

The Inglenook.

The Lady Susan

The Lady Susan lay on a cellar door. There was a smile on her face, but she was lonely, nevertheless. No voice had called her name the whole long morning, and, except a venturesome white chicken that pecked at the buttons on her shoes, she had no company. She was quite neglected, and the reason was not far to seek.

The little girl in whose arms she had been petted and scolded and cuddled through so many happy hours had a new doll—a doll with a china head and black china shoes and a soft place in her body that squeaked when you pressed it. The Lady Susan had only a cloth head with blue buttons for eyes and cloth feet—though she wore real shoes—and could make no noise at all except a thump when she was dropped on the floor. So for many days she had been left on the cellar door, quite forgotten. If her disposition had been less sweet and her features painted on with poorer paint, she would have lost her smile entirely. As it was, she still looked cheerful, and that was why something happened as it did.

When the chicken, succeeding at last in swallowing one of the loose buttons, had gone away, wondering why things that looked good didn't always taste good, the Lady Susan heard a welcome sound.

The little girl, whose name was Pauline, was coming. She had the other doll on her arm and was talking to it.

"Yes," she said, "I am going to take you a long journey, way past the barn and the pasture to a big wood. You needn't be afraid. I know the way and I'll take care of you."

By this time she had got quite round the house, and, when she saw the Lady Susan stretched out on the cellar door, she looked quickly in another direction.

"Let's pretend we don't see her," she whispered, and hurried past.

But she only went a little way and then turned back.

"I think I'll just say good bye to her."

She stood still and called out loud:

"Lady Susan, mother's got company and I'm going to take the Princess on a journey. She's a stranger and, besides—well—besides I want to. Maybe, if you're good, next time I'll take you."

The Lady Susan smiled on, and Pauline, watching her, felt uneasy.

"Dear me," she said to the Princess, "I s'pose she thinks she ought to go and I don't want to take her a bit. She's dreadfully heavy! What would you do?"

But the Princess seemed to have no opinion in the matter. She looked quite indifferent.

"Well," concluded Pauline, slowly, "I can take her; but it's a great bother, and I shouldn't think she'd want to come where she isn't wanted."

She put the Princess more carefully on one arm and impatiently tucked the Lady Susan under the other, and started again down the path.

It took a long time to reach the big wood; for the way lay through a garden where currants were all ready to pick, and by an old orchard where apples were ripening, and past a cornfield where a funny scarecrow danced on a pole.

The Princess was always carried carefully; but sometimes the Lady Susan was held by one arm some times by one foot, and often had her head bumped on the hubbly ground; and when they had crawled under the pasture-bars it was to the Princess that everything was pointed out.

The red pigeon plumes were made into a necklace for her to wear, the crinkly gray moss was piled up for her to sit on, and it was she who was held over the brook to look at herself.

After a while Pauline began to feel hungry, and decided it was time to go home; but when she tried to think which way was home, she couldn't tell. There was no path, and the woods looked the same all around her.

Her forehead began to wrinkle, and her mouth began to quiver.

"Princess," she said, "I can't think just this minute how to go home."

The Princess looked past Pauline as if it was no affair of hers and she didn't care.

"But, Princess, I believe I'm going to be afraid."

Still the Princess looked untouched.

Pauline was ready to cry, and in her distress she turned to the other doll.

"Lady Susan, I'm most sure we're lost."

And now the Lady Susan had her chance. The smile on her face was so cheerful and the blue-button eyes looked so comforting that Pauline hugged the big body to her and decided not to cry yet.

"You aren't afraid, are you, Lady Susan?" she asked, sitting down on a fallen tree. "I won't be either. The Princess is a stranger, and don't know these woods, but you and I aren't a bit afraid. We won't go any farther, for we might get more lost. We'll just sit here, and somebody will come and find us surely."

It seemed hours and hours before any one came; but always, when Pauline began to feel like crying, she looked at the Lady Susan, and the tears didn't come.

At last there was the sound of voices, and in another minute Pauline's father and mother and the hired man and the company came hurrying into the wood. They hugged her and kissed her and scolded her all in a breath, and then her father lifted her up in his arms.

"I'll carry you, and your mother can carry the dolls."

But Pauline hugged Lady Susan tighter.

"I want to carry you myself," she said, remembering how she had bumped and neglected her old playmate on the way to the woods. "I want to."

So they went home, through the field, a happy procession; and the Lady Susan, forgetting the long hours on the cellar door, was as happy as any one.—H. G. Duryee, in *Christian Register*.

How Insects Make Music

The katydid has a wing that is very curious to look at, says Laura Roberts, in "Four Feet, Two Feet, and No Feet." You have seen this little insect, I have no doubt. Its color is light green, and just where the wing joins the body there is a thick ridge, and another on the wing. On this ridge there is a thin but strong skin which makes a sort of drumhead:

It is the rubbing of these two ridges o drumheads together which makes the queer noise you have heard. There is no music in it, certainly. The insects could keep quiet if they wished, but they must enjoy making the noise.

The katydid sometimes makes two rubs on its drumhead, and sometimes three. You can fancy she says "Katy did," "She did," or, "She didn't." The moment it is very dark they begin. Soon the whole company is at work. As they rest after each rubbing, it seems as if they answered each other.

Did you know that bees hum from under their wings? It is not the stir of those beautiful light wings that we hear. It is the air drawing in and out of the air tubes, in the bee's quick flight. The faster the bee flies, the louder the humming is. Did you know that insects feel? Indeed they do! They have nerves all over them, through their wings and out to the end of every feeler.

How Girls Can Help Their Mother

Every girl, if she be not thoroughly selfish, is anxious to lift some of the burden of household management from her mother's shoulders on to her own; but, unfortunately, many girls wait to be asked to do things instead of being constantly on the lookout for little duties which they are capable of doing.

If you would be of any real use in the home you must be quick to notice what is wanted—the room that needs dusting, the flowers that need rearranging, the curtain which has lost a ring, and is therefore drooping. And then you must not only be willing to do what is needed, but willing to do it pleasantly, without making people feel that you are being martyred.

It is almost useless to take up any household duties unless you do them regularly. If you do a thing one day and not the next, you can never be depended on, and if some one else has to be constantly reminding you of and supervising your work it probably gives that person more trouble than doing it herself would cause.

Have a definite day and a definite time for all you do. The flower vases will need attention every other day, the silver must be cleaned once a week, and there should be one day kept for mending and putting away household linen. Begin too, directly after breakfast and keep on steadily till your work is done.

If you begin by sitting down "just for a minute" with a book, or think you will "just arrange the trimming" on your new hat, the morning will be half gone before you know where you are.

A girl who has brothers may spare her mother all those tiresome little jobs which boys are always requesting to have done for them, if she will only go them kindly. But a boy will not come and ask his sister to repair frayed out buttonholes and to make him paste for his photograph album; if she snaps and says he is always bothering. It is not easy work, but it is quite possible for the daughter at home to make sunshine.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Teacher—What is a synonym, Freddie?
Freddie—A synonym is a word to be used in place of another word you can't spell.

"Do you know," said the Sunday-school teacher, addressing a new pupil in the infant class, "that you have a soul?"

"Course I do," replied the little fellow, placing his hand over his heart, "I can feel it tick."