

The Inglenook.

A Golden Morning.

The adventure came off just as it was planned, which things very seldom do in this world. Sweetheart had been "good" but not too good. It was a fine morning, flattering the turnip-shaws as well as the mountain tops—the sort of morning you want to take a drink of, and then smack your lips and say, "How refreshing!"

I waked Sweetheart: by rolling her up in her blanket and carrying her to the window. "O father!" she said, her eyes still dusked with sleep. "Is it review day?"

"No, Sweetheart," I said. "It is morning, and you are going out to see the sun rise. But don't make a noise. Nobody will be up for hours yet, and we must go out on tiptoe!"

Sweetheart was dressed to the accompaniment of little gurgles of sound expressive of intense delight. Sometimes, when I had a safety-pin in my mouth, she would give my arm a quick, impulsive hug, and say, "Dear father!" This for no particular reason, except that she considered her own a particularly nice thing in fathers.

When all was finished, we began a raid on the pantry, with enormous caution (Indians on the war-trail), and captured bread, butter, and slices of ham sufficient for half a dozen. Presently we were outside the door, and the dewy coolness of dawn dropped upon us like the first dip in the sea.

"It's like having your face washed without water!" said Sweetheart as we made our way up the garden walk between the gooseberry bushes and over the wall. Here I mounted Sweetheart on my shoulders, for the grass was long and dewy. Bees, big and brown, were already booming in the foxgloves, and pearls sparkled on the gossamer suspension-bridges that spanned the path. The swifts were busily arranging their family affairs in long, screaming swoops. A little breeze came to us, filtered through miles of dewy woodland. It was a good breeze and smelt of many pleasant things. Sweetheart on my shoulders clutched my hair, and gave it little involuntary tugs, as she looked all round the horizon. We were mounting the hea hery hillside, and there was no trace of the sun to be seen anywhere.

I think that, even at the last moment, Sweetheart expected that he might outfit us. But no; the sun had not stolen a march upon this ine. Only away to the east there was a kind of fire-colored wash in the hollow between two hills.

"I know," said Sweetheart, who always explained everything, "that's his bath getting ready for him. He's going to pop up just there!" I think she expected the sun to shoot suddenly upward like a shuttlecock well hit. At last we had climbed high on the hill crest, where the rocks were dry and crisp for the feet. I set Sweetheart down. The wash of easterly fire had grown rapidly larger. It spread to the higher clouds which were flaked with sea-shell pink. Bars of crimson gathered across the sun's path—"as if the horrid things would keep him down if they could!" she said. Then she grew a little frightened at the image she had conjured up.

"But they won't, will they, father?"

I reassured her on this score, and we waited. We had not, however, long to wait now. A red rim, a sort of hush as the hill-top whirled into the westerly bound wave of light, our shadows rushed out thirty yards behind us—and the sun rose. At the same moment a black cloud of rooks was flung high into the air from the woods about the hall, and drifted noisily away toward the turnip-fields.

Sweetheart did not say a word till all was over. Then she drew a long, long breath of raptest pleasure.

"How quietly he does it!" she said.

I could not help it: I never can when Sweetheart speaks thus meditatively. I am bound to improve the occasion. It must be some of the "Westminster Catechism" in my blood—the "reasons annexed," as it were.

"All the great things in the world are quiet." I said very sententiously—"dawn, spring, sleep, love." (I was going to add "death," but refrained.)

"But the birds sing out loud," objected Sweetheart, in a cavalier manner. "And, please, if you don't mind, so will I. I didn't have time to say my prayers this morning, you see. So this is instead."

"You can say them now," I suggested.

"No-o." Sweetheart gave the matter due consideration. "No—but I shall sing a little song instead."

"And what shall it be, Sweetheart?"

Sweetheart paused, finger on lip, telling over, as I thought, her roll-call of morning hymns.

"I think 'Bonny Dundee' is best," she said at last.

Alas! that such a thing should be in a Roundhead and Covenanting household! But certain it is that on this particular morning Sweetheart's prayers were compounded for by the stirring strains of Sir Walter's ballad:

"To the lords of convention 'twas Claver's who spoke,
'Ere the king's crown shall fall, there are crowns to be broke:
So let each cavalier who loves honor and me
Come follow the bonnet o' bonny Dundee!"

After all, it did not greatly matter. The child's voice carried the intent of worship where many more orthodox matin-hymns do not reach.

"And now," said Sweetheart, with a sharp change of expression, "I'm hungry."

We sat down by a crystal spring in the high, brave morning air, and never did breakfast taste better. We took bite about of the sandwiches; and, when it came to drinking time, I hollowed my palms and Sweetheart drank daintily out of that cup as a bird drinks at a fountain's edge.

Then we went down, shouting aloud to awake the mountain echoes. The great things of the world are quiet. But we did not want to be great, only to be happy. So we climbed back again into the road, with its fine dust drenched and laid with the dew.

At the turn of the road, on a little patch of grass, a tramp family had encamped. There was a father, a mother, with a young baby that wailed upon her breast, and a little girl, who rose and ran toward Sweetheart.

"We are awfu' hungry," she said. "We

have had naething to eat since yesterday morning."

"The shops are not open," said Sweetheart, rising to the occasion. "But come with me, and I'll steal you something out of the pantry. Father won't tell."

This shows how badly Sweetheart has been brought up, and how little she thinks of a parent's honesty.

So the ragged little girl trotted along after us. Sweetheart looking over her shoulder every now and then, with a reassuring air, as much as to say: "He's all right! He looks very imposing; but, bless you, it's all put on!"

In this manner we came to the house of our lodgment. The door was as we had left it. Not a soul stirred within. This was strange. Sweetheart entered, and after a while emerged with the ham bone, knuckly indeed, but in spots capable of repaying attention. To this was added half a loaf, a large pat of butter, and an unopened tin of caviare—all the necessities and luxuries of life.

"Now can I give the little girl my Saturday's money? Let me, father!" she pleaded.

And, whatever was thought by the recording angel of "Bonny Dundee" considered as a morning hymn, there can be no doubt of his opinion of this act of worship. For Sweetheart had cast into the treasury all that she had.

But, as she watched the small tramp rush off, with the ham-bone and the loaf pressed against her breast and the sixpence of sterling silver clutched in her palm, Sweetheart heaved a long sigh.

"And I did so want a new dolly's bonnet for Isabel!" she said.—S. R. Crockett, in Sunday Magazine.

The Care of House Ferns.

In the house where ferns are kept induce by means of evaporation, syringing or spraying as much moisture to the air as possible, for they generally do not successfully withstand a dry, parching atmosphere. For the purpose of retaining a moist air about the plant Wardian cases or ferneries are often used with good success, or a glass bell placed over the plant part of the time. It is well to bear in mind, also, that ferns (with the exception of the hardy upland sorts) grow in moist, shaded places. It is therefore essential that they never dry out and that they be kept in partial shade. It is not wise, however to soak the plants daily, whether needed or not. When new fronds are unfurling, avoid placing the plant in a position where it will be exposed to the full power of the sunlight, as it will sometimes burn or blast the tender young fronds.

The Singing Insects of Japan.

In Japan singing insects, as well as singing birds, are kept in cages. In Tokyo, in the summer time, one may often see tiny cages of bamboo, perforated or woven like basket work, from which come, after night-fall, strange little whistlings and chirpings and clickings. Then the people of the houses, having bathed and dined, come to sit out of doors to enjoy the shrill concert. The most prized of these insects is one unknown to us, called the *suzumushi*, or insect bell. The sound it makes is like that of a silver bell, and a number of them together make a delightful chime that often calls forth applause from the listeners. Grasshoppers and crickets are caged, and the *kanan*, which sings only at midnight, and the *kanataki*, whose song is like that of a far-away striking clock.