

and he thinks it is good. I read the Children's Corner, and I think it is fine. I go to school steadily with my three brothers; their names are John, Vernon and Moffat. Then I have a little sister, three years old; her name is Margaret. I am in the Fourth Book. We have a very nice teacher; he is not cross. We are having our summer holidays now, and I am expecting to go to Islington to spend my holidays. We have five horses and one little colt. My pets are two little kittens, a dog, and twin calves. The dog's name is Major. He has quite a few tricks. BESSIE MILLER (age 11). Jamestown P. O., Ontario.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to "The Farmer's Advocate" before. I am in the Third Book, and go to school every day. I read the Children's Corner every time, and would not like to be without it. We are having holidays; we are enjoying ourselves, too. We have a collie; we call him Watch. He likes to play with us. I have a brother and sister; their names are Guy and Bessie. I live on the farm. I think I would rather live on the farm than in the city. We have a lot of chickens and some turkeys. I will write again if I see this in print. PEARL CUNNINGHAM. Blyth.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am a little girl, nine years old. I live on a farm. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for one year. He does not know how he would do without it. We have eighteen head of cattle and six calves, three horses and eight pigs. I have several pets. I have one brother;

he is thirteen years old. I wish the Children's Corner every success.

HAZEL CUMMINGS (age 9). Chambers, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—My father takes "The Farmer's Advocate." I enjoy reading it. I live on a farm. We have turkeys, geese, ducks, chickens and one pet pig. We have two little colts nearly the same age. I passed into the Junior Fourth class at midsummer. I have two sisters and one brother; their names are Gordon, Hazel and Nellie. I now close, wishing "The Farmer's Advocate" every success. LEATHA MANNING (age 8). Thamesville, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I now beg for just a little nook in the Children's Corner for my first letter. I always watch for "The Farmer's Advocate" to come so that I may read the letters in "your letter box." We have been taking "The Farmer's Advocate" for a good many years, and I don't think papa will stop from taking it for a good many more. I see so many of the other children's letters are about their pets. Well, we have not many. We have a collie dog named Fox. He is very pretty, and he shakes hands with you. Then I have a kitten named Tig; and we have about twelve little white rabbits with pink eyes. I think to exchange post cards is very nice, so I am going to ask someone to send me a picture post card of their town, but don't forget to put your address on it so I can send one back of Brantford.

LILLIAN MOTT. Box 39, Mt. Vernon, Ontario.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is the second letter I have written to "The Farmer's Advocate," but as the first one went to the waste-paper basket, I thought I would try to write one that will be put in print, so I hope it will. We have just taken "The Farmer's Advocate" about a year, and I love to read the children's letters, and some of them are very interesting. We have two farms, and live two miles west of Roseville. We have a lot of poultry. We have 50 young ducks, 20 young geese, nine young turkeys and about 200 young chickens. I always feed them, except when I am away. I have taken fourteen music lessons, and like it very much. I have a nice lady teacher. I stopped school a little before Easter. I was going to try my Entrance, but I had to stop on account of the work. Wishing you every success.

LAURETTA FRIED (age 14).

Oxford Co.

Write on one side of your paper only.

C. D.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am a little boy, seven years old. I am in the Part Second Book. I have a pup called Sport, and a dog called Nip. I have a colt, one year old, called Roxy. It is a chestnut, and is a great pet. We have about fifty little chickens, which my brother and I take care of. I have a kitten, whose name is Bena. We have thirty Ayrshire cattle, and father sold quite a few last winter. I hope you will think enough of my first letter to

print it in "The Farmer's Advocate." If I see it, I may write again. KENNETH W. DYMENT (age 7). Clappison's Corners, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to your "Corner." I enjoy reading the letters very much. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" two years. Before, we thought it no good; now we can't do without it. I like the Children's Corner best of all. I tried for the Third Book in July. I live in the country. We have a big farm. I would rather live in the country than in the city. My father has twelve pigs, eleven calves, one hundred and eight chickens, and eighty-five hens, and 29 cows. I do not live far from school, for it is built on the north side of our farm. We have a cat and dog. The cat's name is Bess, and the dog's name is Collie. I will close with a few riddles:

1. Why does a chimney smoke? Ans.—'Cause it can't chew.

2. Which should I say, the yolk of an egg are white, or the yolk of an egg is white? Ans.—The yolk of an egg is yellow.

3. What runs and never flies, legless, wingless, has four eyes? Ans.—The Mississippi River.

4. Why is an old man like a window? Ans.—'Cause he is full of pains.

5. What is the difference between a quarter and a dollar? Ans.—A big difference. ELLEN KENNEDY. Lonsdale, Ont.

There are two kinds of religion: one consists of creeds, the other of deeds.

Feathertop; A Moralized Legend.

(Continued from page 1304.)

"Hold thou the pipe, my precious one," said she, "while I fill it for thee again."

It was sorrowful to behold how the fine gentleman began to fade back into a scarecrow while Mother Rigby shook the ashes out of the pipe and proceeded to replenish it from her tobacco box.

"Dickon," cried she, in her high, sharp tone, "another coal for this pipe!"

No sooner said than the intensely red speck of fire was glowing within the pipe bowl, and the scarecrow, without waiting for the witch's bidding, applied the tube to his lips and drew in a few short, convulsive whiffs, which soon, however, became regular and equable.

"Now, mine own heart's darling," quoth Mother Rigby, "whatever may happen to thee, thou must stick to thy pipe. Thy life is in it, and that, at least, thou knowest well, if thou knowest nought besides. Stick to thy pipe, I say! Smoke, puff, blow thy cloud, and tell the people, if any question be made, that it is for thy health, and that so the physician orders thee to do. And, sweet one, when thou shalt find thy pipe getting low, go apart into some corner, and (first filling thyself with smoke) cry sharply, 'Dickon, a fresh pipe of tobacco!' and, 'Dickon, another coal for my pipe!' and have it into thy pretty mouth as speedily as may be. Else, instead of a gallant gentleman in a gold-laced coat, thou wilt be but a jumble of sticks and tattered clothes, and a bag of straw, and a withered pumpkin! Now depart, my treasure, and good luck go with thee!"

"Never fear, mother!" said the figure, in a stout voice, and sending forth a courageous whiff of smoke, "I will thrive, if an honest man and a gentleman may!"

"O, thou wilt be the death of me!" cried the old witch, convulsed with laughter. "That was well said. If an honest man and a gentleman may! Thou playest thy part to perfection. Get along with thee for a smart fellow, and I will wager on thy head, as a man of pith and substance, with a brain, and what they call a heart, and all else that a man should have, against any other thing on two legs. I hold myself a better witch than yesterday, for thy sake. Did not I

make thee? And I defy any witch in New England to make such another! Here, take my staff along with thee!"

The staff, though it was but a plain oaken stick, immediately took the aspect of a gold-headed cane.

"That gold head has as much sense in it as thine own," said Mother Rigby, "and it will guide thee straight to the worshipful Master Gookin's door. Get thee gone, my pretty pet, my darling, my precious one, my treasure; and if any ask thy name, it is Feathertop. For thou hast a feather in thy hat, and I have thrust a handful of feathers into the hollow of thy head, and thy wig, too, is of the fashion they call Feathertop—so be Feathertop thy name!"

And, issuing from the cottage, Feathertop strode manfully towards town. Mother Rigby stood at the threshold, well pleased to see how the sunbeams glistened on him, as if all his magnificence were real, and how diligently and lovingly he smoked his pipe, and how handsomely he walked, in spite of a little stiffness of his legs. She watched him until out of sight, and threw a witch benediction after her darling, when a turn of the road snatched him from her view.

Betimes in the forenoon, when the principal street of the neighboring town was just at its acme of life and bustle, a stranger of very distinguished figure was seen on the sidewalk. His port as well as his garments betokened nothing short of nobility. He wore a richly-embroidered, plum-colored coat, a waistcoat of costly velvet, magnificently adorned with golden foliage, a pair of splendid scarlet breeches, and the finest and glossiest of white silk stockings. His head was covered with a peruke, so daintily powdered and adjusted that it would have been sacrilege to disorder it with a hat, which, therefore (and it was a gold-laced hat, set off with a snowy feather), he carried beneath his arm. On the breast of his coat glistened a star. He managed his gold-headed cane with an airy grace peculiar to the fine gentlemen of the period, and, to give the highest possible finish to his equipment, he had lace ruffles at his wrist, of a most ethereal delicacy, sufficiently avouching how idle and aristocratic must be the hands which they half concealed.

It was a remarkable point in the accoutrement of this brilliant per-

sonage, that he held in his left hand a fantastic kind of a pipe, with an exquisitely-painted bowl and an amber mouthpiece. This he applied to his lips as often as every five or six paces, and inhaled a deep whiff of smoke, which, after being retained a moment in his lungs, might be seen to eddy gracefully from his mouth and nostrils.

As may well be supposed, the street was all astir to find out the stranger's name.

"It is some great nobleman, beyond question," said one of the townspeople. "Do you see the star at his breast?"

"Nay, it is too bright to be seen," said another. "Yes, he must needs be a nobleman, as you say. But by what conveyance, think you, can his lordship have voyaged or travelled hither? There has been no vessel from the Old Country for a month past; and if he have arrived overland from the southward, pray where are his attendants and equipage?"

"He needs no equipage to set off his rank," remarked a third. "If he came among us in rags, nobility would shine through a hole in his elbow. I never saw such dignity of aspect. He has the old Norman blood in his veins, I warrant him."

"I rather take him to be a Dutchman, or one of your high Germans," said another citizen. "The men of those countries have always the pipe at their mouths."

"And so has a Turk," answered his companion. "But, in my judgment, this stranger hath been bred at the French court, and hath there learned politeness and grace of manner, which none understand so well as the nobility of France. That gait, now! A vulgar spectator might deem it stiff—he might call it a hitch and jerk—but, to my eye, it has an unspeakable majesty, and must have been acquired by constant observation of the deportment of the Grand Monarque. The stranger's character of office are evident enough. He is a French ambassador, come to treat with our rulers about the cession of Canada."

"More probably a Spaniard," said another, "and hence his yellow complexion; or, most likely, he is from Havana, or from some port on the Spanish Main, and comes to make investigation about the piracies which our governor is thought to connive at. Those settlers in Peru and Mexico have skins as yellow as the

gold which they dig out of their mines."

"Yellow or not," cried a lady, "he is a beautiful man!—so tall, so slender! such a fine, noble face, with so well-shaped a nose, and all that delicacy of expression about the mouth! And, bless me, how bright his star is! It positively shoots out flames."

"So do your eyes, fair lady," said the stranger, with a bow and flourish of his pipe, for he was just passing at the instant. "Upon my honor, they have quite dazzled me."

"Was ever so original and exquisite a compliment?" murmured the lady, in an ecstasy of delight.

Amid the general admiration excited by the stranger's appearance, there were only two dissenting voices. One was that of an impertinent cur, which, after snuffing at the heels of the glistening figure, put its tail between its legs and skulked into its master's back yard, vociferating an execrable howl. The other dissentient was a young child, who squalled at the fullest stretch of his lungs, and babbled some unintelligible nonsense about a pumpkin.

Feathertop meanwhile pursued his way along the street. Except for the few complimentary words to the lady, and now and then a slight inclination of the head in requital of the profound reverences of the bystanders, he seemed wholly absorbed in his pipe. There needed no other proof of his rank and consequence than the perfect equanimity with which he comported himself, while the curiosity and admiration of the town swelled almost into clamor around him. With a crowd gathering behind his footsteps, he finally reached the mansion house of the worshipful Justice Gookin, entered the gate, ascended the steps of the front door, and knocked. In the interim, before his summons was answered, the stranger was observed to shake the ashes out of his pipe.

"What did he say in that sharp voice?" inquired one of the spectators.

"Nay, I known not," answered his friend. "But the sun dazzles my eyes strangely. How dim and faded his lordship looks all of a sudden! Bless my wits, what is the matter with me?"

"The wonder is," said the other, "that his pipe, which was out only an instant ago, should be all alight again, and with the reddest coal I