

FREDERICK H. ADAMS, Publisher.

THE LITTLE BOY OF ST. LOUIS, MO. ... On Monday ... Rode ...

HIS GRANDDAUGHTER.

Old Mr. Merrill was lying wearily back on his couch, when Rose, his pretty granddaughter, fluttered in, all face and ribbons and dainty apparel; and dancing up to his side, dropped him a fantastic little curtsy, saying as she held out an embroidered purse: "See, grandpa dear, my poor purse is empty; and there is such a lovely costume at Madame Reno's. I must have it. You'll give me the money, won't you?" and she looked down at him with a winsome beseeching smile, that had never failed of its purpose.

It was indeed true. The Providence which we so wrongly call "chance" had led Grace to her grandfather's door; and she, the mother of the little boy, had found her way to the old man's room. ... "I am your grandfather. Can you forgive me?" It was indeed true. The Providence which we so wrongly call "chance" had led Grace to her grandfather's door; and she, the mother of the little boy, had found her way to the old man's room.

LOOK UPON AS THE "HELPERS" day of rest, so far as we could make it so. In the morning breakfast was earlier than usual. While we were breakfasting the maids were emptying our ... "I am your grandfather. Can you forgive me?" It was indeed true. The Providence which we so wrongly call "chance" had led Grace to her grandfather's door; and she, the mother of the little boy, had found her way to the old man's room.

MOCKING-BIRD STUDIES. The mocking-bird's movements, excepting in flight, are the perfection of grace; not even the cat-bird can rival ... "I am your grandfather. Can you forgive me?" It was indeed true. The Providence which we so wrongly call "chance" had led Grace to her grandfather's door; and she, the mother of the little boy, had found her way to the old man's room.

one may be, he cannot help feeling deep sympathy with the joyous soul that thus expresses itself. With all the wonderful power and variety, the bewitching charm, there is not the ... "I am your grandfather. Can you forgive me?" It was indeed true. The Providence which we so wrongly call "chance" had led Grace to her grandfather's door; and she, the mother of the little boy, had found her way to the old man's room.