

in her cushioned rocker, knitting a tiny sock of soft wool, intended for the fat dimpled foot of the black-eyed, brown-haired baby, who is crowing in the black-walnut crib in the corner.

This rosy-checked cherub is Willie Burton; his mother calls him "Birdie," and we find her at this moment watering and pruning her roses and geraniums, which are in full bloom, and which entirely fill one window of the south-room, where we will find her sewing-machine, and the cabinet organ upon which Charlie still gratifies his taste for music. The soil for her flower-pots, as well as that of the tubs which sustained the ivy which is trained over the piazza, has been brought from the forest beyond the mountains; and the flowers and vines form a bright contrast to the rugged surroundings of their mountain home.

Charlie's study and library adjoins this room, and here he has gathered a choice collection of instructive and entertaining books, and a few of the paintings which had adorned his former home.

Down deep shafts, through long, dark tunnels the ores are daily being brought to light and