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Hiding from Papa. Papa's lost his baby. Searches everywhere. Under chairs and tables. With the greatest care!

Pulls aside the curtain. Peeps behind the door! Never sees the little hump. Carried up on the floor! Never hears the whisper. "Mamma, don't you tell!"

Of the scampers wildly. Hearing every noise. Overturning everything. With the greatest care. Canary has a visit.

Sitting on his perch. Mamma's apron pocket. Swifts by the porch. Now I am so tired—Elephant at play—That I must take a rest

A minute by the way. I'll lay my weary head On this little rug. Under mamma's towel Lay her darling, snug!

Then the merry scrambling Papa laughed to see! And you didn't flink, now, That it could be me!

A Summer Morning's Song. Up, sleeper! dresser, up! for now There's gold upon the mountain's brow; There's light on forest, lakes, and meadows.

The dew-drops shine on forest bells; The village clock of morning tells. Up, men! out cattle! for the dells And dingles teem with shadows.

The very best that drops the flower Hath welcome for the dawning hour. Aurora smiles—her beckoning claim thee. Listen—look round! The chirp, the hum, Song, low and loud—there's nothing dumb!

All low, all life come, there, come! The meadow things shall shame thee.

THE PEACH PARTY.

Mrs. Mallandaine stands in the veranda receiving her guests. She is a tall, grave-eyed woman, tempered but not soured by her twenty years of colonial life.

Standing to welcome her guests, she looks, this summer day, a very comely gentlewoman, in her soft, peach-colored dress.

The rustle of freshly-starched skirts, the waving of ribbons, the hum of a babble of voices, varied by an occasional roar from an aggrieved lady, become confusing.

"I've got a snug corner for baby on the sofa," she says, taking the little bundle into her kind arms. "Hugh shall pick you to-day, while you come and have a quiet chat with me in the conservatory."

"This will do, I think," says Molly, coming to a stand-still under a giant whose spreading branches are weighted with downy fruit.

"What is it?" asks Molly, looking bewildered, from one to the other. "No need to trouble you, my pretty young lady," says the stranger, in a high-pitched, unrefined voice.

"I begin as ordered, but soon leave off to look down on the scene. At last Molly flits back to my tree—'Hugh! only three peaches! What have you been doing up there all this time?'

From my perch among the leaves and recognizing, once more, how Molly has given her heart, without reserve, to this man.

"By-and-by they stroll off to another tree with one of Mrs. Aubrey's unfiled baskets, and I feel as if the beauty of the day had suddenly clouded over.

"'High must have gone in, I suppose; I can't see him anywhere. Isn't he a dear, good fellow, Mr. Meredith?'

"'Coming, Jack,' answers Molly, in a voice that will tremble a little; and Meredith, who is gone for the purpose of proposing, I say, crossly to myself, as I yawn and stretch my arms.

"Where is Molly?" screams Sibyl, who is the first to catch sight of me as I clasp my hand to my forehead.

"There she is," I answer, catching the wave of her white gown against the vivid scarlet blossoms of the rata which grows at the bend of the drive.

"Some drunken tramp," she said, carelessly, "who has strayed off the road." She must not be allowed to startle Molly.

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I seem to have known this for a fact, and the sentence seems to repeat itself again and again in the silence which follows.

"'Meredith! I cry, hastily, shaking his arm to rouse his attention, 'do you hear what this miserable creature is saying about you?'

"'I cannot contradict her,' he answers slowly, as if the words were wrung out of him against his will.

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AN HISTORIC BUILDING.

The famous Tuileries Palace to be razed and the grounds converted into a pleasure park for the Parisians—History of the palace.

The French chamber of deputies has decreed the demolition of the palace of the Tuileries, the ancient and modern habitation of the monarchs of that country.

The Tuileries has a strange and not very savory history. It was built—or the present building was begun—rather by Catherine de Medicis, the able and venomous wife of Henry II., who so long ruled the destinies of France to evil.

Strong-minded woman as she was, the crimes hatched and done in the Louvre seemed to make the atmosphere of the palace sickening to her.

Henry IV. next occupied the palace, and enlarged it by extending both wings. It was a favorite palace of the French monarchs, the emperor Napoleon III., piqued at the wars of the Fronde.

He also began the north gallery, which was completed in 1827 by Napoleon the Third. This addition made a connected pile of the Tuileries and the Louvre.

The Maceon Telegraph announces that for the first time in the history of Georgia the rice mills have been run in sufficient abundance to run them without drawing supplies of wheat from the North.

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How the Japanese Do It. The Japanese method of keeping meat fresh in hot weather is just now attracting a good deal of attention in European circles.

Bondsman Rained. Four years ago Josephus Socr, Jr., the State treasurer of New Jersey, defaulted for \$70,000.

Showing Him How. It was on the lower deck of one of the harbor steamers: 'There, sit one there,' said the harbor pilot, pointing his little boy on a smooth cylinder running across the gangway.

Remedy for Summer Complaints. Twenty years ago the New York Sun gave publicity to a remedy for cholera, dysentery and like summer disorders.

Little in Texas are dying by hundreds of thirst. The people of the United States pay over \$700,000 a year for spirituous and fermented liquors.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Mississippi is without a national bank. James river is lower than it has been in forty years.

A cotton factory is soon to be built in Summit, Mississippi. It will be the tenth in the State.

The debt of California in four years has been reduced \$3,500,000, and is now less than \$3,500,000, while there is \$1,498,450 in the treasury.

The International and Great Northern railroad of Texas was sold for \$1,000,000. It was bid in by George Stanley, of Galveston.

Theo. R. Davis, the artist, is designing a handsome dinner set for the White House. The etchings are sent to a famous china-making firm of France.

The treasury department has received advice that the Japanese government has agreed to the export of cotton from many articles, including silk and cotton goods.

Mr. John Howe, the wife of a prominent business man of Cincinnati, and a servant fell through the floor of a vault at their summer residence in Covington.

A peculiar and fatal accident occurred at Gratton, N. Y. As William Jacobs was mowing in a meadow he suddenly disturbed a nest of hornets.

Queensland, the youngest of the Australian group, occupies the northeastern corner of the Australian continent.

The last notable application of papier mache was in the manufacture of a revolving dome for the astronomical observatory of the Polytechnic institute.

Two of the crew of the schooner Besic were recently attacked on the banks, while out in a dory attending to their nets.

The Canadian postoffice savings bank system has achieved a very decided success. The books show that there are no less than 27,445 accounts now open.

The Ferrandina (Florida) Mirror reports that the machinery lately brought to that place by Professor Loomis for the preparation of palmetto fiber is working satisfactorily.