

bishops, with its livery; black is the mourning of all the world; the violet has become the black of kings and the mourning of the purple.

The ancient poets pretend that when Jupiter had metamorphosed Io into a heifer, he gave birth to the violet in order to present her with a herbage worthy of her. What could be more beautiful than a plat composed entirely of violets? So Io fed on violets, and after her death she was worshiped by the Egyptians under the name of Isis.

From the French.

See in the grass the white chickweed, which gives the little birds all the year round a well furnished table. In order that they never want, the chickweed has a fecundity that no other plant possesses. In the course of one year the chickweed germinates, sheds its seeds, and bears others seven or eight times. Eight generations of chickweed may cover the earth every year.

It occupies the fields naturally, and invades our gardens; it is almost impossible to destroy it. Besides, of all the herbs naturally inhabiting the earth which dispute the soil of the usurpers we introduce, the chickweed is that which injures our cultivation the least. We might tolerate it, as it has scarcely any hold upon the earth with its fine slender roots.

The only open-air Winter Flower.

In January the calycanthus of Japan opens upon such of its naked branches as are seen through the snow, little pale flowers, yellow and violet, which exhale a sweet perfume, recalling at once the odor of the jasmine and the hyacinth.

This is the only flower that blooms in the open air during severe cold. The flowers soon wither and fall—its gray branches remain naked—the leaves will not show themselves before spring.

Flower Fashions.

Different flowers, says a French writer, arrange themselves differently in their buds. The petals of the roses cover each other by a portion of their sides; the bindweed is rolled and folded like paper filters. It is the same with leaves in the bud: those of the syringa are folded long-wise, half upon half; those of the aconite are doubled in their width from bottom to top several times over themselves; those of the gooseberry are folded like a fan; those of the apricot are rolled over each other. The vines, too, have their own fashion of climbing. The scarlet runner and the wistaria form their spirals from left to right; the honeysuckle and the hop twine about supporting trees from right to left, and that always without exception. Never will a honeysuckle or a hop twine round a tree by turning from left to right.

Never will a convolvulus or a scarlet runner or wistaria climb by making their spirals from right to left. The vine, the passion flower, the clematis and sweet pea, attach themselves by little elastic gimlets in the shape of corkscrews. The ivy ascends straight up, shooting little roots into the bark of trees or into the chinks in walls. So climbs the bignonia radicans, only it fastens its old wood, and lets its branches of the year droop with their clusters of long red flowers. The jasmine with its silver stars supports its new shoots upon its old branches. The briar and the periwinkle climb by the strength of the sap alone, fall back when they attain a certain height, immediately take root again by the point with which they touch the earth, and spring up again with fresh vigor.

The Rose-bush World.

With every leaf, with every flower, says a French writer, are born and die the insects which inhabit them and feed upon them, and likewise those which eat the insects themselves. Every flower which is born and dies is a world with its inhabi-

tants. On one inch of the branch of a young shoot of a rose-tree more than five hundred little reddish green insects assemble. They are aphides or vine fretters, and they never venture to travel one inch in the course of their lives. With a little proboscis they plunge into the epidermis of the branch, and suck certain juices which nourish them, but they will not eat the rose-tree. Almost every plant is inhabited by aphides differing from those of others. "Those of the elder are velvety black, those of the apricot are of a glossy black, those of the oak are of a bronze color; those of gooseberries are like mother of pearl; upon the absinthe they are spotted white and brown, on the field sorrel black and green, upon the birch black and another shade of green, upon the privet a yellowish green, upon the pear-tree coffee-colored." Each little aphid changes its skin four times before it becomes a perfect aphid. One little aphid that lives on a rose-tree at the beginning of the warm weather brings into the world ninety aphides, and these, twelve days after, produce ninety more. In the fifth generation the original little aphid would be the author of five billions nine hundred and four millions nine thousand aphides—a tolerable amount. One aphid is in a year the source of twenty generations. The whole earth would be given up to aphides if they were not eaten by other insects, which in turn form the food of the birds we eat, and we in turn go back to earth, whose grasses and flowers produce and feed other aphides.

"Shaped like a tortoise, and about as large as a pea, quite at his ease on a rose-bush, is a little insect the naturalists call coccinella, but children know it as a lady-bird. Before it had its pretty polished shell of orange, yellow, black or red sprinkled with black or brown specks, it was a large flat worm with six feet, and of a dirty gray color, marked with a few yellow spots. This ugly worm came from an amber-colored egg, and was no sooner born than it set out in search of aphides. It establishes itself upon a branch covered with aphides, and eats as it likes until it suddenly fastens itself to some solitary leaf and fasts until it becomes a veritable lady-bird, innocent of all harm. Now it lets the aphides alone." But another kind of worm eats nearly an aphid a minute. With a kind of hollow trident it seizes them, sucks them, and throws away the dry skin every time. So the world will never be covered entirely with aphides.

One poppy plant produces 32,000 seeds, one tobacco plant 360,000, each of these seeds in its turn producing 32,000 or 300,000. At the end of five years, one would think the earth would be entirely covered with tobacco and poppies. A carp lays three hundred and fifty thousand eggs at once. Without going to Europe or traveling around the world, we find enough to astonish us on the branch of the nearest rose-bush or in the depths of the smallest neighboring stream.

A Costly Dinner Service.

A VIENNESE porcelain table service recently sold in Florence, consisted of two soup tureens, two bonbon holders for the ends of the tables, three basins for holding glasses, three coolers for champagne bottles, two vegetable dishes, two sauceboats, two sugar bowls, two salad dishes, two round preserve dishes, two octagonal preserve dishes, two square preserve dishes, two large round dishes, two medium round dishes, two small round dishes, two large oval dishes, two medium oval dishes, two little oval dishes, a flat vase or cup with handles, a radish dish, eighteen soup plates and fifty-one ordinary plates. The ground on the borders of the plates and dishes is blue, on which there is a rich decoration in gold

with little oval medallions in black and white on gold grounds. On all the other pieces the ground is in three colors—blue, delicate rose mauve, and white. The decorative pictures, 107 in number, are exquisite paintings, reproducing the *chefs-d'œuvre* in the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna. The service brought upward of thirteen thousand dollars. It belonged to the famous San Donato collection.

Our Guest-Chamber.

BY GRACE BENEDICT.

FATHER has been buying a house for us over on Ormiston Hill. Small and plain and old-fashioned as it is, we find it very pleasant to be planning for a home of our own after living in a rented place so long. We have all been over to see it, and Miranda, who is quick with her pencil, drew a plan of the rooms, and took a number of measurements to study over at home so that we can dispose of our small store of furniture to the best advantage when we take possession.

Everybody has something to propose, some favorite idea to carry out, and if the state of our finances only permitted, I suppose that the carpenters and masons we can only wish for now would soon transform the place entirely.

Miranda's great concern seems to be about our guest-chamber.

"Which shall it be?" she asks musingly as she gazes at her plan for our second story.

Mother looked over at me and smiled, and then went on counting the stitches in her knitting. The question was so like Miranda!

"I cannot see how there can be any which or where about it!" exclaimed Jennie in that experienced tone that is often so very reproving to Miranda, and indeed to all of us, for Jennie being the youngest, and a great favorite with Uncle John and Aunt Rhoda, our rich relations, has had better opportunities than the rest of us to travel about and see the world.

"The south chamber is for mother, of course," Jennie went on to say. "There are the great closets she needs, and her favorite position between the windows for her bed, while father can have the open fire-place he thinks he cannot live without. How well it is the house is old-fashioned enough for that! As for the long west room, it seems to have been built on purpose for three girls who cannot afford to have each a room to herself. You see, Fannie (addressing me as the one who seemed most open to suggestion), there is no end of room in it. We can each have an opportunity to spread ourselves, and that is something new at least. Miranda can have the sunny end, and make it look like 1776 if she wishes, with some mother's old furniture, or she can fit it up in Noachian style and give us a glimpse of the world before the flood. As for you and me, Fannie, we can occupy the other end with whatever this nineteenth century can furnish us in the way of black walnut and Trenton pottery, thankful that none of it dates any further back than my eighteenth birth-day."

"Your first suggestion is a good one," said mother. "I was wondering what we should do with that superannuated chest of drawers and the high-post bedstead. Isn't there a place for your grandmother's old corner cupboard, too?"

"Yes, indeed! Ghost and all," said Jennie. "The old clock will stand on the stairs outside and tell it when to wake up and tap, tap on those ancient doors on frosty nights, just as it did when you were a girl, mother."

"But what about our guest-chamber?" asked

Miranda, breaking in on Jennie's chatter. "We have four bed-chambers on this second floor and we have taken out titles for two. How shall we bestow the others?"

"Wait until I have done and you will see," said Jennie, drawing Miranda's plan toward her corner of the table, around which we four ladies had gathered. "This room over the hall, small as it is in comparison, is the best we can do for our friends. The triple window is very picturesque, and this little alcove will take in our best dressing bureau as well as though it had been considered in the architect's plan. We can drape them both with fresh clean muslin, loop away the curtains with ribbon, and touch up all the toilet arrangements with dainty pink as a contrast to the gray in carpet and walls. I'll embroider a set of mats to match, and all will go to make up the pleasant little bird's-nest of a place we ever had. I can see it now! There's our handsome old china vases for the brackets, and the roses I painted for Madame Duping's exhibition will be all the decoration the walls need have till our ship comes in!"

Now, to tell the truth, Jennie's picture of our guest-chamber seemed to me absolutely brilliant—that is for us. We are not an ingenious family. We haven't what Aunt Rhoda calls *faculty*. We believe in decorative art as much as we do in the last satellite of Mars. But then we cannot decorate, and our poverty, which others find so often an opportunity for the development of genius in that line, is only a hindrance to us, since we cannot supply our deficiencies by a liberal patronage of other people's gifts.

It is very different with the Shannons, our next neighbors. A short purse has been a stimulus to them, an opening for the exercise of talents which otherwise might have lain dormant or found expression through their orders to artists and upholsterers.

No mere professional man can equal Lydia and Marianne in the versatility of their genius. Give them unlimited credit at a cabinet-maker's, and they would have so many improvements to suggest that one might think their whole habit of mind was kaleidoscopic, and the harnessed rearrangement of ordinary materials into some new and beautiful combination required only a thought.

But these are not the circumstances for the best display of their ability. They glory in difficulties. If there is a room to furnish and nothing to do it with but old boxes, barrels, faded quilts, and the like, with some pretty chintz, bits of ribbon, muslin and gay binding, some tacks, a hammer, glue-pot and scissors, with a boy who can handle a saw (he need not have brains, only muscle), and these girls will turn you out such luxurious chairs and lounges, such toilet-stands, brackets, work-tables and what not else, that you might wish all Middleton was poor if its homes could be as cozy and beautiful as theirs.

In fact, it has been whispered about among us that the Shannons have been put into print. I picked up a stray magazine the other day that gave a chapter on cheap decorative art, and the directions for knocking up a whole set of bed-chamber furniture were given in that easy, flippant style that is so very aggravating in Lydia Shannon when she is displaying to me her latest wonder. How near, how cheap, how apparent to her must be the means we might use in beautifying our humble home!

"I could engage to furnish my room elegantly out of Mrs. Spendall's garret," said Lydia to me the other day. "What possibilities she has for Turkish mats and Persian rugs in those old chests! I positively ache to get into them!"

"I have no doubt of it, my dear," said I, meekly. "I wish you could rummage in ours. Perhaps there is a bower of beauty waiting there for your enchanter's wand."

"I dare say there is," said Lydia. "We ought to have gone prospecting there long ago."

I dare say Lydia would indorse Jennie's plan. Indeed I am sure she would—that is, as far as it goes.

But there sat Miranda, shaking her head as though brilliant conceptions were as plentiful in the Branleigh mansion as raindrops and dandelions in April.

"It's all pretty and delightful, Jennie, till the door is shut. Then what?"

"There's the windows for ventilation."

"Certainly, and when these can be raised and lowered, and a transom put over the door to secure a current of air, it will do. But let a damp east wind blow in, and nipe out of ten of our visitors will fly to the sashes and shut them tight, if they have to live on a starvation diet of air all night, and poisoned at that. Think of Uncle John with a window open or a door unbolted!"

"He does not come often or stay long," persisted Jennie. "As if our friends could expect to have their whims considered as they are at home! I wish we could have a larger room; but when we cannot do as we would, we must do as we can. Isn't that true philosophy, sister mine?"

"Certainly, and it comes just in time to preface my suggestion. Let us give our friends the benefit of the large square chamber over the dining-room. Plain as it is, it is at least comfortable."

Jennie lifted both hands in dismay at the bare proposal, but Miranda only laughed and went quietly on as she will sometimes when a thing like this is "borne in" on her mind.

"We will give our pretty hall-room to the boys, because they couldn't and they wouldn't suffer for air in any room that had a window or a door in it. The wind might blow a hurricane, but they would have them both open."

"But, Miranda," exclaimed Jennie, "how can you be so absurd? How can we furnish that barn of a room, or make it pretty? The windows are in two sizes, the floor is uneven, the doors are unpaneled, and the chimney is neither in the center nor the corner. The room would need entire reconstruction."

"Certainly, with elegance as its chief requisite, it would. But put comfort first, and it expresses my idea of hospitality far better than the other. In the choice and furnishing of our guest-chamber, we should aim to make, as far as possible, a little temporary home for our friends, where, when the door is shut, their notions of comfort may rule unrestricted by ours. This room has most of the essentials for this. It is spacious, with air and light from two sides, secluded yet accessible, and possesses those sanitary treasures, an open fire-place and a transom over the door, while its large closet, if given unreservedly to our friends, would fully atone in a three days' visit for its plain, unpaneled door.

"Then as to furnishing. We should give our skill and strength first of all to the comforts we provide for our friends. How often we find a housekeeper satisfied when she has fitted up an elegant apartment for her guests without any apparent effort to suit its arrangements to the varying needs of its occupants. Imagine Uncle John shut up among Marianne Shannon's beautifully embroidered pillow-shams without any choice in pillows, or Father Holcombe left anywhere at any time to solace himself with rosewood and lace, and no blanket for his bed. The very thought of it would make the old gentleman uneasy the hottest night in August."

"Certainly it would, my dear," said mother, with a rheumatic twinge bringing her into present sympathy with our venerable friend. "People ought to have a blanket within reach all the year round."

"I'm taking notes," said Jennie, busy over her

memorandum book and pencil. "Under head of model guest-chamber I have two items, viz.: 'blankets, multitudinous, omnipresent; pillows, various; closets, indispensable and empty. Proceed, Miranda!"

"In a panoramic memory of my trip last year with Cousin Annie," said our elder sister, "I recall two or three very uncomfortable nights which will illustrate my position exactly. The first of these was passed in a bed-chamber more elaborately decorated than any I ever saw. The ruling passion of our hostess was display. We counted, very much to her satisfaction, more than one hundred pieces of ornamental work done by her own fair hands in that one apartment. The toilet appointments dazzled and bewildered us. We saw a pin-cushion entirely too beautiful for pins. There were mats for bureau, washstand, table and floor, tufted, crocheted, monogrammed, quilted and braided; embroidered chairs and sofa pillows; tidies in variety; slumber roll and foot rest; vases, picture-frames, and gypsy kettle; shaving case, slipper case, and cases for clothes brush, dust brush, toilet brush, hand mirror and night-dresses; boxes for shoes, collars, hair-pins, jewels, perfumery, and matches; a beautiful lampshade which was a miracle of pin-holes and scissor work; a book rack in leather work, a towel rack in worsted work, and a photograph rack in spatter work; wall pockets, little and big, a fern basket, a bell rope, a castle in the air—"

"Stop there, please," said mother, with a comical expression of distress. "What was that last thing? I think I have taken in all the rest."

"A castle in the air. An indescribable cobweb of bristles and red sealing-wax which hung overhead and gently swayed with the faintest breath of air—the very picture, so you would say, of an aimless life."

"So I should think! Is your catalogue ended, Miranda?"

"By no means. Besides various minor fancies I cannot now recall, the bed, that crowning triumph of industrial skill, has not been touched upon. We had noticed its exquisite array of lace, pink satin, and embroidery when we made our first tour of discovery around the room with our hostess, but without any concern as to what should be done with all the finery when we came to sleep on it—since she assured us that a maid especially trained for such service would put it all safely away before that time, and dress our couch for its legitimate work."

"We retired late and unattended. Imagine our feelings when we entered our room and found those pillow-shams still in undisturbed possession! Enthroned in regal splendor high over the gossamer satin-lined spread, they seemed to mock the blessed angel of sleep whose visit we had so hopefully invited. We dared not lay a finger on them; we couldn't sit up all night, and, as every one else had retired, we must needs summon the mistress by way of reaching the maid who had so cruelly forgotten us."

"These worthies hastened to our rescue. Unfortunately for us, the undressing of that bed was so much more impressive in its scenic effects than the re-dressing of it that we failed to note what should be the first consideration in bed-making, viz.: the comfort of the sleepers."

"We were left alone and were under the coverlets before we found that the mattress was as hard as the floor, and the rainbow-tinted bedspread now on duty was insufficient for warmth in spite of the six thousand pieces of silk which had been sewed together to make it."

"We got up and began to explore the room, hoping to find in some gorgeous blanket-case, some decorated quilt-box or fancy counterpane receiver, the relief we needed."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Our Guest-Chamber.

BY GRACE BENEDICT.

(Continued from page 325.)

"BUT in vain. Presuming on the right of a guest to the conveniences of the room set apart for her use, we searched the closet and invaded the bureau, but only to find ourselves still victims to display. We developed fresh pin-cushions, several new species of mat, vases in reserve, more pillow-shams, and some wax flowers, but, alas! nothing with which the hapless stranger could make himself or herself at home. Even the magnificent afghan was still in strips and unavailable for warmth.

"In this emergency the sight of our traveling wraps would have been a comfort, but there had been no place found for them in such a display of art, and we found afterward they were left down stairs in the hall closet.

"But Annie is always delightfully fertile in expedients. 'There are more ways to the wood than one,' she said cheerily. 'Perhaps you can manage to sleep on the bolster, Miranda. I'll try the two pillows end to end, and since we must have our heads higher than our heels, we will give these sofa pillows an opportunity to be useful as well as ornamental.'

"But fine starched linen makes a very slippery couch when it is stretched over a tightly stuffed cylinder of feathers, and we passed the night holding on to our extemporized beds."

"A most uncomfortable experience, my dear," said mother, compassionately.

"And very instructive," said Jennie, who will always be beforehand in trying on shoes. "Are you ready for me to point the moral?"

"Not quite yet, Jennie. Another sumptuous guest-chamber taught us another lesson on hobbies which matches this.

"You remember what a mania for down-stairs bed-chambers our uncle Preston has? He would blot out second stories entirely if he could, and third stories, especially in a French roof, are an abomination to him. Grandmother's house in Meadowside is his model, with its wide breezy hall, the pleasant rooms opening into it, and the deep recessed windows so near to the lawn that the old-time larkspurs and rockets, which bloomed outside, might lean in every time they were bowed by a zephyr or weighted by a bumble-bee. One would never suspect our prosy uncle of so much sentiment until it came cropping out when he modeled part of his new mansion at Uplands after the old homestead. One bed-chamber down stairs is a facsimile of his mother's. Even the garden view from its windows is a reminiscence of that dear old place. A sweet-briar from Meadowside clambers overhead, a wilderness of sweets, and there is not a flower in sight that a gardener ever tried to improve, or which did not lend its charms to grandmother's kitchen garden.

"Within are the same stiff carvings over doors and casement; the quaint mantel-shelf with its little closets tucked away in the huge chimney-stack, and the great open fire-place, with its curious tiles from the old country, every one of which has its story or its song for him.

"When Aunt Kate led us there and told us it was uncle's wish that this should be our bed-chamber during our stay at Uplands, I knew from her manner that he could show us no greater proof of a hospitable welcome than this, and my only thought was how best to express my admiration for his sentiments, and gratitude for his kindness.

"Aunt Kate was too considerate to dwell long on the curiosities of the room that night, as the hour was late and we were weary with our journey; so, after a glance at the toilet arrangements to satisfy herself that her new maid had done her duty

by the water-pitcher, she bade us good-night, telling us to be sure and not to hasten in the morning, as they were all late risers.

"She shut the door and glided so softly away that we had not the least idea when we came to consider the matter whether her room was upstairs or not. However, no thought of the terra incognita around us disturbed our minds just then. I was too wide awake to fall soberly to work and prepare for bed. Neither Annie nor myself had ever been so far away from home before, and we stood just enough in awe of Aunt Kate to keep our eyes from giving more than a very general survey of the room while she was by. But, left to ourselves, we began eagerly to study our surroundings.

"Nothing delighted us like the antique dressing-table that was the wonder of my childhood. Its gilded frame, with brass dragons and peacocks flying all abroad overhead, were

'Among the beautiful pictures
That hang in Memory's halls.'

"I almost expected to see grandmother come in with her broad cap-border flying back with the breeze, just as it used to when she came to look after the youngster who had been put away for a morning nap on the great spare bed. There it was with its griffin-clawed feet, its rich carvings with their brass rosettes and bands, the arched tester with its shining knobs, while the ancient vanity of a high-piled bed made carpeted steps necessary to mount the snowy throne.

"We were so long in renewing these old acquaintances that Annie's watch was pointing to twelve before we hastily blew out our lamp and got into bed.

"How dark it is here!" was the first exclamation. "I forgot we were in the country, where civilization does not require gas in the streets."

"Perhaps the moon will rise," I suggested.

"It may be up now. I'll draw the curtains." "She stepped cautiously down the stairs in her bare feet and felt her way toward the window. I soon heard her whisper 'Eureka' as she stumbled on the great arm-chair which defended that recessed opening to the outer world.

"The curtains were looped back, but not a ray of light appeared. The window might as well have opened into the Great Pyramid.

"Lift the sash," said a voice from the pillow. "The shutters are closed."

"Who would sleep down stairs if they weren't?" demanded Annie. "Oh! for a chink in those oaken walls; a panel knocked out—anything to give a ray of light. I must have a match before I can go to sleep."

"I could give no advice on the position of the match-safe.

"It belongs to a toilet table?" asked Annie.

"That piece of antiquity was searched in vain. Then we thought it might be one of the appointments of the high mantel-shelf where the tall silver candlesticks stood; but after feeling about among the vases and snuffer-trays for awhile, Hope, which

"Springs eternal in the human breast," led the bare feet away from the cold hearthstone to the oil-cloth by the washstand to fumble among the crockery there.

"It must have been one o'clock before the plucky little maiden gave up. Micawber-like, she trusted that something in the way of a light would turn up by morning, or else how could we dress?"

"Another of Uncle Preston's whims is that no rousing-bell should ever be rung in his house. He hates noise. The servants go about like mice. He only tolerates the old hall-clock because Washington once set his watch by it, and that makes a good story to tell when visitors are looking at his souvenirs of the past.

"But this was silent now, its works having been sent to town the day before for repairs, so that we could know nothing of the lapse of time in that way.

"Such a sense of loneliness and helplessness stole over us that, foolish as it was, we passed almost a sleepless night, and when at last I yielded to the drowsy god I started up with the fear that I might oversleep myself.

"At last our strained ears heard distant footsteps about the house, and, after some debate, we concluded the family must be stirring. We got up and opened the hall-door. It was as dark as Egypt there too. We remembered that it was shut off from the main hall by folding doors, and unless somebody came specially to rouse us, we need not expect a passer-by.

"Sleep was out of the question; so, after fumbling about in the dark, we got into our clothes and started out to reconnoiter. We found a sleepy man-servant on his knees building a fire in the parlor grate. It was only six o'clock on a winter's morning, and the earliest bird in the family would not be down before eight, so we borrowed a light from the astonished Patrick and stole back to bed for a nap.

"All this would have been nothing, however, but an amusing episode in our visit, had it not been for its sequel. Patrick, the fire-builder, intent on grinding some axe of his own and effecting a change of dynasty in the kitchen, seized the opportunity to tell what he knew and could guess of the night's mishap to the good man of the house, setting the matter in such a light that he not only displaced the obnoxious Bridget but made a great deal of trouble besides.

"He could not have touched Uncle Preston in a much tenderer place.

"Kate," he said to aunt at the breakfast-table the next morning, "I was anxious that our nieces should be favorably impressed with our centennial guest-chamber. I hoped that their pleasant memories of its prototype at Meadowside would be revived here, and that they would see that old-time hospitality was yet extant. But I am disappointed. That room was dark and cold and lonely."

"But, uncle," I exclaimed, trying to bring in some palliating circumstances.

"He only waved his hand majestically.

"There's no excuse, Miranda! the room was neglected; I shall see to it myself to-night. You shall know its comforts yet, my dear! Let no change be made till I come home."

"So saying, he buttoned up his coat and left us.

"After supper that night, uncle was missing from his usual seat before the fire.

"He has that room on his mind," said Aunt Kate, with something between a sigh and a smile; but she sat still. After a while a message came to the parlor from him.

"Will the young ladies be so kind as to come to the centennial chamber?"

"Signs of an invasion were everywhere apparent as we neared that quarter. Servants were coming and going; a tall Irishman was passing in with a load of hickory wood; a boy at his heels lugged at a basket of chips; and a woman followed with a broom and dust-pan.

"Annie and I were so much in a minority when we arrived that we were not noticed in the crowd. The scene was very impressive. The fireboard had been removed and a huge fire was blazing on the andirons. Uncle stood over it, wiping his forehead and issuing his orders to all and singular.

"John, have you brought that wood?"

"Yes, zur," with a helpless, puzzled look at the beautiful marble hearth.

"Where's the wood-box?" demanded the master.

"This must be it," said a timid Bridget just ar-

around the room until he lost his balance and fell backwards.

"I cry you mercy, fair sir," he shouted, as the broom made a dash at him.

"I'm the victor; you are unhorsed," said Kittie. "Get up, sir Knight, and see how skillfully I shall fish down that wreath and crown the queen."

Fred got up rather sullenly; for it was not the ending he had expected. "I don't think that was fair, anyway, Kittie. I tripped and fell; you didn't throw me."

"Yes, I did, or the same thing. 'Twas fair. wasn't it, Miss Leslie?"

"Yes, I think it was," replied the queen from her bower.

Kittie advanced toward the wreath; but easy victory had made her careless, or her broom slipped, for down came the wreath on the floor. Fred rushed in with a shout of triumph, and a great scramble ensued.

"I am the victor now," cried Fred as he caught the wreath on the broom-straws and waved it aloft.

"But you ought to have taken it with the point of your lance, not the broad end," said Kittie, who in her turn looked rueful.

"You unhorsed me with the broad end by flourishing it in my face, brave sir, so this is just as fair. Isn't it, Miss Leslie?"

"I think so."

"Then let me crown you now," said Fred; "and that ends the tournament." For by this time they were growing tired.

Kittie struck an attitude, and with her helmet, favor, shield, and lance, looked quite imposing. Fred was placing the wreath on Miss Leslie's head when a voice at the door cried, "Largesse, largesse! brave knights!" and a shower of peppermint drops came flying over the children's heads. It was now late in the afternoon, and in the twilight the children had not seen several figures at the door.

"It is papa," cried Kittie, throwing down her lance and bounding toward the door. Fred followed as quickly, and they were both embraced by their father who had come from the city in the afternoon train, and had been enjoying the fun for some time. Mrs. Clair was at the door too, smiling, and looking pleased, and there was also a gentleman whom the children did not know.

"This is Mr. Allan," said Mrs. Clair, and he shook hands with the children as Miss Leslie emerged from the bower. She had quite a color in her cheeks as she shook hands with Mr. Allan, whom she seemed to know very well.

"Your wreath is very becoming, queen," remarked Mrs. Clair. "And now, little ones, can you clear up here, and make things look orderly before tea?"

"Oh, yes," said Kittie; "we can."

"And you may come down when you are ready," said Mr. Clair, as he left the room; "and I should not be at all surprised if I had some candy somewhere. In my pockets, perhaps."

Putting things in order after a romp is never very pleasant, and this afternoon the children found it extremely irksome.

"That's the worst of it," groaned Kittie. "one never can have a bit of fun without paying up for it." And she gave the chairs that formed the bower such a spiteful pull that they all fell together, and then she had to stoop to pick them up.

"Look here," said Fred, "make less clatter, will you? There is no need of such a noise."

"I couldn't help it; they fell," answered his sister. "But, after all, my tournament was a great success. I'm so glad I got it up."

"You didn't do it all," returned Fred.

"I thought of it first," said Kittie.

"That's nothing," replied Fred crossly. "Martin made the shields, so you might as well say *he* got it up."

"It's a very different thing"—began Kittie.

"It isn't," interrupted Fred.

For a moment Kittie felt angry, and a real tilt with the brooms seemed imminent, but she thought better of it.

"I'll tell you what's the matter with you, Fred," she said. "You want your tea. You are always savage when you are hungry."

"Well," answered Fred, more good-humoredly, "I *am* hungry, so perhaps you are right."

The children's little quarrels seldom lasted long. They loved each other so dearly that one or the other soon gave in, and then they made it up, and were better friends than ever.

"I knew you were hungry," said Kittie, when Fred began his fourth muffin at tea. "And so am I," she added, as she followed his example.

"Papa," said Fred, ignoring Kittie's remarks, "do you know any stories about knights and tournaments?"

"One or two, perhaps," his father answered; "but Mr. Allan here can tell you dozens."

"Oh, not quite so many," said that gentleman, smiling. "I will try to think of one after tea, if it would please you."

"Oh, thank you!" cried the children, for there was nothing they liked so well as a story, and there was nothing their papa dreaded so much as these continual demands upon his memory and invention.

When they went back to the drawing-room after tea Mr. Clair produced the candy, and Mr. Allan began his story. He told about Bayard, the French knight, "without fear and without reproach." Most of the story was true, and they listened very attentively. Even the grown people were sorry when it was ended.

"Oh, can't you tell us another?" asked Kittie, breathless with excitement.

"There, there," said Mr. Clair, "let Mr. Allan rest now. He can't tell such a long story as that without feeling tired. Besides, it is time you two children were in bed, after all that exercise this afternoon, or there will be sleepy eyes in church to-morrow."

"Come," said Miss Leslie, rising. So they bid good night and went off.

"I consider my papa a perfect brick," remarked Kittie, as she laid her head on the pillow, and put a peppermint-drop in her mouth.

"Kittie!" exclaimed Miss Leslie, "where did you ever get such an expression?"

"Why, Martin says it," replied Kittie. "He called Bill a brick the other day when he got the hoe for him."

"But it is very unladylike, my dear. It may do well enough for Martin or Bill to use such a word; but you would not expect your mother or me to say it, would you?"

"Well, no," answered Kittie, "when you put it in that way. But I thought it was—well, expressive."

"You may say that you think your papa the kindest in the world, which is just as expressive and much more elegant."

"Which do you think the best-looking, papa or Mr. Allan?" demanded Kittie, bouncing off from the subject, as was her habit.

Miss Leslie blushed. "That is a matter of taste, Kittie, but go to sleep now, you have talked enough. Good night."

"Good night," answered Kittie, and Miss Leslie went down stairs.

The children's rooms joined, and the door between was generally left open at night. Kittie tried to go to sleep, but somehow she could not.

"Are you asleep, Fred?" she called at last.

"Pretty near," said a muffled voice in the other room.

"I can't get to sleep at all," moaned Kittie. "And I'm getting the fidgets."

A snore was the only reply.

Kittie rolled restlessly about for some time, and then rose and went to the window. Just below was the garden, and the air was fragrant with the summer flowers. Further off were the woods where they had gone fishing, and they looked gloomy and vast in the darkness. To the left was a range of blue hills, and above the full moon was shining from behind white, fleecy clouds. Kittie looked out a long time, and was just going back to bed when she heard voices in the garden. Presently she saw Miss Leslie and Mr. Allan walking together in the moonlight, and she found this so interesting that she stayed a little longer, and wondered if they were having a nice time. "I wish I were there, too," she thought; and then she felt very chilly and ran back to bed, and was soon asleep, dreaming that Mr. Allan was the Chevalier Bayard, and that he took a wreath from a wall with the point of a lance, which suddenly turned into a broom, and as he placed the wreath on Miss Leslie's head, she said, "This is not ivy, but peppermint candy," and then Fred ate the wreath up.

(To be continued.)

Archers and Archery.

BY RALPH BRAKESPERE.

"Amonge the wyld dere, such an archere
As men say that ye be,
He may not fayle of good vitayle,
Where is so great plenté;
And water clere of the rivere,
Shall be full swete to me,
With which in hele I shall right wele
Endure, as ye may see."—*Old Ballad.*

THE summer is at hand, and anon there is heard in many a leafy wood and shady glade the musical twang of the bow, the rapid whish of the arrow, the dull, percussive pound of the feathered shaft striking home, and a happy blending of voices as some merry party greets each shot with cries of "A fluke!" or "A clout!"

To many, croquet is the prosaic personified; lawn tennis is fatiguing; billiards are essentially an indoor game; but of all sports or amusements adapted for both sexes, archery is pre-eminently superior. There is more poetry in a single archery bout than in a whole season's croquet. What more aggravating to a pretty woman than to be compelled to stand listlessly looking on, while a hated rival is, figuratively speaking, knocking you all over the field? Or, equally annoying, to be tied to an incompetent partner who is never where he should be, and invariably where he should not be. But the toxophilite has no such annoyances. He or she shines, each according to merit, with all the radiance that successful skill can bestow. And then the romance of the thing! You are engaged in a sport that is as old, almost, as the memory of man on this planet; a sport that is inextricably bound up with some of our most thrilling historical reminiscences. You stand, perchance, in a woodland glade, one of nature's courts, as Robin Hood, and Locksley, and Maid Marian once stood. And then, again, the delightful tête-à-têtes, and the thousand and one delicate attentions that a thoughtful cavalier can offer through the happy excuses of a bow to be restrung, a quiver to be replenished, or a point given as to the set of the wind!

But this woodland sport is valuable for something besides all I have just enumerated. There