

1 A boat, with a paper on which was written the words "two years" placed in front of the mast—"Two Years Before the Mast."

2 Seven letter Cs—"The Seven Seas."

3 Two gilded apples, and two photographs (silver prints)—"Apples of Gold and Pictures of Silver."

4 Pictures of birds and a Christmas carol—"The Birds' Christmas Carol."

5 A picture covered with two flags—"Under Two Flags."

6 An olive, a letter R, and a spool of twist—"Oliver Twist."

7 Two bricks—"Bricks Without Straw."

8 A toothpick, lampwick and papers—"Pickwick Papers."

9 Two pictures of horses' tails—"Twice Told Tales."

10 Words "Chicago" and "Boston" and a picture of a horse's tail—"Tale of Two Cities."

11 Cap labeled "tain" and a calendar of January—"Captain January."

12 Pictures of two women and two threaded needles—"The Sowers."

13 Paper with words "in," "no" and a broad letter "A," and two copper cents (In-no-cents a broad)—"Innocents Abroad."

14 Box of paints labeled "modern"—"Modern Painters."

15 Stones labeled "Venice"—"Stones of Venice."

16 Large letter O lying on two teacups—"Over the Teacups."

This table was in charge of Mrs. Dickinson of Buffalo.

While the committee were deciding upon the winners of the prizes the audience was very pleasantly entertained for half an hour by shadow pantomime figures thrown on the white curtain in front of the stage. These figures were very amusing, especially when they seemingly walked straight up through the roof of the hall at the close of each scene. Mr. A. C. Butler was the prime mover in the pantomime entertainment, and he was ably assisted by Messrs. C. E. Kennedy and Charles Baxter.

Mrs. W. H. W. Teele, Mrs. Dickinson, and Mrs. George E. Willett and son were of great assistance in suggesting and carrying out the different features of the guessing contest.

The evening was very pleasantly spent and all are looking forward to the next entertainment on Mr. St. Clair's list.

ENTERTAINED THE BISHOP.

The children were all standing around the minister's chair, and he was trying with their assistance to read the Bishop's letter. It didn't matter that some of them couldn't even read cat. They were all, down to Dummy Dee, the baby, trying to help the minister find out whether the Bishop was coming to see them Tuesday or Thursday. This was Tuesday.

There were six children, and the minister was their father. They had just moved to a new diocese, and had never seen the Bishop, so he had written that he would call, on his way through the town, and spend a day or two with them, and he was to come either Tuesday or Thursday.

The mother of the family was in the next room washing dishes. By and by she, too, came and looked over her husband's shoulder.

"Why, it's Thursday, just as plain as

any writing I ever saw," she exclaimed at once. "So we can go out this afternoon and call on old Mrs. Smithers just as we intended to, in Mr. Jones's buggy."

"I don't know, I hope you are right. I never saw worse writing," said the minister, frowning and trying another pair of spectacles.

But they finally decided as to Thursday, so directly after luncheon they started; and after solemnly promising they would not get into mischief, and would play in the front yard all the time, under the eye of a friendly neighbor who promised to watch them from her front window—where she placidly slumbered all the afternoon—the six children were left in a disconsolate row on the fence, loudly wishing that Mr. Jones's buggy was large enough to take them all to see old Mrs. Smithers.

After the three o'clock train came in, a tall man carrying a valise came walking briskly up the street until he reached the minister's gate, where he stopped and looked in.

Teddy, Dick and Harlow were playing soldiers, and they were all officers but Harlow, who beat the drum, which was nicer. Polly, Molly and Dummy Dee were reviewing the troops from the front porch. Polly was Queen Victoria, with a kitchen-apron train, and the brass saucepan for a crown on her head; from this depended several shingle curls, which hung gracefully around her rosy face; but a stately carriage was rendered quite imperative, the saucepan crown being many sizes too large, and prone to fall off if jiggled.

Molly loyally elected to be Mrs. Cleveland, and her costume was a buff holland window shade—which came off the roller just in time—pinned to the bottom of her dress, and on her head was jauntily poised her mother's red sweeping cap.

Dummy Dee represented the whole infantile Cleveland family, "for he's smart enough to be a dozen president's babies," they all agreed, and Dummy Dee sucked his thumb and did not care.

"Does the Rev. Frank Thurston live here?" said a voice from the gate.

Polly, holding on her saucepan crown, turned carefully in that direction. "Not now," she answered with much dignity. "He does when he's home, but he's gone to the country with mother."

"Ah, then he did not get my letter—"

"Oh, it's the Bishop," they cried with one voice. At once the troops broke ranks, and with the Queen and Mrs. Cleveland they swept forward to greet him, leaving Dummy Dee alone in the rear. "Come in," they said. "We didn't expect you so soon—"

"But there's water upstairs in the spare room," said Ted, "cause I took it up."

"And mother aired the bed, and put on the best whole sheets, that weren't darned, this very morning, beginning to get ready for you," put in Molly.

"I am going to loan my pillow to you, while you are here, 'cause there arn't enough to go round when we have company, and I sleep on the sofa pillow," said Molly, her red sweeping-cap bobbing up and down earnestly.

The Bishop felt himself borne along by the current, and after he had made a brief toilet in the spare room, descended to the sitting-room where he found the children without their finery, very clean and distinctly soapy, sitting in six chairs ready to entertain their guest.

"We didn't expect you until Thursday, because papa couldn't read your writing; he said he never read worse," remarked Molly, placidly.

"O Molly," said Polly, much distressed, "I think he thought the writing looked pretty, but he didn't have the right spectacles."

"I brought him six pairs," said Molly stoutly.

But the Bishop laughed and laughed, and when he met the twelve eyes regarding him with solemn wonder, he laughed all the more.

"Father and mother have gone out to kill two birds with one stone," said Harlow. "Old Mrs. Smithers, and a chicken that they are going to buy for your supper is the other, and mother is going to bake a frosted cake big enough for us, too. We always like to have the Bishop come," he added feelingly.

"Have you any children of your own?" asked Polly.

The Bishop shook his head. "Not of my very own," he confessed, "but I am great friends with some children who sometimes like me to tell them stories."

"Do it now, please," urged Ted.

"What about?" asked the Bishop.

At this Dummy Dee took his thumb out of his mouth with a plop, like a cork out of a bottle. "Muddler Gouth," he said in a solemn voice, and immediately put it in again.

"There was an old woman lived under the sun, Who went out shooting without any gun, She shot a wild goose instead of a duck, And said, Oh, my eye, what very fine luck!"

responded the Bishop promptly. And Dummy Dee, perfectly satisfied, curled up against his shoulder and went sound asleep.

"About the dog, please," said Harlow next.

"Do you know what will make a pug dog's tail uncurl?" asked the Bishop.

"Does damp weather do it like it does mother's front hair?" asked Dick.

"No," said the Bishop, laughing. "But I was visiting, not long ago, where the lady had a very fat pug dog with a tightly curled tail. She asked me if I would like to see it uncurled. I said I certainly should, so she told me then that pug was not always a good dog, that he sometimes ran off and got into bad company, and thus caused much trouble. All the time she was talking thus, the curl was disappearing from his tail, and at last it lay quite flat and drooping on the floor. 'But,' said the lady then, 'he is quite often, almost always in fact, a dear little fellow, very intelligent. He is a good watch dog and obeys me beautifully, and when she had finished, his tail was all bunched up again.'"

"We had a dog once," said Ted, "who barked at people when he thought father wasn't around. One night the vestrymen came out and Mac didn't see father, so he barked at the biggest vestryman. They were all in row on the walk—it was slick from a sleet storm—so father ran round in front of the frontest man to try and get at Mac, but his foot slipped and he fell against the frontest man, and he against the next, till they all fell down like tenpins"—

"There come father and mother," called out Molly, who was nearest the window, and instantly the Bishop found himself deserted by all but Dummy Dee, still sound asleep on his shoulder.



"COTTON Culture"

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Through the open window came the sound of many voices.

"I choose to tell," "No, let's all tell." Then a composite shriek smote the air:

"He's here! the Bishop's here!" Presently bits like this drifted in: "He's real nice if he can't write."

"But how he can laugh! When we told him about his writing, and old Mrs. Smithers, and the chicken for his supper, he laughed the greatest lot."

"And mother's hair not curling when it rains."

"He makes be-youthful poetry; it put Dummy Dee to sleep, just like father's sermons. He's holding Dummy Dee now."

"O hurry, mother, and make the frosted cake; he's expecting it I told him; and don't forget to make it big."

"Are you sick, or scared at anything, mother? Did Mr. Jones's horse and buggy cut up? You look kind of pale. We've been awful good children, you ask the Bishop!"—*The Presbyterian Banner.*

Pinehurst Spring Water.

The following is the result of the analysis of the Pinehurst Spring Water:

RALEIGH, N. C., April 5, 1897.

Analysis No. 10,111.

DEAR SIR:—The sample of health water sent to the station for analysis in a demijohn, marked "From tube well system, Pinehurst, N. C.," contains:

Total solid matter in solution	
Grains per U. S. Gallon,	0.92
Hardness,	1.00 degree of Clark's scale
Carbonate of lime,	0.90 grains per U. S. gallon
Chlorine,	0.08 grains per U. S. gallon
Ammonia, Free,032 parts per million.
Ammonia, Albuminoid, .050 " " "	" " "

Analysis of the water from Pinehurst, shows it to be a drinking water of exceptional quality. The total solid matter and chlorine is very small; and the ammonia, both free and albuminoid, is quite considerably less than is usually found in drinking waters. These facts show it to be a very valuable source for a water supply; in fact, so far as the chemical examination is concerned, we seldom find such purity.

(Signed) H. B. BATTLE.

JOHN E. DUTELLE,

PINEHURST, N. C.

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