THE LADY IN WHITE.

The roses quivered all over the little cottage—quivered as if a breath of the north wind had given them the ague—so that the wan petals dropped to the ground and spread a pale waxen pall for the feet of the little child. Anne leaned out of the upper window to coax and threaten.

"Yes, and you'd best get over that tantrum, my lady." The ringleted head disappeared from the dark frame of intertwining ivy, but the little girl trudged sullenly on over the dead roses. The lane ran into the meadow. The meadow led to the woods. The woods shivered, clammy and dark. The wet grasses lapped over the little slippered feet. Great goblen shadows lurked in the viny marshes. The little girl stretched herself out beneath the low honeysuck tree in the lap of the warm nodding grasses and the pale, unscented violet. But the little girl was so mad! Presently she wept. The passionate, hopeless tears of unhappy childhood. And it was through a blending mist she first saw the lady in white coming gently over the warm, sun-kissed grasses and pause before her. The scent of the lacy handkerchief that wiped away her tears was sweeter than the wild violets at their feet, for they had no scent at all. The little curls fell softly over the ivory face and they were deeper than the petals of the dandelion.

"Who are you?" asked the little girl with the curiosity of childhood. The lady in white gazed earnestly at her with her eyes that were deeper than the violets.

"You know," said the lady in white simply. And the little girl hung her head, for she did know.

"I wish—I wish I had known you before," said the little girl plaintively when the silence had become oppressive. Again the eyes that were deeper than the violets met the wistful gaze of the little girl.

"Why?" gently queried the lady in white. "That you might have had one more upon whom to vent your terrible temper."

The little girl wept. "Oh, I could never be angry with you," she sobbed. "Never, never!" and again the lacy violet-scented handkerchief dried her regretful tears, and the little girl felt a strange thing in the touch of arms that were gentle and soft. Not the firm, angular arms of impatient Anne, whose chiding voice would bid her sleep that she might escape, but lovely arms that held her very tight as if they loved to do so. The grasses were very fragrant about them. The red-winged blackbird fluttered past on her way to the swamp. A haze lay over the landscape.

"I am not a gentle child like you were," said the little girl, and a silence fell on them deep, enveloping.

"But you can be," said the lady in white. And her voice was like the sound of a lute in the twilight and fell in the silence like the touch of a falling flower, waxen and sweet and cool. "But you can be," whispered the long, restless grasses, and their motion in the silence was like the sudden moving of the great green sea.

"But you can be," sighed the dandelion. And lifting her golden head from the undulating waves of green her reproachful brown eye met the gaze of the little girl. And the little girl dropped her head with shame, for she knew it was true.

Into the pleasant silence came the clumping, noisy footsteps of the little boy with the nut-brown curls. And he flung himself down on the grasses in plaintive protest.

"I don't want you to be mad with me," he complained. But the little girl was staring out over the meadow and the wood. Presently she waved.

"And you have scared her away," she complained, not angrily, but wistfully. The little boy with the nut-brown curls raised himself on his elbow to stare.

"Who?" he queried curiously.

"Why," said the little girl, "the lady in white." And the little boy bored holes of amazement in the little girl with his big, nut-brown eyes.

"You have been eating the unripe berries again," he accused with the wisdom of two superior years. But the little girl denied it.

"All the morning I have been sitting here in the sunshine with the lady in white," she asserted with spirit. "And I have not eaten a berry. Not one, Vivian."

"The lady in white!" said Vivian. "Who is the lady in white?" But the little girl looked straight at him and nodded. "You know," said she.

Hand in hand they trudged back. Out of the awesome boogery woods. Over the twilit meadows, lonely and big, and down the silent, shadowy lane.

"The dew is falling," said Vivian. "Anne will be in a sweet rage."

A pale light burned in the window of the little cottage. Some one in the twilight was singing "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt."

"I don't like that," said the little girl. "It jiggles me"; which, translated into grown-up language, meant that it grated on her nerves. A hazy gray curtain had fallen over the hills. It was creeping gently nearer, and wreathed softly the form of the lady in white as she went silently over the pall of waxen roses, scented and cool. The little girl waved eagerly. And the little boy with the nut-brown curls waved too, though he saw nothing. But the cottage door flew open with a bang. "You," choked Anne, wraithfully. "Where have you been? Now Miss Mae will be sick again. Little blockhead! I believe you did it to kill her." A white rose fell on the head of the little girl as she was jerked in. It came from the wreathing vine over the door, but it was like the touch of a white hand, waxen and cool and sweet, and remained long after the cottage door had slammed.

BESSIE MAY CHADWICK.
Care William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

Correspondence Column

Her Badge Is Sent.

Dear Editor,—You must think I am a mighty queer member, for here it is a whole month since I joined and I haven't contributed once. But all this time I have been trying to decide whether I really am a member or not, for although my letter was printed I did not receive a badge. Well, I finally determined to send something, and being undecided as to what it was to be, and knowing that most girls liked paper dolls, I set out to make one. The result you have here. I confess it is not as good as I should wish it, but it is my first attempt at ink sketching, and after having used pencil all my life I am rather awkward in the use of ink in drawing. I hope to contribute right along now, and I will if my school work does not keep me too busy. Please send me a badge, and kindly see that my name is spelled correctly, for it wasn't last time. Your loving member from the North,

ANNA HINNAU.
211 Elm Street, Richmond Hill, New York City, N. Y.

Authors and Artists.

Dear Editor,—I think that the page is ever improving, and I certainly am glad to see something from the little blind children. I am sending the first part of a story called "His Guardian," and hope you will find it fit to print. I certainly was disappointed that you didn't publish the second part of my story, "His Unknown Fortune," for no one will be able to understand it, for you published the first part. Wasn't that fair due? I looked everywhere for the exhibit, but I couldn't find it. I am working hard for a prize, but I try in vain, for I couldn't compete with some of the members—they are certainly authors and artists. Your member,

I. HAMILTON WHYTE.

New in Ashland.

Dear Editor,—I am now in Ashland, where I will spend two weeks. Though I am too late for the fair, I can enjoy myself just the same fishing and such. I am sorry that my last picture was not in time for the fair, but I have another in anyhow. Yours respectfully, WADE H. VINCENT.
198 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Send Her a Letter.

Dear Editor,—I am sending a drawing and a story. The story I made up. It is so lonesome here; there is not a child to play with. I would be so glad to get a letter from one of the members. I love your paper so well. Your member,

MARGUERITE BROADRUP.
Lorraine, Va.

Looking Toward Christmas.

Dear Editor,—Thank you so much for printing my drawing. Every one at home was surprised to see it, as they thought I had stopped writing to the paper, but I had just gotten discouraged. Inclosed find some poetry, which I hope to see printed. I think the page is fine, but I am glad that Carrington Calloway has come back. Will you please send me Harry E. Chadwick's address? I would like to write to her. It is turning real cold, I think, but it will be nearly three long months before jolly old Santa will be here. I will close for this time. Your member, MAGGIE LIVSIE.
902 Brookland Boulevard, City.

Good Wishes for Hallowe'en.

Dear Editor,—I was glad to see some more work from the Rhudys. Their letters are so interesting, and Emma Chadwick's drawings are excellent. Curtis Elder, if you keep up as you have started you may some day awake and find yourself famous. I am anxiously waiting for the end of Hamilton Whyte's interesting story. I hope every one of our members will have a delightful time Hallowe'en night, I expect to. Your true member, EVELYN E. DYKE.
2812 Washington Avenue, Newport News, Va.

The Orange Fair Visitor.

Dear Editor,—I received my book just after my letter went off. I enjoyed reading it so much. Our paper did not come until to-day (Tuesday). I am sending a story and drawing. I expect to go to the Orange fair to-morrow. Our school-children and teachers are all going together. I know we will have a nice time. I am going to take bread and a letter to the fair. Last year I got the second prize on bread, which was a barrel of flour. I sold it to my father. Emma Chadwick certainly draws lovely. Most close. Hopes to see this in print, your member,

LOUISE L. WALKER.
Barboursville, Orange county, Va.

Sending a Composition.

Dear Editor,—As I have not written for such a long time I suppose you have forgotten me. I had a piece that I wanted to send to you for the State Fair, but it got misplaced. Hope you enjoyed your vacation. I am very glad to see some letters from the Rhudy children, also those from the blind school at Staunton. I am also sending you a composition on the sweet gum tree, which I hope to see in print. I am trying very hard to get a medal, but I don't suppose I was born under a lucky star, and must leave my luck to fate. I certainly do think the illustrated pieces that Chadwick girl writes are pretty. As I think my letter is getting too long and I am taking up space that does not belong to me, I will bring this letter to a close. Your old, but true member,

LILLIE PASSAMANECK.
1713 East Main Street, City.

Asks for a Badge.

Dear Editor,—I hope you have not forgotten me. I have not written in a long time. Will you kindly send me a badge? School has started again. I spent most of my vacation embroidering. Every one says I can embroider fine. I have been taking music lessons this summer and can play well. I inclose a story called "The Execution of Charles I.," which I hope will appear in print, and also a drawing. I am going to try for a prize. Your old member,

REBECCA COOPER.
221 Halifax Street, Petersburg, Va.

A Reader of the Page.

Dear Editor,—I would like very much to join your club. I have read the T. D. C. C. page often. I am sending a drawing, which I hope Mr. Wastebasket will not take a liking to. Your new member,

WILLIAM DEITRICK.
Ellerson, Va.

Another Little Boy.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy eight years old. Inclosed you will find two drawings, which I hope will be good enough to put in the Children's Page. I would like to become a member of the T. D. C. Club, and would also like to have a badge. Yours respectfully, FRANCIS M. SHERRY.
31 State Street, Richmond.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Oliver Goldsmith was born on November 10th, 1728, at the hamlet of Pallas, Longford county, Ireland. He sprang from a respectable, but not a thrifty family. His education began when he was three years old. He was a dull boy, and did not care for studying.

At the age of six he passed into the hands of the village schoolmaster, Thomas Byrne, a capital tutor for a poet. Goldsmith is supposed to have had him in mind and his school in view when he described the village master in the "Deserted Village."

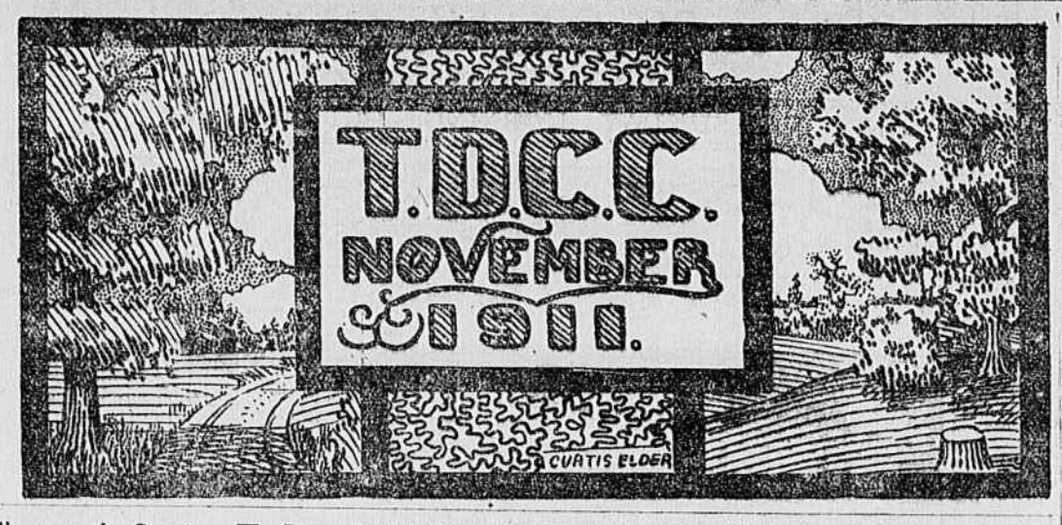
Goldsmith liked everything that had adventure, fable, or romance. His teacher had a trait of dabbling in poetry, which was caught by his pupil. Before he was eight years old Goldsmith had contracted the habit of scribbling verses on small scraps of paper, which he afterwards threw into the fire.

A few of these were, however, rescued and given to his mother, who read them with delight when she saw her son was a genius and a poet. From that time she beset her husband with solicitation to give the boy an education suitable to his talents. He had a severe attack of small-pox, and had to be taken from his teacher, Byrne. His face remained pitted through life.

On the 11th of June, 1745, when seventeen years old, he entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a "poor scholar." He died on April 4th at 5 o'clock in the morning, in the forty-sixth year of his age. His death was a shock to the literary world, for with all his follies and peculiarities he was fully as much beloved as he was admired.

Among his poems are, "The Deserted Village", his novels, "The Vicar of Wakefield," and a good many others.

LOUISE L. WALKER.
Barboursville, Orange Co., Va.



Illustrated Stories To-Day and New Plans for To-Morrow.

My Dear Girls and Boys:

Now that the fair is over I am making up your page to-day largely of illustrated stories that formed a part of our admirable exhibit. When a member writes to me about not finding the exhibit, then I know that member did not go into the Woman's Building, and consequently deserved to miss seeing the creditable collection, grouped with great care, framed and placed to the best advantage, by Mrs. Walter Watson and the members of her committee.

You may wish to inquire into the further history of the exhibit, however. I am going to have it judged by a committee and award prizes to the boy and girl whose work finds greatest favor in the eyes of the committee. Then I am going to turn over your pictures to Dr. J. H. Mastin, who will incorporate them in his traveling exhibit, to be taken all over the State.

I shall not announce the names of exhibit prize winners until just about Christmas time. The prizes will be sent in the stead of a reunion, to which, as a rule, only the children in or near Richmond can come. So it seemed best to make an award that could be enjoyed by a worker in the State or outside of it, and institute an annual competition, in which all mem-members of the club will be privileged to take part. I am thinking and planning some new lines of wrok, which I hope will serve as an inspiration for our comradeship during the coming year. Wishing you now a merry Hallowe'en, I am, YOUR EDITOR.

WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

Miss Mildred S. Ribbie, care Rev. Frederick G. Ribbie, Petersburg, Va.
John B. Cunningham, Virginia School for the Deaf and Blind, Staunton, Va.
W. S. Blair, Virginia School for the Deaf and Blind, Staunton, Va.

THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.

Broadrup, M.	Küper, Florence
Chadwick, E. V.	Lester, Maggie
Chadwick, W. E.	Livsie, Maggie
Chadwick, B. M.	Lyons, Curtis
Cooper, Rebecca	Meade, C. Keith
Chadwick, Nellie	Pannill, Katherine
Cox, Essie Taylor	Passamaneck, L.
Dyke, Evelyn E.	Pannill, K. L.
Deitrick, William	Sparrow, M. A.
Gayle, Hertha V.	Sherry, F. M.
Gill, E. M.	Vincent, Wade H.
Gilliam, Mary A.	Vaughan, Kitty
Hinnon, Anna	Whyte, I. H., Jr.
Hattorf, Alvin	Walker, Louise L.
Hancock, Aletha	Winckler, Louise.

"A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST" TOLD BRIEFLY.

Elnora Comstock lived with her mother on the edge of the Limberlost Swamp. Her father had been lost in the swamp. This had embittered her mother and caused her to be very peculiar and unloving to Elnora.

Elnora was a very ambitious girl, and, having gone successfully through the county school, wished to attend the high school in a nearby town. Her mother, who nursed her troubles and almost hated her daughter, did not care enough for her daughter to tell her of the necessities of a high school course, and allowed her to learn alone many very hard truths.

Her first day at school was one of humiliation, for the clothes her mother provided were of the coarsest material, and subjected her to ridicule from the scholars. During one of the classes she learned that she would have to provide her own books, and, living out of town, would have a tuition fee to pay. She left school thinking that would be her last, as well as first, day at school.

By selling moths, Indian relics and specimens from the Limberlost, Elnora, with the good help of her friends, Wesley and Margaret Sinton, paid her way to school not only that year but the three succeeding years. She made many friends, and was prepared to graduate at the head of her class.

Her funds ran low just at the time of graduation, when she needed money for so many extra things. She succeeded, with much ingenuity, in providing her gifts to her school companions, but still lacked money for suitable dresses, and was compelled to appeal to her mother for them. Her mother promised very readily to supply them.

When Elnora was ready to dress she found her dress, that was new the year before, freshly laundered, ready for her. When assured that that was the only dress there she left the house and went to a friend in town. It was too late to buy, but her friend, with much skill, contrived a costume from ribbon and lace. The next day Mrs. Comstock relented and wished to buy her a dress, but Elnora would have none of her assistance, and was again provided for by her friends.

With the exception of one pair of moths, Elnora had a collection which, when sold, would pay her expenses for a year at college. By her mother's obstinacy she was prevented from securing one of these, and when Mrs. Comstock repented she ruined half Elnora's collection. She put some live moths in the case which held the collection and the live moths broke the others. However, a great change came over Mrs. Comstock, and Elnora felt that her mother's love repaid even that great loss.

With the help of Philip Ammon, a young man from the city seeking health and strength in the country, she again made her collection, with the exception of the same pair of moths.

At a ball given in the city for his fiancee, Phillip saw and captured one of the moths. In sending the moth to Elnora he left the young lady for about three minutes. She happened to be impersonating that moth, and when he did not bring it to her, considered herself neglected, and before the whole company broke her engagement with Philip Ammon. He accepted her decision and soon found out that Elnora suited his ideals much better than the young lady.

ESSIE TAYLOR COX.
2517 East Grace Street, Richmond.

THE HONOR OF THE CAPTAIN.

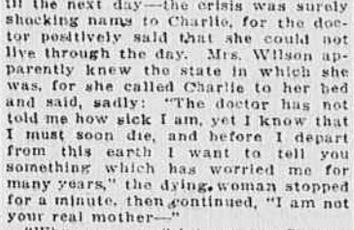
Captain Fortescue leaned on the rail of the merchantman Ione, and his thoughts, like the vessel, were drifting. Yes, drifting, for the Ione was being driven seaward by a heavy storm and seemingly, no power could save her. Her sails had long before been torn away by the force of the wind and she had sprung a leak which was fast gaining on them. In spite of his oilskin coat, Captain Fortescue was wet to the skin with the rain that came down in sheets. "Captain!" "Yes," said the captain, without looking at the speaker. "Hadn't I better order the lifeboats lowered?" This time Fortescue turned. It was the second time the mate had made the request, and he wished to bring it to an end, to be alone with his thoughts.

"Osborne," he said, "you have a chance to save your life and I don't blame you for wanting to take it. I would, too, if I was in your place. But you know it is one of the unwritten laws of the sea that a captain must stand by his ship, and honor compels me to obey it. But that only concerns me. Do as you wish about the boats." "But, Captain," protested the other. "I think——" A heavy sea across the deck cut off all further conversation, and a few minutes later the call of "Man the lifeboats!" sounded aft. In a short while Lieutenant Osborne came up to the captain, and saluting, said:

"The last boat is leaving and there is room if you wish to go. Are you coming?" "You'd better hurry or you will be late," was the captain's only answer, as he turned away. The splash of the boat sounded above the roar of the storm, but nothing could be seen, for the dense fog that had settled around the ship. Night came at last and then day, and night again. "Something is bound to happen soon," said the captain. His strength was going fast and he knew that another day would mark the crisis. Making his way to the deck he looked out into the night. What was that? The captain's eyes penetrated the fog to where a tiny spot gleamed on the horizon. Yes, it was a light. Ah, he knew it now! The revolving light at Cape Henry. He would be in the bay soon. Little did he know that an hour would make the fate of the gallant merchantman and her gallant captain. Forgetful of impending danger, he ran the Stars and Stripes up to her foremast. The fog had cleared away and the moon shone full and soft on the waving flag, and the boy captain standing beneath it, loyal to his country, his flag and his ship.

"Sunk this morning at 1 A. M., the merchantman Ione. Every one on board escaped, but her young captain, who displayed great bravery and, according to reports given by First Lieutenant Osborne, preferred to go down with the ship. Only her flagstaff remained above water."

Out on a dreary farm a gray-haired mother sits with her head bowed on her hands and cry aloud. "Oh! my boy, my boy! My sailor boy! and her tears fall fast, and an old man looks at the above newspaper clipping with eyes that see not. The young man had answered the last call of those who go down to the sea; who go down to the sea in ships.



FINIS.

Composed by Harry Chadwick, care William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

HIS GUARDIAN.

(First Part.)

In an old-fashioned maple wood rocking-chair, sat Mrs. Wilson, with her almost transparent hands resting on her open Bible, which she held in her lap. The faded face which in early years had boasted of unusual calmliness ,bore traces of severe sorrows meekly borne; and the patient sweetness that sat on the lip, and smiled serenely in the mild gray eyes, invested it with irrestible charm that occasionally renders ripe old age more attractive than flushing dimpled youth. Her hair, originally pale brown, was as snow-white as the tarlatan cap that now named it in a crimped border.

The transquillity of the warm summer's day and Mrs. Wilson's day dream of past reminiscences were interrupted by quick, child-like steps, and then a boisterous, "I am home for the day, mother." And Charlie, a bright-faced lad, prematurely grown for his age, appeared and, with unconcealed affection for his dear mother, the kissed her with great gentleness.

"How are you feeling to-day, mother?" he asked, kindly.

"About the same, Charlie," she replied, with a smile, although with the answer, her hand shook tremulously, and a pallor overspread her kind face."

"I meet a doctor to-day, and indeed he was a gentleman"—enthusiastically—"I told him the circumstances, and he promised he'd come sometime today. When I told him we were poor, and could not afford to pay a large doctor's bill, he said: 'Money isn't everything, my boy.'"

Dr. Vincent, a handsome, debonair gentleman, kept his promise and called that evening, prescribed for the gentlewoman, and when he was offered pay for his visit, he refused it, and assured Mrs. Wilson he would call the following day.

Dr. Vincent did not think seriously of his patient's sickness, and was indeed surprised to find her critically ill the next day—the crisis was surely shocking name to Charlie, for the doctor positively said that she could not live through the day. Mrs. Wilson apparently knew the state in which she was, for she called Charlie to her bed and said, sadly: "The doctor has not told me how sick I am, yet I know that I must soon die, and before I depart from this earth I want to tell you something which has worried me for many years," the dying woman stopped for a minute, then gontinued, "I am not your real mother—"

"Why, you ——," interrupted Charlie, surprised.

"Charlie," said Dr. Vincent, sternly, "do not interrupt, for she is rapidly losing her breath."

"No, I am not your mother, and neither do I know her; for you were put under my guardianship by your rich father, who is now dead," she continued," and neither can I tell you his name. I have loved you, dear boy as if you were my own son; and my list wish is that Dr. Vincent will adopt you," and she gazed pitifully at the doctor, who hesitatingly replied: "I have found Charlie a very intelligent youth, and your dying wish shall be granted."

"God bless you both," she cried reverently, "I forgot—the ring—ring—ring," and then she fell gently down upon her pillow, where she breathed her last contently, with a smile on her lips.

Charlie was in good hands, and was most surely to succeed in life under the deligent and watchful guardianship of Dr. Vincent.

(To be continued.)
Original composed by
I. HAMILTON WHYTE,
214 West Clay Street.

WILLIE E. CHADWICK.

Puzzle Department

The Puzzle Department.

I think you must have worked yourselves a little out of breath, my dear boys and girls, by the ingenuity you expended in getting up your puzzle exhibit for the State Fair.

So I am giving you time to work out some new and original ideas by putting into your column a few charades and enigmas by famous American and English writers.

I introduced two last Sunday, and have in three for this. But I wish you to go to work and see how many new ideas and suggestions you can make to render this department interesting. It needs development, and I know I have only to direct your attention toward its deficiences for you to correct them permanently. Now, let's see who can send in the best plan for the coming year. Plan for a month at a time, beginning with November. And let us try and make the puzzles fit the time of year in which they are written. Your editor will do her part and you shall have the fun of guessing a charade by her at the beginning of your column next week. I have a charade in for this week and will give a prize for the first correct answer to it which is sent in. THE EDITOR.

Charade.

My first is blunt, hearty fellow,
An eighth of his line wore a crown;
My second's no match for my first,
Not up the scale he goes, but down;
My third, in Scotch brogue, means your eyes,
Whose instant flash, my meaning spies;
My whole, you'll tell me of next time
In words that'll put to shame my rhyme;
And thus you'll win my prize, you see,
And happy boys and girls you'll be.
Answer, please. A. M. T.

Sir Hilary's Prayer.

Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt,
Sooth, 'twas an awful day!
And though in that old age of sport
The ruffiers of the camp and court
Had little time to pray,
'Tis said Sir Hilary muttered there
Two syllables by way of prayer.

My first to all the brave and proud
Who see to-morrow's sun;
My next with her cold and quiet cloud
To those who find their dewy shroud
Before to-day's be done;
And both together to all blue eyes
That weep when a warrior nobly dies.
What did Sir Hilary say?
WILLIAM M. PRAED.

What Am I?

A simple go-between am I,
Without a thought of pride;
I part the gathered thoughts of men,
And liberally divide.
I set the soul of Shakespeare free,
To Milton's thoughts give liberty,
Bid Sidney speak with freer speech,
Let Spenser sing and Taylor preach,
Though through all learning swift I glide,
No wisdom doth with me abide.
S. WIER MITCHELL.

Charade.

My first is the lot that is destined by fate
For my second to meet with in every state;
My third is by many philosophers reckoned
To bring very often my first to my second.
RICHARD PORSON.

A Riddle.

I am composed of 10 letters. I am always gentle, showing pity to all in trouble. My 1, 5 and 4 is a covering for the head. My 4, 8, 10 is an article for fastening. My 4, 5, 6, 7 is a narrow place in the mountains. My 4, 5, 8, 10 is disagreeable, causing one to suffer. My 7, 8, 10 is wickedness. My 3, 8, 6, 7 is a title for a young lady. My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 is an instrument used by sailors. My 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 is a strong emotion. My 3, 5, 6, 7 is something said by Catholics. My 3, 5, 4 is something of use to geography students. My 10, 5, 4 is loved by all sleepyheads. Can you guess what I am? If you can't I will say nothing, but still be merciful.

Composed by
COURTNEY K. MEADE.
Amelia C. H., Va.

Word Puzzle.

Three-quarters of a cross and a circle complete a very straight line, where two semi-circles meet; right angle triangle slant on its feet, two-thirds of two circles, and a circle complete, spells what word?

By ALVIN HATTORF.
420 1-2 S. Pine St., Richmond, Va.

EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

January 30, 1649, was the day set for the execution of King Charles I. of England. The King awakened two hours before dawn, he drank some claret and ate a morsel of bread, Bishop Juxon then came in and told the King it was time to go to the scaffold.

Charles and Bishop Juxon next went into a room where the two little princes were. He then prayed, then he walked from White Hall to St. James Palace, to the scaffold.

Around the scaffold were crowds and crowds of people to see that dreadful ceremony. The executors wore masks on their heads and faces. Charles made a speech. He said the war was not his fault. He saw the executors touch the axe, and he said, "Hurt not the axe that will hurt me."

Bishop Juxon then told him it was time to go on the scaffold. Then he put something on his head and flowing curls, then he said, "I go from a corruptable to an incorruptable crown where there be no disturbance."

"That is a good exchange," said Bishop Juxon.

"I have a good cause and a gracious God on my side," were the last words of Charles I. He then went and laid himself on the scaffold and down came the axe. After he was killed people took his head and cried, "This is the head of a traitor."

This was the terrible ending of Charles I.

REBECCA COOPER.
Halifax Street,
Petersburg, Va.

A FEW MOMENTS IN THE OPEN AIR.

One warm, sultry morning near the latter part of August, I directed my footsteps to a sweet, shady spot for a few moments of quiet. The sun was shining brightly, making walking a little disagreeable, and it was with great pleasure that I soon found myself in the spot before mentioned. I seated myself in the welcome shade of a pear tree, the fruit of which I had gathered a supply and placed within convenient reach.

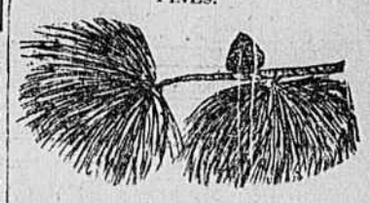
Just before me lay a beautiful meadow decked with flowers of brilliant yellow, and beyond that a wood. A soft breeze was stirring, gently swaying the trees and grasses. The low murmurs of the trees reminded me of Longfellow's beautiful words, "The murmuring pines and the hemlocks . . . stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and pathetic."

Overhead sailed a soft, downy cloud, a veritable mountain of snow in its spotless whiteness. Several yellow butterflies soared lightly by, floating along as gracefully as the cloud itself, and seeming so like the yellow blossoms below that one might be tempted to think thus.

While these pleasant moments swept swiftly by, the dinner bell rang, sending me home regretting that they had not been longer.

By COURTNEY KEITH MEADE,
(Aged 16.)
Mannboro, Amelia county, Va.

PINES.



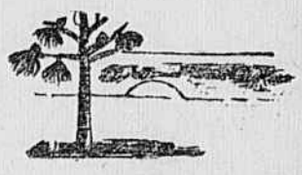
The pine (L. pinus) is a tree of many species. In the United States there are distinct species—the white, yellow and pitch pine.

Some pines are long leaf—that is, their needles are long. I have measured one that was twenty-three inches long. Others are short leaf. These are about three or four inches long.

In Georgia and North Carolina the pines grow very tall, and have long needles. These are very valuable for timber to build with and to make furniture out of. In Virginia and other States north the pines are short leaf and are not of as great a value.

When the pines are of a certain age the owners sometimes "box" them—that is, they chop out not far from the ground boxlike places in the trees to let the resin drip in. Later they come around and dip up the resin and sell it. Turpentine and tar are made of it, and it is also used to put on bottoms of boats, on violin strings, and in some kind of cement.

The pines are very beautiful trees, especially the long leaf ones. The splendor of these trees, with their thousands of crystal needles, on a sleety winter's day, is a sight not to be forgotten.



ALETHA HANCOCK.
Hamlet, N. C.

THE SWEET GUM TREE.

The sweet gum tree grows from seventy-five to 140 feet. It has a straight trunk, with short, thick branches, forming an oblong or pyramidal head. The wood is bright, reddish, close-grained, not strong and durable.

Its bark is rought on old trees and ashy gray on young ones. You can tell the tree in the wintertime by the cork on its branches.

The flowers come in May, after the leaves, and are of two kinds. The staminate are in racemes, two to three inches long, and the pistillate are in solitary terminal clusters at the base of the new shoots.

The winter buds are small, reddish and hairy at the tips.

It grows in moist, wet woodlands from Connecticut to Florida, and as far West as Mississippi and Texas; also in Mexico and Central America.

The tree is used for a shade tree. The dried gum is used for a glove perfume in France; also as a drug and balm. The wood is used to make railroad ties, veneering furniture and the interior of houses. Dyed black, it imitates ebony. It is also used in cabinet work.

It is sometimes known as alligator wood, star-leafed gum and liquid-amber.

Composed by LALLIE PASSAMANECK.
1713 East Main Street, City.

LITTLE BRUCE.

Ralph Carewe was nine years old. His brown hair persisted in curling in spite of frequent brushing, and the fact that is was bobbed off around his ears, and his eyes were beautiful dark brown ones. Bruce, his little brother, was six, and had beautiful big blue eyes and a crop of golden curls.

All day Ralph and Bruce had been shut up in the nursery and were getting restless. Miss Belton, the governess, had a bad headache, and nurse was away on a holiday. Elsa, their ten-year-old sister, had been with them for half an hour in the morning, but she had gone shopping with mamma, and the two boys had been alone all day. But Elsa had promised to be back by four; it was five minutes to four now, and she had not come, but then she had promised.

"O, dear! I wish Elsa would tum," said little Bruce, yarning, "Its so very dull wiffout her, isn't it Walph?"

"Yes, it is, and no mistake, but here she is now. How jolly!" As a pretty little girl, with red gold curls and dancing blue eyes, in a little brown, plumed hat and velvet coat to match, burst open the door and came in.

"Mamma sent me home in the carriage and she stopped at Mrs. Willson's. I'm to go to Henderson's and take some things to Dick as I promised and you and Bruce may go," she said. "Pick up your things while I put on my habit."

In a short time they were ready, and accompanied by Richards, the groom, they set out. They stayed with the sick boy until the sun went down and then they started home.

Rounding a bend in the road they nearly collided with a fast motor car and little Bruce's pony, never before known to shy at a thing, became frightened and galloped madly down the road.

Richards and the two children followed screaming to the child hold on. A man stepped out of the tall grass on the road side and tried to stop the pany, but the animal swerved around and flung the child to the ground.

Little Bruce was unconscious when they reached him and carried him home. The doctors said that it was nothing short of a miracle that his back wasn't broken and at first they feared that the child would not live or, if he did, he would never walk again. But to their surprise they found that he would walk again.

After nearly a year of patient suffering little Bruce learned to walk again, but it took a long, long time for him to regain his strength. The first day that he was able his mother and father took him and Ralph and Elsa to a "home for cripples," which, if the little boy had died, was to have been a memorial to him and if, as he happily did, he lived was to be a thank offering.

MARY ANDERSON GILLIAM.

AN ANECDOTE ADVOCATING ALFRED ANDERSON.

Alfred Anderson ate an autumn apple. Alfred acknowledges autumn apples always actuate an awful ache—an agony absolutely absurd and aggrieving. Afterward Alfred's angry aunt, an arduous amateur, always administers aggravating alcohol analyzed at an active American apothecary's. An abnegation of autumn apples actually acted as an alterative, as Alfred assuredly abstains afterwards.

Alfred airily announces an autumn apple abolition. By
KATHERINE LANGHORNE PANNILL.
Bassett, Va.