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Haymaking In Finland.

A curious way of making hay is very generally adopted by the Fins. Poor men who own no meadows have long been accustomed to cut what grass they can find in the forest glades and other waste lands. Owing to the lack of roads and farmsteads the hay was stuffed among the branches of neighboring trees to await the winter frosts and snow, when it could easily be carried off by sledges. After a wet season some farmers noticed that this was actually better in quality than that which they themselves had made from much better grass. The wild crop, so to call it, had dried much better in the tree branches, exposed to a free circulation of air, than the rich herbage which had laid long on the sodden ground. Hence it occurred to them to make temporary trees upon which their own crops might be dried.

This experiment was attended by such success that the plan has been widely imitated, and bids fair entirely to supplant the oldfashioned methods. After the mowing is done, a number of poles about ten feet in length, and provided with long transverse pegs, are set up at intervals, and the grass is loosely heaped upon them. The result is said to be excellent. Even in wet weather only a small portion forming the outside of the pile is discolored, while the inner portions, exposed to the air beneath and protected from the rain above, are dried in perfect condition. Mowing can be carried on in spite of wind and rain, and when once the grass is placed upon the drying pole, it may be left without fear of serious damage until the weather changes.

The Wife of Plutus.

The *No Name Magazine* says:—"Our rich men have very faint notions as to what women were meant for. A millionaire merchant or banker will rush down town to his office or counting-room, spend the day there grubbing up more money, rush back just in time for his splendid, unscientific dinner, fall asleep after it, and be it as dull as a hog or a log till it is time to breakfast and go to business again. To a man of this sort a wife is merely an apparatus for exhibiting his wealth by wearing fine dresses, riding in fine equipages, presiding at superb banquets. He has no idea of her use in life—but then he has no idea of his own. These opulent gentry, who amass gold without any notion of how to spend it, are like the pigs employed to hunt truffles; the ring in the porcine nose preserves the tuber for a daintier palate; and the money these people get together and lavish in ostentation, though it brings them no happiness, confers happiness upon the humbler people they employ. Acquisitive power seldom coexists with power to enjoy: the money-maker resembles a pump which brings water from the depths of the earth to quench the people's thirst, but has no palate of its own. Mercantile life can be of a far higher type than this. It has been so in other countries, why not in this? There have been merchant princes in England as well as in Italy. Haste to grow rich and a foolish fondness for show are the tendencies which degrade the mercantile character in this country."

Pure Diamonds Are Rare.

About nine-tenths of the diamonds offered for sale are off color; that is, they have color in them. Ten per cent. only are absolutely white. The difference in the color makes the difference in the price of the stones. For instance, a canary-colored diamond is more valuable than the white stones. Diamonds of this kind are called fancy stones. When set together they make a beautiful contrast. There is no special fashion in diamonds. Much depends on individual taste. Necklaces are now worn a good deal and a good many pieces are made up with small diamonds combined with colored stones. Sapphires, opals, rubies and emeralds find a ready and an extensive market. A fine ruby, weighing from two to three carats, is worth more than a diamond. Fine emeralds are always as high-priced as the diamond.

Ebony Bridge Timbers.

"What do you think of a railroad using ebony and mahogany for bridge timber?" remarked Mr. O. Paget, the other day. "It seems strange, but it is a fact. I have just received a letter from a friend of mine in Mexico, and he writes me that the Monterey and Mexican Gulf Railway is using these woods in the construction of its bridges, and that the stations are being built of black marble. The country through which this road runs abounds in these kinds of woods, whereas the commoner kinds usually used in constructing bridges are wholly wanting. The railroads of Mexico, he writes me, import large quantities of timber from Texas, and last year the Mexican Central paid $1,500,000 for Texas lumber.

Canary Rearing Industry.

Germany carries on a large trade in the export of canaries. Every year she sends no fewer than 130,000 of these birds to America, 3,000 to England and about 2,000 to Russia. The great nursery for the breeding of canaries is the Hartz Mountains. Many of the peasants are engaged in the work of rearing the birds, and receive wages of from $50 to $125 a year for their trouble, an important addition to their earnings. Many canaries come also from the Black Forest, but they do not fetch such high prices as the Hartz birds, not being considered such good songsters.

A Famous Bell.

The Independence bell was cast in England in the year 1752. It was broken and recast under the direction of Isaac Morris by Pass & Stow, and placed upon Indepence Hall. It was removed on the occupation of Philadelphia by the British in 1777, but was afterward returned and used on state occasions. On the visit of Henry Clay in 1828 to that city it broke while being rung in his honor, and was then placed in the hall, where it is still to be seen.

PEOPLE not only distress themselves because others do not think as they do, but are also distressed to know what others do think.

SELL your confidence at a high price, if at all; to be strong; keep your own counsel.

VERSAILLES.

About eleven miles south west of Paris in the department of the Seine and Oise, stands the magnificent palace of Versailles built by Louis XIV., but which owes its origin to Louis XIII. From a recent number of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* we gleam the following items.

There was nothing particular in the site of the little village of which old Hugo Versailles was lord and master, about the beginning of the eleventh century, to recommend it to a court so fond of romantic amusements as that of France. Louis XIII. himself loved as residences the vast palaces of the Louvre and the Tuileries, of St. Germain and Fontainebleau, better than Versailles, even after he had established his luxurious shooting-box there. Saint Simon tells us that it was during one of the stag hunts in which the king so rarely indulged, that his attention was first called to the idea of an establishment in the wood of Versailles. Worn out with hunting, the sovereign found himself obliged to take refuge at the close of the day in a windmill, where he was most uncomfortable, and soon afterward he caused to be erected what the courtiers of his time sometimes called his chateau des cartes.

In the splendid sketch of Louis XIII. which Victor Hugo has given us in his drama called Le Roi s' amuse, we find that that monarch was passionately fond of falconry, his delicate constitution not permitting him often to indulge in the wilder sport of hunting the stag and the boar, nor allowing him that rough riding for which so many of his royal predecessors had been famous. His special delight was to fly the falcon, and to watch the capricious swoop of the trained birds after their prey through the windy sky. Had Louis XIII. not been a good falconer and a devoted one, the world would probably never had the palace and the majestic park of Versailles.

It was in 1627 that Louis XIII. built on this site the first royal chateau. The house was finished in 1626, although the land was not bought till 1632. On the day that the house was finished, Louis XIII. gave a great feast to the queens Maria de Medicis and Anne of Austria. He even waited at the table, according to the custom of the time, serving the first dish to his royal guests; after which he sat at the feet of the queen. This was the "hanging of the crane," and Hereard speaks of it as remarkable for the decency and good order which prevailed—an indication that royal festivities in the seventeenth century were not wont to be governed according to those rules which to-day govern nearly all courts. In 1632 he bought the land from the neighboring gentry who imposed upon him, by demanding double its value.

The old chroniclers tell us that Louis XIII. drew the plan of his house; and judging from the representations which have come down to us, he did himself no great honor on that occasion.

We need not weary the modern reader with an elaborate description of Louis XIII.'s castle in the wood. It had one quaint court of marbles, handsomely ornamented with seven arcades filled with gilt iron work. It possessed balconies in which were ranges of marble busts representing the Roman emperors, and the roofs and chimneys were decorated with vases and other ornaments colored blue, thus with the white stone and red bricks reproducing the colors of the house of Bourbon. The roofs were all gilded, and on account of their splendor may possibly have suggested to Napoleon I. his famous notion of gilding the dome of the Invalides. All the staircases and balustrades were of marble. The gardens were as elaborate, as artificial, and yet none of them were so splendid, as those of some of the aristocratic neighbors of the king.

In the wood of Versailles birds of all kinds were plentiful, and the king was never happier than when there. When he was not engaged in falconry, he was fond of fruit-gardening, and offered to the queen, to the Princess of Conde, and to numerous other court ladies on the 25th of April, 1643, only a few days before his death, a collation composed of his own preserves.

There was but one really imposing historical event at Versailles in Louis XIII.'s time, and that has been made familiar to us all in Bulwer's play of Richelieu.

Versailles during his time was far more healthy, morally and in every other sense, than in the dissolute reign of his successor, Louis XIII. loved not merely hunting; he was a good musician, liked to play upon the violoncello, and even composed songs and motets which were brought out with care by his chapel choir. The De Profundis, which he had written, and which was performed at the court on Ash-Wednesday, was chanted beside his bed after his death. He sometimes wrote in the journals of the time, and especially liked to write for the Gazette de France. Now and then he touched the pencil, and drew some very decent portraits of his friends. Saint Simon, Cinq-Mars, Mme. de Hautefort, and Mlle. de Lafayette were his principal favorites.

His last visit to Versailles was made early in the spring of 1643, when he gave a grand dinner in honor of Cardinal Mazarin and other notables of the time. In February of this year he returned to St. Germain, discouraged and broken down with the anemia which he had hoped to get rid of in the pure air of Versailles, and in the following year he died, worn out, at forty-two.

When Le Notre began his work under Louis XIV.'s direction, in 1632, many of the plans of Louis XIII. were changed, and some of them were spoiled. It is said that when the palace was completed and all the improvements finished, the accounts were given to Louis XIV. to inspect. When he saw the enormous sum that had been expended he instantly tore up the accounts, actuated, let us hope, by a sense of shame that so many millions of francs were spent for pleasure, while thousands of his poor subjects died for want of food.

The old Sieur de la Baroderie, who occupied the proud post of intendant-general of the gardens and royal residences of the king, spent his declining years in embellishing the gardens of Versailles; and to his skilful hand is also due much of the beauty of the Luxembourg Gardens in Paris. It was this good and simple-minded man who wrote the celebrated treatise on gardening, printed most luxuriously by order of Louis XII., and filled with great numbers of maps and designs representing every known and some unknown varieties of terraces, bosquets, groves, plantations, and fountains. Some of the features of Louis XIII.'s home were afterwards embodied in Louis XIV.'s plan; among them being the celebrated Orangerie and the Parc aux Cerfs.

In order to give our readers a better idea of this vast palace we subjoin a short sketch of it for which we are indebted for the main facts to Encyclopedia Britannica.

"The avenues of St. Cloud, Paris and Sceaux converge in the Place d' Armes. To the west of this large square magnificent, gilded iron gates and a stone balustrade shut off the great court of the Palace. At the highest point of the court is an equestrian statue in bronze of Louis XIV. To the right and left of this, stretch the long wings of the palace, while behind it stand the central buildings one behind the other as far as the Marble Court. The rooms of Louis XIV. were here. To the north, his Chapel Court and to the south Prince's Court; on the latter the inscription: "A toutes les gloires de la France" which inscription Louis Philippe justified by forming a collection of 5,000 works of art valued at 51,000,000 francs, commemorating the great events and persons of French history.

In the north wing is the theatre where Marie Antoinette was married in May 16th, 1770 to Louis XIV., at that time Dauphin.

This was the first time that the theatre was used. In the south wing, on the ground floor, are the Imperial Galleries occupied by the President of Congress when the two legislative bodies met at Versailles. Also, the room where the Chamber of Deputies met from 1876 to 1879, and where Congress has since set to revise the constitution of 1875 and to elect the President of the Republic.

The gardens were planned by Le Notre. The ground falls away from a terrace adorned with ornamental basins, statues and bronze groups. Westward from the palace, extends a long avenue planted with trees and having along its centre the grass of the "Tapis Vert" (green carpet), which is continued by the Grand Canal 200 feet wide and one mile long, and which is still used for nautical displays.

On the south, two splendid staircases of 103 steps and 66 feet wide lead past the Orangerie to the Swiss lake which is 1312 feet long and 461 feet wide.

Beyond this is the wood of Satory. On the north side an avenue, with twenty-two groups of three children each; each group holding a marble basin from which a jet of water rises, and slopes gently down to the basin of Neptune remarkable for its fine sculptures.

The Orangerie, which was one of the marked features of Louis XIII.'s time, was rebuilt in 1685 by Mansard and is the finest piece of architecture in Versailles; the central gallery is 508 feet long and 42 feet wide and each side gallery is 375 feet long.

Here can be seen 1200 orange trees one of which is said to be over 465 years old. Three hundred other varieties of trees are also to be found here.

In the time of Louis XIV. the Grand Canal was covered with gondolas, and the evening entertainments were usually closed with a beautiful display of fireworks.

Now, the chief attractions at Versailles are the fountains and the water works, both made by Louis XIV. in imitation of those he had seen at Foquet's Chateau of Vaux.

Aside from the palace, there are now no buildings of interest at Versailles, but it may not be known to all our readers that this place should have for every American one strong point of interest, as it was here that the treaty of peace, by which England recognized the independence of the United States was signed, in 1783.

A Meal With the Lapps.

I was taken into one of the Lapp's huts, says a writer in an English journal. In the centre a wood fire was burning brightly on some stones, and at first the smoke was very unpleasant, but soon one became accustomed to it, and it served the useful purpose of driving away the winged plague, which had followed us all day. The men proceeded to boil some coffee, which in a few minutes was set before me, together with a wooden bowlful of reindeer's milk. The coffee was not very palatable, but under the circumstances worse fare would have proved acceptable. The milk I found to be too thick and rich to drink much of. A sugar loaf was produced from beneath some cloths in a corner, and a few pieces were chipped off and handed to me. I accepted them with my politest smile, accompanied by a bow, but when I proceeded to sugar to my coffee in the orthodox style, the action caused much amusement to the juvenile Lapps, who roared with laughter, and appeared to enjoy the fun immensely. I found that I ought to have eaten the sugar separately, as they did, and they evidently considered my way of sweetening coffee inexpressibly funny.

Cakes were then served to each one. These were about the size of a penny bun, but of the consistency of putty or dough, which they somewhat resemble in appearance. Sour cream was eaten with them. So nasty were they that a mouthful gave me what Mrs. Brown would call "quite a turn," and I was glad to smuggle the remainder underneath the rug on which I was sitting. I did not like to throw it away, for fear of offending my hosts, but trusted to the sharp noses of the dogs to get me out of the difficulty.

Hot Water to Relieve Thirst.

It is a mistake to suppose that cold drinks are necessary to relieve thirst. Very cold drinks, as a rule, increase the feverish condition of the mouth and stomach, and so create thirst. Experience shows it to be a fact that hot drinks relieve the thirst and "cool off" the body when it is in an abnormally heated condition better than ice cold drinks. It is far better and safer to avoid the free use of drinks below 60 degrees; in fact a higher temperature is to be preferred; and those who are much troubled with thirst will do well to try the advantages to be derived from hot drinks instead of cold fluids to which they have been accustomed. Hot drinks also have the advantage of aiding digestion, instead of causing debility of the stomach and bowels.

TO SEED RAISINS.—Take one cupful of raisins at a time, put them in a bowl, and pour boiling water over them; let stand a moment, then proceed as usual to remove the seeds, which will easily drop out of the raisins perfectly clean, without sticking to the fingers in the usual way. It saves time and labor, and you do not waste a particle of the raisins.

A dripping pan half full of cold water on the upper grate in the oven will prevent cake or pies from burning.

SUNSET.

In the wonderous west on the ocean's breast
Lay the sun upon the deep,
While the fair light dies from the crimson skies
As he slowly sinks to sleep.
And the dreamy haze—this crimson blaze
Goes out of the summer air;
And over the cliff my fancies drift
To a clime without a care.

He seemed to shrink from the very brink
Of the dim horizon's line,
Out and away over the edge of day
To a land that is divine.
He gilded with beams of golden streams
The mountains upon the right
And then old time with a love sublime,
Gave the world an their night.

—HOWARD C. TRIPP.

KINGSLEY IOWA, 1890.

THE STORY OF THE FORT.

BY ISABEL SMITHSON.

Six little girls were sitting under an apple tree. The eldest held a large book on her lap, and turned the pages slowly while the other children looked at the pictures of Indians and log-cabins and all manner of exciting scenes.

Presently they came to a fort made of posts, with a stream of water running near it, and woods on either side, while on the banks of the little river were women filling pails and jugs.

"What is it about?" asked the children, and Mabel, who was at the head of her class in history, answered slowly:

"There are Indians hiding in the woods; look, there is a face, and there's another between the trees."—

While she was speaking, an old feeble lady came out of the house and walked slowly towards the children, supported on each side by one of her sons who were white-haired, wrinkled men.

"Grandmama wants to sit with you, children," said Uncle John, and some of the young faces clouded over at the interruption.

Mabel exclaimed quickly, however, "Perhaps she will tell us a story," and the thought of that made the children start to their feet and greet the old lady joyfully.

"Here's a nice seat, Grandma," they cried, "and a stool for your feet."

When her sons had seen her nicely settled on the rustic bench with a shawl over her knees and her grand-children and great-grand-children clustering round her, they went back to the veranda to have a smoke and talk politics.

Grandma Hayward had only just come to live at Fairfield and to most of the children she was a new acquaintance. Her home for many years had been with Uncle John and his wife, away off in another state. Uncle John's wife had lately died, and as she left no children, her husband and his mother found the house very sad and lonely when they were left alone, and so it was decided that they should come and make their home with Grandma's other son who lived in a great farm-house with his daughters and their children.

So now there were four generations of one family at Hazelhurst, and a very happy household it was. The younger children were very much surprised when the great-grandmother arrived to see that she did not look very different from other old ladies, although she was close on to a hundred years old. Indeed, little Bessie, the five year old, had secretly made up her mind that such a very aged person must be as big as a giant, and she was not a little surprised to find out her mistake. It was in the summer of Centennial Year that Grandma Hayward came to Hazelhurst, and before she had been there many weeks, the children discovered, to their great delight, that she could tell the most delightful tales about the days of her youth, when her family were "early settlers," and lived in a log-cabin, and her father and brother took their guns to the heyfield with them, for fear of Indians. The only drawback to the enjoyment of these narratives was that the old lady would often, when in the most interesting part, stop suddenly and sit looking straight before her as if in a dream, entirely forgetting her young listeners. She had a wonderful memory for things that happened many years ago, and seemed to grow young again while she talked about them, but when the tale was done, she changed completely, and could not recollect the names of her grandchildren or tell what day it was, or which of her two sons had gone to town. Yet, in spite of these occasional interruptions, Grandma's narratives were intensely interesting to the young people, and they looked upon her as a perfect storehouse of valuable curiosities in the way of recollections. It was therefore with feelings of delightful expectation that the children saw her eyes turn to the big book on Mabel's lap.

"Indians, Grandma," they said, persuasively, "and this is a fort, and the women are getting water at the brook."

The old lady looked fixedly at the picture for several minutes, and then nodded her head and said slowly, "It was at Bryant's Station, down in Kentucky, I remember it so well!"

"Were you there?" cried the children in amazement, but Mabel signed them to be silent, and the old lady went on.

"It seems such a little while ago. Very early one August morning, my brother Charley and I were playing in the dirt near our cabin, and making little forts out of chips. Mother was cooking breakfast in a great hurry because father and the other men were going down to Hoy's Station; a party of twenty Wyandot Indians had been there and beaten Captain Holder's men so badly that he had sent to us for help. While we were playing Charley said that he wished he was old enough to have a gun and go and drive away the Indians, but I only went on sucking my thumb and looked at him without speaking, for I was secretly glad he could not go, to be shot and scalped as some of the men had been, or stolen away and never brought back again, like little Tommy Blair at the next station.

We had a very hurried breakfast that morning, and then father kissed us all good-bye, took up his gun and told us to be sure not to go far away from the fort while he was gone, and mother, taking us by the hand, followed him out of the cabin.

Our fort was made of forty log-cabins standing in four rows and the outside ones joined together by a high wall of thick wooden stakes, with a strong gate in each side. We found a crowd of people standing by one of these gates, and in a few minutes father went out with forty-seven other men, all carrying guns ready loaded. Just as some of the boys were going to close the gate, we heard loud, terrible yells outside and then the sharp crack of rifles, and the next minute the men came hurrying in again, the last ones shutting and barring the gate behind them.

"The red-skins are on us!" cried my father, and mother turned as white as a sheet and drew Charley and me to her as if to hide us from the savages, and then seeing the frightened faces round us she took us to our cabin and rocked and petted me until I fell asleep in her arms. When I wakened, she had gone away and Charley told me that we were to stay in until she came back. So we played ball contentedly and forgot everything else, (for we were hardly more than babies,) until we heard the men tramping about and calling to each other. That worried us, and we ran to the door and peeped out; we saw some of the men busily mending the wall, and trying to strengthen the weak places in the palisades, while others were posted at the port-holes with their rifles in position for firing, and the women talking together anxiously. Then we knew that an attack was expected, and young as we were we rejoiced to think that the Indians had shown themselves just when they did, for if they had waited but a little the fort would have been without protectors, every man, except a few very old ones would have been on the way to Hoy's Station.

After a little while, mother came in and gave us some bread and cold meat to eat, but there was no dinner cooked that day. Father could not leave his post at the port-holes for he wanted to keep on the lookout for the enemy, so mother carried his lunch to him. As a great treat Charley and I had sugar on our bread, but we had only half a cupful of water each, and when we asked for more, mother shook her head gravely and said that the pail was empty. We children did not then realize what a serious trouble it was—that empty pail! Every family in the fort was in the same trouble, for no water had been brought from the spring all day, and who would go and fetch some when it was known that a band of murderous red-skins was hidden in the bushes? If Indians stayed there much longer we should all be dying of thirst—no wonder that every one looked anxious!

The enemy did not show themselves again, but our men knew they were still in ambush and they would try to make the whites come out of the fort. All of a sudden our next door neighbor's son, Frank, came running into our cabin to tell mother that father and the others wanted her for a few minutes, and when she had gone he set to work to amuse Charley and me, and calm our fears. He told us that two of the young men had crept out of the side gate and made their way through the bushes without being seen by the Indians, and that they were going as fast as they could to Lexington, to get a whole lot of men with guns, and they would all come and drive the Indians away—but he said not a word about the empty water-pails! Frank Hayward was a good deal older than we, and so we thought him almost a man, and he was such a brave merry little fellow that we loved to hear him talk, and before he left us we were laughing gaily. Then we thought we would go and find mother and tell her what he had said. We ran out to where the grown folks were standing, and no one noticed us for every one was either talking or listening, and we saw by their faces that a very grave matter was being discussed.

"We can not possibly do without water until the men come from Lexington," said my father earnestly, and the others seemed to agree with him, and after a short pause some one else said in a decided tone.

"Our first plan is the only one to be thought of—now who will go?"

One of the young women exclaimed directly, "I will, if my cousin Mary will," but another girl said with a frown. "I don't see why the Indians should be expected to let us pass any more than they would the men—"

"Nor I," said another, "they never make any difference between male and female scalps!" Some of the older people then explained to these timid ones that the Indians would be sure to wait for the men to come out of the fort. It would be no use for them to shoot at a few women, but if they could kill all the men, then it would be easy to sieze the fort and put the women and children to death or make them prisoners.

At the thought of being carried away by the cruel Indians, Charley and I were so frightened that we began to cry, and one of the women turned and bade us go back to our cabin. So we went home and waited there trembling until mother came. She clasped us in her arms, soothed us with more than usual fondness and kissed us again and again, then taking up the water-pail she went out, saying that she would be back soon. Suddenly it dawned upon us that she was going for water to the spring, going with a few other women right into the clutches of those terrible savages! We were so frightened at the thought that we could not cry, but stood looking at each other in dumb dismay, and then Charley ran out of the cabin. I followed him slowly, and saw that a dozen or so of women and girls were gathering at the gate, each carrying a pail or pitcher, and all looking grave but determined. Just as they had taken down the bar, Charley ran to mother, and catching hold of her skirts implored her not to go.

"We won't ask for any more water, we don't want a drink at all," he sobbed, but father came up and carried him away, and the next instant mother and the others had gone and the gate was barred behind them.

The men returned hurriedly to the port-holes, especially to those which looked towards the spring, and I was left alone. I had just turned to go back to our empty cabin when Frank Hayward came up and took me by the hand.

"Don't fret, Sadie," he said coaxingly, "be a brave girl and your mother will soon come back." He found it a hard task to console me, however, and at last he said gaily, "I tell you what we'll do! We'll go and watch them come back—I know where there's a splendid crack that we can look through." Then I followed him gladly to a place in the wall where there was a long crack between two stakes, and here we crouched and peered out eagerly. We were almost on a line with the spring so we could plainly see the group of women near it; we heard their clear voices, for they talked, laughed and even sang as unconcernedly as if they thought there was no Indian within miles of them. The grass and trees were green around them, the ripe corn waving, and the bright blue sky of summer overhead. I was not thinking of all that just then, however, but of my mother out there exposed to deadly peril.

"Why does not father go with them and take his gun?" I asked, and Frank explained quickly, "That would show they were afraid. The red-skins know the women go to the brook every day and if they do not seem frightened, the Indians will think we do not know they are there, and they will wait for the men to come out too. You see, it is necessary for the women to go alone—there, they have got to the brook and are filling their pails!" I peeped through the crack again and saw them stooping over the water, and then I looked anxiously at the brush-wood on either side, but there was not an Indian in sight. I did not know then (as the others did) that nearly five hundred blood-thirsty savages were lurking there and watching every movement of the helpless white women—I did not realize that if they thought best to fire from their hiding-place our men could not defend their wives and daughters without leaving the fort unprotected, and it was just as well for me that I was too young to fully understand all this. And yet, I could not keep back my tears, while I watched my mother's bending form as she filled her pail, and then helped one of the young girls, whose courage and strength seemed to be giving out. Some of the women called to each other gaily, and even splashed the water as if in mirth, and then at last they all stood up and turned their faces towards the fort. Oh, how slowly they seemed to walk! Would they reach the only place of safety before the Indians suspected them of trickery? If they had hurried then, all would have been lost, for not only would the precious water have been wasted, but the enemy would have seen through the plot, and revenged themselves with fresh fury on the women. As they came nearer, carrying their heavy buckets, I could see my mother's face; it was quite pale, but brave and smiling, for she knew she was saving her dear ones from the lingering death of thirst. In a few minutes the devoted party reached the fort; I started to my feet and running round to the gate-way, got there just as the door swung open and the women came in. The young girls were first, with their pails partly emptied, for in their haste they had crowded a little at the last moment and the water had spilled over, and then, more calmly, came the married women—I rushed towards them, the gate closed behind the last ones and the next instant I was clasped in my mother's arms. Oh, what a happy moment that was! I cared for nothing else when I felt those dear arms about me, and those loving kisses on my face, for it seemed to me that it did not matter whether the Indians were out there in the bushes or not, now that my mother was inside the fort again, and the gate barred."

The old lady stopped speaking and wiped her eyes thoughtfully and her young audience began to fear that she was not going to tell them any more.

"Well Grandma, what did the Indians do then?" asked the children eagerly, "did they come out and shoot?"

"No indeed, they stayed in hiding and pretty soon some of our men discovered that a party of 'red-skins' were on the other side of us, near the Lexington road. Father and the others made up their minds that this was only a decoy, and that if they were to leave the fort to chase these Indians, those round the brook would sieze the opportunity to rush up, climb over the palisades, fire the cabins and kill the women and children. So thirteen active young men were chosen (Frank's two brothers were among them) and when everything was ready they rushed out with guns loaded and attacked the decoy party, firing very rapidly and making as much noise as they could so that it sounded as if every man had left the fort. Meanwhile, all the rest of our men had stationed themselves at the port-holes nearest the brook, and waited with their guns cocked for the main body of the enemy.

Charley and I were standing at the door of our cabin holding tight to mother's hands lest she should leave us again. We heard the quick firing of the young men on the Lexington road and it grew fainter and fainter until it ceased entirely, and the next minute there rose a terrible war-whoop on the other side, and five hundred painted warriors, sprang up and came running towards the fort, thinking to find it undefended. Frank was looking through his crack and saw them and he told me all about it. We heard their savage yells, as they came and then saw father and the other men discharge their rifles—the dusky mass stopped astonished, several Indians fell and after a minute's hesitation the rest turned and ran back to shelter, followed by volley after volley of rifle balls. At the same time our young men came in at the other gate, breathless but smiling, and delighted with the success of the trick.

Then the Indians gradually spread themselves round all sides of us, and there was firing from time to time, but no one was hurt, and in the afternoon we heard a great noise on the Lexington road. It was the hurried galloping of horses, and in a few minutes sixteen white men on horseback dashed up to the gate. When they were safe inside the fort they told us that our messengers, Bell and Tomlinson had reached Lexington just after all the fighting men had left for Hoy's Station, but had ridden at full speed after them, and persuaded them to turn back to Bryant's where they were needed most. Besides the horsemen there were nearly fifty others, and just as they were hurrying down a lane between the woods and the corn fields they were attacked by an immense body of Indians; the horsemen managed to break through and reach the fort but the rest ran into the cornfield and there was a skirmish that lasted an hour. Two of the whites were killed, the others got away, and then the Indians came back to besiege us. Our men kept a sharp lookout for them, and thank to the bravery of the women there was plenty of water for everyone, to we were comfortable, and felt quite secure. The afternoon passed quietly, and just as the sun was setting, a man was seen creeping on his hands and knees to a tree-stump near the fort, and here he stood up and called to our Garrison. He said he would give his word of honor, that if he surrendered at once not a hair of our heads should be hurt, but that if not, we would all be blown into the air by the cannon which he was expecting every minute. On hearing this, some of our men were in doubt as to what ought to be done, but others said that this man was Simon Girty, a rascally white who had joined the Indians, and that we could not trust the word of a renegade, and after a minute's pause one of the bravest of our young men, named Reynolds, stood up on a bench, looked over the palisades, and defied Girty to do his worst. The latter then went back to his red-skinned troops, and nothing more was heard of them. Watch was kept all night long, and the next morning the evening's fires were found still burning in the woods, with bits of meat on the roasting-sticks, but not an Indian was to be found."

"Ah!" said the children with a sigh of relief, "that is it a splendid story, Grandma," and the old lady added with a proud smile, "Whenever you hear of the heroines of Bryant's Station you will remember that your great-great-grandmother was one of them."

"Isn't there any more?" asked one of the young listeners wistfully, "what became of your brother Charley, and of that other boy who was so kind to you?"

Grandma looked at the speaker for a long time in silence and then answered slowly, "Frank and Charley went fishing one day and it was nearly a year before we saw either of them again. Mother was half broken-hearted at the loss of her only boy, and I cried myself to sleep every night, for we made sure the lads had been caught and killed by the Indians.

One night, however, they came came back, and told us that some Wyandots had swooped down on them while they were fishing, and taken them away off to their village, and kept them prisoners. Charley told us too, that Frank could have run away ever so many times but that he would not go without his companion, and that Charley himself would never have got home but for Frank, who had taken care of him all the way, and even carried him when he was tired."

"What a good kind boy!" cried the children. Grandma put her shaking hands to an old-fashioned brooch, which she always wore, opened it and displayed the portait of a young man with curling brown hair and laughing eyes. "That is Frank, when he was twenty-one years old," she said "and this is he a few years before he died;" as she spoke she pointed to another portrait—a white-haired wrinkled man. The children looked at this in amazement for there was a picture just like it in the parlor and they knew it was the likeness of their own great-grandfather!

Popular Science.

SOUND OF THE AURORA.

The following letter to the May number of "Knowledge" is dated from Tynron, Dumfrieshire, England, and signed J. Shaw. It says:

"I am in the singular position of being the only person I know of who has heard the sound of the Aurora. I communicated my experience in a letter to 'Nature' fully nine years ago. I think it was during the Winter of 1883—when there was a magnificent Aurora pulsing across the zenith, with bright white light—that my father (since dead) and I listened to the sound with great wonder. It was like the rustling or switching of silk, and rose and fell with the brightness more or less of the light. It caused us some discussion, and we felt all the surer of our experience when we found written in Burn's fragment, entitled 'A Vision.'

The sound blew north was streaming forth
Their lights wi' hissing eerie din,
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as won.'

Tacitus, in 'Germania,' 45, alludes to the sound of the Aurora. Fanny Kemble, in her 'Record of a Girlhood,' vol. i., describes a splendid Aurora which she observed from a balcony in Edinburgh, which had a crackling sound like the stokering of blazing fire, the light being white. A gentleman, writing under initials in the New York 'Weekly Evening Post,' referred to the communications in 'Nature,' and stated that in 1846, crossing the Atlantic from New Foundland to Greenock in the brig Amanda, near the Southern Hebrides, they listened for four hours one night, while a most magnificent white Aurora was overhead, to 'a sound, as if the folds of heavy silk were shaken, sometimes sharp and quick, and then receding until the sound was lost, according to the intensity of the flash.' Whether any more evidence has been collected, during the last nine years, of this rare experience, I do not know."

Mistress and Servant.

A writer in the Queen says: You cannot have a feeling of home in a place where, to put it mildly, you are not comfortable and cared for, so how can you expect servants to be so? To put it on the lowest ground, unless we remedy this state of things we shall find our foes to be they of our own households. Uncared for, uncomfortable, and hence discontented, servats become restless, crave for change, lose all interest in their employers, and most fatal of all, learn to seek outside for some compensation for the dreariness of their lives in the house.

I shall never forget the speech of a girl, who, having left a house of this kind through ill-health, had to take an apparently much inferior one on her convalescence.

"Well, how do you get on, Nelly, in your new place? You feel the change a good deal, I'm afraid?"

"Change, ma'am; yes, I should think so!" she replied heartily. "Why, it's like being at home, its comfortable. Of course, there's no servants' hall and all that; but, ma'am, mistress orders our dinners herself just like she does for the dining-room; and we have real china tea cups and plates, not great ugly, thick things like we had over there; and the kitchen's a real treat, with the nice clean blinds and the flowers in the window, and a book shelf for our books and comfortable chairs to sit on!"

This was the key of it all. "Missus" was the ruling spirit of the kitchen as well as of the drawing-room, her influence was felt as much in the one place as the other, and she never deputed her duties to another!

Pineapples for Tea.

A pineapple cake is an excellent layer cake. Make a nice cup cake with one cup of butter, two of sugar, four eggs, a cup of sweet milk, three large cups of flour and two teaspoonfuls of cream tarter and one of soda. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the yolks of the eggs, then the milk, in which the soda has been stirred, and finally the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff. If the cake is made in this way it will be fine in grain and rich as pound cake, but if it is carelessly stirred together it will be a coarse, poor cake. Bake it in seven layers for a pineapple cake. Chop a pineapple fine and cook it with three-quarters of its weight of sugar; add to it while hot a quarter of a box of gelatine, which has been soaked an hour in cold water When cold, the pineapple mixture should be thick enough not to run. Spread it thickly over layers of the cake, place them together, and ice the top layer thickly with a white icing flavored with lemon. If you wish it for a party you can decorate it with a wreath of confectioners' icing, and set a bright plume of the pineapple leaves in the centre of the cake. If there is more pineapple preparation than can be used for the cake, let it form in a bowl and heap it in shining pieces around a white blanc-mange for a dessert. It is a very delicious and pretty dish.—*Southern Correspondence.*

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The population of the world doubles itself every 500 years.

—In Bulgaria only 7½ per cent. of the population can read and write.

—A new deposit of zinc ore has just been found near Bloomsburg, Penna.

—The strawberry contains 90.52 per cent. water and 9.48 per cent. dry matter.

—The American Congressional library now includes 615,781 volumes and about 200,000 pamphlets.

—The National Library in Paris is to be greatly enlarged. It now contains nearly a million volumes.

—A double-deck electric car, capable of carrying 175 persons, is being experimented with in Pittsburg.

—Tennyson does the greater part of his literary work in the morning between breakfast and lunch and loafs the rest.

—A new electric brake recently experimented with, stopped a car traveling at the rate of thirty miles an hour in 200 feet.

—Experiments made in Austria show that the addition of soda to Portland cement enables it to withstand the action of frost.

—The baryta deposits on McKellar's Island, Canada, are now being worked. Experts pronounce this to be the finest deposit in America.

—Trees do not suffer from electric lights as has been supposed. Dr. Siemens is said to have proved that the electric light really aids vegetation.

—Those housewives who realize that moth millers on the wing are no longer dangerous to clothing are they who are spending a happy and even joyous summer.

—A new model school in Germany, which has been built at a cost of $225,000, contains a large dining-room where 700 poor children can be fed in winter.

—A somewhat unusual deposit was made with the Notre Dame saving's bank in Montreal some time ago for safe keeping. It consisted of a Bible 221 years old.

—A "lady typo" advertises for a situation in a London paper. "Typist," it is to be presumed, is short for "typewriter." The English have a knack of abbreviating everything.

—To fill up cracks in a boat, melt equal parts of pitch and gutta percha in an iron pot; thoroughly mix by stirring. Make up in sticks and melt into the cracks with a warm iron.

—The Emperor of Germany has issued new regulations, by which officers are forbidden to ride any horses at races but those that are their own property or that of brother officers.

—Lord Acton is considered the most learned man in England. He is a Roman Catholic. His library contains no less than 100,000 volumes, all of which are carefully selected, and number among them some very rare books.

—The rose bowl, shaped like a globe, comes in every size, from that of an egg to that of a pumpkin. It may be cut with sufficient elaboration to cost $60.

—A Russian society has begun the publication of a newspaper in London called Free Russia, which is designed to influence English opinion in favor of constitutional liberty in Russia.

—The report is revived that the Rock Island and Lake Shore roads, which both go into Chicago over the Rock Island tracks, have decided to elevate the tracks on some streets, as in London, and will in the near future commence operations to that end.

—All first class cars are now splendidly lighted by electricity. The vile, dim little lamp in a cubby hole at the side of the passenger's berth, making the dimness still more ghastly and the smells yet more horrible, is no more, and good riddance to it.

—Count Charles Dillon, who died in Paris recently, was one of the four survivors of the Court of Charles X., to whom he was page of honor during the last four years of his reign. The Count had lived in England and spoke English fluently.

—In an English town there is a shop where gun flints are fashioned, and from which 3,000,000 of them have been sent to the west coast of Africa in the last ten years. The savage tribes in the interior use them in their old-fashioned firearms.

—Mr. William Morris, the poet, is robust and square built; he has shaggy hair and he delights in rude apparel. He loves the sea, and nothing please him more than to be mistaken for a sailor; in fact, his appearance is somewhat nautical.

More postal cards were shipped from factories of "Al" Daggett at Shelton Conn., in the month of June than at any other simil