a saint beguile—

That's the girl.

Taller than the maiden coy,

Truthful, fearless, handsome, strong,

Heart of gold without alloy,

Halting ne'er 'twixt right and wrong—

That's the boy.

Window anes festooned with rime,

Leafless trees and hillsides bare;

Town clocks sounding midnight's chime,

Street lamps glimmering here and there—

That's the time.

Nestling at the big hill's base,

With its one, long, quiet street,

Clasped in winter's white embrace,
Quaint old village, prim and neat—
That's the place.

Truant arm and shy embrace,
Tender vows in willing ear,
Kisses on an upturned face,
Whispered: "Yes, I love you dear!"—
That's the case.

KEEP PLANTS IN YOUR ROOM IN WINTER.

Some people are afraid of keeping plants in their rooms in winter. They say they use up too much air. All the same, they are far more likely to do good than harm. I will explain.

When a fire or gas is lighted it turns the air in the room dry. Now, dry air will suck up moisture anywhere it can. And if it can't get it from anyone else it will from you. But plants give up their moisture when well watered very easily. A big tree has something like 200,000 square feet of leaf surface, and gives out no less than seven tons of watery vapor in a single sunny day. So it is plain that pots of growing plants in your hot room will supply the necessary moisture to the hungry air, and save your skin and its pores from a lot of tiring, unnecessary work.

Windsor Salt, purest and best

Mother—"I have told you again and again, Kitty, not to speak when older people are talking, but to wait till they have finished."

Kitty—"I have tried that, mamma, but they never do stop."

SOME QUEER ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED—A room for two gentlemen thirty feet long and twenty feet wide.

FOR SALE—A piano, the property of a gentleman with carved legs.

MR. BROWN, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skins.

BULLDOG FOR SALE—Will eat anything, very fond of children.

WIDOW in comfortable circumstances wishes to marry two sons.

A FINE gentleman's bay saddle horse for sale with a full long tail strong enough to carry a very heavy weight that has done a mile in three minutes.

IF THE GENTLEMAN who keeps a shoe shop with a red head will return the umbrella which he borrowed of a young lady with an ivory handle, he will hear of something to her advantage.