

## Two Little Simplotons.

Two little sisters were Bessie and May,  
The sweetest of sweet little girls.  
Their faces perhaps no great beauty could  
boast,  
But both had the loveliest curls.

One day an old gentleman called on mam-  
ma

An intimate friend, who had brought  
For his two little pets, two beautiful dolls,  
Which he in the city had bought.

"Oh! Oh!" exclaimed Bessie, "how lovely  
they are!

Oh! dear Mr. Spring, you're so good!  
I wish that we, too, could give something to  
you;"

And said May, "How I wish that we  
could!"

And old Mr. Spring, who was fond of a  
joke,

Said slyly, "Look here, little girls,  
Just see my poor head; it's as bald as your  
hand;"

Come, why can't you give me your curls?"

And after he'd laughed at their look of  
dismay,

He turned to mamma, and forgot  
What he'd said to the two little darlings in  
play;

But the two little darlings did not.

They crept to the nursery—the nurse was  
away,

But a great pair of scissors was there;  
They climbed on two chairs which they  
pushed to the glass,  
And gazed on their beautiful hair.

Then clip went the scissors and off went the  
curls;

Then, who ever saw such a sight?  
With hair all cut jagged, in some places  
bald,

Each child was a terrible fright;

While the floor was all strewn with the  
beautiful hair,

Mixed together, the gold and the brown.  
Then, each little girl having chosen her  
own,

To the parlour they both hurried down.

Mamma gave a scream when she saw them  
appear.

"Why, children! What under the sun?"  
And old Mr. Spring looked aghast when he  
saw

The mischief his joking had done.

## MOUNT HOLYOKE.

MOUNT HOLYOKE is described as  
"The Gem of Massachusetts's Moun-  
tains." It is situated near the Con-  
necticut river, three miles from the  
picturesque village of Northampton.  
The mountain can be ascended by the  
inclined railway on its side, shown in  
the picture. Although it is only 1,120  
feet above the sea, it commands a  
beautiful view of the winding valley of  
the Connecticut, which has been pro-  
moted by tourists the finest prospect  
in America. The view embraces no  
less than ten mountains in four States,  
and about forty villages. First across  
the river is Mount Tom, 200 feet  
higher than Mount Holyoke. Further  
off is the Hoosac range, Grey Rock,  
Mount Everest, Sugar Loaf, and  
others, and in the distance rises, in dim  
and misty grandeur, the cloud-capped  
Monadnock.

FAITH and the cross are inseparable;  
the cross is the shrine of faith, and  
faith is the light of the cross.

## VIC VINTON'S VALENTINE.

BY AGNES CARR.

"O, Vic! have you heard the news!  
Isn't it perfectly splendid!" burst  
from a chorus of girls clustering about  
the school-room register on a cold  
frosty morning early in February, as  
a bright-eyed, golden-haired maiden  
entered and joined the group.

"No; what is it?" asked the new-  
comer, drawing off her gloves, and  
endeavouring to warm her hands.

"Why, Maidie Seymour is to give a  
valentine party on the 14th, and  
every one of our class is to be invited,"  
explained Clara Townley.

"And there is to be a letter-box,  
through which we are to send valen-  
tines to each other," continued Bella  
Osgood, "and Maidie's little brother  
Fred, dressed as Cupid, is to distribute  
them. Isn't it a pretty idea?"

"Lovely!" responded Vic; "but  
Maidie ought to have let us know  
sooner, so we could have saved up our  
pocket-money."

"O, you always have plenty, and  
can favour us all," laughed Nellie  
Frost, twining her arm around her  
friend's waist.

"Don't be so sure," said Vic. "I  
have drawn pretty heavily on my  
month's allowance already, and father  
always objects to advancing me any  
money. He says I will never learn  
the value of it if he does. But there  
goes the bell, and I haven't learned a  
word of my French yet." As the  
gong sounded, the girls dispersed to  
their respective seats, but little was  
thought or talked of during the en-  
suing week except the coming enter-  
tainment and the dainty missives to  
be sent on the occasion.

Every school has its belle, or lead-  
ing girl, and at Madame Berger's, Vic  
Vinton was certainly that one.  
Handsome, brilliant, and withal kind-  
hearted and generous to a fault, few  
could help loving her, and with both  
teachers and scholars she was a gen-  
eral favourite, while a certain royal  
manner of her own had won for her  
the title of "Queen Vic" among her  
schoolmates.

But perhaps her most ardent ad-  
mirer was one quite unknown to her-  
self—a little demure lassie, the poorest  
and plainest of the class, to whom she  
had scarcely spoken a dozen words  
throughout the year, and of whom she  
rarely thought. Milly Melville looked  
upon Vic Vinton as her ideal of every  
beauty and grace, although she never  
ventured to do more than gaze at and  
admire her from a distance, being  
much too timid and reserved to mingle  
and make many friends among the  
girls. So she was only known in the  
school as "Milly the book-worm" (for  
she was very studious), and at recess  
she was left alone and unheeded in her  
distant corner.

In due time the invitations were  
issued, and on Valentine's Eve, Vic,  
warmly wrapped up, for it was bitter  
cold, ventured her way down-town in

quest of the fancy missives for her  
mates, to be distributed by Cupid on  
the following evening. As she walked  
briskly along, her busy brain was cal-  
culating how far the five dollars in her  
purse would go, for, having always  
taken the lead, she felt some pride  
about having her gifts as handsome as  
any that would be sent; and Maidie,  
she knew, had invited a large number  
of friends to do honour to St.  
Valentine.

So engrossed was she in her own  
thoughts that she almost ran into  
another girl, who was coming up the  
street, and was only roused by a timid  
"Excuse me, Miss Vinton."

Vic stopped and spoke to Milly  
Melville. "You are going to Maidie's  
party, I suppose," she asked presently.

"No, I have nothing suitable to  
wear," she answered frankly.

"That is too bad."

"Yes, I particularly wished to go  
to this party. The dream of my life  
is to be an artist, and I wanted to see  
Mr. Seymour's pictures."

"Yes," said Vic, "and Maidie's  
artist uncle is to be there. Perhaps  
you may go yet. Do not send your  
regrets before to-morrow. Good-by."

Vic went on her way thinking about  
Milly. "I had no idea she was so  
poor. I might send her the embroid-  
ered muslin Cousin Charlotte gave me,  
which will fit her, but whatever would  
it be without the 'fixings,' as brother  
Tom calls them?"

Vic thought a moment longer.  
Then she announced, as though she  
was speaking to some one: "So, my  
dear friends, I fear you will have to  
dispense with any love-tokens from me,  
for hearts and darts, although very  
tempting, must give way to gloves and  
flowers." And turning resolutely from  
the stationer's dazzling display, she  
hurried to a dry goods establishment  
across the way.

"A messenger boy just left th's  
valentine at the door for you, Milly,"  
said Mrs. Melville the next morning.

"For me! Who in the world  
would send me a valentine?"

And Milly glanced inquiringly from  
her mother's face to the large box she  
carried in her hand. But the brown  
orbs opened still wider when the lid  
was lifted, displaying the snowy skirts  
with their delicate embroidery, the  
dainty gloves and slippers, and the  
cluster of crushed rose-buds, so natural,  
that Milly uttered a scream of de-  
lighted astonishment as they were  
drawn forth.

"This is Vic Vinton's work, I am  
sure," she exclaimed. "O, how grand  
she is! just like her royal name!"  
And her mother nodded a glad assent.

Neither Vic nor Milly appeared at  
school that day, but each member  
present of the class was surprised to  
receive a tiny note containing these  
words:

I have decided to send no valentines to-  
night, so please do not put me in debt if  
you love

Your friend and schoolmate,

Vic.

"What now whom is this the Queen  
has taken up?" asked Nelly Frost.  
No one could answer her.

Mr. Seymour's brilliantly lighted  
house was a vision of youth and hap-  
piness on that St. Valentine's evening,  
and graceful little Maidie, dressed in  
pure white, with knots of true blue  
ribbon, welcomed her guests with easy  
courtesy.

Vic was radiant. But of all the  
girls that flocked the spacious dress-  
ing-room, none was so great a surprise as  
Milly Melville.

"I had no idea she could look so  
pretty," exclaimed Clara Townley.

"Yes, the little brown grub has  
come out quite a gorgeous butterfly,"  
said Bella Osgood.

Vic, meanwhile, was being plied  
with questions, which she parried for  
some time with considerable skill, as  
to her new notion of neglecting her  
friends, some of whom were inclined  
to be a little indignant. They pressed  
her so hard, that at length she was  
forced to confess.

"Well, girls, the truth is, I did  
send one valentine, but it was too  
large to go in the letter-box, so I dis-  
patched it a little ahead of time."

"And I am that valentine," said  
Milly, who had stolen softly up be-  
hind. Then in a few words she told  
of the gift she had received.

"Three cheers for Queen Vic!"  
cried all the girls.

"I did not mean them to know,"  
said Vic.

"But I am very glad they do," said  
Milly, and, taking her friend's arm,  
they descended to the parlor to-  
gether.

Vic was now a greater favourite  
than ever, while Milly that evening  
appeared so bright and merry, her  
schoolmates all agreed that they had  
never half appreciated her before.

Swiftly and gaily the hours sped  
by, and when the tiny curly-headed  
Cupid spread his silver wings and  
fluttered about the room with his  
tender missives, none could equal an  
exquisite little picture painted by  
Milly, and presented to "her dear  
friend, Queen Vic."

Mr. Seymour, the artist, was in  
raptures over it, and next day, having  
heard Milly's story from his niece,  
Maidie, paid Mrs. Melville a friendly  
call. The result was a great joy to  
Milly, for through his influence she  
secured a good price for all the cards  
and pictures she could paint, and she  
became, as she had dreamed, a great  
artist. Her first prize was won  
through a picture of her friend, and  
whenever any one asks her about her  
art she tells them the story of Vic  
Vinton's valentine.—*Harper's Young  
People.*

MANY men who would be shocked  
by an oath will utter words they would  
be unwilling to use in the presence of  
ladies. And in just so much they  
lessen their manhood and deface their  
Christian character.