

THE FAIRIES' DANCE.

BY FRANK DEMPISTER SHERMAN.

ONCE in the morning, when the breeze
Set all the leaves astir,
And music floated from the tree,
As from a dulcimer,
I saw the roses, one by one,
Bow gracefully, as though
A fairy dance were just begun
Upon the ground below.

The lilies white beside the walk,
Like ladies fair and tall,
Together joined in whispered talk
About the fairies' ball;
The slender grasses moved along
The garden path, and I
Could almost hear the fairies' song,
When blew the light wind by.

I waited there till noon, to hear
The elfin music sweet;
I saw the servant bees appear
In golden jackets neat;
And though I wished just once to see
The happy little elves,
They were so much afraid of me
They never showed themselves.

ESKIMO BABY LIFE.

SHORT SKETCH OF A DOMESTIC SCENE IN THE ARCTICS, BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.

WHEN a baby Eskimo's mother makes the hood for her suit, she stretches it into a long sack or bag, that hangs down behind and is supported by her shoulders, and this bag of skin is his cradle and home, where he lives until he knows how to walk, when he gets his own first suit of clothing.

This, however, is while the baby Eskimo is out-doors, or his mother is making a social visit. When at his own home, in order not to trouble his mother while she is sewing or cooking or doing such other work, the little baby is allowed to roll around almost without clothing among the skins that make the bed, where it amuses itself with anything it can lay its hands on, from a hatchet to a stick.

You doubtless think little Boreas should have a nice time rolling around to his heart's content on the soft, warm skins; but when I tell you more about his little home, you may not then think so, for his winter home is built of snow.

"But won't the snow melt and the house tumble down?" you all ask. Of course it will, if you get it warmer than just the coldness at which water freezes; but during the greater part of the year it is so cold that snow will not melt even when the Eskimo burn fires in their stone lamps inside these snow houses; so by closely regulating the amount of the fire, they can just keep the snow from melting. In short it must always be cold enough in their home to freeze.

So you can see that the little Eskimo cannot have such a very nice time, and you can't see how in the world he can be almost naked nearly all day long, when it is so cold. But such is the fact.

Yet, in spite of all this, the little fellow

really enjoys himself. He gets used to the cold, and has great fun, frolicking around on the skins and playing with his toys, and when I have told you some other stories about the cold these little folks can endure, you can understand how they can enjoy themselves in the snow huts, or *igloos*, as they call them, when it is only a little colder than freezing.

At times the fire will get too warm in the snow house, and the ceiling will commence melting—for you all perhaps have learned in school, that when a room becomes warmed, it is warmer at the ceiling and cooler near the floor. So with the hut of snow; it commences melting at the top because it is warmer there, and when two or three drops of cold water have fallen on the baby's bare shoulders, his father or mother finds it is getting too warm, and cuts down the fire.

When the water commences dropping, the mother will often take a snowball from the floor where it is colder than freezing, and stick it against the point where the water is dripping. There it freezes fast and soaks up the water just like a sponge until it becomes full, and then she removes it and puts up another, as soon as it commences to drip again. Sometimes she will forget to remove it, and when it gets soaked and heavy with water, and warm enough to loose its freezing hold, down it comes, perhaps on the baby's bare back, where it flattens out like a pancake—or into his face—as it once served me.

THE NEW PONY.

"COME out to the barn, little Joe, and see what your father's got for you."

Joe needed no second bidding, but seized his hat and started, looking excited and happy. What a lot of questions he did ask in the short walk from the house to the barn, but what was the wonderful surprise he could not guess.

When they reached the barnyard, father bade Joe wait there while he went into the barn. In a few minutes he came out leading a beautiful dark-coated pony.

Joe was perfectly wild with delight, and he declared that he had the very best father in the world.

Joe had a little friend whose face fell when he saw Joe's pony. "I wish I had one too," he said; "I know father would give me one if he could afford it; he's just as good as your father, only he hasn't as much money."

Joe made it all right by sharing his pony with his friend.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Up with the daylight, listening to the song of birds in every tree-top, looking out at a world flushed rosy red with the first rays of the rising sun; this is what Milly, Farmer Green's little daughter, does every summer morning.

No sleeping until eight o'clock every morning for her, as some little folks I know, do.

Milly goes with her father to see the

cows milked, and drives with him to the station to see the milk cans put on the train for the city, twenty miles away. Such a delightful drive it is, when everything is so fresh and sparkling with the dew in the bright sunlight.

When she comes home she gets her basket of corn and feeds the chickens and the ducks and the geese and the pigeons. They all know and love her. All day long she is busy and happy. She goes to bed soon after the sun has sunk out of sight and the birds have gone to roost.

Such a healthy, happy, rosy, sweet-tempered little girl it would be hard to find in the city, as is Milly, the farmer's daughter. Her father calls her his "little Sunshine," and her mother calls her "Heartsease."

HER SIGNAL.

RAILWAY men—conductors, engineers, and brakemen—are so accustomed to communicate with each other by means of gestures, that the habit of looking for such dumb signals becomes a kind of second nature. In the early days of one of the great Western railroads, according to a story in the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, it was so common for cattle to be run over that the manager required the engineers to report all such accidents, with full particulars as to place, time, and kind of animal.

One day a complaint was received at headquarters that a valuable cow had been killed on a certain day and by a certain engine. The case was referred to the proper department, but a reference to the files showed that the engineer had reported no such accident.

The manager sent for him, and inquired why he had omitted to report the matter.

"I didn't know I hurt the cow," he answered.

"Then you remember hitting her?"

"Oh yes, and I slowed up as she rolled over on her back; but she waved her feet to me to go ahead, and I concluded she was all right."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

SEPTEMBER 16.

LESSON TOPIC.—Jesus at Jacob's Well. — John 4. 9-26.

MEMORY VERSES, John 4. 11-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.—John 4. 14.

SEPTEMBER 23.

LESSON TOPIC.—Daniel's Abstinence.— Dan. 1. 8-20.

MEMORY VERSES, Dan. 1. 8, 9.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself.— Dan. 1. 8.

Don't quarrel with the clouds. They have often brought refreshing showers into your life.