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LITTLE FOLKS:

A Magazine for the Young.

NEW AND ENLARGED SERIES.

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Transcriber's Note: The project was listed as the August 1884 edition, but there is no information indicating that on the scans I worked with. Minor typos have been corrected. Table of Contents has been added for the HTML version.



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A LITTLE TOO CLEVER.

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By the Author of "Pen's Perplexities," "Margaret's Enemy," "Maid Marjory," &c.



CHAPTER IV.—HAS ELSIE FORGOTTEN?

"Look you, Duncan," Elsie exclaimed, when they had walked on some way in silence, "I've made up my mind to go, and what's the use o' waitin'? The sooner the better, for it may turn cold any

day now. We shouldn't be long if it was fine, but if 'twas wet we might have to wait up in places. I must sit down an' see if I can find out the way to go from the map."

"We shan't be to school in time," Duncan protested.

"Well, an' I dunno that I care," Elsie replied. "What's the odds o' one afternoon more or less? It'll be many a day I shall be called truant, I reckon. But they might be after tellin' of us, an' she'd be lockin' me up in the loft, which isn't what I want, so we'll get to school to-day," she added, meditatively. "Here, take the basket, while I try to make the map out as we walk along."

Now, Elsie had a great many faults indeed, but there was one thing you may have noticed about her that had something of a good point about it: it never occurred to her to desert Duncan. She might have said, "You run on to the shop with the beans while I study the map," for Duncan knew his way well enough; but the little fellow had ever depended upon her, and been her inseparable companion. She would guide him into stray paths, but it would never occur to her to forsake him, or withdraw from him the protection of her fearless, daring spirit. One good point, however small and obscure it is, may be taken as a proof that there is some good soil in the nature which has developed it where other similar plants may flourish. We have room to hope, therefore, that Elsie was not without her better side.

"It don't look far," Elsie said, meditatively, tracing the space with her finger on the map, which was a small one, and to the inexperienced eyes that were studying it reduced distance to a mere nothing. "Here's London printed very big. It's a goodish way down, is London, gettin' on to the end of England, only England's a very little place, accordin' to the map. Any way, it wouldn't be so very long, for that old guide they've got at home with the map in it makes this road look just about six times as long as it is."

"You're quite sure we're goin' to run away?" Duncan asked, rather dolefully.

"I won't say whether it'll be walkin' or runnin', but I'm quite sure I shall go," Elsie replied.

"I think they'll cry when they can't find us," Duncan said, meditatively.

"Poor bodies! if they cry it'll be with rage to think we're gone," Elsie said contemptuously. "I just wonder if they'll guess then I've got the letter, an' that I've found out all about it. I'm no silly like you, Duncan, or I'd never have made head or tail of it; and then, what 'ud become of us when we're big?"

"We shan't be hungry, or tired, or anything bad, shall we?" asked the matter-of-fact Duncan.

Elsie's mind had passed over the trivial matter of the journey, and all such minor details, to the grand result, when she had found their father, and would be living with him in a beautiful place, with all that heart could desire. But Duncan's imagination could put on no such seven-league boots. It stuck fast at the first disagreeable details, and was not even rewarded by the prospect which so delighted Elsie, for his mind could not picture any other life than his present one.

"And what would you be the worse for a wee bit of hunger or tiredness? Ain't we often that? I'm hungry now without any dinner, an' you'll be fit to eat your head before you get your tea," said Elsie.

"Only, we shall get it," Duncan replied, in his provokingly straight way. "If we was long on the road, where'd we get anything at all?"

"I've pennies in my box, an' so have you," Elsie replied impatiently. "A loaf an' a drop o' milk'll be all we want."

"Oh, yes, it'll do very well on the road. There'll be shops, of course."

"Of course there will. Runnin' away isn't bad. I'd almost like to do it just for the fun. Lots o' the books teacher's lent me out o' the school library has got runnin' away in them. Sometimes they get into troubles, and all sorts o' queer things happen, but it always comes right in the end. I've noticed that particular."

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They were near the village shop now, and as Duncan had no reply to make, they went on without further conversation till they reached it. "We had to bring you these instead o' takin' our dinners," Elsie grumbled.

"Dear, dear! poor little bodies!" said the kindly shop-dame, compassionately. "It's bad for the bairnies to be hungry. I'll fetch you a bit of cold puddin' with plums enough to put a stop to countin'. You can eat it as you go along."

She went into her room, and cut two slices.

"There," said Elsie, triumphantly, "I told you anybody 'ud be kind to children. Mrs. Callam thought it was a shame for us to be hungry, an' so'd anyone else. I ain't a bit afraid of runnin' away, are you?"

"Afraid?" Duncan replied, with alacrity. "You needn't think I'm afraid."

They reached school in time, and put the borrowed atlas back into its place unobserved. "I'd like to take it with me," Elsie said to herself, "only I couldn't give it back, an' then it 'ud be stealin'; but I can't forget the way."

Duncan got through his tasks in his usual fashion, not brilliantly or quickly, but pretty accurately. Elsie was in trouble more than once during the afternoon for inattention, and earned several bad marks, over which she did not fret.

On their way home Elsie appeared quite to have forgotten her grand scheme, for she said positively not one word about it. "P'raps she won't do it after all," thought Duncan, for it was no uncommon thing for Elsie to utter dreadful-sounding threats, and make boasts which came to nothing. Duncan grew quite gay and cheerful at this thought, and went dancing along with all his usual light-heartedness.

But he was quite wrong. Elsie had not tired of her idea, but she was dreadfully afraid stupid little Duncan might unwittingly betray them, and so, with the craftiness which soon comes to those who plot, she was bent upon turning his mind quite away from her schemes until the time came for action. She even went so far as to talk about all sorts of things in the most ordinary way, as if she and Duncan were to pass all their lives in the cottage on the moor.

The afternoon meal was waiting for them when they went in. Their mother had cooked them a nice slice of bacon, and had baked them each what the children called a bun, which was a little piece of dough from the regular bread-making, baked separately. It always seemed much sweeter than the ordinary loaf, and was crisp and crusty, like our rolls, so I don't think there was much to grumble over, although they had not had any dinner.

When it was ended Mrs. MacDougall sat down to her knitting, while Elsie cleared away. She was making stockings for the coming winter, and was employed on Elsie's at present.

"It's gettin' a long stocking," the old grandmother said, as she watched the length of leg and foot dangling from the pins. "You can't get to the end o' it so quick as you used when it was about three inches from toe to heel, an' the baby's five toes like so many pink beads."

All the children laughed at the idea. It seemed so funny to think of Elsie, big-limbed, strong, and sunburnt, as a tiny babe.

"But a bonnie baby was Elsie," the old grandmother went on: "the bonniest of all, eh, Meg?"

"Elsie was a beautiful baby," Mrs. MacDougall replied. "Her father was real proud of her, and used to carry her about with him evening times, long after she ought by good rights to have been a-bed. You remember that, mother?"

"Eh, well enough," the old woman replied.

Duncan glanced at Elsie uneasily, but he could read nothing in her face. Then he was guilty of laying a little trap.

"Was Elsie prettier than Robbie, then?" he asked.

"She was a prettier baby," Mrs. MacDougall answered, looking from one to the other, and putting her hand on Robbie's fair curls, almost as if she were doing him an injustice to say it. "Yes, I think every one would say Elsie was the bonnier baby. Robbie was but a puling, pasty-faced little thing, thin and miserable, not a crowing, bright little thing like the others. He wanted a deal o' care, did Robbie, an' I will say he's had it always."

"That he has, that he has," the old grandmother assented, warmly. "His poor——"

"Father wouldn't know him if he was to see him now," said Mrs. MacDougall, finishing her old mother's sentence.

For Duncan this little commonplace conversation had much more interest than those who were speaking could have any idea of. It puzzled him sorely too, for it seemed to tell such a different tale from the one Elsie had put together. He was watching Elsie closely, wondering what she could say to it. It was not so much what she had said that made Duncan uncomfortable as the way she said it. "Just as if she was our mother!" he thought to himself. "And then the letter said 'weak and delicate,' an' after all we was stronger babies than Robbie—leastways, Elsie was, and father used to be so proud of her. Elsie must have made a mistake. I feel quite sure she has."

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Perhaps Elsie guessed what he was thinking, for the first moment they were alone she whispered to Duncan, "I can see through it," in a tone of so much confidence that Duncan was unsettled again. "D'you think I can't see through that?" Elsie said, contemptuously. "She talks like that o' purpose to misguide us an' every one else that comes near. She makes believe she's our mother always, even to granny, who knows she isn't, for fear anybody should get thinkin' about it. Besides, I doubt not we grew strong after a bit, maybe; an' if we ain't the babies, I'd like to know where they are."

"P'raps they was fetched away again after a bit."

"You've always got an answer ready, for all you look so stupid," Elsie said, crossly. "When did they go away, I'd like to know? Can you remember? I can't; an' I can call to mind as long ago as when Robbie was the baby, an' father died."

To this Duncan could certainly find no reply. He himself had not the faintest recollection of any other babies than Robbie, and of course Elsie could remember better than he. He could not prove Elsie wrong, and yet he could not bring himself to realise that such a strange thing had been going on all these years in such a quiet, unnoticeable way—that Mrs. MacDougall could seem so

exactly like a mother to them, and yet not be one. He was in a state of bewilderment, in which he could neither believe nor disbelieve, and so he went to sleep with a weary sigh, and left the mystery to unravel itself.

Not so Elsie. Her thoughts were very busy as she lay awake in her little room. At last a happy idea seemed to strike her. "Yes, that'll be the very time," she said softly to herself, and then settled herself to sleep.

CHAPTER V.—"THE VERY TIME."

Several days passed away, in which Elsie said nothing more to Duncan of her plans. Robbie's birthday passed off, and Elsie did serve the cake and milk under the alder-tree, after all. She was even kind to the little lad, and played with the two boys. Robbie was trying hard to deserve her attention, running himself quite out of breath after the ball she threw, and using all his strength to keep up with Duncan, who was ever so much stronger.

By-and-by, when Elsie proposed a run on the moor, Robbie looked timidly in her face, and said, "I wish I might come too."

"Well, go an' ask," Elsie said, condescendingly; and Robbie having obtained permission, coupled with many injunctions not to go far or run too much, they started, with Robbie in a radiant state of delight. And Elsie was so gentle with him that Robbie could not help saying, "I do like coming out here with you," in his own little gentle way; and Duncan, who loved peace, was quite happy.

Two or three days later there was a slaying of fowls, while Elsie and Duncan were set to pick a gathering of plums, apples, and beans, and arrange them in baskets. As a rule, Elsie disliked this day, and went about when she was at home with a cloudy face and many an impatient exclamation. This time, however, she seemed quite cheerful, and helped readily.

Very early the next morning Mrs. MacDougall was waiting at the cottage door in her bonnet and shawl for Farmer Jarrett's cart. Presently it came along, the farmer's round jolly face surmounting a heap of baskets, packed with butter, cheese, eggs, and poultry. Mrs. MacDougall handed her few baskets up to him, and when these were arranged in various odd corners she put her foot on the cart-wheel, jumped up by his side, and off they started for the little market town, where Mrs. MacDougall could get a better price for the few things she had to sell than in the village shop, and could also purchase more cheaply the groceries, calicoes, and other necessaries of her household.

"Tell granny to take care o' Robbie," Mrs. MacDougall called, as she waved her good-bye. "I shan't be later than six about."

"Take care o' Robbie, indeed!" muttered Elsie, just loud enough for Duncan to hear. "It's always Robbie. Why should he be taken more care of than any other body? P'raps she thinks he'll melt in the sun, or be drowned by the rain, or blown away by the wind, which can't never hurt us."

As Mrs. MacDougall drove off in the early morning, she looked somewhat anxiously at the heavy mist which hung over the moor, and remarked to her neighbour that there was a chilliness about the air this morning which felt like the approach of cold weather.

"Well, we mustn't grumble," the farmer said, in his northern dialect; "it's over fine for the time o' year; but when the weather does break we shall have the winter early upon us, and a long, hard one too, I reckon."

"If I have a good day I'll just take some warm stuff home for the children," Mrs. MacDougall said to herself. Then she pulled out her purse and looked over its contents, turning them over and over, and reckoning them up, as if by dint of careful arithmetic they might, perchance, come to a little more. In one part of it there was a little packet of money done up in paper, marked "Robbie." There was more there than in all the other divisions put together. It was clear Robbie would not go short. Mrs. MacDougall looked at it with a little sigh.



"WE ARE VERY TIRED,' ELSIE SAID" (p. 71).

"I must get yarn to finish Elsie's stockings," she said to herself. "Duncan will have her old ones that she's grown out of. A fine lassie she'll be in a few more years, growing like this; but it's hard work to keep them without a man's earnings to look to."

"You're thinking out some very hard question, judging by your silence," the farmer said, after a while.

"Yes, it's just a puzzle to know how to bring the children up," Mrs. MacDougall replied. "Since my good man died and left me with them, it's been a hard matter at times, but never so hard as now. There's my Elsie, growing as fine a lass as may be, though a deal bit wilful without a man to intimidate her. She'll have to take service in a few years more, for what else can I do with her? an' I'm thinking she'll take it hard, for she's got rare notions, an' is a bit clever above the common. Duncan's over young yet to fret about; Robbie'll be provided for, no doubt, when the proper time comes."

"I wouldn't fret at all," the farmer replied, heartily; "you've done the best, and worked hard for the bairnies since your good man was taken. They'll find a good provision, I doubt not. There's a special protection for the fatherless and the widow, so the minister's always saying."

"It's just the one interest of my life to see the children started," Mrs. MacDougall replied, "although sometimes I get pretty nigh disheartened."

"You've had a sorrowful life," the farmer said. "Some dead, others false and mean, but you've much to be proud of. The bairnies are strong an' winsome, an' I'm sure the little one's just a real credit to you."

"Ah! the poor little lad. I think his father would be astonished to see him. Yes, I'm bound to say he's done well, all things considered."

"But, if I may say it, I think you're a bit mistaken to treat him any differently from the others. Surely he's strong an' hearty enough now."

"Mother talks like that," Mrs. MacDougall replied; "but I must be just. There's many a time when I'd be glad to give the others a little more and Robbie a little less, but I regard it as a temptation to be resisted. He has a double claim upon me, an' if I were to push him to the wall, or let him be sacrificed in any way, the dead would rise up an' reproach me."

"But his father never intended you to make a difference between the children," the farmer continued. "I'm thinking if it mightn't make a jealousy among 'em, which wouldn't be a good thing for any of them."

"Children don't remark much," Mrs. MacDougall replied. "They know how weakly he is, an' they wouldn't be jealous. It's circumstances has made the difference. If their father had lived there'd have been plenty for all, doubtless, but now the strong ones must go without, since they can't all have everything; an' they know it must be so."

"Well, well, you do your best; but I will say I agree with the old dame," Farmer Jarrett replied; and then they changed the subject.

In the meantime Elsie, having seen her mother depart, and had her grumble against Robbie,

turned back into the cottage. Mrs. MacDougall was very greatly mistaken in supposing that Elsie was not jealous. Duncan's matter-of-fact mind took things as he found them, and did not trouble to inquire why they were so or whether they should be different, but Elsie was quite the opposite. She was always troubling herself about things that did not concern her, and not being of an open, ingenuous disposition, which turns naturally to some other person for a solution of its difficulties, she formed her own conclusions, which, more often than not, were very erroneous ones.

It was not yet seven, so that there were more than two hours wanting to school-time. Elsie was very busy about the house for a little time; she changed her week-day clothes for her Sunday ones, and made Duncan do the same; she opened their money-boxes, and carefully counted the coppers they contained: they amounted altogether to elevenpence, halfpennies and farthings included. These she tied up in a handkerchief, and put in her pocket. Then she went to the pantry, and took from it a loaf of bread and some Dutch cheese, which she put into a basket.

This done, she called sharply to Duncan to make haste, for she was "going to have a run on the moor before school." Robbie asked timidly if he might come too, but Elsie would not hear of it.

"You can tell granny when she comes downstairs that we're not coming home to dinner. I've taken our dinner in a basket," she said to Robbie.

The little fellow stood at the door, and watched them wistfully as they ran off. It was dull to turn back into the empty kitchen, and wait there till the old dame came downstairs. If Robbie could have put his feelings into words, he would have said that he would have been happier roughing it with Duncan and Elsie than with the constant care and consideration that separated him from them. Perhaps, after all, Farmer Jarrett was right.

Elsie was in an extraordinary state of excitement this morning. She danced along, laughing and talking merrily. Duncan wondered to see her in such spirits, for it was seldom that she had nothing to grumble at.

By-and-by they reached a point where there were two roads: the one leading to the village, the other a short cut to the school, running along the back of the village. Elsie took the long one.

"Where are you going?" Duncan asked, in astonishment.

Elsie looked at him gleefully, and burst out laughing. "I don't mind telling you now," she replied; "you can't let it out. We're going to England, and we've got the whole day before us, for granny won't expect us home till after afternoon school, and mother won't be home till sunset. Oh! wasn't it just a capital idea of mine?"

"To England?" echoed Duncan, somewhat ruefully, for the idea was, after all, sudden enough to take him aback. "Then let's be quick, Elsie. Shall we get there to-night?"

"That depends," Elsie returned, with the air of a person who knows all about it. "If we get a lift on the road, we shall get along quickly."

It had occurred to her that they might not reach London that evening, but she was not daunted by the thought, for she had a plan in her mind in case of such an event, only she considered it wiser to keep Duncan in ignorance of any possible difficulty.

CHAPTER VI.—ON THE WAY.

As far as the village the way was straight enough. Elsie and Duncan skipped along merrily. Presently the sun began to struggle through the clouds and disperse the haze. The day promised to be fine and warm, which was certainly a great advantage.

The few straggling houses that formed the village of Dunster were soon passed, and then arose the first difficulty. The road for some little distance was direct enough, but at last it came to a sudden termination, or rather, opened out into a wider space, where there was a dirty pond, a patch of grass, and two roads: the one to the left, the other to the right. Right before them, filling up the way they ought to take in order to carry out Elsie's plan of keeping straight on, stood a tiny crofter's cottage, surrounded by its meagre crops enclosed within low stone walls. Beyond it the ground began to rise into hills, and far away in the distance rose the black-looking peaks of mountains.

Elsie stood still for a few minutes in puzzled thought. "If we begin to take turnings we are sure to lose our way," she said to herself, in woeful disappointment at this sudden check; but presently her spirits revived. "I see it all!" she cried, "Of course, if the road went straight on, apart from having to go right through the croft, it would lead us just straight away into the mountains; an' I'd like to know how we'd ever get over the top of that big one, with the clouds hanging over it. The road takes you clear away through the glen, of course, and it runs a bit to the side, no doubt. We'll just keep in the right direction, an' it'll be right enough. Let us think a minute. Is London to the right or the left, Duncan? Which think you?"

"It's more on the right side of the map, I think," Duncan replied, doubtfully.

"Ah! but, you little silly, we're up in Scotland, and we're to walk down the map. You must just reverse it, to be sure," Elsie replied.

"The map's a funny sort of shape, where it joins on to England," Duncan muttered. "It seems to

run off more sideways like; we ought to twist about, I'm sure, or else we'll be going straight through the bottom of Scotland into the sea!"

"Oh, you baby!" Elsie cried, scornfully. "Do you think we couldn't walk along the edge? I'm not so sure it wouldn't be the best. We should be certain to know our way then, when once we got to the coast."

"S'pose we was to fall over?" urged Duncan.

"Oh, it is just the best idea of all!" Elsie cried, clapping her hands. "We'll just find the sea first of all; and won't it be a real bonny sight, with the ships sailing on it. Then we'll go along till we get into England, and any one'll tell us the way to London. This turning seems the most like going straight, so we'll take it."

This knotty point decided, Elsie tripped along with no sort of misgiving. Duncan was by no means so sure. He had received geography lessons, in which he had been told how many hundred miles long Scotland was, and he had a sort of dim suspicion that London must be farther off than Elsie thought; but he did not feel much uneasiness.

After a while the road became rough and uneven, and at last it turned sharp round in the wrong direction, but just beyond them the low wall suddenly ended in a scattered heap of stony fragments, and the grass stretched fresh and green away to the hills.

"Come on, Duncan!" Elsie cried, dragging him after her on to the grass. "We'll be seeing the sea from that hill, I'll be bound!"

The hill was farther away than it looked, but they reached it after a good sharp scamper. "And now we'll just be after eating a bit of something before we go any farther," Elsie said, dropping down on the grass, very hot and breathless.

"I s'pose there'll be shops by-and-by," Duncan said, "or a farm, where we can get a drink of milk."

Elsie was thirsty, but she was not going to be daunted by such a small inconvenience.

They began hopefully to climb the hill. As they mounted they began to find it steep and tiring. After ten minutes they stopped short, fairly out of breath. To her disgust and surprise, Elsie found that the distance to the top of the hill looked even greater than when they had been quite down at the bottom of it, and steeper a very great deal. They rested for a while, catching hold of the tough heather stalks to prevent them from slipping, then went on again, on and on, with by-and-by another pause for breath. There was plenty of fun and excitement in the climb, the only drawback being the weight and inconvenience of their strong rough boots and Elsie's basket, which, however, were each of them too useful to be left behind.

At last, however, the children reached the top, and Elsie stood still, and looked all round in eager hope.

But, alas! the sight that met her view was one of keen disappointment. The side of the hill descended very steeply into a narrow valley, through which flowed a small stream. Beyond were hills stretching as far as she could see, until their tall peaks mingled with the clouds. Just then the sun disappeared, black shadows crept rapidly over the mountain-tops, the whole landscape appeared dark, gloomy, and frowning. Nowhere all around was a sight of any living thing, except a few sheep perched far up on a steep crag. Presently masses of vapour gathered over the hills, and began to roll down their sides, hiding first one and then another. Elsie turned away with a shudder. The cows feeding on the smooth grass below, the very sight of the road, lonely and deserted though it was, seemed cheerful indeed, compared with the awful loneliness of those grim, endless hills.

"It's no use going this way," she said, with a little shiver. "The sea is farther off than I thought. We should lose ourselves among the hills; and it's so cold up here, and not a soul to tell us the way, not even a shepherd. Let's go back."

They began to descend by a circuitous route, for the side was steep enough to make it a matter for care, and in places the soil was boggy, and in others the rocky ground had broken and crumbled away, leaving sharp precipitous edges.

When at last they reached the even space, there was no sign of a road to be seen. "It must be just over there," Elsie said, in some bewilderment. "Perhaps there's a bank at the side hiding it."

"We've come down quite a different place to where we went up," said Duncan, slowly. "D'you think we're lost, Elsie?"

"No, of course not," Elsie replied, confidently. "Come on, Duncan; the road can't be far off."

Duncan followed without a word. He was beginning to feel a bit tired, and somehow he could not help giving a thought to the snug kitchen at home, with the little wooden arm-chair in which he was accustomed to sit when he was done up with running about. The sight of the cottage would have been far more welcome to him even than that of the unknown father they were seeking. But he kept his thoughts to himself.

They found a roadway after a goodish bit of running hither and thither. Elsie had been wise enough to avoid the hills, for the day had clouded over and a chill breeze had sprung up. It was dull enough even here, far worse away among the steeps and hollows.

"I don't think we shall get to London very soon," Duncan ventured to say, after a while. "There isn't any one to ask the way. Do you think we've got near the end of Scotland yet?"

"We shan't get to London to-night," Elsie said, with the air of one who knew all about it. "Of course I knew that all along. We shall have to get a night's lodging, and go on to-morrow."

"But who'll give it to us?" asked the practical Duncan. "There isn't any houses."

"Oh, well! we shall come to some," Elsie said.

"Do you think I might take off my boots and stockings? they seem so heavy like," Duncan asked.

"If you like to carry 'em," Elsie replied shortly. "We'll want 'em when we get to London. Hark! I can hear a cart coming."

Yes, sure enough there was a sound of wheels, and presently there came into sight a man driving a small cart, drawn by a miserable, starved-looking horse, that shambled along with its head held down as if ready to drop. The cart was a dilapidated-looking affair, and the man who drove was well in keeping with his vehicle. He was clad in tattered garments, surmounted by an old sack, fastened together round his shoulders with a wooden skewer. His hair was coarse and matted, looking as if a comb had never made acquaintance with it, his face unmistakably emaciated, in spite of the dark hue it wore from constant exposure.

As he gradually overtook them, Elsie stood by the roadside, and beckoned to him to stop.

"How far are we from the houses?" she asked.

The man scratched his head and stared for a few seconds, then he replied, "Don't know of none this side o' Killochrie."

"How far is Killochrie?" Elsie asked.

"Weel, seven miles and a bittock—so—more or less."

Elsie stood still in perplexity. A Scottish mile is reckoned to be two English ones, and the bittock might mean anything—another Scottish mile or two, as the case might be. The prospect was not encouraging.

"Isn't there any house at all?" Elsie asked.

"Well, there's not to say a house—a croft or two an' a cottage. Where would you be going?"

"Oh, to Killochrie, that's just where!" Elsie answered very quickly, with a glance at Duncan.

"Ah, weel!" the man replied, waiting in stock silence for some one else to speak.

"Can you tell us the time?" Elsie asked.

"It might be five, or getting on to six, thereabouts," the man replied.

So late, and a matter of fifteen miles about to the nearest resting-place! What was to be done?

"Are you going to Killochrie?" Elsie asked suddenly.

"Weel, noa, not that—along the road."

"Would you mind our getting into the cart?"

The man scratched his head again, and looked at her in silence. Elsie began to think he was a little daft. Presently he replied, "You maun sit on it, if you like."

"On what?" Elsie asked sharply.

"The fish," the man replied.

Elsie and Duncan had both noticed a strange odour, which Elsie attributed to a stagnant pool of water near which they were standing. She now peered over the side of the cart, which was more like a lidless box on wheels than anything else, and she perceived that it was full of fish. The man occupied the only available sitting-place in front. What was to be done? Elsie looked all along the road. There was no sign of any other vehicle, not even a person to be seen. Their choice plainly lay between walking the whole distance or riding in the cart.

"We are very tired," Elsie said, dubiously. "Shall we get in, Duncan?"

Oh, how the vision of home rose up before Duncan's longing eyes! Mother would be at home now, just sitting down to tea, perhaps.

"If you'd like to," he said, without much interest.

"Ye might take the sack," the man said good-naturedly, unskewering it, and laying it down on top of the mass the cart contained. It was really a kind action, for Elsie noticed that the rags he wore had nothing of warmth about them, and the air was already tolerably sharp and keen.

The children scrambled in on the top of the sack, and the man bent his energies to starting his old horse once more on his shambling trot.

When the children had got a little bit accustomed to the cart Elsie opened her basket to get some bread, for they were ravenously hungry. Just then the man turned round; his eye lighted with a hungry, almost wolfish, glance on the sweet white bread and firm yellow cheese. "Will you have some?" Elsie asked, almost in fear, for he looked so fierce.

In reply he stretched out his hand, greedily seized the remaining portion of their loaf which Elsie was just about to divide, and without a word of apology, devoured it like a hungry animal.

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CHAPTER VII.—THE CROFTER'S COTTAGE.

So far as speed went, the children might as well have walked. The poor old horse, as miserable and starved-looking as his master, kept steadily on, with a sort of halting trot, varied every now and then by an awkward stumble, which was saved from being a fall by the man's prompt use of the reins.

It seemed as if they were hours on the road. The murky atmosphere, obscured by storm-clouds, made the evening grow dark earlier than is usual in northern latitudes. The heavy rumbling of the wretched vehicle, the cramped position in which they were obliged to sit, the fatigue of a long day's walking without rest or refreshment, the dreariness of the road and chill aspect of the weather, combined to make this journey as miserable a one as it well could be. Yet it was only the very beginning of the troubles Elsie had brought upon herself and Duncan.

She was not feeling in the best spirits just now, but she buoyed herself up by thinking of the future, and telling herself that every one who ever ran away from home had some adventures that seemed trying at the time, though they were quite interesting to hear of afterwards, and she tried to picture herself being put in a book as a heroine. And she was not in the least daunted, only inclined to feel very cross and snappish.

Duncan sat huddled up in a corner, with a face that might have served for a Dutch doll, it was so blank and wooden. He was not the sort of boy to cry, but down in his heart there was a very forlorn feeling, which he would not like Elsie to have known anything about.

Presently a drop of rain spattered on to Elsie's forehead—another, and another—and then, down it came in torrents. To Elsie's despair, the horse slackened his already slow pace, and finally stood still, trembling and snorting. They were on an open road, with not even a tree near by for shelter.

"Why don't he go on?" Elsie cried out.

"The rain blinds her. She can't see," the man replied.

"Then why don't you lead her?" Elsie cried, in her peremptory fashion.

Elsie was more inclined than ever to think that the man must be a little daft. He got down, and did as she had told him. It seemed as if he had not thought of it before. He was so dazed and muddle-headed, that he would have sat apathetically on his seat, waiting for the horse to go on, although he could certainly get no wetter than he was by walking.

The rain had added the last drop to their cup of discomfort. The children were wet through in a very short time, and they were far better clad than the man.

They went along in dismal procession, all reeking wet. It was now tolerably dark, and not a soul passed them. There was clearly nothing for it but to persuade the man to take them in at his cottage. Elsie began now to wonder what sort of a place so miserable-looking a creature lived in.

During this latter part of their journey, Duncan, too, had been wondering where they would sleep; but it was no good asking, he said to himself, for if Elsie didn't know she couldn't tell him, and he supposed she'd find out some place as soon as she could.

At last Elsie, straining her eyes through the gloom, could make out a twinkling light or two, and something like a cottage. The roadside was no longer open, but had the low stone walls so familiar to Scottish eyes. As they drew near Elsie could see that the tiny tenement was only some crofter's cottage, and that the walls enclosed his bit of land, not large enough to dignify with the name of farm. Then it suddenly dawned upon her that their friend of the cart was most likely one of these crofters, whose poverty and hardships she had often heard her mother and grandmother talk of.

They stopped at last before another of these tiny hovels, much farther up the road. A faint light struggled through the small thick panes of glass of a window little more than a half-yard square. The door opened as they drew up, and a woman came out, talking very fast and shrilly in the native Gaelic, which the children had often heard spoken, but understood scarcely at all. Elsie could make out that she was scolding very much, but that was all. As she came near her eyes fell upon the two children. She stood still for a moment, her voluble speech checked by amazement and dismay.

Elsie sprang out, and seized the moment. "We are wet through with the rain," she said; "and it is a long way yet to Killochrie. I have some pennies I will give you if you will let us stay to-night in your cottage."

The woman stood eyeing her cautiously. So little as Elsie could see of her, she was not a pleasant-

looking individual. She seemed to be a big bony creature, with loose locks of hair hanging about her face, and great bare arms held a-kimbo.

"Show me the money," the woman said, holding out her hand greedily.

Elsie hesitated, for the incident with the bread made her afraid of letting her whole stock be seen, but the rain was still pouring down, and a night's shelter must be secured somehow. She drew her handkerchief out of her pocket, and untying the knots, tried to slip a few pennies out, and keep the others unobserved among the folds.

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**"THE CHILDREN ... MADE THEIR WAY UP TO
THE COTTAGE DOOR."**

But the woman watched her fumbling movements very narrowly, and suddenly made a dart at the handkerchief, chinking the copper coins together, with a rattle that betrayed them at once.

"I will take care of them," the woman said, holding out her hand. "Go in, then—you can," she added, with a shrug of the shoulder which did not express a very warm welcome.

However, there was nothing else to be done, so the children, Elsie leading Duncan by the hand, made their way up to the cottage door, while the woman went off with her husband to some unknown region, either to assist him with the horse, or, what was much more likely, to talk to him about the strange load he had brought home with him.

Elsie thought she had never seen anything so horrible as the sight that greeted her when she pushed the door wide open, and stood on the threshold of the crofter's home.

The tiny place was dirty in the extreme. The floor, which had been of boards, had rotted away in several places, showing the bare ground beneath. A broken rickety table and a few dilapidated chairs and stools were the only furniture, with the exception of an old clock standing against one of the walls. A shelf in one corner displayed a few odd pieces of coarse crockery, for the most part chipped and cracked, and some pieces of bread.

Elsie perceiving a door, ventured to lift the latch and look in. It opened into a still smaller apartment, the principal part of which was occupied by something on the floor intended for a bed, where two children lay sleeping. The ceiling was very low, and had an open space at one end, with a ladder, which appeared to lead into a kind of loft, where onions seemed to be stored, by the odour coming from it. As far as she could discover, these comprised the whole accommodation of the crofter's cottage.

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While Elsie was wondering where they would have to sleep, the man and woman came in. Elsie had stripped off her soaking jacket, and was standing near the smoky peat fire, endeavouring to dry her wet skirts and feet. Poor Duncan had no outer coat to protect him, and was consequently wet to the very skin. He was standing in his shirt-sleeves, shivering, by Elsie's side.

"What is your name?" the woman asked of Elsie, in the slow measured accents of one who speaks a language not perfectly familiar.

"Our name is Grosvenor," Elsie said, with a warning glance at Duncan, which, however, the woman's quick eyes noted.

"What for you are going to Killochrie by yourselves?"

"Our mother is dead, and we are going to find our father," Elsie replied. "We were living with some one who was unkind to us."

"Oh, Elsie!" Duncan whispered, under his breath; but Elsie checked him peremptorily. Poor Duncan had never felt so wretched in his life before.

"Where was that?" the woman asked.

"Oh! a long way off," Elsie replied. "We've come miles and miles."

"What you call the place you ran away from?" the woman asked, angrily.

"It hadn't got any particular name," Elsie replied. "It was out on the moor."

"You will know the way back?" the woman asked.

"But I am not going back," Elsie said, defiantly. "We are going to Killochrie to-morrow morning."

The woman only smiled grimly, and pointing to two stools, signified to the children that they might sit down.

"Will you give us something to eat?" Elsie asked. "We are hungry—he took our bread and cheese."

"Cheese?" the woman said, eagerly. "Where is it?"

"He ate it," Elsie replied.

"The pig! the greedy one!" the woman cried, angrily, as she reached down a plate of bread from the corner shelf.

It was coarse and stale, but the children were too hungry to be disdainful. At home they would have scorned such a supper with infinite disgust, but now they ate it readily.

Presently, however, the woman got some more plates, and taking the lid off an iron pot that stood beside the fire, she ladled out a mass of what proved to be boiled onions. Having served her husband and herself, she handed a small quantity to the children, which they found palatable and comfortable in their wet, cold condition.

When this frugal meal was ended, she signed to them to follow her, and taking them into the next apartment, led the way up the ladder. They found themselves presently in a tiny loft, where all sorts of rubbish was stored, together with a stack of onions. The woman cleared a space by piling the things together in a more huddled mass than they were already, and bringing several sacks out of the confusion, threw them down on the floor to form a bed.

"Is that where we are to sleep?" Elsie asked. "What are we to have over us?"

The woman pointed to one of the sacks.

"Look how wet my frock is!" Elsie cried, almost in despair. "Can't you give us something to put over us while our things are getting dry?"

The woman went rummaging among the lumber, and presently brought out a ragged, old gown of her own. Elsie took it from her almost with a shudder of loathing.

She took off her sopping frock, and gave it to the woman to hang up. Then she rolled Robbie up in one of the sacks as well as she could, and spread another for him to lie down upon, leaving herself one sack to serve as a bed, and only the old rags the woman had given her for a covering.

They lay down, not in the highest possible spirits. Elsie was so angry at being robbed of her food and of her money, that she dwelt more upon this grievance than the wretched discomfort they were enduring, until she heard a faint sound of sobbing emerging from the sack in which Duncan was encased.

That sound smote her with an uncomfortable sense of reproach. "Never mind, dear," she whispered softly; "it'll be all right to-morrow. Get to sleep and forget it."

"If it were not for being poked up in this loft, I'd slip out, without bidding them 'good-bye,' as soon as it is light to-morrow morning," Elsie said to herself, with an uneasy reflection of what disagreeable greedy people they seemed to be. "Any way, we won't stay a minute longer than we're obliged."

Fortunately for Elsie, she had no idea how long that was to be. Nance Ferguson knew what she was doing, and why she had put them up in the loft.

(To be continued.)

HINTS ON CANVASINE PAINTING.

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This is the art of colouring a photograph so as to imitate an oil-painting. Although we know that no imitation of this kind can ever reach the perfection of the real article, yet we can obtain very

fair copies. The work, when well done, is really pretty, and it makes a good show on the walls. It is not at all difficult, and those who have a slight knowledge of painting can easily accomplish some creditable pieces that they will enjoy seeing in their rooms, and that their friends will consider welcome presents. The colours are unobjectionable as regards smell, for they have none, and the work is clean, and can be rapidly done.

The choice of the photograph is of importance, for it must be a good one, and suitable for the purpose. Those taken from the pictures in the Munich, Dresden, and Italian galleries will be found best to select from. The outlines of the subject should be well defined, and the whole photograph clear and distinct. It is advisable to begin on figure subjects, as they are easiest, and certainly the most effective. The picture should not contain many figures, or they must necessarily in that case be small, and some difficulty will, in consequence, be met with in colouring them. Young amateurs seem to think that small pieces are more within their province: they are afraid to attempt a larger size, but we assure them this is a fallacy. Minute details require great care, and it is more awkward to get small washes level than larger ones.

The first thing to be done is to buy our materials, and these we can get all neatly arranged in a box. The colours are: two flesh tints, light and golden yellow, vermilion and carmine, blue, violet, purple, light and wood brown, green, and black. All the colours are dry, except black; and ordinary Chinese white is used, as there is no white specially made for canvasine.

There are two bottles of medium, one adhesive and one preservative. Camel's-hair brushes of various sizes, canvas and stretchers, a roller, and a squeegee, or presser, are also requisite.

Having all our materials at hand, let us set to work. The stretcher has been bought to suit the size of the photograph, but probably the latter will have to be cut a little round the edges, to make it just about an eighth of an inch smaller than the former. Take some of the prepared canvas, and cut it an inch and a half larger than the photo; wet it thoroughly, and fasten it to a board with drawing-pins, the prepared side uppermost. The back of the photo will require to be rubbed with glass-paper, if it is a thick one; not otherwise, for fear of making holes in it. To manage this carefully is important.

A sheet of clean paper should be laid on a drawing-board, and the photo placed on it face downwards, and firmly secured with drawing-pins. Now rub it gently with the glass-paper, until the picture is rendered semi-transparent. Then take it from the board, and give it a bath in the solution. Lay it in a dish, and cover it entirely with the solution, letting it remain there for a few minutes; lift it out, and again lay it on the board face downwards, and with a small sponge dab off any superfluity of liquid. Pour that which is left in the dish back into the bottle.

The bottle of canvasine adhesive is next needed. With a brush well filled with it, lay a thick coating all over the back of the photo as evenly as possible, then take up the picture, and place it in exact position on the canvas which is stretched on the board, and now the face must be uppermost. Notice particularly that the photo lies straight with the threads of canvas; if it is crookedly placed it cannot be expected to look well; the perpendicular and horizontal threads should run perfectly level with the top and bottom and sides of the picture. Press down the photo with the hand, and then slightly roll it out.

Take another piece of canvas of the same size as the first: this has now to be pressed thoroughly, the roller being passed in every direction over the surface. Continue rolling it for five minutes or more, so that the canvas lines become indented in the paper and are distinctly visible. Watch it constantly during the process, and if it does not adhere quite firmly to the stretched canvas, put a little more adhesive solution round the edges, and pass the presser quickly up and down over the photo, still with the spare canvas between, to rid it of all air-bubbles; then repeat the rolling.

Not until every part of the photo adheres, and all the canvas lines are clearly marked, must the process of rolling be discontinued. After this, the photo must be allowed to dry gradually, still stretched on the board. No painting must be attempted until it is quite dry, which it will be in about three hours. Some prefer to paint it when it is so far prepared, and afterwards to fix it on the stretcher; others consider the better plan is to fix it first on the wooden stretcher and then to paint it; but this is a matter of choice, and workers may follow either plan with equal chances of success.

To stretch it, we must proceed in the following manner. Lay the canvas evenly on the frame and nail it over the back; when all four sides are thus secured, take the wedges, and hammer them into the holes made purposely for them until the canvas is sufficiently stretched. Be careful to place the board in a good light for painting; it takes much longer to do, and cannot be done half as well either, if the worker sits so that the shadow of her hand falls on the picture. A piece of clean writing-paper to place at times under the hand to prevent finger-marks may be found useful.

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Now for the painting. We will begin with the face. In colouring photographs, the paints have to be constantly washed off, and it is a well-known fact that nothing does this so well as the tongue, because it acts on the photo so as to remove all grease better than anything else will: but some people will perhaps be somewhat afraid thus to wet the surface, on account of the nature of the paints. The tongue may, however, be used at any rate for the flesh parts, and a small wet sponge can be employed for the rest of the picture. Wet the complexion over with the tongue, then wash in the shadows with some flesh shadow mixture, to which a little canvasine medium and water have been added, and wipe it off again at once. Pay attention to the shadows that they are of the

right tints: for fair children they will be of a slightly blue hue; for dark complexions a little wood brown must be added to the shadow colour. Now lay over the complexion a wash of flesh-tint No. 1, and wipe it off again directly; repeat the wash as often as necessary until a good colour is obtained. Sometimes as many as six applications are needed; the great point is to get a good even layer of colour. In rendering dark complexions, a trifle of wood brown may be added to flesh No. 2, and this will give the requisite depth of colour. Put in the warm complexion-tints with flesh No. 2. Place a drop of it, modified with No. 1, over the whole cheek, and wipe it off again immediately. Repeat until the right strength of colour is secured; deepen the tint as it nears the centre of the cheek, so as to preserve the rounded appearance that is one of the greatest charms that youth and beauty possess. Strengthen the shadows under eyes and eyebrows, round the nostrils, and on the chin.

Mixtures of blue and brown, and of green and brown, serve for the demi-tints which soften the deep shadows by gentle gradations into the local colouring. The tints may be effectually blended into one another by an occasional wash of flesh No. 1 being carried over the whole.

Between each operation the colour must be dabbed off as soon as it has had time to sink into the photograph; it must not in any case be allowed to rest long, or the wash will dry spotty, and when that happens it is exceedingly difficult to remedy. The draperies are washed in before the details of the face are begun, as when the latter are painted the colours must not be wiped off afterwards; they are not treated in the same way as the washes, but more as finishing-touches.

Draperies and backgrounds are laid in with a full brush in broad washes, the photograph being first damped slightly with canvasine medium; the colours are laid on freely with decisive strokes, and sponged off, the washes being continued until the tint is dark enough. Skies may be represented with blue tinged with green, and when dry, some light clouds may be dabbed in with Chinese white.

Now we return to the face. With flesh No. 2 touch in the lips carefully, and shade the tint off gently, for they must on no account look hard; also mark in the nostrils with a little of the same, but now the colour must not be washed off. For the eyes, use blue, brown, or grey, as requisite; grey is composed of a mixture of blue and brown. The pupil of the eye is put in with black, and the light with a touch of Chinese white. In the corner of the eye a trifle of flesh No. 2 will be needed. The eyebrows should be rather darker in colour than the hair, but they must not be too heavily painted; the best plan is to wash them in with a lighter tint first, working them up afterwards with a fine brush and almost dry colour of a darker shade. The eyelashes, too, must be washed in along the eyelid, and then a few hairs marked out with the point of the brush. It would never do to put them in entirely in thin fine strokes, for they would be sure to look hard. A little blue added to brown will make a tint dark enough for most purposes, and the use of black should be avoided whenever possible.

The hair will need our next consideration. For fair hair, golden brown must be employed; it is applied in washes, wiped off as before, and repeated until the desired depth of local colouring is obtained; the shadows are worked in with light brown, the lights with a little Chinese white. For dark hair, use wood-brown and sienna; and the darkest hair may be rendered with washes of blue, which must be applied before the sienna, with Chinese white used freely for the lights. Colour which has once been allowed to sink in cannot be removed, therefore we must be careful not to use a wrong one, or even too dark a shade. Then, again, colours dry darker than they appear when first laid on, so we must take the precaution to make our washes lighter than we intend them to be when finished.

Beautiful tints can be produced by the admixture of the colours, and charming effects by the juxtaposition of colours that form an agreeable contrast.



**"A FOX AND OTHER COUNTRY FOLK UPON THE BEACH
HAD MET."**

A RACE ON THE SANDS.

One cool and pleasant afternoon,
Before the sun was set,

A fox and other country folk
Upon the beach had met.
The creeping tide far out had ebb'd,
And by the shelving strand
There stretch'd a wide and level plain
Of glist'ning yellow sand.

The hare, the hound, the neighing steed,
The lowing ox, the deer,
The sheep, the hog, the braying ass,
The sea-gulls hovering near,
With groups of various birds and beasts,
Of sorts both tall and scrimp,
Were gather'd there upon the sands;
And thither came a shrimp.

Now Reynard, who was eager bent
Upon some cunning wile,
Did boldly challenge any beast
To race with him a mile.
But when nor horse, nor hare, nor hound
His challenge would receive,
Up started Shrimp, and cried, "Good sir,
To race you give me leave."

A burst of merriment then brake
From all the beasts around,
The westward-sinking sun did smile,
Though he utter'd not a sound.
Then out spoke Reynard, red with rage,
"Thou mak'st a mocking boast!"
But near him whisper'd Master Hare,
"Forget not how I lost."

The race anon was quickly plann'd,
Eftsoons a judge was nam'd,
And Fox and Shrimp quite ready stood,
Though Shrimp seem'd half-asham'd.
And now they start, one, two, away!
See, Reynard darts ahead,
Unconscious that sly Shrimp had jump'd
Upon his tail outspread.

There snug he lay, so close and warm,
While Reynard tore apace,
And laugh'd, as only shrimps can laugh,
In his comfortable place.
At length, as Reynard near'd the goal,
He slowly slacken'd speed,
And stopping, ere he touch'd the post,
He turn'd—he did indeed.

Then off hopp'd Shrimp, and stood at once
Up at the winning-place;
While Reynard still look'd back and cried,
"How now, who wins the race!
Where are you, villain? where are you?
Not e'en in sight, I trow!"
"Nay, pardon, sir," behind him cried
That sly Shrimp with a bow.

Then Reynard, all abash'd, did stare
To find himself outdone!
While the jeering crowd, in high delight,
Went wild at all the fun.
But Reynard could not bear their gibes:
He slunk in haste away;
Nor ever guess'd how Shrimp contriv'd
To win the race that day.

(NARRATED BY A DOLL).

I was very pleased indeed, when I first came into the world, to find that I was to become the property of a King and Queen. I had seen a great deal of life through my shop-window, and had come to the conclusion that I was formed for high society. So therefore, when my new mistress said to me, "Dolly, I am the Queen to-day, and Bertie is the King," I was not at all surprised, but held myself as firmly as before.



"THE KING AND QUEEN SAT TOGETHER."

The King and Queen sat together on one chair, which I suppose is the constant habit of Kings and Queens. They were both very nice and neat, for the nurse had just brushed their hair. The Queen was four years old, and the King was six. And they were both the very prettiest children you could see.

The little Queen had a blue print frock, and a little round face. She had pretty shy eyes that looked out from beneath a shock of curly hair. The little King was very pretty too. And he liked to play with dolls, which I always think is a nice trait of character in a boy.

"Oh, what a lovely doll!" cried the Queen, when she first saw me. I may repeat it without vanity, for I suppose it was true. Anyway it is exactly what everybody said the moment they set eyes on me. People always praise dolls to their faces, and that is what makes us look so conceited. Even when we are old, and battered, and worn-out we still preserve a somewhat conceited air—we still look pleased and proud of ourselves so long as there is one little child who loves us, and who thinks us pretty still.

The King and Queen sat down together on their throne, and were as happy as happy could be. The little Queen's feet dangled a good way off the ground, but she did not mind that in the least. She put one chubby arm round her brother to keep her quite firm, and the other arm was round me.

When a nice little fat, dimpled arm holds me tightly against a loving heart, I feel very pleased and happy. If I were a pussy-cat I should purr, for I feel that I am in my right place.

"Now I am King and you are Queen," said the little boy; "and everybody that comes in must bow to us."

"Dolly shall be the Princess," said the little girl, in a voice like that of a cooing dove.

"Her name must be Sophonisba," said the little boy gravely. "That sounds something like a Princess."

"Topanithba," repeated the little girl, very much pleased; and she pressed me close to her heart.

Suddenly a cloud passed over the face of the little boy. He looked at me hard for a minute, and then he spoke.

"No, that won't do at all," he said; "I am an old French King, and we're under the old Salic law. She mustn't be a Princess, or she'll never come to the throne. We must pretend she is a Prince, and we'll call her Jack."

You should have seen the little girl's face at this. All the dimples went out of it, and she looked quite frightened.

"Oh, don't call her Jack, dear," she cried; "it's so ugly. And I'd rather she was a Princess."



"HE TURNED HIS BACK TO HER" (p. 79).

"Then she'll never come to the throne," said the boy solemnly. "I read it lately in my history."

Here the little girl looked much inclined to cry.

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"Oh, don't say she won't come to the throne!" she cried piteously. "I like my Princess Sophonisba so much."

"She'll never come to the throne," said the King, laying down the law with his fore-finger; "a Princess is no good at all. She's a stupid."

"Well, she shan't be called Jack," said the Queen, plucking up a little spirit.



"IN A MOMENT SHE WAS UPON A CHAIR" (p. 81).

"Then I shan't play," said the little King, at once jumping down off the chair.

The little Queen put her finger in her mouth, and looked as if she did not quite know what to do. She did not care to play without Bertie, but she wanted to have her own way. She glanced at Bertie out of the corner of her eye. He turned his back to her directly, and would not look her in the face. Yes, there was no doubt about it—she could tell it from the look of his shoulders—Bertie

was in the sulks.

All their play was spoilt. The throne was deserted, the sceptre laid down. They did not care to be King or Queen by themselves.

"I shall go down to mamma, then," said the Queen, and she put me down on the chair, and went off.

For some time Bertie stood in the corner, looking very cross. Then he looked round, and began wondering when May would come back. Next he commenced to cry.

"Naughty girl! naughty girl! I don't want her to come back!" and he took a piece of string out of his pocket, and kept slashing it against his sleeve as he spoke.

Suddenly, in the midst of his temper, he caught sight of me.

"Nasty doll!" he cried; "we should never have quarrelled if it hadn't been for you! You shall be a boy," he added, sternly; "for I'll cut all your hair off!"

A shudder went through me. Unfortunately the nursery scissors were lying on the table—he took them up, and in a minute it was done. Clip, clip, went the scissors, as if they were pleased, and nearly the whole of my flaxen curls lay scattered on the floor. How I looked I don't know, but I think Bertie was a little frightened when he saw what he had done. I don't think he was anxious for his sister to see me, so he jumped up on the fender and put me on top of the mantel-piece.

Here I lay, with my feet dangling down off the side, about as uncomfortable as a doll could be. Nearly all my hair was cut short, my hat had fallen off in the fray, and I found myself in a position of much discomfort, and even danger. I could see nothing that went on in the room, and the heat of the stove was fast melting my beautiful complexion. I tried to look like a Princess, but it was hard.

The nursery-door opened, and the little girl came back. In a minute she ran up to the chair where she had left me, and then looked at her brother.

"Where's dolly?" she cried, and she looked anxiously round.

"I shan't tell you," said Bertie, beginning to look frightened.

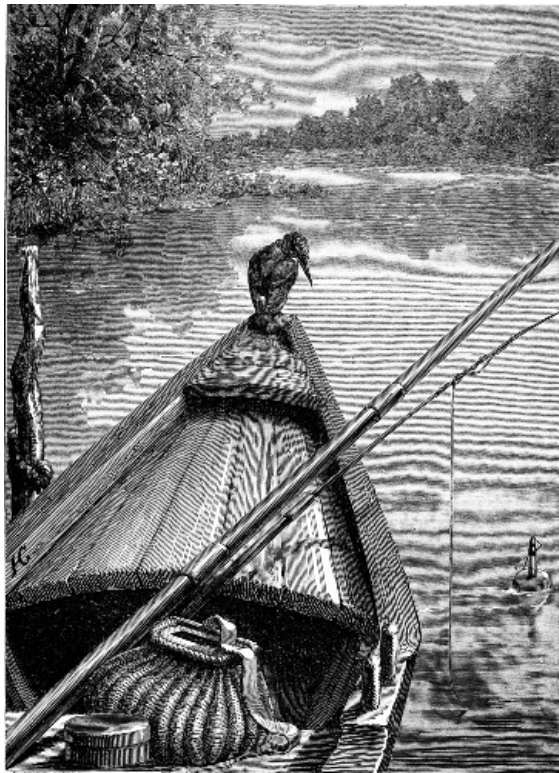
"Oh, dolly, dolly; where is my dolly?" cried the little girl, and how I longed for a voice that could answer her. I could hear her going all round the room, pulling open drawers and cupboards, and hunting for me, but I never said a word.

Suddenly I heard a cry. She had come to the hearth-rug, where lay the scissors, and nearly all my beautiful flaxen curls on the floor.



"SO THEY MADE IT UP" (p. 81).

"Oh, my dear dolly! my dear dolly! He's cut off her hair. Oh, you cruel boy!" cried the little Queen, and she sat down and cried as if her heart would break. Then she glanced up, and caught sight of where I lay, placidly reposing on the mantel-piece with my eyes turned up to the ceiling. In a moment she was upon a chair, and ready to fetch me down, when what with the chair being unsteady, and her eyes being full of tears, the chair slipped beneath her, and down she fell on the floor.



THE DISCONTENTED KINGFISHER.
(See p. 81.)

Poor little Queen, she was in a very bad way! Her head fell against the fender, and hurt her very much, she sobbed and cried both with the fright and the pain. Nurse came running up, and took her on her knee, and it was a long time before she could console her. [Pg 81]

"My dolly, my dolly!" she cried between her tears, and the nurse took me down from the mantel-piece, and gave me to her. How she did cry over me! I felt dreadfully vexed, because tears are fatal to my complexion.

Bertie stood looking on frightened, and came up to look at his sister.

"Go away, you naughty boy," cried nurse; "it's all your doing, and your sister will make herself ill with crying."

When my little Queen heard Bertie being blamed she grew very quiet all at once. She gave her eyes a final wipe with her handkerchief, and she got off nurse's knee, and turned to Bertie. Bertie was crying too, and he had gone quite white with the fright that he got when he saw little May fall down.

"Oh, May, I am so sorry, dear," he said; "will you kiss me, dear, and make it up? Do, please."

No need to ask the little Queen twice; she threw her little arms round Bertie.

"I am so sorry, May," he said; "I didn't know you would have cared so much."

"Never mind, Bertie, dear," said the little Queen gently; and she tried to look cheerful, though I knew she was grieved to the heart. "Perhaps it's almost for the best," she whispered, softly; "for now she can be Prince or Princess, just whichever you like."

So they made it up, and cried and laughed again, as is the way with these inferior mortals. I had remained calm all the time, which is the correct frame of mind in which a doll should take all vicissitudes of fortune, but the poor little Queen had cried till she had washed nearly all the colour off my face.

I lived with the children for a long time after this, but I never saw them quarrel again. I took my part in many a game, and was sometimes a Princess to please the Queen, and sometimes a Prince because the King liked it best. I have even been dressed up as the Lord Chamberlain before now, and sometimes I have taken the part of the scullery-maid. But neither the King nor the Queen nor I have ever lost our temper again, and I flatter myself whatever part I have taken I have borne myself with dignity.

LUCIE COBBE.

THE KINGFISHER AND THE FISHES.

A Kingfisher sat on the edge of a boat that a young man had prepared for a fishing expedition. A box of bait and a bucket to hold the fish were on one of the benches, whilst a fishing-rod lay

across the boat, and its long line had a float at the end of it.

"What a shame it is!" said the Kingfisher, casting his eye upon the float. "Why should this man be taking fish from this part of the river, close by the spot where I have built my nest? And what a preparation he has made! Hooks, and all kinds of cruelty are known to him. I should be very sorry to be a man with such a love for killing."

And the Kingfisher shook his head gravely, and looked into the water.

"Yes," said he, "fish are moving towards that decoy. What a number of them! I may as well make a pounce myself. Since the man has put it there, why shouldn't I take advantage of it."

So saying he gently rose and spread out his wings as softly as he could, but the movement scared the watchful fishes, who swam rapidly away towards the river-bank, whither the Kingfisher pursued them, perching on the bough of a tree and making a dart from it. He had almost succeeded in capturing one, but it escaped him. And then an old fish popping up her head for a minute said—

"People are very ready to condemn others for doing what they are constantly doing themselves. Here are you trying to catch us yourself and yet professing to be very angry with those who are wishing to do the same."

Thus saying she disappeared, leaving the Kingfisher to moralise upon her speech.

This he did, observing—

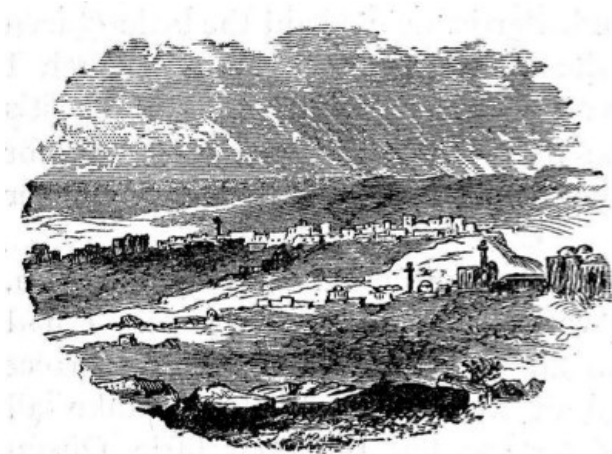
"There is something in what the fish says, and yet there's a difference between me and the young gentleman to whom the boat belongs. I am getting food for my family, whilst he is only amusing himself with angling for the fishes. His killing is sport, mine is necessity."

G.

OUR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

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THE DREAM OF THE BARLEY CAKE.



VIEW OF GAZA.

The Israelites were wild with terror. With blanched faces and starting eyes, they gazed upon one another in unspeakable agony, unable to ask the question which was pressing so heavily upon each heart—What would the end be?

They had seen locusts coming in the distance, in swarms so dense as to darken the sky, more effectually than thickest, blackest clouds. They had watched them settle down on tree, bush, bright green meadow, and fields of waving corn. And they had trembled. For they knew that in an incredibly short time not a vestige of anything green would be left. For a swarm of locusts to visit the land they had thought one of the direst calamities that could come upon them. But now invaders as numerous and far more terrible had made their appearance.

Crossing the Jordan by the ford near Bethshean, and pouring, like a torrent of infuriated waters, through the Valley of Jezreel, properly so called, which was the central of the three eastern arms of the great Plain of Esdraelon, had come vast hordes of Midianites, Amalekites, and other children of the East, true sons of the desert, who, like the Arabs of the present day, lived by plunder.

Foremost amongst them rode their two great sheiks, or kings, whose haughty and lofty bearing bespoke their rank, and the obedience and submission which they were accustomed to receive. They were mounted on the finest of dromedaries, which seemed proud to carry their royal masters. Over the gay scarlet cloaks in which they were attired they wore chains of gold, with large drops, probably set with pearls; and their many moon-shaped ornaments and long bright

spears glittered in the sunshine, as they rode proudly along.

By their side, and also mounted on dromedaries, and with long sharp spears dangling over their shoulders, rode two subordinate sheiks, or "princes," the dark complexion and jet black hair of the one having given him the name of Oreb, or the raven, whilst the fierce countenance of the other had gained for him the title of Zeeb, or the wolf. Thousands upon thousands of men followed them, with ruthless faces dreadful to behold.

On and on they went, through the Valley of Jezreel, across the smiling Plain of Esdraelon, along the banks of the Kishon, and into the fertile Plain of Akka, which lies round the Bay of Acre, and extends northwards for some distance along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea.

Their object was not to conquer, only to plunder. But what terrible ravages they made! Better, far better, if the most dreaded cloud of locusts that had ever been known had come, and devoured all before them! A few days, and the destructive insects would have disappeared; but as for these heartless plunderers, when would their wild depredations cease?

Before they entered the Plain of Esdraelon, fields of precious corn nodded in the breeze, and long grasses waved to and fro. Oxen, sheep, and asses grazed peacefully in rich green pastures; and the busy hum of populous cities and thriving villages might be heard afar. But as they went along, they destroyed or seized all that came in their way. The animals were slaughtered, the corn was reaped, and the green grass was trampled down by myriads of camels.

The inhabitants of the villages, and even of the walled cities, fled at their approach, leaving, in their hurry, all their goods behind them, and their homes, that had been so happy, were ransacked.

Never before had the verdant plains presented so desolate an appearance; and not an Israelite dared tarry behind to witness the destruction.

The scared Israelites fled to the mountains, there taking refuge in the holes or caves that were ready for them, or hewing out, in the hard rock, rough chambers in which to hide.

And still the mighty host went on; and still they were followed by fresh hordes as mighty and as reckless, till there seemed to be no end of them and their camels.

Killing, plundering, laying waste, as they poured along, they left the land a sorrowful wreck behind them, and having utterly spoiled the plain of Akka, they turned southwards, and continued their march as far as Gaza, the southern limit of the territory of Israel.

God was surely punishing them for their sins, the Israelites rightly thought; and they began to call to mind how they had forsaken His ways, and grieved Him with the blackness of their sins. What must become of them they scarcely dared think, as they huddled together in the dark holes in the rocks, their sunken-eyed wives wringing their hands in despair, and their hungry children crying for bread. No one would ever be able to drive out the terrible invaders. Not the boldest man in all Israel dared face them. Unopposed, they would continue their ravages; and the land that had flowed with milk and honey would soon be one vast ruin.

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The wild men of the desert spread their black tents over the land, and for multitude they could only be compared to the sands of the sea-shore, or uncountable myriads of locusts.

All the Israelites together would but be as a handful, compared with the wild Arabs; and how could they hope ever to drive them out?

"O Israel, trust thou in the Lord: He is their help and their shield!" When the human arm fails, there is help in the Lord Jehovah; and He can drive out the most dreaded foe.

A solitary man, who was of the tribe of Manasseh, and who had got his name of Gideon, or *the hewer*, from his stature and his great strength, was threshing wheat by a winepress in Ophrah. His father had had a large farm, with smiling cornfields and sunny meadows; and Gideon had seen the day when he had ploughed with his yoked oxen, and when his patient animals had trodden out for him heaps of precious corn, and there was no sign of lack to any. But now, what a change had come! Instead of well-stored barns, he had only a little wheat, which he had contrived to conceal from the Arab invaders; and, instead of its being trodden out by plump oxen, he was glad to beat it with a stick, not possessing even the poor man's flail, and hiding in a winepress, where no one would expect to find him.

Striking only gentle blows lest he should be discovered, and sorrowfully contrasting the present with the past, his heart sank within him, when raising his head he was startled to find that he was no longer alone.

Close beside him, under an oak-tree, sat One who appeared to be a traveller resting, with his staff lying beside him. He was, however, no traveller, but that wondrous Being who in the Old Testament is so often called the *Angel of the Lord*; and He had come to the help of Israel.

"The Lord be with thee, thou mighty man of valour," he said, addressing Gideon. But Gideon's sad heart gave no responsive throb. Tall and powerful as he was, and strong as was his arm, he felt as he thought of the fierce Arab sheiks but like a puny dwarf, who must sit down helplessly and suffer.

"Thou shalt go in this thy might that I have sent thee," the heavenly visitant continued; "and thou

shalt save Israel from the Midianites."

"But, my lord," remonstrated Gideon, in conscious weakness and deep humility, "how shall I ever be able to save Israel? I but belong to the tribe of Manasseh, that has never taken the lead amongst the Twelve, and even of my father's family I am not an important member."

Gideon thought that to overcome the terrible invader God must needs raise up some tall giant, big as Og, the King of Bashan. But he was soon to learn that the weak things of this world are used to confound the mighty.

"I will be with thee," the Angel of the Lord said, "and thou shalt smite the hosts of Midian as one man."

The wondrous Being, in His great condescension, gave Gideon a sign that He would fulfil His word, and by his hands save Israel from the dreaded foe. He touched with his staff the rock on which Gideon had placed his offering; and fire came out and consumed both the flesh and the sweet cakes, and then He disappeared.

Then Gideon blew his trumpet, and the Israelites came out of their holes, and rallied round him in great numbers. But still his heart failed; for he could not recall his truant thoughts from the wolf-like Arab chiefs, nor help contrasting his half-starved men who had suffered so long from cruel oppression and famine with their strong sons of the desert.

In his self-distrust he asked for two signs more, and God gave them to him. First, a fleece of wool was saturated in the night with dew while the ground all around was dry; and the next night the fleece was dry while the ground was wet.

Thus re-assured, Gideon assembled his followers for the battle; but by God's directions their number was reduced to only three hundred.

"By these three hundred men," God said, "will I save Israel, and deliver the Midianites into thine hands."

Gideon encamped, with his three hundred men, by the spring of Jezreel, on the slope of Mount Gilboa; while, on the north side of the valley, but farther down the descent to the Jordan, was drawn up the host of Midian.

From the height on which he stood Gideon could see the Midianites below, spread over the land like countless grasshoppers. Only three hundred weak men to face the wild Arabs with whom the valley was teeming! Would his little handful of followers indeed be able to overcome them? he wondered within himself. For though he believed God, who had brought Israel through the Red Sea, still deep down in his heart, and unexpressed, was a misgiving. And God, who does not scorn the littleness of a sincere man's faith, but rather tries to increase it, gave him, unasked and unexpected, another sign.

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"Go down to the host," God said to him in the night; "for I have delivered it into thine hand. But, if thou art afraid, go down first with Phurah, thy servant, and hear what they say; and then shall thine heart be strengthened for the battle."

So Gideon took Phurah, his servant, crept softly down the slope of the mountain, and went along, under cover of the darkness, till he came close enough to the outside of the Midianites' camp to hear any conversation that might be going on.

The Arab host lay wrapped in deep sleep, whilst, all around, their reposing camels were couched on the ground; and not a sound was to be heard.

Presently, in one of the tents, in which lay two Midianites, there was a slight movement. Gideon heard that one of them was waking the other, and he drew near to listen.

"I have had such a dream," the disturbed sleeper said to his companion, when he had roused him. "I dreamed that a cake of barley bread tumbled into the host of Midian, and, rolling against a tent, overturned it, so that it lay on the ground."

And his companion, who understood the dream better than himself, replied in low tones, that told how great was his fear:—"This is nothing else save the sword of Gideon; for into his hand hath God delivered Midian and all the host."

The two weary men turned over and fell asleep again, trying to forget the warning that they had received of the fate that awaited them. But Gideon brightened up. His faith waxed strong, and he grasped his sword tightly, feeling that whilst it was his sword it was pre-eminently "the sword of the Lord."

He knew well the meaning of the dream—that the small round cake of barley, which was inferior to wheat, and was a symbol of weakness, was his own weak, insignificant self; and that, just as this tiny cake upset a tent thousands of times bigger than itself and firmly fastened to the ground with strong cords and long pegs, so by his weak arm the mighty host, that now lay asleep, would be overthrown.

Re-ascending the valley he gave orders to his men, went down, and fell upon the unsuspecting host, and with his few followers gained one of the greatest victories ever won by the Israelites.

Before long, the proud kings, Zeba and Zalmunna, and their two fierce princes, the Raven and

the Wolf, with all their followers, lay in the silence and helplessness of death; and the land, that had been so long and so cruelly oppressed was freed from the formidable Arab invaders.

H. D.

BIBLE EXERCISES FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

13. Where does Jesus tell us that those who do the will of God are to Him as brother, sister, and mother?
14. Where are we told that a brother is born for adversity?
15. Where is God said to be "slow to anger"?
16. From what passage in the New Testament is it seen that John the Baptist followed the custom of the Jewish rabbis in giving his disciples a form of prayer?
17. Where are we told that an angry man stirs up strife, while one who is slow to anger appeases it?
18. Where do we read that he who is slow to anger is better than the mighty?
19. Where in the Bible is Adam called "the son of God"?
20. From what passage in the New Testament do we see that Rahab became the mother of the line from which David sprang?
21. Where does God call the rainbow "My bow"?
22. Where are rainbows mentioned in the New Testament?
23. What women are mentioned as ministering, with others, to the temporal wants of Jesus?
24. Where are we assured that the Keeper of Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE EXERCISES (1-12. *See p. 20*).

1. The Feeding of the Five Thousand (St. Matt, xiv. 15-21; St Mark vi. 35-44; Luke ix. 12-17; St. John vi. 5-14.)
2. Shechem (Judges ix. 34, 45).
3. Eleven; the leper healed on our Lord's descent from the Mount of Beatitudes (St. Matt. viii. 1-4; St. Mark 1. 40-45; St. Luke v. 12-15); and the ten lepers, on the borders of Samaria and Galilee (St. Luke xvii. 11-19).
4. It was given to him by David, who had received it from God (1 Chron. xxviii. 11-19).
5. In Ps. xlii. 11; and xliii. 5.
6. In the boat, on the rising of the storm, on the Sea of Galilee (St. Matt viii. 24; St. Mark. iv. 38; St. Luke viii. 23).
7. In Acts 1. 14.
8. In 2 Chron. 1. 3, 4; 1 Chron. xv. 1; 2 Sam. vi. 17.
9. At Gibeon (1 Chron. xvi. 39).
10. In 1 Kings iii. 4-15; 2 Chron. 1. 3-6.
11. In 2 Kings xiv. 25.
12. "And when *they* were put to death," &c. (Acts xxvi. 10).



**"BUT JACK AND THE OLD UMBRELLA STOOD FIRM,
AND KNEW NO FEAR."**

Jack and Willie, and little maid May
Went down to the summer sea;
And it's merry and gay for a long holiday,
But what is their game to be?

They were tired of building castles
When serious Johnny said—
"Now what do you say, supposing we play
The Charge of the Light Brigade?"

"This old umbrella that's been our tent
Will serve for a cannon—of course;
You two must play the Light Brigade,
And I'll be the Russian Force."

Willie and May ran up the beach,
Then charged straight down on Jack;
But Jack dropped cleverly on one knee,
And drove the onset back.

Again and again the charge came on
With a rush and a ringing cheer,
But Jack and the old umbrella
Stood firm, and knew no fear.

"Charge for the guns!" cried Willie once more,
There's a crack, and a moment after
The Russians (that's Jack) are rolled in the sand,
Amid shouts of conquering laughter.

Said Jack as he rose, "This isn't quite
According to the story;
We'll have this play again some day
We've done enough for glory."

ROBERT RICHARDSON.

SOME FAMOUS RAILWAY TRAINS AND THEIR STORY.

[Pg 86]

By HENRY FRITH.

II.—THE "WILD IRISHMAN."

The "Wild Irishman" is the train which carries the Irish mails, the American letter-bags, from Holyhead to London, and *vice versâ*. There are four "Irishmen," two in the daytime and two at night. The morning Irish mail from London leaves Euston Square at a quarter-past seven, and it is by this train which we have elected to travel, as we shall see the country better.

Here we are at Euston. The engine is already attached to the train—a fine, rather elegant-looking locomotive, with its name on a neat brass plate on the great "driving" wheel. Perhaps we shall find it called the "Lady of the Lake," or "Rokeby." At any rate, it looks very neat and clean, though not such a giant as our friend the "Dutchman."

If your eyes are sharp and you are fond of engines, and like to "pat" them, as I do, you will notice that the cranks and piston-rods work outside the wheels, not between them, and underneath the boiler, as in the Great Western engines. You will have just time to look at the wheels and the name when the man on the platform will wave his flag, and the "Irishman" will start very gently. As we are quite invisible, we just step up beside the driver as the engine moves, and he knows nothing about us. Ha! ha! Mr. Driver; but we intend to know something about your "Wild Irishman!"

Our driver and fireman ("stoker," perhaps you call the latter) are very great men. They have a great deal done for them. Do you think they light the fire and polish the engine? Do you think they go and take in coal and water at Crewe, or elsewhere, while they wait for a "return" train? Oh dear no! Another pair of men are ready, and our "mail-men" go and sit in the drivers' "cabin" and have their tea, and chat till the train is ready to start again.

It is not at all a bad position, though a very responsible one, to be an engine-driver on the London and North-Western Railway, particularly when you have worked yourself up to the "top of the tree." I could tell you many anecdotes of this railway, on which I lived for many years; but we must not forget the "Wild Irishman" has run through Camden Town, and is even now in the Primrose Hill tunnel.

It is very unpleasant being in a tunnel for the first time on an engine. The noise is very great, and the smoke and water come down at times unpleasantly. The end of the tunnel looks so tiny in the sunlight beyond, and the opening gradually gets larger and larger till the engine rushes out into the pure air again!

On we go! Stopping for a few minutes at Willesden Junction, our Irish horse pulls harder, and bolts with us for Rugby and some intermediate stations. It is just half-past seven a.m., a beautiful day. There is Harrow on the left, we can see the well-known spire, and we recall the days when we came up for the cricket-match against Eton, and how we all went back in a body after the match.

Before we reach Watford, we come to the peculiar water arrangement by which the thirsty engines are enabled to have a drink as they rush along. Between the rails for a considerable distance is a tank, and into this tank a pipe is let down from the tender of the engine. The speed at which the train travels causes the water to be forced up the pipe, and the supply of steam is assured.

Watford, named from the Roman road "Watling Street," which ran from Dover through London northwards, is near St. Albans, renowned in English history. But the "Wild Irishman" will not wait for us; he rushes through the tunnel and by Berkhamstead to Bletchley, where he pauses for a minute or two. We have scarcely time to look about when we are off again, past Wolverton, where the North-Western Company make their railway carriages, and where they used to repair their engines. We run not very far from Naseby after a while, and think of the great battle between Charles and Cromwell's troops. What would they think of our "Wild Irishman"? I wonder.

Rugby is passed; Atherstone, near which was the great Battle of Bosworth Field, lies behind us now. The struggle for the crown between Richard and Richmond may be recalled, but we have no time to examine the field seven miles away. We have to get to Crewe at eleven o'clock, and so we shall. We run through Stafford-on-the-Sowe, a town celebrated as the birthplace of Izaak Walton. The castle was demolished, like many others, in the Civil War.

A long whistle warns us that Crewe is in sight, and before long we enter the station, through which more than 200 trains pass daily. Here are the celebrated Locomotive Works, which employ an army of workmen, for whose children there are schools and playgrounds, with church, library, and assembly-room for the whole railway working population.

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A visit to Crewe to see the great engines will repay any little folk who like machinery.

From Crewe to Chester is half an hour's run, and as we approach the old city on the Dee we feel wrapped in history. Such a history has Chester that we are afraid to enter upon it for fear we should be carried away, and lose ourselves wandering around the dear old walls, towers, gates, and ramparts. The Danes came here; the Saxons made it a port. Hugh Lupus, at the Conquest, resided here. The city was made the starting-point for expeditions against the Welsh by Edward I. Besieged by the Parliament—but no more; the "Wild Irishman" whistles, and we must go to you, my lad.

Hawarden Castle is close by. It was at one time of importance as a fortress. It now derives its celebrity from its owner, Mr. Gladstone, for the castle itself has almost disappeared. We soon pass Holywell, so called from the holy well which sprang from the place where Princess

Winifrede's head fell. Caradoc, a Welsh prince, wickedly cut it off, and it rolled down the hill. Where it stopped the spring burst forth; and the head being picked up was placed on Miss Winifrede's body again. It became fixed, and she lived for many years afterwards, a little red mark round her white throat being the only token of her decapitation! So the story goes.

We are now approaching Abergele, near which such a terrible accident happened to the Irish mail in 1868. Some trucks had been shunted from a train in front, and they, by some mistake, came running down the hill to meet the "Irishman." The driver saw them, and the shock was not severe, but unfortunately they were filled with oil barrels, which broke open, the petroleum caught fire, and in two minutes all the fore part of the train was enveloped in flames.

Nothing could be done; the poor people in the carriages—lords and ladies and gentlemen—were burned, and with difficulty any escaped. This was a fearful catastrophe, and quite puts aside any ordinary accidents which (not a few) have happened to the "Wild Irishman."

Let us leave the scene and come on to Llandudno Junction and Conway Castle, by which is the first "Tubular Bridge." We have all heard of Conway Castle, founded by Edward I. If you little folk ever go to Conway be sure and see the castle, and go all over the thick walls, which will afford you a pretty view.

But I have something else to tell you about Conway "Tube"—the bridge through which the railway runs over the river.

Once upon a time—a good many years ago—a lady and gentleman got permission to walk through the new tubular bridge, which was then a curiosity. A railway porter was with them and told them no train was expected on that line, so they went into the tube and darkness.

A strange gentleman who had joined them went on first because the lady could not go so quickly, and of course her husband remained to assist her over the rails, and stones, and the girders which support the sides.

But when the lady and gentleman had got halfway through, the first man was at the end, and saw the down Irish mail approaching on the very line on which his acquaintances were! He called out —

"Take care of yourselves, a train is coming!" and then he waved his hands to the engine-driver.

The lady and gentleman in the "tube" could not stand up at the side, and so they hurried back. It was a terrible race. The "Wild Irishman" whistling and roaring, hissing and straining at the brakes close behind; in front only a few yards to the station, but such long yards! On came the train, and just as the gentleman rushed from the "tube" and dragged the lady down, the express came out grinding and growling. They were only just saved by two yards from a terrible death.

Now let me tell you something else. The year after that nearly fatal accident, I—the writer of this anecdote—was visiting the "Britannia" Tubular Bridge which crosses the Menai Straits, and through which the "Wild Irishman" rushes on its way to Holyhead. I was with my parents, and we talked to the caretaker at the bridge.

"Yes, sir," he said, "it *is* dangerous to go into the tubes. We do not allow it now. Last year a lady and gentleman were nearly killed in the Conway tube. I was the guard of the mail train; they had a very narrow escape."

"What became of the tipsy porter who guided them in?" asked my father.

"He lay flat down, and the train went over him—he was dismissed—but how did you know, sir?"

"Because this lady and myself were the two people who were in the tube," said my father. "I assure you we remember the incident very well indeed."

That is what most people would, call a "curious coincidence," and it is, moreover, quite true.

But we are nearing Holyhead. Our "Wild Irishman" has not far to run now. We are through the "Britannia" bridge, upon whose unfinished summit we have raced on slippery plates of iron, one hundred feet above the straits, and gazed down into the Menai waters beneath, as the ships went up almost touching the tube apparently. Ah! this was many years ago, and even now as we rattle on we can recall the scene and shiver.

Away by Llanfair—something—a long Welsh word—away by the lake and the river; over the marsh comes the scent of the sea, and then in ten minutes the "Wild Irishman" walks down the pier. Mail-bags are put on board the steamer; passengers hurry down; the carriage doors are shut. The paddle-wheels revolve; we quit the harbour of Holyhead, and lose sight of the "Wild Irishman."

[Pg 88]

MASTER TOM'S "RAINY WEATHER."

"Ettie," said Master Tom, "do you like to be naughty or good?"

"Naughty," replied Ettie promptly.

Ettie was five years old, and Master Tom nine.

Ettie and Master Tom were at the far end of the kitchen-garden, going through the gate that led into a small paddock, when Ettie suddenly said—

"Pigs."

"Where?" exclaimed Master Tom.

"Poor pigs in pen all shut up," answered Ettie.

"What a shame!" said Master Tom. "I say, Mrs. Pig, wouldn't you like your little piggies to have a run this fine day?"

"There's grass around in plenty
For the little ones to eat,
And in the kitchen-garden
There's cabbage for a treat.

Now, Ettie, get out of the way; I am going to open the door of the pigstye."

And Master Tom threw the door wide open, and out rushed not only the ten little pigs, but Mrs. Pig herself. They came with such a rush that Ettie, not getting out of the way quickly enough, was knocked down. But she did not cry; for she was used to falling in her expeditions with Tom.

Through the garden gate, into the garden, over the beds, went the pigs, and after them went Master Tom and Ettie, driving them until they went into the middle of the crisp early cabbages.

"Now then, eat to your hearts' content," said Master Tom. "Eat away, eat away! How they do enjoy themselves; there won't be a cabbage left. Won't Joseph be surprised. Let us get up into the great pear-tree and watch them. You can climb up if I push you."

"Yes," responded Ettie, grasping the trunk and putting her foot on a jutting-out knob.

"That's famous," said Master Tom, as he helped his little sister up until he landed her in one of the highest boughs.

"Isn't it nice?" said he.

And he began swaying the branches to and fro, whilst Ettie held on tightly and laughed with delight.

"Oh dear! oh dear! how can the pigs have got in?"

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried Master Tom from the pear-tree, mimicking the gardener's voice.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried Ettie in her shrill voice.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" said Joseph in dismay; "the children up in the pear-tree such a height; they'll tumble down and break their necks. Oh, Master Tom, Master Tom, whatever did you go up there for, and take little Missy with you? What shall I do?—the pigs, the children, the children, the pigs! I daren't leave the children; and yet if I don't go after the pigs the garden will be ruined. Oh, my lettuces, my peas, my cauliflowers, my fine young cabbages!"

And then Joseph suddenly raised his voice and shouted as loud as he could—

"Help! help! help! Hallo! hallo! hallo!"

In a few seconds out came several of the servants, and amongst them was Nurse. "Oh! what is the matter?" she cried; "is it Master Tom again?"

"I should think it was," said Joseph; "he's in the pear-tree, and Miss Ettie's with him. Jack, get a ladder to get her out of the tree."

Jack, the boy, went off, and now the branches were seen to sway backwards and forwards, the two children chuckling with delight.

"And here I come first," said Master Tom, suddenly descending in so rapid a manner that he seemed to tumble down amongst the group, and, stumbling against Joseph, the gardener was tripped up and fell to the ground.

Nurse tried to seize upon Master Tom, who, however, shook himself free, leaving it to Joseph and the boy to get Ettie out of the pear-tree.

II.

When Nurse returned to the house with Ettie the first thing she saw was the turf beneath the nursery window strewn with every possible thing that Master Tom could find. He himself was looking out of the nursery window with an armful of Ettie's frocks and sashes, which he aimed at Nurse and her charge as they came nearer the house.



PLAYING AT RAINY WEATHER. (See p. [90](#).)

"Oh dear! shan't I be glad when you go back to school, Master Tom. Here's an hour's good work for me in carrying back all these things." [Pg 90]

And Nurse wrathfully ascended to the nursery, but Master Tom was not there.

"Well," said Nurse, "it's a good thing he's gone off by himself, and not got Miss Ettie with him. You stay here and play with your dolls, and I'll run down and pick up your frocks and shoes."

So Nurse, having settled Ettie with her playthings, departed.

But she had not been gone a minute before Master Tom put his head in at the door.

"Ettie," said he, "come down into the drawing-room, and we'll have the greatest fun in the world. I've got a large umbrella and water-bottles, so we'll play at rainy weather."

Up jumped Ettie.

"Hush! don't make a noise, or some one will hear us. Come very softly."

And Ettie, on tiptoes, followed Tom to the drawing-room, where, having locked the door, he provided Ettie with a large umbrella.

"Now sit down on the floor," said he, "and hold it over you. You must pretend that it is a rainy day, and that you are obliged to shelter under it."

Down went Ettie on the floor, and up went the umbrella.

"Now," continued Master Tom (who had borrowed a pair of high boots so that, at least, *he* should not get wet), "I shall pour water over the umbrella and it will splash down like rain. You must say, 'What a dreadful day! What a dreadful storm!'"

"Yes," answered Ettie. "Splash, splash, splash! what a storm! what a storm!"

And down came the water, splashing Ettie's velvet frock and wetting her shoes, and making pools on the drawing-room carpet. What fun it was! so Master Tom thought, and so did Ettie; and the more he emptied the water-bottles the more they both shouted with glee.

Guided by the noise, Nurse soon arrived at the door.

"Open the door! open the door!"

But Master Tom took no notice. Nurse might batter away as she liked; he was safe inside.

"What are you doing?"

"Playing at rain," cried Ettie; "my frock and my shoes all wet. It is rainy day, Nurse."

"The road is all of puddles," said Master Tom; "splash, splash; don't you hear it?"

Yes, Nurse *did* hear it, and wondered what it was.

"I've finished the bottles," said Master Tom; "now for the watering-can, it's quite full. It will come down like a shower-bath, Ettie."

"Oh! oh! oh!" gasped Ettie, for the umbrella slipped from her hand and she received the contents of the watering-can on her head, neck, and arms. Then Ettie, for the first time, began to cry.

"You bad boy," cried Nurse in a state of despair; "open the door or I will have it broken open."

Master Tom unlocked the door, and then making a rapid retreat to one of the windows, he leaped through it almost before Nurse had opened the door.

Nurse held up her hands in dismay. The beautiful drawing-room carpet was soaked with water, and in the midst, crouched on the floor, sat Ettie, with her hair and her fine velvet frock dripping.

"Tom poured water," sobbed Ettie, as Nurse lifted her off the ground.

Nurse rang the bell lustily, and the housemaid came running to see what was the matter.

"What will the mistress say?" said Jane as she looked at the carpet; "I shouldn't wonder if it is spoiled altogether."

"I know what I should say, and what I shall say!" said Nurse; "I shall tell the mistress that if something isn't done to curb Master Tom, he'll be such a plague, that no one will care to see him. I've had such a day with him to-day as I don't intend to have again!"

And Nurse carried Ettie off to the nursery, where she took off her wet clothes, and put her into a warm bed. For Ettie was shivering, though it was a hot day, and Nurse gave out that she thought Master Tom would make his sister quite ill.

Which opinion reached Tom's ears; so he crept upstairs cautiously.

"Nurse, nurse," he said, "is Ettie very bad?"

"She's got a shivering and a shaking, and it may be an inflammation," said Nurse severely, "and what shall you say if, by your mischievous doings, you have hurt your sister!"

Master Tom's soul was filled with terror.

"I don't know how it may end," continued Nurse, "but the best thing you can do is to go downstairs and sit in the dining-room till master and mistress come home. Go away from here."

And Nurse shut the door and bolted it; and Tom, feeling more miserable than he had ever felt in his life, went away, but not to the dining-room.

He went to his own little room, where, with a white face, he watched, till his mother came home. He would tell her everything, and he knew that she would let him just look at Ettie before he went to bed. And he said to himself—

"I will never get into mischief again."

It was a good resolve; let us hope that he kept it.

THE MAIDS AND THE MAGPIE.

[Pg 91]

Three little maids and a magpie
Went out one day for a walk;
The little maids hunted for flowers,
The magpie did nothing but talk.

"I've three little maidens to care for,
Each one from dangers to save—
Wild dogs or runaway horses—
What a good thing I am brave!"

Soon they were laden with flowers—
Bunches of red, white, and blue;
Great ox-eyed, snowy-leaved daisies,
Harebells, and bright poppies too.

Then they turned homeward together,
Magpie still hopping before,
Passed through the wood and the village,
Came to the rectory door.

There stood a quiet grey pussy—
Magpie flew off in a fright.
So, after all his vain boasting,
Proved himself coward—not knight!

FRANCES HAY.

CHILDREN'S GAMES IN DAYS OF OLD.



Both my little nieces had been unwell. They were not very ill, but they were shut up in one room for a time, and they found it rather difficult to amuse themselves all day long, without having their lessons to do or their brothers to play with. I told them a tale every afternoon, when the light was getting dim, and the fire was poked into a bright blaze; but I came to the end of my store at last.

"Oh, auntie! what shall we do now if you can't tell us any more stories?" said Maggie. "We read such a lot that we really don't want to be read to."

"Let us have a nice talk," I said.

"But what shall we talk about?" asked Edith, looking into the fire, as if she could read something there. "Oh, I know, auntie! tell us about the time when you were a little girl; tell us all about your pet toys."

"Auntie has told us that so often," said Maggie.

"Let us talk about something very old, and yet quite new to both of you," I said. "What do you think the children played with hundreds and hundreds of years ago?"

"Didn't they have dolls?" asked Maggie.

"Yes, they had dolls, but not like yours. They were small, and their arms and legs were fastened on with bits of wire or wood."

"What were they made of?" asked Edith.

"They were generally made of clay or terra-cotta, but sometimes of wood or wax. The hair was often ornamented with rows of beads, and sometimes the dolls were painted all over with very bright colours, to please the little ones to whom they were given. They used to make little toy animals, too, and in Greece they had those small dancing figures which we call marionets."

"Have they found anything besides dolls?"

"Yes; there are some little toys at the British Museum which were found in Greece and Turkey. One of them is a woman kneading bread; another is a black boy sitting on a pony, with a basket of fruit in front of him. If ever you see them, you will think you are very fortunate little children to have such beautiful toys."

"But I don't care about dolls," said Edith, blushing a little, for she had been grumbling because her mother would not buy her a new one. "I'd rather have a big ball. Did those old children play at ball, auntie?"

"Oh, yes! The very oldest we know of—the Egyptian children—had balls of leather and some of painted china."

"I shouldn't like that," remarked Edith. "Fancy Charlie with an earthenware ball! he'd break all the windows in the house."

"I don't suppose they let the children throw the hard balls about much. The Greeks in later times loved ball as much as you do, but they played it in a different way. They used to sing and dance at the same time. Can you think of any word that we have which means dancing, and yet sounds like a game?"

"Like a game of ball, auntie?" said Maggie.

"I know!" cried Edith clapping her hands; "you've just said it, Maggie—a *ball*. Don't you know people always dance at a ball."

The children were very much pleased to find out that the grown-up people's amusement took its name from one of their toys, and that the short songs, or *ballads*, which we sing came from the songs which the Greeks sang whilst they played ball.

"Did they play ball in any other way?" asked Maggie.

"Sometimes it was put on the middle line, between the two parties playing, and each party tried to seize it, and throw it over the adversary's goal-line."

"Why, that's like our own football, isn't it, auntie?"

"Yes; the Epikoinos, or common game of ball played by the Greek children, is really the great-great-great-grandfather of our football."

"Had those children any hoops?" asked Edith.

"The Romans had hoops, and even the same kind of hooked stick, but they played very differently from what we do. They tried to snatch the hoop from each other with the hook."

"I'm glad I am not a Roman, then," said Edith, "for I do love a good straight run with my hoop; and that must have been more like fighting than playing. But do tell us some more about those children's games. It seems so strange to think they had balls and hoops like us."

"They had whip-tops, too," I said. "And some people say that the great Emperor Augustus used to play at marbles when he was a boy. You have seen Charlie and Tom play with knucklebones; the Greek children had them too, and sometimes there were numbers on them, and each bone had a different name. Backgammon and draughts were played by the Greeks, and we see by some of the pictures on the tombs in Egypt that the game of draughts was very popular there."

"But hadn't they any nice romping games?" asked Maggie.

"Yes. Blind man's buff was a great favourite with the Greeks and Romans. And they were very fond of playing a game which was known as oyster-shell."

"Do you mean making grottoes? I don't call that romping."

"The children were divided into equal numbers on each side of a line drawn on the ground; one party would be called white, the other black. They then tossed an oyster-shell into the air, and whichever side came upwards, one of that party ran off. If it was the dark, one of the blacks ran away, and one of the whites dashed after him. As soon as Mr. Black was caught, he had to take Mr. White on his shoulders and carry him to the camp, where he remained till all the others were caught. This is the origin of our prisoner's base."

"But that is a boy's game," said Maggie. "I want to know about the girls'."

"They played blind man's buff, as I told you just now; then there was 'runaway,' or 'touch,' which was like our game. One girl would shut her eyes whilst the others hid. A place of refuge, or, as we call it, *home*, was fixed upon, and she had to try and touch some of the others before they could get safe there. Kiss-in-the-ring was very popular too, but the girl used to hold the boy by the ears as she kissed him, and this was called pitcher-fashion."

"Our pitchers have not two handles," remarked Edith.

"No, but they had a handle on each side in those days. Then the Greeks used to play a game like our follow-my-leader, called 'Commands,' and all sorts of funny things were ordered to be done by those who took part in it."

Just then the bell rang for me to go down to dinner.

"Oh, auntie, don't go yet!" cried both children; "we haven't heard half enough."

"I will just tell you one thing more, and then I must go," I said. "There was a very favourite game played hundreds of years ago in Asia, called 'Kings and Subjects.' One day a little boy named Cyrus was playing at it with the children of the village in which he lived. This little boy was about ten years old, and had been adopted by a shepherd. He was chosen king by the boys, and having appointed his ministers, he set each of his companions to do certain work. One boy refused, and Cyrus ordered him to be flogged. The boy was angry, and ran off to tell his father, who was one of the chief men in the place. This man was very indignant that his boy should be beaten by a common shepherd's son, and went to King Astyages to complain. The king sent for Cyrus, and asked him how he dared to treat the son of a great man in that way."

"Cyrus answered bravely that he had only done what was just; he had been chosen king, and he ought to have been obeyed. Astyages was very much surprised by this answer, and began to look more closely at the fearless boy; then he saw that he was very like himself. He sent for the shepherd, and after many questions, he found that this little Cyrus was his own grandson who was supposed to be dead. So the sham king really became the heir to the throne, and in time was a real king."

"Why, auntie, that's as good as a fairy tale!" said Edith.

"Better," I replied; "for it is true, and it teaches us that we ought always to try to do right, even in our games, and then we shall never be ashamed."

THE STORY OF TWO BROTHERS.

By the Author of "The Heir of Elmdale," &c. &c.



"AUNT AMY HAD STEPPED FORWARD" (p. 95).

CHAPTER IV.—A TERRIBLE SURPRISE.

Mr. Gregory and Mr. Clair arrived at Riversdale early the next day, and Mr. Gregory at once took the management of everything into his own hands. The greater part of the afternoon he was shut up in the library with the lawyer, and when he found the boys in the dining-room, he looked very grave and anxious, and even reproved Mr. Clair for amusing the children by making caricatures, and illustrating some of their story-books. No two people could be more unlike than those two uncles, who would probably be the guardians of Edward and Bertie Rivers. Mr. Gregory was a tall, portly gentleman, with grey hair and keen eager eyes; his voice was loud, his manner always stern and abrupt. People usually feared and respected him more than they loved him; he was always very busy and fussy and important, and had an idea that nothing in London would go on quite right without him. However, Mrs. Rivers had been his only sister; the boys were her children, and he was their nearest relative and natural protector. On his way down he had arranged all his plans: the boys should go to school, and he would let Riversdale till Edward came of age; he knew some one in the City who was just in want of such a place. Mr. Clair, on the other hand, thought very little of the future; he was sorry to see the children look so sad, and did his best to cheer them up; but then, every one said Mr. Clair was the most unpractical person in the world. He was an artist by profession, and had married Mr. Rivers' sister Amy, an offence for which he was never pardoned, either by Mr. Rivers or Mr. Gregory. However, as the marriage proved a very happy one, Mr. Clair did not fret about that, neither was he in the least offended at the coldness and neglect of his wife's relatives. He loved his profession, he loved his wife, he loved his shabby roomy old house in Fitzroy Square: in fact, the chief characteristic of Mr. Harry Clair was that he loved everything and everybody, and now he was quite willing to take to his heart his wife's orphan nephews and niece. But Uncle Gregory was made of sterner stuff, and the young heir of Riversdale, he thought, was a person to be revered and treated with deference; besides, he was not either very affectionate or very demonstrative in his manner, therefore the children, who were hungry for love and sympathy, turned to Uncle Clair. The next day Aunt Amy arrived, and both the boys felt they had found a true and loving friend, while Agnes clung to her, trembling and sobbing, for since her uncle's death she had felt strangely alone in the house, just as if she belonged to nobody, and until it was known what provision had been made for her, no one could say what was to become of her. As the days passed Mr. Gregory looked more anxious and worried. A strange gentleman from London remained in the house, and spent several hours every day in the library examining letters and papers; lawyers were constantly coming and going, and at last it became clear, even to the boys, that something was wrong; the gloom deepened on every face, even the servants stood in little groups and talked in whispers; only Uncle Clair seemed unconcerned, though Aunt Amy's eyes often filled with tears as she looked at the boys. But none of them seemed quite prepared for the terrible tidings Mr. Gregory had to unfold. Mr. Rivers had been buried in the family vault at Riversdale very quietly, as his wish had always

been. The boys, their uncles, the doctor and lawyer and the strange gentleman, whose name and real business no one seemed to know, attended as mourners, and when they returned to the house Mr. Gregory led the way to the library, and the family lawyer read the will. It was very simple: Riversdale to Edward; five thousand pounds to Bertie when he came of age, and the choice of a profession, the expenses of which were to be paid for out of the estate; and a few legacies to faithful servants and deserving charities; not a word of poor little Agnes, for the simple reason that the will was made several years before she came to Riversdale; not a single word of any person else, except that Mr. Frank Rivers, his brother, Mr. Gregory, his brother-in-law, and Mr. Harry Clair, his brother-in-law, were appointed executors and guardians. The boys' minority was to be spent according to their direction. Every one breathed a sigh of relief: they had all expected much worse; but Bertie, happening to glance at his Uncle Gregory's face, started, and cried suddenly, "There's something else, sir. I'm sure there's something you are keeping from us."

"Yes, my lad, unfortunately there is. When your father made this will his property was his own to bequeath how he liked; since then he has been unfortunate. He has speculated largely in mines that he hoped would prove a success: they have failed; a few days since the utter failure of a bank in which his whole private fortune was invested gave him a shock from which he never recovered. Riversdale is fully mortgaged; the income of the estate will barely pay the interest now, for your father has parted with most of his property. In a word, this is the state of affairs: you must either sell Riversdale, then this gentleman tells me there may be a few thousands to spare for you boys; or you may let the place stand, put your shoulders to the wheel, and work both of you to redeem your home. You are only boys, but some boys with energy, patience, perseverance, and, above all, a cherished object in view, can achieve much. This gentleman tells me that by careful management there may be a trifle saved every year, which should go towards lessening the principal, then every year will be making the interest less too. But the grave question is, what in the meantime is to become of you boys?"

"And Agnes?" Bertie cried; "we must not forget Agnes?"

Mr. Gregory looked rather coldly at the shrinking, timid little girl; she had not entered into his calculations at all. She was not his sister's child, and he really saw no way of helping her.

"I am, as you know, only a London merchant," Mr. Gregory continued, ignoring Bertie's earnest remark, "and I cannot do much for you, but this I can offer: you may both have a place in my office, and, believe me, many lads have found the humblest seat in a London counting-house the road to fortune. Once started in business under my protection, everything will depend on yourselves. Merit, industry, integrity must make their own way. What do you say, Edward? Mind, as your guardian, I have a right to command, but I want to hear what you think."

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"I—I don't care for business, Uncle Gregory; I have no taste, no talent for it," Eddie replied humbly, though his eyes flashed. "I always wished to be an artist, and papa promised I should be one day."

"Unfortunately, many of your papa's promises are not easily fulfilled *now*," Mr. Gregory said coldly. "If you will not enter my office, may I ask what you intend to do, Edward?"

"I don't know, uncle. I had hoped to go to college, and then travel, and study abroad, and become an artist."

"Impossible!" Mr. Gregory interrupted sharply. "Where's the money to come from?"

"I don't know, uncle; I have not had time to think;" and Eddie cast an imploring glance at his Uncle Clair.

"Well, my lad," that gentleman said, laying his hand kindly on Eddie's shoulder, "if you really are determined to become an artist, I will do all I can to assist you on certain conditions, and subject to the approval of your other guardian. You can come and live with me, and I'll teach you the groundwork and details of art: inspiration, genius, success are not mine to bestow; nor shall I send you to a university. In the first place, I can't afford it; in the next, I don't think it necessary; but if I see you have a real love of and taste for art, I'll send you to study abroad for a few years, if possible; but first of all you must work. You can live with me; my house will be your home, your aunt will take care of you. Your mornings must be spent in my studio, your afternoons devoted to continuing your studies; but I want you clearly to understand, lad, that you are not coming to visit or to play, but to learn a profession—and an honourable profession. You will find many things irksome perhaps, and have to perform many unpleasant duties, but if you work with a single heart, and try to make the best of everything, you will find, taking the rough with the smooth of it, that art is a noble profession. But I cannot honestly call it the high road to fortune. Your Uncle Gregory has made his proposal; I have made mine. Think before you decide."

"I will go with you, Uncle Clair," Eddie answered, drawing nearer to the artist. "There is no need to think; I never could be a merchant; I must be a painter. My mind is thoroughly made up."

"As you will, boy. Your Uncle Clair has made you a liberal offer; according to his means, he offers you of his best freely and kindly. I hope you may prove worthy of his trust in you, but as I do not want my sister's son to be entirely dependent on a stranger——"

"Uncle Harry said I could *work*," Eddie said, drawing still nearer to his favourite relative.

"Yes, Mr. Gregory, the boy must be independent. If I find him useful, I'll pay him a small salary,"

Mr. Clair replied gently, no way ruffled by Mr. Gregory's cold, scornful tones. "That matter is decided: Edward is to come to us."

"And you?" Mr. Gregory continued, turning to Bertie. "Are you also anxious to become an artist?"

"No, uncle; I want to make my fortune and get back Riversdale."

"Well spoken, my lad. Then you decide to come with me?"

"Yes, please; I should like to be a great, rich, powerful merchant, and own ships and things. But, Uncle Gregory, who's to take care of dear little Cousin Agnes?"

"I am really quite at a loss to know," Mr. Gregory said, frowning. "Has she no friends of her mother's? The child has no claim on me."

"But she has on us," Bertie replied promptly. "She's our cousin; her papa was our Uncle Frank, and we must take care of her."

Mr. Gregory frowned and looked thoughtful, but Aunt Amy had stepped forward, and taken Agnes into her arms. "We'll take care of her," she said, with a loving look at Bertie, who had spoken so bravely for his little cousin, while Eddie had entirely forgotten her. "Don't be afraid, Bertie; while your Uncle Harry and I have a home Agnes shall share it."

"Thank you, aunt; and I hope Uncle Gregory will let me come and see you often. It is so nice to think that we shall all be in London together;" and then Bertie smothered a sigh as he remembered how he disliked cities and loved the country, how he would miss the dear delights of Riversdale, and how he dreaded the duties of an office. But he had plenty of courage, and he resolved not to begin by being unhappy or discontented; "besides, it mayn't be so bad," he said to himself; "and Dr. Mayson declares it's worth a thousand a year to be able to look at the bright side of everything."

[Pg 96]



"MR. GREGORY PLACED TWO SOVEREIGNS IN BERTIE'S HAND" (p. 98).

Agnes was weeping silently with joy: no other arrangement could have given her half as much pleasure as going back with her Aunt Amy and Uncle Clair; she could surely pick up some crumbs of instruction in the studio, and then she would always be at hand to help Eddie, and little Agnes did not wish for any greater happiness than that. But Eddie did not seem altogether so well pleased by the arrangement. He did not like a rival, either in affection or talent, and he knew that both his Aunt and Uncle Clair loved Agnes, and also that she was a great deal cleverer with her pencil than himself, though she was very shy and nervous, and distrusted her own powers. However, the arrangement was the only one that seemed possible, and the very next day they all returned to London, Agnes and Eddie going in a four-wheeler with their aunt and uncle to Fitzroy Square, Bertie accompanying his Uncle Gregory to a splendid house in Kensington Gardens, where he was rather coldly received by his aunt and cousins, and informed that, for a time at least, it was to be his home.

CHAPTER V.—BERTIE BEGINS LIFE.

It was a long time before Eddie and Bertie Rivers could realise that Riversdale was no longer their home—that they were quite poor lads, dependent on the kindness of their relatives, and that

if they wished to win fame and fortune, there was nothing for it but hard work. Bertie was the first to realise the great change in his position. Mr. Gregory was not unkind, but he was stern and cold, and after introducing him to the head clerk (who showed him a corner in the office where he might sit, and explained his work), Mr. Gregory took no more notice of him than of the other lads. After the first day, he found that he would have to go to the City by himself, and return alone; his uncle gave him a second-class season ticket, and desired him to catch the half-past eight train every morning. He also told him where he was to have his dinner, and for the first month desired one of the older clerks to see to him, and pay only a certain sum; then he was to return to Kensington at half-past five every evening, have his tea in the school-room, and read or amuse himself as best he could till bed-time. His aunt, he rarely saw; she was not up when he left in the morning, and always was either entertaining visitors at home or going out to parties in the evening. His two cousins were quite grown-up young ladies, who seldom condescended to notice the little office-boy, as they called him, and two other cousins, about his own age and Eddie's, were away at Eton. So that poor Bertie would not have had a very lively time, had he not possessed a wonderful capacity for enjoyment, and a perfect genius for finding occupation and amusement for himself. He had undisturbed possession of the deserted school-room, and before long it was a sort of little museum. He had a number of pets; then he begged corks from the butler, and manufactured ingenious flower-pots and stands, in which he grew dainty little mosses and ferns; he made cork frames for some of Agnes' pretty little pictures, and his grandest achievement was a boat that he built and rigged entirely himself. Often in the early mornings he would go for a walk as far into the country as he could, and sometimes, before going home in the evenings, he would have a run in the park, and those were all his pleasures. Mr. Gregory scarcely ever thought of him out of the office; there he always observed every one closely, and he saw that Bertie was quiet, attentive, industrious, and, best of all, quick: he never had to be told to do anything a second time. On Saturdays and Sundays he might go and see his brother, provided he returned in good time, for he dined with the family on Sundays; but Eddie was never invited to Gore House, and Uncle Clair was never mentioned without contempt. But to Bertie, the hours spent in the dingy old house in Fitzroy Square were the pleasantest of his life. He was too happy when he got there to notice that Eddie looked gloomy sometimes, but little Agnes was always sweet and happy, and Aunt Amy's welcome was worth anything.

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"How I do wish I could come and live here!" Bertie cried one wet afternoon, when they were all gathered round the fire in Mrs. Clair's old-fashioned parlour. "I should not mind being in the office a bit if I could see you all in the evenings; but it is dull at home!"

"It's dull everywhere at times, dear," Aunt Amy said gently, remembering how very gloomy Eddie often looked. "You must try and make the best of it."

"I do, auntie," Bertie replied; "and I suppose I won't have to live with Uncle Gregory always."

"Gore House is pleasanter than Fitzroy Square, I think," Eddie said, a little crossly.

"And Fitzroy Square is ever so much pleasanter than Mincing Lane," Bertie replied. "Why, if you were in our office, Eddie, I don't know what would become of you! You would have to sit on a high stool all day, copying things into big books, or else copying things out of them. Then you have to add up columns of figures till your eyes ache, and if you are even one wrong, Mr. Wilson seems to know just by instinct. I wonder," Bertie added suddenly, "how many columns I shall have to add up, and how many ledgers fill with entries, before I begin to grow rich?"

"I wonder how many pictures I'll have to paint before I begin to grow famous?" Eddie replied; and then, as Aunt Amy left the room, he jumped up impatiently. "I'll never be an artist, Bert, if Uncle Clair keeps me drawing lines and triangles and cubes. Any one can do them; I want to begin to paint!"

"Then why don't you do just as Uncle Harry says; he knows best!" Bertie replied gravely. "I always do exactly as Uncle Gregory says, no matter what it is; and now it's time for me to go back. Oh, I forgot to tell you something: our cousins, Dick and Harry, are coming home in a few weeks; I'll bring them to see you. It won't be so bad when they come, but it is dull at home these long evenings."

"It does me good to see Bertie: he's always so happy and cheerful," Aunt Amy said, after she had kissed him, and watched him a little way down the street. "I wish, Eddie dear, you would try to be contented and happy."

"I do try, Aunt Amy, but I can't while I have to do so many unpleasant things," Eddie replied, drawing near her. One comfort was, he was always sure of ready sympathy from her, while Uncle Harry sometimes laughed at his fretful impatience. "If uncle would only let me begin a picture!"

"All in good time, dear. Be patient, Eddie: that's the alphabet of art, and you must learn it; besides, Uncle Harry knows best, and remember, the sooner you master the alphabet the sooner you can begin to work. Just see how Agnes gets on!"

Eddie flushed and hurried away. He would not for the world acknowledge it, but his cousin's success was the secret of Eddie's discontent. He could not bear to see Agnes do everything better than he did himself, and he was ashamed of his jealousy, instead of trying to overcome it. He had been just three months with his uncle, and every day he complained that he had done nothing; his uncle complained too, in a very kind, gentle way, that Eddie did not try, but he was far too easy-tempered and good-natured to be severe on Eddie, for he thought the poor lad had not become quite accustomed to his altered fortune. And in truth, Eddie did miss Riversdale, and his

pony, and the other luxuries he had been accustomed to all his life; he had not the same happy temper as Bertie, and he often grieved his Aunt Amy by lamenting over his loss of fortune, and the gloomy view he took of the future. It was in vain that Agnes begged of him to do just the work that came to his hand, to listen attentively to Uncle Clair's instructions and explanations; in vain Aunt Amy entreated him fondly to be patient, and despise not the day of small things; Eddie sulked, grumbled, worst of all, idled, or worked indifferently, and kept on telling himself that he was misunderstood and undervalued, and would not be even allowed to show what he could do; for on that point at least Uncle Clair was firm: Eddie must learn to draw before he began to paint. But in spite of the mortifications of the studio, life was not all dull for Eddie. There were many pleasant mornings spent with his uncle in the National Gallery, where Mr. Clair pointed out the master-pieces of art, and spoke eloquently on their particular merits and beauties; and Eddie almost forgot himself and his own ambitious dreams in gazing on the wonderful productions of Titian, Sebastian, and Guido, for those three masters were his great favourites. Then there were pleasant hours in the British Museum, studying rare old prints and illuminations; visits to the numerous other picture galleries; and, best of all, pleasant hours in other artists' studios, where Eddie heard a good deal of discussion and criticism, and thought himself a very important person. Then there were pleasant evenings at home, when friends dropped in, and the conversation was still of art and artists, of "studies," "designs," "models," and other matters of absorbing interest to painters; and Uncle Clair would sit in his big easy-chair by the fire, and talk in his soft, pleasant voice of the picture he was going to paint for the Academy some day, when he got tired of portrait-painting. He would dwell upon his subject lovingly, describing it in minute detail, and then forget all about it, while some one else went and painted it, and won money and fame thereby. Being of an easy temper, and entirely devoid of ambition, Mr. Clair was unable to sympathise with Eddie's impatience; but though not enthusiastic about art, he had a thorough knowledge of its technicalities, and Eddie might have learned much from him if he would. Meantime, Agnes was studying hard and making wonderful progress, but her aunt one day observed that she was growing thin and pale again, and her sight becoming weaker; so the drawing-materials had to be laid aside, except for one hour a day, and then Agnes and Aunt Amy began visiting the picture-galleries too, and walking through the parks, and enjoying the bright, cold, frosty mornings out of doors, while Uncle Clair worked at his portraits, and Eddie too often sulked in the studio; and Bertie went to his office every day, and in spite of all his efforts, felt very dull and dispirited in the cold school-room during the long winter evenings, cheered only by the thought that his cousins would soon be home, and then he nothing doubted they would spend a great deal of their time with him; for of course he would have a good long holiday too.

CHAPTER VI.—A NEW ARRANGEMENT.

"Uncle Gregory, may I spend Christmas at Fitzroy Square?" Bertie said one morning before the holidays began; and Mr. Gregory looked at him curiously as he repeated his words.

"Spend Christmas at Fitzroy Square? why? Are you not comfortable at Gore House?"

"Yes, sir; but it's just a little too dull sometimes in the evenings," Bertie replied, very humbly.

"Hum! what do you do in the evenings?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Oh, nothing! Well, you may go to Fitzroy Square if you like, and stay till—let me see—stay till the second of January." Bertie's heart gave a great bound, and his eyes fairly sparkled. "I always give my boys a present at Christmas," and Mr. Gregory placed two sovereigns in Bertie's hand, and positively smiled at him. "I'm very pleased with you, my lad, and when you return we will have a new arrangement. You shall have Dalton's place in my office, to help with the correspondence, and I'll pay you a small salary. You can never begin being independent too soon—and there may be other alterations," Mr. Gregory continued, "but we will speak of them when you return. Tuesday, the second of January, mind, and don't be late. You may go at once if you like."

"Thank you, sir. Good-bye, uncle," Bertie said, with a radiant smile; and ten minutes after he was hurrying towards the Mansion House Station on his way back to Kensington, fairly hugging his two sovereigns. He was beginning to get rich already; never had he quite so much money of his own before, and as he hurried along, he began wondering what he should do with it. "I know," he said to himself, with a triumphant smile, as he leaned back in his corner: "I'll give Agnes ten shillings and Eddie ten, I'll keep ten for myself, and put ten in the savings' bank. Uncle Gregory says that the way to become rich is to save some of everything, no matter how little. Ten shillings won't do much towards getting back Riversdale, but it's a beginning. I hope Eddie has begun to save too." When he reached home, Bertie found his aunt and cousins just going out for a drive, and they all seemed a little surprised to see him.

"What's the matter? is anything wrong?" Mrs. Gregory asked, stopping him in the hall.

"No, aunt; only I've got leave to spend the holidays at Fitzroy Square. Good-bye, aunt; good-bye, cousins," he added hastily, for he did not want to lose a moment.

"Wait a moment, Bertie," Mrs. Gregory said, more kindly than she had ever spoken before; "John will drive you over in the dog-cart, and I must send your brother and cousin their Christmas gifts; and I hope you will enjoy yourself very much. Good-bye, my dear;" and Mrs. Gregory went into the dining-room to order a hamper of good things to be packed for Fitzroy Square, and then she selected from her enormous store of presents a workbox for Agnes, a capital volume for Eddie—

though the book had been intended for her own Dick, but it would be easy to get another copy for him—and a knife for Bertie himself, that gladdened his heart for many a day. The truth is, that when Mrs. Gregory saw Bertie, her conscience smote her. She was not really unkind, but very thoughtless; and ever since her boys came from Eton she had entirely forgotten him. Had he been at home all day, he might perhaps have shared in their pleasures; as it was, he scarcely ever even saw them. When he returned from the City they were generally off to some place of entertainment, and arrived home barely in time for dinner; when that was over, they were off again, their mother never being tired of going about with her two handsome lads, while the equally handsome "office-boy" spent his evenings in the solitary school-room. Still, it should be said, she had not wilfully ignored and neglected Bertie, and when she saw how delighted he was to get away from Gore House, she felt naturally ashamed of herself, and resolved to be kinder to him when he came back, for he was really a very good, quiet boy, who never gave any trouble. Meantime she filled a hamper with dainties, packed up the presents, even sent her love to Uncle and Aunt Clair, and a very handsome card; and half-an-hour after Bertie was driving briskly through the park, looking proudly at the hamper and parcel, and wondering if there were so happy a boy in all London that bright, frosty day. Just as he turned into Fitzroy Square a sudden thought struck him: Aunt Amy and Uncle Clair had not invited him, did not even know he was coming, and the fact damped his spirits for a moment. But he laughed off the uneasy sensation. And before long he was flying up the steps; but ere he could reach the knocker, the door swung open, and he was in Aunt Amy's arms.

"My dear, how glad I am to see you, and so are all of us!" she said, kissing him tenderly. "This is indeed a pleasant surprise for us, Bertie!"

"I've come for ten days, auntie," he cried: "that is, if you will have me; but I never thought of asking you till I saw the house; but I may stay, may I not?"

"Stay! I should think so. Why, child, I'm delighted!" and Aunt Amy kissed Bertie again, and then bustled out to see after his things; but John had already deposited them in the hall. Bertie forgot nothing but his own personal belongings. "I am so sorry," he cried, "but I've forgotten my things and my dressing-case. I was so excited, I really did not know what was doing."

"I'll bring them over in the morning, Master Bertie," John said, good-naturedly, though he could not help wondering at his forgetting his wardrobe; but that was because he did not know Bertie, who never forgot his friends, or neglected a single living creature that he once undertook to care for.

"What a delightful surprise this will be for Eddie and Agnes!" Mrs. Clair said, when they were alone in the parlour. "They are out for a walk with Uncle Harry. It was only this morning they were saying what gay times you would have at Gore House now your cousins are at home, and that you would not think of us; but I knew better, Bertie."

"Why, Aunt Amy, I've scarcely ever spoken to my cousins: they're always out enjoying themselves; and I was longing to come here. Was it not good of Uncle Gregory to let me come, and give me such a long holiday? and look, auntie, two sovereigns for a Christmas present, and" (dragging in the hamper and parcel) "Aunt Gregory sent these—a workbox for Agnes, and a book for Eddie, and such a knife for me! And it was she told John to drive me over in the dog-cart. And, best news of all, when I go back to the office there's to be a new arrangement. I'm going into Uncle Gregory's private office and am to have a salary; think of that, Aunt Amy! I'm beginning to make my fortune already, and I dare say I'll be rich before very long, then Eddie and Agnes shall have Riversdale; but I think I'll be a merchant always, and perhaps be Lord Mayor of London some day, like Whittington, though instead of having a favourite cat I've only white mice!"

Aunt Amy laughed almost as heartily as Bertie. It was good to see the boy's happy, honest face, and hear his cheery voice. Whatever Bertie Rivers undertook to do he certainly did with all his heart, and that was the true secret of his happiness. While they were still enjoying the idea of Bertie being a Lord Mayor, the door opened, and Uncle Clair, Agnes, and Eddie entered the room, and it was hard to say whether they were more amazed or pleased to see Bertie established there.

(To be continued.)

THE CHILDREN'S OWN GARDEN IN AUGUST.

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Beds and borders which have been very showy and pretty from the latter part of May to the end of July will now have reached their highest stage of perfection. Such plants as geraniums, calceolarias, lobelias, &c., make an exceedingly small amount of growth all through the summer, but so soon as the dewy nights and often wet days of August and September arrive, they start into growth with the greatest of rapidity. This state of things is, of course, almost an infallible sign that the irksome labour of watering can be dispensed with. At the same time, the plants must on no account be allowed to flag from want of water, and this matter needs very careful attention; it will be often found, even after what seems to be a heavy shower of rain, that the earth is perfectly dust-dry half an inch under the surface. This circumstance is a most misleading one, and a valuable plant is quickly lost through neglecting to take necessary



precautions.

Whilst making the strong growth just mentioned, it will be very necessary to properly train the young shoots in such a manner as to ensure a neat and compact growth. All decaying vegetation, such as leaves, stems, &c., must be promptly removed, and that before they cause other leaves, &c., to become equally diseased. Nothing looks so excessively deplorable as to see what was at one time a neat bed of plants in a semi-rotten state. When a stem or leaf of a geranium becomes wholly or partly separated, it rapidly decays; hence the great importance of removing such before it becomes a mass of decomposition. It is the same with the fuchsia and many others. Hoeing and otherwise cleaning the surfaces of beds and borders must be carried out where practicable. Weeds and objectionable vegetation of all sorts should be removed to the rubbish-heap at the earliest possible moment, thereby securing a general tidy appearance to the place.

Almost every day will occasion some new operation to be carried out, and all plants having a naturally rambling habit, such as petunias and verbenas, must be strictly kept within bounds by being pegged down. This can be done by using what are known as "verbena-pins," and these can be purchased at a cheap rate from any local seedsman, or may be easily made by converting pieces of galvanised or any thin wire into sizes and shapes identical with small hair-pins. Each shoot must be carefully secured close to the earth with one of these. It must be remembered that the young shoots are very tender, and that the least clumsy handling will destroy them. Hollyhocks and dahlias, and, indeed, all tall-growing herbaceous plants, will require very careful looking after, in the matter of tying and training more especially. Dahlias and hollyhocks are really the supreme ornaments of the garden during the latter part of the summer and throughout the autumnal months. The latter-named, unfortunately, is extremely liable to the attacks of a virulent form of fungoid disease, which rapidly destroys it. We know of no real preventative, and the only plan we can recommend is to select strong young plants, which are in no degree affected with it, and on the very first appearance of the disease to destroy all those infested.

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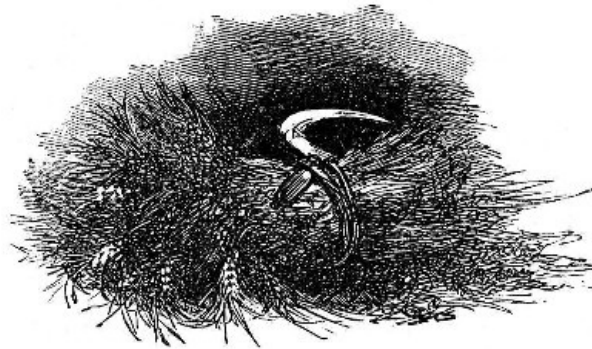
The rose—that "Queen of flowers"—will, in all probability, require attention; extra strong and gross-growing shoots may be cut back, and train all young growth with the view of securing not only a well-formed specimen, but also a robust growth. As a general rule, the training of roses must be left to a good practical gardener, but we strongly advise all our young friends to pay careful attention to what he does, and to the advice he gives, so that they may themselves at another time perform the necessary operations, with, of course, a considerable amount more pleasure. We may here remark that all young people must never be above taking hints and advice from gardeners, because the power to give such has been almost invariably acquired by long experience, and is given with the best of intentions. And, moreover, few things are more pleasing to a gardener than to see young folk taking a practical interest in his favourite pursuit.

Cuttings may now be made of a great number of plants, and cold frames or shady spots in the garden may be utilised for growing them. As a rule, the separation should be made a little way under the joint. A cutting has been truly defined as a part of a plant with growing appendages at either end, and a space between to keep them sufficiently apart, so that one part shall be in the soil to form roots, and the other in the air to form leaves and stem. They are usually obtained from the young wood, and strike most freely in sand. It is easy to determine whether a shoot be in a proper state for making a cutting: bend it carefully back, and if it breaks or snaps it is in a right condition, and if it bends without snapping it is then too hard. The most general "cut" is a slanting one, but we have invariably found a level one both easiest made and quickest rooted. Whichever is done, let it be done with a sharp knife, and let the cut be "clean," not jagged—this is an important consideration.

The kitchen-gardens of young folk will require but little attention during the month of August, although just the reverse is the case in large establishments. However, all the necessary weeding, raking, and hoeing should be done without fail. Seeds also may be now sown of cress, mustard, and radishes, but they must all be gathered when in a very young state. Seeds of the American Red-stone Turnip or other good sort can be sown in any odd piece of ordinary garden soil. Delicious little turnips will be produced in about five or six weeks very easily, if a small amount of care is given, the chief requirements being water when the weather is dry, thinning-out where they come up very close together, and keeping thoroughly clear of weeds—mere matters of detail, which require but little time to carry out, and which will ensure a very good crop of a most desirable vegetable.

JEMMY'S AND MY ADVENTURE.

By the Author of "Claimed at Last" &c.



Jemmy was five, I seven—two quaint little people we must have looked, as we trotted out through the lengthening shadows from the old Manor Farmhouse, where we had been sojourning with our grandmother and Uncle John, all the summer-time. Now August was fast glowing itself away towards September, and all was rich, ripe grain, happy toiling and mirth, in the far-stretching fields. Out from the old flower-wreathed porch we both of us trudged, and away on an expedition of our own.

"We mustn't be idle—the bees are not idle, are they?" piped Jemmy, turning to watch the bees working in the flower-beds. And I responded—

"No, nor are we idle if we try to be busy."

"And seeing other folk work is like working ourselves, isn't it?" reasoned Jemmy.

"And picking flowers for grandmamma is real work," was my complacent rejoinder, pressing the wooden basket I carried closer to my side, and thinking myself a very industrious little woman.

Away on the downs, all beautiful colours were chasing each other among the sunbeams, and the trees waved overhead, as if they liked to fan all the busy toilers on the earth. And by the old beech-tree, at the cross-roads, we met Uncle John.

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"Well," was his greeting; "where do you two midges think you're off to?"

"I'm going to look after the harvest folk," quoth Jemmy, with a swagger.

"And I'm going to gather flowers for grandmamma—and we're not midges, uncle," said I, with a girl's protest.

"Ah! what are you, then, little fluffy hair?" was his smiling reply, putting back my yellow curls from my forehead with his finger.

"Two busy people that don't like to be idle."

"Ah! well, go on, you make-believes; mind and be home by sundown, and don't lose yourselves." Thus he admonished us; then he went his way, and we ours.

"Sundown is a long time, isn't it, Nell?" remarked Jemmy; "and we're not such sillies as to lose ourselves."

"No; uncle doesn't know how wise we are," I answered; and then we travelled on all through the rich, ripe harvest-glory of cornfields.

But the harvest folk seemed very far off; the silent fields lay basking in the sunshine, with the lengthening shadows stretching athwart them, some with the golden grain cut and ready for carting, some still standing awaiting the sickle. But no happy toilers were to be seen. Yes, we alighted upon one, a lad sitting manufacturing a whistle-pipe, and watching some sheep wandering in a field, where the wheat had been reaped and gleaned.

"Where are the harvest folk?" questioned Jemmy, with dignity.

"Harvest folk, young sir! That's a wide question, 'cause them's everywhere," replied the lad, with a grin.

"I don't see them," was the reply.

"I'm a harvest folk, and so is them—they's havin' their harvest," saying which the boy jerked his thumb in the direction of the sheep.

"They're not folk, they are sheep," dissented Jemmy, with scorn.

"Well, follow your noses, youngsters; and you'll find some harvest folk, if ye go far enough."

"He's a great rude boy, Nell, come away," quoth Jemmy to me, taking my hand, and boy-like leading me on. And as we went we met a mite of a boy of about Jemmy's age, with a small bundle of corn on his shoulder, like a miniature man.

"Are you come from the harvest people?" asked Jemmy.

"Yes," was the child's reply.

"And where are they?"

"I don't know; ever so far away. I'm carrying home mother's corn." With that the little man trudged on his way, and we went flitting here and there, I picking corn-flowers, and Jemmy looking for fat toads and shrews. And all the while our shadows standing by our sides warned us of what would befall us ere long.

"I think," said I, presently, "that I'll sit down here by these sheaves awhile;" but ere we had bent our tired little limbs, out flew a beautiful bird from their midst, all blue and gold, and many other tints intermingling to our imaginative eyes, viewing it in the sunlight.

"Oh, Nell, what a beauty!" cried Jemmy, and hand in hand we drew near to admire it, as it poised itself in mid air over our heads. To our childish fancy it was a stranger bird, a wanderer from some foreign clime.

"Oh, if I could sketch it!" I sighed.

"Oh, if I could catch it!" cried more matter-of-fact Jemmy; and then, as the bird flew away, we followed it as if we were charmed, spell-bound.

Away and away, across the fields, up the steep hill-side, our backs to the sun, our faces—ah, me! that pretty bird led us far astray; and now we were in the copse, on the sloping hill-side. Thus our bird had wiled us on; we heard it sing to us, as in merry laughter, as we wandered here and there seeking it in the shady tangle, but we never found it, nor caught a glimpse of it; we saw it wing its way thither, and that was all. When we emerged upon the open downs again, the sun had set, the cornfields below looked dim and gloomy, as if something were lost, dead, and over the wild waste of downs, shadows were creeping and crawling. And oh, how our little legs ached! We were fain to sit down and rest awhile. What was worse, we had turned and twisted, and gone hither and thither, till we did not know in what direction lay our home. We rose and turned to right and left, east, west, north, and south, but those dark, deepening shadows seemed to be creeping after us, and monsters came crawling and stealing up the hill-side, and went we knew not whither. Then a mist gathered over, not deep and blinding, but just enough to make everything look unreal and terrible to us small, lonely creatures.

"Oh, Jemmy, what is that?" cried I, as a great, dark something loomed near us.

"Oh, I don't know," said he, in a frightened whisper; but he threw his arm about me, his boy-nature strong within him.

Then the wind swept cold and bleak, bringing with it a low growl—at least so it sounded to our poor frightened senses, and we fairly clung to each other.

"That's wolves!" moaned Jemmy, while that great threatening something at our side seemed to fade away, others stealing up and taking its place.



IN THE HARVEST FIELD. "JEMMY'S AND MY ADVENTURE" (p. 102).

"Wolves don't live in England," said I.

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"They did when little William was a boy," returned Jemmy, and I, as I remembered the tragic story of the little woodman and his dog Cæsar, felt that we too, for aught we knew, were to pass through a time of terror, as did he.

In an instant the incidents of that story rose before me like living pictures. The death of little William's father, his cruel brothers banding together, and taking him three days' journey into the forest, just to be free of him, to let him die of hunger or what not, shutting up his only friend, his trusty dog Cæsar, at home. Their stealing away on the third night while he slept, his awakening, his long, weary waiting for their return during the day, his terror at nightfall. Then I saw him praying, as the weird sounds of the wood made his little heart quake. Then followed the unmistakable howl of the wolves, his flight hither and thither, his climbing a tree to be safe from the hideous animals, and his seeing a light while there. Next, I saw him rushing toward it, a wolf on his track, the glare of fiery eyes behind him, the pat of feet, the panting breath; the river which barred his progress, and stayed his flying, stumbling, uncertain feet; the leaping of the animal on his back, which proved to be his dear little dog Cæsar, broke loose from home, and come to find him; Cæsar's fight with a wolf which followed, and, oh, joy! his coming upon his grandmother's cottage, to home and safety. Tears rushed to my eyes as it all rose before me.

"Let us hide away in the copse," said I, for I fancied that growling, wailing sound came sweeping up to us from over the downs.

"I think if we could get out on the other side, that would be our way home," said I to my wee brother, as we groped and threaded our way.

But the other side of the copse was like this side, a tangle, a mystery; we were like two birds caught in a net. We sat down and cried bitterly.

And now there was a stirring among the bushes, and that howling, moaning, fearful sound seemed now upon us, now afar, till it lost itself in space. Crash, crash, crash, came something through the brambles and bushes, and, as by instinct, we leaped to our feet and ran. None but a child knows a child's terror: so weak, so puny, so unaccustomed to rely on itself for protection, for a means to escape from danger and peril. Hand in hand, we rushed forward like the wandering babes in the wood; now we fell, tripped up by a root of a tree; now that moan swept over us, that terrible moan more like a roar, and we were on our feet, scudding on as before.

On, on, still on—glancing over my shoulder, what did I espy but two fiery eyes gleaming through the darkness, as did poor hapless William, and the rush of some eager animal bent on prey, which would not be driven back, came distinct and clear. I did not tell Jemmy what my startled eyes beheld, but hurried him on, on—whither?

Now came the pant, pant of the creature's breath, and now—as in the story of little William—there stretched before us a stream of water. What could we do?

I glanced behind me as we halted by the river in front, into which we had well-nigh rushed.

Ah! those burning eyes were upon us, so to speak, the creature's breath fanned my cheek. Now his paws were on my shoulders to tear me down. I shrieked as to some unknown hand to save me,

and Jemmy belaboured him with a stick he caught up in desperation. But the beast did not bite me, only whined out his joy, and licked my face. It was Ben, Uncle John's old dog Ben; and oh, joy! there was Uncle John himself bearing down upon us, like some giant in the gloom.

"Well, you youngsters, what have you to say for yourselves to Ben and me?" so he questioned, as we clung tightly to him, each holding a hand.

"Uncle," said I, after I had kissed the dear old dog, and Jemmy had caressed him, "uncle, did you hear anything growling all about? We did, and thought 'twas wolves, same as little William heard."

"No, Nell, I heard no sound of wolves—how could I when there are no wolves to hear? That was the wind you heard, little one," was the reply.

"And we saw great monsters that crawled, and crept, and frightened us ever so much," I told him, with a quaver in my voice.

"That was the mist wreathing and curling, which your frightened little hearts made monsters of. But come, you've not answered my question—what have you to say to Mr. Ben and me for leading us this long dance?"

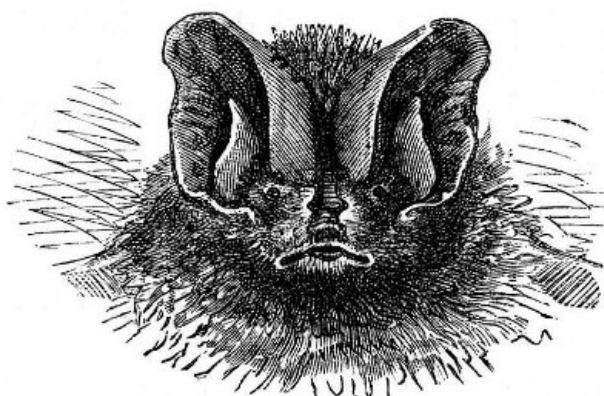
"It was a bird's fault, uncle," said I, true to my sex in making my excuse, "a dear, lovely bird, which flew away in here, and we followed it, and so—and so we forgot and were lost."

"Ah! children," said Uncle John, as he led us home, one on either side of him, I wearing uncle's pocket-handkerchief on my head, knotted into something like a turban, Ben trotting on before—"Ah, children, little feet shouldn't wander far from home; little heads shouldn't think themselves overwise; and little things like pretty birds shouldn't make small people forget their uncle's command to be home before sundown. Now, if you will only just get home by moon-down, 'twill do very well."

MORNINGS AT THE ZOO.

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VII.—ABOUT THE BATS.



HEAD OF BARBASTELLE BAT.

Perhaps none of the inmates of the Zoological Gardens, London, cause such serious disappointment as the Bats. Indeed, it may fairly be questioned whether one half of the visitors are aware that the Gardens contain specimens of these really interesting animals. The fact is, the creatures do not obtrude themselves upon any person's notice, and those who do not know their whereabouts, but want to see them, might spend a day in vainly looking for them, unless they invoked the aid of one of the keepers. Yet the bats are often enough discovered quite by accident where they are least expected. Their cages will be found in the monkey-house, screened from the light by a blind. Raise the blind and you will observe them hanging by their hind feet, with their wings wrapped round them like a cloak. They are no doubt asleep, but the raising of the screen may rouse some of them, who will turn their wee sharp noses and bright eyes towards the inquisitive stranger, and utter a little "cheeping" cry of complaint at having their repose disturbed. Night being the season of their activity, the bats do not favourably impress the casual visitor. After the Gardens have closed, however, they get more lively, though the smallness of their domicile prevents them from flying. They crawl about their cages and fight for the titbits of food. Tame bats may be trained to display some amount of fondness for their keeper. If set free they will creep about his person and get on to his shoulder and lick his face like a dog.

Until the time of the illustrious Linnæus the bats had been more or less a puzzle both to scientific folk and to common people. The general notion was that they were a kind of bird with wings of skin, while the German name for the creature, *Fledermaus*, or fluttering mouse, points to another opinion that they were neither bird nor beast, but a mixture of both. Other delusions remained in force up to a recent period. "Blind as a bat," is an old saying so much the reverse of fact, that it is

not easy to explain how it ever obtained currency among people who had seen the animal. So far from being afflicted with blindness, they are, says Mr. Dallas, "furnished with very efficient eyes, although, in most cases, these are little bead-like organs, very unlike the eyes usually seen in animals whose activity is nocturnal."

Nevertheless bats are not dependent upon their eyesight for a means of getting about in the dark. They are able to fly with great speed and accuracy, to avoid obstacles, and to enter small holes without making the least mistake. Experiments have shown that this singular power of direction is due to a remarkable development of the sense of touch especially to be found in their great expanse of wing. Further, these animals possess large ears and curious nostrils, some of which are leaf-like formations of the most extraordinary description. These skin growths are all supposed to have reference to the skill with which the creatures wing their way in the darkest caves.

As regards diet their wants are simple. Most bats feed on insects which they catch on the wing; some of them eat fruit; and a few enjoy a bad name because they suck the blood of other animals. Of these last are the so-called vampire bats, respecting which it used to be said that they fanned their victim with their wings while they sucked its life's blood. Though it is quite true that horses and cattle in South America are attacked by some bats, this hideous tale is altogether fabulous.

In considering the habits of these queer beings we shall confine ourselves to the fruit-eaters, to which the bats in the Zoo belong. In their native haunts the flying foxes, as they are called, are terribly destructive creatures. In Ceylon they hang upon some trees in such numbers that the branches often give way beneath their weight. While hovering round the trees stripping them of their fruit, the beating of their broad wings creates quite a hum. In the forenoon they take a "constitutional," just for a little exercise, and to air and dry their fur after the dews of the early morning. Then they return to the shadiest nook they can find till nightfall. Sometimes an attempt is made by its fellows to plunder a bat before it can manage to retire to a safe and snug retreat where it may enjoy its dinner in peace and quiet. Then fighting takes place, during which they tear one another with their hooks, screaming angrily the while. At last the would-be victim contrives to escape by flight to a distant spot, where in hot haste it devours its fruit. When the flying foxes drink, they lap by hanging head downwards from a branch over the water. Some of the Indian fruit bats, according to Mr. Francis Day, "often pass the night partaking of the toddy from the chatties in the cocoa-nut trees, which results either in their returning home in the early morning in a state of extreme and riotous intoxication, or in being found the next day at the foot of the trees sleeping off the effects of their midnight drinking." These "chatties," I may explain, are bowls containing various liquors belonging to natives, which are placed in the trees to keep them cool.

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The margined fruit bat—so called from the white border that surrounds its ears—works great mischief in the plantations upon which it feeds. They will fly as many as thirty or forty miles and back the same night in search of food. It is a greedy animal, individuals kept in captivity seeming to be always eating. The fruit bats are found in Asia, Africa, and Australia.

Many readers have doubtless seen bats in the course of their evening walks, and it may, therefore, be worth while to remind them that British bats—the long-eared and the barbastelle bats, for example,—feed upon insects. The blood-suckers, again, do not appear to belong to any other country but South America. All the fruit-eaters are, comparatively speaking, big bats. In size they range from the Great Kalong, the largest of all bats, which measures fourteen inches long, and has a wing expansion of upwards of four feet, to the dwarf long-tongued fruit bat, which is only from two and a half to three inches in length, with an expanse of wing of from eight to ten inches. The conditions of existence in the Zoo at present entirely prevent the captive bats from ever having an opportunity of doing justice to themselves. Perhaps at some date, more or less distant, they may be accommodated with a cage roomy enough to enable them to use their wings freely, and otherwise to display their powers.

JAMES A. MANSON.

A GAME OF CRICKET IN ELFLAND.

A FAIRY STORY.

It was a large gander, and it seemed to be a fierce gander, for it hissed loudly when Felix waved a switch before it, and pointed his finger at it crying, "Bohoo, bohoo, you goosey gander."

It was not very polite, and the gander seemed to grow more and more angry, and yet it would not leave Felix. At length Felix still pointing at the gander, said—

"Goosey, goosey, gander,
Whither shall we wander,
Up the hill, or through the vale,
Or in the pinewoods yonder."

And to his great surprise the gander drew in his head, and replied promptly—

"Pinewoods."

And a goose in the distance cried out—

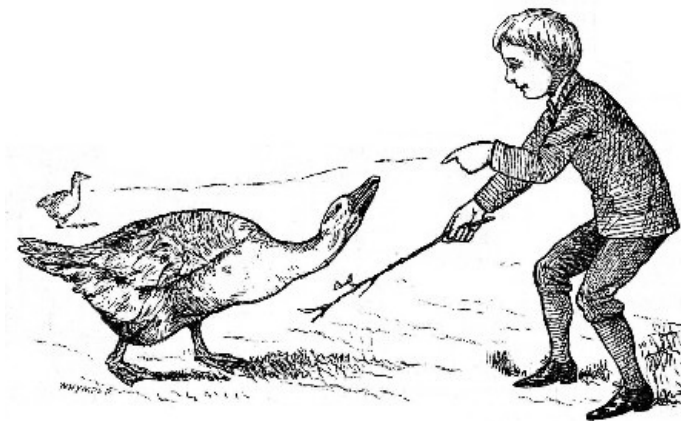
"Make haste then."

Felix dropped the switch, put his hands in his pockets, and stared at both the birds.

"Come," said the gander, spreading out his wings; "get on my back, and

Away we'll sail
Down the river in the vale,
Away to the pinewoods, away, away."

Splash, splash, such a spluttering in the water, and Felix, holding on by the gander's neck, shivered as the water touched him, for it was very cold; which much surprised him, as the day was hot, and the sun was shining.



IT HISSED LOUDLY.

How large the gander had grown! he had seemed a large gander before, but now he seemed quite monstrous. And the river grew wider, and the trees appeared to reach the sky, and the flags and bulrushes were like young palm-trees, and the flowers shot up to a great size. There was one clump of lilies of the valley much taller than Felix, and quite overshadowing a girl in a large cap with a blue ribbon in it, who seemed to be gathering some flowers growing in the water.

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As Felix approached the bank the lily bells swayed to and fro with a melodious sound as if bells of the purest silver were ringing.

"Welcoming us to Elfland," observed the gander.

"Isn't it the Pinewood?" asked Felix.

"It's all the same," answered the gander.

"Who is the little girl? She is coming to speak to us."

"Little girl, indeed," returned the gander contemptuously; "it's the Pine Queen; she has been asking you to come for weeks, but you took no notice of her. She sent messages by the swallows and the blackbirds, and the butterflies, and the grasshopper, but you did not heed them."

"I never heard them," said Felix, somewhat bewildered.

"Of course not; boys never do; they are always thinking of toys and games, and tarts and plum-cake, and the birds and butterflies speak to them in vain."

"I don't understand," said Felix.

"Of course not, but now," said the gander, suddenly rising in the water and flapping his wings; "having done my duty in bringing you here, I leave you to take care of yourself."

So saying he tossed Felix off his back to the bank, at the feet of the Pine Queen.

As Felix looked at the Pine Queen he noticed that she was dressed in silk and satin, and that her cap had turned into a crown of diamonds, and that she had diamond buckles on her shoes, and that she seemed very glittering and dazzling altogether.

She looked at Felix, and then said—

"Two little maidens winding wool all day,
If you want to see them please to walk this way."

"I don't care about seeing them," said Felix, who thought this a very odd way of beginning a conversation; nevertheless he followed the Pine Queen along the path through the trees.

It was very pleasant, the great straight pines with their tufted branches, and the sun sending slanting rays of gold through them; whilst the wild strawberries

shone like heaps of rubies at his feet. Wonderful birds and butterflies were darting hither and thither amongst the loveliest flowers. And on a grassy nook not far from a waterfall he perceived some white marble steps on which two little girls sat. The one was holding a great skein of wool, and the other was winding it. There was a great heap of wool of all colours on the ground.

"We wind, we wind till we've wound enough
Of wool a hundred balls to stuff."

sang the little maidens.

"What for?" asked Felix.

"For cricket-balls we work away,
With which pine-cricket players play."

sang the maidens.

"But cricket-balls should be hard," said Felix.

"Not in Elfland," answered the Pine Queen, smiling; "it's a different game altogether; we hit 'soft' instead of 'hard,' and our bats are brushes, and we make no scores."

"It must be a queer game," said Felix.

"We think it a much better game than yours," answered the Queen, "pads are never wanted; and there are no wickets, and no one is ever caught out."



**"THE LILY-BELLS
SWAYED."**



"HE PERCEIVED ... TWO LITTLE GIRLS."

"How funny!" exclaimed Felix; "I should not care to play at such a game."

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The Queen made no answer, and they walked on until they met a girl with a pail of water, who curtsayed respectfully.

"She's going to wash the cricket-ground," explained the Pine Queen.

"Oh!" said Felix, which was all that he could say, for the fact was everything seemed so very strange to him.

"Scour the ground, mop it, and dry it with care,
Sprinkle it over with Eau-de-Cologne.
Roses in flower-pots put round here and there,
And the roses must all be full-blown."

The eyes of Felix grew rounder and rounder, as the Pine Queen gave these directions, and he rubbed them to be quite certain that he was awake.

"We roll and mow the grass," he half whispered.

"We scour, and mop, and dry, and polish," murmured the Queen.

"We play with bats," Felix went on.

"We play with brushes," continued the Queen; "and here is one of our players in full costume."

Felix glanced round, but he only saw a boy who looked like a street sweeper, with a hand-brush in one hand and a broom in the other. He had on a sailor's hat, and he touched the brim of it with the broom-handle, as a salutation to the Queen.

"Queer, queerer, queerest!" thought Felix.

"Are you a good brusher?" asked the boy, suddenly; "can you brush the balls well?"

Felix stared at him.

"Oh!" said the boy; "I thought you would be sure to be a good cricketer."

"So I am," returned Felix; "I am a good batter. I've got a prize bat."

The boy burst out laughing, so did some magpies and squirrels. So did the streamlet that was running along so fast. Even the little fishes popped up their heads and laughed—

"Haha! haha! hoho! hoho!"

There was such a noise that Felix had to ask several times before he got an answer.

"What are they laughing at?"

"At you," answered the boy.

"It's very rude of them," said Felix, taking up a stone to throw at the magpies, which were chattering.

"Don't, don't," said the stone. "I don't want to hurt any one."

Felix, in his surprise, dropped the stone, and it fell to the ground, saying—

"Thank you! thank you!"

"Queer, queerer, queerest!" said Felix to himself. But the Pine Queen knew what he was saying, for she said—

"Wait till you have seen the practice." Felix rubbed his eyes again, for though the sun was shining, there was certainly snow upon the ground, and the two little players, who stood with brush and ball in their hands, were clad in warm coats and gloves and winter boots, which Felix thought must prevent their running well. The girl had a scarlet feather in her felt hat, and the boy a long blue tassel hanging from his velvet cap. The girl was raising her brush to ward off the ball that the boy was about to throw.

"Isn't it pretty?" said the Pine Queen—

"Throw, throw, hit, hit!
No danger, not a bit."

But Felix was thinking about "Scour, mop, and dry it," as he looked at the snow-covered patch of land.

"Ah!" continued the Pine Queen, divining his thoughts, "snow is soft, so that if the players fall it does not hurt them. But there is no snow to be seen when the regular game begins."

And the Queen waved a rose that she held in her hand, and in a moment the scene was changed, and Felix saw before him a smooth piece of lawn that looked like shining velvet. The flower-pots with full-blown roses were there, so was the girl with the pail and the player with the long broom, looking quite hot, as if they had been at work for hours.

"A good morning's work," observed the Queen. "See how neat it is."

Felix grew more and more perplexed. How could they scour and sweep under the snow? And how did the flower-pots get there, and the players; for the ground was all covered with the pine-wood cricket-players, dressed in the gayest and airiest of costumes. Half had brushes and half had balls. And the balls were flying here and there, and if the players hit them so that they rose in the air, they burst, and butterflies of the loveliest colours issued forth; whilst if the balls fell to the ground, frogs innumerable hopped out of them, and making their way to the banks of the river, sat there singing in a most delightful manner.



**"THEY MET A GIRL
WITH A PAIL."**



"HE ONLY SAW A BOY ...
LIKE A STREET-
SWEEPER."



"THE GIRL WAS RAISING HER BRUSH" (p. 107).

Yet, sweet as it was, the music seemed to confuse him as much as the game, which grew every moment more and more intricate; the players, brandishing their brushes, flew round, and the balls flashed about, and at last all that Felix could see was a mass of dazzling rainbow colours whirling past him.

All at once he heard a loud hissing, and he saw the large gander waddling up from the river; and beside him was the little girl with the large cap with the blue bow in it, and she held out her hand, saying—

"Good-bye, Felix. Come and see us again."

"That I will," replied Felix.

But he never did.

For from that day he never saw the gander again; nor could he ever find the way to the pine-forest, though he fancied he had remembered it quite well; nor did he ever see the game of brush-cricket played again.

Sometimes he even doubted whether he had been to Pineland, and had seen the wonderful game.

"But yet," said he, "if I had not seen it, how should I know anything about the forest and the Pine Queen? and how should I know how brush-cricket is played?"

And how should he?

JULIA GODDARD.

HARVEST DAYS.

Over the cornfield fell the sunlight,
And turned all the stubble to gold,
And 'neath the pale cloud-shades of evening
Deep crimson and purple unrolled.

The gleaners were busily gleaning
The yellow corn scattered around;
The waggons, all heavily laden,
Were tracing with furrows the ground.

The farmer stood lazily viewing
The harvesting in of his wheat,
His daughters were standing beside him,
His faithful dog lay at his feet.

There came by a shy little gleaner,
Flaxen-headed, with eyes bright and blue,
And the farmer smiled down, "Little maiden,
Come here—here's a gleaning for you."

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THE GLEANER. (See p. 108.)

He pulled from the waggon an armful
Of corn; and the gleaner's eyes gleamed:
She dimpled, she flushed, and she curtsied,
Such a great golden treasure it seemed.

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"Ay, sowing, and reaping, and harvest,"
The farmer soft spake as she passed,
And he thought of earth's sowing and reaping,
And the harvest that must come at last.

LITTLE MARGARET'S KITCHEN, AND WHAT SHE DID IN IT.—VIII.

By PHILLIS BROWNE, Author of "A Year's Cookery," "What Girls can Do," &c.

When Margaret and Mary entered the kitchen on the day on which the children were to learn how to bake meat, they found Mrs. Herbert already there. As usual, everything was laid ready for them. The meat was on a dish, the tins and various utensils were clean and bright, and there was a clear bright fire, while a general feeling of warmth and comfort pervaded everything, which was very agreeable, as it was a cold day.

"You have cleared out the flues properly and cleaned the oven for us, I hope, cook," said Mrs. Herbert.

"Oh yes, ma'am; it is all as it should be," replied cook, with a satisfied look as she watched Mrs. Herbert open the oven door, glance quickly in all the corners, put her hand inside for a moment to test the heat, then draw it out, and shut the oven door once more.

"That is well," said Mrs. Herbert. "Now remember, children, when you are going to bake meat, the first thing you have to look after is the condition of the oven. If the soot has not been swept away from the back and round about, your oven will not heat satisfactorily, no matter how much coal you pile on the fire; and if the shelves are dirty, that is, if a little syrup from the last pie which was baked in it, or splashes of fat from the last joint, are left to burn on the shelves, the meat will taste unpleasantly, and very likely be indigestible also."

"But we cannot prevent syrup boiling over," said Margaret.

"Perhaps not; but you can scrape off what was spilt before it has time to burn on the shelves, and you can clean out thoroughly, and wash the shelves with weak vinegar and water, to make them fresh and sweet. We very often hear people say they do not like baked meat, because it tastes of the oven."

"Yes, I have often heard them say so," said Margaret.

"Ah! This remark would not be made so frequently as it is if cooks were careful to keep the oven *perfectly* clean. Cleanliness is most important in all cookery, and never more so than with regard to an oven."

"What is that little iron slide which you pushed in when you opened the oven, mother?" said Margaret.

"It is a ventilator, and is intended to let fresh air into the oven, and to allow the smell of the roasting meat and the fumes which rise from it to escape. I shut it because we are just going to put in the meat, and I wish it to remain shut for about ten minutes, so as to make the oven very hot till the outside is cooked."

"I know what that is for," said Mary, hurriedly: "to harden the outside, and make a case to keep in the juice."

"Quite right, Mary," said Mrs. Herbert, smiling. "In ten minutes, however, we will push the slide out again, and that will admit the fresh air, slightly cool the oven, and allow the fumes to escape. Always recollect, however, that the oven must be hot. We need a good hot oven for roasting meat."

"Cook has put two dripping-tins here," said Margaret. "We do not want two tins."

"Yes, we do. To use two tins is another way of preventing the taste of the oven which is so objectionable. Usually I should use what is called a hot-water tin for baking meat. That is a tin made for the purpose, with a place inside for holding hot water. I shall not do so to-day, however, because I want to show you how to manage when there is no hot-water tin. See, I lay two or three thick sticks in the larger of the two tins, and put the smaller tin inside the other. Then I fill the bottom tin with hot water. I put this small stand in the uppermost tin, and place the meat on this, and then I put the whole affair into the oven."

"But what is the good of it all?" said Margaret.

"This is the good: when the meat has been a little while in the oven, the fat will melt, and will fall into the dripping-tin."

"I know that," said Margaret.

"Well, then, if we were to let the meat lie in the tin, don't you think it would get soaked in fat? Of course it would, and that wouldn't be agreeable."

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"And the hot water: what is that for?"

"If we were to leave a tin containing melted dripping in a hot oven it would get brown, burnt, smoky, and disagreeable?"

"But what has the water to do with the fat burning?" persisted Margaret.

"I will try to explain, if you on your part will try to understand something which is difficult to understand. First of all, what is boiling water?"

"It is water which is so hot that it bubbles all over, and steam rises from it."

"Quite so. If we were using a thermometer, and were to put it into water which was bubbling all over, we should find that the silvery line, or mercury, in the thermometer rose until it came to 212°. We might put a hotter fire under the water, but under ordinary circumstances we should never get the mercury higher than 212°. Under extraordinary circumstances, I confess we could get it higher. For instance, if we were at the bottom of a mine, boiling-point would be two degrees higher, and if we were to put some salt in the water, boiling-point would be four degrees higher."

The little girls listened very attentively while Mrs. Herbert was speaking. When she paused, they looked very solemn, and said nothing.

"Fat, on the other hand, can be made very much hotter: more than three times as hot as boiling water. When heat is first applied to fat, it bubbles, but as it gets hotter it becomes still. As it gets hotter and hotter, it remains still, but it turns dark, and smokes, and smells burnt. This is what would happen to our fat in the tin if we were to let it come in contact with the heat of the oven shelf; but you can see that when water, which never rises beyond 212°, is under it, it cannot burn in this way."

"I see that perfectly," said Margaret, joyfully. "I like to be told difficult things when once I understand them. But, mother, will not the water boil away?"

"Yes; we must watch it, and as it does so, we must add fresh boiling water. It would never do to

add cold water, because that would make the fat too cool, and would lessen the heat of the oven also."

"We should have to open the door, though, to see how the water was getting on," said Mary. "Would not that be a pity?"

"It would have to be done in any case to baste the meat," said Mrs. Herbert. "Remember, we can no more dispense with basting in baking meat than we can in roasting it before the fire. If we try to do so, our meat will be spoiled. We must baste every quarter of an hour, and to do this we must lift the meat right out of the oven, and shut the door as soon as possible. If we were to baste the meat while it was in the oven, the latter would become cool, and we wish to keep the heat up the whole time. We should be careful also to shut the oven door gently. If we slam it, we shall force some of the hot air out of it."

"I never saw anything like it," said Margaret. "In cookery there are so many little things to remember."

"That is the case with whatever we learn, my dear little girl, if we try to learn thoroughly. And there is still another point to remember: when we take the meat out of the oven to baste it, we must notice whether it is browner in one part than another, and if it is, we must turn the tin, so that the side which is less cooked may take its turn in going to the hottest part of the oven. You know that one part of the oven is always hotter than another. In the same way, you should turn the meat over once or twice, that it may be equally cooked."

"How long will it have to be in the oven, ma'am?" said Mary.

"If you use the ventilator as I have told you to do, you may follow the same rules in baking meat that would hold good for roasting it: that is, you may allow a quarter of an hour to the pound, and a quarter of an hour over for red meats, and twenty minutes to the pound for white meats. But if the ventilator is not used, the oven would get very hot, and ten minutes to the pound, with ten minutes over, would probably be sufficient, excepting in cases where the meat was very thick and solid."

"And do we make gravy for baked meat in the same way that we make it for roast meat, ma'am?" said Mary.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Herbert.

"Well, I must say," said Margaret, when in course of time the baked meat was dished and set on the table, "that I think baked meat tastes quite as well as roast meat, and it is much less troublesome to cook."

"I do not agree with you, Margaret," replied her mother. "I do not consider baked meat is equal to roast meat. Nevertheless, if it is carefully cooked, if the ventilator is left open, and if the meat is well basted, there is not much difference between the two, and certainly baking is a very convenient mode of dressing meat. Besides this, it is a way which nine people out of every ten must adopt; they have no choice in the matter. Therefore, I hope you will try to remember what I have told you about baking."

"Indeed we will," said both the children.

(To be continued.)

A Harvest Song.

***Words by* GEORGE DAVIES.**

***Music by* J. M. BENTLEY, Mus. Doc.**

A Harvest Song.

Words by GEORGE DAVIES.

Music by J. M. BENTLEY, Mus.Doc.

VOICE. *Briskly.*

1. With the set - ting of the sun All the work is near - ly done,
2. Down the nar - row coun - try lane Trails the hea - vy - la - den wain;
3. Now the barn the corn re - ceives— Piled up high the gold - en sheaves ;

PIANO. *Briskly. f >* *p*

f *dim.*

And the last up - lift - ed sheaf Brings the toil - ers sweet re - lief.
Men and wo - men, old and young, Singing loud their sim - ple song.
While the jol - ly reap - ers sing Till the ve - ry raft - ers ring.

f > *dim.*

Repeat in CHORUS. *2nd time rall.*

Greet the reap - ers as they come With a wel - come har - vest - home !

ff

1. With the set-ting of the sun All the work is near-ly done,
And the last up-lift-ed sheaf Brings the toil-ers sweet re-lief.
2. Down the nar-row coun-try lane Trails the hea-vy-la-den wain;
Men and wo-men, old and young, Singing loud their sim-ple song.
3. Now the barn the corn re-ceives—Piled up high the gold-en sheaves;
While the jol-ly reap-ers sing Till the ve-ry raft-ers ring.

Repeat in CHORUS.

Greet the reap-ers as they come With a wel-come har-vest-home!



"ON THE SHORE STAND WATCHING."

Father's boat comes sailing,
Sailing from the west;
On the shore stand watching
Those who love him best.

Blooms the gorse so golden
On the breezy down,
Comes a sound of joy-bells
From the busy town.

In the fisher's cottage
Mother's work is done,
Through the open window
Streams the sinking sun.

Cheerily the kettle
Sings upon the fire,
Ticks the old clock loudly,
Creep the shadows higher.

Just now, in the gloaming,
When the boat is in,
And the fish are counted
With a merry din,

All those five together
Up the cliff will come,
Peacefully and gladly,
To their cosy home.

STORIES TOLD IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

By EDWIN HODDER ("OLD MERRY").

II.—THE CORONATIONS IN THE ABBEY.

Come with me now inside the Abbey. We take off our hats here with great reverence, for we are not only in the House of God, but in the midst of the memorials of some of the most gifted of our countrymen. It is Poet's Corner. But we will not linger here; I want you to come right away into the chapel of Edward the Confessor, and as we pass along picture to yourselves how the Abbey looked on Coronation days, when the light from the great stained glass windows fell upon crowds of brave men and fair women, all robed in costumes of state to see the crown of England placed upon a monarch's head. You must try and imagine the moment when, as the Coronation rubric

has it, "the Dean of Westminster bringeth the crown, and the Archbishop taking it of him, putteth it reverently upon the Queen's head. At the sight whereof the people with loud and repeated shouts cry, 'God save the Queen!' and trumpets sound, and by a signal given the great guns at the Tower are shot off."

Well, now we are in the chapel of Edward the Confessor, and I see you all look at that chair standing by the screen. It is well worth looking at, for it is doubtful whether there is any curiosity in all England to compare with it in interest. It is King Edward's chair, upon which English monarchs have been crowned for many centuries, and while we stand near it, I shall tell you very briefly about the crowning of some of our kings and queens.

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For more than 800 years the coronations of English monarchs have regularly taken place in Westminster Abbey. Duke William of Normandy claimed the throne as lawful successor of Edward the Confessor, and upon the Confessor's gravestone the burly Norman stood to receive the crown of England. There were two nations represented in the throng assembled here that day. Godfrey, Bishop of Coutances, made a speech in French, Alred, Archbishop of York, spoke in English, and then the crowd, some in French and some in English, hailed William the Conqueror as their king. While this was going on inside the Abbey the Norman cavalry were without sitting on their war-horses, ready to quell any disturbance should it arise. They had not long to wait. It seems that they were not aware that their leader was to go through the form of receiving by popular vote the crown which he had already won by his sword, and when they heard the excited shouting inside the building they thought something had gone wrong, and so they set fire to the gates of the Abbey. Then the crowd inside the building were sure there was something wrong without, and they rushed out, only to be trodden down by the Norman horse-hoofs. Only monks and prelates remained within, and the ceremony of coronation was hurried through, while William, for the first time in his life, it is said, trembled from head to foot; and so ended the first coronation in the Abbey of which we have any authentic information.

Nothing of importance marks the coronation of William Rufus. When he perished in the New Forest, within four days Henry I. was in the Abbey claiming the crown, and making all sorts of promises in order to get the thing done speedily. So he was crowned by the Bishop of London, being in too great a hurry to wait for the arrival of either of the archbishops, who were away from London.

In those days, when times were troublous, kings were not so anxious to have throngs of people in fine dresses, and specially composed music and all that sort of thing. They only wanted men with good swords, and as much speed in being crowned as possible, for "delays were dangerous." Stephen was almost as prompt as his predecessor; Henry ate his supper of lampreys on December the 1st, and Stephen was crowned on St. Stephen's Day, December 26th, 1135. At the next coronation, that of Henry II., Norman and Saxon rejoiced together at the prospect of an era of peace. Prince Henry, son of Henry II., was crowned during his father's lifetime, on June 14th, 1170. At the coronation banquet, when his father stood behind him, the Prince remarked, "The son of an earl may well wait on the son of a king." The event took place during the height of the quarrel between Henry II. and Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, whose right it was to put the crown on the royal head. Accordingly Becket excommunicated the Archbishop of York and the assistant bishops who had officiated on the occasion. This led to the murder of Becket, with disastrous consequences too numerous for me to allude to here.

At the coronation of Richard I. there was a grand array of nobles and prelates, who came with the king from his palace to the Abbey and witnessed the ceremony. Ill omens attended the occasion; a bat fluttered round and round the throne at mid-day, and at night (they say) there was a peal upon the bells, of which no one could give an explanation. But the day was also marked by real horrors. From superstitious fears the Jews had been forbidden to witness the ceremony. But at the banquet some of them were discovered amongst the bystanders. They were at once beaten almost to death. The mob began plundering the Jews' houses, and murdering the inmates, and at York and other cities similar scenes quickly followed.

At John's coronation the custom began of having the canopy over the king's head carried by the five Barons of the Cinque Ports. This was in return for their aid to John in his frequent voyages. When Henry III. succeeded, Westminster was in the hands of Prince Louis of France, "the Dauphin" of Shakespeare's play. The king was accordingly crowned at Winchester; but he had a second coronation in Westminster Abbey, on May 17, 1220, having on the previous day laid the foundation-stone of his Lady Chapel, which was to be the germ of an entirely new edifice. All previous coronations were said to be outdone by the feasting and joviality on this occasion.

There was high rejoicing when Edward I. came back from the Holy Land, two years after his accession, and was crowned in company with his beloved Eleanor, the first royal couple who were crowned in the Abbey together. Alexander III. of Scotland did homage on the following day, and in his honour 500 great horses were let loose in the crowd for any persons to catch and keep that could.

Edward I. brought from Scotland the noted stone upon which for centuries the Scottish monarchs had been installed, and had it placed in this oaken chair which still covers it. According to tradition, this stone was the one on which Jacob slept at Bethel, and which by a series of remarkable adventures had been transported successively to Egypt, Sicily, Spain, and Ireland. In Ireland they say it stood on the hill of Tara, and that upon it were enthroned the ancient Irish kings. Fergus, founder of the Scottish monarchy, took the stone to Dunstaffnage Castle, and Kenneth II. (here we get hold of historic fact) placed it at Scone in the ninth century. Wherever it

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may have wandered, it is unquestionably a piece of sandstone from the western coasts of Scotland, and is most probably (says Stanley) the stony pillow of St. Columba, on which his dying head was laid in the Abbey of Iona. On this stone the reign of every English monarch from Edward I. to Victoria has been inaugurated. Only once has it been taken out of the Abbey, and that was for Oliver Cromwell to be installed upon it as Lord Protector in Westminster Hall.

At the coronation of Edward II. the crown was carried by Piers Gaveston, the unworthy favourite whom it had been the dying wish of Edward I. to have excluded from the court. In 1327, Edward III. (by consent of his deposed father) was crowned whilst his mother Isabella, "the she-wolf of France" (as Gray calls her), pretended to weep all through the ceremony. Of the coronation of Richard II. full details are preserved in the "Liber Regalis," a book drawn up by Abbot Littlington, and ever since carefully preserved by the Abbots and Deans, as it sets forth the order which has been observed in all subsequent ceremonials. Proceedings commenced with a grand procession through the city from the Tower, a custom which was kept up till the time of Charles I. The young king rode bareheaded, and was escorted by a body of knights, created for the occasion, and who, from the bath they took in company before assuming their armour, were styled the Knights of the Bath. The young king was taken out fainting from the long ceremonial just as Sir John Dymote, as champion, rode up to the Abbey gates on his charger, to challenge any who dared to dispute the royal succession. It is the first time we hear of the Champion; but it was an age of knightly revivals, and this was probably one of them.

We next see Henry IV. and Henry V. successively installed on the Stone of Scone; and then comes Henry VI., a child of nine, "beholding all the people about sadly and wisely;" his queen, Margaret of Anjou, was crowned here fourteen years afterwards. The coronation of Edward IV. presents no particular feature of interest. For that of Edward V. all was ready, robes for the guests, provisions for the banquet. But the Tower beheld the "midnight murder" of the only English monarch who never wore the crown. Then with splendid ceremonial Richard III. tried to cover the defects of his title. Six thousand gentlemen rode with him to Westminster Hall on June 26th, 1483, and a few days afterwards there was a very grand procession to the Abbey, when Richard and his wife were anointed King and Queen of England. Amongst the Queen's train was Margaret of Richmond, little dreaming that within three years her son should be crowned here as Henry VII. But this monarch's real coronation had already taken place, when the crown of England was found in the hawthorn bush on Bosworth Field, and placed on Richmond's head by Lord Stanley. The public ceremonial was only a poor display. Not so the next event of this character, when Henry VIII. and Catherine of Arragon were crowned with great splendour, and when for the last time a Roman Catholic Archbishop performed the ceremony. Anne Boleyn's coronation (commemorated by Shakespeare) was a noticeable one, and Cranmer, fresh from sentencing Catherine, performed the ceremony.

Edward VI. came to the Abbey, now a Cathedral, amidst much curious pageantry, and for the first time a Bible was presented to the sovereign.... Mary's procession to the Abbey is signalised by the exploits of a Dutchman, who sat astride on the weathercock of St. Paul's five hundred feet in the air, as the Queen passed. The two Archbishops and the Bishop of London were all in the Tower, so Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, put the crown on Mary's head. On Jan. 14th, 1559, London was wild with joy, as Elizabeth passed from the Tower to the Abbey. The women flung flowers into her lap, groups of children sang welcomes, even old men wept for gladness. The Bishop of Carlisle crowned the Queen.

James I. was crowned in the time of the Plague, so there was no procession. There was a slight hitch because his wife refused the sacrament. She had "changed once from Lutheran to Presbyterian, and that was enough." The coronation of Charles I. was marked by a slight earthquake shock. This was not the only bad omen. The dove of gold on the staff of Edward the Confessor had been broken, none knew how, and had to be replaced. Oliver Cromwell did not venture on a ceremony in the Abbey; he was enthroned, as I have already said, in Westminster Hall.

At the Restoration, Charles II. was crowned "with the greatest solemnity and glory," as the old historian says. The Regalia was all new, to replace that which had been lost during the Commonwealth. The crown was placed on the king's head by the weak and aged Archbishop Juxon, who had attended Charles I. on the scaffold. At the coronation of James II., a hundred thousand pounds were spent over the Queen's robes and jewels, and the procession was omitted to save expense, much to the wrath of the Londoners. As the crown was placed on James's head, it tottered and would have fallen, but for the Keeper of the Robes, who held it up.

The next coronation, that of William and Mary, was delayed two hours by the receipt of the news that James II. had just landed in Ireland. The Queen, being very short, had to be lifted into the chair of state. When girt with the sword and invested with crown and sceptre, the Princess Anne, who stood near her, said, "Madame, I pity your fatigue." The Queen sharply replied, "A crown, sister, is not so heavy as it seems." When the King came to make the usual offering, he found he had no money with him, and had to borrow twenty guineas from a nobleman. Anne was suffering from gout when her turn came to be crowned, and she had to be carried to the Abbey. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, acted as Lord High Chamberlain. At the coronation of George I., the king knew no English and his ministers knew no German, but they all knew Latin imperfectly, and everything had to be explained to the monarch in that language. The crowning of George II. presents no particular feature of interest; that of George III. was a splendid show, and was marked by a curious incident. Amongst the witnesses was Prince Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, who had been staying in London under the name of Mr. Brown, and had managed to

procure admission to the scene of his rival's triumph. George the Fourth's coronation was a splendid ceremony; but the portly monarch found it very exhausting, and whilst the peers were doing homage in succession, he used up pocket-handkerchiefs innumerable in wiping his streaming face, handing them when done with to the Archbishop of Canterbury. His unfortunate Queen, Caroline, had vainly tried to be present at the ceremony, but was repulsed at each of the doors she attempted to enter, and had to drive away discomfited. William IV., to please the political reformers of the period, wanted to dispense with a coronation altogether, and the procession and banquet *were* omitted. Our present gracious Queen was crowned in the Abbey, in the flower of her youth, in June, 1838, and the ancient building was crowded with all that was eminent in the land as the crown was placed upon the girlish head of the illustrious lady who for nearly half a century has worn it so faithfully and so well.

THE LITTLE FLOWERS' WISH.

Some daisies grew in a green piece of turf just outside the palings of a garden. The grass all round them was soft and fine; they had plenty of room to grow in, and they were near enough to the road to see all that went by. Would you not have thought they were contented?

Little yellow butterflies came and told them stories, little shadowy clouds went scampering over the grass-plot, the pleasant warm sun shone down on their little round faces. And yet they were unhappy with all this.

Through a crack in the palings they had seen into the garden, and it made them all long to be there. Flowers of different kinds grew happily in the garden-beds. Some of them had sticks to lean against and some were trained against the wall.

"Oh, what care is taken of them!" thought the foolish little daisies.

Every day the gardener came and watered these choice flowers. And a stately lady paced the garden walks, and noticed if the flowers grew or faded.

"Oh, if only we could get into the garden!" sighed the daisies, ruffling all their little leaves; "oh, how much happier we should be if we were only growing in there!"

Just then there came running out of the garden a little child with golden hair. Whether he heard what the daisies said I do not know, but it almost seemed as if he did.

"Come along, little flowers," he cried, "would you like to come and live in the garden? See, I will plant you in nicely."

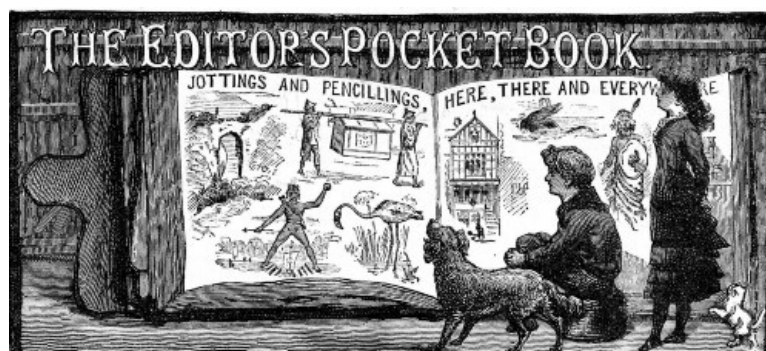
With his soft baby hands he plucked the little daisies from their stalks, sped back with them through the garden gate, and commenced to plant them in the earth. First he made a little hole for each of them in the soft brown mould, then put the rootless flowers in and pressed the earth round tightly.

"It is cold, it is cold," said the daisies.

"I shall have a nice little garden of my own now," said the child, and he ran away contented to his play.

Next day little Harold came to see his garden, and he burst into tears, for the poor little daisies were dead.

And other daisies grew in the grass-plot outside, and the butterflies told tales to them as of old.



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The Wounded Cat and the Doctor.

Colonel Stuart Wortley says that when he entered the Malakoff, so famous in the Crimean war, he found a cat whose paw had been pinned to the ground by a bayonet that had fallen upon it. He released the poor thing, and took her for two mornings to the doctor to have her foot dressed.

The next day he was absent on duty before daybreak, and puss went herself to the doctor's, scratched the tent to be admitted, and when she was let in, held up her foot to be attended to. This cat was very grateful to the colonel, for she followed him about the camp till the close of the war.

A Remarkable Bell.

In the temples at Kyoto, Japan, is a great bell, which swings in a huge wooden tower. The bell is a large bronze cup, with nearly perpendicular sides and a flat crown; and is sounded by bringing a big beam against the rim. It needs twelve natives to ring it. It used to be rung once a year, but it may now be heard twice or thrice a month. It is 18 feet high, 9-1/2 inches thick, 9 feet in diameter, and weighs almost 74 tons. It was cast in 1633, rim upwards; and the gold that entered into its composition is estimated at about 1,500 pounds. The tone of the bell is described as magnificent, and when struck with the open hand, the vibration may be heard a hundred yards off.

About the Mina Bird.

A lady in India sends me some interesting notes about a mina bird which she obtained possession of while travelling in the Presidency of Madras. These birds talk better even than parrots, and this one soon displayed his cleverness. On the day after his arrival he began to make such a noise that it was thought he was hungry, and the *ayah*, or nurse, was told to feed him. He was then heard to say "Mina wants his dinner." After he had had some food he said "Mina wants clean water." He calls out "Ayah" and "Boy," so naturally that at first the servants thought it was their master calling them. One day he created some amusement by crying out "Mina wants his breakfast dinner." It appeared he had already had some bread and milk, and being doubtful as to which meal he ought to ask for, gave an order comprehensive enough to include both meals, so as to make sure of one. He is dainty, and will eat only particular food. One day his curry and rice contained plenty of rice but not much curry, whereupon his dissatisfaction was promptly evinced by a shout of "No curry." He gave evidence of soon becoming an excellent linguist, and had acquired a knowledge of some of the native tongues.

An Historical Cocoa-Plant.

In a greenhouse belonging to the Royal Botanic Society there is a cocoa-plant which has achieved greatness, for it has actually borne fruit, and is, according to Professor Bentley, the first that has done so in England. The fruit gave evidence of reaching maturity and of ripening its seeds. Linnæus called cocoa "Theobroma," by which he meant to imply that it was food for the gods, but Belzoni, writing in the sixteenth century, regarded it as fitter for pigs than for men. Readers will be able to decide this knotty point for themselves, despite the proverbial difficulty of deciding when doctors disagree. Sixty years ago the annual consumption of cocoa amounted to only a quarter of a million pounds, but now it has reached a total of probably not less than twelve millions of pounds.

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The International Health Exhibition.

The great Health Show which was opened in May has already proved itself to be the most prominent feature of the London summer season. It embraces a display of everything even remotely connected with Health, and a more interesting and attractive collection it would be impossible to form. Appealing, as it does, to the taste of all ages, its variety is certainly charming. Nor is it without its educational value, as the "bits" of Old London, the historical costumes, and the trades in operation, abundantly testify. And not the least pleasing circumstance is that those very exhibits which are of an instructive character are the most popular. One sees in different ways that the experience gained by the Fisheries Exhibition of last year has been of immense service to the promoters of the Health Exhibition. The grounds have been decorated and illuminated by night so successfully that the Horticultural Gardens have been transformed into fairyland itself. The lakes and terrace picked out in many-coloured lamps, the lawns festooned with Chinese lanterns, the dazzling brilliancy of the electric light that lords it supreme overhead, the strains of the military bands, all combine to render the grounds of the exhibition the favourite open-air resort of Londoners and visitors during the warm summer nights.

Famous Old London Buildings.

The most novel feature of the exhibition is a street in which have been constructed imitations of several of the most celebrated buildings in Old London. Each has been carefully reproduced from engravings and drawings in Mr. Gardner's priceless collection. The street begins with an excellent imitation of Bishopsgate, one of the City gates, with moss-grown walls, and statues of Bishop William the Norman, and of Alfred the Great and Aldred. On one side of the street will be found such quaint and picturesque buildings as the "Rose" Inn and "Cock" Tavern, the "Three Squirrels," Izaak Walton's House, and All Hallows' Church, Staining; on the other side will be seen, among others, Dick Whittington's House and the Hall of the Holy Trinity Guild in Aldersgate. The street ultimately narrows into Elbow Lane, in which will be observed a number of historical places, such as Gunpowder Plot House, where Guy Fawkes and his fellows concocted

their detestable plot; and the curious houses at Pye Corner—which are illustrated on the opposite page—where the Great Fire of London ceased its ravages. The street runs down to London Wall. The ground floor of the houses is occupied by shops, in which the different trades of the old City Guilds are carried on. Perhaps the only thing that spoils the illusion—apart from the unavoidably modern crowds of sightseers—is that the interiors of the houses are connected by a gallery that runs from one end of the street to the other, so that you may enter the "Rose" Inn and come out at All Hallows' Church, or *vice versâ*.

Model Dairies.

In the South Gallery will be noticed a number of Model Dairies, which are well worth a visit. Here little folk will see how the trade has been revolutionised, and how in such matters even as milk and butter machinery has to a very large extent replaced hand labour. These dairies are beautifully clean, and the effect is in one case decidedly improved by the introduction of a few stalls occupied by some pretty cows and a little calf, some ewes and two kids, and some queer-looking Zulu sheep, all of which excite much admiration.

Trades in Operation.

The West Gallery is one of the most popular and instructive in the Exhibition. Here a variety of trades are in full operation, in which it is possible to trace an article from the raw to the finished state. In one stand, for instance, may be seen the whole process of mustard-making. The seed may be viewed in the *pulveriser*, then in the *crusher*, then in the *sieve*, and then being done up in packets of various sizes for sale. The making of jam also affords much entertainment to onlookers. Doubtless the nature of the trade will account for the large crowds who surround the stand where Messrs. Allen's industrious workmen turn out lozenges, and almonds, and chocolate in enormous quantities. Their machines are busy from morn till night. Where all the operations are interesting it is difficult to specify any in particular; but, perhaps, the process of preparing, cutting out, and printing lozenges is as worthy of special attention as any. Elsewhere the mysteries of meat-cutting machines may be solved, and the processes of aërated water making and of soap-making studied with profit. These are but types of the busy life of the West Gallery, which resounds with the clang of machinery in motion, and the hum of hundreds of voices of amused spectators.

The Costume Show.

In the Western Quadrant will be found an exhibition of waxworks that would have filled poor Artemus Ward's heart with joy. There are two series of figures, representing English civil costumes and military uniforms from William the Conqueror almost to the present day. They have been prepared under the personal superintendence of the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, and may therefore be relied upon for accuracy in every respect. These series will repay careful study. The civil costumes start with those of two women, a shepherd, and a man of the period of William I. and wind up with samples of the era of George IV. It is impossible here to go into details, but it may be said that costume does not necessarily improve with time, as the dress of the last period is certainly the worst. The military uniforms begin with some suits of armour from the Tower, then proceed to a halberdier of Henry VII., and so on down to the uniforms now in actual use. The West Quadrant should on no account be missed by visitors to the Exhibition. In the Eastern Quadrant will be seen some specimens of present-day attire, chiefly ladies' and children's dresses.



PYE CORNER IN 1789. (See p. 118.) (From a Drawing in Mr. Gardner's Collection.)

Street of Furnished Rooms.

Those who feel an interest in the modern methods of furnishing rooms will be glad to have their attention called to this street in the South Central Gallery. Here room after room has been equipped in the richest and most artistic fashion, and full advantage should be taken of this opportunity for comparison between styles of furnishing a house of the most varied character possible.

Other Exhibits.

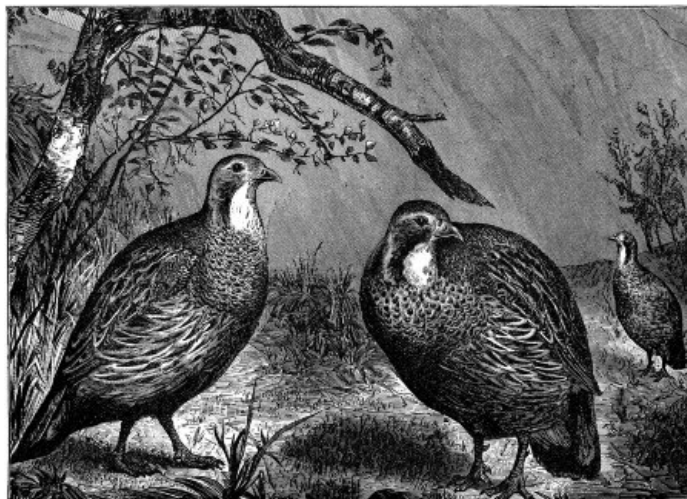
I cannot stay to mention even one-twentieth of the different exhibits. Little folk who have seen the Show will know it is not possible for me to do so here. There are foreign annexes full of interesting articles. The London Water Companies have a pavilion all to themselves. The South Gallery may be regarded as an elaborate model of the food of London. Then the British Beekeepers' Association will explain much of an instructive kind about the busy bee. In short, the whole Exhibition is so full of information of a useful and, in some cases, even of a delightful sort, that I must now leave the subject with the intimation of that fact.

Young Heroes.

Some time ago a child fell off Oreston Pier, near Plymouth, and had drifted out about seven yards in twelve feet of water, when a little boy, nine years old, named S. G. Pike, plunged into the sea with his clothes on, reached the child, and swam back with it to some steps, where they were both assisted out. Another boy, W. W. Haynes, aged twelve, saved the life of a child who had fallen from a bridge into the river at Llanberis, near a whirlpool. E. S. Deacon, a girl, twelve years old, rescued a lad from drowning at Blackpool, near Dartmouth. The boy had slipped off a rock and become unconscious, when Miss Deacon jumped into the water fully dressed, and succeeded in holding him up until help arrived. We are glad to know that the Royal Humane Society rewarded these brave children for their noble heroism.

An Intelligent Mare.

A mare, with her young foal, was grazing in an orchard on an American farm, when she was noticed to run at full speed from a distant part of the orchard, making a loud cry—not like her usual voice, but a kind of unnatural "whinny," like a scream of distress. She came up to a farm servant, as near as a fence would allow, turned back for a short distance, and then returned, keeping up the shrill noise all the while. The man's curiosity became excited, and as soon as he started to follow her, she went off in the direction of a miry place that had been left unguarded, and stopped upon its very brink. Hurrying on as fast as he could, the man found the colt lying dead, suffocated in the mud and water. The poor mare had unfortunately been unable to procure his help—though she tried her best—in time to save her foal. This touching instance of maternal affection is a very interesting example of the way in which the "dumb" animals—as they are somewhat absurdly called—make up for the want of speech. The mare's strange cry and her extreme restlessness were as eloquent as words.



SOME BIRDS OF THE CAUCASUS. (See p. [121.](#))

ABOUT THE FRANCOLIN.

Partridges by any name would taste as sweet, and when you have learnt that the francolin is one of the few different kinds of partridge, you will have obtained the chief clue to the life-history of these birds. They may in a general way be defined as the representatives in various parts of Asia (as in India and the Caucasus mountains) and Africa, of the well-known family which is so diligently searched for in this country during the month of September. One sort of francolin is still to be met with in the countries of Europe that border on the Mediterranean. The bird was at one time common in Sicily, and it is yet to be found in the island of Cyprus. Some of them live on level plains, and others in forests. They differ from our partridge in that they studiously shun cultivated ground, preferring the proximity of woods, in which they carefully select damp spots overgrown with reeds. In time of danger they conceal themselves in the densest brushwood, out of which they do not emerge until the peril is past. Should no shelter be at hand, they will try to seek safety in flight, and will use their wings only in the last resort. Partridges, as we are all aware, are not averse from feeding many times and oft on grain; but the francolins, whose taste is not so fastidious, will not refuse to dine on the wild berries as well as on grain, while they hunt for worms and insects with a zeal worthy of the cause. Some of them have rather a fondness for perching and roosting on trees of a night, and they display the same affection for their young as partridges show for theirs. The cry is harsher and noisier than that of the latter. There is one sort which has a cry of so curious a description that a good deal of speculation has arisen as to its significance. It sounds like "Tre-tre-tre," and is meant, according to a prosaic Sicilian proverb, to be a declaration by the bird of its market value, which it assesses at *three* coins. Others have likened its cry to the harsh, grating blast of a cracked trumpet. Such being the case, it is just as well that we have no francolins in this country.

The "Little Folks" Humane Society.

THIRTIETH LIST OF OFFICERS AND MEMBERS.

Officers' Names are printed in Small Capital Letters, and the Names of their Members are printed beneath. Where a short line, thus "—," is printed, the end of an Officer's List is indicated.

	AGE
42654 Mary Roberts	12
42655 Nellie Halse	13
42656 Ernest Wilson	7
42657 Susan Wills	16
42658 Sylvia Tapp	18
42659 William Angove	9
42660 John Wisdom	11
42661 M. B. Kneebone	7
42662 Eliza Halse	16
42663 Charles Angove	5
42664 Richard Angove	7
42665 A. Sherwood	20
42666 Lily Wisdom	7

42667 E. M. Spyers	15
42668 Lucy Woodman	16
42669 John Butcher	19
42670 W. J. H. Pott	9
42671 Thomas Hankins	11
42672 RACHEL E. SPYERS, Weybridge	13
42673 Kate Porter	17
42674 E. W. Hickens	12
42675 Cecil N. Money	12
42676 Sarah Heather	18
42677 E. Arkwright	11
42678 F. O'Fflahertie	11
42679 Frank Harper	10
42680 A. R. Hoskins	11
42681 Robert Jones	9
42682 William F. Smith	13
42683 John H. Watson	15
42684 Godfrey Brooks	14
42685 Percy James	13
42686 Elizabth. Diplock	19
42687 W. E. Smith	10
42688 A. S. McLachlan	7
42689 William Floyd	10
42690 Cleophas Fulker	9
42691 Herbert Caulder	9
42692 A. M. Beckett	15
42693 C. Threadgold	9
42694 Charles Jeffery	11
42695 Alice C. Wilson	13
42696 F. P Rennie	10
42697 Chas. M. Orme	12
42698 Henry McDonall	12
42699 Tom Spyers	11
42700 Percy Hewett	11
42701 Sidney F. Brooks	12
42702 Robt. McDonall	11
42703 C. J. Rennie	8
42704 H. J. Fellowes	13
42705 A. F. Fellowes	9
42706 C. Farquharson	14
42707 Tom James	10
42708 Wm. G. R. Orme	12
42709 Ellen B. Wilson	16
42710 Herbert Wilson	9
42711 Henry Verity	12
42712 Basil H. Wilson	10
42713 H. M. Hoskins	14
42714 J. H. Lawrence	12
42715 E. O. Beverley	12
42716 Henry Berrend	9
42717 Julia Spiers	16
42718 Amos Daws	19
42719 G. M. Wilson	17
42720 William Hodges	10
42721 George Wilson	11
42722 FLORA S. A. BEESON, Brentwd.	13
42723 Charles H. Haws	13
42724 Amy Young	12
42725 George Hall	16
42726 Alice Lucking	12
42727 Arthur Lucking	6
42728 Arthur R. Hall	11
42729 Ernest T. Hall	6
42730 Mabel Keeth	7
42731 Alice H. Haws	15
42732 Gertrd. Edmonds	12
42733 Robert Edmonds	8

42734 M. M. Lambert	12
42735 Sutton Lambert	10
42736 Florence Keith	13
42737 Blanche Keith	11
42738 Ethel Keith	8
42739 Katie Fuller	15
42740 Violet Chew	7
42741 S. Linwood	10
42742 Emma H. Cudby	17
42743 Florence Timms	8
42744 Lilian Brown	10
42745 Margie Young	14
42746 Eva Goodman	13
42747 A. B. Clowes	13
42748 F. M. Prior	12
42749 Clara A. Clowes	7
42750 Ellen A. Prior	10
42751 Nellie Simpson	18
42752 Ada E. Cudley	15
42753 Ethel A. Wallis	11
42754 Annie Wellings	10
42755 C. Webster	14
42756 Maud Wellings	8
42757 Geo. H. Harris	18
42758 Mary E. Harris	19
42759 Alice Pollock	9
42760 Margret Pollock	11
42761 M. F. E. Hughes	12
42762 J. A. Scrivener	10
42763 M. M. Scrivener	3
42764 J. M. Beveridge	17
42765 L. K. Scrivener	8
42766 Thos. Scrivener	14
42767 Ernest Scrivener	16
42768 E. E. Scrivener	18
42769 R. J. Beveridge	15
42770 J. M. Beveridge	18
42771 Adela L. Harris	15
42772 Ada Simpson	13

42773 Mary B. Mead	10
42774 Charles Culross	12
42775 Henry Wilkinson	10
42776 Kathl. Wilkinson	11
42777 Margt. Wilkinson	13
42778 Linda A. Spicer	13
42779 F. M. Whitehouse	11
42780 Mary Penzer	16
42781 F. M. E. Kenyon	12
42782 Ernest L. Sikes	12
42783 FLORENCE KEMSLEY, Epping	12
42784 Jessie E. Barnard	7
42785 Alice Andrews	17
42786 Edgar Larkin	9
42787 Walter W. Lyne	7
42788 Alfred J. Lyne	10
42789 Gertrde. M. Lyne	13
42790 Alice Adams	12
42791 Elizabeth Wright	7
42792 Amy E. Pegrum	14
42793 Eliza J. Blowes	19
42794 Ada Pegrum	8
42795 A. A. Dorrington	15
42796 Eliza French	17
42797 Gertrd. Simpson	6
42798 Ellen C. Teece	16
42799 Minnie T. Teece	10
42800 Julia Teece	12

42801 Kate Simpson	11
42802 Emily Teece	14
42803 Lilian L. Davis	6
42804 Cyril L. Davis	9
42805 Edith E. Rickett	9
42806 Rosa M. Kemsley	7
42807 W. H. Kemsley	9
42808 A. U. Kemsley	10
42809 Harry Doye	10
42810 Minnie Cripps	8
42811 Albert Adams	8
42812 Alice Wade	8
42813 Victor Adams	6
42814 Charlotte Cripps	14
42815 Mary Silvester	12
42816 Herbert Bailes	6
42817 George Doye	7
42818 Arthur Seymour	8
42819 Annie French	13
42820 Caleb Bailes	8
42821 Ellen Mansfield	9
42822 Emily Saban	9
42823 George Ford	9
42824 James Seymour	11
42825 Alice M. Soundy	13
42826 Jessie M. Collins	15
42827 Rosa M. Soundy	18
42828 Sarah E. Rowe	16
42829 E. A. Mansfield	13
42830 Janet Byles	11
42831 Ellen Leach	10
42832 Rose England	18
42833 Harold Larkin	15

42834 A. M. Crompton	16
42835 S. H. Crompton	18
42836 Alice Corbet	13
42837 Annie Corbet	17
42838 Clara E. Jannett	15
42839 Eliza Corbet	15
42840 Evelyn H. West	13
42841 Lucy Bradbury	14
42842 Minnie Ellwood	13
42843 May Waddington	14
42844 Ina Barrington	12
42845 Maud E. Bailey	17
42846 Jane T. Fildes	15
42847 Mary H. Fildes	14
42848 James R. Fildes	11
42849 Henry G. Fildes	9
42850 HERBT. G. FULLMER, Wolverhampton	13
42851 Harry HedgeCOX	10
42852 Richard Clark	8
42853 Charles Carter	10
42854 Wm. Mullinder	12
42855 Geo. Farrington	9
42856 James Trow	9
42857 William T. Spicer	8
42858 John Munday	6
42859 William Rowley	8
42860 D. G. Thatcher	7
42861 Wm. H. Knowles	9
42862 Harriett Munday	9
42863 Jane E. Taylor	9
42864 William Crook	9
42865 Geo. E. Matthews	9
42866 William Brookes	5

42867 Sarah A. Dwight	10
42868 John Chatter	12
42869 Elizbth. H. Perry	8
42870 Alfred Allen	10
42871 Alice Thomason	10
42872 M. A. Poultney	10
42873 John Cornes	13
42874 Eva A. Thatcher	9
42875 Alice Thatcher	13
42876 A. E. Mansell	9
42877 Catherine Allen	13
42878 John Evans	14
42879 C. W. Knowles	11
42880 Richard Hopkins	15
42881 Albert Dwight	7
42882 R. E. Thatcher	16
42883 Fredk. Brasier	10
42884 Amy Cresswell	10
42885 Ellen Eaton	10
42886 Alfred Thatcher	12
42887 Annette Mansell	12
42888 Florry Munday	7
42889 Elizbth. Knowles	11
42890 G. E. Summers	5
42891 J. B. Parker	13
42892 Geo. S. Evans	11
42893 C. W. Livermore	6
42894 John Harley	11
42895 S. L. Parker	7
42896 J. P. Parker	9
42897 Gertrude Dwight	11
42898 Alice Mansell	13
42899 E. A. Brasier	12
42900 Wm. Thomason	12
42901 Emily Tisdell	12
42902 Ellen Priest	8
42903 May Summers	7
42904 C. W. Munday	5
42905 T. Cresswell	8
42906 W. B. Perry	9
42907 W. H. Crook	7
42908 Fred Cresswell	12
42909 H. E. Carter	7
42910 John Boucher	12
42911 Harry Law	8
42912 George Walker	13

42913 Emily Barley	15
42914 Annie A. Hall, Liscard	11
42915 Arnold Hunter	9
42916 Sarah Preston	12
42917 Ann J. Bibby	10
42918 Thos. Henshaw	7
42919 Ellen Godwin	7
42920 Isabella Miller	11
42921 A. Burgoyne	20
42922 Charles Perris	9
42923 N. Grisewood	7
42924 Bertie Joyce	9
42925 George Satchell	9
42926 M. O'Donoghue	9
43927 Annie Taylor	10
42928 Maggie M. Booth	10
42929 Marie Shayler	8
42930 Annie Kendal	10
42931 Polly Robinson	12
42932 William Karran	6

42933 W. A. Milliken	8
42934 R. Henderson	8
42935 Edgar Grisewood	9
42936 Nellie Jackson	13
42937 E. McFadzen	17
42938 Emily Henshaw	12
42939 E. L. Craig	8
42940 Harriet Dodshon	9
42941 Ida Edwards	8
42942 Lillie Parry	7
42943 Edith Lockley	9
42944 Thomas Gillet	7
42945 Annie Hughes	14
42946 M. L. Hughes	12
42947 Emily Mullineux	10
42948 Annie McEvoy	12
42949 John E. Parry	9
42950 William H. Hall	6
42951 James McEvoy	6
42952 Hugh Williams	10
42953 Francis S. Hall	8
42954 Florence A. Smith	12
42955 William Lockley	7
42956 John N. Gillet	9
42957 Bertie Abbey	8
42958 Ada Pemberton	12
42959 Charles Abbey	9
42960 Beatrice E. Fox	10
42961 Emily Fox	12
42962 Janet Burgoyne	12
42963 Ada Mullineux	7
42964 George Burgoyne	9
42965 NELLIE MATHIAS, Liscard	10
42966 Adelaide Davies	11
42967 Margery Woller	9
42968 Thomas Hughes	13
42969 Sarah Baker	13
42970 Mary H. Shaw	11
42971 Annie Broomby	9
42972 Annie Carran	13
42973 B. E. Davies	9
42974 Esther Smith	5
42975 Bessie Underhill	9
42976 Edith Davies	12
42977 Edith Williams	10
42978 Margt. A. Smith	11
42979 Cissie Craig	10
42980 Edith A. Booth	9
42981 Cissie Williams	12
42982 Grace Jones	17
42983 George Pulford	11
42984 Harriet Fisher	9
42985 John C. Ledder	14
42986 Jane Sargent	10
42987 Jessie Henshaw	13
42988 Janet Garner	11
42989 J. E. Holdsworth	6
42990 Emma Williams	7
42991 Elizabeth Peers	13
42992 E. A. Bleakley	8
42993 E. M. Fisher	11
42994 Martha Minniss	11
42995 Gertrd. F. Settler	8
42996 Emily Peers	9
42997 Sarah Minnis	13
42998 Annie Kneale	9
42999 Hanah H. Leather	8

43000 James Prichard	14
43001 Thomas Jones	10
43002 Ethel Williams	12
43003 Jessie Bleakley	6
43004 Ellen Leather	13
43005 Annie Williams	8
43006 Dora Ledsham	11
43007 Maggie Bibby	8
43008 Katie McEvoy	9
43009 Edith Taylor	9
43010 M. E. Huntington	19
43011 Elizabeth White	17
43012 Harriet Holmes	11
43013 Lucy Fellows	13
43014 Carrie Burgess	12
43015 Edith Holdsworth	8
43016 A. W. Horner	11

43017 Annie M. Evans	14
43018 A. M. M. Evans	6
43019 Margt. H. Evans	13
43020 Alexandra Dodge	14
43021 MARGT. A. JACKSON, Wigan	15
43022 Mary M. Jackson	17
43023 H. M. Jackson	14
43024 Eliz. A. Jackson	10
43025 Ellen Guy	19
43026 Mary J. Guy	17
43027 Emma Guy	15
43028 Sarah Guy	13
43029 Lillie Guy	12
43030 Frank Browne	13
43031 Herbert Browne	10
43032 Arthur Browne	10
43033 Harry Browne	6
43034 Olive Williams	15
43035 A. G. Ferguson	8
43036 L. F. Ferguson	5
43037 A. M. G. Ferguson	7
43038 Maggie Blaylock	14
43039 Annie Blaylock	11
43040 Elizbth. Blaylock	10
43041 Ethelwyn Phillips	11
43042 M. A. Foreman	12
43043 Harold J. Cooke	5
43044 Maggie Naylor	12
43045 Ada A. Lee	12
43046 Emily Innis	13
43047 Edith Heaton	9
43048 Sarah Heaton	10
43049 A. Davenport	11
43050 L. K. Dawson	13
43051 Agnes Dawson	17
43052 E. M. Richmond	15
43053 Levi Booth	8
43054 Sarah E. Booth	12
43055 Lucy E. Perrins	13
43056 Edith M. Perrins	17
43357 Mary M. Summer	9
43058 Charltte. Summer	12
43059 John Hilditch	9
43060 Emily Hilditch	13
43061 Ernest A. Rider	7
43062 Clara Leadbeater	11
43063 Annie E. Rider	9
43064 Mary Rider	11
43065 Peter Leadbeater	14

43066 E. Leadbeater	16
43067 M. A. Fairhurst	9
43068 E. L. Fairhurst	11
43069 F. W. Fairhurst	13
43070 M. H. Bryham	13
43071 M. E. Bryham	12
43072 J. N. HAWORTH, Bolton	13
43073 Milton Clarke	6
43074 Will S. Forrest	8
43075 Annie Forrest	4
43076 Herbert Maude	14
43077 Harry Rostron	14
43078 Bertie Hamson	12
43079 Fred Rostron	12
43080 M. E. Windsor	15
43081 D. C. Walker	10
43082 M. E. Hodgkinson	12
43083 R. H. Harworth	18
43084 W. Duckworth	16
43085 Alice Harwood	10
43086 Annie Parkinson	7
43087 Tom Scholes	20
43088 Edith Scholes	7
43089 Clara Scholds	6
43090 Lizzie Duxburg	11
43091 Rosa Kirkman	19
43092 Arthur Lee	10
43093 G. F. Murphy	10
43094 James W. Smith	16
43095 Daniel Rostron	8
43096 Marie Amière	21
43097 C. J. A. Amière	13
43098 Clifford Harker	12
43099 Inthe Harker	9
43100 Neville Harker	6
43101 Elsie Harker	14
43102 E. A. Moscrop	21
43103 Harry Frow	10
43104 Ann Elliott	14
43105 Emma Lindow	14
43106 Louisa Gilham	14
43107 Harriet Holt	13
43108 Alice H. Holt	14
43109 Jane Parker	15
43110 Joseph Adamson	14
43111 Herbert Pearson	9
43112 Maggie Scholes	15
43113 Catherine Scholes	13
43114 Josiah Irkin	13
43115 F. Eccles	18
43116 Geo. W. Ironfield	10
43117 V. Eccles	11
43118 E. F. Graveson	14
33119 F. S. Graveson	12
43120 Florence Smith	16
43121 M. Winstanley	15
43122 Ada Harwood	13
43123 T. H. PILLING, Blackpool	14
43124 Thos. Singleton	16
43125 J. E. Singleton	13
43126 Agnes Singleton	18
43127 A. M. Singleton	11
43128 M. E. Singleton	9
43129 Alice Singleton	15
43130 W. Mayors	11
43131 Hugh Butcher	11

43132 Louis Butcher	12
43133 Howard Evans	11
43134 Ernest Threlfell	10
43135 Frederick Lund	10
43136 Sarah Lund	19
43137 Margrt. A. Lund	16
43138 William Bouth	13
43139 Ada Gregson	8
43140 Mary E. Smith	8
43141 Mary Mildred	18
43142 Chas. L. Snelson	10
43143 M. Fitz-Simmonds	19
43144 Sarah A. Smith	9
43145 Hollans Gregson	11
43146 James Waring	13
43147 John P. Mallison	16
43148 Annie Mallison	9
43149 Ada Maudsley	8
43150 Mabel Maudsley	6
43151 William Orrell	13
43152 Kay Duxburg	6
43153 Lydia Duxburg	9
43154 Jos. A. Duxburg	13
43155 Henry Duxburg	5
43156 Cecil Huggins	6
43157 Fred Scholes	14
43158 Alfred Scholes	10
43159 Arthur Scholes	8
43160 Joseph Burgess	8
43161 Walter Reason	8
43162 J. W. Burgess	11
43163 J. Pilling	8
43164 Henry Layland	11
43165 W. Entrowistle	12
43166 J. F. Firesthurst	11
43167 James Condon	11
43168 Harry Shanks	12
43169 John Baxter	13
43170 Ben Holden	13
43171 William Grundy	11
43172 Emily Broughton	7
43173 Eliz. Harworth	9

43174 Adriana de Ciani	16
43175 Carmela de Ciani	15
43176 Mary Bruno	15
43177 Josephine Veratti	14
43178 Clara Himmer	15
43179 Edvige Bono	14
43180 Teresa Vittadini	14
43181 Margaret Lucca	14
43182 Amalia Manara	12
43183 N. Santostefano	9
43184 BEATRICE ELLISON, Liverpool	14
43185 Fanny Pring	14
43186 Leslie Parker	10
43187 Walter Evans	13
43188 M. A. Boumphrey	7
43189 Daisy Cotterell	11
43190 Flrnce. Freeman	13
43191 Jessie Darning	12
43192 Charles Simpson	9
43193 F. E. Kerridge	12
43194 Marion Bancroft	13
43195 Frances Lease	13
43196 Gertrude Dorning	15
43197 E. Boumpfy	13

43198 F. Gittings	10
43199 Gwladys Jones	17
43200 Norah Gittins	5
43201 Constance Wilson	6
43202 Grace Rickett	14
43203 Minnie Simpson	12
43204 Rosey Verdon	9
43205 M. Boumphrey	11
43206 Herbert Marrison	12
43207 Percy Ellison	11
43208 J. H. Turner	15
43209 Elphie Muir	11
43210 Mamie Robinson	12
43211 R. L. Timothy	10
43212 Agnes A. Jones	14
43213 C. Rishton	11
43214 Fred White	11
43215 R. G. Williamson	11
43216 C. Stanley Ellison	10
43217 Daisy Sampson	11
43218 R. Elphick	15
43219 Mary Willett	14
43220 John Hart	13
43221 Amy Wilson	14
43222 Leslie Payne	11
43223 Duncan Kennedy	13
43224 Eva Moss	14
43225 Agnes Aston	16
43226 Kate Ramsay	13
43227 Esther Oakes	15
43228 Florence Sinclair	15
43229 Emma Welsh	13
43230 Amy Henderson	14
43231 Laura Brown	14
43232 F. Leedam	9
43233 Harold E. Evans	13
43234 Gerard Gittins	8
43235 ARTHUR WATKIS, Bedford	13
43236 Nat How	12
43237 Harry Street	11
43238 Earnest Nisbet	12
43239 Ernest Sampson	12
43240 John H. Walker	17
43241 Edgar Oakden	14
43242 Godfrey Drowe	8
43243 Herbert Drowe	12
43244 Mary Beadnell	10
43245 Earnest Briant	14
43246 Emily Beadnell	7
43247 Nora Craig	14
43248 Henry Bate	12
43249 Fredk. H. Mence	12
43250 John Bate	13
43251 Ethel Sheffield	13
43252 Henry Webbe	11
43253 Hrbt. Nicodemus	7
43254 William Edmonds	12
43255 William Sheffield	13
43256 Earnest Beadnell	8
43257 Jack Platts	10
43258 Hallald B. Food	15
43259 Harrison Sheffield	15
43260 A. E. Ransome	10
43261 William Drowe	13
43262 Annie Beadnell	6
43263 George Barrett	11

43264 Maud Beadnell	11
43265 P. Lobb	15
43266 Winnie Craig	12
43267 Walter Warden	12
43268 Arthur Sampson	13
43269 John Nisbet	14
43270 Arthur Kendall	11
43271 George Beadnell	14
43272 H. Abbott	13
43273 William Beadnell	16
43274 Robt. H. Oakden	17
43275 Edith L. Oakden	7
43276 F. E. B. Oakden	7
43277 Edith Platts	9
43278 John How	13
43279 Peter Kaye	14
43280 Joe How	12
43281 Connie Drowe	6
43282 Edith Beadnell	16
43283 William How	15
43284 Tom How	15
43285 Thomas Oakden	7

43286 Mary S. G. Sams	11
43287 L. C. F. Robson	10
43288 S. W. S. Robson	7
43289 Mary H. Colvile	13
43290 W. H. Barrington	10
43291 FREDK. DOLBY, Oundle	12
43292 C. Martin	11
43293 Rosie Hill	10
43294 Maud Nichols	9
43295 H. Holdich	11
43296 Polly Steers	18
43297 John Wilson	12
43298 Mary Roe	8
43299 Lizzie Gilby	15
43300 Flora Howe	8
43301 Annie Howe	10
43302 Francis King	5
43303 F. W. Garner	12
43304 G. Vivian	12
43305 T. Ball	13
43306 C. Ball	12
43307 Ethel Barnes	12
43308 Clara Maddison	10
43309 Annie Henson	11
43310 Louie Clarke	15
43311 Emily Henson	13
43312 Eliza Horrod	5
43313 Lucy Fortescue	6
43314 Annie Wright	16
43315 Kate Ashby	11
43316 Nellie Denton	6
43317 Maggie Chapman	9
43318 Nellie Ashby	9
43319 Nellie Wyles	11
43320 Sarah Madison	8
43321 Maggie Wyles	9
43322 S. Bennett	9
43323 Florence Blyth	15
43324 Blanche Blyth	10
43325 Ethel Green	5
43326 Emily Denton	11
43327 Florence Harris	9
43328 Frances Seymer	11

43329 Beatrice Harris	7
43330 Ada Wyles	7
43331 William Glenn	12
43332 May Whistell	8
43333 Emma Smith	13
43334 M. Fox	9
43335 A. Hopkins	16
43336 A. Dixon	7
43337 Lucy Dixon	8
43338 Hetty Dixon	10
43339 Alfred Howe	13
43340 Gertie Brown	10
43341 Clara Brown	8

43342 Maud Fol	12
43343 Ada C. Killick	14
43344 Maud Brenan	10
43345 P. H. Bannister	10
43346 Annie Bryham	11
43347 Agnes Neill	12
43348 Lottie Sharp	15
43349 John W. Fildes	13
43350 Annie Fea	14
43351 R. S. Langrishe	10
43352 Fanny Spencer	16
43353 Ethel M. Griffin	11
43354 F. L. Thomas	11
43355 M. Whitehouse	9
43356 A. C. Brassington	15
43357 A. B. Rees	12
43358 JANET M. WESTWOOD, Reigate	18
43359 L. Bassindale	13
43360 B. E. Bassindale	16
43361 Catherine Hill	12
43362 John S. Hill	9
43363 Alice M. Tibbs	7
43364 Tom Wheatley	9
43365 Henrietta Hill	13
43366 Lilly Hargraves	12
43367 Matilda Hill	16
43368 Mary A. Forth	12
43369 Dora Kendall	12
43370 G. M. Lipscomb	10
43371 Mabel Freeman	11
43372 Emma Hackney	9
43373 Maria Hackney	12
43374 Kate Pilgrim	14
43375 Louisa J. Mathew	7
43376 Ada Phillips	12
43377 Ellen Phillips	16
43378 Walter J. Brewer	9
43379 Edith M. Brewer	12
43380 Arthur Brewer	11
43381 Philip J. Brewer	6
43382 Annie E. Brewer	8
43383 Ernest Miller	12
43384 Oliver Child	10
43385 Courtney Walter	10
43386 John Dodd	12
43387 William Verrall	6
43388 Robt. Woodhouse	11
43389 F. Woodhouse	9
43390 Tom Hackney	7
43391 James Samuel	21
43392 William Hack	9
43393 Edwin Post	9
43394 George Rose	14
43395 Edith Verrall	10

43396 Charles Truelove	11
43397 Annie Jeffery	10
43398 Charles F. Fuller	12
43399 Emmeline Phillips	13
43400 Lucy Hill	10
43401 Hugh McDougall	10
43402 Ada Elsey	12
43403 S. A. Shepherd	10
43404 Ellen Hack	11
43405 Alice Elsey	9

43406 Lilian B. Dunbar	12
43407 HAROLD F. E. BELL, Swaffham	8
43408 Ernest Nutthall	12
43409 Lonsdale Abell	4
43410 Flornce. Andrews	6
43411 F. W. Andrews	7
43412 Agnes C. Reid	20
43413 Herbert Cross	11
43414 Sarah Smith	6
43415 Mary Drew	18
43416 Agnes Drew	14
43417 John F. Bayfield	13
43418 Geo. W. E. Plunt	17
43419 A. E. Munford	14
43420 B. B. Forster	13
43421 Minnie Alpe	10
43422 Elizabth. Withers	12
43423 Sarah Wittiers	15
43424 Jessie B. Clark	15
43425 H. Gooden	16
43426 Bessie Bayfield	11
43427 Caroline Munford	14
43428 Edith Rolfe	10
43429 Ethel M. Stanton	12
43430 William Bly	18
43431 Alice Eagle	10
43432 Ada Porter	11
43433 Eliza Eagle	18
43434 Louisa Ballison	11
43435 Julia E. Bayfield	16
43436 Lydia Munford	16
43437 Mary A. Everard	18
43438 Mary N. Clark	12
43439 Bessie Forster	11
43440 Gertrude Clarke	12
43441 Ralph Buglass	8
43442 Rosa Munford	11
43443 John Tyson	17
43444 F. M. Mossop	14
43445 Elizabth. Butters	13
43446 Florrie Forster	17
43447 Minnie Barnes	14
43448 Florence Rix	17
43449 Ellen Ward	13
43450 Hannah Eagle	12
43451 Evelyn E. Bell	13
43452 E. Leggate	20
43453 Orbell Nichols	15
43454 Charles Baker	13
43455 J. T. Frankland	14
43456 Hannah Spinks	12
43457 Eliza Ballison	14

43458 Sarah Hague	13
43459 Arthur Hilditch	11
43460 Dora A. Crawford	10

43461 Jessie Parkin	9
43462 Viva Halstead	14
43463 H. B. Halstead	10
43464 H. C. Halstead	10
43465 Linda J. Halstead	8
43466 L. MARION GAFFORD, Bow.	9
43467 Elizbth. A. Gould	15
43468 Arthur Beard	7
43469 Ernest Beard	9
43470 S. Plumstead	9
43471 H. C. F. Eversfield	16
43472 A. C. Eversfield	10
43473 G. T. Eversfield	13
43474 M. D. Eversfield	6
43475 E. F. N. Clixby	9
43476 Ellen Ransom	13
43477 Polly Pullen	9
43478 Stephen Pullen	11
43479 Elzbth. H. Pullen	12
43480 Hermina Schiff	9
43481 E. E. Leconte	9
43482 H. E. W. Leconte	11
43483 Sophia Bamford	10
43484 Nellie Beckett	9
43485 Henry Beckett	8
43486 Julia B. Clarke	12
43487 H. L. Wheatley	8
43488 F. L. Cufflin	11
43489 Clara S. Cufflin	10
43490 Wm. C. Lovely	17
43491 Thomas J. Guy	17
43492 Herbert U. Guy	19
43493 Jane Walker	8
43494 B. M. Powell	8
42495 Amy Powell	10
43496 Lizzie Powell	12
43497 A. H. Grocott	11
43498 W. J. Woodward	11
43499 Kate Farmer	13
43500 Ada E. Galpin	12
43501 F. A. Stephenson	13
43502 G. E. Stephenson	10
43503 John E. Fox	12
43504 Robert H. Fox	14
43505 F. E. Newby	12
43506 Ernest Newby	10
43507 Thomas Newby	6
43508 Jane A. Smith	11
43509 Florry Taylor	6
43510 Clara E. Hawes	17
43511 E. K. Beaumont	11
43512 E. M. Beaumont	9
43513 Ella Beaumont	5
43514 Hilda Newton	10
43515 Edith E. Gafford	7
43516 W. H. Appleyard	11
43517 L. E. Appleyard	9
43518 Thomas Lewis	10
43519 John J. Lewis	8
43520 Minnie D. Lewis	12
43521 Lilda M. Scudder	11
43522 Mary Farmer	6
43523 FRANCES H. BROWN, Seacombe	11
43524 Florence Brown	14
43525 Florence Weaver	10
43526 Annie Hemming	11
43527 Florence Palmer	14

43528 Charlotte Brazier	11
43529 Edith Watkin	12
43530 F. Hayward	13
43531 Sarah Godsall	13
43532 Louisa Brazier	10
43533 Marion Gray	9
43534 Ethel Slim	8
43535 Lizzie Willis	16
43536 H. McLintock	11
43537 William Miller	13
43538 Annie B. Corless	6
43539 E. L. Wharton	9
43540 Jessie Parker	8
43541 Ernest Thearle	8
43542 Henry Burghes	7
43543 William Wharton	5
43544 T. S. Wharton	6
43545 Elizabth. Prophet	11
43546 M. E. Parker	12
43547 Elizabh. Gregory	14
43548 Jonah Roberts	10
43549 Maud Slim	10
43550 G. J. Wharton	10
43551 C. C. Corless	10
43552 Ellen Roberts	10
43553 Elizab. A. Jones	12
43554 E. M. Walker	14
43555 Lillie Davies	12
43556 Jane Gregory	12
43557 Jane Wilcock	15
43558 Sydney Thearle	15
43559 Chrissie Parker	13
43560 Elizabth. Roberts	12
43561 H. E. Horbury	17
43562 M. A. Thomas	18
43563 F. McLintock	7
43564 Arnold Whitburn	9
43565 F. M. Edwards	6
43566 Jessie Baker	6
43567 Evelyn E. Beynon	8
43568 W. S. Mathias	7
43569 Mary J. Bidwell	7
43570 Lillian A. Young	11

43571 Minnie B. Booth	11
43572 Eva M. Langtry	14
43573 Henry Bridge	12
43574 Ellen L. Young	6
43575 Alfred Stern	11
43576 Emily R. Carling	14
43577 Ada L. Arundel	15
43578 John A. Morison	11
43579 CATHERINE GUY, Peckham	13
43580 Elsie Guy	7
43581 Kate Pocock	8
43582 Edith Pocock	10
43583 Emily J. Purser	12
43584 E. A. Purser	10
43585 H. H. Hodges	9
43586 Matilda Jepps	15
43587 Edith Jepps	10
43588 Amy Barnes	13
43589 Elizabeth Barnes	15
43590 Rosa Barnes	11
43591 Jane Yeates	12
43592 Elizabeth Guy	11
43593 Laura Daw	9
43594 Edith Daw	12

43595 M. G. Greenwood	10
43596 E. M. Mackenzie	10
43597 Louisa Power	11
43598 Emily J. Jones	11
43599 Kate E. Walker	11
43600 Emma Andrews	10
43601 Esther Miles	11
43602 Alice Tildesley	11
43603 Edith S. Gipson	15
43604 Rose Veness	13
43605 Emily S. Gipson	19
43606 Annie Wilkinson	9
43607 Harry Wilkinson	18
43608 Herbt. Stimpson	9
43609 Edith Bobbins	9
43610 Albert Ayres	9
43611 Emily Curry	9
43612 Sarah Newton	8
43613 Walter Greaves	9
43614 Emma Ralph	10
43615 Ada E. Stapleton	10
43616 Alvina Daniels	10
43617 Thomas Neale	10
43618 M. A. Wareham	12
43619 Horace Greeves	9
43620 Sarah A. Greeves	12
43621 Francis King	9
43622 Mary King	11
43623 Martha King	11
43624 H. L. Futter	7
43625 Henry Futter	10
43626 Sarah E. Futter	10
43627 Anne Futter	11
43628 Kate Napthine	15
43629 Bessie Day	6
43630 John Day	7
43631 Thomas C. Day	10
43632 George Day	12
43633 Honora C. Day	13
43634 William T. Guy	10
43635 SAML. HILTON, Bolton	13
43636 Frederick Hilton	10
43637 Thomas Hilton	4
43638 Martha Hilton	16
43639 M. Mullineaux	9
43640 A. Mullineaux	8
43641 William Bell	4
43642 Thomas Bell	7
43643 Joseph Bell	9
43644 Ada Mullineaux	6
43645 M. Unsworth	13
43646 S. J. Waylett	11
43647 Mary M. Walker	14
43648 Maggie Lomax	9
43649 Selina Leach	12
43650 Elizabh. A. Edge	13
43651 W. Crumblehulme	4
43652 M. Crumblehulme	9
43653 B. Crumblehulme	4
43654 W. Crumblehulme	7
43655 E. Crumblehulme	8
43656 Samuel Hilton	15
43657 P. Crumblehulme	6
43658 Gertie Kitchen	9
43659 Evelyn Bamford	9
43660 Annie Bamford	12

43661 Philip Boardman	13
43662 M. E. Bradshaw	9
43663 A. B. Bradshaw	13
43664 Florence Dodd	14
43665 John T. Gregory	15
43666 Thomas Vickers	13
43667 James Gregory	11
43668 Annie Vickers	20
43669 Isabella Kaye	8
43670 Margaret Kaye	11
43671 Mary A. Kaye	13
43672 William Haslam	11
43673 Fanny Blakley	7
43674 Amelia Rigg	15
43675 Wm. Blakley	11
43676 Thomas Blakley	6
43677 E. A. Blakley	9
43678 Thomas Hilton	13
43679 John W. Holden	13
43680 George Smith	12
43681 M. Partington	12
43682 G. H. Richardson	12
43683 H. C. Atkinson	9
43684 BLANCHE A. THOMAS, Haverstock Hill	10
43685 Maud A. Wood	9
43686 Charlie Wood	7
43687 Crews Thomas	9
43688 R. C. Thomas	12
43689 S. J. Thomas	7
43690 M. L. Lesimple	17
43691 Marie Blaess	20
43692 Margt. Williams	9
43693 Cath. Williams	12
43694 Lillie Bound	11
43695 E. Capstich	11
43696 W. A. Badcock	5
43697 H. B. Capstich	9
43698 Anna Merzbach	13
43699 Marian Henwood	16
43700 M. S. Edwards	8
43701 Emily W. Briggs	11
43702 Annie M. Young	10
43703 Lillie Woulf	12
43704 F. I. A. Badcock	11
43705 Ethel M. Eadie	8
43706 Lilian A. Reed	9
43707 Gertrude Bound	9
43708 Adelina Wateling	10
43709 Rosie Bonnor	10
43710 Annie Hopkinson	10
43711 G. M. Tucker	10
43712 K. Fleetwood	11
43713 Louisa F. Steel	15
43714 Mabel L. Eadie	10
43715 Letitia Miles	12
43716 E. H. B. Edwards	11
43717 Mary Brooke	11
43718 A. B. E. Maude	11
43719 Janet Haton	12
43720 Kate Glenister	16
43721 M. Capstick	7
43722 Ethel M. Hall	7
43723 Jessie D. Whyte	12
43724 Harold Dale	9
43725 Nellie Hall	9
43726 Gertrd. Newman	10
43727 Florence Brown	10

43728 Mable Dale	6
43729 Minnie J. Hadley	12
43730 Edith M. Shiell	8
43731 F. M. Dowsett	11
43732 E. E. Rainsford	12
43733 Fredk. J. Rorke	9
43734 James Rorke	12
43735 Marie Rorke	14

43736 Norah Shelley	12
43737 I. E. Chandler	12
43738 GRACE E. BRABROOK, Lewisham	14
43739 M. C. C. Bather	10
43740 K. M. Smith	11
43741 Ernest T. Hamer	13
43742 M. E. Bartlett	14
43743 A. L. Whitworth	12
43744 George H. Ray	14
43745 Harry P. Francis	10
43746 Harry P. Money	13
43747 Nellie Leroy	11
43748 E. W. Coxwell	8
43749 Thos. J. Roberts	12
43750 G. H. Wheeler	13
43751 Flora Dormer	16
43752 Edwd. M. Jorey	15
43753 Henry V. Jorey	12
43754 H. G. Coxwell	12
43755 Ethel Roberts	10
43756 Alice M. Cooper	12
43757 A. Meinerbyhagen	14
43758 Lydia M. Cooper	9
43759 Eliza E. Green	13
43760 Lizzie Kendall	10
43761 Harriet Gibbons	16
43762 W. H. Newsham	13
43763 Shirley M. Bouts	12
43764 Helen L. Barff	11
43765 H. E. Fleming	15
43766 E. M. Brabrook	9
43767 A. G. Brabrook	11
43768 I. M. Brabrook	9
43769 A. R. Brabrook	12
43770 Wm. H. Smith	13
43771 F. E. Brabrook	16
43772 H. G. Brabrook	13
43773 Chas. W. Sabin	4
43774 H. R. Brabrook	13
43775 Edith M. Sabin	6
43776 Alfred H. Sabin	9
43777 M. C. Kingsford	15
43778 F. K. Kingsford	11
43779 N. B. Kingsford	9
43780 A. G. Kingsford	12
43781 Jessie Barff	13
43782 W. J. Brabrook	14
43783 Arthur J. Sabin	7
43784 T. H. Barff	9
43785 Ethel S. Barff	6
43786 Herbert Brawn	14
43787 Thomas R. Hird	13
43788 F. T. Langridge	14
43789 MABEL MALLETT, Nottingham	8
43790 Eliza Staniforth	10
43791 W. H. Baldwin	11
43792 Percy Hill	11

43793 M. Edmondstone	12
43794 Arthur Lynn	8
43795 Annie Fussell	18
43796 Nellie Moss	13
43797 Owen Hill	9
43798 Mary A. Brooks	12
43799 Jessie Goodall	11
43800 H. Baldwin	17
43801 Hannah Lester	8
43802 I. Lowenstein	11
43803 Florence Young	8
43804 Arthur Dodds	7
43805 Cath. J. Brooks	9
43806 C. Edwards	8
43807 A. H. Mallet	11
43808 Florence Baldwin	16
43809 E. G. Lowenstein	6
43810 M. Lowenstein	10
43811 Lizzie Gascoigne	7
43812 Ada Widdowson	7
43813 Eliza Smarte	9
43814 Annie Sanday	8
43815 Alice Savage	9
43816 Lawrence Facon	9
43817 Clara Allen	9
43818 Tom B. Durose	8
43819 Emma Lindley	10
43820 Mary Kemp	10
43821 A. E. Buckland	11
43822 Katie Burton	11
43823 H. Bannister	12
43824 A. Frettingham	10
43825 M. Trenchard	10
43826 Clara Lane	9
43827 E. N. Hopkinson	13
43828 Annie E. Moore	9
43829 Florence Gill	13
43830 Thomas Morris	8
43831 Henry Budworth	8
43832 Thomas Marsh	10
43833 Emma Raynor	10
43834 Emily Bannister	10
43835 Emma Raynor	8
43836 G. M. Hopkinson	11
43837 A. E. Hopkinson	6
43838 Edith E. Adams	7
43839 May Angelinetta	8
43840 JAMES L. SNOWDON, Regent's Park, L.	14
43841 Katie Sworn	14
43842 Arthur Morris	14
43843 Cecil Littlejohn	15
43844 Jas. H. Hudson	13
43845 H. W. J. Hudson	11
43846 Walter Furley	13
43847 Lena Brunton	9
43848 Sidney J. Smith	13
43849 Mabel Skinner	12
43850 Minnie Fendick	13
43851 E. Buickhardt	15
43852 J. W. P. Chapman	14
43853 A. F. Trevelyan	14
43854 John Webb	12
43855 P. D. Trevelyan	12
43856 Emily S. Cole	10
43857 Edwin J. Withers	17
43858 Edith Foot	12
43859 Chloe Foot	10

43860 Wm. P. Cooke	14
43861 G. I. Teasdale	16
43862 Henry J. Clark	15
43863 Laura Read	16
43864 A. E. Speaight	14
43865 Selina Read	19
43866 Frederick Smith	13
43867 Henry Millachip	13
43868 Nellie Brunton	12
43869 Gertrude Charles	11
43870 Henry Denew	12
43871 A. J. Chapman	15
43872 Helena Clarke	13
43873 Helen Stormont	14
43874 E. Branthwaite	12
43875 Chas. R. Heath	13
43876 William Smith	14
43877 T. S. Lascelles	13
43878 Annie Snowdon	13
43879 R. E. Thornley	11
43880 Richard Varfy	13
43881 George Wright	15
43882 Thos. Blackblock	14
43883 Henry J. Long	14
43884 Chas. E. Hardy	14
43885 Fredk. Roberts	14
43886 W. G. Rogers	13
43887 E. J. Warren	16
43888 J. A. Auchinvole	16
43889 Lizzie Dieppe	7
43890 Fanny Everest	13
43891 F. E. Warren	13
43892 L. M. Auchinvole	9
43893 Berthold Feil	8

43894 Wm. G. Farrow	11
43895 Dan Farrow	10
43896 Mary Supple	13
43897 MARIA LILLEY, Birmingham	14
43898 Harry Austin	3
43899 Dora M. Wilson	4
43900 Elsie Wilson	5
43901 Miriam Austin	5
43902 Nellie Hinds	5
43903 R. T. Thompson	6
43904 Sidney Halliley	6
43905 Annie Austin	7
43906 Charlotte J. Gent	7
43907 C. C. Whitworth	7
43908 Bertie Lilley	8
43909 C. G. Thompson	8
43910 Francis Murphy	8
43911 Elsie Halliley	9
43912 G. E. Higgins	9
43913 G. E. Gent	9
43914 James Brierley	9
43915 Lilly Austin	9
43916 Verah Brown	9
43917 Bernard Murphy	10
43918 Harry Sheldon	10
43919 Beatrice Sheldon	10
43920 Louisa Heath	10
43921 Oliver J. Biggs	10
43922 William Scragg	10
43923 F. M. Brown	11
43924 Martha J. Scragg	11

43925 Mable G. Hill	11
43926 H. S. Whitworth	11
43927 Hannah Hinds	11
43928 Chas. H. Brown	12
43929 Ella Smith	12
43930 Grace Floyd	12
43931 M. E. Higgins	12
43932 J. F. Whitworth	12
43933 Louie Trease	12
43934 William Murphy	12
43935 Wm. A. Heath	12
43936 Alice Brown	13
43937 John Brierley	13
43938 Gertrude Heath	14
43939 Albert Brierley	15
43940 E. T. Brown	15
43941 Ethel S. Hill	15
43942 Mary Trease	15
43943 Mary A. Wood	16
43944 Lizzie Barrett	18
43945 Katie Lilley	19
43946 Carrie Trease	19
43947 Caroline Glading	19
43948 FANNY S. DAWE, Fulham	12
43949 John S. M. Gill	16
43950 Sarah Baker	20
43951 Margaret Welsh	15
43952 Ellen Welsh	17
43953 Fanny Jolly	18
43954 John Jolly	16
43955 Annie M. Dobson	14
43956 H. L. Dobson	11
43957 Herbt. J. Dobson	10
43958 M. W. Miller	7
43959 A. A. Miller	6
43960 I. G. B. Cardwell	13
43961 M. A. Lewington	18
43962 Frances Collison	13
43963 M. A. Collison	10
43964 M. S. Collison	8
43965 F. V. C. Collison	7
43966 Alice Sillitoe	16
43967 Rosetta C. Taylor	15
43968 Charlotte Turner	20
43969 Florence Bartlett	9
43970 Mary E. Baxter	11
43971 E. Olorenshaw	11
43972 Lily Olorenshaw	9
43973 Mary A. Batley	15
43974 Wm. Richmond	14
43975 John Bickerdike	13
43976 Eliza A. Lee	16
43977 Emma Lee	14
43978 Myers Wilkinson	18
43979 Daisy Chapman	10
43980 A. M. M. Thomas	12
43981 Bertie Vandeput	9
43982 Sarah Sweeney	15
43983 Ellen Strutton	17
43984 Mary Dawyar	15
43985 Pollie Sullivan	18
43986 Mary Leary	12
43987 Blanche White	14
43988 Lizzie Murphy	11
43989 Clotilda Chiron	12
43990 Mary Folley	16
43991 Bessie Lovey	15
43992 Lizzie Ham	17

43993 Bessie Stannard	15
43994 Melissa Pinsent	15
43995 William Wagland	13
43996 Kezia Wagland	11
43997 George Wagland	9
43998 A. J. Wagland	

43999 Sonython Jeffrey	8
44000 James Davidson	13
44001 A. Thomson	10
44002 John Huggan	12
44003 John Davidson	8
44004 George Davidson	8
44005 Nelly Walker	5
44006 Thomas Scott	8
44007 William Walker	7
44008 Robert Scott	9
44009 John Lowrie	10
44010 William Oliver	7
44011 John Oliver	12
44012 William Haig	7
44013 A. Davidson	6
44014 Gertrd. Beaman	13
44015 Annie Martin	10
44016 Ethel A. Hooton	13
44017 Maude Hicks	11
44018 Irene Hooton	11
44019 Rose E. Peach	7
44020 Emily S. Baily	12
44021 Ellen L. Ashwell	11
44022 ALICE HOWELL, Croydon	14
44023 Katie Norton	9
44024 R. F. Norton	7
44025 Geo. B. Norton	12
44026 Charles Norton	11
44027 H. T. Waterman	20
44028 Emily Griffiths	15
44029 A. D. Howell	17
44030 Lilian M. Pryce	6
44031 Fredk. H. Pryce	8
44032 Edith S. Pryce	11
44033 S. P. Griffiths	14
44034 Adelaide Paxton	14
44035 Jane Spicer	9
44036 Emily Spicer	10
44037 I. C. Paxton	10
44038 Fanny Griffiths	13
44039 B. P. Griffiths	11
44040 Elizabeth Wyatt	11
44041 Ernest A. Howell	8
44042 Robert Paxton	13
44043 Walter Faldo	9
44044 K. L. Faldo	12
44045 Laura Faldo	7
44046 Rebecca Faldo	14
44047 Clara S. Faldo	16
44048 Annie Weston	8
44049 Percy Weston	6
44050 Arthur Weston	15
44051 Bessie Weston	18
44052 Frank Weston	20
44053 Chas. H. Griffiths	9
44054 William Gatland	15
44055 Clarissa Goodwin	16
44056 Edith Carter	15
44057 Emily Weston	16
44058 Maud Griffiths	7

44059 Matilda Gatland	17
44060 Elizabeth Paxton	5
44061 Mary Paxton	7
44062 Annie Paxton	9
44063 Emily G. Garneys	13
44064 Maurice Ashby	7
44065 Francis P. Ashby	11
44066 N. C. Ashby	8
44067 Edith W. Ashby	10
44068 Ethel M. Lester	10
44069 Howard Lester	8
44070 Amy C. Lester	7
44071 Caroline Hawes	14
44072 Maud C. Wise	16
44073 A. A. TOPPINS, Penrith	13
44074 Clara Waiting	16
44075 George Salkeld	11
44076 Thomas Turner	10
44077 Albert Waiting	11
44078 C. Waiting	13
44079 Isaac Turner	9
44080 John Davidson	6
44081 John Strong	9
44082 John Toppin	7
44083 Mary H. Hill	12
44084 G. N. Witherell	6
44085 Sarah J. Toppin	21
44086 A. Wetherington	8
44087 Margaret Strong	10
44088 Helena Grundy	10
44089 Rose Crane	15
44090 Edith Page	10
44091 John F. Sides	11
44092 Mary Forrester	9
44093 Bertha Grundy	12
44094 Florence Pearson	14
44095 Marie Lane	11
44096 Edith B. Young	9
44097 Arthur S. Young	8
44098 Ernest E. Young	6
44099 Elizab. A. Smith	18
44100 S. Bossaert	9
44101 Mary Tooke	13
44102 May Rhodes	17
44103 Hope Grant	17
44104 E. L. Langdon	17
44105 Louisa Stevens	13
44106 W. R. Johnson	12
44107 W. A. Vignoles	10
44108 Lizzie Cole	16
44109 C. R. Bartram	7
44110 Henry J. Bartram	12
44111 M. G. Henderson	11
44112 M. E. Vignoles	7
44113 Ella Bremner	13
44114 C. E. Darroch	13
44115 Helen E. Lamb	9
44116 Mary F. Lamb	11
44117 G. Meinertzhagen	14
44118 M. Meinertzhagen	12
44119 E. F. Fenwick	9
44120 C. L. H. Fenwick	10
44121 A. W. Bryan	11
44122 John S. Assheton	9
44123 Blanche Edens	13
44124 HEARTIE M. B. BATE, Ashbourne	11
44125 Mabel M. Butt	11

44126 Fredk. W. Snape	11
44127 Louisa M. Snape	9
44128 Percy G. Snape	7
44129 Gertrude Norman	11
44130 E. Southern	10
44131 Marie Southern	6
44132 L. Southern	5
44133 Tom C. Southern	3
44134 Evelyn Southern	3
44135 F. A. George	18
44136 Chas. H. Bullock	3
44137 Annie Savory	18
44138 Chas. B. Savory	16
44139 Fredk. M. Savory	14
44140 William J. Wager	14
44141 Louisa Elizabeth	16
44142 Alice J. Broad	9
44143 F. M. Broad	7
44144 Kate P. Broad	5
44145 Charles H. Lowe	8
44146 Lilian A. Lowe.	7
44147 Adelina F. Lowe	6
44148 Irena A. Lowe	4
44149 Cyril L. Hare	3
44150 Harriette M. Hart	17
44151 Mary E. Bell	19
44152 Ethel M. Bird	7
44153 Mabel F. Bird	5
44154 H. Hare	19
44155 Harry Davies	18
44156 William Barton	18
44157 Allin Jessop	12
44158 William Ford	16
44159 Albert Webb	8
44160 Arthur Beardsell	13
44161 Samuel Sprat	18
44162 William Mills	16
44163 Charles Bamford	16
44164 Emmie Gaud	18
44165 Kate Elliot	12
44166 Norah Thomas	9
44167 Constance Payne	18
44168 Walter R. Payne	9
44169 William F. Payne	10
44170 Daisy Elliot	7
44171 Amy Elliot	5
44172 Clara Coole	17
44173 B. K. Tacon	13
44174 Francis W. Ford	6
44175 Percy Parker	7
44176 Mary S. Parker	5
44177 Lizzie Parker	4
44178 ADA I. SECKER, U. Holloway	12
44179 Cecil Ottaway	15
44180 Frank L. Vincent	14
44181 Jack Findlay	13
44182 C. W. H. Secker	10
44183 Cicely Secker	11
44184 B. L. Secker	14
44185 M. L. Copeland	10
44186 Mary J. Hay	17
44187 Georgina Hay	20
44188 E. J. Braithwaite	10
44189 Daisy M. Wyatt	8
44190 Lily L. Wyatt	10
44191 Ellen E. Vincent	10
44192 Alice M. Vincent	8

44193 Ellen Clark	10
44194 Edgar W. Clark	15
44195 Sydney W. Clark	11
44196 C. H. Eldridge	14
44197 J. A. Coemeke	15
44198 J. H. Broadhead	12
44199 Florry E. Wood	11
44200 F. E. S. Bryant	18
44201 Alice E. Esling	10
44202 Florence M. Shaw	9
44203 E. S. Kemshead	8
44204 H. F. Kemshead	14
44205 C. R. Kemshead	11
44206 Joseph H. Feil	13
44207 Edward Feil	11
44208 Ottmar Feil	9
44209 C. A. C. Read	14
44210 Annie Walker	18
44211 E. E. Sparrow	10
44212 Ada J. Sparrow	11
44213 May Bassett	11
44214 M. E. Roberts	10
44215 Edith Gell	12
44216 Nellie Challis	12
44217 Thos. H. Prince	13
44218 W. H. Summers	15
44219 A. M. Summers	10
44220 Mary Jenkins	19
44221 Lizzie Beckett	15
44222 Mary E. Beckett	12
44223 F. M. Hawkes	14
44224 Rose A. Murcott	15
44225 E. M. Harris	12
44226 Julia Winter	13
44227 Esther Warren	13
44228 E. A. Hamblen	11
44229 Ada D. Sturges	13
44230 Jessie Prichard	12
44231 FLORENCE MARKHAM, Dalston	13
44232 Alice Smith	10
44233 F. C. Howard	13
44234 Gertie Oatley	13
44235 Kate Bovey	11
44236 Lila C. Bovey	9
44237 Annie Eustace	13
44238 W. E. Newlyn	10
44239 Gertie Turner	10
44240 Thos. H. Sochon	8
44241 Wm. T. Barnes	8
44242 Alice Walker	17
44243 Nellie Mackie	8
44244 Annie Treble	8
44245 Ellen G. Fordham	14
44246 Henry W. Archer	18
44247 Ernest Eustace	11
44248 Jessie R. Howard	6
44249 Annie Brown	18
44250 Rose Mathys	14
44251 Lilian G. Sochon	6
44252 Emily Foale	18
44253 Violet Hoppe	10
44254 Ph[oe]be Holness	12
44255 Emma Walker	15
44256 Edith Auther	10
44257 Mary Hadland	9
44258 Agnes M. Hilling	8
44259 Florence Sochon	10

44260 Wm. H. Clarke	9
44261 Katie Lehany	11
44262 Adelaide Shorey	12
44263 E. M. Fordman	16
44264 Lillian Fordman	9
44265 Maud E. Sochon	11
44266 Alice Lehany	13
44267 Agnes Oates	12
44268 Emily M. Clifton	8
44269 Victoria Russell	13
44270 Ada F. Clifton	10
44271 F. H. Moore	9
44272 Lily Lehany	8
44273 Katie Archer	13
44274 Nellie M. Pilbeam	14
44275 Jane Treble	15
44276 Maryann Oates	9
44277 Ada Lehany	10

[Officers and Members are referred to a Special Notice on page 55.]

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OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PAGE.

PRIZE COMPETITION (Vol. XIX., p. 376).

FIRST PRIZE DESCRIPTION OF "RAINY DAY INDOOR OCCUPATIONS AT THE SEA-SIDE."

While the weather is bright and warm, children seldom lack amusement during their annual visit to the sea-side; but in this changeable climate of ours rainy days often occur, when out-door recreation is impossible, and little folk must be content to seek employment in the house. Many boys and girls while enjoying the fine days give a thought to these occasions, and lay in a store of matter for amusement in readiness for the time when the somewhat limited pursuits of indoor sea-side life will have lost their charms. It is a very good plan to make a collection of shells, seaweeds, pebbles, and such marine treasures while opportunities occur. These may be arranged and sorted at leisure, and will afford employment for many idle hours.

One almost unfailing source of amusement, within the reach of every boy and girl, is an aquarium. A great deal of pleasure and instruction will be found in the study of its various little inmates—no matter if their home consist of nothing more than a common earthenware pan. An establishment of this kind, however, demands constant attention, cleanliness and light being very necessary to the health of the fish.

Shells may be utilised in numerous pretty ways. If for a collection, the arrangement and classification of each species form a very pleasant employment. They may also be used to cover boxes, brackets, and such small articles with very good effect.

Neither does their use end here, for they may be tied in neat bags, and will then be gladly received by the secretaries of any Children's Hospitals, for the benefit of the patients.

Seaweeds, if neatly mounted, make very pretty collections, and are useful in the decoration of albums and Christmas cards. The easiest method of preparation is to float them on paper, after allowing them to expand in a basin of water. No gumming is required, but the larger specimens may be further secured by strips of paper pasted across the principal parts, after they have been thoroughly dried and pressed. They may be arranged in books like plants, the proper name and that of its locality being assigned to each variety.

Some boys seem to think it worth while to polish the pretty pebbles which are found on some shores, but this process is both tedious and unprofitable. In these days there are few children who do not possess a microscope; those who do will find innumerable interesting objects both for mounting and inspection.

"Variety is charming," as every one knows, and after a little recreation of this kind young people are often glad to return, by way of a change, to books, work, and sketching, and appreciate all the more a favourable rise in the barometer. But while so usefully and pleasantly employed they will soon learn to greet with less regret an occasional rainy day.

HILDA FRISBY.

2, *St. Mary's Crescent, Leamington.*

(Aged 15.)

Certified by JANE A. FRISBY (Mother).

SECOND PRIZE DESCRIPTION.

When the day is fine and the sea calm, it is very pleasant to wade and splash about in the sunny water, and to roam among the rocks, searching for little crabs, many-coloured anemones, starfish, &c.; but when the rain is pouring down as if it would never stop, and the sea looks grey and dismal, it is sometimes difficult to amuse oneself within doors.

It is interesting to collect seaweed, though in pressing it, it is difficult to prevent the thin fibres from matting together when taken out of the water. One of the best methods is to float the seaweed on a plate, full of water, and after placing a piece of rather thick blotting-paper in the water, underneath the seaweed, to raise the paper suddenly out of the plate, when the water sinks through the blotting-paper, on which the most delicate parts of the seaweed remain spread out.

There are many games suitable for a rainy day; amongst them a poetry game, in which each player is provided with a slip of paper and a pencil. A circle is formed; every one writes a noun, and, folding down the line on which he has written, passes the paper to the next player, who writes a question on it. Each paper is then passed to the next person, who, unfolding it, has to make a short piece of poetry, not only introducing the noun but also answering the question.

When finished, the rhymes are read aloud, and generally cause much amusement.

This game can be varied by limiting the "nouns" to names of animals, with any absurd question concerning them: for instance—

"Porcupine," and
"Does it like sweets?"

The porcupine of many spines
Always eats sweetmeats when it dines,
'Tis very fond of chocolate-creams,
And munches candy in its dreams.
The little ones, as may be seen,
On brandy-balls are very keen,
And peppermints they will devour,
And lemon-drops eat by the hour.

For girls, painting and drawing are a great pastime, and a very pretty and effective method of shading small landscapes is produced by drawing on smooth paper the outlines of a landscape (a sea view is the prettiest, with the moon shining on the water), and then painting with a weak solution of gum-arabic the lightest parts of the picture, such as the moon, the ripples, and the high lights. When quite dry, rub the whole surface over with lead-pencil dust, applied either with a stump or with chamois leather, till the whole becomes dark grey; then mark out with a B pencil the shadows of the rocks, &c. When everything is drawn, pass a damp handkerchief down the picture, which will wipe off the gum, leaving the places where it has been perfectly white.

Such occupations, although the day may be dull, will pass the time pleasantly within doors.

MARGARET T. S. BEATTIE.
St. Michael's, Torquay. (Aged 13.)
Certified by E. ROGERS (Teacher).

LIST OF HONOUR.

First Prize (*One-Guinea Book*), with *Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour*:—HILDA FRISBY (15), 2, St. Mary's Crescent, Leamington. *Second Prize (Seven-Shilling-and-Sixpenny Book)*, with *Officer's Medal*:—MARGARET T. S. BEATTIE (13), St. Michael's, Torquay. *Honourable Mention, with Member's Medal*:—EDITH M. MASON (14), 64, Park Walk, Chelsea, S.W.; SHARLEY FULLFORD (12), High Street, Fareham; GRACE PETTMAN (14), Ladbroke, The Elms, Ramsgate; SUE MAY (12), 8, South Parade, Bedford Park; C. M. BATTERSBY (15), Cromlyn, Rathowen, Co. W. Meath; SYBIL A. COVENTRY (13-1/4), Severn Stoke Rectory, Worcester; MAY JOHNSON (15-3/4), Boldmere Road, Chester Road, near Birmingham; LEONARD WATTS (12-1/2), 12, Broadhurst Gardens, Finchley New Road N.

OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PUZZLES.

PICTORIAL NATURAL HISTORY PUZZLE.

3, 5, 6, 17, 8, 2, 6 = A periodical wind.
1, 13, 4, 10, 11, 18 = A contest.
19, 23, 22, 21 = To utter reproach.

7, 13, 6 = Gained.
14, 20, 16, 21, 12 = A failing.
15, 22, 9 = Design.

What is the whole?

MESOSTICH.

The letters read down the centre form the name of a country in South America.

1. A country in Africa.
2. A continent.
3. A country in Europe.
4. A town in Italy.
5. A town in Palestine.
6. A country in Europe.

ARCHIBALD Y. G. CAMPBELL.
Nassau House, Westward Ho. (Aged 12.)
Bideford.



SINGLE ACROSTIC.

The initials read downwards give the name of an emperor of Rome.

1. A set of drawers.
2. A workman.
3. Part of a circle.
4. An animal.
5. An animal.
6. A metal.
7. A girl's name.
8. A precious stone.

HELEN STAUDAGE.
(Aged 15-1/2.)
Yatchley Retreat, Prestbury,
Cheltenham, Gloucestershire.

TOWNS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED,

1. Original; a wine.
2. To divide; a country.
3. The mark of a wound; a town represented in Parliament.
4. A strife; a part of a candle.
5. A hole; a negative conjunction.
 6. A female; part of the body.
 7. An animal; a passage.
 8. Labour; steeped in liquor.
 9. A noise; a joint of meat.

ADELAIDE BENTINCK.
Froyle House, near Alton, Hants. (Aged 10-3/4.)

HIDDEN PROVERBS.

A a b d e e e e e f f f h i i i k m n n n r r s s t.

2. A a d e e e i i j k m n n n o o p r r r s s t t u w y.

3. A b c e e e e e h i i n n n o p r r r s t t t t u v.

KATE SMITH.
5, Royal Terrace, Portishead, Somerset. (Aged 11-1/2.)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC AND ARITHMOREM.

The initials and finals read downwards will give the names of two trees.

1050 + obo = a blossom.
750 + aænypoie = a dictionary.
50 + pgfegi = a warm beverage.
150 + ru = to twist.
1000 + nuhea = kind.

MABEL H. M. WITHERS.
Westcroft, Oakhill Road, Putney. (Aged 14.)

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials read downwards give the name of a country of Asia, and the finals upwards give the name of one of the kings of that country.

1. A lake in Russia.
2. A town in Hungary.
3. A town in Switzerland.
4. A lake in North America.
5. An island in the Mediterranean.
6. A town in Abyssinia.

T. HARRISON.
Acaster Hill, Easingwold, Yorkshire. (Aged 12-1/2).

RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in elegant, but not in rough;
My second is in lace, but not in cuff;
My third is in earth, but not in ground;
My fourth is in puppy, but not in hound;
My fifth is in high, but not in low;
My sixth is in reap, but not in sow;
My seventh is in nibble, but not in devour;
My eighth is in time, but not in hour;
My ninth is in arrow, but not in bow;
My whole is a cave we some of us know.

W. B. BELL.
(Aged 12-1/2.)

*St. Georges Mount,
New Brighton, Cheshire.*

QUOTATION DROP-WORD PUZZLE.

Give the following quotation in full, with its author.

The * * * * sigh,
* * * merry * * *
And * * * * not why,
* glad * * had * *—A * * * n.

FLORENCE M. MOFFATT.
7, Union Place, Aberdeen. (Aged 12-1/4.)

MISSING-LETTER PUZZLE.

When the missing letters have been supplied, the whole will form the first verse of one of Macaulay's poems.

AxtxnaxlxexhxlxsxtxhxaxoxrxoxlxExgxadpxaxsx,
Ixelxfxhtxrxccfxmxdxexshxwxoxgtxnxnxixnxdyx,
Wxextxaxgxextxlxexivxnxixlxaxaxnxtxexbvxixvix
TxexihxsxsxoxlxoxMxxcxtxextxuxextxexrxsxfpxix.

S. K. HORNE.
Vernon House, Lordship Lane, Dulwich. (Aged 13.)

PRIZE PUZZLE COMPETITION.

[Pg 126]

The following are the arrangements which the Editor of LITTLE FOLKS has made in regard to Prize Puzzle Competitions for the six months ending December, 1884:—

- I. THE SUMMER COMPETITION, consisting of Puzzles appearing in the July and the August Numbers.
- II. THE HOME AND FOREIGN COMPETITION, specially introduced for the purpose of giving readers residing abroad an opportunity of competing on favourable terms. Particulars of this will appear in the September Number.
- III. THE WINTER COMPETITION, consisting of Puzzles appearing in the November and December Numbers.

PRIZES.

- I. In the SUMMER COMPETITION there will be a First Prize of a Guinea Volume; a Second Prize of a Half-Guinea Volume; a Third Prize of a Five-Shilling Volume, awarded in EACH DIVISION, viz., the SENIOR DIVISION for girls and boys between the ages of 14 and 16 (*inclusive*), and the JUNIOR DIVISION for those *under* 14 years of age. There will also be awards of Bronze Medals of the LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour to the three next highest of the Competitors following the Prizewinners in *each* Division.
- II. In the HOME AND FOREIGN COMPETITION Special and Additional Prizes will be offered, of which full particulars will be given in the September Number.
- III. A List of Prizes in the WINTER COMPETITION will appear in the November and December Numbers.

REGULATIONS.

Solutions of the Puzzles published in this number must reach the Editor not later than August 8th (August 12th for Competitors residing abroad), addressed as under:—

*The Editor of "Little Folks;"
La Belle Sauvage Yard,
Answers to Puzzles. Ludgate Hill,
Junior [or Senior] Division. London, E.C.*

Solutions to Puzzles must be accompanied by certificates from a Parent, Teacher, or other responsible person, stating that they are *the sole and unaided work* of the competitor. No assistance must be given by any other person.

Competitors can be credited only under their own name.

The decision of the Editor of LITTLE FOLKS on all matters must be considered final.

The names and addresses of Prize and Medal winners will be duly published in LITTLE FOLKS.

GAME PUZZLE FOR AUGUST.

(Being the second and concluding Puzzle of the "Summer Competition.")

ALPHABETICAL HISTORICAL PUZZLE.

SENIOR DIVISION.

(The first letters of each light are in consecutive order from A to L. Thus light one commences with A, light twelve with L.)

1. An English Queen you here will find,
The last of Stuart line.
2. His fierce attack of Russian steppes
Commences his decline.
3. Death standeth by—he saves himself
By his *teeth*, I pray you note.
4. Of the Great Seal and its keepers
This famed antiquary wrote.
5. In preparing the first Greek Testament
Much learning he displayed.
6. A Bishop this, of Winchester,
Who Richmond's cause did aid.
7. A Tzar of Moscow, born, I think,
In 1552.
8. Minister of Charles I.;
Historian also.
9. A great Athenian orator,
His writings tell his fame.
10. A letter-writer much renowned;
But who can tell his name?
11. Mathematician and philosopher,
In Sweden of great note.
12. For this great English singer
Purcell many a bass song wrote.

JUNIOR DIVISION.

The first letters of each light are in consecutive order from M to Y, omitting X. Thus light one commences with M, light eleven with W, and light twelve with Y.

1. Blenheim's splendid mansion
To this Duke the nation gave.
2. He sought to reach the Northern Pole
Through ice-field and o'er wave.
3. Greek grammarian and poet, who
On fish- and hunt- ing wrote.
4. In the train of P. Emilius
Marched this Persian king of note.
5. His "Emblems" are delightful,
Meeting many persons' needs.
6. Emperor Ferdinand II.
He delivered from the Swedes.
7. Son of Antonio Tatti,
A sculptor great you see.
8. The greatest tragic actor
That the French have known was he.

9. Italian priest and scholar,
To whom Gregory [XIII.] gave a pension.

10. He succeeded Eleutherius
As Rome's Bishop I may mention.

11. In the Valley Forge he suffered,
But he triumphed at the last.

12. The "Night Thoughts" his other poems
I think certainly surpassed.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE NO. 18.

SENIOR DIVISION.—SALAMANDER.

1. **S**quirrel.
2. **A**nchovy.
3. **L**agotis.
4. **A**lligator.
5. **M**ammoth.
6. **A**ristotle's lantern.
7. **N**ightingale.
8. **D**igitigrades.
9. **E**agle.
10. **R**ombus minimus.

CLASS I.—Consisting of those who have gained eleven marks:—E. Maynard.

CLASS II.—Consisting of those who have gained ten marks or less:—A. Bradbury, H. Blunt, M. Bradbury, N. Besley, G. Burne, F. Callcott, J. Cooper, M. Cooper, H. Cholmondeley, G. Clayton, A. Chappell, G. Dundas, A. Elliot, C. Gilbert, A. Garnham, H. Gill, E. Hobson, C. Hart, D. von. Hacht, B. Hudson, M. Heddle, M. Jakeman, J. Lewenz, H. Leake, H. Leah, E. A. Lloyd, A. M. Lynch, B. Law, C. J. Mather, E. McCaul, C. Morin, J. Puckle, E. Pratt, E. Rudd, C. Stanton, W. Seymer, M. Addison-Scott, A. Stoneham, G. Sayer, A. Solomon, B. Tomlinson, U. Tracy, L. Webb, K. Williams, A. Wilson, E. Wedgwood, E. F. Woolf, W. C. Wilson. N.B.—All competitors have been credited with light eight, as a letter was accidentally omitted. Notwithstanding this we are pleased to note that the light was correctly solved by many competitors.

JUNIOR DIVISION.—REINDEER.

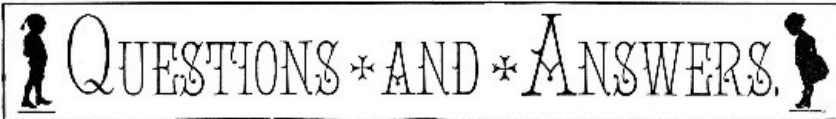
1. **R**obin Redbreast.
2. **E**xocetus exiliens.
3. **I**guanodon.
4. **N**arwhal.
5. **D**ormouse,
6. **E**ider Duck.
7. **E**lephant.
8. **R**ingdove.

CLASS I.—Consisting of those who have gained nine marks:—A. Allsebrook, F. H. C. Burne, D. Blunt, L. Besley, L. Biddle, E. Brake, F. Boreham, C. Burne, A. Coombs, F. Clayton, F. Cooper, C. Crawford, S. Cuthill, M. Callcott, J. Cooper, J. Chapman, R. Dutton, P. Davidson, E. Ellis, E. Evans, L. Forrest, S. Fullford, L. Gill, M. Golledge, F. Howard, M. Howard, W. Johnson, A. King, M. McLaren, N. Maxwell, A. Marinden, F. Newman, E. Quilter, M. Crompton-Roberts, K. Simson, E. Stanley, E. Stanton, M. Somerville, M. Wood-Smith, L. Stibbs, M. McCalman Turpie, I. Williams, M. Watson, M. Wiper, E. Yeo.

CLASS II.—Consisting of those who have gained eight marks or less:—E. Coombes, E. Carrington, V. L. Coombes, H. A. Coombes, H. Chappell, E. Elston, E. Fussell, E. E. Gruning, L. Hudson, K. Hawkins, M. Hobson, P. Hale, J. King, A. E. M. Kelly, J. Lancum, A. Leah, W. Lewenz, K. F. Lynch, C. Moody, H. Muggleston, G. O'Morris, H. Mayer, A. P. McDermott, E. Nicholson, G. Price, E. Raven, H. Smith, L. Stoneham, M. Snowball, H. Talbot, E. Tice, L. Walpole, M. Wigram, F. H. Woolf, K. Wedgwood, B. de St. Pierre.

The List of Prize and Medal winners for the Second Quarter of 1884 will appear in the next Number.

NOTE.—In place of "Anne" as light four of the Senior Division of No. 16 read "Parr," Anne being a misprint.



[The Editor requests that all inquiries and replies intended for insertion in *LITTLE FOLKS* should have the words "Questions and Answers" written on the left-hand top corners of the envelopes containing them. Only those which the Editor considers suitable and of general interest to his readers will be printed.]

PRIZE COMPETITIONS, &c.

ETHEL READ.—[All work of *every kind* in the Competitions must be done by Competitors *unaided*. The articles in the Plain Needlework Competition are not to be washed before being sent in.—ED.]

LITERATURE.

AN ARMADILLO writes, in answer to RAGS AND TATTERS, that the lines beginning—

"Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth," &c.

are found in the fourteenth verse of Longfellow's "Maidenhood." Answers also received from *Elaine*, *Tattie Coram*, and *An Amazon Queen*.

LADY OF THE LAKE asks for the name of the author of the piece of poetry called "The Three Crowns."

GAMES AND AMUSEMENTS.

TADPOLE asks if any one can tell her the origin of "Blind-man's buff."

L. J. F. writes, in answer to MAY WILLIAMSON, that the following are the rules for "Bell and Hammer":—"Any number of persons may play, one of whom must be appointed cashier. The cashier then distributes an equal number of counters to each player, puts up for sale the five cards separately, and knocks them down with the hammer to the highest bidder. The produce is put into the pool; each player must pay four counters into the pool. The cashier has first throw, and when all blanks are thrown each player pays one to the holder of the white horse. If with the blanks the bell, or hammer, or both are thrown, the owner of such card pays one to the holder of the white horse. When numbers and blanks are thrown the cashier pays the amount to the player from the pool. When the pool is nearly empty there arises an advantage to the inn, for if the amount of the number thrown exceeds what is in the pool the player pays the overplus to the owner of the inn. If all blanks are thrown after the inn begins to receive, the owner of the white horse pays one to the inn, and should the bell or hammer be thrown with blanks the owner pays one to the inn. But if numbers accompany the bell or hammer, the owner of such card must pay to the inn the number thrown above those remaining in the pool. The game is stopped by some one throwing exactly the same number as is in the pool. The one who has most counters wins the game." Answers also received from IRENE FEDRIGO, A BUSY BEE, HENBANE, FUZZELLYBOO, and TADPOLE.

WORK.

ASTARTE sends the following directions, in answer to W. M.'s question as to how to make a pair of baby's woollen shoes, suitable for a bazaar:—"One ounce of white Berlin wool. A chain of thirty-four stitches; double-crochet into this for thirty rows, taking the back stitch, so as to form a rib. Then crochet fifteen stitches, turn and go back to end of row, then go back again for fourteen stitches, and so on, taking one less each time until there are only seven left. This has to be done on both sides of the leg, so as to form the foot. Break off the wool, fasten it on at the top of the leg, then crochet down as far as the instep, and back again, doing one less each time till there are only two stitches left. Then down as far as the instep do an edging of treble crochet, then work another edging (button-hole stitch) all round the edging of flourishing thread. Then join the foot loosely down the middle, and sew up the leg so that the part increased flaps over. For the sole of foot make a chain of fourteen stitches, work it up and down till there are thirteen ribs; in the last two rows a stitch must be left out at each corner. Sew the sole on to the foot and the boot is finished."

COOKERY.

SNOW-FLAKE would be much obliged if any one would tell her how to make almond rock.

RUBY and A STRAWBERRY wish to know how to make toffee and butter scotch.

GENERAL.

DICKY WYATT writes, in answer to HELVELLYN, that the word "Kettledrum" means a large social party. Among the Tartars a "kettle" represents a family, or as many as feed from one kettle; and on

Tweedside it signifies a "social party," met together to take tea from the same tea-kettle; hence any social party. Of course the play upon this meaning of the word and the instrument called a kettledrum is intentional, the word "drum" meaning a crowded "evening party," "drum," applying to the close packing, as, a drum of figs. Answer also received from A BUSY BEE.

LUNA would be glad if any one would tell her how to dry gorse, and how to dry "lords and ladies."

W. ROUTLEDGE asks how to make a graph for copying letters, &c.

NATURAL HISTORY.

EUSTACIE would be glad to know if radish would kill canaries; also if gas would hurt them?—[Gas is always injurious; we should not think radish was, unless it were given rather suddenly and freely after long denial of green food; but we never tried this particular kind of vegetable diet.]

ELECTRA wants to know what is the matter with her hen canary. The bird is losing all the feathers from her neck, though it is not yet the time for moulting. Is it good for her to have green food every day?—[Green food is good in moderation. It is impossible to tell the reason for the loss of feathers with no other symptoms; see if the bird is infested with mites, and if so use Persian powder freely. You can do no harm to anoint the bare places with vaseline. Unmated hens are very apt to get out of sorts at the breeding season.]

[Pg 128]

Picture Story Wanting Words.

A Guinea Book and an Officer's Medal of the LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour will be given for the best short and *original* Description of this Picture. A smaller Book and an Officer's Medal will be given, in addition, for the best Description *relatively to the age of the Competitor*. All Competitors must be under the age of 16 years, and their Descriptions must be certified by Ministers, Teachers, Parents, or other responsible persons, and reach the Editor by the 9th of August next (the 15th of August for Competitors residing abroad). In addition to the Two Prizes and Officers' Medals, some of the most deserving Competitors will be included in a List of Honour, and will be awarded Members' Medals of the LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour. (See the notice about the Silver Medal on page 115 of the last Volume.)



ANSWERS TO OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PUZZLES (page 60).

RIDDLE-ME-REE.—VIOLET.

TRANSPosed LETTER PUZZLE.

1. "All is not gold that glitters."
2. "Pride will have a fall."
3. "Handsome is that handsome does."

HIDDEN PROVERB.

"Every cloud has a silver lining."

ARITHMOREM.

1. Livingstone.
 2. La Place.
 3. Milton.
 4. America.
 5. Schumann.
 6. London.
-

SINGLE ACROSTIC—EDWARD.

1. **E** dith.
 2. **D** en.
 3. **W** ater.
 4. **A** rm.
 5. **R** ace.
 6. **D** uck.
-

DOUBLE ACROSTIC—FLOUNDER—MACKEREL.

1. **A F** fir **M** s.
 2. **A L A** s.
 3. **C O** a **C** h.
 4. **B U** lloc **K** s.
 5. **I N** d **E** x.
 6. **A D** he **R** e.
 7. **F E E** l
 8. **A R** tic **L** e.
-

MISSING LETTER PUZZLE

"I fear thee, ancient mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown.
As is the ribbed sea-sand."

SQUARE WORD.

1. MARY.
 2. AREA.
 3. REAR.
 4. YARN.
-

POETICAL REBUS.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way.
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

GRAY'S *Elegy*.

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