

open I would like to go in for it. I go to "Bret's" lectures now. I like them very much. I invite my friends to break their arms or legs, so that I can experiment on them. There is to be an examination in a few weeks. I am afraid I shall not pass, as the different bandages are so puzzling. I went to a cake afternoon tea not long ago. Each girl had to wear something representing some kind of cake. I had the cables column cut out of the newspaper, and pinned on to my blouse; that was for currant cake. One girl went as raisin cake, and had a tin of baking powder for raisin cake. I thought hers was very good, but she did not get the prize. Everyone tries to get something new for their afternoon teas. There was one some time ago to see who could bring the most edibles bought for 3d. I think a very good thing to have is for each person to make up so many lines of poetry on some given subject, and then it is such fun when they are read out. I have such a pretty Australian parrot. It is learning to talk so quickly. I have never seen such a mischievous bird. The first day I let it out of the cage it at once flew against the globe, and smashed it to pieces. I thought the green-house would be a very good place to let it loose in, but it picked all the leaves off a pot of maiden-hair, and tried to stand on a begonia, which immediately broke. I had a great bother in catching it, for every time I frightened it it did some damage to one or other of the plants. After that I cut the parrot's wings nearly every day. I let it out of the cage, and it runs about the room picking at everything. What fearful weather we are having. It has been blowing a gale for more than a week, and then they put in the paper, "Bad weather is expected everywhere"; as if we had been enjoying sunshine and calm. Yesterday I had to go down town. It was raining hard, so I took an umbrella. Going round a corner it was blown inside out. I have always heard that the best thing to do in that case is to turn the umbrella quickly round, facing the wind. I did so. At once my hat blew off. After I had gone a little further I seemed to be walking in rather a queer way. I looked down. One of my goshies was gone. I went back a little way, and found it sticking in the mud. They are very big for me, so I suppose it easily slipped off. Hoping you will let me know about the competitions.—I remain, yours sincerely, Cousin Aileen.

[Dear Cousin Aileen,—Your long and very interesting letter arrived just in time for this paper. I can only, however, give a short answer. So few answered the "What I would like to be when I grow up" competition that I could not give a prize. Only five or six sent an answer. Was it not strange? I thought the question so very interesting. Your letter is in time for the competition for the most interesting letter. Those afternoon teas must be great fun, I should think, but I've never time to go to them.—Cousin Kate.]

[Dear Cousin Kate,—Is it not sad about the King? A great number of people were quite grieved when they heard of His Majesty's illness. It is hoped that he will make his way towards recovery. The weather has been rather dull to-day, but in the afternoon it was nice and fine. Have you seen the decorations in town? I think they are very pretty indeed. Can you play the game of "Wedding Bells," Cousin Kate? It is a very amusing game. I must now close this short note, so good-bye, with best love to yourself and all the cousins.—I remain, Cousin Maggie.]

[Dear Cousin Maggie,—I do not know the game you describe, but I think it should be a very nice one. I think the half-finished decorations about town make one feel sad—but of course we must hope for the best. I join most heartily with you in wishing the King a speedy return to robust health.—Cousin Kate.]

[My Dear Cousin Kate,—I went to the circus with father last Saturday, and I enjoyed it very much indeed.

We were wakened this morning by the tolling of the bells, and we were very sorry indeed to hear that it was for our much-loved Bishop Cowie. We were all very grieved about the King's illness, and trust that it will not be very long before he is quite well again, and then we can have the Coronation celebrations that were arranged. I meant to have written to you before, but I have been busy, so I am writing a longer letter this time to make up for it.—Your loving cousin, Daisy.

[Dear Cousin Daisy,—I am glad you liked the circus. I did too, very much. All the Coronation festivities have been postponed in other places as well as Auckland. All we can now do is to hope and pray for the speedy recovery of His Majesty the King.—Cousin Kate.]

Emma's Dream.

"Mother," said Emma one day, "I had such a nice dream last night. I dreamt I saw a fairy and she invited me to come to fairyland with her. I said I would come, so she took me to her castle. She dressed me in fairy clothes, and gave me a wand." Here she was interrupted, for Nell, the girl, had come to dress her for lunch. She got dressed and had her lunch. Then she went out. Pretty soon the same fairy came up that Emma had seen in her dream. The fairy took her away to a little boat. Then the fairy made Emma small like herself. "Step in the boat," she said to Emma. Emma did so, and lo! and behold, she became a fairy, with a little white satin dress on, shining with stars, and a little golden wand in her hand, and a pair of dainty slippers and stockings on her feet. When Emma got to fairyland the fairy queen said:—"Emma, you have been a good girl all through your life, so I will have you married to my son, the fairy prince." Everything was decked out splendidly. When the prince and his bride came in they were so beautiful that nobody could look at them. They were married and lived happily ever afterward, and reigned after the old queen had died.

Cousin Fanny.

A Cock-and-Bull Cat-and-Dog Tale.

Cats and dogs are supposed to hate each other, especially the cats. No doubt pussy has good reason to go in fear of the dog.—Still, there are many cats and dogs that are not only civil to one another, but positively friendly. There was one tabby which was so fond of the dog of the family that she could not bear to be separated from it. She would mew in heart-rending fashion to get into the room where was the dog, and if no heel were paid to her cries, she scratched and scratched at the door, trying to scrape admittance. When this failed, it is said that she then raised herself up on her hind legs, turned the handle of the door, and walked into the room. Her owners were so enchanted with her skill, as well they might be, that they used to get pussy to repeat the feat for the delight of visitors. But until I see the performance for myself I must respectfully decline to believe it.

Mr and Mrs Atkinson, during their recent stay in America, visited the Niagara falls. Mrs Atkinson, a lady gifted with a rich, sonorous voice, exclaimed at the sight of the falls: "Oh, John, how splendid! How grand! How tremendous!" "Yes, yes," replied Mr Atkinson, with a gesture of impatience, "but do, please, be quiet for a minute. I want to hear the noise."

"It must have been kind of nice, though, bet'n' an old Roman's boys," said little Georgie, as he gazed at the pictures of Caesar and Cicero and Cato.

"Why?" his mother asked.

"They couldn't cut down pa's pants for Willie in them days."

THROUGH FAIRYLAND IN A HANSON CAB.

By BENNETT W. MUSSON.

(FROM "ST. NICHOLAS.")

CHAPTER III.

THE GRIFFIN—THE RAILROAD JOURNEY—THE INN.

The magician went to sleep, and Gretchen was falling into a doze when the car door opened and a voice yelled, "Tick-ets, please!" She awoke with a start, and saw the conductor; his lantern was full of fire-flies, which gave a bright light.

"These people are travelling to see the Queen, and I have passes for them," said the captain of the gnomes, who had followed him.

"Passes—always passes!" grumbled the conductor. "And the stockholder's wonder why we never pay a dividend. I have been a conductor on this road for forty years, and do you know how many tickets I have seen in that time?"

"No," answered Gretchen.

"None at all," said the conductor, angrily, and he went on through the car, muttering to himself, "Passes—always passes!"

"Poor fellow!" mused the magician, who, having changed the fountain-pen into a cigar, was smoking once more. "I believe that when I have finished with this cigar I'll turn the stub into a ticket and give it to him, just for encouragement."

The car began to jounce and bump fearfully, and the conductor dashed back again with his lantern. "I suppose it's another griffin on the track," he said, running out of the door.

Gretchen, grasping her satchel, followed with the magician, and, getting off, for the train had come to a full stop, found the brakeman, the conductor, and all the passengers gathered about the front car. They were in a tunnel that was very badly lighted by natural gas, and the train was half-way down the embankment on which the track was laid. Looking towards fairyland, Gretchen saw an enormous griffin flying away, its wings so wide that they nearly touched the sides of the tunnel.

"I know that griffin," the brakeman said angrily. "Its name is Jones, and this isn't the first time it has stopped this train; it ought to have more sense than to sleep on the track."

"I think that I will walk the rest of the way," said the magician.

There seemed nothing else for the others to do, so they climbed the em-

bankment and started down the track. In a few minutes they came to an opening in the tunnel, which proved to be the home of the griffin, who came out and smiled at them in a very friendly manner.

"Hello, there, Jones!" shouted the brakeman. "Was that you, sleeping on the track?"

"Yes, and I'm very sorry, but it's so hot in the house these days, and there's such a nice draft in the tunnel, that I'm often tempted to sleep there. Won't you come in?"

Nobody wanted to go in, but as no one had the courage to refuse, they all went.

"I would like you to see the children, but they are sleeping, and as they are very tired I hate to call them. They had their flying lesson this afternoon," said the griffin.

"But couldn't we just take a look at them?" asked Gretchen.

"Yes, you might do that," said the griffin, and led the way into a hall with doors on each side. One of these was opened, and there were twenty-five little griffins, hanging by their tails to hooks on the walls, all fast asleep.

"Do they always sleep that way, or is it merely because you are pressed for room?" asked Gretchen.

"Bents are pretty high," said the griffin, "but they rest like that anyway—or like this"; and a door being opened on the other side of the hall, Gretchen saw twenty-five little griffins sleeping soundly, hanging by their heads to larger hooks.

They thanked the griffin for showing them the little griffins, said good-bye, and started down the track. After a while Gretchen, who was walking beside the magician, grew tired.

"Wouldn't it be a good idea for you to transform us to fairyland, instead of our walking all the way?" she said.

"It's queer that you didn't think of that," Leonardo squeaked to the magician.

"I might have done so," he answered, "but I was too busy thinking of how much I know. Exactly where would you persons like to go?"

"I always stop at the King's Arms, a good hotel on the European plan," said the captain of the gnomes. "I think we'd all better go there; they have the best grindstone in town."

"What has that to do with it?" asked Gretchen.

"How can a fellow sharpen his sword without a grindstone?" snorted the captain.

"Well, we'll go to the King's Arms, and I think I will make the transformation last all night, so that we can get a bit of sleep," said the magician.

He rolled up his sleeves, waved his arms slowly, and they all sank into dreamland.

When Gretchen awoke she found herself in a grove of small trees; through a long avenue that divided the grove she could see a low, square building.

"That is the King's Arms," said the captain, pointing at the building. "We will go in and register."

The magician said it was time he started for his office, and after the others had thanked him for transforming them so comfortably, he hurried away, leaving them at the hotel.

Suddenly it occurred to Gretchen that she had no money.

"What am I to do?" she asked. "I can't pay my board."

"That will be all right," said the captain. "The army is ninety-six years behind in its pay, so I always settle my account with an order on the treasurer; I'll settle yours in the same way, and when you get the money you can pay me."

They approached the hotel, and found the landlord waiting; he was a small, fat fairy, with a large diamond in his shirt-front.

"I wonder if they take dogs," said Gretchen; and when she remembered the satchel she cried: "Oh! dear! I have forgotten to have Snip changed back!"

The captain consoled her, saying that they could go to the magician's office later, and that it would be as well to leave Snip a satchel until she



The Griffin Named Jones.

bankment and started down the track. In a few minutes they came to an opening in the tunnel, which proved to be the home of the griffin, who came out and smiled at them in a very friendly manner.

"Hello, there, Jones!" shouted the brakeman. "Was that you, sleeping on the track?"

"Yes, and I'm very sorry, but it's so hot in the house these days, and there's such a nice draft in the tunnel, that I'm often tempted to sleep there. Won't you come in?"

Nobody wanted to go in, but as no