

of the soft white leaves in her bosom, because it looked so like the one her lover had given her when—well, he had been dead a long time, and she had another now, and another girl asked him where he had got it. To this he unblushingly answered that he had bought it, but declined to surrender it to her, and appeared at his work next morning slightly the worse for wear, but still decorated with the now drooping rose.

In a Rose Jar.

Towards night he gave it to a little lame boy for whom he cherished a sternly repressed fondness, and the cripple in turn allowed his grandmother to take it. She, looking at it, forgot her poor health and failing spirits, and dreamed all evening of the husband to whom she went (let us hope) before the morning dawned. When the undertaker began his work, he found the flower dead in her hand, and threw it from the window. A little school-girl passing by saw it fall, and rescued it, for she said: "It will help Jeanie's rose jar." And so, ere long the poor rose lay not only broken-hearted, but with every petal torn apart and wounded, covered with salt and crushed under a heavy weight. "What a weary thing life is," it thought sadly, forgetting in its pain and sorrow, the hearts it had cheered by its perfume and beauty, and the pleasant scenes it had witnessed, and remembering only the mournful part of its own existence. "I might as well die," and so it did. But when, some days after, the little girl removed the weight and stirred the leaves, she wondered "why that one little rose should have such a strong perfume." "Perhaps the person who wore it had a kind heart," said her sister, who was in love and very romantic, "or perhaps," she added, gently touching the sweet, dead petals, "perhaps it loved somebody." "Well, I don't know anything about that," answered the practical little girl, "but it smells very sweet. Let's put it in the jar we're going to give Mary." And so it came to pass that the poor little rose which had seen so much, only to die at last hopeless and in the dark, became part of a present which helped to make glad a sweet young girl on the day she became a bride. And the loving heart-rose knew it, all dead and scattered though it was, and it quivered so that the faint, tender odor filled the room like a benediction or a whispered prayer, and lingered long after the wedding day was a thing of the distant past.

LIABLE TO FORGET.

He—I beg your pardon. I forgot myself.

She—That's all right. People are liable to forget the trivial and unimportant things of life.

Find her Master & Mistress



FIND ANOTHER DOLL

JANE'S REPARTEE.

Mistress (angrily)—See, Jane, I can write my name in the dust,

Servant (admiringly)—Oh, mum, that's more than I can do. There's nothin' like education, after all, is there, mum?

CHIPPER CHESTNUTS.

Coming to time—the promissory notes. The baldheaded man in the front row is the only one who likes to see stars. When a thing is whispered it travels faster than when shouted from the house-tops. An eavesdropper—the convict who escapes by way of the roof.

A NEW DEFINITION.

Signora Fringuelli's little boy wants his mother to tell him all about the construction of the phonograph. "But how is it made? What is it?" the little urchin persists in asking. Tired beyond measure, to get rid of his importunity, she impatiently exclaimed: "The phonograph is —is an electric parrot!"

MARRIAGE A FAILURE.

Kate—The bride's uncle gave her away. Jessie—Couldn't he get anything for her?

Kate—No, nothing but a husband.