

THE BALLOON.

spite of the extreme heat, and the need of umbrellas to keep off the rays of the sun.

We were all seated in a circle, around a queer-looking heap covered with a white cloth: what could it be? Just as the clock struck four, Jack raised the cloth; and we beheld a perfect little balloon, with two of Daisy's jointed dolls sitting in the basket, all ready for an ascension.

"It is now time to take leave of your friends," said Jack as he cut the string; and the pretty balloon began its flight. It was soon high above our heads, and went steadily higher and higher, until it was a mere speck in the sky. We watched it until it disappeared in the clouds.

About three weeks afterwards, Daisy came running to me one day in high glee, with this letter, which she had just received:—

TO THE BOY OR GIRL AT GLEN COTTAGE, CHELSEA, — If you ever get this, you'll laugh at what I'm going to write about. I was up in the cupola of our house this morning; and I saw a queer-looking thing out on the roof, hanging by the chimney. It looked something like a fish-net; but I couldn't make out what it was: so I took my garden-rake, and hauled it in.

Then I found out it was a smashed balloon, with some dolls tied to it; and on one of the dolls was a piece of torn paper: but I could make out the words, "Cinderella, Glen Cottage, Chelsea," written on it; so I thought I would write this letter to let you know that your dolls have come to the end of their journey.

Wouldn't I have liked to see that balloon go up! Mother says I can ask you to come to see me; and then you can tell me all about it, and have the dolls back again. I wish you would come. I'm ten: how old are you? Good-by.

CHARLES BINNEY,
No. 3, C— Street, Boston.

Both Jack and Daisy wanted much to see the writer of this letter, and were greatly pleased when I wrote to ask him to come out to our house. If he brings the dolls, we may give them a second balloon-excursion. C. A.