

an accident—at least 'most all of it, and I don't think it's manly for a man to stand by and see a sister shake a fellow that isn't half her size, and especially when he never supposed that anything was going to happen to her even if it did break.

When Aunt Eliza came to our house the last time, she brought a steam chair ; that's what she called it, though there wasn't any steam about it. She brought it from Europe with her, and it was the queerest sort of chair, that would all fold up, and had a kind of footstool to it, so that you put your legs out and just lie down in it. Well, one day it got broken. The back of the seat fell down, and shut Aunt Eliza up in the chair so she couldn't get out, and didn't she just howl till somebody came and helped her ! She was so angry that she said she never wanted to see that chair again, 'And you may have it if you want it, Jimmy, for you are a good boy sometimes when you want to be.'

So I took the chair and mended it. The folks laughed at me, and said I couldn't mend it to save my life ; but I got some nails and some mucilage, and mended it elegantly. Then mother let me get some varnish, and I varnished the chair, and when it was done it looked so nice that Sue said we'd keep it in the back parlour. Now I'm never allowed to sit in the back parlour, so what good would my chair do me ? But Sue said, 'Stuff and nonsense that boy's indulged now till he can't rest.' So they put my chair in the back parlour, just as if I'd been mending it on purpose for Mr. Travers. I didn't say anything more about it ; but after it was in the back parlour I took out one or two screws that I thought were not needed to hold it together, and used them for a boat that I was making.

That night Mr. Travers came as usual, and after he had talked to mother a while about the weather, and he and father had agreed that it was a shame that other folks hadn't given more money to the Michigan sufferers, and that they weren't quite sure that the sufferers were a worthy object, and that a good deal of harm was done by giving away money to all sorts of people, Sue said :

'Perhaps we had better go into the back parlour ; it is cooler there, and we won't disturb father, who wants to think about something.'

So she and Mr. Travers went into the back parlour, and talked very loud at first about a whole lot of things, and then quieted down as they always did.

I was in the front parlour, reading *Robinson Crusoe*, and wishing I could go and do likewise—like *Crusoe*, I mean ; for I wouldn't go and sit quietly in a back parlour with a girl, like Mr. Travers, not if you were to pay me for it. I can't see what some fellows see in Sue. I'm sure if Mr. Martin or Mr. Travers had her pull their hair once the way she pulls mine sometimes, they wouldn't trust themselves alone with her very soon.

All at once we heard a dreadful crash in the back parlour, and Mr. Travers said Good something very loud, and Sue shrieked as if she had a needle run into her. Father and mother and I and the cook and the chambermaid all rushed to see what was the matter.

The chair that I had mended, and that Sue had taken away from me, had broken down while Mr. Travers was sitting in it, and it had shut up like a jackknife, and caught him so he couldn't get out. It had caught Sue too, who must have run to help him, or she never would have been in that fix, with Mr. Travers holding her by the wrist, and her arm wedged in so she couldn't pull it away.

Father managed to get them loose, and then Sue caught me and shook me till I could hear my teeth rattle, and then she ran up-stairs and locked herself up ; and Mr. Travers never offered to help me, but only said, 'I'll settle with you some day, young man,' and then he went home. But father sat down on the sofa and laughed, and said to mother :

'I guess Sue would have done better if she'd have let the boy keep his chair.'

I'm very sorry, of course, that an accident happened to the chair, but I've got it up in my room now, and I've mended it again, and it's the best chair you ever sat in.—*Harper's Young People*.

THE CANOE AND THE CAMERA.

BY MYRON ADAMS, ROCHESTER.

The canoe and the gun we know, and the canoe and fly-pole : but what is this new combination ? It is, all