

## Young America.

### The Beeches.

A TRUE STORY OF A DOLL HOUSE WRITTEN FOR FARM AND HOME BY GERTRUDE OLKE GASKILL, CONCLUDED FROM AUG. 15 ISSUE.

It did seem hard, almost too hard, but it rained continuously for four days, and the children were kept close prisoners in the house. Then on the fifth day the glorious old sun shone warm and bright, and spring had come to stay. The world looked like a child just awakened from its sleep, who not seeing its mother beside it burst into tears, then spies her and laughs a joyous laugh, even while the tear-drops glisten on its lashes.

Each tiny tree at The Beeches had responded to the love-call of the sun by putting out its leaves on every twig. Everything they had planted had taken root and grown, and was spreading out its branches as though long accustomed to the soil. How reproached the children felt for their crossness and impatience at the rain when their mother said to them, "No amount of your watering of the trees and plants, children, would begin to be of the same benefit that God's watering pot in, which he holds up in the sky, and lets the water fall on everything alike."

Now that the trees were fully established, it was thought best to plant moss over the whole lawn, as it was shorter than grass, and would be more apt to grow in the partial shade of the grove of big chestnut trees, where The Beeches was situated. Many trips were taken to the woods to gather the moss and often they went as far as the creek, where it grew much greener and more luxuriantly, and where there were many pretty varieties.

Edith's and Margaret's eyes soon got so quick to see "little things" growing along the roadside, which would just suit some special spot at The Beeches, that dear grandma's life was made quite a burden to her, on the afternoons when she took them to drive, for they were always spying something "too pretty for anything, and can't John just stop the horses this once more, grandma dear?" And while grandma replied, "Fudge, nonsense, child, there's nothing there at all worth stopping for," yet John was invariably told to "wait a moment and let these two foolish children get out."

And now, my little readers, although this is a description of a play almost without an end, the story of it must soon terminate, because the "subject" is still unfinished, there is not much more to write about it. But in that The Beeches is still unfinished lies its chief charm, for there is always something attractive to be done, and the children's interest and work go on and on, day after day.

One thing in particular, however, that Mrs. Gaston added to the place must be told, as it lent so much to its charm. She took an irregular shaped, flat piece of tin, painted it dark, bent the sides up several inches, then buried it in the ground at one corner of the lawn, filled it with water and around the edges set many tiny plants and flowers, such as wild strawberry vines, May beauties, hepaticas, dog-tooth violets and wax plants, letting these droop over the water, where they are reflected as in a larger lake, and then they placed several moss-covered stones in the little lake and near the edge, and put very small cedar and beech trees about in groups, to look like bushes and shrubbery.

Margaret offered still another improvement: "I'll go get baby's tiny sitting-down china doll, and we'll put her on one of the big stones, with a little stick beside her with a string to it, and she'll look as if she's fishing. And, mamma, she can stay all the time, because rain won't hurt her one single speck." Then Edith bethought her of something and ran at once to the house to get it, returning with a stately little blue swan, saying merrily, "Here's something else that the rain won't harm, and it'll float all around on the water and perhaps scare away the doll's fishes."

Thus one idea leads to another, and without doubt the two children have many pretty visions in their minds which are still to be unfolded. But it would make them both very happy if they could know that the story of the play which their mother started, and

which she still plays with them almost daily, had added any pleasure to other children's lives, or given them ideas for building and laying out for themselves miniature country seats, similar to The Beeches.

### FROM OUR YOUNG AMERICANS.

**Liked by Some**—I am 14 years old and go to the Bang schoolhouse No 23. My teacher's name is B. B. McCay, and is liked very well by some. I and my two brothers, Leverett and Harry, ride to school. I graduated this year from the eighth grade, passing second. I subscribed for your paper with Alice Gibson, who received a library from your firm, which she likes very well.—[Mollie Allen, Nebraska.]

#### SLEEP ON, BRAVE HEARTS.

Lawrence Levere, I like your poem very much. I have written a good many poems, but don't know as they are very good. Here is piece I wrote last summer:

Sleep on, brave hearts, on Cuba's soil,  
Sons of our country great and free  
The dark-browed Spaniard's lost his spoil,  
The Cuban has his liberty.

The battle has been fought and won,  
Won by our soldiers brave and true.  
Sleep on, brave hearts, your work is done,  
Rest in your faded coats of blue.  
MADGE ST FLORENCE, (Seventeen.)

**Blowing Rock**—I live in western North Carolina, among the grand old mountains, ever pointing their heads heavenward and filling your mind with great and inspiring thoughts. This, truly, is the land of the sky, the Switzerland of America and, as is testified by tourists, one of the finest countries in the world. In this country is Blowing Rock, a famous summer resort where, every year, thousands of visitors come to enjoy the cool breezes, health-giving air and beautiful scenery, to rest and recuperate. Boone, the capital of this county, is situated on the head waters of New river and is the highest county seat east of the Mississippi river. Near the town is situated, in a beautiful grove, Watauga academy, managed by two of the best teachers in the state. Now a few words in regard to Woman Hater: He is entirely unreasonable and I was surprised to know that, in this enlightened age, there was a man who would speak so lightly of the gentler and purer sex. He must have forgotten his mother, the days when she looked down into the face of her little son, with bright hopes for his future and that now she, if alive, loves him more than all his "bachelor friends" ever will.—[North Carolina Boy.]

**A Divided Family**—I am in the sixth grade. I am 11 years old, but will soon be 12. I live with my uncle and aunt. I used to live in the city, but now I have come to the country and think it much healthier. I live near the water and go in bathing lots every summer. My brothers live in the city and my two sisters and I live in the country. My aunt and uncle keep a boarding house and have a lot of boarders in the summer. Kathleen M. Huston is my cousin and she wrote a piece and I thought I would. My name is Alice A. Doyle. I live in Blomidon, N.S. and I will sign my name as—Long Shanks.

**Young Authoress**—I keep house for my father, uncle and two brothers, aged 17 and 8, my mother having been dead for six years. I have done all the housework for four years and there is a great deal of work, too. You must not think I am some old crank. I dearly love fun of all kinds, especially dancing. And oh, Eva Claiborne, you did strike a responsive chord in me when you spoke of loving reading. I love it better than anything, and I also love to write. I have written a great many short stories and published them, too. I never had but one returned. I have read about everything from Dickens, Shakespeare, Thackeray, Eugene (Oh, I can't remember his last name, the author of The Wandering Jew) down to the authors of to-day. I intend to be an authoress. Pert, you are a jolly good fellow and the nicest boy about the Table. Can I say more? I have not been able to write before, as I have been sick all winter with nervous prostration. Write again, Ray; I like your letters.

Eva Claiborne, we cannot do without you.—[A Colorado Princess (Fourteen).]

### GOING HOME AFTER VACATION.



Mr Jumbo—No, Johnny, you can't have any oranges. Wait till s'mother time.  
Johnny—I think it's smother time now!

### WHERE YE SPANKWEED GROWS.

There's a corner in our garden, but my nurse won't tell me where. That little boys must never see, but always must beware. And in that corner, all the year, in rows, and rows, and rows, A dreadful lit le flower called the Spankweed Grows!

My nurse says that if a boy who doesn't wash his face, Or pulls his little sister's hair, should ever find that place, The spankweed just would jump at him, and dust his little clothes. Oh, it's never safe for fellers where the Spankweed Grows!

Some day I'll get the sickle from our hired man, and then I'll go and find that spankweed place—it's somewhere in the glen. And when I get a-swingin' it an' puttin' in my blows, I bet there'll be excitement where the Spankweed Grows!  
[Paul West, in Life.]

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