

HOW A RACE WAS WON.

FANNY DEERING, IN CHICAGO RECORD.

Winifred Cushing was pronounced the crack canoeist of the entire summer colony at Lake Sunapee. But the young Harvard graduate has never laid personal claim to that distinction and, in fact, he entertained serious doubts as to the validity of the claim made by his zealous associates and merry camping companions.

In common with his associates he attended those entertainments, and here he met a beautiful picture of female loveliness—Miss Eleanor Van Courtlandt—New York, the belle of the summer colony and an heiress to a very wealthy household.

"Perhaps you were not aware that I paddle, Mr. Cushing?" she inquired, remarking, as she looked up into his handsome face with a bewitching smile playing about her lips.

"Indeed, I was not," he replied to the young man, as he recognized in her words the generous insinuation that they conveyed. "I am pleased to know it, however. Have you a canoe here?"

"Not yet, it will arrive tomorrow, and then, sir, I have had a most valued title for you."

"Ah! a challenge?" he laughingly responded, and he saw a gleam of delight and satisfaction in her eyes as she coolly answered:

"Well—yes, and then her laughing voice rang through the leafy arches of the room in mellow cadence as she burst into a peal of unrestrained merriment.

swiftly in pursuit, determined to overtake her at once, if possible.

"She is no novice with the paddle, I declare!" was his complimentary ejaculation as he was approaching the narrow peninsula which still hid the fair canoeist from his eyes, and when, a few moments later, he had reached and rounded the artfully constructed barrier, his lips parted in a whistle of surprise.

"I thought you expressed your intention of competing in the ladies' singles," provided the event came off."

"But, Mr. Cushing, with whom would I compete? Surely not with Miss Wainwright or any of the Dabnall family? I don't think you would really enjoy such racing—now would you?"

"Well—yes, and then her laughing voice rang through the leafy arches of the room in mellow cadence as she burst into a peal of unrestrained merriment.

"She is a dowered and handsome girl, there is no disputing that," he replied, soliloquizing, and he filled his glass with still greater vigor, turning the prow of the canoe out from the leafy shadows near the shore and heading for the bold promontory that jutted into the lake near the distant towering light-house.

"The morning was clear and bright and the sun shone brightly from the west causing the dancing waves to sparkle around his flashing blade as he sent the light craft swiftly beneath the shelter of a rocky lee shore.

"Miss Van Courtlandt is out getting into tattle for that regatta," he murmured, and then, as he saw the canoe approaching:

"Well, I hope she will not think I must accompany her this morning, for my head jumping as it does now, I doubt if I could do the gallant."

"Hello! It's not Miss Van Courtlandt's canoe after all, but that belongs to Miss Edson."

"How could it have been otherwise?" And although Winifred had seen the whole thing through his powerful field-

glasses he did not think it necessary to suggest that which he felt positive the young lady already knew.

There is to be a quiet wedding at the old farm house during the holiday week-end and as Winifred and Mabel took a view of the old race course one autumn afternoon he gently took her hand and they walked away.

"All's well that ends well, my love. You helped me to win the race down there, and in future years our success will depend largely upon our united efforts. Even if they have not the wealth of some, we surely will be happy and win in the end."

"Indeed, that is true," she joyfully responded. "And, do you know when Miss Van Courtlandt left for home last week-end, she took one of the finest little motor-magnifying glasses every happiness, and saying that I was about to marry one of the best young men living. I think so too, and let me invite her to the wedding."

"Agreed," she replied, and Miss Van Courtlandt is to be Miss Mabel's maid of honor at the same nuptials.

"It would be impossible to conceive Greater Confidence Than They Display," Charles Frederick Hobben, in the Scientific American.

My next attempt at cultivating a friendship with a humming bird was with two young birds, a nest and eggs having been discovered in my garden. The mother bird was very leath and readily submitted to the photographing process, the plate showing the little creature sitting high the nest, her head pointed slightly upward.

Finally, the two eggs disappeared and two reddish impossible creatures took their place; bits of animation which at the slightest movement opened their wide and cavernous mouths for the expected food. The little birds, which first resembled baby spiders, more than anything else, soon outgrew their leathery, and eyed us with gentle curiosity whenever we approached the nest. A rich syrup of sugar and water was handed from the fountain to be very much to their fancy.

It became evident that the birds would leave the nest in a few days, and the delicate structure was severed from the branch and removed to the room of one of the ladies of the house, who now understood their education. The little creature almost immediately deserted the nest, and alighted on the edge of the nest, with much modesty uttering. Then began the first experiments in flying, a rapid vibration of the wings, which merely raised the birds a few inches above the ground, and then they would alight upon the finger or head of their mistress, come when called, and displayed the most artless and confident dispositions.

When the nest was taken the mother bird made no protest, in fact was not seen, but she soon found her offspring. The young birds, two days later, having learned the use of their wings, flew to the window that faced the orange bush, alighting upon the middle of the screen with their delicate claws. Their plaintive squeaking soon attracted the attention of the mother bird, who hovered about the place for several days, endeavoring to reach her impatient young, repeatedly flying away whenever one of the household appeared.

It would be impossible to conceive greater confidence than that displayed by the little canyons. They were actually without fear and contented themselves with their most precious possession, the edge of a basket in a closet in our room, and every morning awakened us by hovering over our faces, uttering sharp little metallic notes: when a slight alighting upon the extended finger, cocking their tiny heads from side to side in an expressive demand for food. At breakfast they frequently flew down stairs, following their mistress, often perching upon the sugar bowl, and contentedly roost on the table, from which they would watch the proceedings apparently with the greatest interest. The little creatures, hovering in the air and feeding from our hands, presenting a charming spectacle.

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