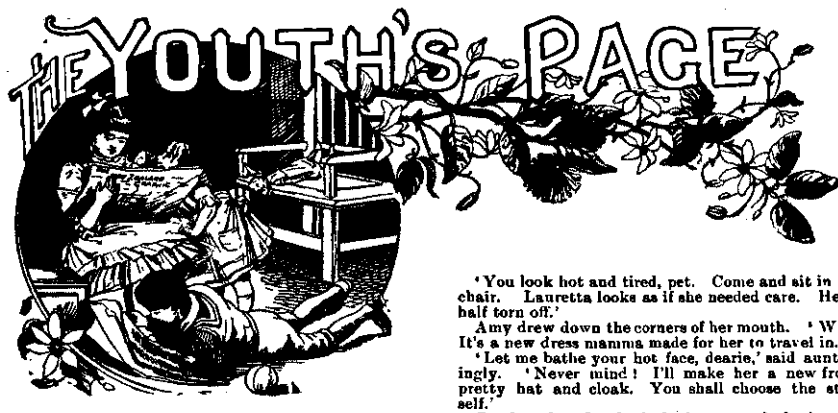

FAIRY TALES.

THE time I like for fairy tales
Is when the day begins to die,
Just as the brilliant sunset pales,
And twilight shadows gather nigh.

When I can lie before the fire
That blazes with a ruddy light,
And hear the tales that never tire,
Of imp and fairy, gnome and sprite.

And sometimes as the shadows fall
Across the floor from every side,
A goblin dances on the wall,
And gnomes within the corners hide.

Then as the firelight blazes high
We see the shadows run away,
And silently again draw nigh,
Like spirits of the wood at play.

And when the embers faintly glow,
Upon the smoke I see ascend
The little folks I love to know,
Who vanish at the story's end.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THE LITTLE LOVERS.

I THINK she has fallen asleep in the shade.
(Sing low, sing low—you'll awake her.)
Oh! she's the loveliest little maid,
And her father's our family baker.

Such beautiful buns and chocolate cake!
(Sing low, very low—you'll alarm her.)
And oh! such elegant tarts he makes,
And his name is Joshua Farmer.

And her sweet name is Elinor Jane,
And her step is as light as a feather;
And we meet every day in the lilac lane,
And we go to our school together.

And now and then she brings me a bun,
(Sing low or she'll hear what we're saying.)
And after school when our tasks are done,
In the meadows we're fond of straying.

And I make her a wreath of cowslips there,
And we sit in the blossoming clover,
And then she binds it round her hair,
And twines it over and over.

She's ten; I'm six; but I am as tall
As she is, I guess, or nearly,
And I cannot say that I care for her doll;
But, oh, I do love *her* dearly.

We were tired of playing at king and queen
(Sing low, for we must not wake her).
And she fell asleep in the grass so green;
And I thought that I wouldn't forsake her.

And when I am grown to a big tall man,
I mean to be smart and clever;
And then I will marry her if I can,
And we'll live upon tarts forever.

C. P. CRANCH.

LAURETTA LILAC.

THE first time Leo saw Lauretta Lilac he hated her. He had always been Aunt Barbara's baby himself, and he did not like to see some one else take his place. That is what he thought Lauretta was doing.

Amy came to stay a week with Aunt Barbara, and, of course, she brought Lauretta Lilac with her. When she got out of the carriage at auntie's door, she cried:

'Oh, auntie, I'm 'fraid I'll drop Lauretta!'

'I'll take her, dearie. Now give me your hand.'

When Leo saw Aunt Barbara hold Lauretta close, and take Amy into her arms, and kiss and hug her too, he growled. But auntie did not notice Leo. She was so glad to see her dear little niece again.

Amy had not been at Maplewood for a year. There were so many new things to see. Uncle Will had a new black horse; and he had put up a larger swing, and a hammock on purpose for Amy's visit.

The third day Amy grew tired of running about, and walked into the shaded room where Aunt Barbara sat sewing.

'I think I'll rock Lauretta a little,' she said.

'You look hot and tired, pet. Come and sit in this little chair. Lauretta looks as if she needed care. Her frock is half torn off.'

Amy drew down the corners of her mouth. 'Who did it? It's a new dress mamma made for her to travel in.'

'Let me bathe your hot face, dearie,' said auntie, soothingly. 'Never mind! I'll make her a new frock and a pretty hat and cloak. You shall choose the stuff yourself.'

Comforted and refreshed, Amy watched the suit grow under auntie's skilful fingers. Never was Lauretta so fine! Some one else watched. Leo, beneath the window, felt a lump of wickedness getting bigger in his doggish heart, while he looked at Aunt Barbara, who cut and fitted and sewed, until Lauretta was dressed in such lovely fashion as Amy laughed to see.

She bubbled over with gratitude, clasping auntie and Lauretta both.

'Oh, you dear, good auntie!'

It was too much. Leo made one dash at where Lauretta lay in all the glory of her new clothes, caught her in his mouth, and jumped out of the window.

There were hasty cries and shouts. Amy sprang to the window; wiser Aunt Barbara to the door to overtake Leo.

'Come back, Leo! Come back, sir! Bring her back!'

Leo rushed on. Through the meadow, across the road, and up the hill into the thicket. Aunt Barbara and Keziah snatched hats and ran after. Amy, sobbing, trotted far behind, but did her best to keep up with the excited procession.

But they did not catch Leo. They searched every field and bit of wood without finding Leo or Lauretta Lilac.

Toward night Leo crept home without her, and got his supper in the kitchen. Keziah was too soft-hearted to refuse him; but she could not make him bring back Lauretta. Neither coaxing nor punishment made him show where she was. He understood well enough. Whenever her name was mentioned, he seemed to know it, and dropped his head and walked out of the room.

Uncle bought a new doll, and auntie invented all sorts of extra treats to make up for Leo's naughtiness. So her visit was not as unhappy as Amy thought at that dreadful time she saw Lauretta disappear out of the window.

The day that papa came to take Amy home Leo saw her bag packed, and her jacket and hat laid out. He heard Mike told to get the carriage ready, while they all ate a merry luncheon together. Then he disappeared.

'Come again soon dear! Come again!' said auntie.

'Tell mamma to bring you when the peaches are ripe,' cried Uncle Will.

'Come, Amy,' called papa. 'We must catch this train!'

'Good-bye! Good-bye!' cried Keziah from the kitchen window.

With loves and kisses and packages Amy was put into the carriage. Papa got in.

Sleepy old Nell, who was switching off flies moved her legs slowly, when round the corner of the house dashed Leo. And in his mouth—

'Lauretta Lilac!' they screamed. 'Oh! Oh! It's Lauretta Lilac!'

Yes, it was. Covered with earth, her pretty clothes spoiled, her hair full of twigs, and with only one shoe. Leo climbed up and dropped her into the carriage window, wagging his tail, as if he had done a generous thing.

Now whether he was glad to see the last of Amy, and wanted her to take Lauretta along with her, or whether he repented of his badness in burying the poor doll, he never told. But that is what he did.

ROBIN'S CURLS.

ROBIN had long, beautiful curls; but he was three years old,—almost too big to wear curls, papa thought.

One day mamma and papa were talking the matter over, and wondering how he would look with short hair.

'Robin,' said mamma, 'do you want your hair cut?'

'Yes,' said Robin, 'you may cut off my hair; but don't cut off my curls!'

FOND OF MINCE PIES.

IT was her first summer in the country, and her enjoyment of the fruits in their season had been very keen.

One day dessert was being served; when little 'Happy's' turn came she was asked what she would like, apple or plum pie. She turned to her mamma and earnestly inquired, 'Mamma, when will the *mines* be ripe?'

TWIN SISTERS.

THERE are two little sisters, and isn't it odd?
They look more alike than two peas in a pod.
When they laugh or they dance or they pout or they play,
I've noticed they do it the very same way.

One chatters all day, and can sing like a bird.
Can you guess why the other says never a word?
I'll whisper the reason—the dear little lass
Stays always behind the big looking-glass.

A.M.P.

TWO PICNIC-PARTIES.

'How many kinds of cake, mamma?'

'Two, dear.'

'And cocoanut-pie, mamma?'

'No, dear; lemon-pie.'

'Oh, now!' cried May Blossom; and there began to be signs of a storm. 'I wanted three kinds of cake and cocoanut-pie. It won't be a nice picnic-party at all. Oh dear, me!'

Pink Rose slipped in just at that minute, and she looked a little frightened at May's stormy face, just as she always did. But when she heard what the trouble was, she laughed.

'Why, my mamma's making me a cocoanut one,' said she, 'and I wanted lemon; so it'll be just lovely.'

'But I want three kinds of cake,' said May, pouting still.

'I've only got sponge and marble, and I wanted one black and citrony.'

'Children!' called grandmamma from the verandah; and out to her they scampered, these two merry little girls.

'I s'pose maybe it's a story,' said May on the way.

'It was a story. Grandmamma's hands were folded over her knitting-work, and she welcomed May and Pink with a smile which said a great deal; and they sat down on the step at her feet; and grandmamma began:

'Once there were four little girls who made up their minds to have a picnic-party in the woods.'

'That's we,' said Pink; 'I and May and Georgie Andrews and Helen Wells.'

'No,' said grandmamma, with one hand on the small golden head; 'it was Pussy Follett and Polly Coolbroth and Thankful Doolittle and I, and we expected to have a very nice time indeed.

'The woods were not a great ways from our house, and they were deep and dark and cool.

'I remember we didn't dare go out of sight of father's clearing for fear we might get lost; but we found a delightful spot just in the edge of the forest, where we took off our long aprons and spread them down for a tablecloth, and we gathered some of the great karaka leaves for plates.'

'What did you have to eat?' asked May.

'We had,' said grandma, slowly, 'we had, if I remember rightly, four twisted "ladies' fingers," a small tart in a saucer, four twisted doughnuts, four ginger-snaps, and four biscuits spread thick with butter. And for dessert we had a few blackberries and an apple.'

'Oh! grandmamma!'

'And a tin dish full of sorrel leaves sweetened with sugar, which was the nicest of anything. And we had water from a clear spring which boiled out from under a rock.'

'Hot water?' asked Pink, greatly surprised.

'Oh no, dearie.'

'You said—it boiled,' said Pink, 'and hot water boils and my Aunt Louise has went to the Hot Springs, and I thought—'

'Little goosey!' laughed May.

'This wasn't a hot spring, dearie,' said grandmamma. 'I meant that the water bubbled out of the ground; the water was clear and cold.'

'And I hope,' grandmamma went on, fondly, 'that my two little girls will have as pleasant a time to-morrow at their picnic-party as their grandmothers did at this one so many many years ago.'

'Yes, I do,' answered May but I don't see how you could, with such plain things. Anyhow, when I want to fuss 'bout cocoanut-pie next time, I'll think of your picnic-party, and I don't b'lieve I'll fret and complain a bit.'

'Nor I won't, either,' said Pink, earnestly.

'Bless you, dears!' said grandmamma, and she picked up her knitting-work again with a far-away smile.

WHAT IS WEIGHT.

A SCHOOLBOY is often puzzled to account for the fact that people on the other side of the earth, with their feet pointing towards ours, do not fall off, and he never fully understands how this cannot happen until he realises that the earth pulls everything toward it whatever it may be.

In virtue of the earth's pull a weight falls downward from a height with an ever-increasing speed, and a pendulum swings to and fro until its excursions have become so shortened by friction and the resistance of the atmosphere that it stops.

We usually speak of the force with which the earth pulls a thing toward it as the weight of that thing, and when, in the common operation of weighing goods, we place them in one pan of a pair of scales and in the other place certain standards (which we speak of as hundredweights or pounds) until the earth's pull on the goods is just balanced by the earth's pull on the standard weights, then we may say that they have both the same weight, and we measure the weight of the goods by the standards we have employed.

Supposing now we were to employ for weighing instead of the usual pair of scales a spring balance in which we measure the weight of a thing by the extent it will stretch out a spring, and not by counterposing it with known standards, we should find a substance with such an instrument to be inconsistent with its weight; it would weigh less at the top of a mountain than it would down at the bottom of a valley.

It is very evident that the quantity of matter in the substance would remain unaltered during its transit from the top to the bottom of the mountain, although its weight increased.

The quantity of matter in a body is spoken of as its mass, a very short and convenient word.

It will now be perceived that change of position alone will not alter the mass of an article, although it may very materially alter its weight or the force with which it is pulled toward a planet.

Here is a fanciful example to the point:

There goes a jolly fellow who weighs sixteen stone if he weighs a pound; in other words, the earth pulls at him with a force which would register sixteen stone if he were put into the pan of a very large spring balance.

Suppose him now, if it were possible, instantly transported to the surface, let us say of Jupiter.

His mass would be unaltered, but upon sitting once more in the pan of the spring balance he would weigh only nine and three-tenths pounds.