

a border of wild, coarse green grass and other plants, thickly dotted with pretty vari-colored wild flowers.

Huge cotton-woods balm of Gilead trees stood about in clusters, their white trunks and brilliant green leaves affording a striking contrast to the background of sombre pines and purple hills.

In this beautiful spot we lingered all day, enjoying the perfect stillness and beauty, and feeling quite apart from the life of yesterday and to-morrow.

The little chipmonks in the neighborhood seemed quite fearless and friendly. They ate the cake and nuts we gave them right from our hands, but a sudden noise or motion would send them scampering away to the top of a tree, where they would sit and scold for half an hour.

Beside a pretty little brook which ran into the lake we found some very rare and beautiful ferns and flowers. The flowers were orchids, or lady-slippers, and of the most delicate colors. We took some of them up and put them into a box and carried them home with us where they bloomed for many weeks.

There were not many birds up in this lonely place, but the red-throated wood-pecker was here, as he is everywhere. We found some waterfowls' nests among the bullrushes, and saw some newly-hatched owls. They were funny, soft, fuzzy, little things, with an evident dislike to light.

Among the pebbles at the edge of the lake we found some perfect arrowheads of flint, made by the Indians, and also some petrified sticks.

About four o'clock we started for home again, well contented with our happy day and rare spoils. We arrived quite late at night, thoroughly tired out, but before going to bed we all decided that nothing would satisfy us another summer except camping for a long time at this lovely, lonely little lake.

Ida Shaw.

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## Behind the Scenes.

(A Manuscript Lost and Found.)

It was my good fortune, dear readers, to spend this spring at All Hallows in the West, and now I have been asked to write something about my visit. I willingly undertake to do so, and only wish that I had "the pen of a ready writer" that I might be able to tell you in an interesting way of the life lived behind the scenes in this—to me—ideal school.

With what pleasant recollections do I look back to those two months of May and June, spent there. They did indeed pass away all too quickly, but the impressions made will always remain.

As the situation of the school has been often beautifully described in the school magazine, I shall not attempt anything of the