

Sound is not quite like that of the open sea. On the whole we were all very sorry to leave it, after living there for two years, and pleasant memories will always revive in us at the name and sight of Anacortes.

GLADYS LORD (aged 15.)

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

Norfolk, the chief sea port of Virginia, is situated on the Elizabeth River some thirty miles from the ocean, and together with Portsmouth is the most important naval station in the United States. It has a commodious harbor, which generally looks very busy, as large boats are always coming and going. The wharves, too, are always thronged, as very many exports are sent out through this port, the chief being fruit and cotton, which are largely grown in these parts. At all times of the day busy negroes may be seen loading and unloading carts and boats with great bales of cotton and cases of fruit. The town itself is a historic place, with old colonial houses and buildings, houses whose inhabitants keep as relics the arms of their forefathers who fought for their country many years ago. There still remains in the oldest part of the town a church which is entirely covered with ivy, in one of whose walls is a cannon ball, shot from an English vessel in the American War of Independence. In the graveyard which adjoins the church are many very old tombstones. One we found dated 1750, the year in which the terrible yellow fever was epidemic in the Southern States. Other stones, which seemed to be older, but whose dates and epitaphs had been erased by time, were lying on the graves of those—now forgotten—who had died many, many years ago.

The older part of the town remains almost unaltered with narrow streets and oyster shell roads. The new suburbs, Brambleton and Guelph, are entirely different, both having broad asphalt roads and paved walks. All the newest and most fashionable residences are in these places, although many very beautiful and interesting houses still remain in the old town. Most of these have large grounds with beautiful trees and hedges, the cool shade of which is very delightful in the hot summer days of the South.

LOUISE FERGUSON (aged 17.)

LOS GATOS.

Los Gatos is about sixty miles south of San Francisco, and is one of the stations on the Southern Pacific Railway. It is very beautifully situated at the foot of the Santa Cruz Mountains, the suburbs really being in among the mountains themselves.

Once I saw an old gentleman look out of the car window, and after reading the name which was written above the station door, he said "Los Gatos, isn't that an appropriate name for the place? See, it is the gate of these mountains." However, he was very much