

"LITTLE DEDE."

We call her "Little Dede." By we, her father, and the friends who know her best. Her right name is Edith, but when she was two years old she was her baby version of "Little Dede," and we have called her by the name of her own making ever since she lives in New York, where she was born.

"Little Dede" is four years old now, and she is very proud of telling folks so. She says very bright things sometimes, and this is the reason why I now tell the boys and girls some of the little speeches she has made. One day quite a long time ago, she was more quiet than usual, and I missed her baby singing.

"Won't you sing for papa, Dede?" "I can't, papa; my mouth is locked."

On one occasion when the letterman brought a paper for me, "Little Dede" said: "Let me take the skin off, papa."

That was a busy time for "Little Dede," eyes when the doctor came to examine the baby. She watched him very closely as he scratched the little leg with his sharp lancet. When he had gone she looked all around, and then asked:

"Did the doctor take his blood-sucker with him?" She was two years and a quarter old when taken on a visit to England. While there she lived in a big town, and one day was missed for hours. People went every way to find her. Her cousin Eddie met with her quite a long way off. What do you think she was doing? She was at an open-air meeting of the Salvation Army, her dear little head uncovered from the light rain that was falling, and listening with all her might, her dolly hanging limply over her arm, to the worship. The Army folks had a band, drums and clashing cymbals and noisy brass horns, and hearing them pass, the little witch had slipped out and followed them. Very glad was dear Eddie to find her, but he said, as if much hurt that she had run away:

"Oh, Dede! Why did you run away?" "I wanted to hear the music, Eddie," said "Little Dede" quietly.

I cannot say that my treasure is always a good girl. Her mamma sometimes talks to her about her naughty doings; and I am afraid the little culprit is ready as a lawyer to defend herself.

One day her mother, speaking of some pretty little girls at a window on the opposite side of the street, said her good they were.

"So should I be, ma, if I lived there." For is "Little Dede" always as proper in what she says to older folks as I desire her to be.

After her nurse had put her to bed one night, that grave person was overheard to reprove her. In a tone of high scorn the youngest replied: "Don't you talk to me."

Out shopping one day with her mamma, a clerk said: "Won't you give me your pretty curls?"

He was a large, fat person—his head over so big. Looking up at him, "Little Dede" spoke:

"Your head is too large and fat for my curls."

The funniest thing about my little sweetheart is that she speaks quite seriously even when her words seem to be part; and there are times when she talks about God and heaven so sweetly that her silly papa thinks she is the best and wisest minister he ever heard.

She has just left him, and is sleeping in her crib near by. Ten minutes ago she had her arm round my neck and was saying:

"Papa, I love you. I love you all the day and when the moon shines. I love you all the time, papa, dear. We kiss you good-night."

And the tiny angel in her night robe slipped off my knee to be placed in her own little bed.

May God spare to us our "Little Dede." We dare not think what our home would be without her.—[P. A.]

A BRIGHT DETECTIVE.

Some time ago a confidential clerk in the employ of a firm in Indiana shipped the gutter with several thousand dollars in ready cash. While it was determined to hunt him down at all hazards, the firm did not feel like paying a great deal of money in so doing.

A one-horse country detective was however employed, and after a while he traced his man to Detroit. The detective didn't propose to share any of the glory with the Detroit officers, and he staid around for a week before he learned that his man was in Windsor.

Then he went over there, still working on the quiet, and a nice young man at one of the hotels informed him that the defaulter had just gone to Toronto, but would be back in a few days.

The detective became fast friends, and the nice young man had his daily drinks and cigars at the detective's expense.

The two came over to Detroit and attended the theater and had good times, and it was the opinion of the detective that he never met such a nice young man.

Finally, a night or two ago, as they staid from the boat on the other side, the detective inquired: "You must be an agent of some sort."

"Oh, no!" was the reply. "I am simply here for pleasure." "Where do you live when at home?" "In Indiana."

"Why, I'm from Indiana!" "Yes, you told me so the first day." "Whereabout in Indiana?" "Vincennes." "Good gracious! but my home is only three miles from Vincennes." "Yes, I know." "What did you do in Vincennes?" "Clerked for Lath & Shingles." "What! Why, that is the very firm that was robbed!" "Yes, I know," was the placid reply. "And your name is—what?" queried the detective.

"William Green!" "Great Scott! but you are the chap who stole the money!" howled the officer.

"Yes, certainly! What are you going to do about it?" calmly replied the nice young man, as he lighted another fifteen-center.—[Detroit Free Press.]

A Wise Father.

The Crown Prince of Prussia was always a very sensible man in the management of his household, and he is ably seconded by his wife. On one occasion the governor of his children came to him and said:

"Your Highness, I must complain of the little Prince; he refuses to have his face washed in the morning."

"Does he?" answered the Crown Prince. "We'll remedy that. After this let him go unwashed."

"It shall be done," said the governor. Now the sentries have to salute every member of the royal family—children and all—whenever they pass. The day after, the little four-year-old Prince went out for a walk with his governor. As they passed a sentry-box where a grim soldier stood, the man stood rigid without presenting arms.

The little Prince—accustomed to universal deference—looked displeased, but said nothing. Presently another sentry passed. Neither did this one give a sign of recognition. The little Prince angrily spoke of it to his old governor, and they passed in. And when the walk was finished, and they had met many soldiers, who none of them saluted the Prince, the little fellow dashed into his father exclaiming:

"Papa—papa—you must whip every man in your guards! They refuse to salute when I pass!"

"Ah! my son," said the Crown Prince, "they do rightly; for clean soldiers never salute a dirty little Prince." After that the boy took a shower bath every morning.—[Ingleside.]

Train Talk.

"Funniest thing I've seen lately," said the candy man on the Rock Island suburban trains, "was the other day when a man rushed up to the Twenty-second street station and said to the station agent:

"H-h-has the Joliet train gone?" "Yes, there it goes up the road there."

"Does it s-s-s-top-p-p-p?" "Yes, it stops at Thirty-first street."

"Does it s-s-s-top-p-p-p-a-a-a?" "Yes, it stops at Thirty-ninth street."

"Does it s-s-s-top-p-p-p-a-a-a-n-y?" "Yes, it stops at Forty-seventh, Fifty-first, Englewood, and Blue Island."

"Does it s-s-s-top-p-p-p-a-a-a-p-y-why-why?" "Yes, it stops at all stations. But what difference does it make to you? You're not aboard."

"J-just what I'm k-k-kleeking about. Does it s-s-top-p-p-p anywh-where long enough so I could r-r-run and overtake it?"—[Chicago Herald.]

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THE WAR SERIES

which has been followed with unflagging interest by a great audience, will occupy less space during the coming year. Gettysburg will be described by Gen Hunt (Chief of the Union Artillery), General Longstreet, Gen. E. M. Law, and others, Chickamauga by Gen. D. H. Hill, Sherman's March to the Sea, by Gen. Howard and Slocum. Gens. Q. A. Gilmore, Wm. F. Smith, John Gibbon, Horace Porter and John S. Mosby will describe special battles and incidents. Stories of naval engagements, prison life, etc., will appear.

NOVELS AND STORIES.

"The Hundredth Man," a novel by F. B. Stockton, author of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" etc., begins in November. Two novelets by George W. Cable, stories by Mary Halleck Foote, "Uncle Remus," Julian Hawthorne, Edward Eggleston, and other prominent American authors, will be printed during the year.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

(with illustrations) include a series of articles on affairs in Russia and Siberia, by Geo. Kenan, author of "Tent Life in Siberia," who has just returned from a most eventful visit to Siberian prisons; papers on the Food Question, with reference to its bearing on the Labor Problem; English Cathedrals; Dr. Eggleston's Religious Life in the American Colonies; Men and Women of Queen Anne's Reign, by Mrs. Oliphant; Clairvoyance, Spiritualism, Astrology, etc. by the Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., editor of the Christian Advocate; astronomical papers, articles throwing light on Bible history, etc.

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