I feel a tittle lonely, but I will not say a word.

I think I sing quite nicely, hear me peep peep, peep.

cheep,
Now, isn't that the nicest song you ever, ever

It is really very easy to be a little bird. Now, when other little chicks are scratching in

Or running to their mamma for fear they will

What is that up in the heavens? It's a hawk I really fear.

If I could but find my mamma, how glad I'd be

I'm so glad I am a chicken—I don't want to be

-Mrs. Chilion B. Allen.

A Little Prince.

I want to tell you about a prince I uonce saw, a real prince!

L Do you think he was guarded by a ht Bompany of soldiers, and was dressed on scarlet and gold, with waving plumes on his head and a sword in his hand,

and leike the princes in fairy stories? alril Then you will be disappointed; for for may little prince was three years old, and re a white muslin dress, and the wind resead blown his yellow hair about till it nell in a pretty tangle of fluffy curls over vidvis eyes and around his shoulders.

liase park surrounding his castle.

d nate park salroundary so open to visitors; all read while I was sitting there under the ion rices, the child came out of the hall with hds nurse, and as soon as he saw me he unnatural redness, no fear of suffocapresn toward me, lifted his baby-face to in t vine, and lisped his greeting "Guten object, instead of a pillow tied in the eprrag" (good-morning), as politely as his middle, with a general air of asphyxia. ratiether could have done; and then invited ratie to go with him to the party! This I tight-lacing makes them look any smallnias obliged to decline, but thanked the of cung prince heartily for the honor

gs, cWhile we were talking, several lords geed ladies left the breakfast-room; and caer bidding me farewell, with a wave de ahis hand, he ran off to join them.

21,50 it was so early in the morning that ot, here were few strangers in the park; 078 id presently a tiny girl appeared, toiland w up the bank from the bridge below.
60,1Her brown hair more tangled than our rosacnce's curls, blew around her foreed; her gown was of faded cotton, and 4: m little bare feet pattered along over dec walks, while all her thoughts were 4; d'ent upon finding her father, who was at ratio k on the road far beyond the park, wisithe was carrying him a pail of soup aggnehis dinner; but hearing the joyous

Ingh of the baby-prince, she stopped, mi |red over the hedge to watch him n er as he sat enthroned upon the lap she duchess, his mamma, when sude equaly turning his head, he caught sight

tedre slipped from his mother's arms, ran out to salute the little peasantlendol. He took her hand in his, and benumo to talk in his baby-fashion.

ag are nurse hastened after him, but the Ethess, calling her back, went herself es, Fird the children, spoke kindly to the way in the hedge, took her boy's hand, and the three walked away

he Uewas a pretty sight indeed—the gra-orts the lady, tall and fair, in robes of silk rang lace, the handsome boy, in his neight dress of white, and the poor little cen boot, with her brown earthen pail ey, a pr arm, and her face quite radiant ts of chappiness.

Dey walked with her to the end of the hs, and when they had turned back, ped away as fast as her small feet certal carry her, not only to give her ers & his dinner, but to relate her ady; pere of a walk with her prince.
lodg riching the gentle smile that light-

cent e face of the duchess, I did not we ar that she should be beloved as cer by high and low.

nty-cror her son, he is not only a prince, paid little boy, kind and polite to atran-two which perhaps is better still. dy, do you think?—Youth's Com-

irder case has been tried at My-India, where the prisoners number of famine-stricken boys, nrdered a companion. The whole the streets and picking up the with the refuse of food that were out of the houses of natives, and the refuse. The deceased being the lion's share. The others on held a consultation and de-lat he should be put to death, y formed a plan for putting their into execution. They asked boy to come for a walk beyond walls; then they took him in the threw a big stone on him, and up with a knife, which they d hid in a garden. The boy ced to ten years,

imprisonment,

Small Waists.

Small waists and early deaths have a physician of celebrity, and his notion that the latter is the certain sequence of of sixteen quarterings on your shield, without which you cannot be admitted to "best society" of Vienna, "Sixteen," who have as small a waist; but they have not the height, and contour, and becoming fullness which the empress

Undoubtedly there will always be foolish mothers who make their daugh- week: ters sleep in their corsets, and many foolish women who will always dray mean remains. A figure well, but not too stiffly, supported; a waist slender, round-but not too small for the adja cent figure-is the grand desideratum ds" His papa and mamma were having a of female beauty. A large woman in Fitreakfast-party in the "Retreat," a France—where women have a taste for Meantiful reception-hall belonging to the becoming in dress conferred upon the grand duke (my prince's father), in the becoming in dress conferred upon them by Providence—wears ample draperies, loosely-fitting garments, and a cries, loosely-fitting garments. the becoming in dress conferred upon tion. She is simply a large. beautiful middle, with a general air of asphyxia. er. Age, which reduces everything else, is apt to add on to the figure of stoutness. This cannot be better treat ed than it was by the late duchess of

woman, and time brings on undesirable Devonshire, one of the most beautiful of women, who grew at the age of forty years, as English women are apt to do, very stout. "How have you kept your complexion so pure, my dear duchess at the court of Queen Victoria. "By dressing at ease and keeping 'my temper," said the handsome duches

Alexander Hamilton's Prayer. Mr. John C. Hamilton, a son of Alexnder Hamilton, gives to a correspon dent of the Philadelphia Times this outhing incident of his father: "My father's residence was in the country toward the north of New York Island. His law-office in the city was rather shabby affair. The day before the duel I was sitting in a room, when, at a slight noise, I turned around and saw ny father in the doorway, standing silently there and looking at me with a ountenance. It was full of tenderness, and without any of the business pre-occupation he sometimes had. 'John, he said, when I had discovered him 'won't you come and sleep with me to His voice was frank, as if he had been my brother instead of my father. That night I went to his bed, and in the morning very early he awak-ened me, and taking my hands in his palms, all four hands extended, he said, and told me to repeat the Lord's Prayer. over my head, and I have forgotten many things, but not that tender expression when he stood looking at me in the door, for the prayer we made together

Somebody ought to publish a house hold tract, and advise people to kindle their fires with gunpowder, instead of kerosene. It would be vastly safer indeed, for the gunpowder only explodes, and then is done with it, and if it blows out the windows and doors, or takes off a leg or an arm, or puts out an eye, that | b-but he had his arms aroun' my neck is all there is of it, and people know

Kindling Fires With Kerosene.

the morning before the duel."

what to expect. But the kerosene not only explodes, but takes fire, and its burning vapor is pretty sure death to ling. It is a very easy thing to tilt what is left in the lamp or the oil can right over the coals to make a blaze when the fire is slow, but the hospital ambulance and the coroner's inquest are pretty but big-hearted urchins. Did God ever sure to follow. The most sickening of make a heart which would not respond all horrors, being burned alive, is the natural outcome of this hurrying up of Free Press. slow fires by the quick kindling of kero sene, but every women who tries it ought to know that she would be a good deal safer in the front of a battle than behind the kerosene can in such an experiment.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Lightning sometimes appears forked, because being resisted in its progress by the air, the electricity divides into two lady, blushing, "I would not stay so

Twenty-Five Cent Dinners for Six.

The New York Herald says: Miss been the subjects of recent comments of a physician of celebrity, and his notion New York Cooking School), whose receipts for fifteen cent dinners aided so the former is borne out by almost all many poor persons in the preparation of authorities of every country. Yet, no their daily food, has now published anmatter how the physiologist or the physicians may talk, women have always compressed their waists and expanded their skirts, and they always will, until and four children is about her idea of an public opinion pronounces for a heavy figure. It has never influenced a fash-face: "The cheapest kinds of food are ionable woman yet to hear that the sometimes the most wholesome and Venus de Medici had a large waist—she strengthening; but, in order to obtain has been told so ever since that faultless image of female beauty was disinterred.

She merely shrugs her shoulders and suitability to our needs. That done we er laces tighter. She knows must know how to cook them so as to very well that if she went to a ball with make savory and nutritious meals in-that figure of Venus no man would ask her to dance. So important a matter is eating whereof sends the man to the it to have a small waist that it has be- liquor shop for consolation. Good food, come a matter of pride to the Austrian people, and is mentioned in the court journals that the empress of Austria is celebrated for possessing a waist which good tempers and kind hearts." Milk only measures sixteen inches. This is a she considers as healthy a drink for greater nobility than even the possession grown people as it is for children. Tea and coffee are recommended in modera tion. Instructions are given for season ing food and for the selection of meats, therefore, is a magic number at Vienna.

There are many persons, to be sure, the average Washington market prices. It may seem at first as though it would be impossible to get marketing for the word that she has done it. The following are the daily bills of fare for one

y.—Breakfast—Johnny cake, cocoa, 6c.; broiled herring, ner—Chicken soup, with rice,

10c.

Dinner—Mutton broth, with barley, 3c.; epigramme of lamb,
16c.; potatoes, 3c.
Supper—Tea, 3c.; polenta, 5c.; potato bread, 6c. nday. — Breakfast — Toast, 6c; fried lentils, 10c; coffee, 6c; cat

meal porridge, 8c.

Dinner - Roast fowl and baked potatoes, 38c.; half pay pudding

Total \$5 25

Tim's Kit. It surprised the shiners and newsboys is inhabited or rather possessed by

most sweet and beautiful expression of good stout bex, and the outfit goes for two shillin's!" "Goin' away, Tim?" queried one. "Not 'zactly, boys, but I want a quar-

ter the awfullest kind just now."
"Goin' on a 'scursion?" asked an-

other.
"Not to-day, but I must have a quar-

One of the lads passed over the change and took the kit, and Tim walked straight to the counting-room of a daily paper, put down his money and said: "I guess I kin write it if you'll give

With slow-moving fingers he wrote a death notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote it, but you might not have seen it. He wrote:

"Died-Litul Ted-of sca let fever; age three yeres. Funeral to-morrer, gon up t Hevin; left one bruther." "Was it your brother?" asked the

Tim tried to brace up, but he couldn't. The big tears came up, his chin quivered, and he pointed to the notice on

the counter and gasped: "I_I had to sell my kit to do itwhen he d-died!"

He hurried away home, but the new went to the boys, and they gathered in a group and talked. Tim had not been the woman who tries this sort of kind- home an hour before a barefooted boy left the kit on the doorstep, and in the box was a bouquet of flowers which had been purchased in the market by pennies contributed by the crowd of ragged

A pretty girl stepped into a shop where her spruce young man stood be-hind the counter. In order to remain as long as possible she cheapened every-thing, and at last said, "I believe you think I am cheating you?" "Oh, no," or more points, and seeks a passage in long bargaining if you were not so different directions,

Hat Flirtation

For the past two years there has bee a pleasant rivalry among literary people to devise a mode of expressing the thoughts by certain signs and acts, so as to be understood and read by parties distant. To this end they first devised the hankerchief flirtation, then the fan, and now the glove, each in turn becom ing the more popular as they were in vented. Among a certain class, how-ever, there was still a vague, uncertain sort of deficiency; a kind of undescriba ble sort of lacking that failed to cover the ground. A few of our young n had no gloves, and others were without fans, and still a grater number were frequently unprepared to give a credita-ble handkerchief entertainment by reason of the great washer-woman n oly which is carried to such an extent in cities. To meet this long-felt want th Champion has designed a flirtation with the hat, which will be duly entered ac cording to Congress as soon as a feasible entrance to Congress can be effected In introducing a flirtation with the hat, it has been the experience of many of our most proficient flirters that it is better to raise the hat perpendicularly from the head a few inches that the ob ect of your flirtation may be satisfied the absence of bricks or other cutaneou substances which are sometimes fatal to the success of your advances. The following are the different interpretations wear the hat on the right eyebrov

-Please step to one side-I'm bad. To wear the hat on the left eyebrov Are you there, Moriarty? To wear the hat on the bridge of the nose—We are watched—by the police.

To wear the hat on the right ear-

You will find my photograph on sale with all the principal newsdealers.

To wear the hat on the left ear—l love you, but livery teams and ice crean are up so that it will be impossible for me to carry on the acquaintance

To carry the hat in the hand-You father's financial condition is such that it will not justify me. You need not

To place the hat on the back of the head—I am yours; ask mother.—Atchinson (Kan.) Champion.

The Dogs of Constantinople. The countless dogs of Constantinople are under the protection of the general

public, but, being pronounced unclear animals by the Koran, are not allowed to enter the Turkish houses, and are consequently without masters. They, therefore, form a great free vagabone republic, collarless, nameless, houseless, and lawless. The street is their abode; there they dig little dens, where they sleep, eat, are born, brought up, and die; and no one, at least in Stan bouls, ever think of disturbing their occupations or their repose. They are masters of the public highways. In our cities it is the dog that makes way for the horseman or foot passenger. There it is the people, the horses, the camels, the donkey, that make way for the dogs. They are lazy animals, and sleep most of the time; neither rain, snow, heat nor cold disturbs them. They wake when they are hungry, not before, and sleep almost always in the same spots. The canine population is divided in quarters or wards. Every quarter, every street around the post-office the other day to certain number of dogs, who never go see "Limpy Tim" come among them in a quiet way, and to heav him say:

"Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's service of police. Woe to any dog of two brushes, a hull box of blacking, a another quarter who, pushed by hunger, shall risk himself within the territory of his neighbors! A crowd of curs fall upon him at once; and, if they catch him, they chase him as far as his own domain-that is, to the confines of it, for the enemy's country is ever feared and respected. So fierce are these engagements, and so numerous, that many of their number are reduced to a pitiable condition-crippled, with broke tails. one-eved and scarred. As for the tail it may be said to be an immense luxury; for it is rare for a Constantinople dog to wear his tail entire for more than two months of public life. Yet, notwith standing their ugliness, laziness and perpetual howlings, the Turks love these dogs, and would not banish them if they could.

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Far from the Under full s

Past all the win ing; Past all the i Past all the cur Far from the Never a feeling

Where the b Never a year f Thou dost re Rich in experie Rich 'in the lov

Hearts at the deady and w "It is more b

A BIT

Things wer deed, John J his big store looked dolefu at the pile amounts of fi at the empty seemed little helped stray in his till with Truth to te s deable left o

store at the of The place wa flies and spi wholly given in consequer party of the conditions o motherless E little soul th have come to four hours the fither.

"I know yo dy," she said "What's the you really mi thing good wil John Jasper, r his daughter's pockets full of Kathie had but in spite of painfully up in hair and dov

ruffled blue ca "Will will ! has he won't o say I was a for said Jasper, said Jasper, couldn't have than your old f sparkling, thou did it all for the got hold of her " Daddy!" He dropped mutilating and "You don't

angry, so he'll "He can't do on the mortgo Kathie's blue "You know, him. Agh!" s voluntary grim twenty thousar er, "and jumpe Then, seeing her face.
"But I don't for a son-in-lay At this Kath

relieved

Meanwhile,

real estate offic

blue shade wa