

you must know the first thing is to find a sheltered spot, then a dry tree, then chop a base of billets for your fire, and then get your blaze. Of course, all the time you must keep on your snow rackets. Then you must chop a hole through the pond ice, and get some water, and must be very careful you do not touch the wet kettle, or your finger will stick to it instantly. This you must remember also, if you use a fork, for it will stick to your tongue in a second and burn you nastily. A long pole driven into the snow supports the kettle hanging over the fire, and then, stamping the snow down, you may make a seat of your rackets, and so long as you can 'bide warm,' you may make your humble meal with gratitude. We ventured on a new experiment here—boiling a can of 'pork and beans'—and were eminently satisfied with our success.

(To be continued.)

Pluck.

(Frank E. Loring, in the 'Examiner.')

Pluck was the son of a poor Bulgarian shepherd—not an American boy as one would imagine from his name. I called him Pluck because it was so characteristic of the boy, and because I could not recall the Bulgarian name Dr. Hamlin gave him. A little hut in Bulgaria made of mud and stones was Pluck's home; and his father was so poor that he could hardly get food enough for his large family. Their clothes cost little, as they all wore sheepskins, made up with the wool outside. Just imagine how funny a flock of two-legged sheep would look. Pluck was a bright, ambitious boy, with a great desire for study. And when he heard of Robert College at Constantinople, he determined to go there. So he told his father one day, when they were away together tending sheep, that he had decided to go to college. The poor shepherd looked at his son in amazement, and said:

'You can't go to college; it's all I can do to feed you children; I can't give you a piastre.'

'I don't want a piastre,' Pluck replied; 'but I do want to go to college.'

'Besides,' the shepherd continued, 'you can't go to college in sheepskins.'

But Pluck had made up his mind, and he went—in sheepskins and without a piastre. It was a weary march of a hundred and fifty miles to Constantinople, but the boy was willing to do anything for an education. He found kind friends all along the way, who gave him food and shelter at night. So Pluck trudged sturdily on day after day until he reached Constantinople. As he was not one to let the grass grow under his feet he soon found his way to the college, went into the kitchen and inquired for the President.

Pluck asked for work; but the President kindly told him there was none, and that he must go away. 'Oh, no,' Pluck said, 'I can't do that. I didn't come here to go away.' When the President insisted, Pluck's answer was the same: 'I didn't come here to go away.'

He had no idea of giving up. 'The King of France, with forty thousand men went up a hill, and so came down again'; but it was no part of Pluck's plan to go marching home again. And three hours later the President saw him in the yard patiently waiting.

Some of the students advised Pluck to see Professor Long. 'He knows all about you Bulgarian fellows.' The Professor, like the President, said there was no work for him and he had better go away. But Pluck bravely stuck to his text: 'I didn't come here to go away.'

The boy's courage and perseverance pleased

the Professor so much that he urged the President to give Pluck a trial. So it was decided that he should take care of the fires. That meant carrying wood, and a great deal of it, up three or four flights of stairs, taking away the ashes, and keeping all the things neat and in order.

The President thought he would soon get tired of such hard work. But a boy who had walked a hundred and fifty miles for the sake of an education, and was not ashamed to go to college in sheepskins and without a piastre, would not be easily discouraged.

After a few days, as Pluck showed no signs of 'weakening,' the President went to him and said: 'My boy, you cannot stay here this winter. This room is not comfortable, and I have no other to give you.'

'Oh, I'm perfectly satisfied,' Pluck replied. 'It's the best room I ever had in my life. I didn't come here to go away.'

Evidently there was no getting rid of Pluck, and he was allowed to stay.

After he gained his point he settled down to business, and asked some of the students to help him with his lessons in the evenings. They formed a syndicate of six. That was good old Dr. Hamlin's way, so none of the boys found it a burden to help Pluck one evening in a week. It was a success on both sides, the boys were patient and kind, and Pluck was as painstaking and persevering in his lessons as in other things, so that he made great progress.

After some weeks he asked to be examined to enter the preparatory class.

'Do you expect,' asked the President, 'to compete with those boys who have many weeks the start of you? And,' he continued, 'you can't go into class in sheepskins, all the boys would cry "baa."'

'Yes, sir, I know,' Pluck said; 'but the boys have promised to help me out. One will give me a coat, another a trousers, and so on.'

Nothing could keep back a boy like that, who overcame all the obstacles in his way.

After the examination the President said to Professor Long:

'Can that boy get into that class?'

'Yes,' was the reply. 'But that class can't get into that boy.'

It was not all plain sailing yet. Although Pluck had passed the examination he had no money, and the rules of the college required each student to pay two hundred dollars a year. That was a question in mathematics that puzzled the good President.

'I wish' said Professor Long, 'that the college would hire Pluck to help me in the laboratory and give him a hundred dollars a year. He has proved himself very deft and neat in helping me there, and it would give me much more time for other things.'

Pluck became the Professor's assistant, and was perfectly delighted with his good fortune. But where was the other hundred dollars coming from?

President Washburn sent an account of Pluck's poverty and great desire for an education to Dr. Hamlin, the ex-President of Robert College, who was in America. The Doctor told the story to a friend one day, and she was so much interested that she said:

'I would like to give the other hundred.'

And that's the way Pluck gained the wish of his heart.

He proved the truth of the old saying, that 'where there is a will there is a way.' But his way was so hedged in that no boy without a strong will and great perseverance would have found it.

Of course such a boy would succeed. Pluck became the headmaster of one of the schools in his own country.

How Bruin Went A-coasting

A bear was once rather unexpectedly treated to a coast on a hand sled. The account of his adventure was given in the 'Public Ledger' as follows:

There were five brothers of us, and we lived in a house in Vermont at the top of a long and steep hill. Father built us a stout sled to coast on it in the winter, and the five of us used to get on and go whizzing down the hill and away across a meadow. When there was plenty of snow the sled would run for half a mile.

One afternoon, after we had been coasting for three or four hours, we left the sled at the top of the hill without making it fast. That night, about ten o'clock, a bear came prowling round the house and our dog made such a fuss that we all were aroused. There was a bright moon, and we looked from the windows to see what had disturbed the dog. Almost at once we made out a bear. He was walking round the sled, as if wondering what it was used for. Pretty soon he stopped and put his paw on it. Then he put up the other paw. Then what did he do but pull himself up and stand and look about.

The sled was pointed down the hill, and the movement of the bear started it off. We thought he would jump off, but he didn't. He dug in his claws, and the sled began to go on faster and faster. We became so excited that we gave Bruin a cheer. When the steepest part of the hill was reached the bear seemed to get scared. Never before had he gone on a pace like that. Had he kept still the sled would have gone straight ahead, but he swayed to and fro, and suddenly the sled left the track and ran over the hard snow and struck a stone wall with a great crash.

That was as far as the sled went, as it was badly broken up, but the bear kept on. When the sled struck the stones he went flying ten feet high, and next day we found that he came down ten feet beyond the wall, and then rolled down hill for one hundred feet before he could stop himself.

He must have been badly frightened, for as soon as he could get on his legs he ran for the woods and was heard of no more. He was probably the only bear in America that ever coasted on a hand sled, but one trip was enough for him.

A Thousand Miles an Hour.

Sitting quietly at my desk this calm evening, the wind hushed outside, and the sound of conversation unheard in the house, how can I believe that in spite of all this silence I am not at rest? Is it true, as I have heard it told it is, that while I sit in my armchair, I am at the same time travelling more swiftly than the swiftest railway trains were ever driven, or the swiftest bird can fly? If so, then in what carriage am I drawn, and where is the steed that draws it? You and I are travelling more rapidly than the swiftest antelope can run. The world itself is our carriage, and the power which drives it is the force which the Supreme being, who made the world and us, has brought to bear upon it.

Look at the sun in the early morning. It is seen in the eastern sky, just rising over the hills or the tree-tops. Higher and higher it climbs until noon; and then lower and lower it sinks, until it goes out of sight beyond the western hills. Men once thought that the sun did thus travel every day from east to west. We are not to trust the appearance; it tells us false. It is not the motion of the sun over our heads; it is the motion of the earth itself, which makes the sun appear to rise