

HOME & SCHOOL



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Centennial Horticultural Building.

The beautiful building shown in the engraving is, with the adjacent art gallery, all that remain of the numerous and magnificent structures erected for the great World's Fair of 1876. Everything else has been swept away, and the great Fairmount Park spreads again its verdant loveliness over the

plants — palms, tree-ferns, bananas, orchids, and many other forms of beauty. The splashing fountains, the gleam of snowy statuary amid the foliage, and the many rare and lovely flowers were a vision of delight.

He who pretends to be everybody's particular friend is nobody's.

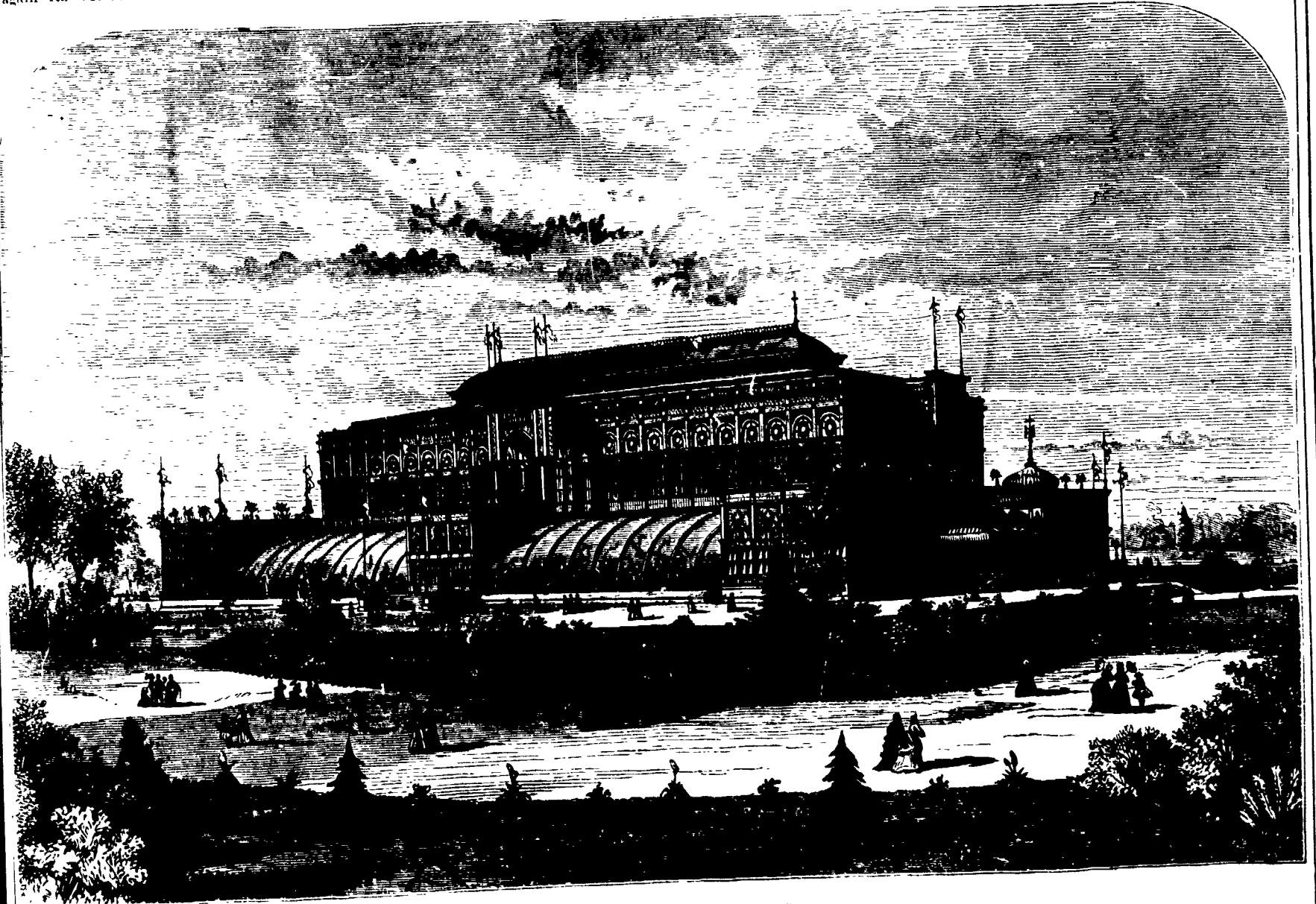
in hauling the boats to land, and then carry the baskets with their glittering freight to the carts which are waiting to receive them.

Dorothy was a brown-cheeked lass, with nothing to distinguish her from her companions.

One evening last summer every boat in Dorothy's hamlet had gone to

Great clouds of foam flew before the wind, dashed against the houses, and skimmed away into the distant fields. The sound of the wind was like the low rolling of fire-arms and the waves as they broke among the rocks seemed to shake the ground.

When the tempest was at its worst a little schooner was seen coming



THE CENTENNIAL HORTICULTURAL BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA.

acres where hummed a swarming hive of industry, thronged by sometimes a quarter of a million of people in a single day. A few months ago we visited the spot. Almost like a dream of fairy-land was the beautiful Horticultural Hall, with its Moorish architecture, its brilliant colours, its immense variety of native and exotic

Dorothy the Fisher Girl.

FAR away on the northern coast of Scotland there is a little fishing village where the simple people spend very quiet lives. The girls are hardy and brave, and work as steadily as the boys. When the boats come in with their store of fish the women are on the beach to help them, and they help

sea. Not a man was left in the settlement except three very infirm and aged fishermen, long past work.

In the night there came a southerly gale with a southerly sea, and the boats could not return. They found a harbour in a village about eighteen miles to the north.

The sea grew blacker and blacker.

around the point, and unfortunately hugging the rocks. To the horror of the breathless watchers in the village she presently struck. Her crew were seen clinging to the rigging.

There was no chance of getting a boat to her, and the helpless villagers stood on the shore expecting to see her