The Toadstools.

Five little white heads peeped out of the mould
When the dew was damp and the night was cold;
And they crowded their way through the soil with pride,
"Hurrah! We're going to be mushrooms," they cried.

But the sun came up and the sun shone down
And the little white heads were withered and brown;
Long were their faces, their pride had a fall—
They were nothing but toadstools after all!

Walter Learned in Christian Register.

The Enchanted Lake.

Little Miss Rosy. Posy was a good little girl as all little girls should be, and she was very, very fond of fairy stories. She had always longed to meet some real fairies and have some real adventures like those in the fairy tales. As she was so good it was only natural that she should have her wish gratified and one evening early fall she was disturbed as she was up and find a cute little gnome standing at the foot of her bed.

"Hello, Rosy," said the gnome, "don't you want to come to fairyland with me?"

Rosy was too frightened to speak, but the gnome did not let her be afraid long, for he said, "Do a thing she has never done before, fly in space over the housetops and be surprised? She was just cold, so he wrapped a warm, white cloak with a big feather boa around her neck and fuzzy white wool on her hands and warm.

Soon they came to the enchanted lake in Fairy Land. Rosy found that she had had on some pretty curved skates and the little gnome also wore a pair.

Come with me," he said and the skated off merrily over the vast lake.

There were great wide trees all round the shores, and a dense fog never seen shone through them with a beautiful light, making the ice shine and shine again. The ice was perfectly smooth and seemed to give wings to the swiftly gliding skates.

After a while they met a funny little old elves. The gnome introduced by the way, as Delfo introduced the little elves to Rosy. The elves were called Flyaway.

The elves, Delfo and Rosy skated together and soon they met two fuzzy bears, Grizzly and Frizzy, who were enjoying themselves greatly on the skates. Every now and then they would stop and laughing at some joke, and soon all the elves laughed heartily, they did not know why.

A band of light winged and light footed fairies came out from behind the trees and skated in fancy circles and figures around Rosy.

"Ring around a Rosy!" they cried in glee, and skated faster and faster, until Rosy could hardly see them they disappeared suddenly, and this made Grizzly and Frizzly laugh harder than ever.

They skated on and on and came to the mouth of a beautiful frozen river, which shone like diamonds in the moonlight. They skated up this river until they came to the Enchanted Palace of the Fairy Queen. The palace glittered with icicles and was the prettiest thing Rosy had ever seen. She was presented to the Fairy Queen and had a long talk with her. The queen told her that if she kept on being good she would always be happy and Rosy found out afterward that what the fairy said was really true. After the Rosy was shown all through the palace.

Then Delfo and Flyaway skated back to the lake with her and Grizzly and Frizzly skated along with them "Now, Rosy," said Delfo, "it is near morning and if you stay here till dawn you will vanish. So you must go back home. And I am sorry to say that you can visit Fairyland only once in your life, unless the Fairy Queen wills it otherwise."

Rosy was sorry to go, and Delfo, Flyaway and the two bears were sorry to have to say good-bye to her. Delfo took her to the woods and showed her where her home was, not far away. She quickly got there, but when she woke up the next morning she could not see the Enchanted Lake anywhere, but hopes every day that the Fairy Queen will call her again to see Grizzly, Frizzly, Flyaway and Delfo.—James A. Wales in New York Herald.

A School Garden.

Many German school boys and girls, besides learning reading, writing and arithmetic, have regular classes in cabbages and potatoes. Sometimes on Wednesday afternoons, and sometimes on Friday, whole classes of neatly dressed, yellow-haired children may be seen marching through the streets with their teacher at the head of the procession, on their way to the school garden. Many German cities, but especially Leipsic and Plauen, in Saxony, have set aside a plot of land not far from the schools, where all sorts of vegetables and plants are grown. These afternoons spent in gardening are really the best kind of vacations, and the boys and girls enjoy them hugely. Here they learn how to transplant trees, how to sow all kinds of different seeds, why the cabbage is first cousin to the cauliflower—for with the gardening they are taught botany—when turnips should be pulled and how to tell when a melon is ripe. Not only do they have useful vegetables in these gardens, but weeds are also planted, each variety being properly labeled, so that every boy will know its name. Then there are poison ivy and other poisonous plants in a plot by themselves and each pupil learns to recognize them, so that he may avoid them in the woods. At the school garden in Leipsic there is also a beautiful little pond full of water plants of many varieties, with a pavilion near at hand where the boys and girls may find a shelter if a shower comes up. It is a wonderfully interesting sight on a bright afternoon to see the boys and girls busy at work with children, some picking strawberries, with the teacher explaining what strawberries really are to them, how they put out runners and how they are all be carefully cultivated and protected in winter. And sometimes a dozen German boys are wonderfully well behaved, a strawberry slips into a small mouth. Others may be seen catching cabbage caterpillars, others hoeing and raking. All this not only brings vigor and interest to the pupils, but it inspires them to start little gardens at home also. They take the greatest interest in finding their learning into practice. German children have only four weeks vacation in summer although they have two weeks at Christmas two at Easter and a full vacation of two weeks in October. So that they need every bit of help to give them most out of life. Every two weeks the teacher has a circular prepared and distributed among the pupils, giving directions for the work to be done in the garden during the following two weeks. Thus the work is carried on in a regular way, and the children are taught to be careful and exact in all their work. Youths Companion.

A Rattlesnake Trap.

Rattlesnakes are the most abundant and, of course, most dangerous reptiles in the state of New Jersey, but they have their uses, for they manage to keep down the rodents, which would be prodigious in number and very destructive to crops if they were not so numerically rapid. In Science from Ann. an Hyde E. R. Sanford, an incident which gives an idea of the abundance of rattlesnakes in the state.

A farmer from which the work of the men had been temporarily suspended, which led downward to a large cavity, and in this cave were found about twenty heads of rattlesnakes, which had evidently been in the habit of coming to the place to hibernate. The farmer and his men killed every one, and the cave was then closed up. The winding, narrow passage leading to it must have been very attractive to a snake seeking retired quarters in which to take its long winter nap. Although the cave at the bottom of the great crack was not enough to get into, it was so large that it was difficult, if not impossible, for a snake to get out of it, especially in the spring, when these creatures are very torpid and weak, having been most sluggish all winter. In the fall, when your attention was first called to the snake, you may have seen them very without knowing that they could never get away. Youths Companion.

Way to Make Fudge.

First boil sugar, but it will come to boiling. Of course, have sugar in the kettle. Then add butter and milk, a more than willing to have you try this recipe. The fudge may not turn out well. Friday evening, or a stormy Saturday afternoon is conducive to good fudge making. Butter two tablespoonfuls, one cup of sugar, one cup of milk, and half about three quarts. Put in the saucepan before you put it on the stove three even cups of granulated sugar, one cup of sweet milk a piece, of butter the size of an egg and two squares of unsweetened chocolate. It is not necessary to guide the fudge. Two heaping teaspoonfuls of vanilla will do in place of the chocolate. Stir this mixture all together, and put it on over a moderate fire. Stir it occasionally, especially after it begins to boil. Boil it ten minutes from the time it first boils up and then add half a teaspoonful of vanilla and stir briskly for about two minutes, then pour it out on the buttered plate. Be very careful not to stir it so long that it stiffens before it is poured out for so short a time that it will not be creamy. The fudge proper is never hard nor brittle, but it will melt in the mouth.

States Compared with Foreign Lands.

New York state is as large as England, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, Portugal, Turkey, Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia, Greece and Denmark could be set down comfortably within the borders of Texas. The New England states would harbor the Belgian, Dutch, Montana is equal to Japan, Spain is not longer than Utah and Nevada and Germany contains approximately the same number of square miles as Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana and Illinois together. Italy and the Philippine Islands are equal to Arizona and Pennsylvania matches Cuba. Five of the middle western states, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri—and the territory of Oklahoma are as large as Egypt.

Why Is He Called Turkey?

Why the turkey is called a turkey has been much discussed without reaching any definite conclusion. One theory is that the turkey named himself by his peculiar "cluck," which sounds like "turk, turk, turk."

WAS ONCE A NEWSBOY . . .

Now Probable Successor to Marcus Daly

Mr. Rogers was born in Rockford and Kansas Dodge was Rockford and gold mine manager of the Anaconda Mining company resembles in many respects his predecessor. He is H. H. Rogers, one of the vice presidents of the Standard Oil company. His boyhood was spent in Rockford and he is a good deal of a boy yet, and perhaps can a little more than the average man. He is a Massachusetts man, born in Fairhaven, Mass., and was brought up among farmers and fishermen. Mr. Rogers was a farmer's boy, and he was a good one, too, for he was a good farmer. He was a good fisherman, too, and he was a good sailor. He was a good boy, and he was a good man. He was a good husband and a good father. He was a good citizen. He was a good friend. He was a good neighbor. He was a good Christian. He was a good man. He was a good man. He was a good man