

gathered around a blazing bon-fire just outside the campus, and built to furnish light to conclude a game of quoits.

"Well, boys," said Ned Darrow, "to-morrow the long vacation begins."

"Yes, and it's no secret this time where we're going," remarked Ernest Blake. "A hundred-mile trip to the woods and lakes north of here."

"The Professor has had a lesson on long trips," laughed Dick Wilson, "and won't risk the ocean again. But we'll have fun, all the same. We've got to elect a captain for the expedition. Ned Darrow, you're elected without voting."

"No. Boys, I have a nomination to make. I propose a fellow-student who, like myself, buried the hatchet of schoolboy warfare on Crusoe Island——"

"Hear! hear!"

"Who came back with a resolution to study instead of fight, and work instead of pack the pillows with nettles——"

A merry laugh went round.

"Who has become a Chesterfield in politeness, a sage in discourse, and a warm, true friend to all of us—Ralph Warden."

"Hurrah for Ned! Hurrah for Ralph!"

"Captain Ralph Warden, you are elected unanimously," cried Ned, continuing the careless badinage. "I've rushed the convention, and you'll have to make me first lieutenant for my services."

That night Ralph Warden grasped Ned Darrow's hand as they separated for the night. There were tears in his eyes, and he could not speak for emotion. But louder than words showed the fact that pride had succumbed to kindness, and petty spite to nobler rivalry. Ned Darrow had done something more than twice save his companion's life. He had taught him gratitude, and honest effort and earnest ambition had followed.

In his future school career, Ned had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. James grow more reliant, and conquer the weakness of will that had previously shadowed his happiness. Throughout each vacation and in the study-room universal harmony was the rule until the boys parted to assume more serious duties in life.

Ned began his mercantile experience in the same counting-room with Ralph Warden, and when the two became partners in a business enterprise, Mr. James was their head clerk. Once a year there is a re-union of the old scholars at Professor Ballentine's grammar school at Ridgeland. Again the joys and sorrows of island life are gone over, and many a heart goes back to the days when the Grammar School Castaways went through strange and thrilling adventures as the TWENTY CRUSOES.

THE END.

## HOW TO WRITE YOUR OWN NOVELS.

Take a pound or so of foolscap, cut into proper size, trim the edges neatly, and see that your ink is of right temperature. Select a fresh young heroine of about 130 pounds (hero in due proportion, and also fresh); sweeten with domestic virtues, and sprinkle with artistic tastes. Chop your sentences quite small, and garnish with exclamations; but do not mince matters in the love-making. Let the story simmer gently toward boiling point; then take a well-seasoned "situation," carefully remove all traces of probability, and add to the mixture plenty of spice. Pour into moulds commonly used for this purpose. A little froth skimmed from other literature makes an ornamental finish.

## THE LAND OF SHORT MEMORIES.

BY S. S. COLL.

Georgie meant to be a good boy, but he very seldom did anything that he was told to do. He nearly always forgot it. Once, when his sister May was very sick, he was sent after some medicine for her. So he started in a great hurry; but he met Fred Smith with his dog, and Fred coaxed him to go and coast "just once" down the long Ked Hill. Then he forgot all about May and the medicine until it was quite dark, and he felt so sorry and ashamed that he ran home, and crept up the back stairway to bed, hungry and lonely and cold.

By and by, he fell asleep, and when he awoke he was in a new and strange place. He found himself in a house which was only partially covered by a roof, and the rain came in through the uncovered part and dropped upon his bed. Georgie sat up and looked around him. There was a fire-place in the room, besides some wood and kindlings, which the poor, shivering little fellow eyed very wistfully, thinking that some one might perhaps light a fire. It was very chilly, and his teeth chattered. There was a wee old woman sitting in the chimney-corner, and George spoke to her.

"What is it you want, Jimmie?" she said.

"Will you please tell me what your name is, and where I am?" he asked.

"My name—well, really, I forget it just now," she replied, "but you are in the Land of Short Memories—that, I am aware of!"

"But what shall I call you?" asked Georgie.

"Oh, call me Mite? That will do as well as any other name till you forget it, Henry."

"My name is Georgie."

"Is it? Well, I will try and recollect it. 'Tom,' you said it was, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't!" retorted Georgie, getting cross with the old lady, for he thought she meant to tease him.

"There, there!" cried Mite; "the doctors said you must not get excited, or else that you must, I forget which. Do you want anything to eat?"

"Yes, I should like to have some gruel."

"I will make you some," said she. "I have a nice fire here, or I should have, only that I seem to have forgotten to light the kindlings."

While she was bustling around, busy with the gruel, Georgie lay quite still, looking out where there was no roof, at the blue sky, which he could now see, for it had ceased raining.

"Why don't you have the roof cover the whole of your house?" asked Georgie of the old lady.

"The rest of the roof is somewhere around," said she. "I guess the workmen forgot to put it on. Now, here is your nice gruel all ready for you."

"Why, it is cold!" exclaimed the disappointed Georgie, who was quite hungry.

"Sure enough; I forgot to boil it!" said the old lady.

"And I don't see anything in the bowl but water!"

"Dear me! Dear me!" said Mite. "I must have forgotten to put any meal in it!"

Georgie now began to cry.

"Don't cry, don't cry, Johnny," said Mite. "I will boil a chicken for you by and by, if I don't forget it. Here are the doctors coming to see you now, and you must sit up and talk with them."

Pretty soon two doctors came in, and one of them asked Mite if she felt better to-day.

"Yes, I think I do," said she.

"Did you take the medicine I ordered for you?" asked the other doctor.