

Then we made a little visit to some friends at Sparkhill, on the Hudson River. A more beautiful place we never saw! We would often sit on the verandah of the mansion where we were staying, and watch the great river rolling along in all its majesty and beauty. We could look across the river to Tarrytown, and distinguish the red roof of the house where Irving once lived. In the distance rose the Catskills, old in song and story. My excited imagination flew back to the days gone by, when the Hudson rolled between vast forests, and the Indian dipped his paddle in the clear wave, and the deer stopped on its rushy bank to drink. I saw Henry Hudson and his men sailing up the river, and heard the clash of Dutch arms as the pioneers strove to gain possession of the whole region in Holland's name. I saw, too, the quaint Dutch towns, and the fast dwindling villages of the poor Indians. I fancied that the bosom of the river often heaved with sorrow for the red men, who had 'wasted away, like April snow before the pale race.' Forests, Indians and Dutch are now gone, but a mere look at the rugged Catskills brings them all back to one's mind with startling vividness.

Since our return, I have been constantly out of doors, in the woods, or on the lake; or in it. I have ridden a good deal on my tandem. I have just come in from a long ride of over twelve miles! I rode on a rough road, and, bless you, I fell off three or four times! But the weather and the scenery were so beautiful, and it was such fun to go scooting over the smoother part of the road, I don't mind the falls in the least.

I have really learned to swim. I can swim away out to the raft, and leap off, and float, and do almost anything I please, without fear of getting drowned. Isn't that fine? Now it is almost no effort for me to row all around the lake, a distance of about three miles. So you can well imagine how strong and brown I am!

Autumn is here again, full of freshness and splendor. The days are deliciously cool, with gentle breezes and soft skies. The trees are donning their autumnal tapestries of gold and scarlet. The hills and fields gleam with golden-rod, cardinal flowers, asters of the richest purple, and many other beautiful flowers. The lake, too, has its share of the universal loveliness. Often, when we are rowing in the early morning, we see a soft mist floating above the water, and hiding the hills from our sight. A little later, the sun illumines it, until it shines like a silvery veil. Beautiful, is it not?

But I am glad my vacation is nearly at an end; for I am eager to take up my studies again. I shall probably begin work here, and teacher will make new arrangements later, if necessary. Although I have been quite idle, yet I have tried to make this year's work as easy as possible by reading some of the 'Anabasis,' and 'Æneid.'

Teacher is very well, indeed, and sends her kindest love. This letter is very heavy with love for yourself, dear

— from,  
Your affectionate friend,  
HELEN KELLER.

A deed from William Penn came to light in Chester, Pa., a few days ago. It is dated 1702, and, owing to its great antiquity and excellent state of preservation, is an object of much curiosity. An interesting feature in connection with the deed is that the original grant of land conveyed by Penn was made to Thomas Minshall, and the property is now held by Thomas Minshall, a descendent, the deed never having passed out of the possession of the Minshall family. The grant is in Middletown township, Delaware county, and consisted of 753 acres of land. The parchment is a huge affair, and connected with it, by a piece of blue string, is the seal of red wax, four inches across. The face bears the inscriptions: "1699. Truth,