

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

All communications to be accompanied by the name, age and address of the writer.
A prize will be given in July for the best short story or letter. The writer must be under age. All communications should be accompanied by the name, age and address of the writer, and addressed to "Cousin Dorothy," FARMER'S ADVOCATE, London, Ont.

This week the "Corner" is filled by Irene Rand, aged fourteen. She has written a very nice letter, and a story which is rather long to print in full, but is, in other respects, most satisfactory. In the introduction we make the acquaintance of two young girls, who are visiting in the country, and being delighted with the appearance of an old mill, ask "Uncle Solomon" to tell them its history.

The History of an Old Mill.

"I well remember when the mill was built, although I could not have been more than nine or ten years old. It was built by Dave Surton. He was what people then called very rich, and his children were dressed much better than the other children of the place. After he had been here about two years he built this mill. We boys had fine fun, jumping from the rafters and the beams. One night three of us tried to see who could jump from the highest point. The boy who did this broke his arm. After the mill was started there was work enough, and the men stayed late at night very often to finish more work. For a time everything went well; then work began to be less. In a few months, the people of the country around were startled to hear that Dave Surton was no longer a rich man; he had taken a large share in a business that soon ruined him. He did not stay long after that; the whole family moved far away. But the house didn't stay unoccupied long. Many said no one would ever want to live there, but in a few months a man and woman with two grown-up sons and one younger daughter came to live there; they stayed five years. The man and his sons took charge of the mill and order prevailed again. In the spring of the year the brook was generally so large that they called it a river. Well, in the spring of which I speak it had never been so large before. There had been lots of snow, and there was a regular freshet. One day the miller and his sons went to the mill later than usual and stayed later. Towards night the stream grew very wide and deep, until one of the boys exclaimed, 'Father, the water is all around the mill!' 'We'll have to spend the night in the mill, I guess,' the father said; and they did. The water kept rising till it was nearly to the top."

"Oh, Uncle!" exclaimed Margaret, who was very white, "were they drowned?"

"No child," he replied, "No; they kept awake and climbed to the highest place they could find, where they could keep a footing. By morning the water had fallen, so that by wading through it, nearly knee-deep, they got on dry land again and reached home, where they found the women nearly frantic, thinking that they were drowned. As I said before, they only stayed five years; they had to go away on account of the mother's failing health, and the mill has never been worked since."

"Did I ever tell you about the time little Susie Rotell got lost in the woods? Her brother ran away from her, and when she found she was lost, she went to the mill and stayed there all night."

She got home next morning just as her father and some of the neighbors were about to go out to look for her. It was at that old mill that I met your Aunt Charity. It was at a picnic, and she, being a city girl, was invited. Now I have told you as much of the history of that mill as I know, but remember its history isn't ended yet, girls," he added, as he helped us out of the wagon. Several days afterwards Margaret came running to me with a paper in her hands. "Oh! what do you think," she said, "that old mill has been burned." It really was too bad, but we couldn't have helped it; so the history of the mill was ended.

Thor Among the Giants.

(Continued from page 141).

"Thor is not so formidable a foe as we supposed him," the king said with a smile; "but there may be other feats he can perform better than the draining of our drinking-horn. A favorite pastime among the little ones here is to try who shall lift my cat to the greatest height from the ground; let us see thee do it, Thor."

Thor scornfully strides to the centre of the hall where puss is standing. Such child's play is not for him, he thinks, making as though he would lift the creature with one hand, but changing his mind when he finds his utmost strength only avails to lift one forepaw from the ground. Beaten on every side, Thor bursts out in fierce anger:

"Now that ye have roused me, ye shall see if there be any here who dare wrestle with me."

The gauntlet is thrown down, but no one stoops to pick it up.

"Send here my old nurse," says the king; "she has grappled in her day with many a man strong as thou art, Thor; try thy might on her."

Thor's pride is laid low indeed when he is made the sport of Uggard by being matched with an aged, decrepit woman; and yet he finds, to his bitter humiliation, that she is stronger than he: his strength ebbs gradually away. At length he sinks exhausted on one knee and sadly owns himself defeated on all points. But the giants, having proved their superiority, now show hospitality to the gods. The night is spent in feasting. But Thor, being in no mood for merriment, at break of day prepared to depart. The king escorted his guests to the city gate and there explained the reason of their perplexing failures. He had met them in disguise, in the forest, and cast a magic spell over them. When Thor, in the night, tried to dash his brains out with his mallet, he had put an invisible mountain between his head and the angry god, and averted the blows. In the palace he had again employed his enchantments, setting the Spirit of Fire to contend with Loki at the trencher, consuming bones and flesh with equal quickness and ease. His thought, personified, ran the race with Thialfi, and who could run quicker than thought can fly? The sea itself filled the drinking-horn which Thor had vainly tried to empty—and, indeed, his long draughts had caused an unusually low tide. The cat which he could not lift was the great serpent which encircled the earth. The old woman who brought him to his knee was Old Age, and even the strongest must fall before the weakness of age. As the king, after this explanation, shut his gates upon the travellers, with a warning never to enter again, Thor seized his mallet and whirled it

aloft, resolved to make short work of the enchanter. But as the mallet flew from his fingers the giant city melted away as a dream when the sleeper awakes. Thor's angry eyes rested no more on the iron gates; he heard not the mocking laughter of the giant band, for around him on every side stretched a waving sea of green grass, silent, and without a sign of life.

Puzzles.

1—CHARADE.

One lovely summer evening
I started for a stroll,
And first the sun descending
Behind a grassy knoll.

The sky was flushed with crimson
And brightened up with gold,
A contrast to the second
That on the highway rolled.

When on my way returning,
A woodman I espied;
"Oh, pray give me some TOTAL
For cushions," then I cried.

A. P. HAMPTON.

2—SQUARE WORD.

1, a Turkish vessel; 2, a body of men; 3, a priest who performs the services of the Mosque; 4, a molding of a cornice.

FERRIE HYDE.

3—CHARADE.

My whole is a fireplace; my tail and I am a fireplace in the body; curtail again and I am to obey; behead and I have the power to judge harp; transpose and I am a verb.

SADIE McRAE.

4—RIDDLE.

I'm fifteen inches tall,
And greatly loved by all;
My old dress was red,
My new one's white instead.

SADIE McRAE.

5—ANAGRAM.

My desire is to write a book
That all would like to read—
One that the critics, after a look,
Would say, "Tis good indeed."
But yet I cannot hope to stand
Above the critic's grins,
As easily as Sarah Grand,
Of HE THAT EVENLY WINS.

A. P. HAMPTON.

The prizes of "Queechy" and "The Haunted Chamber" have been given to Miss Mary C. Clagie, Belleville, Ont., and to Miss Marguerite McMillan, Greenbank, Ont.

An Excellent Brown Stain.

A brown stain, which can be used on all kinds of wood, and made a lighter shade, if desired, simply by the addition of water, can be made in the following way:—Take four ounces of vandyke, one pound of washing soda, and a pennyworth of burnt sienna. Add two quarts of water, and boil for twenty minutes. This quantity only costs sixpence, and will stain floors light or dark oak, or walnut colors. They can be varnished afterwards if wanted.

One of the simplest and most efficient means of fumigating a room is by dropping vinegar slowly upon a very hot iron shovel.

Never condemn your neighbor unheard; every story has two ways of being told, and justice requires that you should hear the defence as well as the accusation; and remember that the malignity of enemies may place you in a similar position.

Our Premiums.

Being crowded for space this issue in our advertising columns, we are obliged to omit our spring premium list of seed grains, flower and vegetable seeds, bulbs and plants, and eggs for hatching. For particulars regarding these premiums we refer our readers to the past three issues of the ADVOCATE. It is not yet too late to send in a list of new subscribers and obtain some of these valuable premiums.

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