



PINE-NEEDLE PICTURES.

(By E. W. Frentz.)

The two families who are neighbors in town during the greater part of the year had been camping out all summer in a big pine grove, and the children had enjoyed every minute of it.

Each family had three big tents, and besides, there was a great outdoor oven built of stones, and with a canvas shelter over it, where the cooking was done, and where, in the evenings, you could sit round a big, blazing camp-fire that cast wonderful shadows out into the dark woods. They thought the rude tents in which they slept were much cozier than rooms at home.

Between four big trees were stretched another piece of canvas for a roof, and underneath it stood a table large enough for all of the two families. Here they ate their meals, with the fresh air blowing through the tree-tops above their heads and squirrels clattering in the lowest branches.

The top of this big table was covered with a great smooth white oilcloth; and one rainy day, when there was nothing else to do, Henry

and his Cousin Ethel got some half-burned sticks of soft wood from the fireplace and began to draw pictures on the table-cover. They were having a fine time when Uncle Hubert appeared.

'O-ho!' he cried. 'That never will do! You must not make such a muss of the table-cloth! You get some soap and water and wash it all off, and then I'll show you how to make a new kind of pictures.'

By the time the children had the table-cloth cleaned, Uncle Hubert was back again with a basketful of the 'needles,' or leaves, of the pine-trees, which he had picked up from the ground. Each of these needles is like a slender line, but some are long and straight, and some are short and crooked, so that by picking out the kind you want, and laying them carefully on the table-cover, you can make any kind of a picture.

Ethel began with a house. It had a door and windows, and a chimney, with smoke coming out; and while she was doing that, Henry was busy making a sailboat, with all the sails set and the waves dancing. The waves were

easy to make, for most of the pine-needles are curved just right.

But in the basket Uncle Hubert found a little pine twig with a whole bunch of needles growing on it. When he laid that down on the table-cover it looked just like a palm-tree, so he took some more needles, and in a little while had made a camel and a camel-driver resting under the tree.

This pleased Henry and Ethel so much that they teased their Uncle Hubert to make some more pictures.

This was good fun for all the children whenever it rained; and when they came back to town in the fall they brought a large bag of pine-needles, so they could play at the same game during the winter evenings. They have grown so skilful now that they sometimes offer prizes for the one who can make the best picture with the fewest needles, and without breaking any. If you can find short ones in the bunch it is all right, but the children say 'it is no fair' to break them, although they had to do this when they made locomotives.—'Youth's Companion.'

Lucky Ted.

(Blanche Trennor Heath, in the 'Christian Intelligencer'.)

That was the nickname they called him by—The boys at his school—and this was why: He was bound to win from the start, they said:

It was always the way with Lucky Ted!

The earliest flowers in his garden grew; The suns on his slate came soonest true; He could sail a boat or throw a ball, Or guess a riddle, the best of all.

You wondered what could his secret be, But watch him awhile, and you would see. He thought it out till the thing was plain, And then went at it with might and main.

Trusting but little to chance or guess, He learned the letters that spelled success. A ready hand and a thoughtful head— So much for the 'luck' of Lucky Ted!

The Boy With a Purpose.

(Mrs. Rye Johnson, in the New York 'Observer'.)

That is what I wish every child could be born with—a purpose—an ambition to do and be, a longing that would give them no rest until the very best had been attained.

'But what chance is there for me?' many say. 'I have no chance for an education, so what can I do?'

Let me tell you what one boy did who had 'no chance for an education.' His name was Peter Steiner, and he never attended school a day after he came to this country with his parents when he was twelve years old.

His father, John Steiner, knew less of books than his son did, and cared less. So when he took up a section of government land for himself and his three sons, it mattered nothing to him that there were no schools within twenty miles. Neither did Peter care. He knew as much as the other children of his acquaintance did—why trouble himself about books when he could be frolicking?

So Peter grew up, from a heedless, dull-faced youngster, seemingly without an ambition or care. People said John's Peter would

never 'set the river on fire' or have a dollar of his own earning. He'd rather pile up sticks and stones across a creek than herd cattle or hoe corn—and this was quite true. For, you see, plain, commonplace, ignorant Peter had a secret ambition, though in his stolid German way he kept it carefully to himself.

Near his old home across the ocean there had been building for several years a most wonderful dam, and every hour the boy could steal from school and home duties had been spent in watching the workmen. His only grief at leaving the old home was that he could not see the completion of the great structure, and the water turned into the monstrous sluices.

'But I will build a dam myself some day,' he had declared, and ever after kept the intention close hid in his heart. He also kept his eyes and ears open. The nearest grist mill was twenty miles from the new home, and the trips to get corn and wheat ground were so tedious, all were glad to leave them to the boy who so eagerly offered his services. Then, while Peter waited for his grist to be ground, he studied the construction of the rude dam, the log mill and crude grinding apparatus, until he knew more about them than the miller himself.

Once Peter said something to his father about a mill of their own nearer home, but the old man merely laughed and pointed out the fact that there was not a stream of water in Chincup township with a fall of a foot to a mile. The boy said no more, but waited, and stored his mind with everything he could hear of on the subject. When he was eighteen, after the corn planting was over, he asked his father for a holiday. It being granted, he shouldered an ax, a gun and a shovel, and went into a wilderness of hills to the west of Chincup, where there were as yet no settlers. There at the mouth of a deep, narrow gully into which filtered a small stream of water, he built a dam, following examples he had seen, and working out theories of his own.

When it was completed, he shouldered his tools and returned home, weary, brown and worried. It was long before he found opportunity to revisit the spot, and the worry never lifted, though none suspected the silent lad had a care. Were his theories correct? Was his dam a success? were questions that haunted him continually. When he at last reached the spot he found a pond covering

many acres, and a rushing torrent pouring over his dam, from which not a timber had been loosened.

His friends would not have recognized the stolid German in the few minutes that followed this glorious discovery. He laughed, he shouted, he swung his hat, he danced and capered like a lunatic. Then satisfied, he returned home, and again waited, every year making a pilgrimage to the dam, which at the end of three years was still firmly resisting the action of the water. Then at twenty-one he married a girl of about his age—a girl with a purpose, that purpose to be a true 'haus-mutter.' Old John, who had acquired many acres of land as the years went by, was pleased with Peter's marriage, and gave him sixty acres of land with choice of location. Then it was that the people of Chincup were satisfied their estimate of the boy was correct.

Instead of choosing rich farming land whereby to make a good living, he selected a broad, marshy, hill-surrounded valley, through which the Wauneeke river, a broad, deep sluggish stream, meandered lazily, making its way out at length through a deep gorge, but without a ripple or the least quickening of its pace. The strip included a fine lot of timber and a part of the gorge, and Peter's heart beat high with hope and satisfaction. With the help of his brothers he built a substantial log house on the ridge near where the river entered the gorge.

Thither he brought his young wife and founded his home. He built a log stable, bought a cow, some hens, and a yoke of oxen. Then, saying nothing to anyone but Greta of his purpose, for two years every day not needed to earn their bread was spent in cutting and hauling logs, and getting together a mountain of stone near the gorge of which I have before spoken. Then, having no money, he went to every man in Chincup township and asked him to give him a week's work toward building a dam and grist mill. The idea pleased everybody, and when Peter was ready to begin work he had no lack of help. For many days the echoes of the gorge held high carnival—the shouts of men, the rattle of harness and jingle of chains as the huge logs were swung into place; the ring of axes on timbers, the hammers on stones, made up a conglomeration of sound that was sweetest music in Peter's hungry ears.