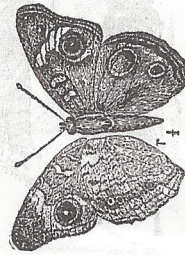


mustered courage to go into the hall and shut the door behind her; but she came back quickly enough. It seemed to her as if the shadows were all following her up the staircase. It was some time before she made up her mind to conquer; then she ran up the stairs as if all the hobgoblins in the fairy-books were behind her. When she reached the nursery and groped her way about, all at once it was the same as though the room had been full of sunlight. She was never afraid of the dark again.

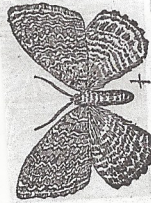
MARY N. PRESCOTT.



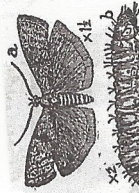
A BUTTERFLY HUNTING LITTLE MAID.



Junonia, p. 1172.



Scallop-shell Moth, p. 1688.



Scale Caterpillar, p. 1688.