

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 chip 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.