

ADA'S LESSON.

By Hilda Richmond.

"We have drawing and music and writing and spelling and arithmetic and ever so many other things in our school," said Ada who was checking them off on her fingers as she spoke. "What do you and Fred study at your school, Ella?"

"We've never been to school," said Fred and Ella together. "Mamma teaches us at home."

"Never been to school and you're eight years old!" said Ada in surprise. "Isn't that awful!"

"Our schoolhouse burned down just before school commenced," said Ella. "We'll go next term."

"I suppose you don't know very much then," said Ada. "Of course your mamma hasn't much time to hear your lessons. We have a drawing teacher and a regular teacher and a music teacher, besides a superintendent. It keeps us just awful busy."

Fred and Ella looked very sober after that. They loved their mamma and thought she knew everything without looking in any book, but she was very busy and some days they had very short lessons. They had no drawing nor music, and they did not even know what Nature Study was that Ada talked about. They were sorry their mamma had said the lessons should go right on during their cousin's visit, for now she would find out how little they knew.

"Mr. Masters wants six and one-half dozens of eggs at sixteen cents a dozen," said Mr. Forbes, coming in just then. "Which of you children can tell me how much that would be?"

"Where is a pencil?" asked Ada looking around for a piece of paper. "I know I can tell quicker than anybody." "One dollar and four cents!" cried Fred, and a minute later Ella said it, too.

"How do you know?" asked Ada, in surprise, dropping her paper. "You have had that problem before."

"No, we haven't," said Fred, "but every time we gather the eggs mamma asks us how much they will bring in market. She makes problems out of everything, and won't let us take a pencil to work them."

"I never get my highest grades in arithmetic," said Ada, "but in Nature Study I often get one hundred."

Fred and Ella asked what Nature Study meant. "Why, it's about trees and flowers," said Ada. "It shows how to tell trees and plants."

"Oh, is that it?" cried both children. "Can you tell what every tree is by looking at it?"

"Our book shows every tree," said Ada positively. "I know them all." "What is that one out there?" asked Mr. Forbes.

"I—I guess I'd have to have my book to tell," said Ada. "Anyway it's got the leaves all off and our book shows the leaves. I think it must be an oak-tree."

"That's the tree we get out hickory-nuts off of," said Ella.

That day Mrs. Forbes cut her hand, and Fred and Ella got dinner. They had baked potatoes, fried eggs, baked apples and fried sausage all on the table when their papa came in, cold and hungry. Ada wanted to help but she did not know how, so she could only look on and wonder how her cousins had time to learn so many things.

When her mamma came for her, Ada had learned many things. "Mama," she said, "Fred and Ella have never gone to school, and they know lots more than I do. And the worst of all is that I told them how much I knew. I've told them how sorry and ashamed I am, and they forgave me, but I wish I hadn't talked that way."

"My dear, you have learned one lesson to last you all your life," said her mamma. "The people who really know a great deal are the ones who never boast about it."

A BOOTLESS TREASURE QUEST.

The good ship Alfred Nobel, which some twelve months ago sailed from London to cruise the summer seas in search for hidden treasure, and which was to have returned to Blackwall piled high with gold and silver and precious stones from sunken wrecks uncharted even in Lloyd's, is, alas and alack, coming back as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard, says the "Leader."

She was the property, it may be remembered, of the South African Salvage Company, and one of her objectives was Paul Kruger's lost treasure ship, the Dorothea, which lies in seven and a half fathoms of water two miles east of Cape Vidal, on the Tenedo Reef, off the Zululand coast. The Kruger gold, which Oom Paul, so the story runs, sent out of the Transvaal for safety, was said to run to the value of £550,000, and it was supposed to be cemented into the bottom of the Dorothea with 200 tons of sand ballast spread over it. Altogether, the Alfred Nobel's programme included 38 charted wrecks to work along the South African coast. But long and costly and more or less perilous operations only yielded disappointment and failure. Oom Paul's treasure—if not mythical—still lies intact at the bottom of the sea, and the other wrecks had previously been pretty well stripped.

THE WAY TO WAIT.

O, whether by the lonesome road that lies across the sea,
Or whether by the hill that stoops, rock-shadowed, to the sea,
Or by a sail that blows from far, my love returns to me!

No fear is hidden in my heart to make my face less fair,
No tear is hidden in my eye to dim the brightness there—

I wear upon my cheek the rose a happy bride should wear.

For should he come not by the road, and come not by the hill,
And come not by the far seaway, yet come he surely will—

Close all the roads of all the world, love's road is open still.

My heart is light with sighing (though they pity me my fate

And drop their merry voices as they pass my garden gate).

For love that finds a way to come can find a way to wait!

—Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, in Harper's Magazine.

MISTAKES IN WINDOW GARDENING.

Mistakes are often made by inexperienced window gardeners with reference to pot plants in not using sufficient drainage, and filling the pots too full of soil; but a more frequent complaint, perhaps, than either is the quantity of water they give, and allowing the plants to stand in it and drown, says a writer in the "Gardener." More plants are injured and lost in this way than in any other, as it not only soddens the earth, but causes the root to decay. Some will stand it and enjoy it, but they are only the few, such as the well-known Arum Lily, which is half aquatic in character. The drainage, then, being such an important matter for the others, the first preliminary to potting is to carry that part of it out properly, which is best done by first placing an oyster shell over the hole, and covering to a depth of half an inch or so with small cinders or charcoal. These will afford a ready outlet for the water.

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

Mothers who keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house may feel that the lives of their little ones are reasonably safe during the hot weather months. Stomach troubles, cholera infantum and diarrhoea carry off thousands of little ones every summer, in most cases because the mother does not have a safe medicine at hand to give promptly. Baby's Own Tablets cure these troubles, or if given occasionally to the well child will prevent the trouble coming on. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that the Tablets contain no opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. Geo. Mineault, Jr., Mont Louis, Que., says:—"Before giving Baby's Own Tablets to my little one she suffered greatly from colic and stomach troubles, and cried a great deal. The Tablets soon cured her and she is now a plump, healthy child who does not look as though she ever had an hour's illness." You can get the Tablets from any dealer in medicine or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE NEST OF THE WASP.

A large nest when completed will measure from sixteen inches to eighteen inches in height and from twelve inches to thirteen inches in diameter; it is usually round or oval in form, the outer walls are about half an inch thick, composed of several layers of the paper-like material, which are so arranged that there are air spaces between them. This, no doubt, says the "Gardener," renders the nest both warmer and drier than if the walls were solid. The rows of cells or combs, unlike those of bees, which are vertical with the cells horizontal, are horizontal with single rows of vertical cells, the latter having their mouth downwards. There may be from ten to fifteen tiers of these cells, which are about half an inch apart, and are attached to one another by small pillars, which give strength and solidity to the whole structure. The number of cells in a nest have been computed by various persons at from 8,000 to 16,000, but probably the higher figure is far in excess of the number that any nest ever contained. It is said that each cell is used three times, and that towards the end of the season the nests may contain from 10,000 to 12,000 inhabitants.

POTATOES AND LONEVITY.

Great is the potato (says a writer in the "Evening Standard"), and nobody shall live to a hundred years old who does not make his breakfast-lunch and dinner off the invaluable tuber. Such at any rate seems to be the lesson taught by recent facts from Ireland. Within quite a short time County Tipperary has seen three centenarians pass to their rest. Nor is this a mere coincidence. Persons are perpetually growing to a remarkable age in Ireland. The parish registers are kept more faithfully than in England, so no scepticism is possible on that score. No, we are inclined to give the potato its due. There can be no doubt about its fund of sustentative power. Did not the old Irish sedan carriers live exclusively on potatoes? Tom Brown and East knew a good many things that conduce to happiness, and after a stiff game of football the history says that they repaired to Sally Harrowell's and indulged each in a penny-orth of baked potatoes, taking on this way the most direct means to repair the ravages of nature and football. Other things no doubt contribute to longevity, golf, for instance, and a well-balanced temper, without which moreover good golf is impossible, but potatoes lead the van.