

place until spring. Then take them into the school-room and await developments.

Now is a good time to observe how much a certain tree or twig grew during the present year.

Compare the growth with that of the last four or five years. How is it, for example, that young shoots coming up from old red maple stumps have grown three or four feet this year, while a twig on a large tree of the same kind grew only a few inches? Notice, also, the rapid growth which seedlings of poplars and birches have made. It appears that they realize their first year to be their hardest one. Therefore, they make a desperate effort to establish themselves well before winter comes.

In open woodland, many autumn flowers still linger. Do you find the same kinds of asters and golden-rod here as by the roadside? Look for Beech-drops. Possibly many are unfamiliar with this common parasite. [Here is a good place for a lesson on parasites, noting how a dependent life has destroyed their power of independent growth.]

A few ferns are still green. Most common in the woods will be *Aspidium spinulosum*. In suitable situations, however, we can find the Christmas Fern, Margin-fruited Fern, and the Polypody or Rock Brake. They remain green throughout the year. So does the Crested Shield Fern, which grows in boggy ground.

You can still find the remains of the Hay-scented Fern, Lady Fern, Oak and Beech Ferns, and Brake; but all these will be yellow or brown and ready to disappear.

Notice, too, the great number of seedlings that have started this year. Can they all grow to maturity? Why? Will any of them reach maturity? What factors decide which may survive and which will perish? The struggle to exist is everywhere; and nowhere is it better illustrated than in the woods.

Much of the foregoing applies only to hardwood. What if our forest is coniferous? Is there any difference between coniferous and evergreen? Are all our softwoods evergreen?

Compare the coniferous woods of October with those of June. Have the leaves the same fresh, green now that they had then? Were all the leaves fresh green in June? Are leaves falling from the conifers now? If so, when did those leaves first grow? Are they one year old or more? [The

answer will not be the same for pine as for fir or spruce. What about hackmatack?]

When these leaves fall, do they leave a scar? Compare the scar with that left on a hardwood. Notice the relative arrangement of buds on softwood and hardwood. How long do the cones remain on the various cone-bearing trees? Do they point up or down? Can you name the tree from the shape of the cones? These and many similar questions are suggested by a woodland walk in October. Will you look for the answers?

The Dog Under the Wagon.

"Come wife," said good old Farmer Gray,
"Put on your things, 'tis market day,
And we'll be off to the nearest town,
There and back ere the sun goes down.
Spot? No, we'll leave old Spot behind,
But Spot he barked and Spot he whined,
And soon made up his doggy mind
To follow under the wagon.

Away they went at a good round pace,
And joy came into the farmer's face,
"Poor Spot," said he, "did want to come,
But I'm awful glad he's left at home—
He'll guard the barn, and guard the cot,
And keep the cattle out of the lot."
"I'm not so sure of that," thought Spot,
The dog under the wagon.

The farmer all his produce sold,
And got his pay in yellow gold:
Home through the lonely forest. Hark!
A robber springs from behind a tree;
"Your money or else your life," says he;
The moon was up, but he didn't see
The dog under the wagon.

Spot ne'er barked and Spot ne'er whined,
But quickly caught the thief behind;
He dragged him down in the mire and dirt,
And tore his coat and tore his shirt,
Then held him fast on the miry ground;
The robber uttered not a sound,
While his hands and feet the farmer bound,
And tumbled him into the wagon.

So Spot he saved the farmer's life,
The farmer's money, the farmer's wife,
And now a hero grand and gay,
A silver collar he wears today;
Among his friends, among his fies—
And everywhere his master goes—
He follows on his horny toes,
The dog under the wagon.

—The Advance.