



"I love God and little children."—JEAN PAUL.

Mine Vamilly.

DIMPLED cheeks, mit eyes off plue,
Mout like it vas moised mit dew,
Und lettle teeth shust peekin' droo—
Dot's der baby.

Curly headed, and full of glee,
Drowers all wadt at dat keck—
He vas been blay ing horse, you see—
Dot's little Otto.

Von hundord seerty in der shade,
Der odor day ven she vas weighed—
She beats me soon, I vas as raid—
Dot's mine Gretchen.

Bare-footed hed, and pooty stoudt,
Mit grooked legs dat vill bend oudt,
Fond of his pier and sourkrout—
Dot's me himself

Von small young baby, full off fun,
Von lettle prite-eyed roguish son,
Von frau to greet when vork vas done,
Dot's mine vamilly.



A SCENE OF THREE MONTHS AGO.
PAPA MADE SUCH A SPLENDID SANTA CLAUS THAT EVEN THE DOGS DIDN'T KNOW HIM."

"Brave Bill"—and his Enemy.

WHEN the report of the loss of the *Maine* reached the United States, says *Youth's Companion*, the account was given also of the dauntless courage with which the officers and sailors met the disaster. One man, while the thunder of the explosion was still sounding in his ears, appeared at the door of Captain Sigs-

bee's cabin, and touching his cap, said calmly:

"Excuse me, sir—I have to report that the ship has blown up, and is sinking."

He had faced an almost certain death in order to save the captain's life.

When the story was told, the heart of the nation responded with a proud throb. Every American felt honored