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**THE CHAFFEE STUDIO - - - WORCESTER, MASS.**

**FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS**

**Flossie's Birthday Party.**

**M**AMMA was preparing for a party for it was Flossie's birthday and all was excitement. Two o'clock was the hour set. A dozen little guests had been invited all of whom were sure to be present for Flossie's many friends knew that her birthday parties were always occasions long to be remembered; merry frolics and royal feasts.

While mamma was busy decorating the parlor and dining-room Flossie decided to make her own little room more attractive by adding some odd bits of furniture and bric-a-brac from the storeroom in the attic. She did not say a word to her mamma about it, but decided to surprise her when the little guests should be taken into her room to lay off their hats, hoods and wraps. The room was already pretty enough to suit the taste of any little miss, for it was all in blue, white and gold, with the daintiest of curtains, and the softest of rugs. But on a special occasion like one's birth-

of furniture, battered boxes and trunks and cast-off picture frames and bric-a-brac littered the place.

Flossie began to search about for the desired candlesticks which she remembered having seen on top of a packing box, but nowhere were they to be found now. The fur rug was there, but more than anything else Flossie wanted the candlesticks. After searching in every box and trunk and turning up things in general in her hunt for them, Flossie remembered that there were many things packed in a great closet which was built in the dark ends of the storeroom. Thither went Flossie, climbing over boxes and heaps of debris to the peril of her little neck, but reaching the closet in safety. A heavy door shut the contents from sight, but Flossie lifted the rusty hook which secured it from the outside and pulled it open.

Ah! There on a high shelf stood the longed-for and much-admired candlesticks, a goodly covering of dust hiding their gilt bands and red flowers. But some soap and water would make them



**A SAD, SAD STORY.**

Dear little puppy dog; what makes him feel so sad?  
 'Tis 'cause he's lost his master; now isn't that too bad!

day Flossie felt that some extra touches were needed here and there. She had seen in the storeroom a great gray fur rug which mamma had said was "shedding" and unfit to longer hold its place in front of the library grate. It could not do any harm for one afternoon lying on the floor of her room, just in front of the little white iron bed on which her small guests would put their wraps. Then there were a pair of huge old candlesticks which her papa had picked up at a curio shop, but which her mamma always laughed at and had relegated to the attic as unsightly things. But to Flossie they were "perfectly elegant" with their gilt bands and gay red flowers twining up their narrow stems. On her white mantelpiece they would look most artistic, so thought the little Flossie.

After running on some errands for her mamma, Flossie slipped from the dining-room, where mamma was still busy with the table, and went up to the attic storeroom. It was cold and dusty and dark, for seldom did anyone save the servants go up there. Old carpets, broken pieces

as beautiful as new again. Flossie climbed on a box to reach her prizes, when the heavy door swung shut with a bang. Flossie was in total darkness, and was obliged to get down from the box carefully lest she step into a basket of old-time glassware. When she reached the door she pushed against it in vain. The rusty hook which she had lifted—and which she had left in a raised position, it being too stiff with rust to be dropped backward—had fallen into the iron staple which now held it secure.

Flossie vainly threw the weight of her little body against the door, it did not shake it in the least. Then she began to call out as loudly as she could, but her weak and frightened voice died away faintly inside the great, thick-walled closet that was most terrifying in its darkness. Oh, what should she do? Away up there in the attic where no one would ever dream of her being and locked in the close, dark, cold closet whose thick door and walls would not allow her feeble voice to reach those on the first floor. She knew her mother would call her,