



HOW NUTMEGS GROW.

How Nutmegs Grow.

NUTMEGS grow on little trees which look like small pear-trees, and which are generally not over twenty feet high. The flowers are very much like the lily of the valley. They are pale and very fragrant. The nutmeg is the seed of the fruit, and mace is the thin covering over the seed. The fruit is about the size of a peach. When ripe it breaks open and shows a little nut inside. The trees grow on the islands of Asia and tropical America. They bear fruit seventy or eighty years, having ripe fruit upon them all the seasons. A fine tree in Jamaica has over four thousand nutmegs on it every year.

The Dutch used to have all this nutmeg-trade, as they owned the Banda Islands, and conquered all the traders and destroyed the trees. To keep the price up they once burned three piles of nutmegs, each of which was as big as a church. Nature did not sympathize with such meanness. The nutmeg-pigeon, found in all the Indian islands, did for the world what the Dutch had determined should not be done—carried

those nuts, which are their food, into all the surrounding countries, and trees grew again, and the world had the benefit.

The picture shows the way the fruit is prepared for use. It is gathered three times a year—about four lbs. from each tree. The outer husk is removed and the inner husk is dried for mace. The nutmegs are dried over a slow fire, sometimes for two months. Then it is sorted, packed, and shipped to all parts of the world.

Saidie's Winter.

BY MRS. LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMING.

SAIDIE CRAWFORD stood beside the window, in her pretty little room, looking out on the gray, wintry afternoon. The withered vines over the arbour swung back and forth in the wind, and the branches of the leafless elms creaked dismally against the house. But the chill winter picture outside did not sadden the young girl musing within.

"There is so much I want to do this

winter," she said half aloud. "It is so nice to be home again in my own sweet room. Last winter it was just up and down to some tiresome bell,—from one recitation room to another. Now I have graduated, that is all over. And this winter I want to try work outside the school-room. Tom wants me to read German with him; and mother needs rest and help, so I mean to keep house every other week. Father likes me to help him with his accounts, and I'm glad I can. I am going to have a class in Sunday-school—such darling little girls! and I shall take such pains with my lesson through the week. And there's some fancy-work I would like to do. Father needs a new head-rest for his chair, and the table-cover is rather shabby in the sitting-room; and there are several poor families at the end of the village I ought to visit. I'll make a list of all the things, then I can do them in order better."

And Saidie opened her neat writing desk, and after making out her memorandum, which grew under her hand, remembered she must write to her dearest friend, Annie Read; and as her pen ran over the paper Saidie forgot that the room was chilly, and her feet growing numb, until her mother called:

"Saidie, dear, you are staying up-stairs without a fire too long."

And Saidie, shivering, ran down to the sitting-room.

"I have so many nice plans, mother," she said gleefully, while warming her tingling feet and fingers. "I am only afraid the winter will not be long enough for all I want to do."

Mother smiled, and said gently, "You must not forget, daughter, 'Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow,' and 'If the Lord will.'"

"Oh yes! mother; but I think—I hope I am trying to work for Him this winter!"

Saidie hovered over the fire all the evening, but her chilliness would not pass away. She tried to talk with Tom of the proposed German studies; but queer little shiverings ran up and down her back, her head throbbed and felt heavy, she could not count the stitches in her fancy knitting.

"I am afraid you have taken a very heavy cold, Saidie," said her mother anxiously.

"Oh, I'll sleep it off, I hope," Saidie tried to respond cheerfully. But she did not sleep it off; and after a restless, painful night, the doctor was summoned to pronounce Saidie in the first stages of rheumatic fever.

Then how long the days were, despite the winter time, and longer the wakeful nights. But how kind every one was! Mother and father, whom she hoped to help so much, were

untiring in their watch beside her. Tom softened his steps and voice, and was full of all manner of gentle attentions. And when, one weary day, Saidie begged him to read to her from her Bible, he hesitated but a moment, and then cheerfully began. And so it came to pass that in a short while Tom would take up the Bible as a matter of course, and ask:

"Where shall we read, Saidie?"

The March winds were blowing, and although no leaves were yet to be seen, Tom had found some delicate spring flowers in the hollows, when Saidie, wrapped in shawls, and propped with pillows, was just able to sit up for a few hours. She was in her own pretty room, in which she first saw her, but a very different looking Saidie from the bright, energetic one of three months before.

"Let me have my portfolio, mother," she said one day.

Saidie turned over the papers with her thin, white fingers. There on top lay her list.

Some moments later Mrs. Crawford entered, and found Saidie crying over the slip of paper.

"What is it, daughter?" she asked tenderly.

"O mother!" sobbed Saidie, "here is my list I made of all the things I expected to do. I had planned such a busy, useful winter—to be so much help to you, and every one—and I just had to lie here, and—"

"Suffer all His righteous will," said her mother, softly stroking the bowed head.

"Don't think you have had a wasted winter, dear child. You have learned a great many things in these four walls, and taught more than, perhaps, you could have done in health."

"Taught, mother?" asked Saidie, looking up wonderingly; how could I teach, and whom?"

"Have you not seen how ready, and even eager, for your Bible-reading Tom has become? I think he has been learning some lessons he might not have found outside of your sick-room."

"Tom, dear Tom!" murmured Saidie, "I had not thought I could be of any use to him while tied here."

"You had planned your German lessons together, but God planned these higher, heavenly lessons; were they not better?"

"Oh yes!" said Saidie.

"God often puts aside some of the things we expect to do, even in His service," said Mrs. Crawford, "so we may better perform some greater work He has for us. Although your illness was brought on by your own imprudence, He has made it work out good for us all."

"I will keep that list," said Saidie. "It may prevent me from boasting of to-morrow, or over-planning. I did not spend the winter as I expected, but I dare not call it wasted."

"Neither dare I," said Tom, who had entered softly.

A PERT little girl in Troy, N.Y., boasted to one of her little friends that "her father kept a carriage." "Ah, but," was the triumphant reply, "my father drives a street car."

"PA," said a little boy, "a horse is worth a good deal more, isn't it, after it is broke?" "Yes, my son. Why do you ask such a question?" "Because I broke the new rocking-horse you gave me this morning."