

The Story Page.

The Old Hair Trunk.

The old hair trunk stands up in grandma's garret. It is such a funny thing, covered with brown and white hair like my pony, with leather bands on it all nailed down with brass headed nails. It smells of camphor, and is always fast locked. There is a story about it that grandma sometimes tells us. It happened when she was a little girl like me. There were twelve children in the family, some quite big boys, and down like a pair of steps to the twins. The twins were five years old—a little girl and boy so much alike that if they had the same clothes no one could tell them apart.

Of course they were the pets of the house, and they were the funniest little creatures, always playing jokes on their elders.

One of their favorite tricks was to hide themselves where no one could find them, in the queerest nooks and corners, under tables with clothes on them, on closet shelves, in amongst the hay in the barn. Once they got right down into a great bush and stayed there for hours. After a while the family stopped being frightened about them when they were missing, and one day, when about ten o'clock in the morning, some one said that Arthur and Edith had hidden themselves again, even their mother only laughed.

"They'll find themselves at dinner time," she said. But dinner time came, and they did not appear. People went all about the house and garden calling, "Eddie! Artie! Come to dinner! Succotash, apple dumplings! Come, children!" But there was no answer.

The twins were so fond of these dishes that the family knew that they would not stay away if they heard that they were on the table. So every one began to be frightened, and ran out into the woods, calling and calling, and some went to the neighbors' houses, and their father put a ladder into the cistern and went down to look. They poked the hay over, they looked in the horses' stalls; they were sure that something dreadful happened to the poor little twins at last. If they had only got lost, that was bad enough; even grown folks were afraid of being lost in the thick, lonely woods, but besides there was a dangerous place by the river, and there was an old cistern. There were lots of dangerous places when they began to think, and now they were nearly frightened to death. Before night all the neighbors were out looking for the lost twins, beating the woods, dragging the water, going down into cisterns. Lanterns shone all over the fields and meadows, but still the children were not found.

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Their poor mother, who had been running about all night, now gave up hope; she fainted away, and the doctor was called, and said she was very ill.

All the girls were crying, and some of the little boys. Grandma said she never saw anyone look so white as her father did, and she herself was trembling all over. She had to stay with the poor, sick mother. But she could not help thinking that if she could go out and look for the lost twins she would find them, dead or alive.

That was an awful thought that they might be lying dead somewhere, like the Babes in the Wood, that they were so fond of hearing about.

Now and then she would leave her mother's side, and go to the window and look out; still she saw the men searching everywhere. Yes, and the women and children, too, and knew that there was no news, and so night came again.

Her mother, in a red-hot fever, was moaning in her bed; she herself was faint with hunger, for there was no meals cooked, and she had forgotten to get even a piece of bread since early morning. She was very sick, too, and she was walking up and down the room to keep herself awake, when all of a sudden there came into her head the words of a song her father used to sing, "The Mistle-toe Bough." It is a song of a lady who played hide-and-seek on Christmas evening, and hid herself in an oak chest with a spring lock. No one thought of looking for her there—and she died, and even her bones were not found for years and years.

It seemed to my grandma that the words were really sung in her ear, and with them came the thought of the old hair trunk. One day she had seen the twins get into it; perhaps that was where they would be found.

In a minute she had caught up the candle and rushed up the garret stairs. She was so weak that she fell down twice, but she got to the place where the hair trunk stood, and with all her strength forced the cover up and looked in, and there were the children, and she thought that they were dead. But when she stooped down to lift them up, oh, joy! joy! they stirred, and Artie said in a weak voice, "Oh, Sisay Jane, is blekfus weady? We is so hungry!"

Then grandma got strength enough to scream so that some one heard her, and the children were carried down

stairs. If the old hair trunk had not had so many cracks and holes in it the little ones would have smothered long before. As it was, they were nearly starved, and Edith was too weak to speak, but a little feeding and nursing made them all right, and the sight of them cured their mother, and all over the neighborhood they blew the trumpets, and rang bells and hurrahed, because the twins were found, and after that the big hair trunk was always kept fast locked.—Tara Leader.

The New Steamer.

"Go," said the editor to the new reporter, "and write up the new English steamer just arrived. Give a thorough account of her from stem to stern."

"From what?" said the young man recently arrived from a far interior state, and to whom a vessel of any sort was a mystery and a wonder.

"From stem to stern," said the editor, fixing a suspicious and threatening eye upon him.

This was the young man's first mission. He was eager to distinguish himself. He had already done so on his village paper, but he wanted a wider field for his aspirations, and had come to New York.

Yet he went out of the office anxious and doubting. "I will go to the captain," said he; "he will explain to me the ship and its uses. He will tell me all."

"Captain," said he, "I am sent to write up your ship. Oblige me by stating how many masts she has."

"Eighteen," promptly answered the captain. "Where are they?"

"We have sent them on shore to be painted."

"How much water does your vessel draw?"

"Three inches."

"How do you draw it?"

"By steam power from the well."

"Were you ever in a storm at sea?"

"Never," said the captain.

"Are you ever seasick?"

"Awfully; can't leave my berth from the time we leave New York till we arrive at Liverpool."

"Are the rest of your officers and crew seasick?"

"Always. We're only on deck and about in port."

"Why, who steers the vessel at sea?"

"The cook; he's the only well man on board."

After getting other information, which the captain said he was only too happy to impart to such an interesting young gentleman, the reporter returned and wrote as follows:

"The new steamer Crusader is a splendid specimen of naval architecture. Her keel revolves on hinges so as to be readily unshipped in a storm when it is not wanted. The rudder, also, by a patent contrivance, can be drawn out of its socket and deposited on deck during the night and in hurricanes. The Crusader has folding decks, which can be doubled up when she has but little cargo, and her tonnage in this way can be decreased from four thousand to two hundred tons. The sail can, if necessary, be used as a sky-sail or wind sail, and the saving of canvas effected in this manner reduces the wear and tear of her running rigging one-half. The main brace passes from the end of the bowsprit over the fore, main and royal masts, thence down over the spanker-boom to the taffrail and into the cabin windows, where it is secured by a double-banked sheepshank to the head of the captain's berth. She has compound engines, which boil water at an extremely low temperature. Her screws revolve at the rate of ten thousand times a minute, and can, if necessary, be brought forward and used as paddle-wheels. The Crusader is also constructed on the crab principle, and by bracing up everything sharp on the wind and wearing ship frequently she can go as fast sideways as any other way. The engines are furnished with condensers, which condense milk as well as water. Her cabins are constructed on the French-flat principle, there being six stories, with kitchens, etc., for each family of passengers. The Crusader also carries her own docks, and thus saves all expenses of wharfage when in port. She also carries her own quarantine, and so can never be detained if there is any malaria or measles on board. The pilot pilots her all the way across the Atlantic, and comes back with the ship each time. Her compasses in the binnacle give daily the direction of the wind.—Argonaut.

Freckles Out.

They're just pre-zactly nice as each other 'cept that big freckle. I shouldn't wonder—just likely's not Miss Hath'way doesn't care if her apples are freckled, and I do, dreadly.

Merry rolled the two apples from one hand to the other slowly, reflectively. Then she snuggled them down in her lap and reflected over again.

They were beautiful, great Northern Spies. Mamma had put them in her dinner basket and said:

"Give the nicest one to Miss Hathaway, dear."

Merry singled out one of the apples carefully,

"It's just as nicest—'cept the freckle," she murmured. "An' freckles don't taste any. I guess I'll go and put it on Miss Hath'way's desk this minute, so's she'll find it when she comes back from dinner. Then I'll have plenty time to 'range it," she added, a little guiltily.

The other apple she tucked into her pocket.

On Miss Hathaway's desk there was a corner especially devoted to the children's little love offerings. Merry pushed away the flowers and little Ann Sarah Bennett's hard, green pear, and made room for her big, rosy-faced apple. How round and red and handsome it was!—'cept the freckle. And Merry took great pains to turn the freckle side "back to." Why, you wouldn't have known there was any. It didn't show a bit.

"Oh, what a beautiful apple!" Miss Hathaway exclaimed, at Merry's elbow. "Is it really for me, Merry?"

"Yes'm," Merry said, faintly.

She hoped Miss Hathaway wouldn't move the apple quite yet—it looked so nice, 'ranged that way, freckle side in. And Miss Hathaway had left it just as Merry had 'ranged it, and never guessed once that its other cheek was blemished.

Merry ate her apple with little, slow, careful munches—to make it "spend," she said. It took quite a long time, but somehow it tasted queer to Merry—not half as juicy and good as she had expected. And between every bite she thought of the big brown "freckle" on Miss Hathaway's apple. She imagined she could see it peeping at her through the railing around the teacher's desk, and blinking at her accusingly.

The bell rang and lessons began again. It was not till night closing that Miss Hathaway thought of her beautiful apple again. Then she saw a sober little girl standing beside it, waiting to speak to her.

"Do—do you 'spise freckles, Miss Hath'way?" the little girl was saying slowly.

Miss Hathaway looked down at the little face with the procession of tiny brown freckles crossing, double file, the bridge of the nose, and smiled.

"Freckles? Why, no, indeed, I like them, Merry!" she said, putting a gentle kiss on top of them.

Merry looked a little relieved. She got as far as the dressing-room and even got one sleeve of her jacket on, before Miss Hathaway heard her trudging resolutely back.

"Miss Hath'way, I guess you better write a note home to my mother an' tell her I ate up the nicest apple," she murmured. "An' I 'ranged the freckle just a-purpose so you wouldn't see it on the other one."

Merry whirled the apple around, freckle side toward Miss Hathaway, blushing all over her little face.

"I wish I'd 'ranged it freckle side out-wards!" she said. "I guess then I wouldn't 're felt so bad in my conscience, even if I was selfish and ate up the nicest one."

Miss Hathaway gathered the small figure up into her lap and laid her cheek against the droopy little head.

"Maybe, dear, it would be better if we all were honest and put our freckled side 'outwards,'" she said.—Zion's Herald.

How an Owl's Head Goes Round.

Boys who have tried to "put salt on a bird's tail" generally come to the conclusion that birds can "see behind them," and some half-believe that the heads of these quick little creatures are hung on pivots. How easily one could conceive such a notion is illustrated by an anecdote. A contributor to The American Naturalist, who had read a funny story about an owl wringing his own neck by looking at a man who was walking around him, tested the matter by experiment. He obtained a fine specimen and placed him on a post.

"It was not difficult," says the writer, "to secure his attention, for he never diverted his gaze from me while I was in his presence. I began walking rapidly around the post a few feet from it, keeping my eyes fixed upon him all the while."

"His body remained motionless, but his head turned exactly with my movements. "When I was half-way round, his head was directly behind. Three-quarters of a circle were completed, and still the same stare followed me."

"One circle and no change. On I went, twice around, and still that watchful stare and steady turn of the head. On I went, three times around, and I began really to wonder why the head did not drop off, when all at once I discovered what I had failed to notice before."

"When I reached half-way round from the front, which was as far as he could turn his head to follow my movements with comfort, he whisked it back through the whole circle so instantaneously, and brought it facing me again with such precision that I failed to detect the movement, although I was looking intently all the time. I repeated the experiment many times afterwards on the same bird, and I had always to watch carefully to detect the movement of the readjust of his gaze."

Reduced Rates at Buffalo, N. Y.

Single fare for Stations on the Island Railway, I. dian Pacific Railway. Tickets will be July 21, but ticket Buffalo, not earlier on payment of \$1 will be extended September 1. As That is via St. John Rates from the P \$25.00; Halifax, Glasgow, \$24.75; Summerside, \$22 \$21.95; Moncton \$23.50; Wolfville, stock, \$21; Honiton

PROPOSED ITINER THE NIGHTH B. V. P. U. O. BY A REPRESENT RAILWAY. VI

OFFICIAL ROUT Eastern Standard used on the tr Leave Halifax, 8.45 a m.; New G 9.50 a m.; Amher 10.00 a m.; Charlottet P. E. I., 10.00 a m.; N. S., 10.40 a m.; M. N. S., 9.00 a m.; Dig 5.20 p. m.; St. Step 4.40 p. m. 5.10 p. m.—Leav Sleepers over the 6.00 p. m.—Dir Lunch Boxes. 8.00 p. m.—Gran of Song, etc., in Cr

7.35 a. m.—Farr Coffee Lunch at St 8.35 a. m.—(abo head of the Lachi lever Bridge.

9.00 a. m.—Arri Montreal. 9.15 a. m.—Regi those who wish it. 10.00 a. m.—Lea Street Car and I Cathedral on retu the chief business 1.00 p. m.—Lunch 1.45 p. m.—Visit ing, St. Peters Ca Rome), and the M 5.00 p. m.—Leav Steamer Shooting 7.00 p. m.—Dinn 8.30 p. m.—Rail 9.00 p. m.—Leav

7.00 a. m.—Arri for those who have 7.25 a. m.—Leav travelling via H through the Great Peninsula.

10.05 a. m.—The train while c bridge, the only v view of the Falls m 10.10 a. m.—Lea Railway Depot; R Falls on the Ameri 10.00 a. m.—Tri Tower, 300 feet hig had of the Falls and 12.00 Noon.—Lu 1.00 p. m.—Leav over the Great Gor ton and return to and River Railway passing close to the famous battle of Q of the monument the Heights.

4.00 p. m.—See trip down the Incl the Mist," plying or by doing a r elevator to the rock 5.00 p. m.—Cross sion Foot Bridge. 5.43 p. m.—Leav distant by rail. 6.30 p. m.—Put

Thursday } At th Friday } Saturday } Prog Sunday }

7.30 a m.—Leav Toronto via Intern

10.40 a m.—Arri register at the Wall 10.00 a m.—Trip Massey Hall, Conf 1.00 p m.—Lunch 2.00 p m.—Visit Exhibition and H