

ful of the sap from her kettle, and dropped some of it here and there in the snow. The snow melted in little hollows, and at the bottom of each little hollow was a round reddish ball. Grandpa gave Emily a clean piece of stick, which he had whittled to a sharp point, and told her to dig out one of the balls. She did so, and when it came out Emily popped it into her mouth, and how good it did taste!

'Oh, what is it? what is it?' she cried. 'It's better than any candy that I ever bought, truly sure, it is.'

'When I was a boy,' said grandpa, 'we used to call it maple 'Jack-wax.' I'll show you how to make maple 'Jack-wax' nuts.'

He gave Emily some butternut-meats, told her to drop some of the boiling syrup into the snow, put a butternut-meat on top of it, and cover it with more of the syrup. She did so, and when she picked it up on her stick there was the nut-meat covered with 'Jack-wax.' This new candy Emily thought was better even than the plain 'Jack-wax.'

Grandmother now called Emily, for the syrup was ready to 'sugar off'; that is, it was ready to turn into sugar. She filled a little pitcher with the syrup, and told Emily to turn some into each of the little tins which were set on the table. When the sugar in the tins was quite hard and cold, grandmother took it out and gave it to Emily. The cakes of sugar were like the tins in which they had been moulded, and Emily was delighted to find herself the owner of pretty brown maple candies of many shapes and sizes.

'O grandpa,' she said, as she skipped along by his side on their way home to supper, 'I think a candy-shop in the woods is better than all the candy-shops in the city.'

### A Nursery Echo.

'Mother,' said George, 'we had a nice time yesterday afternoon at Uncle John's. Do you know that there is an echo behind the barn? I wish we had one here.'

'Well, so we have,' said the mother.

'This house is full of echoes.'

'Is it?' said George. 'Where

must I stand to make my voice come back to me?'

'Anywhere you choose; but I think the nursery is the best place.'

Off ran George delighted; but as he entered the room he saw that Baby Ned had possession of his new kite and was proceeding to fly it.

'Put that kite down,' he cried angrily; 'you will break it to pieces, you bad boy!'

'Bad boy! bad boy!' shouted the baby, and mother entered the nursery just in time to prevent a serious difficulty.

'I think you found your echo sooner than you expected,' she said, soberly, when peace was restored, and George hung his head.

'Oh, is that what you mean, mother?' he asked.

'Yes,' she replied; 'that is what I mean. Just as the echo behind the barn sent back your tones and manner. I think if you will remember this, it will make you very careful how you speak.'

Later in the day, George was playing stage coach with the little children, and with his shouting and his trumpet setting the nurse almost crazy. 'I wish,' she cried out, angrily, 'that you would go downstairs; you are such a noisy, horrid boy.'

'You are a horrid old thing yourself,' he shouted back, and then suddenly he began to laugh.

'Why,' he said, 'I was an echo myself that time,' and as mother came in just then, they had another little talk about echoes, and both George and the nurse determined to try to make some pleasant ones before the day was over.

When Baby Ned's supper came upstairs, he was cross, and would not drink his milk, and said that his bread was 'sour.'

'George,' said his mother, 'now is your chance,' and George ran into the room and was so funny and bright with the baby that in a few minutes he was in high humor, and as mother listened she could not tell which was the laugh and which was the echo.—'The Parish Visitor.'

### The Real Discoverers.

Uncle Robert had been explaining how messages could be sent back and forth between two far-apart places without any wires at

all—just telegraphed right through plain air! It was certainly very surprising! Morry and Paine went out on the doorsteps to talk it over.

'No, nothing but great tall poles at the places where you send them and get them—the messages, I mean. You send them straight through nothing!'

'He said you set little waves moving in the air and they go all the way across to the other place.'

'Yes,' Uncle Robert's voice said. 'And I really think the bunnies discovered it.'

'Our bunnies?'

'No, not ours, but their great-great-grandfathers—oh, a great many greats!—way back to the first bunny family that ever was. They were the ones that discovered wireless telegraphy. I think they ought to have the honor. If there's a splendid statue ever made, I think it ought to have a big cottontail bunny on top of it!'

'Oh!' laughed both small boys at once, 'tell us why, Uncle Robert! My, a statue to bunnies!'

'Well, in the bunny family, when there is any danger from an enemy—and the poor little wild bunnies are surrounded by enemies on every side—the different members of the family telegraph a warning to each other.

"Run! There's an enemy coming!" they telegraph, and all the bunny boys and bunny girls and the grown-up bunnies that get the message go scurrying, hurrying into their holes. I tell you, they don't wait a minute. The messages go a good many hundred feet sometimes.'

'Through nothing, Uncle Robert—I mean air? Do they send them through the air?'

'No, through the ground. They stamp on the ground very hard with their strong little hind legs when they are alarmed. And they do it on purpose to warn the rest of the family at a distance.

"Run! Run! Run for your lives!" The little message is carried through the ground much as our wireless messages are through the air. Little sound-waves are set in motion, one after another.'

'Well,' breathed Morry, 'come on, Paine, let's go out and honor the discoverers' great-great-grand-bunnies in our backyard!—A. H. Donnell, in 'Youth's Companion.'