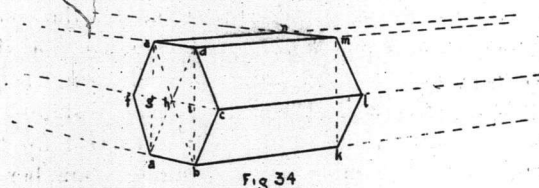


prism draw vertical lines from each of the six points, comparing their lengths with the width of the prism. The lines in the lower hexagon will evidently run in the same direction as those in the upper surface and will meet in the same points on the eye level.

When the prism is lying on one side, Fig. 34, the



hexagon will be upright, but there should be no more difficulty in drawing than when horizontal. The pencil should be used to obtain the directions of the lines ab and bk . On ab raise the perpendiculars bd and ac , cutting them off to proportionate lengths. Draw de in the same direction as ab . The diagonals will give the position of h through which a line is drawn to the same point as ab and de . The points c and f are found as before, remembering that the nearest space will be the largest. After completing the near hexagonal face find the length of bk by comparison with ab or fc . At the point k raise a perpendicular to meet a line from d , running to the same point on the eye-level as bk . Similar lines are drawn from c and e , and one from m in the same direction as de , and ba will give the point n . The point l is found by a similar line running midway between k and m . As in the square prism and cylinder, there is always a tendency to draw the hexagonal prism in this position too long for the width. The student should practise drawing the prism lying on one side at all sorts of angles, as the varying positions make this a much more difficult exercise than the square prism or cylinder. Although the invisible lines are not shown in Fig. 34, they should invariably be drawn in the outlined sketch just as in Fig. 33, as they are extremely useful in checking the accuracy of the drawing.

A Touching Story.

On the Tremont street Mall late yesterday afternoon hundreds of belated suburbanites paused in their scramble through the slush and snow as they made their way homeward, first to wonder, then to pity and sympathize.

Seated on the edge of the curbstone in front of the Park street church, unmindful of the blinding storm

that whirled about him, sat a little newsboy, holding in his arms the mangled body of a dog. His pile of papers lay scattered in the snow, and now and again, as a gust of wind swept round the corner, the stray sheets were whirled out into the slushy street. Caring nothing for his little stock in trade or the gathering crowd, the little fellow cuddled his dog the closer, and as the full misfortune of his loss came over him, he cried as though his heart would break.

The unusual sight attracted the attention of the passers-by and soon a crowd that blocked the sidewalk was gathered about the little fellow and his dog. Many of those who paused to see recognized in the boy one of the newsboys that stand at the entrance of the Subway every evening, selling papers to those homeward bound. Little by little the boy told the story of his misfortune.

The dog, which he held so closely in his arms, was his pet and playmate who usually stayed at home with his mother in the West End, but yesterday, unable to resist the pleading of the little brown eyes of his playmate, the boy had allowed him to accompany him to Park street while he sold his bundle of papers. All had gone well through the afternoon until shortly after five, when a gust of wind had blown a paper from his hand just as he was passing it to a customer, sending it scurrying far out in the street. Quick as a flash the dog started after it, and just as he was returning with the coveted sheet in his mouth, a heavy herdic dashed round the corner, striking the little fellow full in the side and bowling him into the street. The heavy wheels passed over the frail body, crushing the little ribs to the ground. Too late the newsboy saw the peril of his pet, and when he reached him the little dog's life had ebbed away and the bright eyes that had so often danced with pleasure at the call of his master were closed in death.

Tenderly gathering the little fellow in his arms the boy carried him to the sidewalk, where he tried with all his might to restore life to the one that had been his chum and companion.

Touched by the devotion of the boy for his dead pet, kind-hearted bystanders made up a collection and offered it to the boy, but he turned them away, and gathering the little dog in his arms started down the street toward home, leaving his forgotten papers to blow about as they might.—*Boston Journal*, Jan. 14.

I think the REVIEW improves every year and could not think of doing without it. I find every subject interesting and helpful, especially the notes on literature by Miss Robinson. I wish more time and space could be given to this subject. TEACHER.