

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

HETTY'S HORSERADISH.

"Na, na, chiel! Ye musna tak' ony o' that dirt—now mind what I tell ye!"

"Why can't I have some of that dirt, Hugh?"

Hetty, flushed and rebellious, and flashing indignant glances at the old gardener, stood by the garden gate with a big basket in one hand, while in the other she swung her garden hat with unnecessary energy.

"Because it's no' gude for a posy garden. Get some o' that by the bank wall. That's fine and rich."

Hetty gave a longing look at the forbidden heap of rich, mellow soil, and turned reluctantly away.

"It's just Hugh's aggravatingness. If my papa were here he'd tell him to give me whatever I preferred for my rockeries. Of course he would, and I—will have some of that. So there!"

And she did. Good, queer, old Hugh had to go to the town that afternoon for seeds and bulbs, and Hetty improved (?) her time most industriously. She had just built two rockeries for her very own at the sunny south end of the house, and mamma had promised cuttings from her geraniums and Hugh had pledged a dozen gladioli bulbs and enough pansy plants to border both rockeries; so that her prospects were exceedingly bright. She had brought the rocks with much hard work and many bruised fingers from the pasture wall, capping them with some beautiful pink and white fragments which brother Allen gave her from his Quartz Hill collection. And very pretty they looked—the little circular walls about five feet in diameter and six inches high; but the dirt was yet to be obtained, and that fresh heap in the corner seemed just what she needed.

When Hugh came home that afternoon he stopped short with wide-open eyes as he saw the much-diminished store. Then he shook his head gravely.

"A wilfu' chiel—a vera wilfu' chiel—an' yet a winsome an' bonny. I'll—na, I'll no' centerfer. Hap it's just what she needs." Just what Hetty needed—the dirt or something else—Hugh didn't say.

The weather continued warm and sunny, and the very next day Hetty claimed her promised floral supplies and worked away right merrily. When old Hugh produced his contribution he asked, in what seemed to her an unusually meek tone: "Dinna ye fear the posy beds 'll be crooded?"

"Oh, no, thank you, Hugh," she responded, airily. "I like a variety, and the dirt is rich enough for a great many plants."

"Eh, to be sure!" responded he; and then, as Hetty tripped away, "Puir lassie! I'd fain—but she's too wilfu', too wilfu' by far. Let her gang her ain gait."

And Hetty did. Three mornings later, when she went out to visit her rockeries, she found little green leaves starting up all over them. She gave a cry of delight: "My gladioli! My gladioli are coming up so soon!" and down on her knees she went before the nearest rockery. Then she became suddenly sober. They weren't what she had thought at all. She thought of all the seeds she has sown, but they were all small, and would send up tiny leaves, and these rapidly unfolding sheaths were broad and green and lusty looking. Her first impulse was to rush off and ask Hugh's opinion, but the memory of her method of filling the rockeries checked her. She pulled up the intruders in silence. That day papa took her out to Aunt Lou's, and she had such a good time that she did not return for several days. Cousin Fanny came with her. She had quite forgotten her trouble.

"Come and see my rockeries, cousin!"

she cried, gleefully, and away they scampered.

"Oh, oh!" cried Hetty. There in each bed was a dwarf forest of the aggressive intruders. They came out between the rocks at the sides; they crowded up by the gladioli that were just starting; they peeped up in companies through the pansy border.

"Those dreadful weeds!" gasped Hetty. "What! Aren't they little plants, Hetty?"

"Plants! No, indeed! they're the worst old weeds. I've weeded and weeded, and it's no use!"

Fanny helped this time, and presently they expelled the last of the saucy upstarts. The beds looked quite bare when it was done.

"There!" sighed Hetty, "I hope there aren't any more. What big, thick roots they have for little new plants!"

Next day it rained so hard that Hetty's mother would not let her go out, but the next morning she was out as soon as she was dressed. Oh, dismal! There were the impish green sprouts again thicker than ever. She watered them with tears as she pulled them up disconsolately. The asters and balsams and petunias and phlox had begun to show their dainty little heads, but the great rough weeds uprooted them so that very few were left. Hetty wanted sympathy; but that dreadful, haunting memory of wrongdoing prevented her from seeking it. She was sure that the forbidden dirt had some mysterious connection with her misfortune, but she could not make up her mind to confess, even to her sweet, invalid mother. The days went by, each one bringing its struggle with that impish, persistent enemy that seemed never discouraged, and acted as if it owned the rockeries. The petunias and phlox were quite vanquished, and only one sturdy balsam survived the repeated uprootings. At last Hetty could stand it no longer. She went out where the old gardener was at work.

"Hugh, will you please to come and look at my rockeries?" she asked in a subdued voice and manner. She did not guess how often he had looked at them when she was not near, and said to himself: "The pair bit lassie!"

"Weeth pleasure," he responded. "There, Hugh, what is that stuff?"

Hugh smiled grimly. "That's horse-radish. Where did you get the soil?"

Hetty hesitated, then faltered, "Where you told me not to go."

"Eh, lassie! lassie!" said Hugh, pityingly. And then he told her how he had dug it out of an old horse-radish bed, and was intending to have it carted away. It was so full of the little chopped-up pieces of root, every bit of which would live and thrive and sprout and gro wand multiply in spite of all obstacles, that the only way he told her, was to clear it out of the rockeries and "begin all new."

Hetty was having a hard struggle with herself. At length she looked up.

"It served me right, Hugh," she said. "It was just—sneaking!"

And then good, bluff old Hugh broke quite down.

"I should ha' told ye, lassie! I dinna ken how yer mither 'll tak' it!"

"She'll say it's a good lesson for me," responded Hetty.

And that was exactly what she said—but very tenderly, with her arms around the "wilfu'" little daughter.

"It always getting me into trouble—the mean old obstinate in my heart," sobbed Hetty.

"I think my little girl forgot to ask Jesus to help her."

"Yes, I did forget," said Hetty, "and I haven't felt comfortable when I've prayed since."

And then they had a beautiful "heart-talk;" and, in spite of ruined rockeries it was a happy girl who "started all new" in more ways than one. Hugh cleared out the rockeries and helped her set out the new plants that he gave her in abundance. It was so cheerful to be friends again with Hugh—for you know when one has wronged one's friends there is no pleasure in their society while the wrong is not righted. And Hetty doesn't forget now, when the naughty "obstinate" comes into her heart, to go and "tell it to Jesus."—Zion's Herald.

GRAMMAR IN A NUTSHELL.

The following lines may not commend themselves to the makers of verse, but if committed to memory they may aid children to classify parts of speech and decide for themselves where a word should be placed:—

As school or garden, hook or swing.
Three little words you often see
Are articles, a, an and the.
A noun's the name of anything
Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
As great, small, pretty, white or brown,
Instead of nouns, the pronouns stand
Her head, his hand, your arm, my hand.
Verbs tell of something to be done
To read, count, laugh, sing, jump or run.
How things are done the adverbs tell
As slowly, quickly ill or well.
Conjunctions join the words together
As men and women, wind or weather.
The preposition stands before
A noun as in or through the door.
The interjection shows surprise
As O! how pretty, Ah! how wise,
The whole are called nine parts of speech
Which reading, writing, speaking teach-
ing.

OUT OF THE WAY NOTES.

The slowest train in the world today is one in Spain, which covers three and three-quarter miles an hour.

Botanists now know of over 50,000 species of plants.

Heavily-bearded men, according to a barber, are most apt to be bald.

Some insects are born, grow old, and die in the space of twenty-four hours.

Australia is said to be capable of supporting at least 100,000,000 inhabitants.

Bamboo pens are still favored in India, where they have been used for more than 1,000 years.

Persian ladies, when paying social calls, occasionally amuse themselves by throwing roses at one another.

Pineapples are so plentiful in Natal at certain seasons that they are not worth carting to market, and so are often given to pigs.

Diamonds may be black as well as white; while some are blue, red, brown, yellow, green, pink and orange.

A cow's horn, is the favorite instrument throughout Africa, being used, in connection with others, on all festival occasions.

The emerald improves in color on exposure to the light. Pearls kept in the dark lose their lustre, but regain it when exposed to sunshine.

One of the chief causes of nervous fatigue is said by an optician to be due to the fact that, in city life, men's eyes are always fixed on near objects. When at rest, the eyes move apart until they are parallel, as if they were looking at the horizon. All the time, therefore, that a person is looking at objects close to him the little muscles of the eye are doing trying work. That is why the eyes feel rested by an extensive view in open country.