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THE TOSS OF A COPPER.

Story of My Experience with Two Lovers.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS, JR.

LETTER NO. 2. (Continued.) There was a tinge of respect in that "my" of his by which I was strangely gratified.



THESE FOLLOWED STROLLS IN THE PARK.

Why punish myself? Would my becoming Casimir's wife be a punishment? What juggling with words was this?

LETTER NO. 3. (Continued.) I was anxious to look the book through at once. Would there be a mention of me?

LETTER NO. 4. (Continued.) I had been in my room the next morning when I felt my hand pressed upon my forehead.

LETTER NO. 5. (Continued.) I was in love with him. Why shouldn't he, since he wasn't in love with me himself?

LETTER NO. 6. (Continued.) I must confess some men really do deserve credit. Look at this young man of thirty, a handsome, intelligent fellow.

LETTER NO. 7. (Continued.) Well, dear Blanche, it's all settled, and settled, I believe, by a gracious and all-wise Providence.

LETTER NO. 8. (Continued.) The day was chilly, and there was a fire burning on the hearth. Rene was standing leaning on the mantel when the servant handed him Casimir's letter.

LETTER NO. 9. (Continued.) "No, no, cousin," he replied, speaking with great difficulty. "Casimir will make you very happy."

LETTER NO. 10. (Continued.) I was in love with him. Why shouldn't he, since he wasn't in love with me himself?

LETTER NO. 11. (Continued.) I was in love with him. Why shouldn't he, since he wasn't in love with me himself?

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LETTER NO. 30. (Continued.) I was in love with him. Why shouldn't he, since he wasn't in love with me himself?

LETTER NO. 31. (Continued.) I was in love with him. Why shouldn't he, since he wasn't in love with me himself?

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

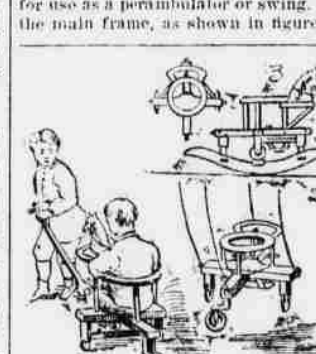
Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household - Quiet Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

Where's Mother? Bursting in from school or play, This is what the children say, On the threshold, in the hall - Joining in the constant cry, Ever as the days go by, "Where's mother?"

Barbed with a lonely task, One day we may vainly ask, For the comfort of her face, For the rest of her embrace; Let us say, let us say, Well for us that we can say, "Where's mother?"

A Riddle for Grandma. "Grandma, papa has sent you a riddle to guess," cried two little girls, bounding up to the porch where their grandma sat knitting in the sunshine.

A Multifarious Vehicle. The accompanying cut shows what the inventor calls a "composite vehicle," which may be used in three or four different ways to give children or invalids exercise or amusement.



FOR AMUSING CHILDREN.

A ring-like guard piece is supported on posts, a curved table being secured on the front edge of the guard piece, while at the junction of the members of the frame is a seat board, a detachable foot rest being formed by hanger bars.

"I'm No Dead Yet." Over a door in a house at Edinburgh, Scotland, there stands the bust of a boy, with the words, "Heave away, lads; I'm no dead yet," carved in the stone above it.

From Eastern tracks come plaints of crooked racing. Doubtless this sort of racing is not unknown, and yet it may be noted as a peculiar curiosity that the plaints emanate always from those who bet on the horse that didn't win.

A KNOWING DOG AND HEN.

Fowl and St. Bernard Frolic Like Two Old Chums.

Whitestone Village, says the New York World, contains some remarkable animals, but the most intelligent one is a large St. Bernard dog that belongs to William Higginson, the architect, of Fulton street.

The Kings of England. Those who have once learned this juggle which gives the names of England's kings and queens since the Conquest have, no doubt, found it very useful. We suggest to teachers especially the helpfulness of such aids to memory as this old rhyme:

First William the Norman, then William his son, Henry, Stephen, and Henry, then Richard and John.

When ever the hen strays off with her progeny Duke corrals her from the rest of the flock, and drives her back to the yard.

One of the stories of the Crimean War told by the novelist Turgeneff, and well authenticated by existing letters, is peculiarly touching.

The Russian found that the man who had spoken was a veteran French captain, who, even worse wounded than himself, lay close by.

Millionaire women, says the New York Journal, have a new eccentricity which they are quite sure they can re-serve for their own exclusive use.

It is said that on account of their depth and coldness the waters of Lake Superior do not give up their dead.

Superior officer - You are accused of sleeping on your watch. Sentinel - Impossible, sir. "Impossible? What do you mean?" "My watch has been at the pawnbroker's for six months."

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BIRD AND DOG ARE CHUMS.



DIAMONDS IN FINGER-SAILS.