

and scarlet geraniums, on the old tired piano, now festive in its pink drapes and bank of green fern, and lastly, on the most alluring of supper tables and eager, happy girl faces. The scene that followed must be imagined, how everyone talked at once, and passed everything to everybody else; how Sister shook her head at so many rich dainties, but enjoyed them nevertheless. In the centre of the table, from which issued delicate green ribbons to the four corners stood a prince of birthday cakes, so firm and rich that the lady of the birthday had to appeal for the big girls' assistance in the matter of dissecting it. After supper Sister Agatha made constant raids upon the younger ones of "her family," and as these raids grew more and more frequent, the party broke up and "good-nights" were said. Not a jarring note had been struck the whole evening, all the details of the party were so beautifully and thoughtfully managed that everybody—and especially the one for whom it had been given—declared it to be "An Ideal Birthday Party."

E. C. HART.

About Places we know.

ANACORTES.

Anacortes is a small town on the Puget Sound, about sixty miles from Seattle, a branch of the N. P. R. connecting it with the main line. It is a very pretty place, especially in summer and early autumn. Not many people live there, although the building of three large canneries about six years ago brought a good many strangers in. The town had been almost free of Chinamen until then, but they flocked in after the canneries, which offered them work, were opened.

In the Sound and opposite Anacortes, there are a great many small islands. In summer these are favorite resorts for picnic and camping parties. There are numbers of singing birds around Anacortes, and in spring to go out early when the sun is shining and the birds singing seems to wake you up to feel the happiness and gladness of living; and as you walk to school in the morning and hear the birds from the branches and telegraph wires, singing with full-throated joy, the world seems as bright and sunny as if there could be no care or suffering in it at all.

The house we lived in was situated on a high hill, at least two miles from any other dwelling. Up there we had a beautiful view of the Sound, away over the town. The school was about three miles off, too far for us to walk, so we were driven in to school every morning while we lived in that house, but afterwards we moved into the town, and we always walked from there.

Anacortes is not a pleasant place at all in winter, but many people go there in the summer for their health. There are plenty of nice drives, and the bathing is very good, although the water of the