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LITTLE FOLKS:

A Magazine for the Young.

NEW AND ENLARGED SERIES.

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED.

LONDON, PARIS & NEW YORK.

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A LITTLE TOO CLEVER.

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

CHAPTER XII.—AN UNEXPECTED FRIEND.

FOR the first time since she had left home, Elsie felt thoroughly frightened and miserable. Even when she had stayed in the crofter's cottage she had not felt worse. For this little attic, right at the top of a tall house full of people, seemed even more dreadful than the bare wretched loft in Sandy Ferguson's hovel. The height of the house, the noises of loud angry voices, banging doors, hurrying footsteps coming and going on the stairs, the continual roar of traffic in the street below, were all things strange and terrifying to the moor-bred Scottish lassie. Besides this, she had begun to realise to the full extent how greatly she had been mistaken in all her ideas when she formed the plan of running away. She had thought it would be a fine adventure, with some little difficulties to encounter, such as would quickly come right, as they did in the books of running-away stories, which she had always believed to be quite true. How could she have known it would happen so differently to them? And above all, who could suppose that Duncan, who was so strong and hearty, should fall ill just at such a time as this?

That was the worst thing about it, and the one that frightened Elsie most. She didn't like the look of Duncan at all. He had been getting worse all day while they were in the train, and now he did not seem to notice anything or anybody. His eyes were closed, and he never spoke a word, but only gave a sort of little moan now and then. He was burning hot too, and he moved his head and his limbs about restlessly, as if they were in pain. Elsie wondered whether he was really very ill, and what ought to be done for him. No one seemed to take any notice or think that he required any attention; and what could she do?

I do think that when children run away from a good kind home and watchful loving guardians, God must be very angry with the hardness of heart and wilful ingratitude that can lead them to do such a wicked thing, and I have no doubt that He purposely let all these difficulties and terrors fall in Elsie's path in order to punish her. Children, even big ones, have little idea of the dreadful dangers there are waiting for them to fall into, or how soon some shocking disaster would happen to them if they had not such careful, kind protectors. I am afraid, too, that people who write books often hide such things, and only tell of the wonderful escapes and marvellous adventures that runaway children encounter, although they know that really and truly the most dreadful things have happened to children who have run away from their homes—things too dreadful for me to tell of. We know that the Gentle Shepherd has a special care for little lambs of His flock, but we can never expect God to take care of us when we have wilfully turned away from Him to follow our own wrongdoing, and refused to turn back. If the lambs will not listen to the voice of the Shepherd, but will stray far away from Him, they are likely to be lost.

Now, He had already spoken to Elsie many times since she had left home. Her conscience, which is really His voice, had told her frequently that she was doing wrong, and that it would end badly; but she had refused to hear. Even now, when she had really begun to wish she were back again, it was because of the discomfort she was suffering, much more than on account of any belief that she had done a very wicked thing. But God is never content with such a grudging, half repentance as that, and so it was that Elsie fell into worse trouble still.

I wish I could describe to you how utterly forlorn and miserable Elsie felt, standing there by poor Duncan's bed, watching him toss about, and not able to do anything for him, or even to call any one to his assistance. I am afraid the little children who are in their own happy homes cannot imagine what it would be like, and I only hope they never may experience anything so dreadful.

Elsie could not tell any one how she felt, for there was no one to listen. She was not a child who had ever cried much; but do what she would, she could not help shedding some very bitter, angry tears now.

Presently Duncan lifted his heavy eyelids, and asked for some water. Elsie jumped up and began searching in the room; but there was neither basin nor jug, and such a simple thing as a drop of water was not to be had. [Pg 194]

She told Duncan there wasn't any; but he did not seem to understand, and kept on asking for it. Elsie, in her indignant anger, beat furiously at the door to attract some one's attention, but in vain. No one came near.

It drove her almost mad to hear the child moaning and groaning, and calling out incessantly for water in a peevish, whining voice. Where was Mrs. Donaldson? and why had she left them in this cruel way, without food or even a drop of water, although she knew that Duncan was ill?

After a long time, Elsie heard some one coming up to the attic; the door opened, and the girl who had brought them upstairs put her unkempt head in at the door.

"Just to have a look at you," she said, with a broad grin upon her face, which was a very stupid-looking one, and frightfully begrimed. "I sleep up here, just next to you."

"Will you get us a little water?" Elsie cried.

"Why, yes!" said the girl, good-naturedly. "There's a pitcher full out here. I'll bring it in."

She came in, bringing it with her, and then went up to the bedside, where Duncan lay tossing and moaning. "Is it for him to drink?" she asked. "I'll go fetch a mug." And she sped away, bringing back an old gallipot, which she filled, and held to the child's lips.

"But he is just bad," she said, looking at him. "Ain't he hot? He's got the fever! Is that the reason you was brought here?"

"I'm sure I don't know," Elsie replied, wondering how much she dared say to this girl, and with a recollection of the "fairy mother's" threats.

"Do you know where mamma is?" she asked, cautiously.

The girl burst out laughing. "You needn't come that here," she said. "We know her and him well enough, both of them. They wasn't always such grand folk, I can tell you. Why, Lucy Murdoch is as well known down Stony Close as ever I am. Her mother lived next to mine, and does to this day, and holds her head so high, on account of her daughter, that she'd like to pass mother in the street if she dared. If you belong to her, it's news to me, and I've known her all my life." All this was said with the quaint expressions and broad northern dialect that Elsie very well understood, although none but a Scottish lassie would do so.

"I don't think you like her much," Elsie said.

The girl made a wry grimace. "I like any one so long as they don't do me no harm," she replied evasively. "She wouldn't stand at that, either, if she had the mind. How did you get with her?"

Elsie pondered a moment, and then decided she would tell this girl everything, and trust to her being a friend.

"She found us on a road by the mountains, oh! ever so far away from here; and she seemed so kind, and brought us clothes, and took us to a nice house to sleep, and brought us in the train all

this way," Elsie said.

"H'm," the girl said, looking rather puzzled. "Well, she'd got her reasons," she added presently. "I don't know what they might be, but it wasn't done for any good to you. What did they bring you here for?"

"I don't know," Elsie replied.

"You see, master's in all their secrets. He's one with them, and does a lot of business with them. To tell you the truth—which you needn't let out, unless you want to have your head smashed—he's master's brother, only he goes under another name. Now, what did he tell you his name was?"

"I was told to call him Uncle 'William,'" Elsie replied, "and the lady 'Mamma.'"

The girl laughed to herself heartily—a sort of suppressed chuckle, which could scarcely have been heard outside the door. "Well, that's a queer dodge! I suppose she made out that she was his sister; and she was dressed like a widow, and he's her husband all the time, which I know very well. She passes, then, as a widow with two children, does she?"

"I suppose so," Elsie replied, scarcely understanding what the girl was talking about.

"She's deep, she is," the girl continued; "and lots of money always, hasn't she? rings too, and bracelets, and all sorts of things."

"She had at first all those things, and I've seen a lot of money in her purse."

"Well, would you think she once lived in Stony Close along of us, and was only a poor girl like me, though always a dashing one, with a handsome face of her own?" the girl asked. "They think I'm so stupid, but I ain't quite so stupid as I look. I don't forget. I wasn't as old as you are when Lucy Murdoch was married, but I remember it. What were you doing on that road when she found you?" she asked suddenly.

"We had run away from home," Elsie replied falteringly, for at the thought of home she felt ready to cry.

"My goodness! you can't be the two children what was lost off a moor somewhere up Deeside."

"How did you know it?" Elsie cried eagerly. "Has mother been here?"

"Oh, no! It's posted up at the police station," the girl replied. "They always have all such things up there: a description of you, and everything. Your mother goes and tells the police, and they has it printed, and sends it about everywhere. Lucy Murdoch is after the reward, I'll be bound!" [Pg 195]

All this was quite unintelligible to Elsie, who knew nothing of rewards or police regulations. Only one thing she learnt, and that was that they were being sought for, and she hoped some one would find them. A slight misgiving crossed her mind as to whether the police could take her to prison for having run away; but this did not trouble her very much, for she felt sure that Mrs. MacDougall would never let any bad thing befall them, and no one else could have told the police to search.

"I suppose I should just get it if I was found in here," the girl said presently. "You won't go telling, I suppose; for if they thought I knew too much, they'd——" the sentence ended with a grimace and expressive shrug of the shoulders.

Again the girl held the jar to Duncan's parched lips. "I dursn't stay," she said, kindly; "but if you knock at this wall I shall hear, and I'll come if you want me. We're up at the top, so there's no one to pry down the stairs. He do seem real bad, poor little chap! but maybe he'll be better in the morning."

With these words she departed, locking the door after her; and Elsie somehow felt that, in spite of her rough looks and miserable appearance, she had found a friend.

CHAPTER XIII.—A DREADFUL NIGHT.

THE pangs of hunger which Elsie was feeling pretty sharply were nothing compared to the pain of mind she was enduring; for although she was the child of poor people, and had lived all her life in a cottage, with plain fare and plenty to do, she had been accustomed to perfect cleanliness, and a good deal of simple comfort.

After a while she undressed herself, and crept into the not too clean bed with a feeling of disgust. It was so different from the coarse cotton sheets—bleached white as snow, and smelling sweet of the fresh, pure air—that covered her own little bed. The room, too, was hot, close, and stifling.

Still this was nothing to the fear she felt for Duncan, lying so ill and wretched in this miserable attic, without mother, or granny, or any one to see after him.

The candle burnt out, and they were left alone in the dark. There was no chance of sleeping, for Duncan tossed and plunged about, trying to find some cool resting-place for his fevered limbs.

The moments dragged slowly away—so slowly that poor Elsie thought the dreadful night would never go.

About the middle of the night Duncan began to mutter rapidly to himself. He spoke so quickly and incoherently that Elsie could not make out what he was saying. She jumped out of bed, and felt about for the water, thinking he was asking for it. He drank some eagerly, and then went on chattering again.

Suddenly he raised himself up in the bed, and caught hold of Elsie, clinging to her with a grasp that made her utter a cry of pain. "He's killing me! he's got a knife! Mother, he's got me!" he shrieked out; then with a dreadful cry he fell back on the bed, catching his breath in great spasmodic sobs that shook the bed.

"It's all right, darling!" Elsie cried, her teeth chattering with fear, so that she could hardly speak. "There's no one but me—Elsie."

Presently he went on talking to himself again.

Elsie put her head close to listen, but could only catch a word here and there. "So cold—so tired—do let us go home, Elsie—can't walk—hurts me, it hurts me!" he kept on repeating over and over again, his voice rising almost to a scream of terror sometimes, then sinking into a moan of pain.

Suddenly he jumped up again and screamed, "They are lions, Elsie! they are not sheep. Lions and tigers and wolves! Run, Elsie, run, faster! Come, come, come!" He caught hold of her, and bounded off the bed, dragging her with him on to the bare hard boards, where he pulled and tore at her with such a strength that Elsie could not free herself from him for many minutes. When she did, he flew across the room, coming with a terrible crash against the wall, and sinking in a heap on the floor.

Elsie groped her way after him to pick him up, but she could not move him. He lay there like a weight of lead. She knocked furiously at the wall.

Presently the door opened, and the girl came in. "I can't think what's the matter with Duncan," Elsie cried, in an agonised voice. "He's been going on dreadfully. I think he keeps on having nightmares. He says there are lions and tigers, and men with knives, and now he's jumped out of bed and hurt himself. Oh! whatever shall I do with him?"

The girl struck a match and bent over the child; then she went and fetched a scrap of candle from her own garret. She lifted him up carefully, and put him back on the bed, then took water, and poured it on his face. Elsie stood by quite helpless, watching her. After a long time he began to make a little moaning noise, but his eyes did not open, and he lay perfectly still.

"Has he hurt himself much?" Elsie asked.

"I don't know, but I think it's more the fever than the hurt," the girl replied. "Poor little lad! he ought to be with his mother. He wants a lot o' care and nursing." [Pg 196]

"Is he very ill?" Elsie asked.

"I should just say he was. I had the fever when I was a bit bigger than you, and my head wandered. They said I chattered and screamed, and had to be held down in the bed. I should have died for certain if I hadn't been taken to the hospital, for I was awful bad; and so's he. Can't you see he is?"

Elsie began to cry and to tremble. "They must take him to the hospital," she cried. "They shall! I'll make them! If only Duncan was back home now, I wouldn't mind anything."

"You was a stupid to run away if you'd got a good home," the girl said. "Catch Meg running away from any one who was good to her! They think her an idiot, but she's not quite so stupid as *that*."

Elsie was beginning to think very much the same thing. Her trouble had completely driven from her mind the high hopes of future grandeur with which she had started. They scarcely even came into her head, and when they did for a moment pass through her brain, everything seemed so altered, that there was little comfort or attraction in the thought.

If she had known, she told herself again and again, she never would have done it. To-night she could not help admitting to herself that she would give anything to be back in her old home, with Duncan hearty and well, and all the old grievances about Robbie, and the fetching and carrying, and what not, into the bargain. How trifling and insignificant they seemed in comparison with her present troubles!

Suppose he should die for want of attention and comfort! That dreadful "fairy mother," as she called herself, would do very little for him. She did not care. She had pretended to be kind, and sweet, and good when any one was near at hand to see her, but when they had been alone in the train she had taken no notice of Duncan, except to scold him, and tell him he was shamming. This new mother was a poor substitute for the old one, who had nursed any of them day and night when they had been ill, with gentle, untiring care, although she was strict, and would, have them do all sorts of things that Elsie did not like when they were strong and well.

The girl Meg stayed with them for some time longer; but Duncan seemed to lie so quietly, that after a while she said she would go back, if Elsie didn't feel so timid now. The little fellow seemed

better, and she did not think he would make any more disturbance that night. The poor creature was tired out with a hard day's work, and could ill spare her rest. She was ignorant, too, and did not know that this quiet that had fallen upon the child was not the healthful peace leading to recovery, but only the exhaustion after the terrible frenzy the poor little disordered brain had passed through.

Still it was a merciful peace, for Elsie's fears grew fainter as he lay there so quietly, and at last she fell asleep, thinking that he too was sleeping.

She was awakened by Meg's presence. There was a glimmering of light in the room, but so little of it that she was astonished to find how late it was—past seven o'clock.

"I don't so very well like the look o' the bairn," she said, surveying him carefully. "It strikes me you won't find it an easy matter to get him dressed. Here, Duncan, are you ready for something to eat now?" she cried, bending over him, and raising her voice.

But the child did not answer. He lay there as motionless as though he had been carved out of stone, scarcely moving an eyelid at the sound of Meg's words.

Elsie jumped up, and began dressing herself quickly.

"I'll go myself and tell them how ill he is," she said, "and ask them to send him to the hospital where they cured you, and I'll go with him."

Meg said nothing, but she knew very well that this last, at any rate, was quite out of the question.

"You'd better go straight down into the shop if you want to speak to the master," she said, as she left the room.

Elsie found her way down the long flights of dark stairs as soon as she was dressed. She pushed open the door leading into the shop, and went in boldly. The man who had received them the night before was busily sorting over heaps of papers, but no one else was near. Elsie went up to him.

"Donald's ill; he's got the fever, and he must go to the hospital," she said, in a voice of decision.

"Ha!" said the man, not looking up from his work. "I thought he didn't seem quite the thing. Your mother'll be round by-and-by, and then you can tell her about it."

It was not said unkindly, but the complete indifference angered Elsie, who was burning with impatience for something to be done very quickly.

"She's not my mother," Elsie said, sharply, "and she is not kind to Duncan. We can't wait; we must go to the hospital directly. Meg 'll show me the way, and then I'll tell the people how bad he is." [Pg 197]

"What does Meg know about it?" the man asked, looking into Elsie's face with a searching glance.

Elsie was sharp enough. "He was very bad in the night, thinking there were bad men and beasts in the room after him, and he jumped out of bed and hurt himself. When I banged the wall, Meg came, and picked him up and put him into bed. She said he'd got the fever like she had when she went to the hospital."

The man called out, "Meg, come you here!"

"'WHAT DID SHE SAY?' THE MAN ASKED SHARPLY."

CHAPTER XIV.—A FAIRY TRICK.

THE girl came shuffling along with a look of mingled stupidity and terror on her face. It was scarcely the same one that had bent over the fevered child.

"This girl called you in the night. What did she want you for? Now tell me at once," he said, in a stern voice.

Meg looked all round her in a blank, stupid sort of way, letting her eyes travel over Elsie's face in their wandering.

"What did she say?" the man asked, sharply.

Elsie was in dreadful fear. She had not dared to look at Meg, and let her know that she had said nothing that could harm her.

And so she waited, with a rapidly-beating heart.

"She called me to pick up the boy. He'd fallen on the floor, and he was wandering in his head like. She asked me who'd look after him, and I said he'd have to go to a hospital—leastways, that was where they took me when I was bad. She asked me a lot o' questions, she did: what sort of a place this was, and where her mother had gone. I did say there was lodgers in the house," she said, beginning to whimper like a terrified child. [Pg 198]

"Stop that, you dolt!" the man cried. "Her mother'll be round presently, and you'd better not let her know you've been interfering. You were told to keep the door locked until the morning, and yet you walk in in the night."

"She made such a noise banging and kicking, I thought she'd wake up the other people," Meg said, casting a scowling glance at Elsie, which Elsie quite believed was put on to deceive her master, just in the same way as Meg had, she supposed, put on an appearance of terror, under which she had hidden all that was really important most cleverly.

Meg was then allowed to make good her retreat, and Elsie was taken by the man into a little room, where a tin coffee-pot and a loaf and butter were put ready.

She was glad to eat heartily, for she was famishing with hunger. She devoured as hastily as she could several thick slices of bread-and-butter, and then asked what she had better take to Duncan, since no one seemed to be troubling their heads about him.

"A drop of hot coffee," the man said, unconcernedly. "If he can't eat bread-and-butter he don't want anything."

"He didn't have a bit scarcely all yesterday, and he'd had next to nothing for three days before that," Elsie said indignantly. "Perhaps he'd eat some bread and milk if I could get it for him. I'd soon do it if I might go in the kitchen."

At this moment a customer began to rap on the counter, and the master of the shop hastily jumped up and went away. Elsie stood waiting impatiently, but as he did not return, she took up the milk-jug, and emptied its contents, about a table-spoonful of bluey-white milk, into the cup she had used.

Duncan was still lying motionless, with closed eyes, when she re-entered the attic. He took no notice when she spoke, so she lifted his head up, and put the cup to his lips. With great difficulty she succeeded in making him swallow a few drops at a time. The raging thirst that had consumed him in the night had passed away. He had got beyond that. While she was still holding his head on her arm, the door opened, and Mrs. Donaldson, as she had told Elsie to call her, put her head inside.

"They tell me Donald is very ill this morning," she said, in her sweetest tones. "Poor little fellow! what is the matter with him?"

"Meg says it's the fever, like she had when she was little," Elsie answered.

"Fever!" Mrs. Donaldson echoed in alarm. "Tell me quickly, is he red all over?"

"Oh no! he's quite white, except just a patch on his cheeks," Elsie replied.

"How dare that stupid idiot frighten me like that?" Mrs. Donaldson cried, angrily. "He's got no fever, only a feverish cold through being out on that moor too long."

"He was wet through, and had to sleep in his wet things. He hadn't anything dry except that canvas jacket Mrs. Ferguson gave him," Elsie cried, remorsefully. "I was wet too, but my things seemed to dry quicker. Do you think that's what made him ill?"

"Of course it is," Mrs. Donaldson replied. "And there's no one here to see to him, poor child! He wants a good hot bath, and wrapping up in blankets, but we can't get it here, nor at an hotel."

"Meg says they'd take care of him at the hospital," Elsie eagerly interposed. "Please let us go there."

"You can't go," Mrs. Donaldson began; but Elsie interrupted her. "I must go," she said, promptly. "I can't leave Duncan. I wouldn't do that for anybody. It's through me that he's ill, and I won't go away from him."

"Then you wouldn't like to come to London with me?" Mrs. Donaldson said, in her most fascinating manner.

"Not without Donald, thank you, ma'am," Elsie replied at once.

"I thought you wanted to find your father," Mrs. Donaldson said, kindly; "and Donald should come as soon as he is well. For the matter of that, I would come myself, or send Uncle William to fetch him."

"I couldn't go without him," Elsie doggedly persisted.

Then Mrs. Donaldson grew impatient; her voice was no longer sweet and persuasive. "I will do nothing more for you," she said, angrily. "You can give me back the things I brought you, and I will leave you to die of hunger and cold, as you would have done before this but for me. Get that child's things on, and you shall go at once to the hospital, and see what they will do for you."

Elsie did not mind at all about the ungraciousness of the consent, so long as she had won her purpose.

The prospect of getting to London even was nothing in comparison to the hope of seeing Duncan nursed and tended back to health. She would cheerfully have given up the frock and hat that had so pleased her; but this, it seemed, was only a threat, for Mrs. Donaldson said no more about it, but went away, and sent Meg to help put on Duncan's things. [Pg 199]

"He ain't fit to be dressed, and that's the truth," Meg said compassionately, as she used her utmost exertions to put the poor child's clothes on without hurting him. "They'd better have rolled him in a shawl."

"He'll be all right when we get there," Elsie said, with a sigh of relief. "I hope it won't be far. Do you think they're sure to cure him, Meg?"

"If it's to be done, they'll do it," Meg returned, confidently.

At last the poor little fellow was dressed, and Meg, taking him up in her strong arms, carried him downstairs, Elsie following. They found Mrs. Donaldson talking rapidly to the man in the shop. Both stopped short when Meg and Elsie entered, and Mrs. Donaldson beckoned Meg to follow her into the room behind, where she talked for some minutes in low tones to the girl, who presently propped Duncan up in a chair, and called Elsie to hold him there while she went and fetched her hat and tidied herself up.

Soon after a fly drove up to the door, into which, by Mrs. Donaldson's directions, Meg carried

Duncan, Mrs. Donaldson and Elsie following. The next minute they drove off, but slowly, on Duncan's account.

As they went along Mrs. Donaldson gave Meg many directions. "You must say the child is homeless," she said kindly, "and wait till you have heard what the doctor says. I dare not take him in myself; I cannot spare the time. If they will not let Effie stay, take her back with you, and let her go every day to see him. Be sure to tell Andrew to write and let me know how he gets on."

All these things Meg promised, and Elsie began to think that, after all, she had thought too badly of the "fairy mother." Perhaps Meg had herself made up the tale she had told about Lucy Murdoch, and was not to be trusted. When once they were in the hospital, Elsie had made up her mind that she would tell the people there the whole truth, and beg them to write to Mrs. MacDougall. Perhaps she would come to Edinburgh and fetch them home. That would be the end of all their troubles. How glad she would be to come to the end of them, even though it meant going back to the old quiet hum-drum life. After all, Duncan had been really the wiser when he wanted her to write to their father instead of going to find him. She wished now she had done it.

While she was thinking of all this the carriage stopped in a busy street. "Effie and I will go first," Mrs. Donaldson said to Meg. "I will just speak to the man, and when Effie comes to you, get out and carry Donald into the hospital."

"You will ask them to let me in, won't you?" Elsie asked, earnestly.

"I will ask, but I don't know whether they will," Mrs. Donaldson replied, kindly. "Follow me, Effie."

Mrs. Donaldson went quickly down a narrow covered way, which Elsie, supposed led to the hospital. She had no idea what sort of a place it was, and everything here was bewilderingly new and strange to her. Meg had told her that there was a great bare room, where people waited their turn. Into such a room they seemed to have passed. There were several people running about, the friends, Elsie supposed, of those who were ill. "They are just going to shut the doors. Look how every one is running!" Mrs. Donaldson hurriedly exclaimed. "We shall be too late. Come, Effie."

She took Elsie's hand, and ran hastily across the great room. In a moment, before Elsie knew what was being done, a gentleman had seized her other hand, dragged her across a short space among a heap of people, thrust her into a carriage just as a whistle sounded, the door was banged to, and the train—for Elsie knew directly that she was in one—began to move off. She flew to the door directly they released their hold of her, but immediately two strong arms forced her back and a soft gloved hand was held over her mouth.

"That was a near shave," the gentleman said when they had passed out of the station.

"And would have been worse than useless if I had not engaged a carriage to ourselves," Mrs. Donaldson replied, setting herself back comfortably. "Now, my dear, you may scream or knock at the door as much as you like," she said smilingly; "not a soul will hear you. To-night you will be in London!"

CHAPTER XV.—A MYSTERIOUS MATTER.

LSIE was beside herself with rage. She had not naturally a very even temper, but never in her life had she felt in such a passion. Directly her two companions loosed their hold upon her she jumped up, and struck the door of the carriage, screaming loudly, "Let me out! let me out!" She caught hold of the wooden framework, and shook it till it rattled again, while Mrs. Donaldson, well knowing it was locked, sat calmly smiling at her impotent wrath.

Then the child turned furiously upon her tormentors. Her passion knew no bounds; she felt as if [Pg 200] she could have torn that wicked "fairy mother" to pieces. It was such a fit of passionate rage as blinds reason and takes away the power of thinking—such a mad, ungovernable fury as would have led an older stronger person to some desperate deed.

"SHE ... STRUCK THE DOOR OF THE CARRIAGE" (*p.* 199)

Elsie caught hold of Mrs. Donaldson's arm, and screamed at her. "You bad, wicked thing! let me out! I'll kick you! I'll bite you if you don't! Let me go to Duncan, I tell you, you wicked creature! I'll get out of the window!" and Elsie flew at it, and began tugging away at the strap.

The gentleman took her up in his arms and flung her down on the seat, where Elsie lay screaming and sobbing, and beating the cushions with her hands, grinding her teeth, and flinging herself about like a mad thing.

They let her go on as she would for a time. After a while the gentleman bent over her, and, catching hold of her wrists with the firm grasp of his powerful hands, made her sit upright. "Listen," he said, putting his head close to her face, and looking so ugly and evil that Elsie felt as if she could have struck him; "we have had enough of this. If you are wise you will behave properly, then no harm will come to you. If you make a disturbance, you will bring down upon yourself a fate that you will not like."

It was not so much the words themselves as the menacing way they were hissed in the child's ear that made them so terrible.

But Elsie was not then thinking of herself, and no threat against her took any hold upon her mind. She returned him a sulky glance of defiance, which made him scowl.

Then Mrs. Donaldson came and sat on the other side of Elsie, and began speaking.

"So long as you do what we bid you, your brother is safe," she said, in a voice of quiet decision. "He is quite at our mercy, and will be well cared for, if you are good. Any naughtiness on your part will only injure him. The moment you misbehave he will be turned into the streets, to find his way home as best he can. He will be brought to you in a week if you have not been the cause of his being lost in the meantime."

"I don't believe you," Elsie said sulkily; "you are too far from Duncan to hurt him."

Mrs. Donaldson smiled. "You can do just as you like," she said. "I only warn you. Duncan is in the hands of my people. I can send them a message all the way from London in five minutes, and before you know anything about it they will have done with Duncan whatever I tell them. You forget that I am the 'fairy mother.'" [Pg 201]

Then flashed through Elsie's mind something she had heard her mother and granny talking about, which granny would not believe. It was about a wire which took messages all over the world as quickly as you could write them. Her mother had tried to explain it, but granny declared it sounded like some wicked thing done by evil spirits, and she wasn't going to believe it. Elsie was inclined to feel very much like poor old granny, who thought the world was turning topsy-turvy since her young days. But although she could not understand it, Elsie had a dim uneasy feeling that there was too much likelihood of Mrs. Donaldson's words being true ones for her to disregard them.

She could think of nothing else now but Duncan. If any one hurt him, whatever should she do? If only they gave her Duncan back again it seemed as if no trouble would be great.

Mrs. Donaldson's words had brought Elsie to a more reasoning frame of mind. "I will do everything, if you promise me you will fetch Duncan or take me back to him," she said eagerly. "You will take care of him, won't you?" she cried entreatingly. "Promise me nothing bad shall happen to him. You will send a message about what they are to do to him, won't you? but oh! I do wish you would let me go back to him before a week. He will be so frightened and lonely, and perhaps he will call me like he did in the night when he was frightened; and he's never been with strange folk before. He's real timid, too, when people are bad to him, and dursn't say a word, only

he's scared like all the time." Elsie could not help crying at the thought of poor Duncan's terror in Sandy Ferguson's cottage, and the way he had hidden it till they were away out of hearing.

Mrs. Donaldson turned away her head uneasily. Something in Elsie's love for her brother had touched a tender chord. It reminded her of a little brother she had loved, and who had died. She had been a different creature in those days, and perhaps for a moment she wished that she were a child again, with the innocent love for her little brother to draw her away from a bad, wicked life. Perhaps the recollection of him made her think for a moment of the life beyond the grave, in which he was peacefully living, but which could only be a terror for her.

But an angry glance from her companion dispelled the passing softness. "You shall both be safe so long as you obey me," she said. "Duncan, I will tell you now, is safe in the hospital. At a word from me Meg will fetch him away. At present he is well tended, with kind doctors and nurses to give him everything he wants, and he will soon be well, for it is only a bad cold he has taken."

Elsie sank back with a sigh of relief. She pictured poor little Duncan lying on a soft white bed, with kind people bending over him, as Mrs. MacDougall had done when she was sick. It brought a great feeling of peace to her mind. She would do anything they wished her, to be sure that Duncan was safe. The only thing that troubled her now was whether Mrs. Donaldson had spoken truly; for children are quick to find out who may be trusted, and Elsie had no faith in either of these two people.

Elsie believed herself that Meg would take Duncan if it depended at all upon her, for although her behaviour had been strange, Elsie could not forget her kindness in the night, when there had been no one near. Nothing would ever make Elsie think that it was not true and genuine. It was, indeed, her faith in Meg's goodness that was her one consolation. She clung to that much more than to all Mrs. Donaldson's statements.

Presently the train stopped. "Uncle William" came, and sat very close to Elsie on one side, Mrs. Donaldson on the other, and each took one of her hands with an appearance of great affection. Elsie sat perfectly still. She had no intention of making any more disturbance. If Duncan's safety depended on her being quiet, no mouse should be more quiet than she was.

Mrs. Donaldson seemed pleased. "I see you are a sensible little girl," she said. "Now, you must mind what I tell you. Remember, I shall not tell you when I send the message, but directly you are troublesome it will go. I may not tell you till the week is gone; but you may feel quite sure that it will not be sent unless you disobey or are naughty. Do you quite understand?"

Elsie replied that she did, and Mrs. Donaldson continued—

"Do not mention Duncan again, not even to me when I am quite alone. He is always Donald."

"I will not forget," Elsie replied.

"And you will have no Uncle William when you get to London. This gentleman is your Grandpapa Donaldson. Now, I have seen that you are clever enough when you choose. Do not forget."

The train had again started on its way, and was rushing along at a tremendous rate, being an express. Mrs. Donaldson had got Elsie's hand in hers, and had kept the child's attention fixed upon herself. The gentleman was now seated in another corner. When Elsie next turned her head towards him, he had utterly changed. In the place of a dark-looking man with a small moustache was an elderly gentleman, with a face quite bare, except for some small grey whiskers and a bald head. He was lounging back most unconcernedly in the carriage, looking through his spectacles at the objects so swiftly flying past them. [Pg 202]

Elsie uttered an exclamation of wonder. "A real fairy has been at work, you see, Effie," Mrs. Donaldson said laughingly.

"Hey, what, my dear?" the old gentleman said, bending over as if a little deaf. "Did you speak?"

"Effie wants to know where her uncle William has gone," Mrs. Donaldson shouted.

"Uncle William? what, has she got an uncle William, Mary? Who is he? Here Effie, my dear, will you have a bun?"

Elsie went over to him in a state of the most complete bewilderment, and took from him the tempting bun that he held out to her. As she did so she had a good look at him. Certainly it was not the same person who had called himself Uncle William.

His face was quite changed. In place of the black hair was a small fringe of iron grey locks. This man was years older. His very coat was a different colour.

"Won't you give grandpapa a kiss for that nice bun?" the old gentleman said in a quavering old voice. Elsie went timidly, and gave him a small hasty kiss on the cheek.

He caught hold of her, and made her do it over again. "What, you puss!" he cried, "are you frightened of grandpapa, who gives you all the nice things? Dip your hand in my bag, and take out what you like."

He opened a small black valise, and disclosed delicious fruits and cake. Elsie drew forth a large mellow pear. "If Duncan could have it," she thought as she bit a juicy mouthful.

"Do you like grandpapa better than Uncle William?" Mrs. Donaldson whispered in her ear.

"I do not know," Elsie answered; "but I couldn't dislike him any more," she added, with a little shudder.

Mrs. Donaldson laughed most good-humouredly. "Then you must like him better," she said, "and that is a good thing. Grandpapas are always kind, you know. Go and talk to yours, but you must speak loud, because he is getting a little deaf."

Elsie obeyed. The old gentleman looked round, and smiled. It was a very gracious smile, but somehow not one that Elsie liked. "That's right, come and talk to grandpapa," he said. "Can you read nicely? Here is a pretty book with pictures, out of a fairy pocket grandpapa keeps for his children." As he spoke he drew out a book in most brilliant binding of scarlet and gold. It was full of pictures, and altogether charming. Elsie grew more and more bewildered.

What had become of that dreadful man who had hissed his threats in her ear? He had quite vanished; there was no doubt about that. No one could be more different than this mild old man, who kept on saying kind things in his cracked voice. Elsie, watching him very narrowly, thought she saw something that reminded her of the Uncle William who had so mysteriously disappeared, and wondered whether this might be really his father. Yet that did not make his presence there any the less mysterious.

One effect this incident had on Elsie's mind was to make her stand more than ever in awe of her strange companions. She could not get rid of a half belief that they could do really whatever they liked with both her and Duncan. Although she had not any real faith in their goodness, she had certainly a great dread of their strange power.

The journey was a long one, with few stoppages. The train flew on at a frightful pace through the hill country, where from the windows could be seen the bare bleak peaks of Cumberland, varied with nearer slopes of soft green grass and verdant valleys. On, on through the great grimy towns of the manufacturing counties; on and on through dark tunnels, swinging round curves, over rivers, skirting woods, still rushing on, with an occasional shriek and scream, as of relentless fury; still on and on, long after the day had closed and the stars had begun to twinkle in the sky, till at last the great goal of London was reached.

There is now a gathering together of parcels and packages. The old gentleman, Grandpapa Donaldson, sets them down on the seat, and fumbles at the door. "Why doesn't that idiot unlock it?" he mutters, in a tone that brings strangely to mind the adventure on the lonely road where she first saw the "fairy mother."

"Don't be impatient, father," Mrs. Donaldson exclaims in a wavering voice; and Elsie, looking up at her, sees that her face is pale and her lips tightly set.

She draws a long black veil over her face as she stands waiting. Presently a porter comes. The door is opened. Two men spring into the carriage, and close the door after them.

"The game is up! you are my prisoners!" falls in dreadful tones on poor Elsie's frightened ears.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW TO MAKE PRETTY PICTURE-FRAMES.

[Pg 203]

"YOUR room looks so pretty, Nellie," sighed my cousin Bella; "you should just see mine at home; it's as bare as a barrack."

"Why don't you improve it, then?" was my practical rejoinder.

"Why, it costs such a lot," answered Bella.

"My decorations are very inexpensive, I assure you," said I. "Now these frames, for instance——"

"Oh, they are sweet! they are really," interrupted my cousin.

"Cost next to nothing," I continued. "Shall we make a pair for you to take home? That would be something to start with, at any rate."

Bella was delighted at the idea, which we forthwith carried out; and now for the benefit of little folk, who may like to know how to make something pretty for their rooms, at a small cost, I will proceed to relate what these said frames were made of, and how we made them.

First of all, we got a good stock of materials, such as small fir-cones, oak-balls, tiny pieces of bark, beech-nuts, bits of silvery lichen stolen from the trunks of trees, the little crinkly black cones of the alder, in fact everything of the kind that we could pick up in our rambles about the lanes and woods.

Bella called our gleanings, "the harvest of a roving eye;" and children who live in the country will have no difficulty in gathering in such a harvest, as will suffice for the making of dozens of frames. Of course, autumn is the best time to get them.

The next thing was to decide upon the pictures, for it is always better to make your frame to fit your picture, than to be obliged to hunt for a picture the right size for your frame. Christmas-cards do very nicely; those with a light ground look the best, as the frames are dark. I happened to have two of those fancy heads that are seen in picture-shop windows nowadays (cabinet size).

For these, I first cut out a paper pattern of the frame, an oval about 8½ inches long, and 6¾ inches broad; then I drew a line inside the oval, about 1¾ inches from the edge, and cut the middle out. When I had succeeded to my satisfaction in making a correct pattern, I laid it on a sheet of thin millboard, traced the outline inside and outside the oval with a pencil, and cut it out. Of course, when once you have the pattern in cardboard, it is very easy to cut any number of frames, but it is always a little difficult to get a perfect oval just the exact size for your picture.

My cousin and I then bound both edges with strips of old black stuff, about an inch wide, cut on the cross. I then rushed for the glue-pot, and let me here remark that *very strong* glue is an absolute necessity, or the cones will continually drop off.

We began to stick on the cones, &c., as fast as we could, while the glue was hot, and for this part of the work I can give no special directions.

All that is wanted is a little taste and dexterity, for of course you must try to avoid making your frames look stiff. Begin at the top of the frame, and make it higher and more imposing than the sides; put first a fir-cone, and then a couple of beech-nuts, and then an oak-ball, or a piece of lichen, and so on.

Cones which are too large and heavy for these small frames are very useful to pull to pieces, to stop gaps with, for no bare places should be left; and the black alder-cones are capital little fellows to stick in here and there, for you will nearly always pick them up two or three together on a tiny sort of black branch, which will fit in nicely between the other cones. With anything round like oak-apples, it is a good plan to slice off a piece and to glue the flat side to the cardboard.

When we had finished sticking on the cones, we left the frames to get dry and firm, and the following day we finished them; and this is the way it should be done.

Put the frame on an old cushion, or something soft, cone side downwards. If you decide to have a glass over your picture, you must get a piece beforehand at a glazier's, about the same size as the picture. Rub if bright with a leather, put a small dab of glue in each corner, and place it in the frame.

But before you do this, you should slip a narrow strip of ribbon through a small ring—like those which umbrellas are fastened with—and glue the ends on to the millboard, in the centre.

This is, of course, to hang your picture up by.

Now put your picture face downwards on to the glass, and be careful to see that you have it straight. Then glue a small strip of paper across each corner to keep it in position.

The last thing to be done is to gum a piece of paper all over the back; and this makes a neat finish to your frame. You must leave it for a few hours to get thoroughly well stuck, and then it is quite ready to be hung up.

SHEILA.

HIS FIRST SKETCH.

[Pg 204]

BENEATH a cottage window,
Upon a summer day,
Two little ones are whiling
The sunny hours away.

A portrait of his sister
The boy draws on the wall;
The little maid remonstrates,
She likes it not at all.

At first she sits there pouting—
A tear is in her eye;
But peals of merry laughter
Burst from her by-and-by.

What cares the budding artist?
He plies his brush with zest;
He is in downright earnest,
Though she is but in jest.

Art-fire is in his spirit,

For Nature lit the flame;
The first step he has taken
Upon the road to fame.

In childhood's early morning,
Ere opened yet the flower,
Within his soul is dawning
The future artist's power!

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

SOME FAMOUS RAILWAY TRAINS AND THEIR STORY.

***By* Henry Frith.**

III.—THE "FLYING SCOTCHMAN."

"ONE minute, sir; just let my mate brush up the dust a bit, and sprinkle a drop o' water on the foot-plate, and we'll be all right and comfortable."

So said an engine-driver on one occasion to the writer, and we are reminded of it when we step up to the "eight-foot" engine which is to carry us from King's Cross Station to York. To pull the fastest train in Great Britain, or indeed in the world, for one hundred and eighty-eight miles, at more than forty-eight miles an hour, is first-rate running. "Scotchmen" run also from the Midland Station at St. Pancras, and from Euston, but the quickest one is that on the Great Northern, and it is also the most punctual.

Now, what do you say to a journey of one hundred and five miles, to Grantham? We will leave King's Cross, if you please, at ten in the morning—a nice comfortable time. We have had our breakfast, and the engine has had its meal of coal and plenty of water. It will want something, for it will travel fast.

Here we are puffing up the incline, between the walls, and through the little tunnels which abound near London, on our way to Barnet. We could tell tales of Barnet, had we time. We could give you a long—perhaps much too long—description of the place near which the Yorkists and Lancastrians contended on that fatal fifth of April, when the Great Warwick was slain and Edward made king.

But our engine-driver does not care for history much. He would rather tell us of his terrible winter journey a few years ago (in 1880), when he had to keep time, and *did* keep time, through snow and wind, the bitter blast making icicles on the engine out of steam, and hanging inches long from the carriage roofs.

Now our "Flying Scotchman" runs through Peterborough—the Proud, as it was once called, when its monastery flourished, and where is now the splendid cathedral on which the Ironsides of Cromwell laid such hard hands. Shame upon them who destroyed the beautiful chapter-house and cloisters! Perhaps you do not associate your history at your school with the actual places you see, young readers, but a little time bestowed upon the history of the places you pass in a holiday trip will very greatly assist you in gaining a good knowledge of the past.

Look at Peterborough. Here lies Queen Katherine, and here lay Mary, Queen of Scots, for you a long—perhaps much too long—description a while, till James buried her in Westminster; and Scarlett, the sexton, who buried both queens, lies in the nave. But we cannot pause at Peterborough, though we should like to do so, for our iron steed is steaming along, and our driver is thinking of the ice and snow which he had to contend against. The Midland line runs overhead near here, and after a rapid run we pull up at Grantham. [Pg 205]

"HIS FIRST SKETCH." (*See p.* 204.)"

During our stay we hear a little tale from our "fireman," who remembers on one of his trips an engine getting loose in front of the up express, and how he and another man got on a fresh engine, and ran after it on the other line. Oh, what a chase they had after the runaway! and at last they caught it in time to prevent a serious accident. It was a brave, but rash act, to set off after a "mad" engine, which had run away, no one knew how, out of the siding on to the main line. [Pg 206]

From Grantham to Doncaster the railway opens up so many memories. We pass Newark, near which the ruins of the old castle may be seen. King John died here; Cardinal Wolsey lodged here, and James I. also stayed within its walls; the whole place teems with memories of Charles and his Parliamentary foes. We pass on near Sherwood Forest, where Robin Hood and his merry men lived, and fought, and stole the king's deer; and then past Doncaster, where the engines and carriages of the Great Northern Railway, which ends near here, are made and repaired.

Doncaster was a very important place in olden times, and a whole volume of adventures might be written concerning the personages who visited it.

While we are talking, the "Flying Scotchman," the quickest of all the Scotch trains, goes tearing along to York. We have heard of Dick Turpin's celebrated ride to York on his bonnie "Black Bess," but we have a finer horse—a green-painted steed—to ride on. In the "good old times" which we read about so much it took four days to get to York, sleeping on the road; now our trains run the distance in less than four hours! Coaching is very pleasant as an amusement, but for business we must have our Iron Horse.

We can lunch at York. Our train waits for no one, but if we like we can eat our sandwich on the platform, and look over old York city, with its dear old Minster, its river, its red-roofed houses; and if we close our eyes for a few minutes, our mental vision will show us many stirring scenes here.

We can imagine the Scots hovering around old York, assisted by the Britons, attacking the gouty Emperor Severus, who afterwards built one of the great walls across Britain to supplement Hadrian's rampart from the Solway to the "Wall's End"—a name now "familiar in our mouths as household" coals. Do you remember what the old worn-out Roman Emperor said at York when he was dying? He looked at the urn of gold in which his ashes were to be carried to Rome, and remarked, "Thou shalt soon hold what the world could scarcely contain!" Then we can see the end of the great Roses' Wars, the heads on the grim spikes of the city gates, while a long procession of kings and queens files out from the cathedral doors, on whose site a church has stood ever since Easter, 627 A.D.

If we had only time to sit and recall all the grand events which have happened in York Minster, we should have to wait for the next "Flying Scotchman," and perhaps for the next after that.

"Any more going on?" "Yes, we are." "Quick, please; all right." The train can't wait while we

dream about the past; and have we not Darlington in front of us? Ah! there we must stop a little. Here are the cradles of all the "Flying Scotchmen," "Wild Irishmen," "Dutchmen," "Zulus"; of the four hundred expresses of England, and the thousands of other trains, fast and slow, which traverse the United Kingdom and the world. Yes, Darlington was the nursery of the locomotive railway-engine, and Mr. Pease the head nurse who taught it to run on the Stockton and Darlington line in 1825. To the Darlington Quaker family Stephenson's success was due, and the success of Stephenson's locomotive was owing to Hadley—William Hadley—who has been rightly called the "Father of the Modern Locomotive."

We are now on the North-Eastern line, which ends at Berwick-on-Tweed—for the true Great Northern, though its carriages run over the whole route, does not work the traffic all the way. The North-Eastern hurries us along towards Newcastle-on-Tyne, over Robert Stephenson's high-level bridge, and then over the North British line at Edinburgh.

What do we see from this breezy elevation? "Oh, earth, what changes hast thou seen!" What does a writer say of this? "The mountain stream beneath us, once a broad shallow, now affords depth for the heaviest ships. Away on the northern bank the Roman wall lies hid, its arrowy route just marked by a burial heave of the turf. Before us stands the massive keep, with sturdy Norman walls—the trains of the North-Eastern are scrunching on the curve within a yard of it. Stephenson's engine looks down on Elizabethan gables;" and so on. Near Newcastle—at Wylam and Killingworth—the first locomotive engines were born which changed the country and revolutionised travelling.

The warders at Berwick no longer look out from the castle walls to descry the glitter of Southern spears. The bell-tower from which the alarm was sounded is now silent—the only bell heard within the precincts of the castle being that of the railway porter, announcing the arrival and departure of trains. The Scotch express passes along the bridge, and speeds southward on the wings of steam. But no alarm spreads across the Border now. [Pg 207]

We shall cross the Tweed presently, and pass through the country of the Moss-troopers and the territories of the Lords Marchers, the scene of so many conflicts and fatal raids. We first cross the Coquet, "the stream of streams," the poet calls it:—

"There's mony a sawmon lies in Tweed,
  An' mony a trout in Till;
But Coquet—Coquet aye for me,
  If I may have my will!"

We get a view of the Cheviots; and Tweed-mouth passed, we cross the "Royal Border Bridge," and run into Berwick.

What a record of battle has Berwick! In these peaceful times at home we can hardly picture the old walls on which we walk manned with armoured soldiery, and King John within his house, a burning torch in his hand, setting fire to the town, or hanging up the people by the feet till they told where their money-bags were hidden. In those days and in Edward's time, the "Flying Scotchmen" were Highlanders who were dispersed by the English king. Wallace avenged the slaughter, and seized Berwick; Robert Bruce and Douglas climbed into the town with their trusty men. Half Wallace's body was sent here as a trophy, and the Countess of Buchan was hung out from the walls in a cage!

Beacons again burn in the bell-tower, and Edward and Bruce again engage, and Berwick was only finally deprived of its warlike appearance when James the First united England and Scotland. These are some of the tales the old stones tell us as we pause in Berwick, which within our own memory was so specially mentioned in all forms of national prayer and thanksgiving, as being a kind of neutral ground upon the Border.

Now puffing through Dunbar, past the Field of Preston-pans, and through a district ever memorable in the history of Scotland, we reach the modern Athens "Auld Reekie"—Edinburgh the Beautiful—where the "Flying Scotchman" folds his wings and "flies" no more. His work is done this journey!

A FORAGING EXPEDITION IN SOUTH AMERICA.

By the Author of "How the Owls of the Pampas treated their Friends," &c.

On the branch of a gigantic tree in one of the South American forests a young ant was reposing; he had been working hard all day, being a brisk, spirited fellow, and so he was rather tired, and he lazily watched an old relation of his own, who was slowly climbing the trunk towards him, his fine white polished head glancing against the bark.

"Well, Long-legs," cried the young cousin, as his elder approached, "where are you going at this late hour? I should have fancied that you would have been asleep after all the trouble you had in marching to-day."

"My dear Shiny-pate," said the old warrior, as he settled in a little crevice and stretched out his tired limbs, while he rolled up a tiny, tiny blade of grass for

"HE ... EXECUTED A LITTLE WAR-DANCE."

a would-be cigar, "I am the bearer of news."

"Why, what is the matter?" cried Shiny-pate anxiously, jumping up so suddenly that he hit his poor little head sharply against a projecting knob.

"Silly goose! nothing is the matter," answered his friend, "only you are a little grander than you thought you were: you are promoted to be an officer—a lieutenant, in fact; so now you can assist me on our marches."

"Oh! Long-legs, is it really true?" exclaimed the young ant. "Am I to be an officer, to march the men about, to lead them to glory?" and he tried to shout "hurrah," but did not know how, so he only executed a little war-dance on the branch of the tree, while his old friend looked on, smiling grimly.

"Now I hope you will distinguish yourself, my child," said he paternally, when Shiny-pate was tired of skipping about. "You will very soon have an opportunity of showing your valour, for to-morrow we are to undertake a dangerous expedition to a distant country, and your courage will be tried." [Pg 208]

So saying, he began creeping down the tree, disregarding the entreaties of his young companion, to stay a little longer and tell him where they were going. "No, no," he muttered; "that will be time enough to-morrow; go to sleep and be strong."

Very good advice, certainly; but when children are put to bed before the sun has set in the long summer evening, while the birds are still singing, and the bats have not begun to come out, and they feel desperately inclined to play a little longer, I am afraid they don't relish it much.

However, Shiny-pate was a good, sensible little creature, and he went off very meekly, but he awoke early in the morning, ready for the fray.

"Breakfast first," said he to himself; but no: the older officers said they had to fight first, and eat afterwards; so they soon began to arrange their marching order.

A column of ants, at least a hundred yards in length, but not very wide, was soon formed; each leader had charge of twenty workers. The officers were not expected to march in the main line, but to walk outside their company, and keep it in order; and great was our hero's pride and delight when he surveyed his own particular men, and thought what an example of bravery he would set them.

At last all were ready, and the army moved off in beautiful order. The officers ran up and down the ranks, inspecting everything, their white helmets glistening in the sun, and as Shiny-pate's position was well to the front, he had great opportunities.

"THE ARMY MOVED OFF."

After they had proceeded for some time with great gravity and care, they came to a tree from which hung a couple of nests belonging to the large wasps of the country, and after a moment's discussion it was decided that the ants should mount and rifle them as a first move, so the obedient soldiers hastened on, and Shiny-pate, who knew nothing of the enterprise, joyfully waved his sword at the head of his troops. How astonished, how disgusted he was, when he felt the first wasp-sting he had ever experienced!

He almost fell from the nest with amazement, but he would not give in—"No, never, die first!" he thought, so he rushed on, and was among the foremost to enter the cells where the young pupæ were carefully walled in, and tearing them from their cosy cradles, the ants proceeded to devour them.

However, though the nests were large, and the grubs many in number, there were not half or quarter enough for the army. More and more ants came trooping up the tree, trying to squeeze into the places where there was no room for them, and mournfully calling out that they also were very hungry. So as soon as the pasteboard domicile was empty, the little creatures descended from their elevation, and again pursued their line of march, this time without any incident occurring until they saw in the distance the figure of a man.

"SALUTING HIS COMMANDER." (*p.* 209).

Now most of the ants had never seen a human being before, but what did that matter? Their ardour rose, their eyes sparkled, their long slender limbs raced over the ground, and soon the person who had been silly enough to stand and watch the advancing host was covered with the nimble insects, who quickly ran up into his coat-pockets, down his neck, and, in fact, wherever there was any aperture, inserting their sharp fangs, and injecting their poison, until he yelled with fear and pain. He had not been very long in the country, and did not understand the habits of the creatures, so at first he remained in his absurd position, capering about, and trying to brush off the ants. But as he found that their numbers so increased every moment, he began to get really alarmed, lest he should soon be "eaten up alive," and so he ran away very ignominiously, being pursued for some distance by the host of insects; but as soon as he had outrun them, the difficult task of trying to detach those already fastened to his person began. The fierce little insects preferred being pulled to pieces to letting go their hold, and their hooked mandibles remained securely fixed in poor John Lester's skin long after their

bodies had been torn off.

Fortunately for himself, Shiny-pate was not included in the number who lost their lives. When the onslaught began, Long-legs commanded him to keep his detachment quiet, as their services were not required; so the steady little ant obeyed orders, and though he stood on tip-toe with impatience, and trembled with excitement, he kept out of the fray.

"Now it is all over—march!" cried Long-legs authoritatively, as John's flying coat-tails disappeared round a tree.

"Shall we not wait for the others?" inquired a young officer very politely, saluting his commander with the back of his tiny foot in true military style.

"AN ARMY OF ANTS." (*p.* 210).

"None of them will ever return," replied the colonel sternly. "Do your duty, and obey orders."

So the army again started off, and after a long and dusty march the pioneers came in sight of a pretty little cottage; but I must relate who the inhabitants were before I go any farther.

The house belonged to an Irish gentleman of the name of Wolfe, who, after emigrating to South America, and building a house for his family, a few months before this story opens, brought out his wife, four children, and their old and faithful servant, called John Lester, to keep him company, and help him in the new life he had chosen for himself.

Mrs. Wolfe was rather an inexperienced young lady, and the manners and customs of the place and people, particularly those of the coloured servant, Chunga, astonished her immensely. The white lady had a great horror of creeping things of all kinds; she could hardly bear to get into her bath, for she sometimes found a centipede, as long as her hand, drowned in it.

At night, when the lamp was lighted, cockchafers and insects of all kinds buzzed and flew round it, until their wings were singed; then they danced hornpipes on the table over Mrs. Wolfe's work or writing, falling most likely into the ink-bottle first, and then spinning about with their long legs, smearing everything with which they came in contact, till she used to run away and implore her husband to "kill them all and have done with it." The children thought it was rather fun, except when a scorpion stung them. They had a play about the lizards, which were pretty and harmless, and they used to count how many different kinds of beetles were killed each night. [Pg 210]

Sometimes the baby screamed when a particularly large spider walked across its face; but these little trials had to be borne.

On the morning of this memorable day, as Mrs. Wolfe was employed in some household duties, Chunga rushed into the verandah, joyfully crying—

"Oh, missie! oh, missie! de birds are come!"

"What birds?" inquired her mistress in amazement, wondering what new object was going to be

exhibited to her, but almost expecting to see a creature with three legs, or two heads.

"De pittas, missie; de ant-thrushes, you call them," said the black woman, gleefully. "Now missie's house will be clean; massa is away, all de tings will be turned out," and as she spoke, she seized her mistress's dress, and, gently drawing her to the open door, directed her attention to several dark-coloured, short-tailed birds which were hopping from tree to tree in the neighbourhood.

"I don't see anything extraordinary about them," said Mrs. Wolfe, in a disappointed tone; "they are only small ugly birds."

"But look dere, missie," persisted Chunga, pointing towards the forest, from the dark shades of which Shiny-pate and his battalions were emerging.

"Why, it is an army of ants!" cried the Irish lady. "How curious! how pretty!"

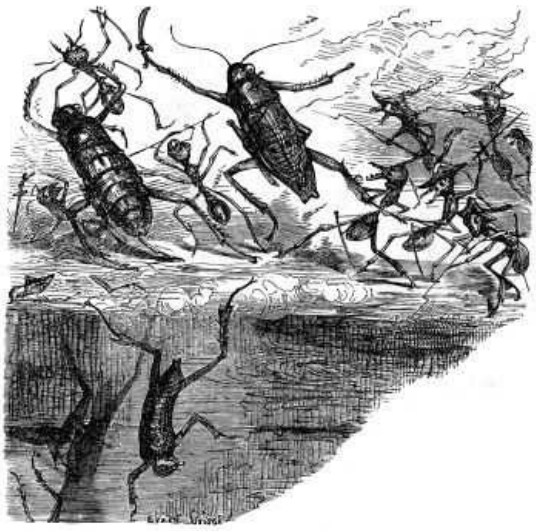
"Dey is coming here," remarked Chunga carelessly, as she watched the procession.

"Here!" echoed Mrs. Wolf in horror; "what for? What shall we do? They will eat all the things in my store-room, they will bite my children!" and she flew to the nursery as she spoke.

But the advancing host moved steadily along, the officers gave orders to enter the house, and our young hero, though quite a novice in the work, was one of the first to creep through a slit in the walls.

"Now," cried Long-legs, "first kill the cockroaches and other small game. Come on; don't be afraid."

So the warriors dashed into the principal room, mounted the rafters, and began a fierce battle. The sleepy cockroaches, fat and heavy from good living, sprawled about, but made a very poor fight. Shiny-pate and two or three of his men would seize one of the kicking old fellows, and either push him or pull him to the edge of the rafters, whence he would fall with a dull thud on the floor, when he was generally too much stunned to make any more resistance, but even if he did he was soon overpowered, bitten, and dragged out of the house.



"THE WARRIORS DASHED IN."

When the rafters were cleared, our hero was running swiftly across the floor, when a choky voice called him, and he saw his old friend's head protruding from an aperture in a large wooden chest.

"Come here! come here!" cried Long-legs. "There are loads of them inside, and I want help."

"Loads of what?" inquired Shiny-pate, rather incredulously.

"Of all kinds of food," replied the colonel; "but unfortunately it is very hard to get at them; they are hidden among the folds of some white stuff that almost suffocates me."

Shiny-pate at once proceeded to crawl into the chest, but fortunately Chunga, who knew the habits of the little insects, had been going round the house opening every press and box, and now she flung aside the cover of the great linen-chest, and in darted the little marauders, and speedily drew forth hundreds of the hideous cockroaches. [Pg 211]

But soon all the small game was cleared off, and yet the attacking party cried for more, and cast hungry eyes at Mrs. Wolfe and the children, who had been skipping about on the floor, trying not to stand on anything, for foraging ants are not to be trifled with; and Chunga said, solemnly—

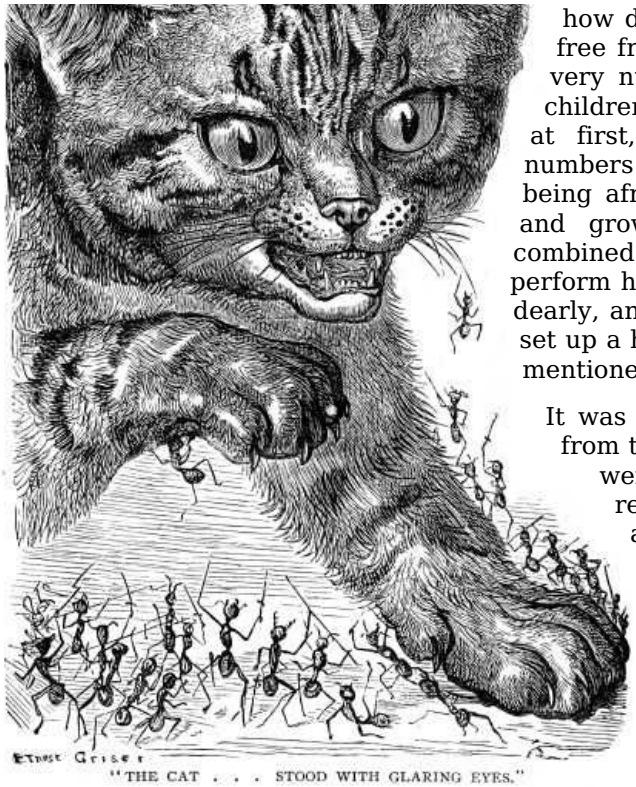
"If missie kills any ants, they kill her."

So the fear of touching any of them had greatly impeded the lady's movements; she had to step gently on the points of her toes whenever she saw a clear space. She had to rescue her baby from the cradle, and her other children from different parts of the house; and then each child, as it was carried away, began to cry for some particular toy that had been left behind, so that getting them safe and sound into the garden was a work of time. However, at last they were all seated round their mother, only dreadfully hungry, and longing for their breakfast, while the house remained in undisturbed possession of the ants.

At last, even Chunga thought it wise to beat a retreat, so she came gliding gently out, bringing the welcome news that she had seen several ants carrying off an immense scorpion, which "must have been de one dat stung massa, and made him so ill a few days before;" and that the ants were now attacking the rats and mice.

"Rats and mice!" screamed all the children in delight. "Will they kill the horrible things?"

"The rats that fought poor Kitty," pursued George, for this had been a sore trouble to the children. Mrs. Wolfe had brought a fine handsome tortoise-shell cat from Ireland with her, thinking



"THE CAT . . . STOOD WITH GLARING EYES."

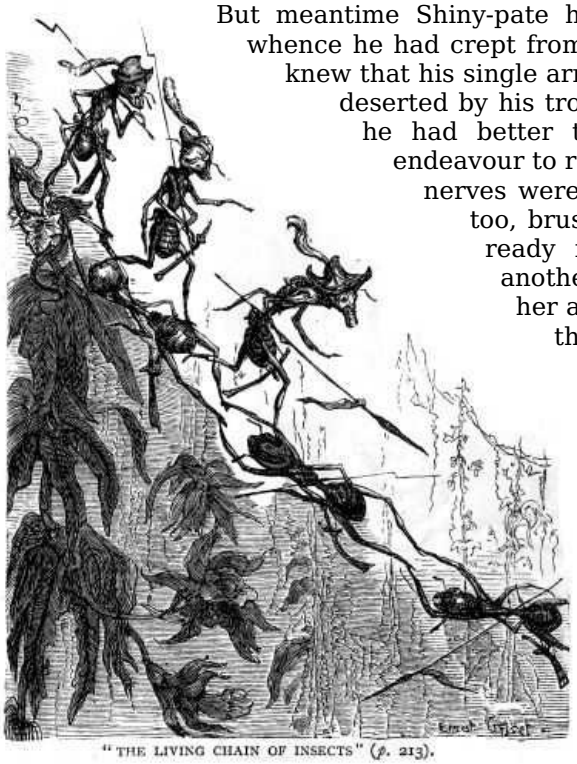
how delightful it would be to have her house quite free from vermin, only, unfortunately, they were so very numerous that poor "Lady Catherine," as the children named their pussy, though she did her best at first, could not by any possibility keep their numbers in check, and she now lived a miserable life, being afraid of moving from her master's protection, and growing daily thinner and weaker from the combined influences of fear, and being unable to perform her usual duties; and as the children loved her dearly, and treated her like one of themselves, they all set up a howl of dismay when their darling's name was mentioned to them.

It was answered by a fearful burst of caterwauling from the interior of the house. The shrieks and yells were really terrific, and the whole party, regardless of their enemies inside, rushed back again to the door, and peeping in, beheld a sight which was almost ludicrous.

There was a shelf near one of the children's beds at a great height from the floor, and to this Lady Catherine (the cat) had mounted, but now she was surrounded, and her retreat completely cut off. There were ants to right of her, ants to left of her, and ants in front of her; and as the little creatures, led on by Shiny-pate the valorous, attacked her with determined precision, the cat, with every hair bristling up on her body, stood with glaring eyes, lifting first one foot and then another to escape her tormentors. Sometimes she stood on her hind legs and frantically tore the insects from her coat, but she wanted courage enough to make the very high jump from the shelf to the floor.

Mrs. Wolfe and the children were so distressed at the sight, that kind-hearted Chunga offered to try and save their favourite, and she crept cautiously into the house, trying to avoid standing on the ants with her bare feet. Lady Catherine's screams redoubled when she saw a friend approaching, but she did not treat the black woman very kindly, for as soon as she stood under the shelf the cat made one frantic leap to her shoulders, and inserting her sharp claws, held on tenaciously.

It was now Chunga's turn to scream, which she did in good earnest; and as she found she could not detach the cat, she fled from the house with her burden clinging tightly to her copper-coloured shoulders, and ran almost into the arms of John Lester, who was returning home. He was quick enough to see what had happened, so, snatching up an old broom with one hand he seized Lady Catherine with the other, and gave her such a sweeping as she had never experienced before, and which, indeed, she strongly objected to; but her cries were disregarded, and she was soon free from the insects, and the children joyfully clutched hold of her.



"THE LIVING CHAIN OF INSECTS" (*p.* 213).

But meantime Shiny-pate had been carried off in a coil of Chunga's hair, whence he had crept from the cat's fur, and very uncomfortable he felt. He knew that his single arm could never overcome the Indian woman; he was deserted by his troops, and he had no one to direct him. He thought he had better try to alight from his precarious position, and endeavour to rejoin his men; but when he moved, Chunga—whose nerves were a little upset—cried, "Oh! Massa John, brush me too, brush me;" and began tearing her hair down to make ready for the performance. But just at that moment another insect dropped from the tree above her down on her arm, and administered such an electric shock that a thrill ran up to her shoulder, her hands fell, and Shiny-pate, seizing his opportunity, ran swiftly down her back and rushed towards the house, where the scene of confusion was but little abated.

The ants had by this time slain every living thing which had occupied the dwelling, and dragged them into the long grass outside; and the soldiers, after their hard fighting, were endeavouring to satisfy their hunger. This, however, the officers objected to, for they knew by experience what would happen; the pittas had not accompanied them on their march for nothing. The ugly black birds had their eyes wide open, and knew what they were about; they had been waiting and

watching all this time, hopping about on the neighbouring trees, and now at last their turn came. The ants gorged with their prey could not escape: down pounced the pittas, and they certainly made the most of their opportunity. The hardened veterans, the most agile warriors, were gobbled up in a moment, and the officers in despair ran here and there, seeing the carnage, but being quite unable to prevent it.

At last, by the time Mrs. Wolfe and her family ventured back to their clean and well-swept house, Shiny-pate by frantic exertions had managed to collect his own troop—he had only lost two of his twenty soldiers.

So our little insects again set out. They were dreadfully tired, and they lagged behind, though their leader longed to overtake some of the advance-guard, which had already gone on. Poor little fellow! his first day's fighting had certainly been an arduous one, and it was not over yet; his exertions to keep his men in order were wonderful. But after marching some distance the ants [Pg 213] saw before them a little stream of water, running merrily along, but presenting a serious barrier to their progress.

Shiny-pate at first thought the water might not extend far, and led his company along the bank; but as he found to his dismay that the stream grew wider instead of narrower, his fertile little brain began to devise a plan, and soon he had hit upon a very ingenious one. He selected a shrub with a long branch, which extended across part of the stream, and having marched his men to the very extremity of this bough he caught hold of it with his fore-legs and hung down, ordering one of the soldiers to creep down his body and hang on to the end of it; another followed and clung to the second ant, and so on. By this means the living chain of insects, when long enough, was wafted by the wind to the other bank of the stream, where the foremost ant caught a firm hold, and the brave Shiny-pate then swung off his bough, and followed by all the others crept carefully across their companions' bodies, until the foremost ant, who had been holding on all this time by his hind legs, being relieved from the weight of his comrades, was able to twirl round and obtain a safer footing.

The danger was surmounted, and the officer now inspected his little troop with triumph; indeed, he spoke a few encouraging words which actually caused his soldiers to salute in a body, as they could not cheer, and cry with one voice that they were not afraid to go anywhere with him.

This was, of course, very gratifying to such a young officer, and our hero was beginning to thank his enthusiastic followers when a slight noise attracted his attention, and he suddenly remembered that the time for vigilance was not over: for in the tree above them he beheld a little ant-eater slowly uncoiling itself before beginning its nightly excursion.

Shiny-pate saw its long slimy tongue being uncoiled like a piece of ribbon when the animal yawned; and well he knew that any ant who was unfortunate enough to touch that sticky object would never return to tell the tale; he therefore instantly determined on flight.

So our hero ordered a stampede, but he kept last of all the party, ready to sacrifice himself for the general good if need be; and after a little time his exertions were rewarded, for he happily overtook the main body of ants under the guidance of old Long-legs, and the worthy veteran was so pleased at seeing his young companion safe that he actually fell on his neck and hugged him; and there is no saying what might have happened next if two twinkling lights had not appeared in the distance. They were only fire-flies that an Indian had tied to his feet in order to illumine his path, but the sight made the friends restrain their transports until they reached home.

Then, after all their labours and adventures, they gave themselves up to enjoyment. Long-legs, Shiny-pate, and other distinguished officers who had done their duty for their home and relations, were chaired by their admiring soldiers and carried round the nest, while the fire-flies lit up the triumphal march, and the beetles sang in chorus.

We leave Mr. and Mrs. Wolfe enjoying for the first time a house cleared of both reptiles and insects, and Lady Catherine purring her delight at being relieved from her enemies. No doubt, if she could have given us the benefit of her thoughts, she would have joined the bipeds in saying—

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

"A LITTLE ANT-EATER SLOWLY UNCOILING ITSELF." (*p.* 210).

OUR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

[Pg 214]

THE DREAM OF PILATE'S WIFE.

FORTRESS OF ANTONIA, JERUSALEM (CALLED PILATE'S HOUSE).

IT was early morning, not yet seven o'clock. Yet Pontius Pilate, the Roman Governor of Judæa, was astir. For the Paschal Feast of the Jews was fast approaching, and having heard rumours of strange things going on amongst them, he anticipated some serious disturbance. He was, therefore, in no pleasant humour, and his dark brow was contracted, his teeth were firmly set, and in his stern and somewhat fierce eyes was a look of mingled anger, scorn, and disgust.

How weary he was of these perpetual riots! How he despised the conquered Jews and their pretensions of religion, while their actions were mean and vile. They professed a sanctity superior to that of any nation upon earth. And yet he knew that every day they indulged in flagrant sins, and were influenced by motives that others would scorn to yield to. Oh! if he dared but show them what he thought of them and their hollow professions. But he must restrain his feelings. Several times already, in his impatience of their ways, he had given vent to his wrath in actions that, he knew too well, would not bear the examination of his master, the emperor of Rome.

The Roman emperors, bad as some of them were, liked to know that all their provinces were well governed, that the people had no just cause of complaint; and that their customs, religions, and prejudices were respected. And they would punish severely any governor who, by misrule, brought dishonour on the name of Rome.

Pilate knew that he had wilfully trampled upon the religious prejudices of the Jews, and that when they had risen up against him he had massacred them by the thousand. He remembered how he had once brought some Roman eagles from Cæsarea to Jerusalem, where no heathen ensign could be suffered; how he had also placed there some gilt votive shields, dedicated to the Emperor Tiberius; and how, to bring water from the pools of Solomon into the city, he had taken money from the sacred treasury. He remembered, too, how, when the Jews had rebelled against

these proceedings, he had sent disguised soldiers amongst them, to stab them with daggers concealed beneath their garments; how he had once massacred 3,000 of them, and how at another festal season, 20,000 dead bodies had strewed the courts of the Temple. And up before his mind there came also the recollection of how, at one of their feasts, he had killed some Galilæans, and mingled their blood with that of their sacrifices upon the altar; and how he had also attacked the Samaritans, as they worshipped upon Mount Gerizim.

Yes, he had given the Jews just cause of complaint; and if he vexed them further, they might report him to Rome, and have him banished or put to death. So he would have to be careful how he treated them for the future.

The knowledge of this in nowise calmed his perturbed spirit. And as he wondered how, in case of another riot, he should manage to curb his wrathful and impatient disgust, he paced uneasily the Hall of Judgment.

This was an apartment in a splendid edifice—which was known as the fortress of Antonia—in which he resided when at Jerusalem, an old palace of Herod the Great. Its floors were of agate and lazuli. The ceilings of its gilded roofs were of cedar painted with vermilion. The bema, on which he sat to administer justice, was probably the golden throne of Archelaus. In front of the Hall of Judgment was a costly pavement of variously coloured marble, called by the Jews Gabbatha. Yet amid all this splendour he was but ill at ease.

And now suddenly the Roman procurator stopped and listened. Hooting and yelling, there were the wild cries of a dreaded mob, as he had anticipated. Yes, it was even so. They had begun early enough, those Jews. What could it be all about?

Nearer and nearer came the ominous sounds. He went to the door of his apartment, and looked out. There, coming across the bridge that spanned the Tyropœon Valley, was an infuriated crowd, venting their spleen upon some poor victim, whom they were evidently bringing to him. His arms were fast bound to His side. A rope was round His neck. And they were dragging Him along, as if He were some wild beast that they had caught in the act of making ravages amongst them.

After Him came the chief men of Jerusalem, the Sanhedrists, with, perhaps, the High Priest at their head, followed by the chief priests and scribes, and a great crowd of people. [Pg 215]

Now they reached the Hall of Judgment; and the foremost of them were dragging the poor Man up the noble flight of stairs.

The Roman knight scowled as they approached, and darted at them a look of bitterest resentment.

What faces they had! Did ever any one see features so distorted by wicked passions? How he would have liked to drive them all away! But he must not. They were evidently in a fury; and what might they not do, if he opposed them?

He turned to look at their prisoner, expecting to see some murderous-looking fellow, who had been taken in some act of wicked outrage. But what a different sight met his view!

Instead of a defiant thief or murderer, a pale and weary Man stood before him. A world of suffering was in His sorrowful eyes; but there was no trace of violence there. He had the purest, noblest, most open countenance that Pilate had ever beheld; and the governor's attention was arrested. In the face of that poor, worn-out sufferer were expressed the meekness and gentleness of a lamb, the deepest tenderness and pity, the most ineffable sweetness and perfect calmness, the majesty of a king, the perfection of a god. Who could He be? Was He really only human? Or had the spirit of some of the Roman gods come down and taken up its abode in Him? Pilate could not tell; but he was amazed and confounded; and in his contemplation of that wondrous countenance he forgot for a while his trouble and vexation.

All too soon, however, he was recalled to the business before him. The Jews were clamouring outside the Hall to have sentence of death passed upon their Victim.

But it was not so easy to gain their point as they had expected. The Roman knight, who had not hesitated to order his soldiers to fall upon the ignoble Jews, could not condemn, without trial, that Man who was undoubtedly the one perfect type of the human race. And he sternly demanded, "What accusation bring ye against this Man?"

Then came a storm of bitter invective and false accusations. He had been stirring up the people against the Roman government, they said. He had been forbidding them to pay tribute to Cæsar; and proclaiming Himself a King.

As Pilate looked upon Jesus, he felt that there was no sedition in Him. *They* were rioters, he knew too well; but as for that Man—well, there might be some truth in His kingship, there was something so noble, so majestic about Him. And entering the hall, into which Jesus had been led, he asked, "Art *Thou* the King of the Jews?"

"I am a king," Jesus, acknowledged, as He thought of the myriads of bright-winged angels who in the Better Land had flown to do His bidding, and of the thousands upon thousands of faithful followers, not yet born, who would some day share His throne. "I am a King, but not of this world." And at His simple words Pilate's heart misgave him still more.

Who *could* this strange man be, who was so far above all other men? Where had He come from?

And where was His kingdom? Was He in some mysterious way connected with the heavens?

Oh, how he wished that those Jews had settled the matter amongst themselves, and that he could avoid having anything to do with it! They were resolved, he could see, on having His blood; and he dared not go altogether against them. Yet how could he condemn *a Man like that*?

But, suddenly, his face brightened. Some one in the crowd said that Jesus belonged to Galilee. Then he could send Jesus to Herod, the tetrarch of Galilee, who was then in Jerusalem, having come up to the feast. By doing so he should throw the responsibility on to Herod, and should then not be compelled either to vex the Jews, on the one hand, and thus bring about his own punishment, or to crucify this Man, who was so great a mystery to him, and, perhaps, bring down upon himself the anger of the gods.

Pilate heaved a great sigh of relief, as Jesus was led away to Herod. Now he was free, he thought, and, if that more than innocent Man were put to death, as He would be, he, at least, would be guiltless of his blood, and very cleverly he had managed it, without stirring up against himself the wrath of the Jews.

But it was not to be so.

Before long the dreaded mob returned. Herod had sent Jesus away, finding no fault in Him. And the Jews brought him again to Pilate.

Heavily as lead the hooting and the yelling fell upon the governor's ears. What should he do? What *could* he do? Oh, if only he had not acted so wrongly in the past, he might have dared to do right now! If only he had not violated the Roman law he might now have vindicated its majesty! He might have told the Jews that he, a Roman governor, could not think of so gross an injustice as condemning such a Man, and that they were only actuated by envy and hatred. Oh, if he could only wipe out his past offences, and stand clear concerning the Jews, he might, also, stand clear concerning this Jesus, who was called the Christ!

But his hands were stained with crime; and, like a child who tells a second falsehood to get out of the trouble of having told a first, he must make the guilt of a still deeper dye. [Pg 216]

But could he not in some way conciliate the Jews, and save Jesus as well? he wondered. Yes; he would pretend to look upon Him as guilty; but would remind them of the custom of releasing some prisoner at the Passover; and try to persuade them to have Jesus set free. But they preferred Barabbas; and Pilate tried another plan. He would inflict upon Jesus the painful and humiliating punishment of scourging and let Him go.

But what right had he to do that to an innocent Man? How fast he was yielding! And what a coward a guilty conscience had made of him!

But much as he was to blame, there was sent to him a warning that could not be despised.

That morning, a troublous dream had come to Claudia Procula, Pilate's wife, who was a Jewish proselyte. And now, messengers from her came running out of breath, and standing before the golden bema, delivered the message she had sent; "Have thou nothing to do with that just Man; for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him."

This troubled Pilate more and more; and his face paled, and his strong limbs trembled. He remembered how, not very long before, when Cæsar's enemies were plotting against his life, a dream had come to his wife, Calpurnia, who had sent to warn him not to go to the meeting of the senate, on the Ides of March. But he went in spite of the dream, and was murdered! And now, a similar warning was sent to him to strengthen him to do right. Should he heed it, and let the innocent Jesus go free? It was still in his power to refuse to crucify Him; and what remorse he would save himself? and what bitter anguish! But notwithstanding the warning dream, he took the last fatal step.

"*Ibis ad crucem*," "Thou must go to the cross," he said to Jesus, and to the attendant, "*I miles, expedi crucem*," "Soldier, go prepare the cross."

Unable to shake off that ominous dream, he called for water, and washed his hands, saying, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person." But he could not wash away his responsibility, or that last greatest crime of giving up to the fiendish malice of a cruel mob the Innocent One about whom he had had such misgivings and such a warning.

From that day all peace of mind fled from him; and before long he was pining away in bitter exile and poverty; the very punishment having come upon him that he had tried to avert.

H. D.

BIBLE EXERCISES FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

37. Who was the only woman to whom it is recorded that Jesus used the tender word "Daughter"?

38. Where does St. John tell us that those who are untruthful shall have no part with the people of God in the holy city?

39. Which of the greater prophets prophesied that God's people should be "named the Priests of the Lord?"

40. Where, in the book of the Revelation, are we shown that Jesus still appears in heaven as the Lamb once slain?

41. Where are we told that children, as well as grown-up people, are known by their works?

42. Where are we assured that if, in difficult circumstances, we are influenced by the fear of man, we shall bring trouble upon ourselves, while, if we trust in God, we shall be safely kept?

43. About whom did Jesus use the only word of unmixed contempt that He is recorded to have spoken?

44. What four things does Solomon speak of as being "little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise"?

45. Where is the custom, followed by Pilate, of washing the hands as a sign of innocence of crime, spoken of in the Old Testament?

46. What wise man exhorts us to keep our garments always white; and who tells us that a part of pure religion consists in keeping ourselves unspotted from the world?

47. What great heathen king called God "a revealer of secrets"?

48. Where are we assured that, to the upright, light arises in the darkness?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE EXERCISES (25-36.—*See p.* 156).

25. Twice. In St. Matt. vi. 9-13 and St. Luke xi. 2-4.

26. In Job xxviii. 28.

27. From the words, "I went into Arabia" (Gal. i. 17), coupled with his speaking of Sinai in iv. 24, 25.

28. In Prov. xvi. 32.

29. In Ps. lvi. 8.

30. Only in the New Testament (Acts vii. 60; 1 Cor. xv. 6, 18; 1 Thess. iv. 13-15; 2 Pet. iii. 4).

31. As giving up the ghost, and being gathered to their people (Gen. xxv. 8, xxxv. 29, xlix. 29, 33; Numb. xx. 24, 26, xxvii. 13, &c).

32. St. Matthew and St. Mark (St. Matt. xxvi. 36—45; St. Mark xiv. 32-41).

33. In the genealogy of our Lord, given by St. Matthew (St. Matt. 1. 6).

34. Seven (Gen. vii. 7-10). God himself (Gen. vii. 16).

35. Ten (2 Sam. xviii. 15).

36. It was first placed in David's tent, and afterwards in the Tabernacle at Nob, whence it was given again to David (1 Samuel xvii. 54, xxi. 1, 9).

CONTENTMENT.

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weet Summer-time dawns with a flush o'er the skies,
The bees and the butterflies come in her train,
While the dear little children, with joy in their eyes,
Stand watching the lark as he mounts to the skies,
While singing his joyous refrain.

The meadow is sprinkled with beautiful flowers,
The hedge with its sweet-scented blossoms of snow.
How bright is the sunshine! how fresh are the showers!
How happy the children, these holiday hours,
As shouting and singing they go!

But Summer (who stole on the footsteps of Spring)
Is driven in turn far out of our view,
When ruddy-hued Autumn her mantle must fling
O'er meadow and orchard, till each growing thing
Is transformed to a beautiful hue.

Then the little ones, laughing, must hie them away
To the blackberry wood and the nut-growing ground;
But in the home-garden our dear little May
Sits calmly at rest, on this beautiful day,

" ... IN THE HOME-GARDEN OUR DEAR LITTLE MAY SITS CALMLY AT REST ON THIS BEAUTIFUL DAY."

Contented with what she has found.

D. B. McKean.

LITTLE FÉ.

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So he was left an heir at the age of ten years—heir to all the fortune of his dead aunt, which consisted of two shillings and fourpence, a flower-basket, a pebble with a hole drilled through it, and a dying woman's blessing. "Truly," you will say, "he was rich."

He was small and thin, this little heir, and one poor leg was drawn up three inches higher than the other, which obliged him to walk with those wooden things called crutches. He was called Fé; but his name was of very little use to him, as he could neither read nor write it.

An old woman had promised "to see after him for a bit" at his aunt's death. She lived in a room in the same wretched lodging-house which had sheltered Fé and his aunt for the past six years.

I have not told you yet that my heir did not live in London, but in a large busy town in the south of England.

Fé's temporary guardian, Mrs. Crump, was short and cross, and not very young; her nose was slightly hooked, her eyes were black, and rather sharp. She wore a jet black frizzled wig, which contrasted well with the primrose-tinted skin; her voice showed her bad temper, for it was sharp and harsh, like the creaking of a door.

After having settled and arranged everything, she bade Fé follow her into her black little room, and that was the last he ever saw of his poor little old home, where for ten long grown-up years he had lived, to go to rest weak, hungry, and ill, and to rise more weak, hungry, and miserable still. Yet in that little home there had also lived a thin, worn-out woman, who had never spoken a harsh word to him, but had often tried to stay his tears with her kisses. And Fé knew now—and the knowledge was agony—that he would never rest his eyes upon that sweet mother-face again.

Mrs. Crump earned what she could get by selling flowers in the streets. She thought she could not turn poor Fé to better account than by making him sell them too, so she arranged half her bunches in Fé's basket, and tied it round his neck. Then she took him with her, and while she went round to the houses Fé stood in the principal streets, and offered his flowers to the passers-by.

Old Mrs. Crump soon made the discovery that "the heir" sold many more than she did during the day, but such was her vanity that she could not at first bring herself to believe that people preferred to buy of the pale-faced cripple boy than of her, with her jet black wig and creaking voice. When she found it was really the case, she was very angry. But besides being a very jealous old woman, she was naturally avaricious in the extreme, and she kept all Fé's earnings, and only gave him very scanty food in return.

She did not care to give up "seeing after him for a bit," yet she allowed a strong dislike to grow up against the boy in her own old cross heart.

One day, as Fé stood by the side of the street, with his basket hanging from his neck, and a bit of

sunlight shining straight into his eyes, he felt some one touch his arm, and when he turned his head, he saw a young lady leaning towards him. She had long shining hair and blue eyes, there were dimples and bright pink on her cheeks; she slipped sixpence into his hand, whispering something about keeping it quite for himself, and then passed on, walking very quickly.

When Fé looked up to thank her, he saw only the flowing shining hair under a round black hat in the distance. Fé thought about the money for a long time: it was the first gift he had ever received, and he wondered if he might really keep it for himself. He thought how often, when he was so hot and thirsty, he might buy a little milk, and it seemed refreshing only to think of it. Then he remembered that Mrs. Crump took all the pence he earned, and he felt sure that she disliked him very much, and would take away his sixpence the moment she saw it. So at last he twisted it in a leaf out of his basket, and pushed it through a hole into the lining of his cap, for safety.

When he went back with Mrs. Crump in the evening, and she asked him for his earnings, that little sixpence in his cap felt like a stone, seeming to weigh him down to the ground; and when he went to the corner where he slept, he lay down on his little ragged bed, cold and miserable; and though he was tired out, he could not sleep for thinking of his great wickedness in concealing the sixpence.

Then he looked round the room, and thought how much whiter and sweeter his old home was; he remembered, too, how his kind aunt used to kiss him if he cried, and he held up his little pale wet face, almost hoping he should feel that kiss once more; he longed so intensely for a little love, poor little "heir!"

Mrs. Crump's room was, like herself, dirty and ugly: perhaps it may be silly to say so, but I do think that rooms generally resemble their inmates.

The ceiling of this one was brown and peeled, the walls were covered with old newspapers, with here and there a scrap of brown wrapping-paper, making unsightly and hideous patterns; the whole was splashed with dirt and mildew; the floor was rotten at places, and black, and quite slippery with grease and dirt; the window had four panes, two of which were stuffed with rags. [Pg 219]

As little Fé's tired eyes wandered round this dirty room, they fell upon the figure of Mrs. Crump sleeping in a bed in the opposite corner of the room. She was breathing heavily, and after Fé had listened for some time to her short snores, he felt so miserable and lonely and wicked, that he formed the brave resolution of arousing her, and confessing to her the history of the sixpence.

It was strange that what Fé would have trembled to confess in the broad daylight he felt strong and brave enough to acknowledge by the light of the pale moon. He crawled up, after a few minutes' thought, and after diving about his ragged bed, he found his cap, and took from the leaf his precious sixpence; then he crept to the side of Mrs. Crump's bed, shivering, but determined. But suddenly he halted, and gave a scream of fright; a band of moonlight fell across the bed, and certainly there lay Mrs. Crump, but her nightcap had slipped off, and her black wig lay on a chair by her bedside. Poor Fé, in his childish ignorance, had never had a doubt about the wig; in fact, he had never understood that people wore such things. When he saw Mrs. Crump without hair, and the moonlight making her still more awful-looking, he was quite overwhelmed with fear.

The old woman rose up hastily at the scream, and she saw only little Fé quite motionless, with a wild, strained look of fright in his eyes. When she made out in a half-asleep way that it was the child she detested who had dared to disturb her, wigless and asleep, her wrath boiled up, and when the same moonbeam showed her the shining silver clasped in the little hand, it fell hissing and spluttering and burning hot on the poor child's head, as he knelt speechless and trembling with fright.

She made up her mind in one instant that it must be some money he had taken for the flowers, and had kept back from her. "You wicked, thievish boy!" she shrieked. "I'll teach you to thieve, and then pry about arter people be a-bed; so good as I've been to ye, too. Ye jest leave my door for good to-night."

And in a fit of passion she rolled out of bed, scolding and shaking poor Fé the while. She pulled him down the three creaking steps and out into the cold wet street—and there, with one more cruel push, she left him, friendless and alone.

With a sob and a gasp he saw her shut the door, but the fright and shaking had been too much for his weakened frame. He seemed for a few moments to feel again all the dreadful pain and anguish he remembered having felt when he was very ill once long ago. His aching, weary little head seemed too heavy for him to bear, and with a moan of pain he fell forward, and lay where he fell insensible.

and sorrowed for the little heir, and for her own unkindness in throwing the beams of her light just across old Mrs. Crump in her bed, and she stooped and kissed the poor boy as he lay on the hard cold stones, and tried in vain to warm him with her silvery light.

Bad old Mrs. Crump slept late on into the next morning, and this was the reason that she knew nothing more of what happened to the poor friendless little heir.

A doctor set out very early next morning to see a poor invalid woman who lived in the same street as little Fé's cruel guardian.

He was a short, plain little man, but his beaming smile hid the ugliness, and made the face tell that he was true and kind and good, and the eyes seemed to think it best to tell their own tale, in case the smile alone might not be trusted, and they glistened and shone, and told of every kindly thought and feeling of which the little man carried a big heart-full.

He was a clever doctor, and this woman he knew was poor. He did not expect payment from her, neither did he from the white-faced, crippled boy lying in the street, with mud on his face and clothes, and clinging to his brown hair. But he lifted him into his carriage tenderly and lovingly, and ordered his servant to drive quickly to the hospital.

As he raised Fé's helpless little form, something fell with a chink on the stones; but he did not wait to see what it was then.

There in the hospital lay little Fé, and he was for many days unconscious, and they whispered that his life must be very short, and that he would never be strong again.

The kind little doctor, who attended him most regularly, was speaking to a young lady one day of the poor little heir. He said, "The boy has consumption, and the cold of the streets added to his weakness, and some sudden shock, has so increased the disease, that I fear his days on earth will be few."

The young lady begged the doctor to take her to see the boy as soon as he was able. And one day, when Fé was better and well enough to sit up in bed, to his great joy he saw once more the pretty face with the pink and dimples, and shining curling hair; and the sight seemed to refresh him, and make him stronger and happier. [Pg 220]

Before she went away she told him that he should go away soon, and be made quite well again in some beautiful country place.

This girl with the shining hair spoke in a low sweet voice to the doctor about him; she said, "Move him to my home, doctor; don't let him die in this hot town, where there is no air." And the doctor said, "We will try it, but he cannot last long."

So after a few weeks my little heir was tenderly borne away from this hot, noisy town, where he had lived but to suffer; and on the day he left a poor starving woman found his sixpence on the muddy pavement, and she cried for joy, and prayed over it, and bought with it bread which helped to save the life of her poor half-famished child. So even little Fé's sixpence brought a blessing with it.

And now Fé, who had never heard the song of the birds, or smelt the sweet country air before, was well nursed and cared for at the home of this girl with the shining hair. He faded gradually day by day, but he felt at rest and happy, though his weakness was very great. At last, one day he begged for more air, as he was faint; and they carried him out into a hay-field, and there, with his head pillowed on the hay, with the soft blue sky above him, and the scent of flowers in the air, with the low of cows and hum of bees in the distance, and the sweet scythe music sounding near him, and the touch of the girl's fair soft hand on his brow, my little heir passed away without even a moan, only a little sigh of relief, of happiness, and rest.

Then a grand sweet smile fell upon his face, which there had never been room for during his life.

Over his little grave (the heir's grave) the beautiful girl placed a small grey stone cross, and the only inscription upon it—

In loving memory of Fé.

THE PRINCE AND HIS WHIPPING-BOY.

HETHER or not it is a bad thing to get punished will largely depend upon the punishment, but when you deserve to be punished, and some one else is at hand to receive it in your stead, then punishment is apt to become a farce. Just consider this: *I* deserve the whipping, but *you* are hired to take it for me. Perhaps you think this is a joke, but I am really in earnest. I am alluding to a practice which was actually once in vogue—though never to a great extent—in this and other countries. By whipping one boy instead of another it was hoped that the feelings of the offender would be so worked upon, that he would refrain from doing wrong rather than have an innocent lad punished.

Well, the long retinue of servants in the households of kings usually included a whipping-boy, kept to be whipped when a prince needed chastisement. What a funny occupation! D'Ossat and Du Perron, who ultimately rose to the dignity of cardinals in the Roman Catholic Church, were whipped by Pope Clement VIII. in the place of Henri IV. And there stood for Charles I. a lad called Mungo Murray, whose name would seem to show that he was of Scottish birth. The most familiar example of whipping-boy is mentioned by Fuller in his "Church History." His name was Barnaby Fitzpatrick, and the prince whose punishments he bore was Edward, son of bluff King Hal, who was afterwards Edward VI., the boy-king of England.

The scene which the picture on the next page brings vividly before us represents one aspect of the use of whipping-boys. It tells its story well. The young prince would seem to have incurred his tutor's displeasure, and the birch is about to be employed upon the person of the unfortunate Fitzpatrick. But Prince Edward cannot bear to see poor Barnaby flogged instead, and is interceding with his grave guardian on behalf of the lad. By all accounts which we have the boy-king was a clever and amiable youth, and his untimely death in his sixteenth year would appear to show that he stood much more in need of the tenderest care than of the birch. It need hardly be added that as soon as he mounted the throne the services of Fitzpatrick could no longer be in request. You may whip a prince, but when that prince becomes king, even while still a boy, the rod must be banished forthwith. Shakespeare says "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and this must be especially true in such a case as that of the hapless young Edward, who had to discharge all the kingly duties without being old enough to feel much, if any, interest in them. His courtiers spoke of him as if he were a boy Solomon, and he cannot have needed much castigation, even through the medium of Barnaby Fitzpatrick.

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"PRINCE EDWARD'S WHIPPING-BOY." (*See p. 220.*)

STORIES TOLD IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

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***By* EDWIN HODDER ("OLD MERRY").**

IV.—CURIOUS CUSTOMS AND REMARKABLE INCIDENTS.

IN my recent talks about the Coronations and the Royal Funerals, the scenes that passed before us were intimately connected with the history of England. The matters upon which I shall touch to-day are to a large extent more particularly connected with the Abbey itself. No mean personages were the abbots of the "West Monastery," or Westminster, in early times. They were independent of any English bishop, and therefore once in two years had to present themselves at Rome. Some of the abbots were old, and some very fat, and were perhaps tempted to think their independence dearly purchased by a journey so long and toilsome. The monastery was exceedingly rich—it had possessions in ninety-seven towns and villages, seventeen hamlets, and 216 manors. William I. gave the Abbey some lands in Essex, in exchange for one of its manors, to which he took a fancy, and upon which "Royal Windsor" has since risen.

The Abbots of Westminster claimed a tithe of all the fish caught in the river between Gravesend and Staines. When St. Peter (according to the legend I have already told you) consecrated his own church on Thorney, he said, on parting with Edric the fisherman, "Go out into the river; you will catch a plentiful supply of fish, whereof the larger part shall be salmon. This have I granted

on two conditions: first, that you never fish again on Sundays; secondly, that you pay a tithe of them to the Abbey of Westminster." And as long as it was possible the monastery kept its grasp on the Thames fisheries. In 1282, the abbot, in defence of his claim, defeated the Rector of Rotherhithe in the law courts, and the original grant by St. Peter was put forward as authority for the rights of the convent in the matter. Almost to the end of the fourteenth century it was the custom for a fisherman once a year to take his place beside the prior, bringing a salmon for St. Peter. The fish was carried in state through the refectory, the prior and all the brethren rising as it passed.

The Abbey and its precincts for a long period comprised a vast group of buildings, quite cut off by pleasant meadows and gardens from the neighbouring city. From King Street the approach was under two grand arches and past the Clock Tower, where once hung and swung Great Tom of Westminster, now in St. Paul's Cathedral. The entrance to Tothill Street marks the site of the gatehouse or prison of the monastery, in which many illustrious prisoners were confined before its demolition, in 1777. Amongst them may be named Sir Walter Raleigh, John Hampden, and Lilly the astrologer.

There is so much that is interesting connected with the sanctuary, the cloisters, and the chapter-house, that I shall devote my next talk specially to those buildings. The abbot's house, now the deanery, saw many notable scenes in the Middle Ages. Especially was it so with the Jerusalem Chamber, of which the low rough wall runs off from the south side of the western portal of the Abbey. There is an entrance to it from the nave. It was in this chamber that Henry IV. died. He was purposing a journey to the Holy Land, when, in 1412, fearfully afflicted with leprosy, he came up to London for his last Parliament. Soon after Christmas, he was praying at St. Edward's Shrine, when he was taken so ill that his death before the shrine seemed probable. He was, however, carried to the Jerusalem Chamber, and on learning its name, praised God that the prophecy that he should die in Jerusalem would be fulfilled. His son, the gay and dissolute Prince Harry, attended his father in his last moments, and then retired to an oratory, and spent a long day on his knees. Henceforth the latter was a changed character, and every one was astonished at the way in which he shook off the past, and devoted himself to his new duties as an English king.

Round the shrine of St. Edward are several small chapels, but of their dedication or the special devotions originally carried on in them very little seems to be known. We know that there were altars with perpetual lamps burning, and venerated crucifixes, and an abundance of relics. Those placed here by Henry III. I have already spoken of; besides these, there was a "Girdle of the Virgin" and other fragments of holy dresses, given by Edward the Confessor. Good Queen Maud gave a large portion of the hair of Mary Magdalene; and amongst other relics deposited here at various times were "a phial of the Holy Blood" and the vestments of St. Peter. At the porch of the Chapel of St. Nicholas was buried, in 1072, a Bishop Egelric, who had been imprisoned for two years at Westminster, but who by his "fastings and tears had so purged away his former crimes as to acquire a reputation" for sanctity. His fetters were buried with him, and his grave was a place of great resort for pilgrims in the time of the early Norman kings.

But it was the shrine of Edward the Confessor, with its beautiful surroundings, its grand musical services, and its abundant holy relics, that formed the chief attraction to pilgrims, and yet only the barest hints and allusions have come down to us as to what was going on for centuries in the great centre of English religious life. [Pg 223]

Of one event that took place at the beginning of the sixteenth century we have full particulars. Islip (under whom Henry the Seventh's Chapel was completed) was abbot when the red hat of a cardinal was sent from Rome to adorn the head of Wolsey. The Pope's messenger rode through London with the hat in his hand, and with the Bishop of Lincoln riding on one side of him and the Earl of Essex on the other. A grand escort of nobles and prelates accompanied. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen on horseback and the City guilds were ranged along Cheapside. The hat was carried triumphantly at the head of the procession to Westminster, and received at the Abbey door by Abbot Islip and several other abbots, all in their robes of state. For three days the hat reposed on the high altar, and then came Wolsey with a grand retinue from his palace at Charing Cross to the Abbey, and a goodly company of archbishops, bishops, and abbots, performed a solemn service. Wolsey knelt on the altar steps, and the Archbishop of Canterbury put the hat on the new cardinal's head. "Te Deum" was sung, and then the assembled nobles and prelates rode back in state to a grand banquet at Wolsey's palace.

In 1539 the monastery was dissolved, and as the Reformation advanced, various changes took place in the Abbey services. Instead of an abbot, a dean now bore sway. Much of the property of the Abbey was transferred to the great city cathedral, which gave rise to the proverb of "robbing Peter to pay Paul." The hallowed relics disappeared, as well as Llewellyn's crown and other historic mementoes; monuments were damaged, and Edward's bones ejected from their ancient shrine. For a time the Abbey was in real danger, and some of the outlying property was given up to Protector Somerset to induce him to spare the sacred edifice. We read in the convent books of twenty tons of Caen stone being given him from some of the ruined buildings. A few years afterwards it seemed as if the old order of things were going to be restored, and the Spanish husband of Queen Mary attended a grand mass of reconciliation in the Abbey, to signalise the return of England to her ancient faith. Six hundred Spanish courtiers, in robes of white velvet striped with red, attended the king from Whitehall, and the Knights of the Garter joined the procession. The queen was absent, from indisposition. After the long mass, which lasted till two in the afternoon, the king and courtiers adjourned to Westminster Hall, where Cardinal Pole presided over a solemn reconciliation of the English Church with Rome. Soon afterwards King Edward's Shrine was restored and his body replaced therein, several altars were re-erected, and masses and processions went on as of old. But Abbot Feckenham—the last mitred abbot in England—had only ruled for a year when Queen Elizabeth came to the throne, sent Feckenham to prison, threw down the stone altars and transformed the Abbey into the "Collegiate Church of St. Peter, Westminster," which is still the lawful name of the edifice.

Henceforth the Abbey was academic as well as ecclesiastical, and Elizabeth was very proud of her Westminster College.

The old Abbey witnessed some strange scenes in the times of the Puritans. The ecclesiastical vestments had been already sold, the tapestries removed to the Houses of Parliament, the college plate melted down, and Henry VII.'s Chapel despoiled of its brass and iron, when, in 1643, the Abbey was subjected to actual desecration. The Royalist stories of soldiers smoking and singing round the communion table, and playing boisterous games about the church and chapels, have not been proved. But Sir Robert Harley, who had taken down the Eleanor crosses at Cheapside and Charing Cross, destroyed the richly-ornamented altar erected in memory of Edward VI. The crown, sceptre, and coronation robes were brought out of the treasury, and Wither, the poet, was arrayed in them for the amusement of the party engaged in the affair. Soon afterwards these historic national treasures were sold.

For nearly six years the celebrated Westminster Assembly of Divines sat in the Chapel of Henry VII. and the Jerusalem Chamber, compiling catechisms and confessions of faith, which are still of authority amongst the Presbyterians. Whilst the assembly was sitting, Bradshaw (who sentenced Charles I. to death) was living at the deanery. He used to be fond of climbing up into a solitary chamber in the south-western tower, which was long reputed to be haunted by his ghost.

At the Restoration the Protestant services, of course, replaced the Presbyterian ones, and we catch a glimpse of Charles II. conducted round the Dean's Yard by the famous Westminster schoolmaster, Dr. Busby. On this occasion, as the story goes, the doctor kept his hat on his head for fear his boys should think there was a greater man than himself in the world. The Stuarts had learned nothing from adversity, and on May 20th, 1688, an occurrence in the Abbey shows us what was the feeling of the nation. On that day Dean Sprat began to read King James's Declaration of Indulgence. Immediately, there was such a tumultuous noise in the church that nobody could hear him speak. Before he had finished, the congregation had disappeared, and only the officials and Westminster scholars remained gazing at the dean, who could scarcely hold the proclamation for trembling. [Pg 224]

I want now to call your attention once more to the Chapel of Henry VII., in which the banners of the Knights of the Bath form a conspicuous feature. We first heard of these knights in connection with the coronation of Richard II. They rode in the coronation processions till the end of the seventeenth century. It was originally the custom at each coronation for a number of knights to be created before the royal procession started from the Tower. For a long time they were not

connected with any special order, but as the bath formed a conspicuous feature in the ceremonies of their creation, they gradually assumed in consequence the name of Knights of the Bath. The king used to bathe with them, all being placed in large baths and then wrapped up in blankets. In 1725 the order was reconstructed; membership in it was henceforth to be the reward of merit. William, Duke of Cumberland, afterwards known as the "Butcher of Culloden," was the first knight under the new rules. He was only four years of age, and was accordingly excused from the bath, but presented his little sword at the altar. To suit the number of stalls in the chapel the number of knights was limited to thirty-six. After the installation ceremonies the royal cook stood by the Abbey door with a cleaver, and threatened to strike off the spurs of any unworthy member of the order. Extensive alterations were made in the order in 1839, and no banners have since been added to those hanging in the chapel. The banner of Earl Dundonald was taken down in 1814, and kicked down the chapel steps in consequence of charges of fraud brought against him. In after years these charges were disproved, and on the day of his funeral in 1860, the banner, by command of the Queen, was again placed in its ancient position.

THEIR ROAD TO FORTUNE.

THE STORY OF TWO BROTHERS.

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

CHAPTER X.—EDDIE'S ENEMY.

R. CLAIR was very much surprised the next morning by a visit from Mr. Murray. Bertie had quite forgotten to mention anything about his meeting with him till he heard the visitor announced, and then it was too late for explanations. It was quite enough for Uncle Clair and Aunt Amy to know that he was a friend of the boys' to ensure a kindly and cordial welcome, but Eddie looked rather black at the visitor, and greeted him coldly.

As the children were on the point of going out, Mr. Murray said they ought to be off, and not lose another moment of the morning sunshine. "The sun and fresh air you get before noon, and the sleep before midnight, are what make strong, healthy, wealthy men and women of you," he said; "so be off, and perhaps I shall find you on the beach later on."

Rather reluctantly Eddie followed Bertie, who was already half-way down the stairs. "I wonder what he wanted?" he grumbled, when they reached their favourite haunt beside an old boat just above high water mark, where Agnes almost directly afterwards joined them. "To see how badly off we are, I suppose. I don't like meeting any one who ever knew us at Riversdale."

"Why, Eddie?" Bertie asked, in open-mouthed wonder. "I thought you would be delighted to see an old friend. I was, I can tell you, when I met him yesterday."

"Oh! you saw him before? I suppose you asked him to come and see us," Eddie cried angrily.

"No, I didn't; he said he would come himself, and asked for Uncle Clair's address; and he was always very good to us, Eddie: he gave me a steam-engine, don't you remember? and you a box of paints. He used to call you a little genius when he came to Riversdale. He's a dear old man, Agnes," Bertie added, turning in search of sympathy from his brother's gloomy face. [Pg 225]

"I don't like any one who knew us when we were rich to see us now," Eddie cried suddenly. "They must despise us!"

"Eddie," Agnes cried, a world of reproach in her voice, and sudden tears in her soft eyes, on hearing what he had said, "Eddie dear, how can you say so? how can you ever think such dreadful things? as if it matters a bit whether people are rich or poor, so long as they do right!"

"AGNES ... AFTERWARDS JOINED THEM" (*p.* 224)

"But we're not poor," Bertie cried exultantly: "that's the fun of it! Why, we have everything we want, haven't we? Everything," he repeated, with a comprehensive glance all round, and an eloquent wave of his somewhat tarry hands. "Why, we're never cold or hungry, or anything. Eddie should come to the City for a while, if he wants to see poor people. Why, I know a fellow in a warehouse near us—Watts his name is—who has only one arm, and gets eighteen shillings a week. He has a wife and a number of children, and he has to walk four miles every morning to work, and four home again, because he can't afford fourpence for a 'bus.' Oh, yes!" he continued; "if Eddie wants to know what it is to be poor, let him come to the City!"

"I thought people in the City were rich," Eddie said, looking interested for a moment. "Uncle Gregory said you were to make your fortune."

"Yes," Bertie replied, slowly and thoughtfully, "there's a lot of rich people; but it seems as if there were twenty thousand times more people very poor. I don't understand it at all."

"Nor I," said Agnes, in a very low voice; "but I agree with you, Bertie: we're not poor a bit; but oh dear! *I* was poor before poor papa died; we often had nothing to eat but bread for days, and such a little mite of fire. But why didn't you tell us, Bertie, that you met the gentleman yesterday?"

"Just at first I forgot. You remember when I went up for that fishing-line and hooks, and Teddy said we might fish from the chain pier; I found you all gone there, and I ran after you as fast as ever I could. While we were fishing I forgot everything, though I caught nothing, and then, when I did think of it, I thought perhaps you wouldn't care to know that our cousins are here." [Pg 226]

Bertie spoke quickly, with flushed cheeks, averted eyes, and a good deal of confusion.

"Our Cousins Dick and Harry Gregory?" Eddie said quietly.

"Yes; they and aunt were with Mr. Murray; and he asked me ever such a lot of questions and said the funniest things. Of course he never had heard a word of poor papa's death, and how we had to leave Riversdale; and how he did pucker his eyebrows over it! And when I said I was in Uncle Gregory's office, and you were with Uncle Clair learning to be an artist, you should see how he wrinkled his forehead and scowled! Then he asked me how I came to be here, and I told him, and how near I came to missing you all, and I wondered whatever I should have done if I had. He said I might have had a very happy time with my cousins: gone in a yacht to the Isle of Wight and round the Land's End; and I couldn't help looking surprised. It showed how little *he* knew of Aunt Gregory, though he was with her; and then he said he'd call and see Uncle Clair, and I forgot to tell him, and that's all. Let us go and have a swim, Eddie, and perhaps Agnes will like to rest here for a while."

For answer, Eddie threw himself on the smooth pebbly beach, and hiding his face on his folded arms, sobbed bitterly, wildly almost. Bertie looked and listened in dumb, helpless amazement. Eddie crying! it seemed absurd, impossible! The rough, hardy, resolute boy would not have cried in such a place for anything, "not," he said afterwards, in confidence, to Agnes, "not if he had a tooth pulled out!" and that, in Bertie's idea, was the climax of human misery, the height of human endurance. But Eddie's sobs continued for a long time without either Agnes or Bertie attempting to offer any consolation, for the simple reason that they did not know in the least what was the matter with him. Once, indeed, Agnes ventured to ask timidly if he were ill, and the answer was such a rough "No, leave me alone!" that she sat and looked at Bertie for what seemed two hours, and was in reality about nine or ten minutes.

The pains and passions, as well as the pleasures of childhood are very fleeting, after all, and Eddie Rivers, in spite of his fifteen years, was a very child, so that he recovered himself quickly, and looked round with an expression of shameful defiance; but on Bertie's puzzled and Agnes' sorrowful face he saw neither contempt nor amusement, and he stammered out a sort of apology.

"I'm very sorry, Bertie, but I could not help it."

"Poor Eddie!" Agnes whispered sympathetically.

"I'm glad you are all right, Ted," Bertie cried, with an uncomfortable feeling in his throat. "I thought you were going to be really bad."

"So I was, 'really bad,' Bert," Eddie answered, with a very unusual accession of gentleness and humility. "I didn't like anybody or anything a moment ago; I thought you were very selfish. I quite disliked those unkind Gregory boys; I thought Mr. Murray came to see us just to make fun of us. I was as wicked and miserable as ever I could be, and I do wish we had our dear ponies, and could ride every day like other boys, instead of moping down here on the beach."

"I thought you liked it, Eddie. I do, over anything," Bertie replied, looking quite serious; "and I'm sure if Uncle Clair knew you wanted a pony badly, he would let you have one. Why didn't you tell him?"

Eddie flushed angrily, and turned aside a little impatiently. "Uncle Clair is far too good to me already. You don't understand me a bit, Bertie: you never did; or you either, Agnes—no, you don't. You are both quite happy and contented, but I'm not."

"Why?" Bertie asked. "Do, tell us, Eddie! Oh, I know! it's because you have an enemy, and I believe he makes you think all kinds of absurd things. Just tell me who he is, Ted, and I'll thrash him," Bertie whispered eagerly.

"Thrash whom? I don't understand you, Bert." Eddie looked up with a sudden appearance of interest, and Agnes drew a little away: she did not quite understand the turn matters were taking; but Bertie meant to talk the "enemy" question over thoroughly, and pulled Agnes back to add her persuasions to his.

But Eddie looked so thoroughly amazed, that Bertie was quite at a loss how to go on. If his brother had an enemy, he did not seem to know anything about it; still, there were Uncle Clair's words: they must mean something; and at last he repeated them, and said he was determined not to have poor Eddie worried by any one in the world.

"Do you know what it means, Agnes? I don't. Do you know what Uncle Clair meant?"

"I think I can guess," she replied, without looking at either of her cousins. "I believe uncle meant that Eddie's enemy was *himself*, because you know, dear, very often you won't let yourself be happy, and make yourself quite miserable about nothing at all."

"Oh!" Eddie said, after a long silence, "do you think Uncle Clair meant that?"

"Here he is, and Mr. Murray too," Bertie said, jumping up, and springing forward, forgetting that poor Eddie's face still bore traces of his recent distress, and that Agnes too looked very sad, and [Pg 227] not a bit inclined for company. They had not Bertie's happy knack of shaking off unpleasant sensations and being cheerful in a moment. However, Uncle Clair and Mr. Murray were standing beside them, and there was nothing for it but to make the best of the situation, though Eddie, at least, would have gladly been alone, to think over Agnes' words, and ask himself if he really was his own enemy.

CHAPTER XI.—BERTIE GOES BACK TO BUSINESS.

MR. MURRAY'S conversation with Mr. Clair had been a long and interesting one, as far as the boys were concerned. Mr. Murray heard every particular of Mr. Rivers' losses which Mr. Clair knew, and also gained a good insight into the character and temper of the lads. What he heard of Bertie pleased him greatly, especially as it agreed exactly with what Mr. Gregory said; about Eddie he looked a little grave, and puckered up his forehead for full five minutes, as Mr. Clair described his restlessness, discontent, and want of application, and, worst of all, the foolish idea that he was really very clever, and very much misunderstood and unappreciated by his relatives.

"The boy is fairly clever, but he's not a genius," Mr. Clair said. "If he would only work, he might get on; but Eddie prefers to dream noble things rather than do them; he will spend hours looking at beautiful pictures, and then nearly break his childish heart because he can't do something equally good. His ideas, his ambitions, are excellent, but he will not work."

"Is there no other profession he might get on better at? Would he make a lawyer, or a doctor, do you think?" Mr. Murray asked.

"I'm afraid not; he really wants to be an artist; besides, he's so proud and sensitive, that he never would make his way in the world if he had to mix with people, and fight for a place. Poor Eddie, I am sorry for him," Mr. Clair said, kindly. "He has such an unhappy disposition."

"And the little girl?" Mr. Murray said. "How is she provided for? She is Frank Rivers' child, I think you said?"

"Yes; and she's the worst off of them all. Being a girl, and so delicate, I really do not see what's to become of her if anything should happen to us. It's a great pity she is not stronger," Mr. Clair remarked; "she has a wonderful talent for drawing, and is the most patient, painstaking, intelligent pupil I ever met. If Eddie had only half her diligence, he would get on much better."

Then he heard of the peculiarly solitary life Bertie led at Kensington, and listened in wonder,

while Mr. Clair said Eddie was never asked to his uncle's, had never seen his cousins, and that he did not even know the Gregorys were in Brighton.

"You see, we are very different sort of people, Mr. Murray: our tastes, habits, and manner of life are so widely apart, that it is perhaps all for the best that we should not meet frequently. Still, he is Eddie's uncle: the boys are his first cousins; it seems a little odd that they should be complete strangers."

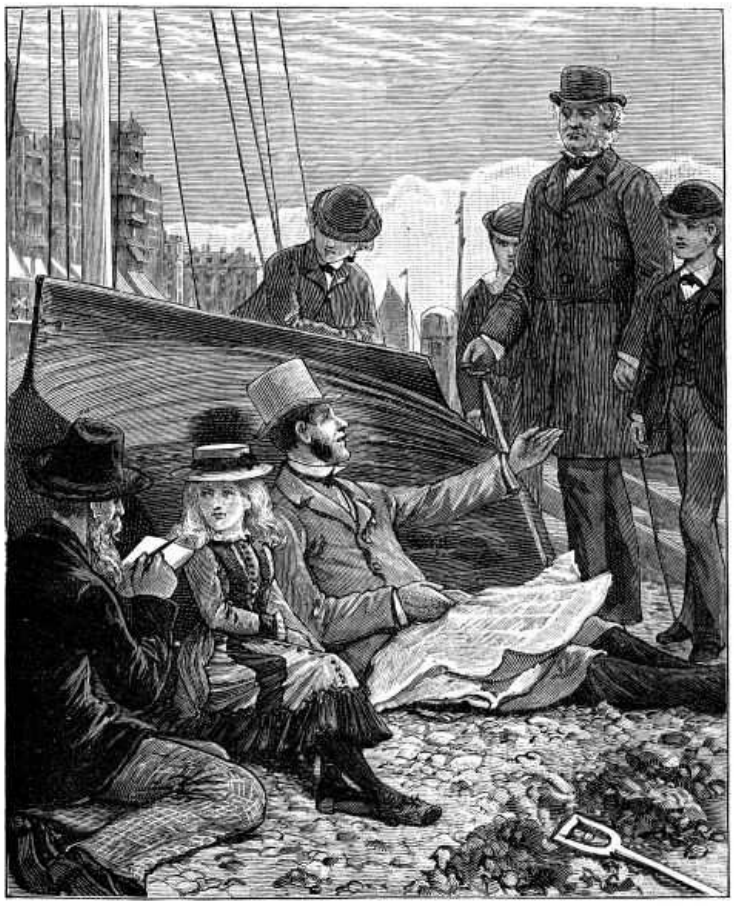
"Odd! why, it's very strange. I can't comprehend it!" Mr. Murray cried, looking quite fierce. "I must make them better acquainted. Ah! I've hit on the very thing. I'm going to take the Gregory boys for a trip in my yacht along the south coast; the Rivers lads shall come too. You must all come: there's nothing to make people acquainted and set them at their ease like a few days at sea in a small craft. Promise me you will join us. We start on Monday morning, and will land you anywhere, and at any time you like. A week's cruise would do you all good."

"I'm afraid you must excuse us, Mr. Murray. We should not be a very welcome addition to your party," Uncle Clair said, coldly. "I have no desire to force my acquaintance on Mr. Gregory."

"He's not coming with us, in the first place, and even if he were, I suppose I am at liberty to choose what guests I please to accompany me on my trip?" Mr. Murray cried, almost fiercely; "but"—turning to Mrs. Clair—"we need not discuss that point: it's the children we were talking about. It would be a first-rate opportunity for both lads to make friends with their cousins."

"Yes," Aunt Amy answered, thoughtfully. "They have so few friends in the world, poor children, that it would be a sad pity to miss a chance of increasing them. I feel half inclined to accept your kind invitation for the children's sake, but we have arranged to return home a week from Monday, and I almost fear my husband's engagements will not permit him to remain another day."

"Very well, Mrs. Clair; a week will, I think, be sufficient for our purpose. I'll find out in that time what the lads are really made of. I've had so many boys grow up under my eye, that I can read them pretty accurately now, and what's more, study them when they least imagine I'm thinking of them. As for your husband, he wants three months' complete rest, and a cruise to the Mediterranean in my yacht; and he *shall* have it, later on!" and Mr. Murray seeming as if he were in a fearful passion with some one, frowned quite terribly, and shook his head fiercely, whereas he was only making a very kind and generous proposal to a poor artist, who could never afford [Pg 228] more than a brief holiday, and always had, so to speak, to carry his profession along with him. Mr. Clair, however, did not seem very pleased with the suggestion, however much he might like it—and in his own mind he felt that he really needed just such a complete rest and change of scene, soft climate, and freedom from all care and anxiety, to enable him to shake himself free from a strange feeling of dulness and languor that had been stealing over him lately, and a sort of mental depression that was harder to bear than actual illness. But three months away from his pupils and work seemed absolutely out of the question to Mr. Clair, therefore he did not let his mind dwell on it, but returned to the question of the children.



"While I thank you for your very kind proposal, Mr. Murray, I'll make no promises; let the boys choose for themselves. Bertie, of course, must obtain his Uncle Gregory's permission, as he promised, without fail, to be back at the office on Monday morning. I will not ever stand in the way of the boys' pleasure or profit, but I think it is truer kindness to have them go along quietly on the paths they have chosen. Bertie is happy and contented enough now, but he's a high-spirited lad, fond of the sea almost passionately; a voyage, be it ever so short, may unsettle his [Pg 229] mind for the office. Eddie is discontented enough already; I don't really see what good can come of it. Of course, I don't really think that either of the boys is going to make his fortune, recover Riversdale, and live there in peace and plenty, ease and indolence, ever after. That's a pretty poetical little romance, and serves to cheer the children, and make their sudden change of circumstance more bearable, but I know they will have to fight the battle of life each by himself, and quite unaided. Neither possesses a magic wand to conjure up a fortune."

"And why not, pray? Has not many a London 'prentice lad found that magic wand in honest hard work and strict integrity? Why not Bertie Rivers as well as another? But let it be as you say: leave it to the boys' own choice. Suppose we go out and find them."

Mr. Clair went very willingly, and seemed as if he would be glad to have the whole matter settled. Aunt Amy smiled encouragingly; she was really anxious that the young cousins should know and love each other, and felt almost sure that Eddie would be much happier if he had some friends of his own age, especially if they were clever boys, who would make him feel anxious to shine in their eyes, and excel at least in his beloved painting, and that he talked so much of and performed so little.

Mr. Murray and Mr. Clair had not joined the children on the beach many minutes before Uncle Gregory came along with his two sons, one walking demurely on either side. When they came to the little group sitting and lounging in somewhat undignified fashion under the lee of the old tarry boat, they paused, Mr. Gregory looking somewhat astonished and scandalised at seeing his old friend Mr. Murray—Murray and Co., one of the most respected "houses" in the City of London—sprawling full-length, with his hat over his eyes, while Mr. Clair made an accurate two-inch sketch of him; but no matter what Mr. Murray did or said, he was in a sense privileged, and Mr. Gregory greeted him cordially, shook hands with Mr. Clair a little more stiffly, and introduced his sons. Bertie, at the first approach of his uncle Gregory, had edged to the other side of the boat, and watched the proceedings with an amused twinkle in his eyes, that peered about half an inch over the keel. Eddie was gravely polite, Agnes painfully shy, and Uncle Clair seemed to have become quite a grand gentleman too in a moment; but Mr. Murray never moved, and actually asked Mr. Gregory to sit down, pointing to a vacant scrap of pebbly beach, and indicating the tarry boat as something to lean against. At the proposition Bertie disappeared altogether: it was too absurd to see Uncle Gregory's expression of wonder, and he had to stuff his cap into his mouth to avoid laughing aloud, but Mr. Murray did not seem to mind a bit.

"Rather stand, eh? Yes, of course; I dare say you do get sitting down enough. I was just wanting to see you, to ask a favour. Can you give this lad—where is he, Bertie"—Bertie emerged solemn-faced, and rather scared, from the other side of the boat, and bowed to his uncle—"can you give this youngster another week's holiday? I want him and his brother, and this lassie here, to come for a sail with your boys. Mr. and Mrs. Clair have also kindly promised to join us for a week, so that we shall be quite a pleasant party, eh, lads? You would like it."

Dick and Harry Gregory instinctively drew nearer to their father, and their faces expressed anything but lively satisfaction at the proposal. On the other side, Eddie and Agnes had glanced at each other, and edged behind Uncle Clair, who had resumed his sketching; only Eddie and Mr. Gregory looked straight at each other, and old Mr. Murray from under his shaggy eyebrows watched them both.

"Well, Bertie, would you like to go on this excursion very much?" Uncle Gregory asked, in his hardest voice, and with his most chilling smile.

"No, thank you, uncle. I would rather go back to the office on Monday morning."

"Thank you, Bert," Eddie whispered, giving his brother's hand a hearty squeeze. "Of course we can't go without you."

Indeed, Bertie's words seemed to have brought a sort of relief to the whole party. Mr. Gregory's smile was quite pleasant as he laid his hand on the boy's head.

"You're quite right," he said, genially. "You and I are business people, and can't afford taking holidays at random. We will go up to town together, Bertie, on Monday morning, and I hope the others will enjoy their trip."

"I'm sure Eddie will not care to go without Bertie," Uncle Clair said, rising. "We must only wait for some more favourable opportunity for becoming better acquainted with your lads, Mr. Gregory. Now, children, it's dinner-time, and your Aunt Amy will be waiting. If you will join us"—turning to Uncle Gregory—"it will give us much pleasure."

"Not to-day, thank you, as I have an engagement; but Mrs. Gregory will take an early opportunity of waiting on Mrs. Clair;" and after a great many ceremonious bows and smiles, they separated; [Pg 230] Mr. Gregory, his sons, and Mr. Murray (frowning, shaking his head, clenching his hands in the

most ridiculous manner) going one way, Uncle Clair, with Agnes clinging to his arm, and Eddie and Bertie behind, hurrying away in the opposite direction; but not a single word was spoken till they reached the house, and then Aunt Amy saw by their faces that the old gentleman's good-natured plan had failed, for that time, at least; but if she thought for a moment that Mr. Murray gave up an idea so easily after once forming it, it showed that she knew nothing whatever either of his goodness of heart or force of character.

CHAPTER XII.—AN EXCITING ADVENTURE.

THOUGH Bertie looked cheerful enough as he walked with Uncle Clair and Eddie to the railway station on Monday morning, he could not help feeling very sorry at having to leave Brighton. The weather was so glorious, the sea all rippling and dancing in the morning sunshine, the streets so full of merry pleasure-seekers, that going back to the office in Mincing Lane was dull enough. They Were very sorry to lose him, too: there could be no mistake about that; ever since he had so promptly declined for them all Mr. Murray's invitation, they felt a sort of respectful admiration for him, though from very different reasons. Uncle Clair thought it was very sensible to return to town when his Uncle Gregory so clearly wished it; Eddie and Agnes thought it was quite splendid of him to have saved them from becoming more intimately acquainted with their cousins; while the latter, in their lofty, patronising way, considered Bertie was not such a bad sort of fellow, and they would be kinder to him when they got back home, but they certainly did not want to have to introduce him to their Eton friends, Lionel and Arthur Delamere, whom Mr. Murray had given them leave to invite. They would be sure to ask where Eddie and Bertie went to school, and so, of course, hear all about the office; besides, Eddie looked so proud and reserved, he would hardly prove an agreeable companion, nor was Mr. Clair regarded very favourably. Mr. Murray was more annoyed by the failure of his plan than any one else, and yet he felt in a way that Bertie was quite right, for his Uncle Gregory would not easily have forgiven him had he acted differently.

Mr. Gregory was not at the station when they arrived, but just as the train was starting he came up, and after one quick glance up and down the platform, entered a carriage without having recognised Uncle Clair or Eddie, and Bertie found himself in a compartment with several strange gentlemen, who each had a newspaper that he turned over eagerly, and Bertie could not help wishing that he too had something to read, though I think he would have preferred either Don Quixote or Robinson Crusoe. Then he fell to wondering what Eddie and Agnes were doing: whether they were on the beach reading or sketching, and thinking how nice it would be to meet them at the station on next Saturday afternoon, when they purposed returning home, have the cabs all engaged, and then go back with them to Fitzroy Square. After a time his head fell back into the corner, and from thinking, Bertie fell into a pleasant dream, from which he was aroused by a gentle touch. A gentleman was searching for a small bag, which had slipped behind Bertie.

"Sorry to trouble you; thanks," he said, when he had found it. Then leaning forward towards the gentleman opposite, he took out a packet of papers neatly tied up. "It's very provoking," he said. "I came down here on Saturday to get the governor's signature, and could not find trace or tidings of him. He left an hour before I arrived, and if I don't find him somewhere in town to-day, it will be a serious loss to our firm."

"You can afford it," the gentleman said, smiling.

"Yes; but our manager will be none the less angry about it. However, I can't help it;" and then they talked about the money market and other matters, till Bertie fell asleep again, and did not awake till they reached London Bridge. There Mr. Gregory saw him, and gave him a seat in his hansom, and the last thing Bertie saw as he left the platform was the gentleman with his little black bag in his hand, hurrying along as if for his life.

Bertie was very busy that morning: there were a great many letters to be addressed and notices copied out; his uncle seemed hasty and impatient, spoke harshly, and once or twice said he believed Bertie had left his brains in Brighton. Then the office was very stuffy and gloomy, for though the day was bright enough outside, very little sunshine found its way through the dusty ground glass windows of the office in Mincing Lane. Never in his life had Bertie so longed for luncheon-time; his head ached, and more than once a great lump seemed to grow suddenly in his throat as he thought of his past holidays; but the City at luncheon-time is not the best possible place for dreaming or moping, and before he had gone a hundred yards from the office door he came into violent collision with a gentleman running down the steps of another office, who, without pausing even to apologise, sprang into a cab that was waiting, without observing that he [Pg 231] had dropped a small leather bag he held in his hand. Bertie, whose hat had been knocked off in the encounter, stooped to pick it up, picked up the bag at the same time, and glanced at the hansom fast disappearing amongst the crowd of others. It was no use to shout, much less to run, but having begun to learn to think, he acted with a good deal of decision. Hailing another cab that chanced to be near, he bade the driver follow the one that had just started, as the gentleman had dropped something, and the cabby, who had witnessed the whole transaction, nodded and drove on; but a few minutes had been lost; the first vehicle was a private one, with a good horse, Bertie's was a worn-out old creature, that ought not to have been in harness at all, so that it was just as much as the driver could do to keep it in sight. In the City, owing to several blocks, they almost lost it; and when they got into more fashionable regions amongst the less-frequented

streets and quiet squares of the West End, matters were still worse, but at length, turning suddenly round a corner, they saw the identical cab standing before a large, gloomy-looking house, and its occupant speaking hurriedly to another gentleman on the steps. Bertie sprang out and ran up, flushed, breathless, and excited.

"If you please, sir, you dropped this in Mincing Lane," he said, "and I followed you as quickly as ever I could."

One of the gentlemen uttered a little cry of dismay, and almost staggered against the railing for support. In his hurry and confusion, his eagerness to deliver a pressing message, and get the documents back to the City, he had not discovered their loss at all. The other gentleman caught the boy by the arm, and then uttered an exclamation of still greater astonishment. "Oh! Bertie Rivers, I see. So you found my clerk's bag?"

"Yes, sir," Bertie replied, very much surprised to discover in the same moment that one speaker was Mr. Murray, the other the gentleman who had come up in the train with him that morning, the bag the very one that had excited his curiosity on two previous occasions, and caused him to be disturbed from his pleasant dream.

"How did you know the person it belonged to? Why did you come here with it?" Mr. Murray asked, after a keen, searching glance at Bertie's face. He was a shrewd, suspicious old gentleman, who had been deceived many times in his life, much imposed upon, and therefore very cautious of whom he trusted. Still, Bertie Rivers' face was truthful and frank enough to satisfy anybody as he replied that he did not know in the least to whom the bag belonged; "but I was going to my luncheon, sir, and I ran against this gentleman; my hat got knocked off, and when I stooped to pick it up I saw the bag. I felt sure the gentleman dropped it, and I called; but he had driven off, so I just hailed another hansom, and told the driver to follow the one just started. He said, 'I saw it all,' and drove as quick as he could, and—that's all, sir."

"No, no, there's something more; you must tell me all about it presently," and Mr. Murray pushed Bertie before him into a magnificent library. "You sit there for ten minutes, while I see to this business," and he turned to the clerk, who had followed him. "Give me the papers, and while I sign them thank that lad. He has done you a good turn to-day."

The clerk thanked Bertie cordially, and at length Mr. Murray stood up, thrust the papers into the bag, and with a curious glance, which seemed to say plainly, "I'll see you later on about this," dismissed the man by a wave of his hand, then he turned to Bertie, and caught him glancing at the clock with much uneasiness.

"Now then, boy, you have done me a very great service to-day; what can I do for you in return?"

Bertie flushed, hung his head, and then looked up resolutely. "If you would be so kind as to pay the cabman," he stammered. "I forgot when I engaged him that I had spent nearly all my pocket-money, and it takes three days to get any from the savings' bank, and I—I couldn't ask Uncle Gregory."

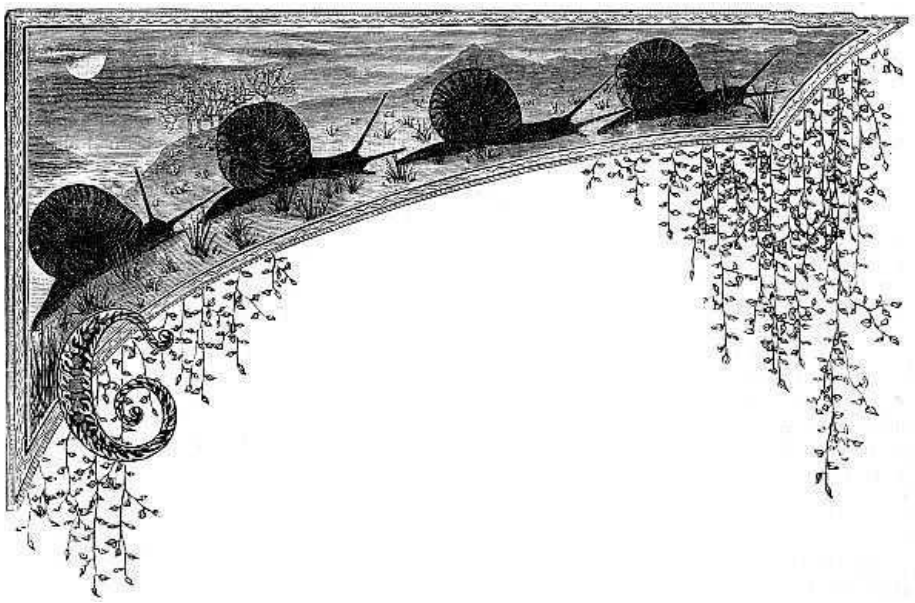
"Of course not; besides, the cab came here on *my* business: it's *my* duty to pay him, else I would not do it. Here, run out and give him this," and Mr. Murray handed him a sovereign; "then come back to me."

"Please, sir, will you excuse me?" Bertie said earnestly. "I am so afraid to be late."

"It can't be helped this time, Bertie. You must have something to eat, and I'm going into the City presently, and will call and explain matters to your uncle; but you must go in first and tell your own story, because I don't want to deprive you of his praise when he hears what a shrewd, honest boy you've been. Come on, and have luncheon with me, and tell me why you said you preferred returning to the office to going for a week's cruise in my yacht. I am really very anxious, Bertie Rivers, to know what good reason you could have had for that very strange decision of yours. Were you afraid of offending your Uncle Gregory?"

(*To be continued.*)

ALL ABOUT SNAILS.



GERMAN country children have a quaint little rhyme to ask the snail to put out his horns. Translated, its meaning is like this:—

"Snail, snail, your four horns show,
Show me the four, and don't say 'No,'
Or I shall pitch you into the ditch,
And the crows that come to the ditch to sup,
Will gobble you up, gobble you up!"

In some parts of the south of England the children invite the snail out still less politely. They chant over and over:—

"Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal!"

This sounds very cruel, but they can't mean it, can they? Near Exeter the country children have a more fanciful rhyme:—

"Snail, snail, shove out your horns,
Father and mother are dead,
Brother and sister are in the back-yard,
Begging for barley-bread."

The snail's parents and relations are meant, not their own. This reminds us of what the little brown Italian children say in Naples; they sing to the snail to look out and show his horns, as the snail-mamma is laughing at him because she has now a better little snail at home. In some parts of the south of Ireland there is a prettier rhyme than any of these, and it asks him to come out to see a great visitor:—

"Shell-a-muddy, shell-a-muddy,
Put out your horns,
For the king's daughter is coming to town,
In a red petticoat and a green gown!"

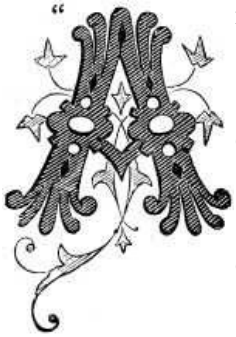
The children who sing these rhymes think that if only they sing them often enough, the horns will be put out at last. They have picked up the snail, and he has tucked himself into his shell. After awhile, when his first fright has worn off, perhaps he puts out his head just to see where he is, or to look if the big live thing that startled him has gone away.

The four snails in the picture have come out for a walk by the light of the moon; they like to go out on fine dry nights, because when the weather is dry they have been all day hidden in some corner of a lane or garden. On wet days in summer weather they go out at all hours, always carrying their little shell-houses on their backs, and ready at a moment's notice to tuck themselves in, horns and all. One notices the two long horns most, but they have another pair of very small ones as well. In winter they sleep all the time in some crevice of an old garden wall, or in a little hole in the ground covered with moss and leaves.

We often hear of "fattening-up" geese and turkeys, but how funny it sounds to talk of fattening up a snail. The Romans, long, long ago, kept snails in special gardens and fattened them on meal and boiled wine, and ate them at their feasts. There are still snail-gardens in many places on the Continent, but they are not fed on boiled wine now. In England, as late as James the First's time, they were made into a favourite dish with sauce and spices. The Italian peasants think large brown snails a great treat; and the gipsies in many places make dinners and suppers of the common little "shell-a-muddies." A larger kind are sold still at Covent Garden Market, London, to be taken as a cure by people who are ill.

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

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



PPLE fritters to-day," said Margaret.

"Yes, apple fritters to-day," replied Mary. "Won't it be delightful, miss?"

"Let me see," said Mrs. Herbert, coming into the room at the moment, "we are going to make something special to-day. Whatever is it?"

"Apple fritters!" said both the children in one breath.

"Oh yes, to be sure! It is apple fritters. You would not like to broil a mutton chop instead, would you, Margaret?"

"Certainly not, mother!"

"Then we must take broiling for our next lesson. It will be all the better, for I see cook has put the apples and the materials for the batter ready for us. So let us set to work."

"But, mother, what do you think?" said Margaret, as she came up to the table and looked round, "cook has made the batter for us; and we wanted to make it ourselves. Is it not a pity?"

"Cook has partly made it, dear, because I told her to do so. Batter is best when mixed some time before it is wanted. The whites of eggs, however, are not put in until a few minutes before the batter is used; so that part of making the batter has been left for you."

"It does not signify very much," said Mary; "we learnt how to make batter when we made pancakes."

"This batter is not made in the same way, though, as pancake-batter," said Mrs. Herbert. "This is frying-batter, and it is mixed differently. I will tell you how to mix it, and you must try to remember."

"We will write it down," said Margaret. "I have written down all the recipes you have given us, so far, in a copy-book, and I am going to keep them as long as I live."

"A very good plan. Listen then. Put a quarter of a pound of flour, with a pinch of salt, into a bowl, pour in two table-spoonfuls of salad-oil, stir a little of the flour with this, and add a gill (which is a quarter of a pint, you know) of tepid water. Beat the batter till it is quite smooth and no lumps remain. Thus much cook has done for us."

"Tepid water is water that is not hot enough to burn, is it not, ma'am?" said Mary, inquiringly.

"That is not at all a safe rule to lay down. I should say, tepid water is made by mixing two parts of cold with one part boiling water."

"Shall I strain off and beat the whites of the eggs, mother?" said Margaret; "I can do that, you know."

"Yes, dear. You will need the whites of two eggs, and they must be beaten till very stiff. When they are ready you mix them lightly into the batter. Meantime Mary can peel the apples. Peel the skin off very thinly, Mary, and stamp out the core with the little instrument called the apple-corer. You see, it does the business very quickly. If we had no apple-corer, we should either have to scoop out the core with the point of a knife, when we should be in danger of cutting our fingers, or we should have to take it from the slices separately. These apples must be cut in slices across the core, you understand, before we can make the fritters."

"How thick must the slices be, please, ma'am?" said Mary.

"Not thick at all. They must be as thin as you can cut them to keep them whole. You will do very well if you can cut them all evenly, thin as a shilling. Do you see that we wish to cook the apple inside, as well as the batter outside it, and the thinner it is the more quickly it will cook?"

Very busily Mary worked, but Margaret had beaten her egg-whites, and stirred them in, long before she had finished.

"May I help Mary, mother?" then said Margaret, who did not enjoy waiting.

"Yes, dear; you can prepare one apple, if you like. Before doing so, however, put the fat on the fire. It was strained into a fresh saucepan to be ready for us. It will take a little time to boil; but we must use it the moment it boils. Remember that every minute, I might say every second, that fat remains on the fire after it boils, and without being used, it is spoiling."

"You will have to be quick, mother, if you are going to use the fat as soon as it boils;" said Margaret after a minute or two. "It is boiling already; see, it is bubbling all over. What shall I do? Shall I take it off the fire?"

"It does not boil yet, dear; wait till it boils."

"But, mother, look. It is bubbling fast. Oh, no, it is not; it is quieting down. How very strange! and

I had not lifted it from the fire."

"This is exactly what I wanted you to find out. Water, when it boils, bubbles and spirts; fat is still when it boils. If you watch this fat, it will become quite still." [Pg 234]

"How shall we know, then, when it boils?"

"By watching it carefully. When you see a thin blue fume rising from it, it is hot enough. That is the sign. If you do not look closely it may escape your notice, for it is only a thin fume you want, not a thick smoke. If we were to let the fat remain till it smoked it would be spoilt."

"Oh dear, how careful we have to be!" said Margaret.

"The slices of apple are quite ready, ma'am," said Mary.

"And the batter is quite ready," said Margaret.

"I see too, that cook has put a dish with kitchen paper on it for us to put the fritters on as they are fried. And there is the fume. Do you see it, children?"

"No, I see nothing," said Margaret.

"And I see nothing," said Mary.

"Look closely. Hold this piece of black paper behind, that will help you. Be quick, we must not let the fat burn."

"Oh yes, I think I see something," said Margaret, who seemed rather bewildered. "But I thought ——"

"Think and work together, dear; we have no time to lose. Take a slice of apple on a skewer, dip it in the batter, and when it is completely covered, lift it up and drop it in the fat. Now do the same to another, and another. You can fry two or three at once if only you are careful that the fritters do not touch. As the batter blows out and forms fritters, turn them over that they may be equally coloured on both sides. They must be very pale brown, or rather fawn-coloured; on no account let them get very brown."

"How shall we get them out?" said Margaret.

"Lift them by the skewer, and put them straight away on the paper to drain. You should put everything on kitchen paper after frying before you dish it; do not let things lie one on top of another, or they will be spoilt."

"There, all the first ones are out," said Mary. "Shall we put some more slices of apple in?"

"Wait a moment. You see there are two or three little specks of batter which have got away all by themselves in the fat. We must take them out at once with the skimmer, or they will burn and spoil the colour of our fat. Also we must let the fat get hot again, watching for the fume between each relay, because the cold batter and the cold apple will make our fat a little cool. It will heat in a moment or two, but we must have it properly hot, or the fritters will be greasy."

"I should have thought they would have been greasy with being put into such a quantity of fat," said Margaret.

"No fear of that, if only the fat is hot enough. If the fat is not hot, they will be most unpleasant; but if the fat is hot the heat will cook the outside so quickly that the grease cannot get in, while that which is on the surface will dry instantly."

"How quickly the fritters are cooked!" said Mary. "I never saw anything like it."

"I thing frying fritters is even more interesting than frying pancakes," said Margaret.

"How pretty the fritters look, and how crisp they feel when we take them out!" said Mary.

"They will not remain crisp very long, though, not more than five minutes," said Mrs. Herbert. "We must send them in to grandmamma as quickly as possible, if we wish her to have them in perfection. That is why we make so much haste in frying, for fritters have lost their excellence when they have lost their crispness."

"I suppose when we have dried them on the kitchen paper we had better dish them and put them in the oven to keep hot, ma'am."

"No, put them in the screen; they will keep crisper than in the oven. We shall not need to put them anywhere for more than a minute, however, for they are just done. Dish them in a circle, sift a little white sugar on, and they are ready."

"I have enjoyed making apple fritters very much," said Margaret.

"That is well. The best of it is that when you have learnt to make apple fritters you can make fritters of any kind of fruit, for all the fruit fritters are made in the same way. Some fruits are dipped in sugar before being put in the batter, and it needs practice to keep the batter over them. Sometimes fruit is soaked in syrup. Then it must be dried before being dipped in the batter."

"I suppose it would not do to fry meat in batter, would it?" said Mary.

"Certainly it would. You can try it, if you like, one day."

"I should like, very much."

"Very well. Never do anything of this sort unless I am with you though, dear, for fear you should burn yourself. Hot water is very hot, and a little spilt on your hand would pain you very much, but hot fat would pain you much more, and when it is used, a little carelessness might end in a serious accident. Therefore I think small cooks like you ought not to practise frying unless an older person is present to see that everything is safe."

Cook passed through the kitchen as this was said, and the remark evidently met with her approval.

(*To be continued.*)

WHAT THE MAGIC WORDS MEANT.

[Pg 235]

A FAIRY STORY.

"IT wasn't here last night? and how did it get here? and who nailed it up? and what does it mean?" said Lilla.

"I didn't nail it up," answered a Magpie, who hopped about from morning till night in Lilla's garden, and never left off chattering.

"Of course not," returned Lilla; "I did not suppose that you did. But I should like to understand the meaning of it."

And she gazed up at a great white board that had been fastened to the garden wall. There were several words upon the board, and Lilla softly repeated them.

"THERE WERE SEVERAL WORDS UPON THE BOARD"

"Air, all, and, and, earth, go, if, know, me, of, sea, so, through, will, you, you."

"What nonsense! No sense in it at all," said Lilla; "yet they are arranged alphabetically, air, all, two *and's*, and two *you's* to finish with."

"Oh, don't begin to calculate the words, or do it quicker," said the Magpie impatiently. "Four fours sixteen. There are just sixteen of them: that is multiplication."

"But not four of each sort," replied Lilla; "only one of most of them. I wish I knew the exact meaning of it all. The only bit of sense I can make out is 'Through will you,' but then there are two *you's*."

"That is one *you* for you, and one *you* for me," answered the Magpie. "What you have got to do is to put all the words into a box, and shake them well up, and we'll go through together."

"Oh!—where?—why—?" exclaimed Lilla, as her foot struck against a silver box with the lid open; and on the ground lay a heap of cards with the words she had read printed upon them. She looked up at the board. There were no longer any words there, so of course they had fallen down.

> "Pick them up, and put them in,
> And you will then the game begin,"

said the Magpie, who thought he was wonderfully clever as he said this to Lilla.

"Is it like making words from letters?" asked Lilla.

"Not at all. There you have to think and find out. Here you have nothing to do but to shake, and when you have shaken long enough, the result will come."

"How shall I know how many times to shake?"

"You won't know," returned the Magpie; "no one will know but the box itself, and the box can tell to a quarter of a shake the right time. Now—through!"

"Through what?"

"Through the board, of course," replied the Magpie. "What else is it meant for?"

"But the thick wall is behind the board, and then the houses! This is not country; it is the town."

"Pooh!" said the Magpie. "Have I learned human speech for nothing? Now——"

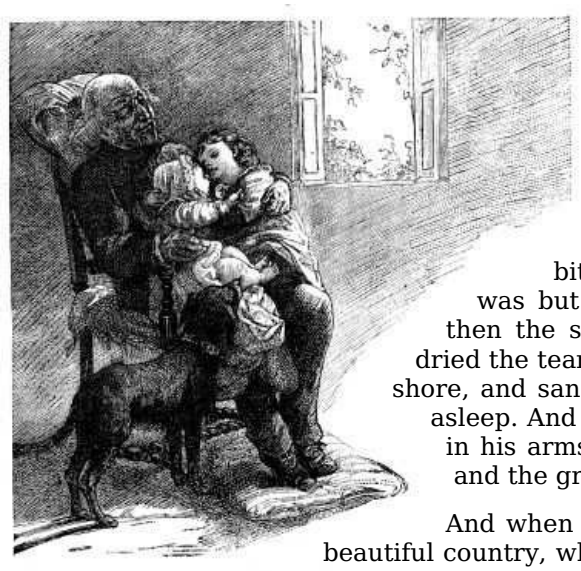
And he flew at the board, giving it a gentle peck; and as he did so the board split in two, and the crack widened, until it made an opening large enough for Lilla, with the Magpie on her shoulder, to pass through.

II.

Where?

Ah! that cannot be told until one has heard about the little boy who lived far away in a country that Lilla had never heard of, for she knew nothing about geography. She only knew about the town in which she lived, and that there was a long street in it, and a great cathedral, where she heard music issuing forth as she stood outside it; but she had never been inside, nor had she ever been in any of the grand toy-shops in the street. She had stood gazing in at the windows, and wishing for the dolls, and the dolls'-houses, and the boxes of lambs, and the work-baskets with silver thimbles in them; but there was no one to give her any of these fine things. She lived with an old woman, who was always scolding her, and who was especially angry if she tore her frock or soiled her paletot. [Pg 236]

HE HAD ALSO A GOOD OLD GRANDFATHER.



Now, with Rollo, the little boy, it was quite different; he had a mother who was very kind to him, and gave him as many playthings as he wanted. He had also a good old grandfather and a little sister who used to pull his long curls and kiss his rosy cheeks. And Rollo was very happy.

But one day these three died, and Rollo was left alone. Of course Rollo sat down and cried very bitterly: there was nothing else for him to do, as he was but a small boy then. He cried for a long time, and then the sun looked in upon him, and pitied him, and also dried the tears upon his cheeks. Then the sea rolled up on to the shore, and sang "Lullaby, lullaby," so sweetly, that Rollo fell fast asleep. And when he was asleep, the Wind came, and took him in his arms, and carried him away over the hills and valleys, and the great shining lakes and rivers, away, away.

And when Rollo awoke from his sleep, he found himself in a beautiful country, where fruit was ever to be found upon the trees, and the flowers were always in bloom. The sun, the wind, the earth, and the sea had said, "He shall be our child."

So Rollo was well taken care of, and nothing harmed him.

And it was in this very same beautiful country to which Rollo had been carried by the Wind that Lilla suddenly found herself when she stepped through the board with the Magpie on her shoulder.

III.

"It isn't the town, you see," said the Magpie; "there's not a house near, and there's nothing but country, country everywhere."

"Oh, it's lovely!" said Lilla, clasping her hands; and then suddenly remembering the silver box, she said—

"Shall I shake it?"

The Magpie nodded, and repeated these words—

> "Ay, shake away; ay, shake away;
> You p'r'aps must shake for many a day,
> Before the end comes to our play.
> But shake away, 'twill make us gay,
> And help to cheer us on our way."

"The box?" exclaimed Lilla.

"No, what's in it. It's a magic spell, and when you can spell it out the spell will be accomplished." As "accomplished" was a long word for the Magpie to say, he said it twice or thrice, whilst Lilla kept shaking the box, for she was very impatient to know what the end would be.

The Magpie fluttered his wings, and put his head on one side, muttering—

"Not yet, not yet."

IV.

There came a burst of low sweet music, as if the south wind were murmuring through the strings of many Æolian harps. And chiming in with the music came the far-off roar of the ocean. Then a flood of sunshine fell over the earth, and the roses burst into bloom, so did the eglantine, that had been hiding away till the sun gave the signal.

"Rollo passes by," said the Magpie.

"Rollo?"

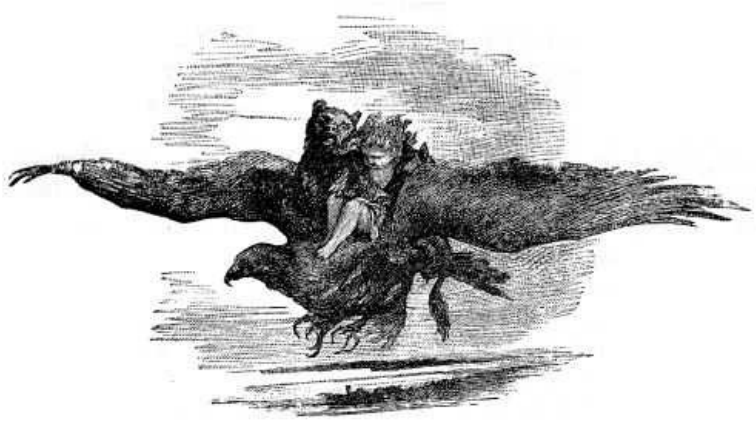
"The child beloved by earth and sea and wind," said the Magpie. "Give the box a shake, and look up."

Lilla did as she was desired.

"I only see a purple cloud," she said. "Does Rollo come from the clouds?"

> "Rollo lives here, so do not fear,
> The Multiphobus his course can steer,"

answered the Magpie, looking straight at Lilla. [Pg 237]



"LILLA ... PERCEIVED ... AN EXTRAORDINARY ANIMAL."

"Multi——" and here Lilla stopped. She had never heard the word before.

"The Multiphobus," said the Magpie; and he spelt it over for her.

"Yes, the Multiphobus. What is a Multiphobus?"

"A creature that can do many things. He can live on the earth or in the sea or in the air. He can run, swim, or fly, just as Rollo wishes. Rollo is riding on the Multiphobus now. If you look up into the air you will see him."

Lilla looked up, and perceived that what she had taken for a great purple cloud sailing through the sky was in reality an extraordinary animal, partly like a panther, partly like a hippopotamus, partly like a bat and an eagle, for it had wings, claws, and feathers. And seated on its breast, with one arm round its neck, and nestling close to it, was a boy with a deerskin bound round him, and a crown of gay feathers on his head.

Though the Multiphobus had an ugly face, yet he was evidently amiable, and he and Rollo appeared to be talking together.

The Magpie nodded approvingly, but Lilla felt a little alarmed at so enormous and nondescript an animal; and she trembled so much that the box shook, and the words rattled violently inside.

"They want to get out," she said; "shall I open the lid?"

"Certainly not," replied the Magpie; "they will come out of themselves when it is time. Stand still, and watch the Multiphobus descending."

It was easy to say "stand still," but not so easy for Lilla to do so; she shook and shivered, and could only keep herself steady by supporting herself against the trunk of a tall pine-tree.

Suddenly the Multiphobus ceased to work his wings, but he stretched them out to their full extent, and then dropped quietly to the ground. When he touched the earth, his wings fell off, and he looked like an ordinary quadruped.

"He has only to say 'Wings,' and they come to him at once," explained the Magpie.

But Lilla scarcely heard him; she was in a greater fright than ever. Not only did the Multiphobus look more huge, but at that moment a sharp-nosed Wolf appeared in sight, and Lilla's box rattled so loudly that she was afraid he would hear it, and look round at her.

"ROLLO ... ADVANCED TO MEET HIM."

She could not keep it still.

"No matter, no matter,
If it does make a clatter,"

said the Magpie.

"Will the Wolf hurt Rollo?" asked Lilla.

But the Magpie only whistled.

V.

And the Wolf, who walked slowly along, drew nearer and nearer to Rollo. And Rollo, having taken off his feather crown, advanced to meet him.

"What tidings, friend Wolf?" said Rollo; "what have you come to tell us?" [Pg 238]

"There are strangers in the land," answered the Wolf, "and I come to warn you."

The Multiphobus sprang up with a growl, and Lilla almost shrieked, while the box rattled and rattled till it nearly jumped out of her hand.

"It will go, it will go!" said she.

"Hold it fast!" whispered the Magpie; "hold it fast!

"'On it will depend
What may be the end.
Come with me to the tree,
And then we shall see.'"

"To the tree where Rollo and the Multiphobus are standing?" asked Lilla.

"Where else?" asked the Magpie.

Lilla became nervous, and spoke in disjointed sentences.

"Oh no, no, no! I cannot go. I quake, I shake; I will not take a single step. The box will break. Oh, how I quake!"

But the Magpie perched on her shoulder again, saying, "Do not be foolish. Rollo will not let them hurt us;" and he gave Lilla a gentle peck, which made her start forward, and when once she had made a move she found that she could not stop herself: her feet carried her along until she paused in front of Rollo.

And as she paused the lid of the box flew open, and the words jumped out, and arranged themselves on the ground in the following order.

"Earth, air, and sea
All know of me,
And so will you
If you go through."

"Why, it's quite easy to read!" exclaimed Lilla in surprise. "I wonder I never thought of it all this time."

"And it's just as I told you: four four's sixteen, four in each line and four lines. However you count it, you will find it all fours," said the Magpie.

"And it's about me," said Rollo, "for earth, air, and sea all know of me; and brought me here and gave me the Multiphobus. And it's about you also, for you have come through the board to come and see me. The Multiphobus was talking about it when we were flying through the air."

"Was he?" said Lilla; "and he wasn't angry?"

"Angry! No, he is very glad for me to have a playfellow, for I am rather lonely sometimes. And now we can play in the woods all day, and gather strawberries and cherries and plums; and there's a little stove in one of the caves, and I dare say you can make cakes?"

"Of course I can," answered Lilla, "and tea and coffee."

"Ah! that will be nice. And I will be king and you shall be queen, and we will have a merry time, and the Multiphobus will carry us wherever we want to go."

"I am afraid of him," returned Lilla.

"Oh, you need not be. I am quite sure you'll give a paw to Lilla; won't you, Multiphobus?"

"I will give two," said the Multiphobus, standing on his hind legs and stretching out his fore paws to Lilla.

She shook them, and felt at ease with him at once.

The Magpie fluttered about.

"I am not going home by myself," said he. "I shall stay here if Lilla does."

"That you shall," replied Rollo; "we will all live in this beautiful land together."

Ah! what a beautiful land it was! The two children wandered through it hand in hand, and revelled in all its glories—now underneath the stately forest trees, or breaking through the tangled brushwood all radiant with green and gold, and crimson leaves and lovely flowers, or now sitting on the river-bank listening to the stories the river told them of the lands through which it had passed; whilst the Wind sang so many wonderful songs that Lilla begged to hear them over again.

"THE WIND HAD LULLED THEM TO SLEEP."

And after the Wind had lulled them to sleep among the soft clover and wild thyme, the moon and stars peeped out and sent them beautiful dreams, whilst two nightingales sat among the roses and sang "Lullaby, lullaby" as sweetly as the southern wind.

So that whether waking or sleeping the children were happy.

Sometimes Lilla would say—

"Ah! if it had not been for the words on the board, I should still have been living with the cross old woman in the town with the long street and the cathedral. And she would have gone on scolding me for ever and ever; and whatever should I have done, I wonder." [Pg 239]

"You may thank me," said the Magpie, "for having brought you away; that's very certain."

"You may thank me also," said the Multiphobus, "and I am sure you ought to do so, for it was I who nailed up the board with the magic words upon the garden wall."

And of course, as I need not tell you, Lilla did thank them.

JULIA GODDARD.

A YOUNG ROMAN'S SACRIFICE.

A TRUE STORY.

NCE upon a time, many hundred years ago, when Rome was mistress of the world, and the Romans were braver and stronger than any one else, there lived a boy of thirteen whose name is still remembered. Lucius Valerius was fond of his lessons, but most of all did he love poetry; so, although he was only thirteen years old, he made up his mind that he would try to win the gold medal and ivory lyre which were given every five years to the boy who should write the best poem.

Lucius not only tried, but he succeeded, and one day, before all the school and a number of visitors, the prizes were presented to him. Now besides the medal and lyre which every one who gained them valued very much, there was something else which they thought far grander. A statue of the prize-winner was placed in the school and crowned with laurel.

You may imagine how the boy's heart beat with joy as he saw the judge step forward to crown his statue, but just at that moment Lucius caught sight of a young man who had also tried for the prize, and who looked most downcast and miserable.

Lucius sprang forward, seized the laurel crown, and put it on the head of the poor fellow who had been unsuccessful.

"You are more deserving of it than I am," he said; "I obtained it more on account of my youth than my merit, and rather as an encouragement than as a reward."

Then the people set up a great shout of joy, for they knew that a noble heart was worth more than all the poems in the world, and they gave a new name to Lucius Valerius in memory of that day.

So Lucius was always called Pudens, which means Modest, and you may be sure he valued his new title as much as he deserved it, for "Kind hearts are more than coronets."

E. M. W.

THE CHILDREN'S OWN GARDEN IN OCTOBER.

HE Flower Garden will now be fast losing its beauty, and the cold winds and frosty nights will be everywhere heralding the coming of winter, when, more through force of circumstances than choice, our Gardening proclivities become considerably abated. Throughout the present month, however, the remaining floral vestiges of summer are often numerous, but especially so when the weather of early autumnal months happens to be of a mild and congenial nature. By this season the greater number of plants will have performed those functions, and have passed through the various stages, which each and every year exacts. In the case of plants known as annuals, an entire life is projected and perfected within the short space of a few months. Various trees and shrubs will now be assuming the rich autumnal tints, and the leaves rapidly drop at the approach of winter, and vital energy is being stored up until the following spring, when new leaves are produced.

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The month of October is, notwithstanding its lack of floral ornaments, one in which the amount of work to be done is by no means inconsiderable, and the pretty little girl, with her hoe and water-can, drawn on p. 241, evidently thinks as much. We must plant now in order to secure a spring display of flowers, and for this purpose nothing can be more satisfactory than bulbous subjects, such as hyacinths, tulips, crocuses, and narcissuses. The hyacinth thrives best in a compost of light loam, leaf-mould, and sand; plenty of the latter may be included in order to secure perfect [Pg 240] drainage, which is a very important item in the culture of bulbous plants generally. Perhaps no other spring flowering bulb looks so well when grown in neat patches as the hyacinth; the bulbs should not be less than six inches apart, and at least two and a half inches beneath the surface. They should be purchased in the autumn, selecting firm heavy roots; and "first come, first served" must be borne in mind, as by buying early in the season the best may be secured, and finer spikes of bloom will follow as a natural consequence.

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Tulips have been for many years great favourites with gardeners, both amateur and professional. About two hundred years ago the mania for these plants amounted almost to a national calamity in Holland, and scores of acres are now entirely devoted to their culture. For our own part, we scarcely consider the tulip as in any way justifying the praise which is lavished upon it even in the present day, because its beauty is, to say the least, ephemeral, whilst its showiness is far from being either chaste or delicate. It will be, however desirable to have six or even a dozen bulbs, which only cost about a penny apiece. They can be planted any time during the present month, from two to three inches below the surface, in a compost of loam, leaf-mould, sand, and well-rotted manure. When purchasing, see that every bulb is perfectly solid, and select as many different sorts as possible, thereby securing a variety, which is very desirable in a garden of

limited extent. In cold northern situations tulip-beds should always be covered over with a little straw or litter during very frosty weather.

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Few Spring flowers are more welcome or appear so very early in the year as crocuses. No matter how cold, foggy, or dirty the weather may chance to be in this most erratic climate, the regiments of yellow, golden, blue, flaked, white, and versi-coloured crocus flowers will never fail to put in an appearance. The common sorts thrive almost anywhere, and in almost any ordinary garden soil. They should be planted during the present month, about two inches under the surface. As the roots only cost about threepence per dozen hardly any spot ought to be bare of flowers from the middle of January to early in March. A universally-grown plant, even earlier than the crocus, is the well-known snowdrop. This also, like the crocus, can be grown almost anywhere, and may remain in one spot undisturbed for years; both are most effective when grown in clumps. The French name of *Perceneige*, or Pierce-snow, is singularly applicable to the snowdrop. Place the tiny roots from one to two inches deep, and grow the single-flowered form only.

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The narcissus or daffodil is another of the many spring-flowering plants which are invariably greeted with enthusiasm. The varieties are endless, but the greater number are almost unexcelled for growing in such situations as the tops and sides of hedges, banks, &c. They can scarcely be grown too extensively. Of the various sorts, and exclusive of the ordinary double form, few are more beautiful or more desirable than that known as the Poet's Narcissus (*N. poeticus*). The pure white of the segments and the delicate bright scarlet centre are best when the plant is grown sheltered from strong winds. Another favourite narcissus of ours, and which we can confidently recommend to our readers, is that known as "Orange Phœnix;" it is a singularly beautiful plant, and produces large double and well-formed flowers; it thrives best in a light sandy soil. Several colours may be secured by purchasing a dozen roots of mixed sorts, costing from two to three shillings per dozen. They may be planted any time throughout October and up to the middle of November.

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The Kitchen Garden of our young folk will need but very little looking after during the present and next two months; but in stating this we must not be understood to imply that it should be wholly neglected. On the contrary, it must be kept quite free from weeds of all sorts; and everything should be in perfect order. To this end paths should be swept and weeded every week, when the state of the weather will admit of this being done. The Kitchen Garden is much too frequently seen in a disreputable state, even in pretentious places, and where flower-gardening *is* done very well. But well-executed work in one department by no means justifies slovenliness in another. Vacant spaces of ground will need digging, but this operation should, if possible, be left to a labourer, who, for the sake of a small remuneration, would probably be very glad to do it after his ordinary working hours. Even an enthusiast cannot but consider digging as the most laborious of all gardening work, and will take especial care to shirk it whenever possible. In fact, real garden drudgery of all kinds is better done by a labourer, no matter how simple and easy such work may superficially appear to our young folk. Good work, as we all know, can only be done by an accustomed hand.

OFF TO HER GARDEN. (*See* *p.* 239.)

THE DISCONTENTED BOAT.

[Pg 242]

A BOAT came back from a journey. It had been to a far-off land. All the sailors jumped ashore, only too glad to run about again, but they tied up the boat to a long arm of rock, and left it there while they were gone.

The tide was very low and the sky was dull; there was just enough water to lap against the sides of the boat, and make it rock up and down. The boat fretted like a petulant child, and pulled at the rope as a dog pulls against its chain, but it could not get away, for all that.

"How dull it is here!" cried the little white boat; "they have all gone on shore and are merry. They don't consider my feelings, left here for the day all alone. And oh, what an ugly place this is!" and it looked right and left.

The sky was grey, the tide was very low; the boat was lashed to a long piece of rock that ran out like an arm into the sea. At each side of the rock a mass of seaweed clung—limp and brown.

"Of all the ugly things I ever saw," exclaimed the boat, "that seaweed is the worst. Think of the places I have been anchored in before—of the lovely tropical flowers that grew at the water's edge."

"You do not know who we are," cried the seaweeds; "we are young fairy sisters, who dance every night. This beach is the floor of our ball-room, and we dance, and are decked with jewels. We dance and are gay in the evening; in the daytime we lie still and rest."

"I do not believe you," said the boat; "you are ugly, and brown, and old. And this place is the dullest I have seen all my life."

So the boat sulked, and was unhappy all day. But when the evening arrived the sailors came down to the shore, and undid the boat, and rowed away.

And the boat looked back, and it was sunset, and a change had passed over the place. The sky was pink and golden, the waves were bathed in light; the sea was as transparent as a sapphire, and you looked through the sapphire roof and saw a golden floor.

Sure enough that was the floor of the dancing-room, and the tide had crept up the sides of the rock, and all the little seaweeds looked yellow and golden, and danced up and down in the arms

of the waves.

The boat looked over its shoulder, and saw them: it would willingly have gone back to the scene and danced up and down with the rest, but it never saw them again, for it was bound to a far-off land, never to return.

LUCIE COBBE.

HARRY'S RABBIT.

HARRY PEARSON was rather a good sort of boy, but he had one very bad habit. He was the greatest stone-thrower in all Tolhurst Village.

It was Harry who had broken the draper's window and the glass of Squire Stopford's greenhouse. He had not been found out; but he knew well enough who had done the mischief, so when one afternoon, as he was running home from school, he saw a man putting up a great placard announcing that stone-throwers would be prosecuted, he felt very much frightened.

He was just slinking home when out came his father, the Squire's gardener.

Harry thought that his father had found out about the stone-throwing, and hung down his head.

But, instead of scolding him as, he had expected, his father said, as if he were pleased—

"Harry, Master Edgar is better to-day, and he wants you to come in now and wheel his chair for him."

Harry's face brightened at once; for there were few things he liked better than to be allowed to go into the Squire's beautiful garden when Master Edgar, the Squire's only son, was well enough to come out in his wheeled-chair.

Edgar Stopford was about the same age as Harry; but he had never been strong, and for more than a year he had been lame.

"All right, father!" exclaimed Harry gleefully. "Is he in the garden?"

And without waiting for an answer he ran in and found Edgar Stopford waiting for him.

"Harry," said Edgar, "I want you to take me in the chair round to the stable, for I want to see the young rabbits. How old are they now, Harry? I've been so ill that I can't quite remember."

"Seven weeks old to-day," said Harry. "I want to see them again very much, Master Edgar. They're such beauties; I can't help thinking of them every day." [Pg 243]

"You haven't any rabbits, have you?" asked Edgar.

"No," said Harry. "Don't I wish I had!"

"Mine are prize rabbits, you know," said Edgar, "The old tortoise-shell one took the prize both this year and last year at the County show. Oh! And what do you think? A boy I know has been over here ever so many times trying to get that young lop-eared tortoise-shell doe! You remember which one, don't you?"

"Oh yes! oh yes! That was the one I liked best of all! It had such good broad ears!" cried Harry with enthusiasm. "You didn't let him have it though, did you, Master Edgar?"

"Oh no? He offered me a pair of his best Antwerp pigeons for her. And I wanted the pigeons; but I wouldn't let him have that young doe!" exclaimed Edgar, with a smile on his white face.

"You wouldn't? Oh, I'm so glad!" exclaimed Harry.

"I thought you would be," returned Edgar with another bright smile. "I told him I wanted her for somebody else. Push on, Harry. Let's get round to the stable."

Harry pushed with all his might, while his face flushed up to the roots of his hair; for he could not help thinking—

"I wonder if Master Edgar is going to give that doe to me! But no, that's all nonsense! I won't think of such a thing; of course he is saving it for one of his friends! Shouldn't I like her, though!"

It seemed to Harry quite a long way to the stable, so anxious was he to get there. At last he wheeled the chair into the yard.

"Fetch out the young ones, and let me have a good look at them," said Edgar. "Bring them out one by one; but bring the young doe last."

"All right!" said Harry. And leaving the chair, away he rushed, opened the door of the stable, where, to his delight, he saw the great prize buck in a hutch, and the doe and four young ones all

hopping about among a quantity of fragrant hay.

Harry shouted with joy—

"Oh, Master Edgar! Oh, how they've grown! You won't know them! They're lovely!"

He caught up his favourite first of all, and examined her thoroughly with breathless delight.

She had grown into the most beautifully-marked rabbit that he could imagine.

Even to handle such a rabbit seemed to Harry a very great happiness. What could it be like really to be the owner of that young prize rabbit?

With something like a sigh Harry put her down, and caught one of the others.

"I've seen the young doe, and I've measured her ears!" he exclaimed, as he took the other rabbit to Edgar Stopford.

"Well! He *has* grown!" cried Edgar. "Try if you can push the chair to the stable-door! I should so much like to see them all running about!"

Harry managed to do as Edgar wished, although it gave him a good deal of trouble; but he did not mind that a bit.

"Oh, Master Edgar! Did you ever see such a beauty as that young doe? Do look at her!" said Harry, eagerly, opening the stable-door, and making a dive after the lop-eared tortoise-shell.

The two boys played with the rabbits for a good half-hour. How much they found to say about them, any boy who is fond of animals can imagine. Poor Edgar had not been out for some weeks, and all that time Harry Pearson had not seen those rabbits. Harry was very happy, but still he could not help saying to himself now and then, as he looked at his favourite—

"I wonder who is going to have her?"

"You seem very fond of that tortoise-shell young one, Harry!" said Edgar presently with a smile.

"Ee—yes!" said Harry, his eyes brightening as he looked down tenderly at her.

"But how could you keep her?" asked Edgar.

"Oh, I'd keep her fast enough!" cried Harry, turning quite scarlet, while his heart gave half a dozen tremendous thumps. "I'd keep her! Why I'd make the neatest little hutch that ever was. And I'd give her the best of oats and pollard. Ah, as much as ever she'd eat!"

"Well, then, I shall give her to you," said Edgar. "I made up my mind when I was ill I'd give her to you, for I was sure you would take care of her. That's why I wouldn't let that other boy have her. He is rich, and can buy prize rabbits if he wants them. I'd rather give her to you."

Harry Pearson could not speak a word for a minute or two. He could only look down on the beautiful gift. To think that such a rabbit was his own was too much for him at first.

"Oh!" he gasped, presently. "Oh! Master Edgar. Oh! Thank you! Thank you!"

"Put her in that basket, and take her home," said Edgar.

Harry lost no time in obeying this delightful command. After which he wheeled Edgar, who was getting tired, back to the house, and then ran home with his rabbit, the proudest and happiest boy in Tolhurst.

All that evening there was an eager crowd of youngsters in front of the cottage where Harry lived.

It was a long while since there had been such an excitement in the village. [Pg 244]

Nor did the boys' interest in that rabbit die out; boys were always dropping in to see how she was getting on; and Mr. Blades, the butcher, who was a great fancier, offered Harry three-and-sixpence for her.

Very often Harry went to wheel Edgar Stopford's chair, when the two boys would have long talks about the rabbit; and Edgar's pale face would quite glow with pleasure as he listened to Harry's praises of the wonderful animal.

So things went on for some time until Edgar Stopford was taken away to the sea-side.

Harry missed him very much, but he still had his rabbit to amuse himself with; and so, although it was then the holidays, the days did not hang on his hands until very nearly the date of the re-opening of school.

One afternoon, however, the time did seem very long indeed. Most of the boys Harry liked had gone to a treat to which he had not been asked. He was cross and dull. He had spent the whole morning in cleaning out the rabbit-hutch; he wanted something else to do, when, happening to be loitering about in a meadow by the side of the Squire's house, he saw a squirrel in a tree.

In an instant Harry was cruelly stoning away as fast as he could pelt.

He had not done much stone-throwing since he had had the rabbit; now he forgot for the moment

everything except the pleasure of aiming the stones.

Up went the stones one after another; a minute later, and—Crash! Crash! Smash went a lot of glass—then there was a yell of pain and rage—a side-door flying open—and Harry tearing, as if for his life, across the field, while after him rushed his own father and his father's master—the Squire!

They followed him—they drove him into a corner of the field; they secured him.

"Walk him off to the police-station this minute!" exclaimed the Squire in a voice of fury.

"Oh, sir! oh, please! please, sir! Oh! oh! Don't, sir! don't! I'll never do it no more!" sobbed the trembling boy.

"Take him to the station-house! Indict him for manslaughter. He might have killed me?" cried the enraged Squire.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Harry's father, touching his hat; "I've cautioned that boy times without number; but leave him to me this once more, sir."

Harry was marched home. His mother was told. She cried bitterly.

"How much money have you?" asked the father.

"Not a—a far—thing," sobbed Harry.

"Then how is the four shillings to be raised to pay for that broken glass?" continued Mr. Pearson.

"I don't—boo-hoo! kn—now!"

"But I do!" exclaimed Harry's father, in a tone of dreadful meaning. "*That rabbit must be sold!*"

"No! no!" shrieked Harry; "I'd rather be sold myself!"

"Take that rabbit to Mr. Blades, and bring back three-and-six," said Harry's father, in a stern voice.

He felt as if to part with that rabbit would kill him; but he knew it had to be done. I don't know how he managed to do it. What he suffered was terrible, yet he was sure there was no escape; so he put his pet rabbit into a basket and took it to Mr. Blades the butcher. There, in the picture, you can see him.

"HE ... TOOK IT TO MR. BLADES."

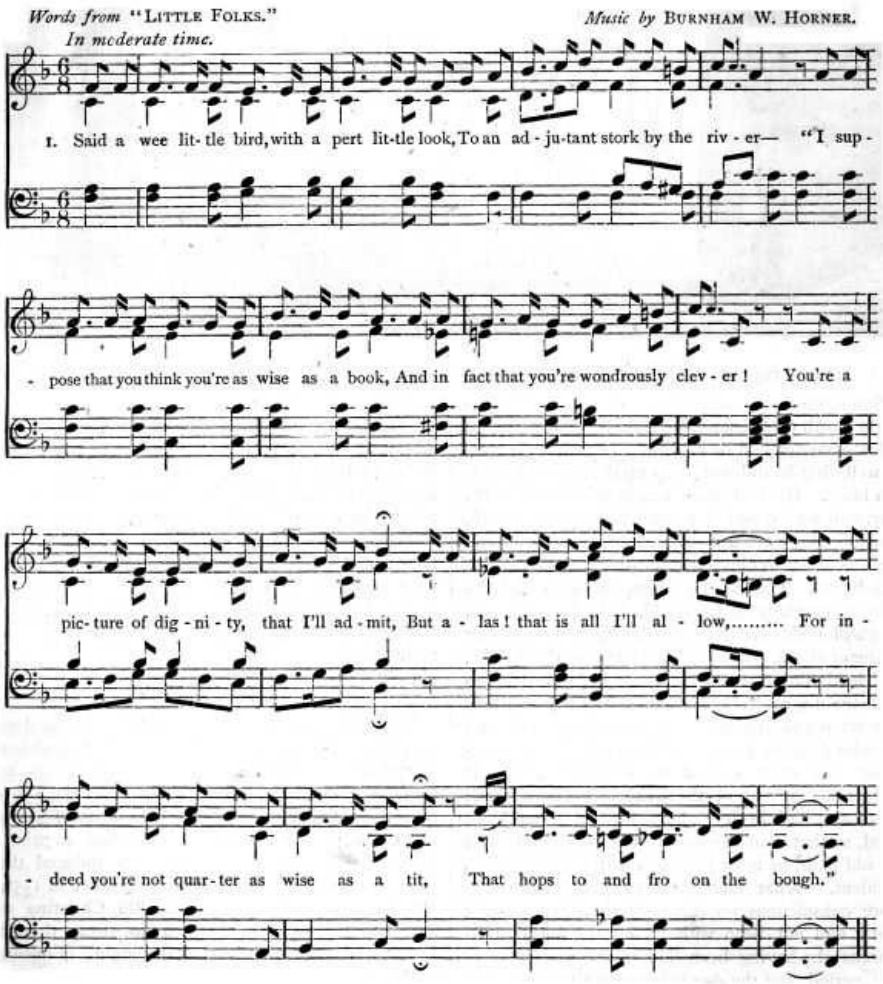
"You won't kill her, will you, Mr. Blades?" he faltered, for the sight of the knives in the shop was too much for him.

Harry has learned a hard lesson. Don't you hope Edgar will buy that rabbit for him again? I do.

L. A.

Our Music Page

"Dignity and Impudence."



"Dignity and Impudence."

Words from "Little Folks."

Music by Burnham W. Horner.

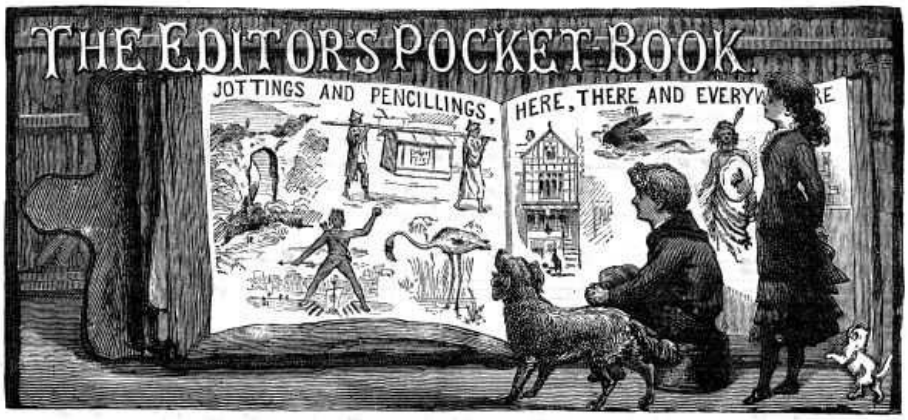
In moderate time.

1. Said a wee little bird, with a pert little look, To an adjutant stork by the river—"I suppose that you think you're as wise as a book, And in fact that you're wondrously clever! You're a picture of dignity, that I'll admit, But alas! that is all I'll allow, ... For indeed you're not quarter as wise as a tit, That hops to and fro on the bough."

2. Said the adjutant-stork to the wee little bird, With a dignified kind of a stare— "Little creatures like you should be seen and not heard, And your impudence well we can spare! You had better by far go back to your nest, And be pert where they'll heed what you do; For you see that in height I'm six feet and the rest, While you are just no feet two!"

3. So it is with us all as we pass through the day: For we each of us think we're most clever— Whether impudent bird that chatters away, Or "Dignity" stork by the river. On our size or our form or our talents we pose, And we hold ourselves up every hour: If the Queen of the Garden be known as the Rose, Then we are that wonderful flower!

The Editor's Pocket-book.



How a Dog saved its Blind Master.

Some time since, a blind gentleman, well known in the north of England, went for a walk of several miles, accompanied by his dog. He knew the road so well, that he did not strap up the dog, but let it run loose. He had gone nearly five miles on his way, and was crossing some fields by a footpath, when his dog gave a peculiar whine in front of him. He was about to climb a stile, when another whine was heard. This startled him, so he crossed the stile as carefully as he could, feeling every step. Just as he got over the stile, the dog gave a louder whine of alarm, placed its fore feet upon his breast, and held him fast against the stile. He tried to push the dog aside, but it would not let him proceed. The strap was therefore put around its neck, and the wise creature at once led its master by a roundabout way quite out of the ordinary path. It appeared that part of the footpath which led past a stream had been entirely washed away by a flood, so that, had the gentleman continued upon the old path, he must have met with a most serious accident. What made the sagacity of the dog more conspicuous on this occasion was the fact that it had not been with its master for eighteen months—he having been laid up for the whole of that period, and the dog living with a friend during the illness.

Abraham Men.

This was the name bestowed upon a class of vagabonds who wandered over the country dressed in grotesque fashion, pretending to be mad and working upon the fears or the charity of people for alms. They were common in the time of Shakespeare, and were found even as late as the Restoration. The slang phrase "to sham Abraham," is a survival of the practice. There was a ward in Bethlehem (or Bedlam) Hospital, called the Abraham Ward, and hence probably arose the name of these beggars. Harmless lunatics who had been discharged were often to be seen roaming about the country and were allowed a great deal of licence in consequence of their weak-mindedness. Accordingly, the impostors above mentioned, who used generally to eke out the gifts of the charitable by stealing, when detected in their theft, would plead, as a rule, lunacy as an excuse of their crime.

Famous Abdicators.

When a sovereign abdicates the throne, he does so either of his own free will, or from compulsion. These acts have been sufficiently numerous as to form quite an interesting history. Take a few of them by way of example. Amadeus of Savoy abdicated in 1439, in order to become a priest. The collapse of his great schemes induced the Emperor Charles V. to give up his office in 1556. Wishing to retire into private life Christina of Sweden laid down the crown in 1654, though she still desired to exercise the rights of queen. Philip V. of Spain withdrew from the throne in 1724 in a fit of melancholy, but ascended it again on the death of his son. Victor Amadeus of Sardinia abdicated in 1730, and afterwards wanted to recall the act, but was not permitted to do so. Richard II. of England was compelled to abdicate in 1399, and in 1688, James II. was forced to yield to the wishes of his subjects. Other instances might be cited, but enough have been, quoted to stimulate the research of industrious readers.

Memory in Cats.

An anecdote is told by a gentleman of a cat which will illustrate pussy's affection for those who treat her kindly. He had her from her birth, and brought her up as a friend and companion. After he had kept her for five years circumstances required him to leave home for twelve months, the cat of course having to remain behind. He returned one Christmas morning about four o'clock, admitting himself by a key that had been sent to him by post. He went upstairs to his old bedroom, and in the morning found puss asleep in her wonted place at the foot of the bed. She made a great fuss with him, and he ascertained that she had never been upstairs from the time he left, a year before. She must, he therefore concluded, have recollected his footstep, and at once have fallen into her old ways.

Fugitives from Siberia.

Prince Krapotkine—a Russian noble who has experienced many of the hardships of which he writes—in describing the life of exiles in Siberia, says that its cruelty is so horrible that every spring, when the snow has disappeared from the forests, and men may sleep in the woods of a night without being frozen to death, thousands of the convicts try to escape from the gold and salt mines. These poor folk prefer to run the risk of capture and the brutal punishment it involves, rather than remain longer in endless misery. Feeding on mushrooms and berries they plod their weary way back, amid perils of every kind, to their native homes, hundreds—it may be thousands—of miles distant. They avoid towns and highways, of course, but they freely enter the villages. The Siberian peasants, in silent pathetic fashion, show their sympathy and good wishes for these unhappy people by leaving on the windows of their houses bread and milk "for the poor runaways." Surely we too may hope that the efforts of every unjustly-exiled person to flee from the wretchedness and torture of the Siberian mines may be crowned with success.

Tame Humming-Birds.

A young lady in California who had, through illness, to spend several hours a day reclining on rugs spread on the garden-lawn, succeeded in taming two humming-birds. At first the birds watched her with some curiosity from a distance. To entice them to come nearer she fastened a fuchsia, filled with sweetened water, to a branch of a tree above her head. The tiny fellows soon thrust their bills into the flower. Thinking they might like honey better, a fresh flower was filled with it every day. This food was quite to their taste, and so eager were they to get it that they would hardly wait for their mistress to leave the flower before they began to rifle its sweets. They grew so familiar at length that when she held a flower in one hand and filled it with drops from a spoon, the birds caught the drops as they fell. Only two male birds monopolised the honey flower, and they would not permit any bee or wasp to come near it. Between themselves even squabbles continually arose about possession. Change of weather compelling the young lady to keep indoors, she tried to coax them to the parlour windows. For a time the birds could not understand the altered position of affairs, but at last one of them repeatedly went up to her and took honey from her hand.

Intelligent Dogs.

Some time ago I had occasion to speak of a wise cat of Colonel Stuart Wortley's. Now I may mention the doings of two intelligent dogs of his. One of them was able to tell whether or not it might go out with the housekeeper, according as she wore a hat or bonnet. If she wore her hat it knew that it might accompany her, and barked with joy as soon as she appeared, but if she wore her bonnet it knew she was going to church or on a visit, and that it could not go with her. It became so familiar with these articles that if drawings of hat and bonnet were placed before it, it could indicate which was which. The other dog was a Skye terrier. When the Colonel went out it was enough to say "Yes" or "No" in an ordinary tone for the dog to know whether it might accompany him or not. The terrier was next taught to distinguish the words when printed on cards—Yes and No—and in a few weeks it never mistook them.

Skating-Race in Lapland.

With a view to test the powers of the Lapps in the matter of long-distance skating, Baron Nordenskjöld, the celebrated Arctic explorer, offered prizes for a contest during his stay in that country. The highest prize was £14, and the distance was about 142 miles, starting from Quickjock and returning to the same spot. The distance was accomplished by the winner in 21 hours and 22 minutes, inclusive of rest on the way. But so keen was the struggle that the second was only half a minute later, while the third arrived 11 minutes later.

The Riddle of the Sphinx.

The sphinx was a strange creature that figured in different old-world mythologies. Its form varied, but the monster which propounded the famous riddle was supposed to have the body of a lion, the head of a woman, bird's wings, and a serpent's tail. Well, this sphinx appeared once upon a time, near Thebes, in ancient Greece, and asked a riddle of every passer-by, whom it promptly slew if the correct answer were not forthcoming. This scourge at length drove the poor Thebans to despair, and they offered their kingdom and the hand of their Queen to whomsoever would relieve them of the dreaded monster's presence. One Œdipus essayed this task. The sphinx asked him, "What being has four feet, two feet, and three feet; only one voice; but whose feet vary, and when it has most, is weakest" Œdipus answered, "Man," and there and then the sphinx threw itself into the sea. Man, you will notice, has four feet (hands and feet) and, when compelled to use a staff, three feet. [Pg 248]

The Wolf and the Bees.

Not long since a wolf, in a milk factory in Cheshire, was stung to death by the bees of a hive that stood near its kennel. As the honey was being taken from one of the hives the wolf happened to come out of his den, and the bees swarmed upon him in large numbers. The poor brute at once retired into his house, but it was evident he was in much agony, for he rolled over and over, pulling the hair out of his coat in great quantities. Steps were accordingly taken to draw off the

bees, the kennel being closed and smoked. These efforts, however, proved useless, and within three hours the unfortunate wolf was dead. A horse and two dogs were also seriously stung on the same occasion.

About Pages.

Nowadays, when we talk of pages, allusion is made as a rule to the "boy in buttons," but long ago they were rather important folk. It was the practice, hundreds of years since, to employ youths of noble birth to wait upon the sovereign, and the custom flourished in the Middle Ages. The young gentleman "served his time" at courts and castles as a page, previous to taking the further degrees of esquire and knight. The habit of educating the higher nobility as court pages declined after the fifteenth century, and they are now a mere survival, on a very small scale, of a once general practice. Four pages of honour still form part of the state of the British court.

The Union Jack.

Everybody has seen the banner of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. It is formed of a combination of the crosses of St. George (England), St. Andrew (Scotland), and St. Patrick (Ireland). The first Union Jack was introduced in 1606, three years after the union of Scotland and England, and showed, of course, only the first two crosses. A century later (July 28, 1707), this standard was made, by royal proclamation, the national flag of Great Britain. On the union with Ireland a new union banner was needed, and the present ensign was accordingly devised.

GLENDOWER'S OAK.

Glendower's Oak.

Owen Glendower was a noble Welshman, who led his countrymen in the long and stout resistance which they offered to King Henry IV. Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, son of the Earl of Northumberland, made common cause with Glendower, and each at the head of a large force prepared to do battle against the king, who was intent on crushing the rebellion in Wales. Henry IV. reached Shrewsbury just before Percy, and it was of the utmost importance to him that he should engage the latter before his troops should be reinforced by Glendower's. The battle accordingly took place on the 21st of July, 1403, and after a protracted struggle, in which Hotspur lost his life, victory declared itself on the side of the king. Though Glendower did not take part in the contest, tradition points to an oak near Shrewsbury as the tree from whose boughs he watched the fight.

The "Little Folks" Humane Society

THIRTY-SECOND 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
45774 Florence Bird	14
45775 Bessie G. Smith	12
45776 Ernest Johnson	9
45777 Ethel Rawson	13
45778 C. I. Rawson	15
45779 Ethel Wilson	13
45780 G. T. W. Osborne	8
45781 Godwin H. Powell	10
45782 Frank Simpson	10
45783 Ada Simpson	15
45784 Leila J. Simpson	16
45785 A. E. M. Haes	12
45786 F. A. M. Johnson	11
45787 E. M. Curling	9
45788 JESSIE L. FOSTER, Nunhead	12
45789 Alice A. Davis	12
45790 Hilda L. Davis	10
45791 Alice Sawyer	13
45792 L. Sawyer	6
45793 Ada Neville	6
45794 Richard Farrow	14
45795 I. M. Restler	8
45796 Kate Odell	13
45797 Harry Edgell	12
45798 Amy Henry	8
45799 Mary Cattermole	11
45800 Louisa Hull	19
45801 Aubrey H. Carter	10
45802 Elzbth. F. Sharp	15
45803 Louisa Baker	20
45804 Lizzie Utton	12
45805 George Ayres	10
45806 Alice Cass	11
45807 Alice Cottrell	9
45808 Vincent Farrow	19
45809 Eliza A. Sharp	11
45810 Henry Neville	19
45811 Hester Neville	11
45812 Ella Foster	6
45813 Ernest Hawkins	10
45814 Elizabeth George	11
45815 Martha Chinnery	18
45816 Annie Morris	17
45817 Mary Watson	15
45818 Eleanor Frost	14
45819 Rosie Henry	6
45820 Mabel Carter	12
45821 E. Chamberlain	13
45822 A. Chamberlain	17
45823 Mary Oldfield	13
45824 Nellie Langley	10
45825 Daniel Riley	21
45826 Lizzie Grubb	10
45827 Elizabeth Hall	13
45828 Ada Foster	18
45829 Charles Farrow	17
45830 Maude Pasley	10
45831 Alfred Frost	18

45832 Alice Allen 8
45833 Lizzie Shorey 11
45834 Jenny Clifford 9
45835 Frank Foster 8
45836 Charles Stracy 15
45837 Frank Foster 13
45838 Sarah Hague, Hollingwood 14
45839 Sarah Holme 20
45840 F. W. Ashford 12
45841 A. W. Holme 13
45842 Nancey Holme 18
45843 P. H. Hague 13
45844 F. S. Hague 20
45845 S. J. Hague 16
45846 B Holme 8
45847 M. Colvine 14
45848 M. A. Hulse 13
45849 Lizzie Lissett 13
45850 E. A. Faulkner 14
45851 Edith E. Taylor 15
45852 Sarah Halliwell 16
45353 Lucy Ashly 14
45854 Ruth Hulse 11
45855 M. Broadbent 15
45856 L. Stevenson 16
45857 Elizabeth Titter 12
45858 Hannah Booth 13
45859 Mary Marland 12
45860 Eliza Marland 12
45861 Agnes Spencer 14
45862 Eliza Ogden 11
45863 Emily Ashbury 10
45864 W. Hague 10
45865 G. Stott 12
45866 W. Lees 12
45867 A. Lees 17
45868 Polly Lees 9
45869 Dora Lees 19
45870 Maria Holt 10
45871 E. A. Ogden 10
45872 W. A. Hunt 16
45873 M. A. Jones 12
45874 E. Goodard 14
45875 M. Goodard 13
45876 E. A. Butterworth 13
45877 J. W. Ayre 12
45878 J. S. Taylor 15
45879 S. Broadbent 14
45880 Ada Booth 10
45881 W. C. Broome 11
45882 A. E. Broome 13
45883 Bessie Colvine 12
45884 Alice Colvine 16
45885 J. Colvine 14
45886 T. Holme 16
45887 Mary E. Kelly 17
45888 Harry Kelly 8
45889 Emma Kelly 12
45890 Jessie Hague 7
——
45891 John H. Faull 10
45892 Marian B. Mills 10
45893 Lucy V. Barron 9
45894 Nellie M. Barron 11
45895 Leonard Barron 15
45896 M. S. H. Osborne 10
45897 Anna N. Pagan 8

45898	Amy Osborne	7
45899	M. Hollingworth	19
45900	Susie Winchester	13
45901	Blanch Mitchell	18
45902	Bertha Hollis	12
45903	A. E. Hollis	9
45904	T. J. MacDermott	16
45905	A. T. Chamier	12
45906	C. E. K. Godfrey	10
45907	Edith R. Carr	13
45908	Gertrude Paulet	12
45909	Nina M. Allen	13
45910	H. G. Abel	8
45911	Guy L. Joy	11
45912	William Carroll	11
45913	Emily Higgs	17
45914	Fanny M. Hall	15
45915	K. W. Pickford	14
45916	Evelyn Bloom	7
45917	K. E. Jameson	16
45918	Isabella Jameson	15
45919	Ernest M. Ellis	12
45920	George Slade	12
45921	Charles Northam	10
45922	Momtitue Cooper	13
45923	Fred Steinle	13
45924	Simmey Price	7
45925	Arthur Lambert	12
45926	Fredk. London	10
45927	F. Montgomery	12
45928	W. Kingston	13
45929	Will Elliston	14
45930	Bert Kingston	4
45931	Fredk. Wollven	8
45932	John Kingston	12
45933	Richd. Plumsted	13
45934	Will Scotcher	14
45935	James Barratt	11
45936	Frederick Lister	12
45937	Sidney H. Lewin	14
45938	George Durmford	13
45939	Jsph. Johnanson	14
45940	John Fraser	12
45941	Frederick Neal	9
45942	John Finbow	12
45943	George Downes	11
45944	Alice Goddard	9
45945	Sidney Hinton	13
45946	Harry Garnham	11
45947	Will Oxer	14
45948	Annie Giddins	11
45949	Edward Downes	12
45950	George Mayes	8
45951	Fredk. Woolley	14
45952	Charles Saxby	10
45953	Joseph Smith	12
45954	John Bligh	12
45955	Fredk. Lloyd	12
45956	Arthur Miller	13
45957	William Price	11
45958	Walter Smithson	8
45959	Arthur Stockings	11
45960	W. Hastings	14
45961	Louisa Thompson	9
45962	Richard Saxby	13
45963	Sidney Kingston	6

45964	Annie Mayes	10
45965	Louie Scotto	16
45966	Walter Withers	12
45967	Louise Giddins	8
45068	Harry Gainham	12
45969	Herbert H. Matravers, Lee	11
45970	E. T. Spackman	18
45971	R. E. Wetherell	11
45972	Bertie Gilling	10
45973	C. F. G. Low	12
45974	W. H. Sturton	11
45975	Robt. G. Reeves	11
45976	L. H. Matravers	7
45977	A. C. G. Dournel	10
45978	B. R. Bostock	11
45979	Charles H. Hoare	14
45980	Bruce Angier	11
45981	F. J. C. Helder	9
45982	Wm. J. Helder	12
45983	Mary J. Orr	17
45984	E. L. K. Pratt	11
45985	Isabella Cowie	7
45986	Lina Cowie	5
45987	Mabel Cowie	4
45988	Frederick Wilkes	11
45989	Jenny A. Wilkes	14
45990	Peter Wilkes	13
45991	Lucy C. Wilkes	8
45992	Elsie Wilkes	6
45993	Andrew Wilkes	3
45994	A. Whittington	16
45995	E. Whittington	9
45996	Flrnce. Smithers	12
45997	A. T. Smithers	11
45998	M. C. E. Wright	12
45999	L. Durling	15
46000	Caroline Ford	15
46001	E. H. Keeling	17
46002	A. M. H. Keeling	11
46003	Edward Loat	11
46004	Eva Wheatley	19
46005	Alice Coveney	16
46006	Ada Coveney	14
46007	Alfred Horton	9
46008	Bertie Horton	8
46009	Queenie Horton	7
46010	Martham Thorne	11
46011	James Thatcher	16
46012	George Brackley	17
49013	Jessie Farminer	18
46014	Charles Lindsey	11
46015	Margt. McLean	14
46016	Jessie McLean	12
46017	Emily Cole	11
46018	Gertrude Cole	10
46019	Albert Cave	10
46020	Ethel Cave	8
46021	Edith A Brook	12
46022	Ulda Piza	12
46023	Ruth Piza	13
46024	Sissy Tuteur	9
46025	May Vinning	12
46026	Lilly M. Weeb, Hythe	14
46027	Clarence J. Weeb	12
46028	Henry G. Weeb	15
46029	Effie M. Clarke	15
46030	G. E. Matthews	12

46031 M. Matthews 15
46032 Emily A. Rigden 13
46033 M. W. Lovegrove 9
46034 Ethel C. Lorden 7
46035 D. B. Machin 18
46036 E. V. Machin 9
46037 Annie E. Jones 15
46038 Mary V. Wethey 15
46039 Elsie Wethey 17
46040 E. E. Wethey 10
46041 Annie Wills 17
46042 Lily Spencer 17
46043 Alice M. Escott 15
46044 Jessie Rawlinson 19
46045 N. E. Lawson 12
46046 Helen Macnair 11
46047 J. A. Saunders 18
46048 Ada Bull 6
46049 Victoria Salter 6
46050 Bertha Leal 7
46051 A. Chiverton 10
46052 Williams Small 9
46053 Ellen Hiscock 9
46054 Elizabeth Rolf 13
46055 A. M. Lambert 11
46056 Kate Matthews 13
46057 Arthur Plumley 8
46058 Agnes Guttridge 13
46059 Augusta Cooper 13
46060 S. K. Lambert 17
46061 Walter Matthews 10
46062 Amy Wells 8
46063 Lydia Crump 15
46064 Maud M. Crump 11
46065 Chas. T. Crump 13
46066 Thomas Rolf 12
46067 George Duffey 10
46068 Benjamin Daish 12
46069 James Downer 12
46070 Edward Drake 11
46071 Alfred Hollis 11
46072 Louisa Holliday 12
46073 Francis E. Court 11
46074 Lily Blackwell 8
46075 Florce. Marshall 12
46076 Kate Wickens 10
46077 Eleanor Cheriton, Stroud 14
46078 Kate Cheriton 20
46079 Mary Cheriton 17
46080 Ella M. Trotman 16
46081 Caroline Trotman 13
46082 Nellie Trotman 12
46083 Katie Trotman 19
46084 B. M. Trotman 15
46085 A. Middleditch 14
46086 Frank Dix 11
46087 Herbert Williams 15
46088 Flory Barker 13
46089 Alice Bignold 10
46090 Charlotte Ellery 17
46091 Ada Hogg 6
46092 G. P. Steward 8
46093 Zoë Hawkins 7
46094 Florce. Stephens 12
46095 Emily Pockett 13
46096 H. M. Dauncey 20
46097 Charlie Pearce 8

46098	Rosa Pearce	10
46099	R. N. Milner	13
46100	Alice Milner	9
46101	Bessie Milner	6
46102	Tom Milner	11
46103	Frederick Seal	8
46104	Louie Seal	7
46105	Thirza Liddell	16
46106	Mary Cresswell	14
46107	Maude Bailey	15
46108	Adelaide Bailey	14
46109	Alfred Hill	14
46110	Florence Hill	10
46111	Harriett Hill	12
46112	Mildred Hill	7
46113	Emily Hill	16
46114	Caroline Hill	13
46115	J. W. Barge	15
46116	Frances Barge	20
46117	Edith Barge	19
46118	Lily Ricketts	12
46119	Edgar Ricketts	10
46120	E. E. Ricketts	14
46121	Fredk. Ricketts	21
46122	Minnie Ricketts	17
46123	Mary Early	15
46124	Walter Harrison	17
46125	George Harrison	12
46126	Eva Page	11
46127	Emma Field	12
46128	Alice Hawker	14
46129	Blanche Moore	16
46130	Benjmn. Danzey	17
46131	H. Lansdown	15
46132	Albert Smith	14
46133	Agnes Clout	18
46134	Fanny Osborne	18
46135	Janet Rham	17
46136	M. Humphrey	18
46137	Bertha Geer	20
46138	Nellie Cheesman	18
46139	Marian Tompsett	16
46140	Edith Atkins	17
46141	F. Hutchinson	14
46142	Lilian Hawkes	16
46143	Minnie Gulliver	15
46144	James Page	16
46145	Amelia Baker	16
46146	Louisa Holmes	20
46147	Anney Evans	13
46148	Richard Reeve	9
46149	Sarah R. Reeve	13
46150	L. Underwood	20
46151	Walter Hawkes	14
46152	William South	20
46153	Kate Watson	17
46154	Alice Hawkes	9
46155	George Hawkes	18
46156	Emily Rose	19
46157	Emma Percivall	18
46158	Sarah Davis	17
46159	Charles Lightford	18
46160	Thomas Ebstob	18
46161	Ada Gadd	15
46162	M. Millward	17
46163	Elzbth. Paige	16
46164	Rosy Burke	20

46165	Isabella Glithero	18
46166	Elizabeth Carter	15
46167	Ada Nicholls	19
46168	Nellie Jawles	14
46169	Bessie Pervin	15
46170	Emily Roberts	16
46171	Fanny Gadd	18
46172	Laura Clarke	17
46173	Lizzie Wilkinson	12
46174	E. Weatherstone	16
46175	Florce. Wilkinson	9
46176	Mary Reeve	16
46177	Lizzie Garnham	14
46178	John A. Speers	14
46179	W. W. Kidston, Glasgow	14
46180	Edith Prain	16
46181	Thomas Pearcey	11
46182	Peter Weir	14
46183	Gilbert Ritchie	12
46184	Ethel Prain	8
46185	Frank Prain	11
46186	R. Thomson	14
46187	R. A. Thomson	14
46188	James Campbell	12
46189	D. H. Duncan	12
46190	John B. Kidston	16
46191	Helen E. Kidston	17
46192	I. D. Kidston	18
46193	James Kerr	12
46194	D. Macdonald	12
46195	Alexandra Orr	13
46196	William Napier	13
46197	Adam Reid	12
46198	H. M. Lean	13
46199	Walter Guthrie	11
46200	John Turnbull	11
46201	G. Hannah	13
46202	James Maltman	11
46203	A. McLennan	10
46204	Willie Gilchrist	11
46205	John Chalmers	11
46206	Edwd. Campbell	11
46207	Willie Dewar	11
46208	John McGowan	11
46209	Hugh Tennant	11
46210	Geo. Lauchlan	11
46211	John A. Hunter	12
46212	James Thompson	13
46213	James Frame	13
46214	Geo. Anderson	11
46215	John Holliday	14
46216	William Smith	13
46217	James Nicol	13
46218	James H. Davie	11
46219	Wm. Torrance	10
46220	M. H. Fleming	13
46221	Charles Chalmers	13
46222	James Wilson	14
46223	David Gray	13
46224	John Dickie	14
46225	Wm. G. Christian	13
46226	O. Pattenhausen	13
46227	Wm. Jamieson	13
46228	J. D. Gellaitry	10
46229	Millie Prain	12
46230	Charles W. Couch, Devonport	18

46231 Bessie Hamley 11
46232 Chas. Mugridge 11
46233 Chas. Bowning 15
46234 Emily Poor 12
46235 Jessie Poor 8
46236 Kate Whitfield 13
46237 Jessie Whitfield 10
46238 B. J. Locke 16
46239 George Yandell 9
46240 Alfred Callaway 17
46241 Emily Morgan 13
46242 Charles E. Craig 17
46243 Blanch Couch 16
46244 Annie Hellyer 15
46245 Mary Dyer 12
46246 Emily Hellyer 17
46247 Wm. D. L. Roue 12
46248 Richard Harris 16
46249 H. Marshall 16
46250 William G. Hall 16
46251 Rose Couch 12
46252 Alfred Mugridge 7
46253 James Couch 20
46254 Eda Moxey 12
46255 Alfred Chapman 14
46256 Lucy Routcliffe 13
46257 Hy. J. Richards 15
46258 Polly Dolphin 10
46259 Lily Couch 10
46260 Wm R. Rees 9
46261 Ernest Yandell 10
46262 Edward J. Welsh 12
46263 Charles Evans 14
46264 Henry Chapman 17
46265 Walter Rees 11
46266 Willy Bickford 12
46267 Richard Warn 9
46268 Wm. C. Simmons 20
46269 William Andrews 16
46270 Stephn. H. Tozer 15
46271 Alfred Jenkins 15
46272 Alfred Winn 17
46273 R. Roseman 8
46274 Ada Rickford 10
46275 Geo. J. Budge 11
46276 Charles Mallett 12
46277 Frederick Giles 10
46278 W. Blofield 15
46279 Henry Freethy 18
46280 Jane Hellyer 11
46281 Ellen C. Butters, New Cross 13
46282 Minnie Burney 7
46283 Rosa East 11
46284 Kate Townsend 12
46285 Nellie Grimston 9
46286 Maud A. King 12
46287 Ruth Cleathers 13
46288 Eleanor Clark 12
46289 H. Cannadine 12
46290 M. M. Armitage 12
46291 Emily Stanton 10
46292 Emma Rodnell 11
46293 Selina Osborn 12
46294 Catherine Mills 10
46295 Ethel O'Donnell 11
46296 Eliza Palgrave 11

46297	Lydia Millington	11
46298	A. M. B. Hubbard	12
46299	Ellen Langley	11
46300	Emma Harber	10
46301	Susan Stanton	12
46302	Isabel Murrell	12
46303	Phœbe E. Jones	13
46304	Florence Sims	12
46305	F. Cannadine	11
46306	Alice M. Pulling	10
46307	Ada F. Boness	10
46308	Alice E. Palmer	12
46309	Alice Raymond	11
46310	Laura Dodd	10
46311	Eva Vale	12
46312	Minnie Wallace	11
46313	M. A. Aldridge	11
46314	Louisa Greenner	7
46315	Amy Crowther	11
46316	Emma Osborn	10
46317	Theresa Porter	11
46318	A. M. Wakeling	11
46319	Isabel S. Sharp	11
46320	Margaret Bassam	12
46321	Mary Cannadine	10
46322	Ada Sewell	10
46323	Alice Binsted	11
46324	Hetty Kimber	13
46325	Bessie Tullett	12
46326	Ida C. Vale	10
46327	Lizzie Rowland	10
46328	Ada Young	14
46329	E. J. Millgate	11
46330	Lillian Taylor	12
46331	Emily Harner	11
46332	Alfred Crowhurst, Islington	12
46333	John Offer	14
46334	James Toynton	14
46335	Willie Morris	13
46336	C. W. Elborne	10
46337	Francis Frayer	11
46338	Walter Mansfield	13
46339	Jeanie Brown	15
46340	Nellie Brown	13
46341	Jamie Brown	8
46342	Maggie Brown	17
46343	F. Crossingham	8
46344	Edward Blower	11
46345	Harry Morton	12
46346	Robert Finlay	14
46347	Will Roberts	13
46348	Alfred Johnson	7
46349	Fredk. G. Gooch	12
46350	C. M. Stephens	11
46351	Edith Lance	13
46352	F. A. S. Harris	11
46353	Fanny Watt	16
46354	F. Crowhurst	18
46355	Arthur Chapman	11
46356	H. A. Kitchener	16
46357	Emily Boult	8
46358	Clara Kübler	13
46359	E. J. Baker	12
46360	Arthur Blake	12
46361	Frank Watt	9
46362	Sydney Sullens	11
46363	L. Crowhurst	19

46364	Robert J. Johnson	6
46365	Charles H. Pull	8
46366	Frank Warrell	9
46367	Fredk. J. Modell	13
46368	Frank Cross	13
46369	Edith Bulson	8
46370	Lillian Lance	7
46371	Lily Hunt	12
46372	Charlotte Bulson	11
46373	Charles Copeland	17
46374	Charles Walters	13
46375	Geo. Browhurst	10
46376	E. Irwin	12
46377	Victor Farley	12
46378	Charles Watt	11
46379	John Porter	12
46380	Sidney Jordan	11
46381	I. Cuthbertson	8
46382	Harry Westcott	14
46383	Mary Bryant	11
46384	M. McMillan	14
46385	H. L. Osborne, Ashborne	11
46386	Clara Hood	11
46387	H. E. Hood	15
46388	Eva Eyre	11
46389	Ethel Slater	6
46390	C. T. Reeve	8
46391	Alice M. Smith	10
46392	Mary M. Kerry	11
46393	Margrt. Osborne	6
46394	Mary E. Osborne	8
46395	Ada Barnes	9
46396	Tom Barnes	8
46397	F. J. Howell	10
46398	L. A. Richardson	15
46399	J. G. Swinscoe	8
46400	Mary Buxton	14
46401	Emma Buxton	10
46402	Thos. E. Buxton	15
46403	Agnes Buxton	9
46404	Minnie Sowter	13
46405	F. E. Osborne	7
46406	F. J Osborne	10
46407	Antill Osborne	5
46408	Lillian Turner	11
46409	S. J. Middleton	20
46410	Sarah A. Burton	11
46411	John W. Twigge	14
46412	E. V. Higgins	14
46413	Jane Morley	18
46414	Adelaide Doxey	10
46415	John Doxey	9
46416	E. A. Davies	12
46417	J. T. Parker	7
46418	G. Twigge	10
46419	C. E. Smith	7
46420	Frank Smith	16
46421	Joseph Holmes	14
46422	Alice M. Clifford	12
46423	H. F. Clifford	10
46424	Thos. H. Clifford	7
46425	Marian Clifford	6
46426	Esther Barron	6
46427	Louise Wall	11
46428	Fredk. T. Lewis	7
46429	Mary Lewis	5
46430	F. M. Homer	14

46431 Gertrude Homer 19
46432 Florce. E. Homer 16
46433 Nellie Bannister 16
46434 F. E. Bannister 5
46435 E. H. Bannister 14
46436 Wm. Bannister 13
46437 Harry Bannister 11
46438 C. O. Bannister 7
46439 S. E. Bannister 18
——
46440 Frank Grigg 10
46441 William Gall 7
46442 Maggie Martin 11
46443 John Martin 9
46444 L. H. Langlands 9
46445 Gretta Rahilly 11
46446 Ethel Hollis 17
46447 Alice M. Allen 15
46448 C. M. Allen 12
46449 Reginald Foster 7
46450 Mabel Foster 8
46451 Alice Webb, Bow 14
46452 Minnie Cross 11
46453 Amy Pounds 14
46454 Ellen A. Kelly 10
46455 B. E. Learmond 9
46456 Mina L. Cole 12
46457 A. Whitehead 12
46458 Alfred E. Hicks 13
46459 Rose May 13
46460 Florce. E. Halls 13
46461 Edith Harmer 13
46462 Florce. M. Creed 13
46463 Alice M. Priddle 14
46464 Julia R. Kaines 14
46465 Jessie Steele 14
46466 M. A. Halcrow 19
46467 Florence Howard 14
46468 E. L. Halcrow 15
46469 Harry Wickett 15
46470 Eliza A. Tovey 16
46471 Archibald Webb 18
46472 Elzbth. J. Bazelt 9
46473 Alice L. Gibbs 12
46474 Matha Walter 13
46475 Alice Hallett 10
46476 A. G. Armstrong 16
46477 Annie C. Howard 7
46478 Catherine Webb 8
46479 Bertram Harmer 8
46480 E. A. Kingston 12
46481 George Lindsay 10
46482 E. A. Collyer 10
46483 D. G. Phillips 10
46484 Julia Suxworth 10
46485 D. E. F. Webb 16
46486 Alfred Tovey 7
46487 E. F. Kingston 9
46488 Florence M. Gill 10
46489 Wm. G. Harmer 11
46490 Edith H Webb 14
46491 E. B. Aldridge 9
46492 Albert Tovey 9
46493 J. Danzelmann 10
46494 Minnie J. Steele 12
46495 Emma L. West 11
46496 G. E. Wynne 12

46497	Mary Hammond	11
46498	A. C. L. Weller	11
46499	Louisa Scott	11
46500	Edith S. Potter	11
46501	Arthur Lester	11
46502	Edith Harwood	14
46503	Lydia M. Britten	13
46504	Florence Hepper	9
46505	Ellen Buckley	18
46506	Isabella Ouless	12
46507	Heloise Pritchard	8
46508	Beatrice Preston	10
46509	Harry C. Nott	11
46510	Elsie Nott	6
46511	Maud Nott	8
46512	Marion Nott	10
46513	Nellie Peploe	11
46514	Wm. Jennings	12
46515	Rosy Jennings	7
46516	Isabella Jennings	10
46517	Elizabeth Adams	11
46518	Emily Adams	8
46519	Gertrude Beckett	12
46520	M. A. Carroll	15
46521	Florence M. Baylis, Victoria Pk., Lndn.	11
46522	Jeanie McFee	10
46523	Alfred McFee	12
46524	Eliza Wilkinson	15
46525	Helen S. Pickford	13
46526	John Letch	17
46527	Ada Louger	15
46528	Walter Payne	13
46529	Maud Blane	14
46530	Stanley Baylis	4
46531	L. M. Godfrey	11
46532	Nellie Kniep	12
46533	Edith F. Clayton	11
46534	E. L. Willmott	11
46535	Mary E. Young	10
46536	E. C. A. Wegner	13
46537	Maud A. Heath	13
46538	Amy Tyler	13
46539	C. Wegner	16
46540	Wm. T. Rogers	19
46541	Florrie Rogers	12
46542	Edward Rogers	15
46543	Amy Rogers	17
46544	Eva Davis	14
46545	Agnes Davis	15
46546	Hilda M. Dott	11
46547	Elizabeth Dott	9
46548	B. Freeman	9
46549	Harold Freeman	13
46550	Florence Dabbs	16
46551	Alice Dabbs	14
46552	E. C. Boughen	12
46553	Alfred Davis	8
46554	Freddy Davis	10
46555	Ada Davis	6
46556	Florence Davis	13
46557	Emily Davis	12
46558	Edith Dyer	13
46559	Fredk. J. Dyer	18
46560	Lucy Blenman	17
46561	J. L. Blenman	12
46562	Ernest Blenman	8
46563	Harriet Cockrill	19

46564 Kate Cass 14
46565 Emily Collins 11
46566 Lina Cass 12
46567 Teresa Collins 13
46568 Daisy E. Willmott 9
46569 Margt. R. Hanna 16
46570 Alice Sanders 16
46571 J. Bartholomew 14
——
46572 Helen M. Sharpe 8
46573 Mamie de Messing 10
46574 H. L. Thomas 8
46575 C. F. Mulliken 10
46576 T. S. Thomas 9
46577 C. E. Jobling 11
46578 Charles A. Wills 9
46579 John Wills 11
46580 Edith Seward, Poplar 13
46581 Katharine Jones 10
46582 M. G. Bundock 10
46583 Ellen E. LeGall 12
46584 Ada C. Finnis 12
46585 Julia Sutton 13
46586 Ellen Silvester 11
46587 Lily Bundock 6
46588 Aurelie Vaillant 11
46589 Lucy Styles 12
46590 Theresa Wells 10
46591 F. E. M. Dobson 10
46592 A. G. Elston 11
46593 E. A. Smith 11
46594 Violet A. Wheeler 12
46595 Jenny Gibb 11
46596 E. A. Wallworth 12
46597 Eleanor Nowell 8
46598 Mary J. Nowell 10
46599 Amy Terry 13
46600 Isabella Nowell 12
46601 Eliza Macland 12
46602 Mary Townsend 19
46603 Jane Catlin 19
46604 H. E. Jacobs 19
46605 Ellen Buckley 18
46606 Margt. Moore 17
46607 Clare E. Coombs 18
46608 Margaret Martin 18
46609 Ellen Christmas 18
46610 Nellie Toomey 19
46611 Ellen Chouchman 18
46612 John Craddock 12
46613 A. Steward 16
46614 A. P. McLean 4
46615 Wm. J. Smith 14
46616 Henry E. New 15
46617 W. le Gall 9
46618 Alfred Smith 9
46619 W. E. McLean 7
46620 Joseph Styles 8
46621 William Durling 9
46622 Sidney Rowe 7
46623 Herbert Rowe 12
46624 Wm. H. Seward 18
46625 Arthur Ellis 11
46626 Wm. Macland 10
46627 Sidney Macland 8
46628 William Norwell 17
46629 Louisa Macland 14

46630	P. A. Seward	8
46631	Hannah Warwick	13
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46632	Maggie Wiper	13
46633	H. Benington	10
46634	A. E. Hollis	9
46635	Bertha Hollis	12
46636	Ibrahim Naame	14
46637	E. M. Studdy	14
46638	A. G. E. Studdy	12
46639	A. T. Bonham	8
46640	E. A. Bonham	17
46641	Clara H Poole, Cheltenham	13
46642	Annie M. Potter	11
46643	Lucy Tippetts	9
46644	E. C. Osborne	13
46645	Mary J. Slader	19
46646	Rosa E. Mason	10
46647	John Guy	8
46648	M. H. Letheren	7
46649	Sophie Baugham	11
46650	Maria Tippetts	11
46651	Thos. C. Guy	9
46652	Amy S. Slader	15
46653	Mary A. Shill	9
46654	L. K. Holliday	12
46655	E. H. Letheren	16
46656	Anne Tippetts	8
46657	M. M. Morland	6
46658	H. E. Giles	10
46659	Annie Whitfield	16
46660	Florce. Robinson	14
46661	Rose G. Tinker	13
46662	Charles W. Tyler	9
46663	Isabella E. Giles	10
46664	Freddy A. Pratt	9
46665	Laura E. Hunt	9
46666	Ellen Swinscoe	15
46667	Edwd. Swinscoe	11
46668	L. M. E. Mitchell	11
46669	A. L. Holliday	10
46670	A. E. Robins	11
46671	Amy Harboure	10
46672	Charles E. Slader	7
46673	Maggie Dix	9
46674	F. B. Slatter	10
46675	John R. Tyler	10
46676	Lizzie Weaver	12
46677	Ellen E. Tyler	12
46678	F. M. Freeman	11
46679	Stanley A. Hunt	10
46680	Harriett E. Hunt	8
46681	Sarah J. Guise	16
46682	Agnes E. Slader	10
46683	Dannie Kelliher	9
46684	Annie Smith	12
46685	John S. Letheren	10
46686	Caleb H. Slader	17
46687	George H. Hunt	12
46688	Annie L. Deane	14
46689	T. H. Giles	16
46690	E. G. F. Poole	7
46691	Fanny Minett	16
46692	Alice Reed	16
46693	R. H. Langstone	13
46694	Nellie Slade	12

46695 Kate E. Deane 12
46696 H. A. Pritchard 10
46697 Ada Woolley, Westminster 14
46698 Sarah Fielder 16
46699 Emily Smith 8
46700 Edith Guillim 14
46701 Beatrice Warren 13
46702 Florence Turner 12
46703 Lily Weeks 9
46704 L. E. Demone 9
46705 Mariam John 13
46706 Mary Lukins 11
46707 Mary Bowen 11
46708 Alice Smith 13
46709 Edmund Leech 6
46710 Rebecca Bolton 12
46711 B. L. Jones 13
46712 Honor Bolton 11
46713 Julia Douglas 19
46714 Charles Hill 10
46715 Miriam Cade 13
46716 Hannah Weeks 12
46717 Edith Russell 9
46718 Clara Russell 14
46719 Julia Weeks 14
46720 A. M. Banks 12
46721 John Weeks 16
46722 Sarah Topham 8
46723 Annie Button 8
46724 Ada Biffen 12
46725 Alice Wiffen 17
46726 Lizzie McCullock 10
46727 Lilly Wiffen 19
46728 Rosa Collins 14
46729 Louisa Austin 14
46730 Clara Banks 8
46731 Lula M. Wilson 8
46732 Alice Davis 7
46733 A. Norridge 12
46734 C. Carwood 16
46735 William Hill 8
46736 Ethel Russell 7
46737 A. Blofield 14
46738 James H. Wilson 9
46739 F. H. Woolley 14
46740 Frank Bedford 19
46741 Alice Lucas 12
46742 Edith Davis 12
46743 Alice Lohmann 15
46744 F. E. Picking 13
46745 Sarah Carwood 14
46746 A. Hockney 14
46747 Elzbth. Fielder 17
46748 F. L. Russell 12
46749 Clara Lillifant 13
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46750 Edith Baker 15
46751 Ada M. Leach 15
46752 M. J. Creagh 14
46753 Laura Gillatt 9
46754 Edwin P. Page 13
46755 Sarah Boughen 19
46756 Alice E. Boyton 14
46757 Louisa Hyde 12
46758 Hilda V. Bayly 11
46759 Charles J Brans 12

46760	Rosa Mitchell	16
46761	William Pruden	11
46762	Henry T. Mullord	11
46763	William Jennings	12
46764	Rosa Jennings	7
46765	F. Steinle, Gt. Chapel St., Ldn.	13
46766	Phillip Limback	16
46767	Henry Filgate	12
46768	Mary Maddick	10
46769	Ettie How	9
46770	Nellie Pierson	12
46771	Helen Scotcher	12
46772	Julia Robinson	11
46773	F. Nightingale	10
46774	Fredk. Limback	9
46775	Charles Green	11
46776	George Clements	11
46777	Phillip Raphael	12
46778	Fredk. Finbow	8
46779	Christian Steinle	16
46780	Frank Randall	13
46781	Albert Steinle	8
46782	Herbert Puttock	12
46783	William Steinle	5
46784	George Steinle	14
46785	James Roe	13
46786	Walter Bull	11
46787	John Akers	8
46788	Ethel Budd	10
46789	Edith Williams	9
46790	Robert Harrison	13
46791	Frederick Fuller	12
46792	Kate Roe	9
46793	Charles Cameron	12
46794	Wm. Cameron	10
46795	Lillian Brown	9
46796	William Walker	11
46797	Abraham Harris	12
46798	Joseph Roe	13
46799	Rose Billett	9
46800	A. Steinle	6
46801	Lindsay Ash	12
46802	Louise Roe	11
46803	Mary Steinle	18
46804	Arthur G. Bull	12
46805	Willie Finbow	7
46806	Edward Moore	11
46807	Fray Blewer	8
46808	George Limback	12
46809	Emily Willomatt	10
46810	Chas. Kilminster	12
46811	Frank Collins	12
46812	Roley Harris	10
46813	William Dones	14
46814	Henry Green	12
46815	Rose Steinle	11
46816	Willie Randall	10
46817	Carrie G. Rees, Oswestry	14
46818	Arthur Thomas	15
46819	Walter M. Shaw	5
46820	C. A. Humphreys	4
46821	M. H. Humphreys	7
46822	Isabel Turner	14
46823	Alice A. Evans	12
46824	Amy Scotcher	13
46825	M. E. Garner	13
46826	Lilian Turner	11

46827	Jessie F. Hughes	10
46828	Norrie Thomas	10
46829	John Thomas	13
46830	Mary A. Thomas	8
46831	M. J. Thomas	9
46832	C. Thomas	7
46833	E. H. Pryce	11
46834	Margrt. E. Pryce	9
46835	Thos. H. Pryce	15
46836	R. Williams	7
46837	Edith Williams	8
46838	Kate I. Pryce	6
46839	Samuel H. Pryce	10
46840	Mary E. Pryce	7
46841	Jessie M. Jones	10
46842	Nora Jones	7
46843	Annie Jenkins	15
46844	George Jenkins	12
46845	Kate Jenkins	7
46846	Jessie Jenkins	10
46847	Pollie Jones	11
46848	Emily Jones	8
46849	Annie Jones	12
46850	Annie E. Price	14
46851	Wm. H. Turner	7
46852	Dora Turner	16
46853	Hannah Evans	14
46854	Kate Thomas	18
46855	M. L. Tilsley	12
46856	Emma E. Tilsley	15
46857	May Davies	9
46858	Emily S. Davies	15
46859	Alfred P. Chivers	7
46860	A. O. Chivers	13
46861	Ethel A. Chivers	12
46862	Ernest C. Chivers	9
46863	H. B. Chivers	6
46864	Hilda Chivers	5
46865	Maud Griffiths	11
46866	Melville McKie	18
46867	Fanny McKie	14
46868	Mary E. Byron	15
46869	Sarah J. Byron	17
46870	J. R. Pomarede	15
46871	Ina McNeill, Belfast	14
46872	Haidee Robb	13
46873	E. McDowell	16
46874	Annie Vance	14
46875	Lizzie Tipping	18
46876	Sara Corbitt	16
46877	H. D. Ruddell	17
46878	F. Thornton	17
46879	E. A. Corbitt	18
46880	J. A. Haslett	14
46881	Ethel Maxwell	17
46882	Annie Elliott	15
46883	Mary A. Ruddell	17
46884	Agnes Reid	18
46885	K. D. Blakely	18
46886	Lizzie Harput	11
46887	Mary Harrison	18
46888	A. L. D. Russell	15
46889	Sophie Robb	15
46890	Maude Black	16
46891	Annie R. Taylor	13
46892	Annie Shelton	15

46893 Maggie Hanna 15
46894 Maud Niven 15
46895 David Taylor 9
46896 Mary Stewart 15
46897 J. E. McAskie 14
46898 Lizzie Kelly 14
46899 R. McCracken. 13
46900 Sarah Harpur 15
46901 Edith Clarke 16
46902 G. Gimshaw 16
46903 Lizzie Burden 13
46904 Anna Morton 14
46905 E. L. Buchanan 14
46906 Mary M. Cromie 14
46907 Freda Martin 15
46908 M. B. Burden 15
46909 Maggie Fisher 15
46910 Kathleen Stewart 16
46911 Etta Thompson 16
46912 Georgina Purdon 15
46913 Lizzie Purdon 16
46914 Susan Byers 15
46915 Olga Loewenthal 13
46916 Fairie Morgan 16
46917 Carrie G. Ward 18
46918 Mary Heron 14
46919 Florence Gordon 14
46920 Frances Naylor 17
46921 Chattie Taylor 16
46922 A. Crossman, Bow 13
46923 M. A. Williams 13
46924 Eliza E. West 15
46925 Florce. Davidson 12
46926 Fredk. Drayson 9
46927 C. Chatterton 13
46928 Charles Drayson 7
46929 Alice A. Smith 11
46930 Emily Reid 13
46931 Lamisa J. Jones 15
46932 Ada R. Nevill 13
46933 George Nevill 9
46934 C. Newton 11
46935 C. Newman 17
46936 William Jones 13
46937 Emily J. Jones 11
46938 Mary Barnard 12
46939 Florce. Constable 8
46940 Edith Sortwell 8
46941 Mary A. Gillen 8
46942 A. W. Sydenham 9
46943 Kate Adams 12
46944 K. H. Wimshurst 12
46945 Charlotte Robbie 11
46946 M. L. Manchee 13
46947 Rose Cooper 14
46948 E. Danzelman 8
46949 Sarah Skuse 21
46950 Olive Philbrick 14
46951 Elizabeth Fay 14
46952 Annie Howlett 9
46953 Alice Hodges 14
46954 Caroline Green 14
46955 Alice Rushbrook 12
46956 Kate Finch 16
46957 Eleanor Harris 12
46958 Florence Harris 16
46959 Julia R. Kaines 12

46960	Alice Winhall	8
46961	Albert Lane	11
46962	Martha Watson	13
46963	Jane Smith	9
46964	F. Rudderham	13
46965	Anne Cearns	13
46966	F. McKindley	13
46967	James W. Cearns	7
46968	Louisa A. Cearns	9
46969	Emma Taylor	15
46970	Edith Cearns	15
46971	Matilda Ford	11
46972	Edith Green	15
46973	C. F. Truman	19
46974	Ellen Ward	12
46975	C. E. Partington	15
46976	E. A. Partington	11
46977	Lucy Taylor	12
46978	Geo F. Taylor	9
46979	J. A. Truman	14
46980	Edith M. Truman	8
46981	Lizzie Truman	12
46982	E. M. Truman	14
46983	Jessie G. Truman	10
46984	Fredk. Guy	14
46985	Grace I. Truman	11
46986	Josph. W. Baxter	16
46987	E. M. Asquith	9
46988	Florrie Spencer	14
46989	Alice Spencer	12
46990	Edith Spencer	10
46991	E. W. Shakespear	12
46992	E. M. Shakespear	14
46993	E. W. Warman	12
46994	Harry Hawkins	10
46995	Herbert Hawkins	8
46996	Elizabeth Perkins, Bow	13
46997	Albert Mackrow	12
46998	Rosa Felgate	8
46999	George Stannard	16
47000	John Rushbrook	9
47001	Annie Palmer	16
47002	Lillian Shelton	11
47003	Helen Roberts	14
47004	Henry Fullick	11
47005	Rebecca Fullick	10
47006	Sarah Stapleton	12
47007	F. C. Stedman	10
47008	John Morgan	14
47009	William Palmer	14
47010	Lillian Macland	9
47011	Harry Roberts	9
47012	Clara A. Gibbs	12
47013	William Roberts	11
47014	Helen Hyam	9
47015	David Dickerson	9
47016	Hannah Maskell	12
47017	Wm. Stapleton	10
47018	Minnie Valantine	6
47019	Francis Maskell	17
47020	Louisa Dennis	14
47021	Margaret Irven	13
47022	Elizabeth Silva	14
47023	Jane Sayers	11
47024	Emily Sexton	15
47025	Clara Dickerson	13
47026	Florence Sayers	13

47027 F. Dickerson 11
47028 Emily Stapleton 14
47029 Clara A. Brooks 8
47030 Mary A. Ellis 14
47031 Mary A. Jones 14
47032 Mary A. Forrow 12
47033 Maria E. Ray 11
47034 Alice L. Howard 12
47035 Ellen R. Adams 11
47036 Charlotte Brooks 12
47037 Elizabeth Hulme 10
47038 Minnie Mackland 12
47039 Mary Rushbrook 12
47040 Alice Stannard 14
47041 Lillie Palmer 12
47042 Ellen Barrett 14
47043 Annie Silva 15
47044 Annie Palmer 16
47045 George Roberts 15
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47046 E. H. Davey 14
47047 Gertrde. Waldron 17 [Pg 251]
47048 Eliz. A. Clements 17
47049 D. A. Harrison 15
47050 Ethel K. Swan 15
47051 Margt. A. Yates 15
47052 Amy F. Swan 16
47053 Mary J. Bold 11
47054 Elizabeth Crowe 9
47055 Matilda Crowe 12
47056 Grace G. Parry 14
47057 Edith H. Webb, Bow 13
47058 Agnes L. Allum 19
47059 Louisa G. Winter 18
47060 Alice M. Davis 15
47061 E. S. Ashdown 15
47062 Annie Hearsey 14
47063 Sarah Broom 14
47064 Ada V. Jones 14
47065 Ada Ferguson 14
47066 Eliza Finnis 13
47067 W. H. Armstrong 14
47068 Mary M. Davis 12
47069 M. F. Ferguson 12
47070 E. S. Coomber 12
47071 Lydia A. Smith 12
47072 F. C. Ballard 12
47073 M. F. Creighton 12
47074 Isabella Tomling 12
47075 Ada Keable 12
47076 F. M. Davidson 12
47077 A. E. Browning 11
47078 M. L. Keable 11
47079 Ada Rohwetter 11
47080 H. E. Ashdown 11
47081 Jenny Anthony 11
47082 Elizbth. Cluney 10
47083 Mabel Miller 10
47084 Janet Munn 10
47085 Lilian E. Wood 10
47086 Elizbth. L. Woolf 10
47087 A. S. K. Dobson 10
47088 Harriett Odonko 10
47089 Ada Mayne 10
47090 Alice M. Lovett 10
47091 Alice Mackelcken 10
47092 A. L. Nigthingale 10

47093 R. M. Winter 10
47094 F. M. Hammond 10
47095 A. E. Denham 9
47096 F. L. Parnell 9
47097 E. M. Davis 10
47098 Minnie Ashdown 9
47099 R. M. Winter 9
47100 A. M. Wakeham 9
47101 Arthur Cross 9
47102 Arthur Blaker 9
47103 L. B. Wakeham 8
47104 M. Hammond 8
47105 Alice E. R. Burn 8
47106 L. M. Ferguson 7
47107 E. A. Kaines 7
47108 M. A. Kaines 6
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47109 Emily C. Allen 10
47110 Ada L. Freir 14
47111 Herbert J. Jeffery 9
47112 F. J. C. Jeffery 7
47113 Fredk. J. Symes 12
47114 Jane Reid, Rothesay 19
47115 McNeill Duncan 16
47116 Annie B. Cook 20
47117 Jeannie Gow 16
47118 James R. Gow 14
47119 Maggie Lowson 14
47120 Beatrice Lowson 7
47121 Lizzie Lowson 9
47122 Wm. McCullock 10
47123 A. Colville 11
47124 James Colville 4
47125 Jane Ludlow 8
47126 Elizbth. Ludlow 7
47127 Hy. H. Thomson 10
47128 Gordon Thomson 9
47129 A. C. Thomson 11
47130 Grace C. Thom 20
47131 Isabella Black 16
47132 Bella Macloy 11
47133 W. MacClilland 16
47134 E. R. Macdonald 19
47135 H. McDonald 20
47136 John G. Palmer 10
47137 Sarah B. Stewart 12
47138 Thomas Stewart 10
47139 Arthur Brash 5
47140 Harris Brash 7
47141 M. Brash 10
47142 Frank Brash 12
47143 Gregor T. Brash 14
47144 Sarah Lindsay 14
47145 M. B. Furguson 15
47146 Hannah Duncan 15
47147 Mary Worling 16
47148 Helen Murray 12
47149 A. M. Murray 10
47150 J. A. L. Murray 6
47151 A. Murray 6
47152 Andrew Murray 9
47153 E. C. Rankin 17
47154 C. M. Rankin 20
47155 Pryce Rankin 19
47156 Maud Porter 12
47157 A. M. Barrowman 7
47158 W. R. Barrowman 8
47159 T. Barrowman 12

47160 M. Barrowman 16
47161 M. Barrowman 10
47162 J. M. Barrowman 18
47163 Mary B. Blair 13
47164 Elizabeth Phillp 13
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47165 E. B. Watmouth 13
47166 W. Watmouth 11
47167 H. E. Warwick 13
47168 Alfred E. Curtis 7
47169 Kate M. Curtis 14
47170 Jessie Curtis 10
47171 Edgar H. Curtis 12
47172 G. H. Orlebar, Clapton 12
47173 S. C. Akehurst 13
47174 Anne M. Bailey 19
47175 Thos. A. Baynes 13
47176 Elizabeth Bush 11
47177 Arthur E. Coates 12
47178 Fanny Cox 11
47179 Fredk. C. Dove 12
47180 James N. Dove: 10
47181 T. S. Edridge 11
47182 Chas. Emerson 16
47183 C. G. Fishlock 12
47184 A. J. Freshwater 11
47185 Henry Frost 12
47186 M. R. Griffith 11
47187 Alice Hall 10
47188 Fanny A. Hall 12
47189 E. H. Hillworth 16
47190 M. E. Hillworth 11
47191 Susan Hughes 13
47192 Emma Hull 17
47193 Fanny Hull 13
47194 Alfred J. Hunt 12
47195 A. T. Ireland 11
47196 A. J. Jamieson 14
47197 H. G. Jamieson 11
47198 Charles J. King 12
47199 John A. Law 13
47200 R. J. Messenger 15
47201 Ada E. Moore 13
47202 Chas. M. Morris 11
47203 Chas. M. Mynott 12
47204 E. P. Newberry 12
47205 Emily J. Orlebar 16
47206 Wm. G. H. Paull 12
47207 Arthur T. Pike 13
47208 Arthur G. Pipe 11
47209 Wm. C. Potter 12
47210 William Radley 13
47211 C. J. Rainbow 9
47212 Jessie Rainbow 7
47213 William J. Rous 12
47214 Wm. H. Sanders 10
47215 Richard T. Scott 12
47216 Arthur H. Sibley 14
47217 Joseph Sleap 12
47218 A. L. Stevenson 11
47219 Fredk. W. Upson 12
47220 George Wall 13
47221 Sarah Welsh 10
47222 Joseph Wright 11
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47223 Joseph Wilson 13
47224 Joseph Griffin 15

47225 Charles Griffin	12
47226 George Gregg	12
47227 Edgar Marshall	13
47228 Edward Harris	13
47229 G. F. Brewill	10
47230 B. Sanders, Shepherd's Bsh.	18
47231 Emma Jänko	15
47232 Ellen Dowling	9
47233 Janet Cooke	11
47234 Francis Ward	9
47235 Katie Ward	14
47236 Marcia Cooke	14
47237 Fanny Stoyle	17
47238 Mary Pearce	18
47239 H. V. Pearson	12
47240 Daniel Holmans	10
47241 Emma Dowling	12
47242 Annie Angell	8
47243 William Kennedy	11
47244 A. B. Rugg	13
47245 Maggie Jones	9
47246 Levi Jenkins	10
47247 Fredk. Price	9
47248 Emily Williams	11
47249 Agnes Hughes	14
47250 Emily Jones	14
47251 Bessie Beigh	13
47252 Mary Welch	10
47253 Minnie Barnard	13
47254 Julia Cowlin	13
47255 Mabel Cock	11
47256 Rose Patmer	12
47257 Emma Welch	9
47258 Thomas Wilton	8
47259 William Smith	9
47260 Clara Cock	9
47261 Sarah Watson	12
47262 Oswald N. Roper	8
47263 Arthur Stacey	8
47264 Lizzie Kendrew	9
47265 Nellie Kenneth	11
47266 Elsie M. Kenneth	9
47267 Alice A. Kenneth	15
47268 E. M. Kenneth	17
47269 Clara Phillips	13
47270 Edward Phillips	18
47271 Edith Fetcher	14
47272 Florry Fetcher	12
47273 Clara Fetcher	7
47274 H. O. Kenneth	12
47275 George Maxwell	13

[*Officers and Members are referred to a Special Notice on page 55.*]

TRUE STORIES ABOUT PETS, ANECDOTES, &c.

TEACHING A DOG TO READ.

DEAR Mr. Editor,—My father knows a gentleman who is teaching his dog to read. He prepared some thick pieces of cardboard and printed on each card, in large letters, such words as *Bone*, *Food*, *Out*, &c. He first gave the dog food in a saucer on the card *food*, and then he placed an empty saucer on a blank card. Van is his name, and he is a black poodle. The next thing he did was to teach Van to bring the cards to him. He brings the card with *out* on if he wishes to go out. One day he brought the card with *food* upon it nine times, the card being placed in a different position each time among the other cards. The gentleman hopes to

teach him more, for Van quite understands what he has learnt.

H. E. Fowler.
(Aged 13.)

Woodthorne, Wolverhampton.

TWO CLEVER HORSES.

DEAR Mr. Editor,—We were once in the country. There was a gentleman living near us, and he had two horses and a carriage. One night he was driving home from dinner, when suddenly the horses stopped. The coachman whipped them, but still they would not move a step farther, so the footman got down and lit a lantern to see what was the matter. What was his surprise to see a tree lying right across the road. Wasn't it clever of the horses to know the tree was there when it was so dark? The gentleman was very pleased with his horses, because if they had gone on the carriage would have been upset.

Antony S. Byng.
(Aged 7¼.)

St. Peter's Parsonage, Cranley Gardens, London, S.W.

RUFFLE, THE SWIMMING CAT.

DEAR Mr. Editor,—Not long ago I was given a little tabby Persian kitten, about four months old, which I called "Ruffle." We soon became great friends, and when I went out she would follow me like a dog. At the bottom of our park there is a river, in which we have a bathing-place. One morning when I was going to bathe I thought I would take Ruffle with me, as it would be a nice run for her, and I could leave her with my maid in the punt whilst I was in the water. She did not seem in the least afraid until I was in the water, and then she began to mew. She would not stay in the maid's lap, but ran to the side of the punt mewing piteously. I came to the side of the punt and stroked her and she began to purr at once. I thought she would be quite happy now, and so I left her, but I had hardly turned my back before I heard a little splash and turning round saw my maid vainly trying to rescue Ruffle, who had jumped into the water! Instead of trying to reach the bank she swam to me. Of course I picked her up, little drowned mite that she was, and took her into the bathing-house and dried her as well as I could. I need not say that this proof of her affection made us firmer friends than ever.

Marian C. Brodrick.
(Aged 14.)

Peper Harow,
Godalming, Surrey.

A DOG'S TRICK.

DEAR Mr. Editor,—I thought you would like to hear of a trick played by a Newfoundland dog of whom its owner was very fond. One day my grandpapa, whilst out walking with another gentleman, was boasting rather of the cleverness of Victor, his dog, in finding things which he had not seen. His friend asked if he would hide something now, and not show the dog. My grandfather agreed, and while Victor was not looking placed his stick in the gutter. The two gentlemen then walked on for about a mile and a half; the dog was then called, and told to fetch the stick. By-and-by he returned, but without the cane. Grandpapa was very angry, especially as his friend remarked that he never really believed it possible for any animal to find a thing at such a distance. The dog was sent back again, but returned with the same result. The gentlemen then determined to follow him, and see where he went. And what do you think the sly fellow did?—why just went round the corner and lay down till he thought it was time to go back! But when he found our that he was discovered he went and brought the stick to grandpapa, who could not help laughing at the trick he had been played.

Edith Parnell.
(Aged 13.)

13, *Windsor Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne*.

Note.—Each Story, Anecdote, &c., when sent to the Editor, must be certified by a Parent, Teacher, or other responsible person, as being both *True and Original*.

OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN CORNER.

ANSWER TO "PICTURE WANTING WORDS" (*p.* 128).

FIRST PRIZE ANSWER.

HE picture on page 128 of LITTLE FOLKS represents the ruins of the vast Flavian Amphitheatre, or, as it is also called, Coliseum. After a period of civil war and confusion, Vespasian began the Flavian dynasty, and entered upon his reign by filling up the spaces made by the demolitions of Nero, and by the fire, with large buildings, the most conspicuous and massive of them being the Coliseum. It is not known whether this name was given to it from its tremendous size or from the Colossus of Nero which stood near.

Vespasian, however, did not complete it, but his son Titus, who succeeded him, did so. The splendour of the interior, as gathered from Roman poets, was said to be unequalled. Marble statues filled the arcades, gilt and brazen network supported on ivory posts and wheels protected the spectators from the wild beasts, fountains of fragrant waters were scattered throughout the building, and marble tripods for burning the incense upon. Speaking of the size of it, it covers five acres of ground, and is capable of holding a hundred thousand persons. An idea of the solidity of the building may be taken from the fact that after two thousand years, during which time it has been used for a quarry for materials for palaces and churches, nearly three-quarters still remain. Now that a description of the building has been given, I will say something about the uses of it.

The Coliseum was first of all built for gladiatorial shows, which were the favourite amusement of the Romans. All of both sexes, from the Emperor down to the meanest slave, used to flock to see them. Primitive Christianity is associated in a great degree with this building; "The Christians to the Lions" often being the cry throughout the city, and hundreds of innocent persons were "butchered to make a Roman holiday." The first Christian Emperor tried to put a stop to this butchery (statistics say that the combats of this amphitheatre cost from twenty to thirty thousand lives per month), but the custom was too deeply rooted to be stopped all at once. In the reign of Honorius, however, it was altogether abolished. It is very marvellous how this piece of masonry should have stood through all these years with comparatively so little decay.

H. D. HOPE.
(Aged 15).

11, *Greenfield Crescent, Edgbaston,*
Birmingham.
Certified by HENRY HOPE (Father).

LIST OF HONOUR.

First Prize (One-Guinea Book), with Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour;—H. D. HOPE (15), 11, Greenfield Crescent, Edgbaston, Birmingham. *Second Prize (Seven-Shilling-and-Sixpenny Book), with Officer's Medal*:—MARGARET T. S. BEATTIE (13), St. Michael's, Torquay. *Honourable Mention, with Members Medal*:—M. AGNES HOWARD (10½), 15, Clarence Square, Gosport; G. G. CALLCOTT (15½), Hageldon, 27, Shepherd's Bush Road; KATE E. GREENHOW (12½), Highfield, Chelmsford, Essex; EDITH WINGATE (15), 2, Finlayson Place, Relvinside, Glasgow; ADRIANA POLI (11), 24, Via Ricasoli, Livorno, Italy; SYBIL COVENTRY (13½), Severn Stoke Rectory, Worcester; CLIFFORD CRAWFORD (11¾), 21, Windsor Street, Edinburgh; EDITH B. JOWETT (15¾), Thackley Road, Idle, near Bradford; PERCY G. TRENDELL (12), 10, Coburg Place, Bayswater Road, London, S.W.

THE "LITTLE FOLKS" ANNUAL FOR 1885.

The "LITTLE FOLKS" ANNUAL for 1885 (price Sixpence) will be published on the 25th of October, 1884, under the title of

"A SHIPFUL OF CHILDREN, AND THEIR MERRY ADVENTURES."

In this ANNUAL will be related, in a number of bright and entertaining Stories, the amusing adventures and incidents which befell several Children during a wonderful "voyage" undertaken by them; and, in addition to telling of all the doings of these Children, and of what they saw and heard, the ANNUAL will contain a large number of laughable Puzzles, Riddles, &c., a Song with Music, and a new Indoor or Outdoor Entertainment by Geo. Manville Fenn, which has been specially written with the view to its being easily performed at home by Boys and Girls. All the Stories in "A SHIPFUL OF CHILDREN" are from the pens of Authors with whose writings readers of "LITTLE FOLKS" are familiar, including the Author of "Prince Pimpernel," Henry Frith, Julia Goddard (who contributes a Fairy Story), Robert Richardson, the Author of "Claimed at Last," and others; while the Illustrations—humorous and otherwise, and about Forty in number—have been specially drawn by Harry Furniss, Hal Ludlow, Lizzie Lawson, Gordon Browne, C. Gregory, W. Rainey, A. S. Fenn, E. J. Walker, and others. The Editor would remind intending purchasers that the "LITTLE FOLKS" ANNUAL last year was out of print a few days after publication, and many were in consequence unable to obtain copies; it is desirable, therefore, so as to avoid disappointment,

that orders for "A Shipful of Children" should be given to booksellers as early as possible.

OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PUZZLES.

PICTORIAL NATURAL HISTORY PUZZLE.

My 2, 3, 4, 7, 6 = pungent.
My 1, 9, 16 = to taste.
My 12, 11, 14, 10 = mists.
My 8, 5, 15 = an Egyptian notable.
My 6, 7, 13, 17 = food.

My whole is a bird.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

The initials form the name of an island at the entrance of the Baltic Sea.

1. A lake in Switzerland.
2. A river in Spain.
3. A river in Italy.
4. The capital of a country in Europe.
5. Some mountains in Europe.
6. A river in Africa.
7. A river in Turkey.

M. A. Ward.
(Aged 10½.)

54, *Southfield Square, Bradford, Yorks*.

MISSING LETTER PUZZLE.

The following is a verse from one of Tom Hood's poems:—

'× w × s × n × h × p × i × e × f × u × m × r × i × e,
× n × v × n × n × c × l × a × d × o × l,
× n × f × u × a × d × w × n × y × a × p × b × y ×
C × m × b × u × d × n × o × t × f × c × o × l:
× h × r × w × r × s × m × t × a × r × n × n × s × m × t × a × l × a × t,
× i × e × r × u × l × t × i × a × o × l.

Winifred H. Shacklock.
(Aged 11¾.)

Meadow House, Mansfield,
Nottingham.

SQUARE WORDS.

A MARK.
2. An eatable.
3. Related.
4. A fissure.

1. A vehicle.
2. A tree.
3. Part of the verb *to ride*.
4. A river in England.

1. A partner.
2. A salt.
3. A melody.
4. A large bird.

Bertram G. Theobald.
(Aged 12¾.)

2, *Ashley Road,*
Hornsey Rise, London, N.

BURIED NAMES OF RIVERS.


HE building is erected near the town hall.
2. The king told us we served him well.
3. If they find us, we must run away.
4. Mary and Emma are going for a walk.
5. Feel how hot I am, Stella.

C. LILIAN DICKINS.
(Aged 11½.)

1, *Priory Gardens,*
Folkestone.

RIDDLE-ME-REE.


Y first is in table, but not in chair.
My second is in orange, but not in pear.
My third is in come, but not in go.
My fourth is in fast, but not in slow.
My fifth is in tin, but not in lead.
My sixth is in cover, but not in bed.
My whole is a vegetable much liked by some,
And now my riddle-me-ree is done.

PERCY ELLISON.
(Aged 12.)

17, *Esplanade, Waterloo,*
near Liverpool.

BURIED PROVERB.


WORD of the proverb is contained in each line.
1. There were a great many people at the ball.
2. Who gave you that flower?
3. They live close by us.
4. She went in the train because it was raining.
5. The glass is not put in the frame yet.
6. All these houses belong to him.
7. You must not stay out so late again, Edith.
8. Are you not going for a walk?
9. You throw the ball too high, Louise.
10. We will flood the lawn when the stones have been swept away.

AMY FAGG.
(Aged 15.)

Clarence Lodge, Canning Road, Croydon.

ANSWERS TO LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PUZZLES (*p. 189*).

MISSING LETTER PUZZLE.

"With fingers weary and worn, with eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags, plying her needle and thread:
Stitch! stitch! stitch! in poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch, she sang the 'Song of the Shirt.'"

DOUBLE MESOSTICH.—OBERON—PORTIA.

1. H**OP**e.
2. O**BO**e.
3. H**ER**d.
4. Ta**RT**an.
5. Qu**OI**ts.
6. Fi**NA**le.

RIDDLE-ME-REE.—Tiger.

SINGLE GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC—Celebes.

1. **C** hesterfield.
2. **E** rne.
3. **L** iffey.
4. **E** lba.
5. **B** lenheim.
6. **E** uphrates.
7. **S** hrewsbury.

HIDDEN PROVERBS.

1. "Strike while the iron is hot."
2. "Where there's a will, there's a way."
3. "Too many cooks spoil the broth."

BEHEADED WORDS.

1. Wheel, heel, eel.
2. Slate, late, ate.
3. Stale, tale, ale.

GEOGRAPHICAL PICTORIAL ACROSTIC.

Italy—Assam.

I celand contains the volcano of Hecl **A**.
T unbridge Wells is remarkable for its spring **S**.
A thens, the capital of Morea, is famous on account of its Acropoli **S**.
L eghorn is situated 14 miles south of Pis **A**.
Y armouth is the chief seat of the herring fisheries in the kingdo **M**.

PRIZE PUZZLE COMPETITION.

[Pg 254]

SPECIAL HOME AND FOREIGN COMPETITION.

As announced last month, the Editor proposes to give those of his Readers residing abroad an opportunity of competing for Prizes on favourable terms with Subscribers in Great Britain. A list of the Prizes is given below, and the Puzzles, together with additional particulars, will be found in the September issue.

Prizes.

Twenty prizes will be awarded for the best Solutions to the Puzzles given *in the last number* (*p. 190*); Ten to Competitors in the Senior (for girls and boys between the ages of 14 and 16 *inclusive*), and Ten to Competitors in the Junior Division (for those *under* 14 years of age).

The following will be the value of the Prizes, in books, given in *each* Division:—

1. A First Prize of One Guinea.
2. A Second Prize of Half a Guinea.
3. A Third Prize of Seven Shillings and Sixpence.
4. Two Prizes of Five Shillings.
5. Five Prizes of Half a Crown.

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 Prize-winners in *each* Division.

N.B.—The Solutions, together with the names and addresses of the Prize and Medal winners, will be published in the January Number of Little Folks.

Regulations.

Solutions to the Puzzles published in the last number (p. 190) must reach the Editor not later than October 25th (November 1st for Competitors residing abroad), addressed as under:—

The Editor of "Little Folks,"
La Belle Sauvage Yard.
Ludgate Hill,
London, E.C.
Answers to Puzzles.
Junior [or *Senior*] *Division.*

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.

Summer Competition. (Solution to Puzzle No. 2).

Senior Division.

1. Anne. 2. Bonaparte. 3. Coxwell. 4. Dugdale. 5. Erasmus. 6. Fox. 7. Godoonoff. 8. Hyde. 9. Isaeus (or Isocrates). 10. Junius. 11. Klingenstierna. 12. Leveridge.

CLASS II.—Consisting of those who have gained eleven marks or less:—G. Blenkin, R. Brook, Hon. M. Brodrick, H. Blunt, M. Bradbury, A. Bradbury, N. Besley, H. Coombes, L. E. Curme, J. Cooper, M. Cooper, B. Coventry, F. G. Callcott, C. Debenham, G. Dundas, H. Dyson, Rosita Eustace, L. Fraser, M. Gollidge, E. Gollidge, E. D. Griffiths, B. Hudson, G. Horner, A. Hartfield, E. Chapell-Hodge, L. Haydon, M. Jones-Henry, M. Heddle, A. Jackson, E. Jowett, W. Johnson, M. Jakeman, A. Lynch, E. Lithgon, A. Leah, E. Leake, E. Maynard, K. Mills, E. Morgan, K. F. Nix, J. Nix, M. Nix, G. Pettman, A. Pellier, G. Russell, F. Roberts, C. Rees, C. Stanier, A. Sifton, M. Addison-Scott, A. J. Sifton, Una Tracy, C. Tindinger, B. Tomlinson, K. Williams, E. Wedgwood, B. Walton, M. Wilson, H. Watson, A. Wilson, F. Burnet, A. Elliot, G. Burne, M. More, E. Hanlon, M. Lloyd, B. Law, N. Ross, W. C. Wilson, N. Pybus.

Junior Division.

1. Marlborough. 2. Nares. 3. Oppian. 4. Perseus. 5. Quarles. 6. Rebolledo. 7. Sansovino. 8. Talma. 9. Ursinus. 10. Victor. 11. Washington. 12. Young.

CLASS II.—Consisting of those who have gained eleven marks or less:—D. Blunt, M. Balfour, M. Buckler, Lolo Besley, M. Beallie, G. Barnes, E. Brake, L. Coventry, M. Curme, M. Callcott, C. Crawford, M. Cooper, A. Coombs, G. Debenham, P. Davidson, M. Frisby, S. Fullford, J. Gruning, E. Gruning, L. Gill, L. Hudson, G. Chapell-Hodge, G. C. Jackson, A. King, E. Lucy, K. Lynch, E. Leake, G. O'Morris, N. Maxwell, H. Mugliston, F. Medlycott, E. Neame, E. Parks, E. Quilter, M. Somerville, J. Seager, S. Sifton, F. Todd, M. M. Calman-Turpie, M. Wilson, G. L. Williams, G. Williams, E. Yeo, C. Burne, F. Burne, V. Coombes, E. A. Coombes, E. L. Metcalf, H. M. Smith, L. Weetman.

AWARD OF PRIZES (Tenth Quarter).

Senior Division.

The *First*, *Second*, and *Third Prizes* are divided between the following Competitors, each of whom gains an equal number of marks, and is awarded Books to the value of 12s. 6d.:—Matilda Heddle (15), St. Leonards, St. Andrews; Caroline J. Nix (14¾), Tilgate, Crawley, Sussex; Ruth H. Brook (15), Helme Edge, Metham, near Huddersfield. F. G. Calcott gains an equal number of marks, but having taken a Prize last Quarter is not eligible to receive one on this occasion.

Bronze Medals of the Little Folks Legion of Honour are awarded to:—Alice Bradbury (14), Oak Lodge, Nightingale Lane, S.W.; Lilian Haydon (15), Cholmeley Park House, Archway Road, Highgate; Christiana Jane Debenham (15), Cheshunt Park, Herts.

Junior Division.

The *First*, *Second*, and *Third Prizes* are divided amongst the following Competitors, each of whom gains an equal number of marks, and is awarded Books to the value of 12s. 6d.:—Eleanor Yeo (11), 30, Paul Street, Exeter; Emmeline A. Neame (12½), Church House, Llangadock, S. Wales; Nellie M. Maxwell (9½), Jenner Road, Guildford.

Bronze Medals of the Little Folks Legion of Honour are awarded to Agnes F. Coombs (13), Beaminster, Dorset; Dorothy Blunt (12), Manor House, Dorchester, Wallingford; M. Gwendoline Buckler (12½), Bedstone Rectory, Birkenhead.

A NEW FORM OF AMUSEMENT.

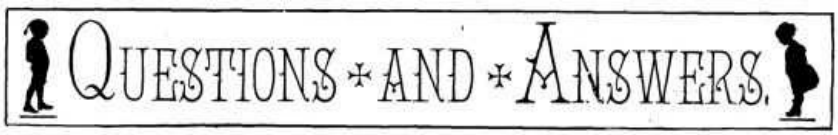
Proverbs in Sections.

As the autumn evenings are now at hand, I mention below a Proverb Game which may be made amusing where there is a party of children who are fond of intellectual diversions. Each player thinks of a proverb, writes the syllables on a piece of paper in the manner indicated below, and hands it on to his next neighbour, who writes on the back the proverb itself, *if he can*, and keeps the paper. If he cannot solve the Puzzle, he reads out the syllables *quickly*, and any player who guesses the proverb receives the paper. At the end of the game see how many papers each player has:

1. -dle fire great it kin- Lit- out ones put sticks -tle the.
2. By gets go- -ing mill the.
3. are all be not to Truths told.
4. A got is -ny pen- spared twice.
5. -ing no pays Talk- toll.
6. a- -eth fire -far not quench- -ter Wa-
7. be- -eth fox Geese the preach- -ware when.
8. A -ers gath- -ing moss no roll- stone.
9. A a -ant's -ders dwarf far- gi- on of shoul- sees the the -ther two.

1. Little sticks kindle the fire; great ones put it out.
2. By going gets the mill.
3. Truths are not all to be told.
4. A penny got is twice spared.
5. Talking pays no toll.
6. Water afar quencheth not fire.
7. Geese beware when the fox preacheth.
8. A rolling stone gathers no moss.
9. A dwarf on a giant's shoulders sees the farther of the two.

It will be seen in the above examples that a certain clue is given by writing the syllable with which the proverb commences in a capital letter. This need not be done in playing the game where elder children only take part, but it is an assistance for the younger ones. As to the arrangement of syllables, it will be seen that the above are assorted in alphabetical order, and this plan will be found most easy for reference, but the sections may be placed in any order. In the case of number 2, the above arrangement gives a clue to the proverb, and therefore in writing out your "sections" it will be found that for *short* proverbs it will be desirable to place the syllables in such a manner as to give the slightest indication of the sentence; whilst in longer proverbs the alphabetical plan will be best.



[*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.

Louis Verrier, T. S. J.—[I am glad to tell you that a new "Little Folks Painting Book" is in preparation. Particulars will be announced shortly.—Ed.]

Literature.

Little Maid of Arcadie would like to know if any one can tell her in what poem the following lines occur—

> "Evil is wrought by want of thought,
> As well as want of heart."

and who the author is.

A Northern Mole would be much obliged if any reader of Little Folks would tell her who wrote the poems "Sintram" and "Lyra Innocentium."

Alice in Wonderland wishes to know the story of King Cophetua.

Games and Amusements.

Peroquet writes, in answer to Green-eyed Jowler, that the game of "Cross Questions and Crooked Answers" is played by any number of persons—about seven or eight are best. The players sit in a row, the first one asks her right-hand neighbour a question and receives an answer, both in an undertone. Then the player who was asked has to ask her next neighbour a question, and so on all round, the last one asking the one who began. Then in turn they all declare the question they were asked and the answer they received; *not* the question *they* asked, or the answer *they* gave. The fun consists in the perfect nonsense of the proper answers to the wrong questions, and from this it gets its name, "Cross Questions and Crooked Answers." Answers also received from One of the Fair Sex, Bridget, Aurania, Five Minutes, T. C., and Wm. Shear.

Work.

Astarte would like to know how to make a baby's woollen jacket.

Cookery.

Chuckles writes in answer to Maid of Athens that the way to make oat-cakes is:—Put two or three handfuls of meal into a bowl and moisten it with water, merely sufficient to form it into a cake; knead it out round and round with the hands upon the paste-board, strewing meal under and over it, and put it on a girdle. Bake it till it is a little brown on the under side, then take it off and toast that side before the fire which was uppermost on the girdle. To make these cakes soft, merely do them on both sides on the girdle.

F. W. Boreham writes in answer to Snow-Flake that the way to make almond rock is to cut in small slices three-quarters of a pound of sweet almonds, half a pound of candied peel, and two ounces

of citron; add one pound and a half of sugar, a quarter of a pound of flour, and the whites of six eggs. Roll the mixture into small-sized balls and lay them on wafer paper about an inch apart. Bake them in a moderate oven until they are of a pale brown colour.

PANSY asks how to make Queen's Cakes.

GENERAL.

W. E. IRELAND sends in answer to W. ROUTLEDGE'S inquiry the following directions for making a graph for copying letters, &c.:—Six parts of glycerine, four parts of water, two parts of barium sulphate, one part of sugar. Mix the materials and let them soak for twenty-four hours, then melt at a gentle heat and stir well. I have used this recipe and have frequently taken twenty or twenty-five clear copies. Once I took over thirty. A great deal depends on the stirring, also the melting.

NATURAL HISTORY.

VIOLA would like to know if sorrel is good for birds, and if so, in what quantity should it be given. —[Probably some birds eat it, but with the majority it is too acid. Groundsel or plantain is much better. Green food may be given freely in summer—regularly; but alternate supply and deprivation are bad.]

SEJANUS would like to know of a really good book on British birds' eggs, and what the price of it would be?—[At the end of every volume of "Familiar Wild Birds" (published by Cassell and Company), there are plates and descriptions of the eggs of all the birds described.]

A. K. would be glad to know of a cure for her dog. The balls of his eyes, which were brown, have turned light blue; he can hardly see at all. He is just four years old.—[We fear it is doubtful if your dog can be cured. It is possible that dropping into his eyes a solution of atropine may restore his sight, but you should get advice from a veterinary surgeon, who must in any case show you how to do it.]

"Picture Wanting Words" Competition.

Full particulars of the Special Home and Foreign "Picture Wanting Words" Competition—open to all readers under the age of Sixteen, and in which Six Prizes and Officers' Medals of the LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour, in addition to some Members' Medals, are offered—were printed on page 192 of the last Number. This Competition is open until October 25th for Competitors in Great Britain and Ireland, and until November 1st for those who reside abroad. (Competitors are referred to a notice about the Silver Medal on page 115 of the last Volume.)

THE BROWNIES TO THE RESCUE.

[Pg 256]

A widow lives across the creek
Who took in washing by the week
But aches and pains have crossed her way
And now she lies in want, they say,

Without a loaf of bread to eat,
A slice of cheese, or pound of meat.
So, while the owls around us sing,
This basket full of food we bring.

We made a raid on market stall,
And took the poultry, fish, and all—.
For Brownies are not slow, be sure,
To do their best to help the poor.

Across the window-sill with care
We'll slide it to her table bare,
And when she wakens up, no doubt,
She'll think her neighbours were about.

PALMER COX.

"SO, WHILE THE OWLS AROUND US SING, THIS BASKET FULL OF FOOD WE BRING."

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