

He took the assistance of his four brothers, equally honorable with himself, and, having clothed the King in a garb like their own, put a bill into his hand, and pretended to employ themselves in cutting faggots. Some nights he lay upon straw in the house, and fed on such homely fare as it afforded.

For a better concealment he mounted upon an oak, where he sheltered himself among the leaves and branches for twenty-four hours. He saw several soldiers pass by. All of them were intent upon the search for the King, and some expressed in his hearing their earnest wishes of seizing him.

This tree was afterwards denominated the Royal Oak, and for many years was regarded by the neighborhood with great veneration.

Charles was in the middle of his kingdom, and could neither stay in his retreat nor stir from it without the most imminent danger. Fears, hopes, and party zeal interested multitudes to discover him, and even the smallest indiscretion of his friends might prove fatal.

Having found Lord Wilmot, who was skulking in the neighborhood, they agreed to put themselves into the hands of Colonel Bentley, a zealous Royalist, who lived at Bentley, not many miles distant. The King's feet were so hurt by walking about in heavy boots or countryman's shoes, which did not fit him, that he was obliged to mount on horseback, and he travelled in this situation to Bentley, attended by the Penderells, who had been faithful to him.

When Charles II became King, Farmer Penderell was suitably rewarded for his devotion, and, as a further mark of royal favor, one of the estates which the monarch granted was made chargeable with a perpetual payment of £100 to each of the four brothers, and £50 to a sister, Elizabeth Penderell, who shared the family secret and gave full proof of her ability to keep it.

An interesting sequel to this well known story is told in the *Boston Journal* of a recent date:

Dr. Thomas Walker, of St. John, N. B., is a descendant of Elizabeth Penderell, and it is as such that he gets the annual grant of \$50. There were five families descendant from Elizabeth Penderell, and the gratuity was divided, each getting a fifth. The payment is made every spring. Once, when in England, Dr. Walker sought to learn something further of the gratuity and of the estate that pays it, but the solicitor of Litchfield, through whom the money comes, was absent, and he was unable to get any information. All he knows is told above, but the money is a reality. His father got it before him, and his son, Dr. T. D. Walker, who is also a physician of St. John, will get it after him.

NATURE STUDY.

SOME CURIOUS HOMES OF INSECTS.

If you look along the branches of certain kinds of willow, this month, you will find "cones" on the ends. These are called "willow cones" from their resemblance to the cones on the fir and spruce. But the latter contain seeds, and the willow cones do not nor were they ever intended to hold seeds. If you examine one closely you will find that it is

made up of thin dry leaves which overlap each other, much the same as shingles do on a roof. And you may find a hole or door-way at the end if it is an old one. On cutting open the "cone" you will see that it is hollow, as if some insect had made its home there. And this is what it really is—an insect home. Let us see if we can find out something of the history of this insect and how its house was built.

During the summer the mother of the insect stung the end of the branch and deposited an egg in the wound. We cannot tell how the house was gradually built round this egg, but the end of the delicate branch must have been poisoned and become swollen by the insect's sting, and the branch continuing the effort to grow and put forth fresh leaves, these became packed together, forming the little cone-like house that you see. When the house was built the egg was hatched and brought forth a little "worm," or larva. If there is no door to the house, it may still be inhabited, and if you cut it open you will find inside the little "worm," or perhaps it has developed into the pupa that comes before the full grown insect. If it is still a "worm," it will wriggle uneasily at finding its home broken into. Its house room is small, but stored all round with juicy, young willow food, and all the insect has to do is to grow and change its form, all the time eating the walls of its house, which gradually becoming thinner until it can bore a hole, and find its way out and begin a free life in the air.

What an easy way this is to "bring up" an insect; for all that the mother did apparently was to sting the branch and carelessly fly away, leaving the willow to prepare a home and food for her offspring.

Look along the hedges for the golden-rod. It no longer bears its yellow flowers, but in sheltered places it still keeps its feathery seeds, which may enable you to recognize it. On some of the stems you will find swellings. Examine one of these. If there is a hole, it is a sign that the insect has given up housekeeping and gone to live elsewhere. If there is no hole, cut off the swollen part of the stem, take it into the house, put it into a glass, and cover the top with a piece of muslin so as to admit the air freely. Then watch for the insect to come out.

If you find the houses on the willows and golden-rod have doorways, you will have to wait for another season. Then begin your calls earlier and you may find the insect at home.