

by my side, Sophy," holding out a hand to his daughter, who stood sullenly aloof, "and we will tell you all we had not time to write about."

Sophy could not resist the invitation, but she came slowly and unwillingly, and could scarcely summon up any show of interest in her father's talk. She was longing to get away all to herself, where she could relieve her feelings by a hearty fit of tears. She did not care to hear what her father said, when his young wife kept chiming in with her clear, soft tones. She had no pleasure in holding his hand in hers, while his attention was diverted from her, and all the time he was looking with fond admiration into the bright, animated face, with its crown of golden hair. She did not care to have her father unless she might have him all to herself. It broke her heart to think he could be happier in the company of some one else, rather than in that of his little girl. So she slipped quietly away to the other end of the room when at last, at a request from her husband, Mrs. Tremaine rose, and, going over to where the piano stood, sat down and began to sing.

And here, again, Sophy was compelled to give a grudging admiration. Her execution was brilliant, and, when she began to sing, her voice, powerful and well-trained, was full of subtle sweetness and tender, pathetic melody. She sang a song which was strange to Sophy, a song with a wild, weird accompaniment, whose mournful refrain caught the girl's ear, and seemed to harmonize with the feelings of her heart:—

"Happy sound of a bye-gone day,
It rings in my heart for aye."

She caught herself repeating the dirge-like lines to herself, and they seemed to bring back a past long since dead—a past when she was a merry little child, and when her own mother, who was lying in a shady corner of the old churchyard now, was sitting in that very same low chair by the hearth, the loving sharer of all her childish joys and troubles, her friend and companion, whose memory was still as green as ever in her daughter's heart, though it was six long years since she had bidden good-bye to husband and child, and gone to sleep, with folded hands, under the long green grass of the churchyard. It seemed treason to the girl's fond heart that any one else should have come to fill the place left vacant by her dead mother: treason to her memory that her husband should find comfort and pleasure in the society of another.

The blue eyes filled with tears, and a choking sob rose in the girl's throat. She could bear it no longer—she must go away, and be alone somewhere; she must slip away from the brightly-lighted room, with its cheery fire, its flowers and its music. They would never miss her. No; they were too full of each other to have a thought to spare for her. Her father was bending over the piano with looks of the fondest love and admiration at his bride; while she, with her jewelled fingers straying over the keys, had changed the song, and now, with suppressed passion and feeling, was singing the time-honoured old air—

"Du, du liegst mir in Herzen;
Du, da, hast du dein tron,"—

as if her whole heart were breathed forth in the words.

Sophy felt as if she could not bear it another moment, and, slipping quietly past them, she opened the door, and fled to the sanctuary of her own little room, where, kneeling upon the broad window seat, she gazed up at the cold, star-lit sky, feeling desolate, lonely, and forsaken, while her whole heart went up in a helpless, passionate, yearning cry—"Oh, mother, mother, come back!"

(To be Continued.)

A CIGAR-BOX BANJO.

BY JOHN RICHARDS.

A cigar-box banjo is something which most boys have heard of, and some have attempted, with more or less success, to make. Possibly their older relatives have ridiculed the home-made instrument, and it has had to contend against prejudice, which, as we know, is almost fatal to success. Nevertheless such a banjo, if carefully made and properly strung, can be made to give forth very musical tones, and where the "real thing" cannot be had, the combination of cigar box and broom-stick makes a good substitute. If you would like to try your hands at it, I will tell you how to go to work.

Procure a cigar box eight and a quarter inches long, four and three-quarter inches wide, and two and a quarter inches deep. This is the ordinary size of a box used to contain fifty cigars.

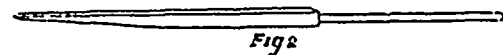
The bottom of the box forms the head of the banjo, thus allowing the cover to be opened or shut. In each end of the box cut two round holes, three-quarters of an inch in diameter, half an inch from the top and an equal distance from the two sides of the box.

With a lead-pencil mark off, on a piece of soft wood nineteen inches long, four inches wide, and half an inch thick, the shape of the handle, as shown in Fig. 1. Before sawing the handle out, the four key-holes should be bored, each hole being a quarter of an inch in diameter. Then shape the handle according to the outline of the diagram, and across the top of the handle cut a groove three-sixteenths of an inch wide and equally deep (A, Fig. 1); this is to hold a small bridge to keep the strings from touching the handle.



In the side of the handle drill a hole half an inch above the angle (B, Fig. 1)—this is to hold the fifth key; and just below the angle a groove three-sixteenths of an inch wide and equally deep should be cut for the purpose of holding a small bridge for the fifth string (C, Fig. 1).

From an old broom cut a piece of stick twenty-four inches long; whittle this flat on one side, and on the other side, eight inches from the end, cut the stick away so that it will slope and become flat at the end (Fig. 2).



Eight and three-quarter inches of the other end of the stick must be cut away, so as to fit snugly the holes in the cigar box, the end projecting slightly. This broomstick is the backbone of the handle, which is fastened to it by two three-quarter-inch screws, as shown in Fig. 3.



Five keys shaped like Fig. 4 can be cut out of tough pieces of wood, each piece being half an inch thick, two and a quarter inches long, and one inch wide. Make those belonging to the key-board fit tightly in their holes. The key for the fifth string can be cut half an inch