

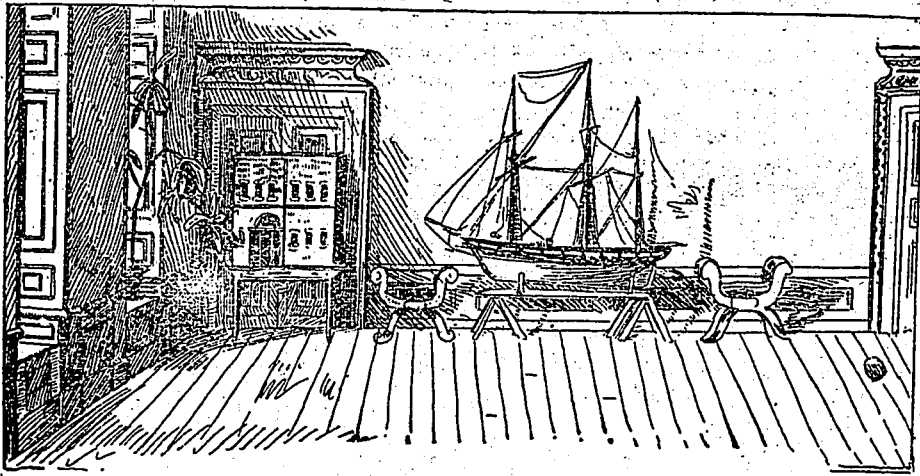
Relics of the Queen's Childhood.

When the Queen was a child she lived for many years at Kensington Palace, where she was born. Her mother, the Duchess of Kent, wisely kept her from mingling much in gay and fashionable society, but, knowing that some day her little daughter might be Queen of England, she did her best to teach her the actual condition of her future subjects. With this in view, from her earliest childhood the little princess was taken about through various parts of the country, visiting all the places of interest near their route.

During one of these journeys the royal party visited a cotton factory, at Belper, where Mr. Strutt, explained to the princess the process of cotton spinning. The factory workers were very pleased to see their future sovereign.

There was one room in Kensington Palace into which the sun shone gladly that bleak, wild morning of March, when we sought the housekeeper's apartments to present our letter from the Lord Chamberlain's office, which was to procure us permission to see over the old building. It was a room on the upper floor, which had served as a nursery.

In one corner stood an old doll's house;



A CORNER OF THE NURSERY AT KENSINGTON PALACE.

next to it was the model of a frigate (said to have belonged to William IV.), and within view was a headless horse.

'Ah,' said the lady, who was kind enough to be our guide, 'that doll's-house was the Queen's when she was a child! I recollect, when the Princess Louise came here one day with the Princess Alice's children, hearing her call to them, "Come here, dears—come and see grandmamma's doll's-house!"'

We opened the door of the little establishment. The coal-scuttle was there, and the fire-irons, and the little paper clock, and the parrot in a cage, and the cups and saucers, and the tables and chairs, and the little bed, and the kettle stood upon the hob; and bolt-upright stood the little pink-and-white doll dressed in pink-and-white muslin.

Let us be glad that the Queen's childhood was permitted to be as the childhood of other children. Swiftly with her womanhood came her full share of sorrows. As with ordinary people, so with kings and queens, childhood is generally the happiest period of their life.

In Kensington Palace the Queen's babyhood, and girlhood, and maidenhood, were passed. In one of the empty rooms on the principal floor, with three windows looking eastward over Kensington Gardens, is a

gilt plate placed over the mantel-piece, showing this inscription:—

.....
 In this Room
 QUEEN VICTORIA
 Was Born,
 May 24, 1819.

—'Child's Companion.'

Bad Company.

(By Vivian Bachelor.)

'Girls,' said May Lewis, to a group playing in the shade of the tree, 'do you see that girl standing over there by that tree? She is the new scholar that I overheard Miss Barber telling the Professor about. She said that the girl is a mixture. Doesn't seem to understand the regulations of a school, but in spite of her rough-and-ready manners she is warm-hearted and teachable and is anxious to do right. She said in arithmetic she is above the average, as her father keeps a store somewhere in the backwoods and this girl has been his chief clerk for some time.'

'Well, we shall have to sound her and see if she is good fun,' said Jennie Dicks, her eyes dancing with mischief, as she glanced at the new scholar. The bell clanged im-

sixteen cents for a slate-pencil, when she was asked to rise while the teacher read the following example:

'There are thirty-six wild ducks in a flock and a huntsman fires at them and kills eighteen; how many are left?'

Ruby forgot everything and exclaimed in an incredulous tone,

'What, at one shot? I don't believe it! Father is a fine shot, but he never killed eighteen ducks at one clip in all his born days!'

'But, Ruby, I didn't make the statement. It is only an example which I ask you to solve,' said the teacher kindly.

'No, no, please, school ma'am, my folks brung me up to speak the truth and I couldn't say such a lie as that, even if it is printed in a book,' and Ruby shook her head sadly for feeling obliged to refuse her teacher anything.

'Since you look at it in that light, dear, you may work the next one.'

'In school there are twenty-seven boys and thirty-six girls, how many more girls than boys?'

'Now, that's something like,' said Ruby casting a triumphant glance toward the boys' seats. 'Girls don't run away from school to go fishing, as boys does.'

The children burst into a laugh.

'Such remarks disturb the class, Ruby, so please don't make them.'

'Well, then, I won't say another word, teacher. I want to learn awful much.'

The school giggled, and Miss Barber smiled in spite of herself. The girl glanced about her in ludicrous dismay. She knew she had blundered, but she did not know how. An old saying of her father's came to her mind: 'A quiet tongue makes a wise head,' and she resolved to act upon it in school hours.

At recess Ruby stood alone, watching the others at play. She was a chubby Dutch girl of about twelve years of age. Her face was honest and good-natured. It was the habit of a certain group of girls to 'sound' a new pupil to decide if she was 'good fun,' or to be 'one of us.' They now approached Ruby, asked her name, age, and where she lived. Ruby answered readily, glad to have someone to speak to her. Then a girl with tow-colored curls and white blue eyes slipped up to her.

'You're 'way up in elocution, I noticed,' she said, with a sly glance at the group.

'Can't hold a candle to you, though. My! when you stood up there and yellocuted, the shivers ran up and down my back all the time,' said Ruby with honest admiration. At this the girls laughed merrily and clapped their hands. The answer was so pat, for the questioner was rather vain of her elocutionary efforts, though a high-pitched voice gave one a feeling of uneasiness instead of pleasure while listening to her. Her part in the 'sounding' process proved unlucky for her, for even her mates thought the joke too good to keep, and from that hour teased her about her 'yellocution.'

'Do you think you will like the school here?' asked gentle-faced May Lewis, who never approved of the 'sounding' process.

'I'm bound to. Pap says none of us is eddicated, and he wants me to get eddicated, so I'm going to,' said Ruby, with determination.

'Pap!' exclaimed several voices at once, thinking the time had arrived for a little 'fun.' 'Who is your pap, please?'

'Humph, you are queer if you don't know.' 'Since you call your father "pap," you must call your mother "map,"' said a girl laughing at her own originality.

'I never thought of it before, but a good

peratively, and the pupils filed into the school-rooms. Ruby, the new scholar, walked behind the rest feeling very much out of place among so many strange faces, some of which turned to regard her curiously, and not a few were thoughtlessly unkind by allowing an expression of ridicule to show in the glance, yet when she passed to her seat Miss Barber smiled upon her so kindly that she felt suddenly warmed and encouraged.

The first class was the reading class. Ruby's labored efforts, and ludicrous blunders so convulsed the class that the teacher took pity on her and told her to be seated, resolving to give her private instruction until she could acquit herself creditably before the class.

Next came the mental arithmetic class and Ruby was on familiar ground at once. She listened to each formula with interest and wondered what was the use of going through all that rigmarole, when she had the answer long in advance. The girl next her rose and went smoothly through the example:

'Charles has forty-eight cents and buys a slate-pencil for sixteen cents; how many cents has he left?'

Ruby had just time to think that Charles ought to have had more sense than to pay