

THE TRAGIC FATE OF A HAT.

A PITIFULLY TRUE TALE—A WEST POINT OCCURRENCE.

'Twas just out, a Parisian beauty,
A marvel of delicate grace.
The straw from Milan was the finest,
While Brussels laid claim to the lace.

I had worn it during that morning,
The team almost equalled the hat
For style was Harry's great hobby
And I had remembered the fact.

The drive was long and delightful,
One always finds so much to say
When one's companion's congenial
And June does contribute the day.

But the best of companionship wearies
(The season is "full" don't you know)
And Nature, that gentle restorer,
Does sometimes pity our woe.

So, remembering the dance in the evening,
I threw my hat down on the bed
And Pedro—misfortune! He saw it.
Imp, "Mischief" then entered his head.

Pedro's my dog,—he's a spaniel,
Of very pure breed, it is said,
With a glossy and satiny coat
And eyes that plead and beg.

Woo'd by gentle Morpheus,
I slept and dreamed of him,
Who on that bright June morning
Had made himself "My King."

I awoke with a start and a tremor,
My hat! It was *gone* from the bed
Pedro had claimed its beauties
They now adorned *his* head.

He had respected the flowers and laces,
Like a delicate shroud they lay
Covering with mocking splendor
My Pride! The hat of a day!

The straw was gone, like my dream,
Torn and shredded in bits.
Do you wonder, readers dear,
My awakening gave that dog *fits*?

H. MACF.

STUART DAWSON'S REVELATION.

THE fire was blazing on the nursery hearth. There was a fender in front of it, a high, old-fashioned fender, made of a sort of wire net-work, painted green and surmounted by a brass rod. On this fender hung the night-clothes of a little child.

The child himself, a little boy of about four, stood at the rug by his mother, who was undressing him.

She was a slender little woman, with a sweet, sad face. She wore a plain black dress, and her yellow hair was half hidden under a widow's cap.

The boy's loosened clothing fell in a little heap on the floor. She lifted him to her lap, and rubbed the plump little legs and feet, which he stretched toward the fire, kissing him, and talking to him all the time in that half-tender, half-foolish language which falls so easily from a young mother's tongue. Finally, when he had been dressed again in his warm little night clothes, he knelt by her knee, and repeated after her, his little prayer—

"God bless papa and mamma," he said in conclusion, "and help me to be a good boy."

She kissed him again when he had finished, and said:

"Now go and say good night to papa."

The child walked across the room to a large oil-painting,

which, resting upon a low foot-stool, leaned against the wall. In this position it was about on a level with the child himself. It was the portrait of a young and handsome man, with black hair and eyes like those of the little child who faced it. The boy went up to it and kissed the painted lips.

"Good night, dear papa," he said. Then he walked gravely back and re-seated himself in his mother's lap.

"Why doesn't papa ever kiss me?" he asked.

A spasm of pain passed over the mother's face. She bent her head down close to the boy's curls and kissed them.

"Mamma must do it for him, now," she said, but he loves you, Stuart, all the time, just as much as I do."

"Can he see me!"

"Yes, darling, he sees you and watches over you. You are his own little boy just as much as you ever were. He is sorry when you are hurt, and glad when you are happy, just as mamma is."

"What's an orphan?" asked the child.

"What?" said his mother in a startled tone.

"An orphan," repeated the child. "Charley Brady called me that to-day. He said I was an orphan 'cause I didn't have any papa, but I told him I wasn't. I guess he's one himself," he added, with the easy contempt of childhood.

"An orphan," said his mother, putting both arms around him, "is a child whose mamma or papa dies, but you have mamma on earth, darling, and papa in heaven. You have a papa, you must never forget it. I will talk to you about him every day. He was such a good, noble man, and you are going to grow up like him, Stuart. You are going to be the little boy he would be so proud and glad to have. Do you remember him?"

"I don't frink I do," he answered.

Then holding him in her arms, and rocking him, she began to talk to him of his father. She told him little stories, full of descriptions of his looks, his ways and words. The child listened eagerly at first, then his eyelids drooped heavily, and presently he was fast asleep.

She carried him into an adjoining bedroom, and put him in her own bed. Then she came back into the nursery, and stood a few minutes by the fire, which was dying away. She went over to the picture as the child had done, and knelt in front of it. Her lips moved, and she seemed to be praying silently. After a little she said softly:

"Oh Stuart, Stuart, he *shall* know you and love you! I will not let you pass out of your child's life. We will love you and think of you together. I *will* keep you with us, Stuart, my darling, my darling!"

And so all through his childhood, this was the aim of Stuart Dawson's mother. She kept ever before him the thought of a loving, noble father, and the boy grew up with a more vivid sense of the personality of his dead father than many children have of their living parents.

His mother and he were always together. She was his nurse in childhood, his teacher afterward, his dearest friend and companion always. The very love and reverence which he bore to his unseen father was a bond that bound him all the more closely to his mother, for she, of all the world, understood it. As he grew older, she gave him, a few at a time, his father's things; little trinkets and keepsakes, not of great value to anyone else, but sacred to these two. On his twelfth birth-day she gave him his father's watch, later, his father's books, and finally his desk with the pen and paper that he had used last.

"To be a good boy and please papa," was the aim of Stuart Dawson's childhood. To be an honest man and worthy to bear his father's name was the ambition of his young manhood.

He and his mother were much alone, but childhood accepts its environments unquestioningly, and it never occurred to him