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A TREASURE.

RRAY.

I am a flatiron,—and I am a treasure. I hope that half-sneering smile upon your lips will turn to one of grave respect when you have heard my story.

Twenty years ago, a woman, young and girlish looking, took me from her husband's hand with a smile and a low-toned "Thanks, love." I was only a lump of cold iron, but as her warm fingers closed over me, I inwardly vowed to perform my duties faithfully,—and now I proudly assert that I did, through sunshine and through storm.

For five years, with four comrades, I kept dutifully hot or cold in obedience to the wishes of my gentle owner, who pressed me with much firmness or little half-loving dabs across the snowy garments that came weekly from the washerwoman. Then a change came over the quiet home-life, for I saw the giant husband press his wife and babe to his bosom in a last lingering embrace and then stride through the doorway.

I was sitting over a fierce fire, and yet I felt strange ice-thrills waver over me as I saw my dear lady clasp her babe to her bosom, and dropping her pale face upon her hands, tremble violently in a vain endeavor to suppress the sobs that pierced the silence of the tiny cottage.

It was a long time after that before my lady sold my grim companions; and I never even so much as breathed of those days that brought such sadness to that little home, or even