

Perhaps it may be thought that this rough sailor and unsuccessful adventurer hardly deserves a place among the "makers of our history." His efforts to plant a colony on the St. Lawrence were defeated, and for over half a century longer the Red-men still retained possession of their woods and hunting-grounds. But Cartier had done his work in helping to rouse the interest of his countrymen in the western world, and in after years France made good her claim to the sovereignty he had asserted when he planted his cross at Gaspé and proclaimed Francis I. king of the great unknown land now called Canada.

SMITH POYNTON.

Good-by.

HARRIET MCBWEN KIMBALL.

Bid me good-by! No sweeter salutation
Can friendship claim,
Nor yet can any language, any nation,
A sweeter frame.

It is not final, it forebodes no sorrow,
As some declare
Who, born to fretting, are so prone to borrow
To-morrow's share.

"Good-by" is but a prayer, a benediction
From lips sincere,
And breathed by thine it brings a sweet conviction
That God will hear.

"Good-by!" Yes, "God be with you!"—prayer and
In simplest phrase, [blessing
Alike our need and His dear care confessing
In all our ways.

However rare or frequent be our meeting,
However nigh
The last long parting or the endless greeting,
Bid me good-by!

A Woman's Adventure.

By GERTRUDE WIMANS.

The dinner dishes were done; the bread moulded and set to rise for the last time. Baby had been fed, and then, as Martha Wadsworth cuddled the sleepy little-head against her bosom, she pressed a rapturous kiss on the chubby hand clinging to her kerchief, saying: "Bless his little heart! Mamma would like to rock him all day. She wishes there was nothing else to do." But as this reminded her of her work, she stopped fondling him, and, crooning softly, swayed back and forth in the creaky rocking chair. Baby popped his thumb into his mouth, sucked it vigorously for a moment, then grew quieter and quieter. Mother rocked more and more slowly, and at last, sure that his majesty was sound asleep, rose and laid him carefully down in the rough oaken cradle. She tucked up the blanket and stood for a moment patting him and gently jogging the cradle. Bruno came from his place by the fire and poked his black nose inquiringly into baby's rosy face. With a lifted, warning finger, Mrs. Wadsworth bade him: "No, no, sir! Go lie down!" Then she built up the big fire, gave a knowing little poke to the fat loaves, took her knitting, and, with one foot on the rocker, settled herself for a quiet afternoon.

She glanced around her cosy kitchen with a smile of approval. To be sure, the frontier home in the wilds of the west was not like their old home in the long-settled east, but then it was snug and cheery. "I know mother has no better fire than this, at any rate," she said, gazing musingly into the ruddy coals. "They said a pioneer life would be so hard, but it isn't—very; and then I have Jack to myself in a way I couldn't have at home," and the dimples crept around the loving mouth. But with something very like a sigh the girl-

mother whispered to baby: "If it only wasn't quite so far away, so that your grandma could see you once before you are a big boy."

Pausing in her meditations, she listened a moment and then glanced from the winter sunshine on the floor to the little Dutch clock on the shelf, saying aloud: "Why! only three o'clock and the cows coming home already! Jack said he had put their fodder in the little pasture where they would be sheltered from the wind."

She rose and went to the window, murmuring: "Perhaps a wolf has frightened them. Well, the gates are open and they've gone into the yard."

Baby, roused by her exclamation, uttered a sleepy protest at being waked from his nap for even the most astonishing cause; so, sitting down, she hushed him to sleep again and then went on with her knitting, saying sagely: "I need not worry, if it is anything; it won't come into the clearing by daylight, and Jack will be home before it is dark."

Meanwhile the sunlight slipped quietly away from the little window, the firelight grew redder and redder, and the shadows darkened as the early winter twilight came on. Mrs. Wadsworth rolled up her knitting and put the bread in the oven. Baby had waked and was growing restless, so she took him up, pausing in her plans for Jack's supper to assure her "little man" that he should have his dinner—"yes, he should." Glancing at the frost gathering on the window, she added: "It's cold, and he'll be terribly hungry, but the biscuits will be hot and I'll just cook up some eggs to eat with them. Now I wonder what I did with those I found this morning. Yes, I left them in the barn. Dear me, they'll be frozen. I must run right out and get them."

She put baby down hastily, hung a string of spoons from the cradle top, then set it rocking, and while he struggled with sturdy, ineffectual clutches to grasp the swing wonder, she caught up the little red blanket, threw it over her head, and started for the barn.

The trees stretched a lace-work of bare branches against the golden-tinted sky, the crescent moon was a silver thread, all tempting her to linger, but the frosty air hurried her on down the snow-trodden path to the barn. She heard Bruno's step pit-a-pat, pit-a-patting at her heels, and put out her hand, saying cheerily: "Nice old fellow!" but instead of responding with a touch of his cold nose, he seemed to pause and draw back. Yet Martha, without looking behind her, stepped briskly on toward the barn. As she neared it she again spoke to her four-footed escort: "I forgot about the cattle, Bruno. I am just as well pleased that you came. Let's hurry!"

She half paused at the door; then, with an uneasy laugh, forced herself to go on.

It was as dark as a pocket inside, but she remembered just where she had left the eggs, on the meal-bin in the corner. Feeling for them her hand struck the basket, and picking it up she hurried out, feeling a vague sense of danger.

She walked with a rapid footstep, for it was pretty dark and—but then she heard Bruno's steps behind her, and with him she was safe. However, she was glad to reach the house, and running up the steps swung open the door and turned back with a joyful, "Come in, Bru—"

But the words died on her lips, for it was not Bruno that she saw, but a long crouching figure with flaming eyes! The real Bruno sprang growling from the fire.

Quick as a flash, she shut the door and dropped the heavy bar; then slammed and

barred the massive window shutters; and stood with set teeth listening to Bruno's savage baying and for something else. What was it that had been following her so steadily, so stealthily in the dim light? What should she do? Were they safe now?

She looked at Baby. He was kicking up his heels, happy as a kitten. Bruno had stopped barking and only went from window to door, growling deep in his throat, as if from the memory of an enemy. Should she let him out? No, if he should be killed there would be no protection for herself—and then her husband! She ordered Bruno to lie down and he obeyed, but with watchful eyes and deep growls.

Taking down the shotgun she loaded it with buck-shot, trying to keep under this terrible fear at her heart by saying: "He has his rifle and must see it—it isn't very dark yet."

She had hardly finished loading her gun when there rose a sudden bawling among the cattle. Bruno sprang baying to the door. Should she let him go? He might be able to protect the cattle or he might be killed, and then, how could she give the alarm to Jack?

These thoughts had hardly passed through her mind when a rifle shot rang out above the other sounds. Her husband!

Quickly opening the door she let Bruno out; then stood trembling and sick with her hand on the bar. Minutes, (they seemed hours) passed, and then a firm step came creaking over the snow. In a moment the door flew open and Jack burst in full of excitement, but instead of paying attention to his joyous exclamation: "O, Mattie, come and see what I've shot," she dropped on the floor and cried. All the answer that her bewildered husband got to kisses and petting protestations, that "It's all right, little woman. Why, there is nothing to cry for," was, "I thought it was Bruno—and—oh, dear! I'll never go out to the barn again!"

But she did, the next morning, just to see her escort of the previous evening, and it was the biggest panther ever killed in those parts. "There," said Jack, "as I came down the road, I heard the cows making a great racket. So I ran across the field, and there I could see him sitting on the yard fence, showing black against the sky, and I dropped him at the first shot."

The great, glossy, tawny skin made a splendid rug for Baby to play on before the fire, but it always gave his mother the "creeps" to see it, for said she: "To think of my putting my hand back and almost on that panther's nose! I know if I had happened to stop or started to run he would have sprung. Ugh! I never see the old skin but I hear his cushioned paws pit-a-pat, pit-a-patting after me!"—*American Agriculturist.*

For The Household Companion.

Answering a Letter.

Answering a letter!—but alas! nine people out of ten never answer a letter. They read it when they receive it, of course; then they put it into their pockets and forget where it is, or lose it, or burn it, as the case may be, and at last they sit down to answer it! If there were any questions asked, they don't know what they were. If anything startling was narrated, they may perhaps remember enough about it to write down a few words of comment or condolence; but, as a rule, the so-called answer is an original essay on an entirely independent line of thought. This matters very little when the questions asked had been merely thrown in to fill too large a blank; but

sometimes the questioner (perhaps a sister or father far from home) may really wish to know what he asks, and then there must be something a little disappointing in the closely written pages that yet give no hint on the subject of his anxieties.

Around the Lamp.

For The Household Companion.

A New-Old Game.

I am going to tell you how to make and to play a game that is at least thirty or forty years old, though I have never seen it played in this country except at our own house. It is called "Schimmel" or "Bell and Hammer."

You will need five blank cards, a little larger than ladies' visiting cards. On the first draw a horse; on the second, an inn or hotel; on the third, a bell; on the fourth, a hammer; and, on the fifth, both a bell and a hammer. If you cannot draw, write on the cards instead the words, "White Horse," "Inn," "Bell," "Hammer," and "Bell and Hammer."

Next take a piece of hard wood and cut off it eight cubes, each side to be about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in length. Cut them very accurately, and rub them smooth with sandpaper. On one side of one of them mark with ink a little bell; on the second cube mark a hammer; and on the remaining six, the figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, respectively.

The next thing you will need is a dice-box. If you play backgammon, one belonging to that game will do very well; if not, you might either get one turned or make a substitute for it. If you decide to make it, use good, firm pasteboard, and begin by cutting out a round piece about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, then take another piece large enough to form a tube three inches long and fit it neatly to the round piece. I think it would be strongest if you took a coarse needle and thread and sewed the parts together, taking care not to make the stitches too large, or, if you preferred, you might use strong glue; but in either case, it would greatly improve its appearance to gum some bright-colored paper smoothly over the outside.

Lastly get some cards of any two colors, and cut out a number of counters in two sizes. An easy way to make them is to take a large-sized button, or a cent, and to mark round it with a lead pencil. You will need about 50 large counters (counting ten each) and 100 small ones (counting one each); or if you do not care to cut out so many, you may use beans instead of the small ones.

I think we are now ready to begin our game. Any number may play, but it is the best game with seven or eight. One player must be chosen to be auctioneer and banker; and he should give to each person a certain number of counters. Three large and five small ones is a good number. All that are left over remain in the bank.

The next proceeding is to put up the cards for auction to the highest bidder. I had better mention here, perhaps, that there is considerable difference in the value of the cards. The White Horse is usually the favorite; the Inn is a very uncertain card; the Bell, and the Hammer are about equal in value; and the Bell-and-Hammer is worth the least; but you will see the principles that govern their value directly.

When buying the cards, the players are allowed to go into debt; but the banker, to whom the counters are paid, must keep a strict account. It is best for all players, except the