

the clear summer sky overhead. Orion, the belted hunter, and the silver fire-flies, and the sailor's kindly guide. Then we tried a run over the long bridge, and, a little out of breath, we found the cottage, hid in flowers and trees, where I left the children in their mother's care.

The pleasant days blossomed in pearl and rose, and ripened in purple fires above the Trinity mountains. Each day the children seemed more faithful. Katrina, the German girl, with her two braids of corn-silk hair; Philip, the patient cripple; Duckie, the very small Indian, to whom soap-suds were chiefest of evils; and all the rest of the light-hearted assemblage. My desk was never without flowers and curiosities, brought there for naming, and for quiet afternoon lectures.

When, a little later in the season, the water began to run feebly and the miners prepared to cease work, the children told me that I would soon be astonished—as indeed I was. For, on the next morning, my desk was piled with fossils and minerals picked up in the empty sluices. As I examined and named each specimen, the children buzzed around, giving me the history of each find. There were several ammonites, a number of petrified leaves, acorns and wood, several fragments and one tooth of a mastodon, a small piece of platinum, the jaw of a grizzly, and, rarest of all, Sadie's contribution, the tooth of an extinct llama, which proved to be the second of that species found in the State. So we had materials for many lectures, and the nucleus of a school cabinet. We gave a little evening celebration, and the miners came, applauded vigorously, and promised us the curiosities found in their claims. We had enough money to buy a nice cabinet, with glass doors, which arrived one summer noon, and was escorted up the hill by the delighted children.

After this a blushing miner, with his rubber boots yet dripping, would sometimes tap at the door and hold out a specimen "for the children." Generally, however, the miners preferred to give them to some favorite on the way to school. In this way Lizzie once brought a shark's tooth as large as my hand, and Maud came to school tugging a splendid geode, full of lovely pink crystals.

There was one miner, known as Long John, whose claim had never furnished any specimens and he was rather worried over it; so one day Nellie came in, looking very happy, and put a lump of virgin gold on my desk. It was an irregular flattened mass, shaped much like an anemone root, and worth, perhaps, \$12. "Long John gave it to me," she cried, "for our cabinet, 'so that some of the gold should stay in Mable forever,' he said."

Then Duckie, the small Indian, went to some of his wild kindred, and got us a warrior's headdress and weapons; also household utensils without number—water-tight baskets of grass woven in squares, hollow reeds full of paint, masks for dances, deer calls and needles of bone. Duckie was voted a public benefactor, and we began to study savage history and the beginnings of races and peoples.

Soon our outside work, which vivified all the school life, divided itself into many departments. Some children loved the plants best, and so they brought specimens of woods, leaves, flowers and fruits. Others studied the formations of rock and varying soils. One of the boys took a special delight in land snails, of which he made two collections—one for school and one for home. And they all chased butterflies.

The four little friends were among the most earnest. Sadie collected mosses with delightful ardor. Nellie loved the shy ferns. Maud and Lizzie brought handfuls of flowers for the herbarium, and the flower-stands—great bunches of spotted lilies, beaked Dodecaedrons, scarlet Mimulus, pink roses, fragrant Yerba Buena, and countless mountain flowers brought to me for a name.

The months went by too swiftly, and the school term drew to an end. The last day came, with examinations, and the exhibition of maps, drawings, cabinet of curiosities and herbarium. Every one who had helped us was there, and

the walls were hung with cedar, the work of the children, whose Sunday clothes hid sorry hearts that day.

Just as the hour for dismissal came, the lumbering stage drove up to the foot of the hill, and the little tearful faces clustered round, and the miners gave me their honest hands. "All aboard for Shaasta!" cried the fur-coated driver. Four sad little girls came up last of all, and I asked them always to remember our beautiful summer, and always to love nature. Then I had to go.

I remember, hours later, just at sunset, as the stage paused on the grade miles distant from Mable, and hundreds of feet above it, the winds rolled back the clouds we had climbed through, and the setting sun made each peak of snow a carved amethyst, each slope of pine a shining emerald. I looked back, where the wrinkled ravines were knotted about the shaggy slopes I had climbed so many times before; the busy

A MAN out west has invented a device to prevent marketmen from palming off old eggs. The invention is thus described: He proposes to arrange a rubber stamp in the nest of every hen, with a movable date. This stamp is arranged with a pad which is saturated with indelible ink. When the hen lays an egg, as is well known, she kicks slightly with her hind leg. An electric disk is arranged so that her foot touches it, when the stamp turns over on to the ink pad and then revolves, stamping the date on the egg. The hen then goes off about her business, the farmer's hired girl removes the egg, replaces the stamp, which is ready for another. On each evening, after the hens have retired to their downy roost with the roosters, the date of the stamp is changed to the following day, and the good work goes on. In this way there can be no cheating. You go to the grocery and ask for fresh eggs, and the groceryman says he has some eggs of the vintage of



FREDDIE'S PUSSY.

mines in the yellow cliffs; the rude cabins on the hill; the orchards, and patches of alfalfa, and purple-fruited vineyards along the bends of the stormy river. And I blessed the fair mountain land, the children safe in its shelter, the brave and kindly hearts of the rugged miners who made it their home and wrested from the gray hearts of the crags their hidden, shining grains of gold.—Chas. H. Shinn, in *California Horticulturist*.

OUR Miss Florence is a bright little five-year-old. Yesterday her mother was telling her the story of Jonah's disobedience and punishment. As his experience with the whale was graphically narrated, terminating with Jonah's sudden arrival on terra firma, Miss Florence quickly queried: "Was he very wet?" Mamma replied: "I think not." "Well, he must have smelt awful!"

March 1, 1880, for instance. You look at them, and there are the figures, which cannot lie. With this method, it is an object for the man to get rid of his eggs, knowing that to-morrow may be too late.

TRUE AND BRAVE WOMEN.—To be able to look cheerfully and hopefully through clouds of poverty and distress is an accomplishment bestowed by nature upon every true and brave woman; and, no matter how poor or humble her home may be, the magic power of smiles can brighten its shadows and lighten its cares. Upon the troubled mind of a feeling husband a wife's smile falls like a sunbeam on a flower. And how much more beautiful it makes the face that wears it than a frown! When a wife or mother forgetting sorrows and hardships, smiles away her tears, there is a loveliness in the act that speaks to a man's heart more eloquently than words.