

A MAID OF FRANCE.

When the work in your war garden seems tedious and you straighten your aching back and look longingly toward the inviting shade of the trees, or toward the armchair on the awning covered porch, when you mutter to yourself that it will not matter much whether the weeds do choke the beet patch — it may help you to finish your task if you call to mind a story told in my war diary by Mrs. Mary King Waddington.

In a village near ours, says the author, a girl of thirteen is running the farm. At the beginning of the war it was a thriving farm, with a man and his wife, six sons and one daughter. Then the blow fell, and all the men in France were mobilized; the father and his two eldest boys went off at once — four hours after the decree of mobilization was received in the village. The farmer had no time to put his house in order, but left the farm in the hands of his wife and the two big boys, aged fifteen and sixteen. The man and his two eldest sons are now dead, the two next are in the army, and the poor mother, a wreck, physically and mentally, cries all day. The girl and the two little boys do the whole work of the farm. The youngest, who is only ten years old, cannot accomplish much, but he does manage to watch the cows and to carry cans of milk or baskets of butter.

I see the girl sometimes; she is perfectly well, never complains and never asks for anything, except occasionally for a warm petticoat, or a hood to keep her head and neck warm and dry when she is working in the fields. There are hundreds of girls doing that work all over France.— Youth's Companion.

STONES ON THE SEASHORE.

Tom and Molly lived at the seaside. Every morning they played on the shore when the tide had gone out.

One morning they took home a large bag of stones. There were red stones, brown, white, and black ones.

Tom threw one of the stones with great force against the wall. The stone broke into two pieces. Molly was very sorry, as this broken stone was a very round one.

Molly picked up the broken pieces and stood looking at them. "Look at this stone, Tom. It is full of pretty colors — red, white, and black. I have never seen such a pretty stone."

Tom got a hammer; he tried to break some

of the pebbles. The first one gave him some hard work. It was white on the outside. It broke off in thin flakes with sharp edges.

Some of the other pebbles broke easily. One stone, which Tom called a "milk" stone, because it was so white, broke into small pieces. The inside was full of shining specks.

They broke many of the stones, and they saw many strange things; but they did not find another stone as pretty as that which Tom broke against the wall.

The next morning they took a bag full of the broken stones to school, and asked the teacher to tell them something about them.

"These stones are small pieces of rock. Rock is the hard stuff that forms the earth's crust. We walk on the crust of the earth and build our houses upon it. In most places the hard rock has a cover of soil.

"This red piece, with the shining specks, is a very hard rock called granite. The 'milk' stone is made of these bright specks. Each shining piece is so hard that it will easily scratch glass.

"The brown stone, which we call sandstone, has very many of these hard pieces. It is made of grains of sand. You can see their little bright faces.

"Tom tells me one of the sharp stones cut his finger. Which stone was it?"

"It was the black stone," said Tom. "It would not break, like the others, when I hit it with the hammer. It broke off in thin flakes. The pieces are as sharp as a knife."

"The black stone is flint. There was a time many years ago, when men did not have iron, but they found out, just as Tom has done, that broken flint is sharp and hard.

"They used the flakes for knives and saws, and for the end of the long spear with which they killed the wild animals whose flesh was their food."

"Now bring your bag, Tom. Put all these pieces of stone into it. You and Molly can shake the bag this way and that for a short time."

When the bag was turned out on the table they found many little grains of sand among the larger stones. They had been rubbed off the sharp edges of the stones.

"The waves rub the stones against each other on the shore, so the sharp edges are rubbed off, and the stones at last become round. The tiny pieces form sand."