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**LITTLE FOLKS:**  
***A Magazine for the Young.***  
***NEW AND ENLARGED SERIES.***  
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## A LITTLE TOO CLEVER.

[Pg 257]

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

### CHAPTER XVI.—IN LONDON.



"WHAT is the meaning of this—this gross outrage?" stammered Grandpapa Donaldson, growing very red and angry. "By what right do you molest peaceful travellers? Go on, my dear," he added, addressing Mrs. Donaldson. "You and Effie go on; I will join you directly."

"We will wait for you, father," Mrs. Donaldson said, in a sweet, pensive voice. "What do these gentlemen want?"

"You cannot leave the carriage, madam," one of the men said, placing himself firmly against the door, and drawing a paper from his pocket. "I hold here a warrant for the apprehension of John and Lucy Murdoch, who put up last night at the 'Royal Hotel' at Edinburgh, and engaged a first-class compartment by the Scotch morning express."

"You are making a mistake," Mrs. Donaldson said quietly. "Our name is not Murdoch."

"A mistake you will have to pay dearly for!" the old gentleman cried irascibly. "It is preposterous, perfectly preposterous!"

Elsie stood by, listening with all her ears, quite unable to understand the meaning of this strange scene, any more than that old Mr. Donaldson was evidently very annoyed and angry about it. When the words "John and Lucy Murdoch" fell on her ear, she gave a little start, for Meg's remarks came back to her mind, filling her with curiosity. Fortunately, no one was observing her, and her momentary confusion passed unobserved in the

gloom of the carriage. Not for worlds would she have betrayed Meg.

"Effie dear," Mrs. Donaldson said sweetly, "have you the book grandpapa gave you, and my umbrella?"

"Yes, mamma; here they are," Elsie returned, as readily as she could. Never before had it seemed so difficult to bring out the word "mamma" naturally.

It was the answer that Mrs. Donaldson wanted.

"Then we are quite ready," she returned. "Please do not detain us any longer than you are obliged," she said haughtily to the man who held the carriage door; "my little girl is very tired."

"Sorry for that," the stranger said, eyeing Elsie curiously. The officer had been examining the various items of luggage, peering under the seats, taking stock of everything. They seemed a trifle undecided about something, Elsie thought.

When the man had completed his search, he turned to Elsie. "What is your name, my little girl?" he asked kindly, but with his eyes fixed upon her face.

"Effie Donaldson," Elsie replied, not daring for Duncan's sake to speak the truth.

"How long have you known this lady?" he asked.

"It is mamma," Elsie answered, slowly and timidly, "and my Grandpapa Donaldson."

The man said a few words in a low tone to the other, and then turned again to the old gentleman.

"I am sorry to be obliged to detain you," he said, more respectfully than he had hitherto spoken. "My directions are to take into custody a lady and gentleman travelling from Edinburgh in a specially-engaged compartment. The little girl is not mentioned in my warrant, but I regret that she must be included. No doubt you will be able to set it straight. I advise you to come quietly, and then no force will be used."

"Come quietly, indeed! I refuse to come at all!" the old gentleman exclaimed. "You are exceeding your authority, and will get yourself into trouble. Read me your warrant."

Elsie listened silently while the officer read out something about a lady dressed as a widow passing under the name of Thwaites, and a gentleman, calling himself her brother, who had left the "Royal Hotel" that morning, and travelled to London in a specially-engaged carriage. This perplexed Elsie very much, for she remembered what Meg had said of the gentleman she had been told to call Uncle William, "then he passes himself off as her brother, and he's her husband all the time," which seemed strangely like what the man had just read, except for the name Thwaites, which Elsie had never heard.

"Why, it's most absurd!" the old gentleman cried. "The only point of similarity is that of my daughter being a widow. You have not the slightest ground for identifying us with the description you hold." [Pg 258]

"Nevertheless, I am compelled to take you before a magistrate, where you can explain to his satisfaction," the officer replied firmly, drawing from his pocket some strange instruments, looking like clumsy bracelets, with heavy chains linking them together.

Mrs. Donaldson uttered a faint scream, and sank back on the carriage seat. The man, without a word, proceeded to clasp them on Mr. Donaldson's wrists, while the old gentleman fumed and stamped about the carriage.

A signal brought up several porters and the guard of the train, who crowded round the door, eager to see the exciting scene.

"Take this child in your arms and keep before me," one of the officials said in peremptory tones to a porter, who lifted Elsie up, and stood in readiness, while the "fairy mother" and Grandpapa Donaldson were assisted to alight.

"That's a queer go!" said the guard, eyeing the old gentleman with a broad stare of astonishment. "It was a gentleman looking quite different that got in the train at Edinburgh."

"Are you quite certain of that?" the officer asked him.

"I'm pretty certain. They, as near as possible, missed the train. I was just starting her when they came flying across the platform. I caught sight of them with the little one between, being jumped almost off her feet. They couldn't have more than got in when we began to move."

"You didn't look into this compartment at any of the places you stopped at, then?" the officer asked.

"I caught sight of the lady and the little girl once as I passed along the train at Carlisle," the man replied. "I don't remember noticing the gentleman, but I fancy he was asleep, with a large silk handkerchief over his head."

"Name and address, please?" the officer said, drawing out a pocket-book, in which he wrote quickly a few lines.

The lady and gentleman were then conducted across the station, one of the officers, who were

both dressed quite plainly, walking on either side of them. They attracted very little attention as they passed quickly on, only the people close at hand turning to stare. In less than two minutes they were inside a cab, one officer accompanying them inside, another taking his seat on the box.


After a jolting, uncomfortable drive of some distance, they passed through some gates into a great courtyard, which seemed to be surrounded by a huge dark mass of buildings. Here the officer sprang out and helped them to alight.

Some other men in uniforms came out of a doorway and crowded round the prisoners. The officer who accompanied them gave some directions concerning Elsie, to which she was listening, and trying in vain to understand, when Mrs. Donaldson burst out sobbing, exclaiming wildly, "Will you part me from my child? Anything but that! Do what you will with me, only let my child be with me. She will perish with fright. Father, I implore you, do not let them be so cruel! Effie, my darling, do not leave me!"

Elsie tried to move towards her, but was held firmly by the hands of one of the policemen. She was dreadfully frightened and bewildered, and would have clung to Mrs. Donaldson, had she been allowed, in her dread of facing new and unknown terrors.

But not a chance was given to her. She was quite helpless in the strong grasp that held her firmly, though not harshly. Mrs. Donaldson began to catch her breath quickly, as two men caught hold of her arms and began to lead her along, while the one who had charge of Elsie led her away in another direction. The next moment Elsie heard a piercing scream, and turning her head, saw what, as far as she could make out, appeared to be the resisting, struggling form of the unfortunate "fairy mother" being carried into the hall by two men.

## CHAPTER XVII.—IN A STRANGE PLACE.

LSIE was presently delivered into the hands of a woman, who asked her, not unkindly, whether she wanted food. Elsie was much too fatigued and perturbed to think of eating, so the woman told her she must undress herself and go to bed. She was taken to a large bare room where there were other children asleep in small hard beds. One was apportioned to her, and the woman stood by while she undressed.

Elsie wondered very much what sort of place this could be, and why Mrs. Donaldson had not been allowed to take her with her. She puzzled her head over it in vain. Only one thing was clear: that both her companions had been brought here against their will, and were very angry about it.

Perhaps Elsie would have thought more about her own discomfort and loneliness if her mind had been less exercised about Duncan. She wondered what had happened to him after she had been parted from him by that shameful trick of the wicked "fairy mother." How angry and indignant she felt when she thought of it! Had Duncan wanted her? She seemed to see him lying up in that dark, stifling garret, perfectly still, on the dirty, unwholesome bed. She crept up and touched him. He was cold and dead. Then her mother came in, with grannie and Robbie following in slow procession behind. They were dressed in beautiful white robes like angels, and as they passed to the bedside they each in turn looked at her with stern, reproachful eyes. Then her mother lifted Duncan in her arms and carried him away, closing the door after them, and leaving her quite alone. They had seen her, but would have nothing to do with her.

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She started up and rubbed her eyes, scarcely able to believe she had not seen those faces. Then she peered timidly round the room, and gradually recollecting all that had taken place, knew that it was a dream.

After an uninviting breakfast of dry bread and water gruel, she was placed in a cab by one of the men who had accompanied them from the station on the previous night.

To Elsie he looked like a gentleman, and not unkind. After some time she ventured to ask timidly where they were going.

"Well," the man said, looking rather perplexed, "it's rather hard to explain; but you're going to see a gentleman who wants to ask you a few questions; and if you don't tell the truth, all I can say is I shouldn't like to stand in your shoes."

At this Elsie was very frightened, for if the gentleman happened to ask her about Mrs. Donaldson, and such things, she dared not tell the truth.

She was anxious to know whether the "fairy mother" would be there; but she was afraid to ask, for if she called her "mamma," perhaps this man might know she was saying something untrue, and if she called her anything else she might get to know it, and send word for Duncan to be turned into the streets. Elsie was terrified beyond measure. She was too frightened to say a word, so she kept quite silent.

At last they arrived at a building where many people and some policemen were standing round the open doors. They passed this entrance, however, and went round to another. Her companion then conducted Elsie through some passages into a great bare, close-smelling hall, where there were a good many people waiting about, and some policemen with their hats off, which made

them look much less terrible than they did in the streets, Elsie thought. She was too bewildered and frightened to look about her, and see what the place was like. The gentleman at her side took her hand, and led her forward. She heard some one say, "Bring a chair or a stool, and let her stand on it;" and, looking up, she saw an old gentleman with white hair sitting at a table, at the end of which was another younger gentleman, writing.

The gentleman with the white hair bent over, and spoke to her. "What is your name?" he asked.

Elsie hesitated, looking up with an appealing glance at the officer standing by her side. Then when the question was repeated, she stammered, "Effie Donaldson, please."

"Ha!" said the old gentleman. "Effie Donaldson, is it? Do you know what an oath is?"

"Yes, sir," Elsie timidly replied.

"Now you must take your oath," he went on, "that you will answer me truly whatever I ask you; and I hope you understand that if you tell a falsehood after that, you will not only be doing a most wicked thing, but that you can be kept in prison for it."

Elsie began to tremble violently at this dreadful warning. She took a swift glance round, to see if Mrs. Donaldson or the old gentleman were anywhere near, but could see nothing of either.

The officer who had accompanied her, and stood by all the time, seemed to understand.

"They are not in court," he said, in a low tone. "Just you speak the truth, and you'll be all right."

He then handed her a Bible, which she was told to kiss; and he said some words which he bade her repeat.

"That is the Bible," the old gentleman at the table said solemnly, "and you have sworn by that sacred Book that you will speak only the truth. Bear in mind what an awful thing it would be to tell a falsehood after that—ten times as wicked as any other falsehood. Now tell me who the lady and gentleman are who were in the train with you."

Elsie trembled violently. She tried to think what to say, but could find no answer. There was Duncan on one side, that terrible warning the gentleman had given her on the other. She tried to say "I do not know," but was so afraid that that too was a falsehood, that the sentence died on her lips.

"Speak up," the gentleman said.

It seemed to Elsie as if ages elapsed while they stood waiting for her answer. She was conscious of nothing but the man standing by her side, and great silence everywhere, which let her hear the rushing sound in her ears and the beating of her heart. At last the magistrate spoke again.

"Tell me, is the lady your own mother?"

Another question—worse than the first.

"You must answer," the magistrate said, sharply; "and quickly too!"

"Oh, I dare not!" burst from poor Elsie's frightened lips. "They will kill Duncan if I do!"

Then in a moment she knew she had said too much. In her fright she had not seen the meaning of her own words. [Pg 260]

"Who is Duncan?" the white-haired gentleman asked kindly.

"My brother," Elsie answered, with a big sob.

"Where is he?"

"In Edinburgh; and he's dreadfully ill," Elsie answered, forgetting every other thought in her anxiety for Duncan, and the generally bewildered state of her mind.

"Is he with his mother?"

"Oh, no! he's all alone, unless he's in the hospital. I don't know quite where he is, only they promised he should go to the hospital."

"Who promised?"

Again Elsie was silent; she could find no answer to that question. The gentleman did not seem angry, but asked another.

"Where is your mother?"

"Which one do you mean, please, sir?" Elsie asked, in a moment of utter bewilderment.

"Then the lady who was with you yesterday is not really your mother?"

"No," Elsie faintly admitted. She could hold out no longer against the questioning, but was feeling very much like you all do when you are playing at "old soldier," and, try as you will, at last the "Yes" or "No" pops out unawares. She, too, was very frightened and confused, which you would not be.

"Come, we are getting on now," the old gentleman said, kindly. "Do not be frightened. Did this lady tell you to call her mamma?"

"Yes, sir, but—I must not tell you anything."



"SHE WAS PLACED IN A CAB" ([p. 259](#)).

"And she is not your mamma, then, after all?"

"No."

"Are you frightened of her?"

"Yes," Elsie exclaimed, with a quick, fearful glance round.

"Now, I promise you that she shall do you no harm, if you tell me the truth. How did you come to be with her? Just tell me how it was."

The old gentleman spoke with great assurance and kindness, but still Elsie could not cast off the spell of fear Mrs. Donaldson still held over her. She had an almost superstitious belief that the "fairy mother" would find a way to work out her threats. For all she knew, she might even now have sent that message to Edinburgh which was to seal Duncan's fate.

After the very mysterious incident that had happened in the train, for her to know that Elsie had disobeyed without hearing the words she had spoken seemed not only quite possible, but very likely indeed.

The gentleman saw Elsie's hesitation, and spoke sharply again. "If you are obstinate, we shall have to use other methods to make you speak. Have you ever been in prison?"

Elsie's eyes dilated with horror. "Oh, no!" she replied.

"But you are very likely to find yourself there, unless you answer my questions better. Tell me at once where you met this lady?"

"She was in a carriage; we were on the road to Killochrie."

"Stop; how did you come there?"

"We ran away from Sandy Ferguson's cottage."

"Why did you do that? Now, tell me why."

"He was very bad to us, and robbed us of our money and our clothes. Duncan thought he wanted to kill us, so we ran away."

"What business had you in Sandy Ferguson's cottage?"

"He took us in when we hadn't any place to go to. I thought he was kind at first, but he wasn't."



"Then you had run away from somewhere else?"

"Yes," Elsie admitted, with a flushed face and look of shame. "We ran away from home."

"What made you do that?"

Elsie hung her head. How could she tell this gentleman all her suspicions? They seemed all so stupid now.

"We were jealous because mother favoured Robbie so," she faltered, very much ashamed, and conscious that it was one of the most foolish-sounding reasons that could be.

"Well," said the gentleman sharply, "you ran away, and you fell in with Sandy Ferguson, who wanted to kill you, and afterwards with this lady, who taught you to call her 'mamma.' Was she kind to you?"

"At first she was. When she first saw us on the road we were very hungry and tired. She asked us the way, and said she was a fairy, and would come back again. She did come back, and brought beautiful clothes with her, which she gave to us, and she took us in a train to a house where we had beautiful and nice warm beds. Then she told us we were to call her 'mamma' always, and that she was our 'fairy mother.'"

"This is very interesting," said the old gentleman, approvingly. "But what of the gentleman? Was he there?"

"Uncle William? oh yes! He did not say much to us; but we did not like him. He called the driver an idiot, and I was afraid of him."

Here the magistrate asked some questions of the officer standing near Elsie. "Then he did not come in the train with you from Edinburgh?" he presently inquired, turning again to Elsie.

"Oh yes, he did," Elsie replied; "but he somehow changed. Mrs. Donaldson was talking to me, and the one we called 'Uncle William' was sitting right in the other corner. When I looked again he had gone, and there was another one quite old. Mrs. Donaldson said he was my Grandpapa Donaldson."

"Then you thought, I suppose, that you had 'a fairy grandfather' as well as a 'fairy mother'? Tell me, did she undergo any wonderful transformation?"

"Oh no!" Elsie began; but she suddenly recollected the change from the smiling, gaily-dressed, grand lady in the carriage to the sad-looking widow who had brought them the clothes. "Yes, I had forgotten. She did change," Elsie stammered, growing red and confused with fear. "I didn't mean it for a story."

"Go on; tell us what she was like when you first saw her."

"She was dressed gaily, and her bonnet had feathers and flowers. She had bracelets and sparkling earrings, and her hair was frizzed out over her forehead."

"And you mean to say that when next you saw her, that is, when she came back as she promised she would, she was dressed in black, like a widow?"

"Yes."

"Did you not think that strange?"

"Yes, it was all strange; she brought us clothes, the frock and hat that I have on now, and a coat for Duncan."

"How did you know it was the same person?"

"At first I thought it wasn't, but when I looked at her well, I could tell it was, by a funny look she had in her eyes. I am sure it was the same."

"You are sure? very well. Now tell me where she took you? Try to remember the whole journey, from the time you met her on the country road to the time you reached London last night."

"We walked to Killochrie," Elsie replied, "but we did not stay there. We got in a train and went to another place. Then we went in a carriage to a house, where we had some supper and stayed all night. The next morning, after breakfast, we went in another carriage to the train, and we were in that nearly all day. When we got out it was Edinburgh."

"Yes; that is all very nicely told," the old gentleman said approvingly. "Now tell me where you went in Edinburgh."

Elsie could not repress a shudder as she recollected that night in the dreary garret, but in spite of her nervous fear, it seemed a relief to be able to tell all her adventures to some one. In any case, she could not help doing so. She only hoped they would not ask her about Meg.

"Duncan had been very poorly all day," Elsie continued. "It poured with rain the first day we ran away, and he got wet through. We had to lie on the floor of the loft, with a sack under us, in all our wet things. Mrs. Ferguson took away my frock and jacket, and Duncan's coat, to dry, but she never gave them back, so I think Duncan got cold, and he was very frightened and hungry, so it seemed to make him ill. The lady was very angry about it, but she said afterwards that it didn't

matter much, and it would do just as well if she were to leave him behind in Edinburgh."

"You are not answering my question," the magistrate reminded her. "Where did you go that night?" [Pg 262]

"They took us to a shop—a newspaper shop. It was a very high house, and there were lodgers. We were taken into an attic up at the top, and left by ourselves. In the night Duncan was very bad in his head, and screamed and jumped about, and in the morning I told Mrs. Donaldson that we must go to the hospital, for I was afraid Duncan would die. No one attended to him at all. She said we should, and we got into a carriage; but when I got out, and thought we were going to ask the people to take Duncan in, the other one came up and pushed me into the train before I knew anything about it."

"That is a strange story," the old gentleman remarked, looking searchingly into Elsie's face. He then asked her a great many questions about it, as if he hardly believed what she had told him, but Elsie persisted in her statements.

"Did you hear the name of the man who kept the shop?" he asked.

Elsie thought a moment. "Mrs. Donaldson told Meg to tell Andrew to write, and let us know how Duncan was. I don't know if she meant him."

"Ah! and who was Meg?"

Elsie felt ready to cry with vexation. "She came in the carriage to carry Duncan," she replied quickly. "I think she was a servant."

"Now, can you describe this house into which you were taken?"

Elsie drew quite a breath of relief to think she had escaped so well. "We had to go down a lot of steps before we got to it," she replied, "and I remember there was a flesher next door."

"You mean a butcher, and the house was a very high one, and the man's name, you think, was Andrew. Well, that is very good as far as it goes. Did you pass the Tolbooth in driving to the station?"

"I don't know. I shouldn't have known it if I had."

"Well, well, it seems you cannot tell us much about this house. The servant's name you say was Meg, and she had your brother when you last saw him. Where do you think he is now?"

Elsie explained Mrs. Donaldson's promise, and her threat that he should be turned into the streets to die if she displeased her. There was an audible murmur in the court, which made Elsie conscious for the first time that there were people listening to her. "I know she will do it," Elsie went on, catching her breath rapidly. "She may have done it now."

"You may rest easy about that," the magistrate said, kindly. "She is in a place where she can do nothing of the kind."

But Elsie was only half re-assured. The next moment, however, she had a new alarm in the question, "Did you ever hear the name of Lucy Murdoch?"

"Yes," Elsie faltered, very unwillingly.

The old gentleman looked at her suspiciously.

"Where did you hear it?" he inquired.

"In the house at Edinburgh."

"Well now, who did you hear speak of Lucy Murdoch?"

"Meg begged me not to tell, and I said I wouldn't," Elsie replied, in much distress. "Meg was very kind to Duncan."

"Ah well! you need not answer that question," the old gentleman said, with a smile. "Tell me your own proper name, and where your own mother lives?"

"Elsie McDougall. We lived on Dunster Moor," Elsie replied, with a conscious blush. "She made me call myself Effie Donaldson."

"A lovely place, too," the old gentleman said. "And you ran away? I hope you like it. Do you know that children who have run away have before now disappeared, and never been heard of again?"

Elsie only cast down her eyes in frightened silence.

"And what became of them, do you suppose?" he went on sternly. "Perhaps they were killed, perhaps they died of fright, and hunger, and misery. I should not like to say; only I know they never returned any more to their homes."

The stern words were too much for Elsie. The sense of her own loneliness and danger, her separation from Duncan, and the misfortunes she had led him into, came over her with overwhelming force, and she wept bitterly.

"It is fortunate for you that you have fallen into the hands of the law," the old gentleman added,




more kindly. "You will be safe, and will by-and-by be allowed to go back to your mother. That will do."

She was then conducted out of the court by the officer who had brought her there, put into a cab, and driven back to the great court-yard, where she was once more delivered over to the charge of the woman. She spent the rest of the day in a dismal, ugly room, with a number of girls, who were rough and disagreeable and ill-tempered, and could not possibly have been more wretched. Her experience had made her distrustful of every one, so that she was dreadfully afraid of what might happen as the consequence of all she had betrayed. She was distracted, too, about Duncan, and altogether could find but meagre comfort in the promise that by-and-by she should be allowed to go back home again.

## CHAPTER XVIII.—HOME FROM MARKET.

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E seem to be doing right well to-day, judging by your face," exclaimed the hearty voice of Farmer Jarrett, as he encountered Mrs. McDougall in the market-place.

"Yes, I'm thankful to say it," Mrs. McDougall replied. "I was just about to go and buy a thing or two. Ye're no waiting for me, are you?"

"No, not that," the farmer returned. "I've a bit of business myself to be looking after. But we'd best be on our road before long. The sky doesna look so very well."

Mrs. McDougall packed up her baskets one in the other, and stowed them away in the cart. She had sold everything but a few bundles of beans, and was well content. So she trudged off to buy some yarn and some homespun tweed where she could get the most for her money.

When she returned, she found the horse harnessed, and Farmer Jarrett seated in his cart. She jumped up with a word or two of apology, and they started on their homeward way.

"I've been a bit extravagant," she said presently. "I've bought a book for Elsie's birthday next month, and a pretty silk tie."

"The wee bit lassie'll be just wild with delight," the farmer said, kindly.

"She's getting a big lassie, and she's over-proud of her appearance," Mrs. McDougall said, not without a touch of pride. "It does no good to encourage vanity, but I wouldn't have her always longing for pretty things, so she shall just wear this tie to the kirk on the Sabbath Day. Her grannie would just give in to the bairn, and let her gang her own way altogether."

"The old are apt to be foolish with their grandchildren," the farmer replied. "Yet your mother was a strict woman, and a good mother."

"That's a true word," Mrs. McDougall replied.

"And the poor old wifie must be just contented and happy, spending her last days with you and the bairns. With Nannie dead, and Dugald in a far land, she might have come to want. You've had your troubles, but you're not without a recompense. The brave and industrious find many a blessing."

For to a Scottish woman few things would seem more dreadful than for her mother to come to want—the tie of relationship is so strong and sacred.

Talking in this sober fashion, the farmer and his neighbour jogged on until they reached the skirts of the moor, soon after six o'clock.

"We've escaped the rain," said the farmer; "but to all appearance, it won't hold off much longer."

Presently Mrs. McDougall alighted, and with a few words of thanks, turned up the pathway leading to her own cottage. To her surprise, she found grannie and Robbie standing at the gate, peering along the road.

"Am I late?" she exclaimed. "You weren't thinking I was lost, were you?"

"It's the bairns we were looking for," quavered the old woman. "They're not home from school yet, an' there's no milk for your supper, for I would no trust Robbie alone."

"Of course not," Mrs. McDougall said, hastily; "but they should ha' been home long ago. They would not loiter on the way all this time, surely."

"That's what I've been thinking," the old woman returned. "Could any harm come to them?"

"Of course it could. Ye need not doubt that," said Mrs. McDougall. "I must go right away, and see after them; but I am just tired, and that's the truth."

"You'll sit down, Meg, and have a bit o' something first," the old woman said anxiously, hovering round in speechless sympathy.

"No, no; I'll just go at once," Mrs. McDougall returned, setting down her baskets.

She tramped off quickly along the dusty road in the direction of Dunster. Presently some great drops of rain began to fall, and in a few minutes it came down in a perfect torrent. Still she trudged on, her heart filled with dim foreboding fears. Such a thing had never happened before. It would soon be getting dark. Could it be possible they had kept the children at school as a punishment? If so, it was shameful to leave them to come along that lonely road at such an hour, and she would not use mild words in telling them so.

At last she arrived at the school-house. It was closed and dark. She knocked at the mistress's cottage, and then learnt, to her horror and dismay, that the children had never been to school at all that day.

The poor creature stood for a moment in utter bewilderment.

What was the next thing to be done? Ah! that was a difficulty indeed.

It was not far to the village. She would go there, and inquire of her few acquaintances if they could help her. So she turned away and started off again in the rain, quite forgetting now that she was tired, and hungry, and wet.

It was dark by the time she reached the village shop. Her friend who kept it had not seen the children since yesterday, when she gave them a piece of pudding. There was nothing for it but to tramp home, in the hope that they had returned.

But only disappointment awaited her. They were not there. Then she went up into their little rooms, and found that they had worn their best clothes, and had taken all their pennies out of their money-boxes. For the first time then the dreadful suspicion entered her head that they had run away.

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But for what purpose? That was what she could not make out. The only thing that occurred to her was that they might have wanted to go and see the market, and spend their money—that they had walked there, and perhaps—who could tell?—lost their way.

The more she thought of it, the more she felt sure that this could be the only solution to the mystery.

It was a certain amount of comfort to have some definite idea to go to work upon, but even then there were so many possibilities of danger that the poor woman shuddered as she thought of it.

Well, there was nothing to be done but to start off again. It was now quite dark, and pouring with rain. Mrs. McDougall was already very wet, but she never gave it a thought. She walked briskly along the road leading in the opposite direction from the one to Dunster. Every now and then she stopped and listened intently, peering among the trees that skirted the road or across the expanse of moor. She only met one person, an old woman, trudging along in the rain, and at last she had arrived at the town she had left only a few hours before, which lay ten miles distant from her own cottage.

Only to find fresh disappointment. No one could give her the least information. They had not been seen in the place, so far as she could learn, and so there was nothing to be done but to tramp back again all that weary ten miles.

Yes, one thing. It seemed a dreadful step, but it must be done. She was face to face with the fact that the children were lost, and the chance of finding them that night was now small indeed. With a few inquiries she found her way to the police-station, and there she told her story—told it with a grim soberness on her face that might have passed for unconcern with those stupid people, who think that what they cannot read has no existence.

"They'll be found, never fear," said a kindly policeman. "To-morrow morning the description will be telegraphed to every town in the country. There'll be posters out everywhere, and they can't fail to be found by some one."

"To-morrow morning! And what about to-night?" Mrs. McDougall asked.

"Nothing can be done to-night! it's nearly eleven now," the man replied. "You just go home, and don't worry. They're safe somewhere, I'll be bound—perhaps nearer at hand than you have any idea of."

It was true enough: there was nothing further to be done—nothing but to tramp back with that heavy load of care and the dread of terrors too great to put into words.

So she took her way home again. It was long past midnight when she reached the cottage. Grannie was waiting up, crooning to herself over the fire. On the table lay the book and the tie bought for Elsie's birthday.

Mrs. McDougall took them up hastily, and put them out of sight. "Go to bed, mother," she said; "they'll be home to-morrow."

"I'm glad o' that; it's all well, then," she said, quite unsuspectingly. "You're upset, Meg. It's been a shock to you."

"I'm tired. I'll get a bit of supper and rest a bit," Mrs. McDougall returned. Her eyes were red and ringed, and had a look in them worse than the look of tears.

The old woman went off to bed, and Mrs. McDougall sat down by the fire, though not to eat. All night she sat listening, and many a time she got up and walked out to the gate, peering through the darkness, in the fancy that she had caught some sound.

Still the rain poured down, the night dragged on, and the children were, as we know, far enough away.

#### CHAPTER XIX.—MRS. FERGUSON IS BAFFLED.

**W**HEN Robbie awoke next morning at his usual early hour, and saw no sign of his mother in the room, he thought he must have overslept himself, so he jumped up quickly, and dressed.

He ran downstairs into the kitchen, and found Mrs. McDougall seated before the empty grate.

She turned her head quickly as Robbie entered. In a moment the child saw that something dreadful was the matter. Never in all his life had he seen his mother look like that.

The child glanced at her wonderingly, then came close to her, with the quick sympathy which is so sweet.

"Mother," he said, "is it Elsie and Duncan? Haven't you found them yet?"

"No, Robbie," Mrs. McDougall replied. "They're just lost, and that's all about it."

Robbie could not understand how it could be, but he saw that his mother was in great trouble, and he did not like to ask any questions.

"This will not do," Mrs. McDougall said, with a heavy sigh, as she rose resolutely from her chair, and began bustling about. "You shouldn't ha' got up yet, Robbie. It's over early for you." [Pg 265]

"I thought it was late," Robbie said. "Mother," he added eagerly, "might I—oh! might I run and fetch the milk for you? Oh, do just let me go!"



"THE CHILD GLANCED AT HER WONDERINGLY" ([p. 264](#)).

"Dear me! no, child," Mrs. McDougall replied. "You'd be lost too."

"Should I?" Robbie said, very crestfallen. "Can't I do nothing, mother?"

"Yes; you shall feed the hens. You know how to do that, don't you, Robbie? I'll just get the food ready for them."

Robbie was delighted. He longed to be useful.

Mrs. McDougall bustled about, and got the breakfast—porridge without milk—set everything in order, then went up to see to her mother, just as if nothing had happened. She was not the woman to sit idly nursing her troubles.

As soon as she had partaken of a little food, she prepared to depart once more on her anxious errand, with many an injunction to Robbie not to go outside the gate, and to keep a watch, in case Elsie and Duncan might return, but be afraid to enter.

At the police-station there was no news. Bills were being printed, she was informed, and would be widely distributed before the day was out. Any information they received should be sent to her.

She waited for more than an hour in order to see the bill. It was some sort of consolation to her to see the great black letters, and read the description of the children in black and white.

"This cannot fail to find them," the officer told her. "Every police office in the country will be furnished with this description. The children can't have got very far away. Some of our men must come across them."

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"Far enough away to have got beyond our reach," Mrs. McDougall said, dubiously. "And who knows but they may have fallen into bad hands, or got stuck in some bog in the blackness of the night?" she added, with a shudder.

"They'd keep fast enough to the road," the man said, re-assuringly.

"I'd rather ten times over that they should be lying dead in the woods or on a mountain side than that they should fall into the hands of wicked men and women!" Mrs. McDougall said fervently. "The mercies of God are a deal more tender than those of men. I could thank God with all my heart to know that He had them safe."

"There are bad enough folk about," the policeman assented, "but your children are over young to get led astray."

"I pray the Almighty that He'll grant them a merciful death rather than they should fall into bad hands," Mrs. McDougall said, wearily, as she rose to go. "Better for them to die of cold than to be murdered by violence, or made to lie and steal."

"You're taking an over gloomy view of the matter, good wife," the man said, cheerfully; "and perhaps you'll be getting them back safe and sound before nightfall."

But that was not to be. The description of the children was, truly enough, sent to every town or village that could boast a police-station, and was eagerly discussed that very nightfall in many a remote cottage. Had the children wandered farther, to even the first village on their road, they must have been found, but they were safely hidden from the outer world in the least suspected place of any—the miserable hovel of one of those wretched tillers of the land, too poor to deserve the name of farmer, with which some parts of Scotland abound. The man was listless, and apathetic with hunger and poverty, a miserable, degraded creature, who would have sacrificed anything or anybody for the sake of the few pounds that would pay his rent or sow his tiny bit of unproductive land.

He was the very last sort of person to hear rumours of the lost children. On that day when he and his wretched beast had toiled the distance of twenty miles to fetch a load of fish refuse from the nearest fishing village in order to enrich his bit of barren land, the bills about the children were not yet distributed. Even had they been, he was little likely to have heard about them, for he was too dull and dejected to talk with his neighbours. When he met them on the road, the idea of giving them a lift would not have penetrated his mind had not Elsie herself requested it. Yet the man was no worse than his fellows, and had an element of unselfish kindness in him, which was shown by his giving them the old sack to sit upon. Under happier auspices he would probably have been a very decent sort of person, but the hopeless hardship of his existence had gradually wiped out every ambition and hope, till at last he had sunk into something scarcely better than an animal.

And, children, let me tell you that there are plenty of us, now bright and gentle and happy, who in Sandy Ferguson's place would have been no better than he; and I wonder whether we always remember that God judges every one, even His little ones, according to the opportunities they have had?

Sandy had no thought of injuring the children any more than of assisting them; but his wife, who was cleverer, and had therefore become cunning and shrewish under the sordid cares of her life, saw directly that she might gain something by keeping them.

She had taken away their clothes, partly because it angered her to see these ungrateful runaway children warmly clothed while her own were shivering in their rags, but far more with the idea of preventing their escape. Their friends would come after them, and it would be her own fault if she didn't see some of their money, she told herself. Five of her children had died from illness, caused by want and cold and misery; it was little wonder that she had grown grasping and cruel.

Yet she, too, meant them no harm. She was anxious enough to get rid of them, for the miserable food that she gave them had to be stolen from their own portions. She looked out eagerly for passers-by, in the hope that the children's friends would overtake them, yet jealously kept her

secret, for fear that others might outwit her and reap the reward.

On that day when she had been occupied in listening to a long account of a neighbour's affairs, and had, as she supposed, got the children doubly safe, by virtue of the watch she had set over them as well as the safe custody of their clothes, she had been startled by hearing from this very neighbour an account of how two children had been lost off the moor, and a reward offered for them. She kept her countenance admirably, and pretended to be most astonished and interested, but she sat on thorns, fearing Sandy would betray her. The neighbours stayed long, having much to talk of, and when at last they departed, Mrs. Ferguson went on cleaning, satisfied that the children were safe, since they were all together, and Sandy with them.



THE SONG OF A LITTLE BIRD ([p. 267](#)).

By-and-by Sandy came in, and stood staring hopelessly. Then he began to scratch his head, and looked altogether so stupid that Mrs. Ferguson administered him a good shaking, and demanded of him what he meant by it.

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"Where be the bairns?" Sandy asked, in his rough Gaelic.

Then Mrs. Ferguson flew out, and when she could see none of them her wrath knew no bounds. Young Sandy and Jamie, her two boys, were discovered under the cart, and when dragged out and cuffed, declared that Elsie and Duncan had beaten them, and then run as fast as they could down the road; that they had called as loudly as they could, but were unable to make any one hear; and plenty more tales, that their mother knew were made up to shield themselves.

Having called them every bad name she could think of, and dealt them some stinging blows, she flew along the road to seek them. The road wound about pretty much, and as they were nowhere in sight, she concluded they must have gone by it. She came back furiously angry and disappointed, and continued her search till nightfall in the immediate neighbourhood of the croft, but without success. Sandy and Jamie were not to be envied that night.

Thus it happened that the police were quite baffled in their endeavours to find the children, and after they had fallen into Mrs. Donaldson's hands the description given was not accurate.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE SONG OF A LITTLE BIRD.

HOUGH I'm but a small bird,  
I may often be heard  
These evenings in dreary November,  
And my sisters and cousins





Come listening by dozens,  
To songs they can learn and remember.  
No nightingale I,  
Yet when light's in the sky  
It seems to go through me and through me  
Till I'm overflowing  
With music, scarce knowing  
What wonder is happening to me.

Oh, Spring-time is sweet,  
When loving birds meet,  
But Autumn's the season for singing,  
When all the dear swallows  
Come out from the hollows,  
And over the ocean are winging.

We stay where we are,  
While they voyage afar,  
But the parting leaves *us* tender-hearted,  
And we sing the more clearly  
Of those we love dearly  
When scores of our friends have departed.

A. M.

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## A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE DYKES OF HOLLAND.



Of all the wonderful countries in the world, and there are many, I do not think there is any one half so wonderful as Holland. We have a saying here that "God made the country, but man made the town," but in Holland it is said "God made the world, but man made Holland," and "God made the sea, but man made the shore."

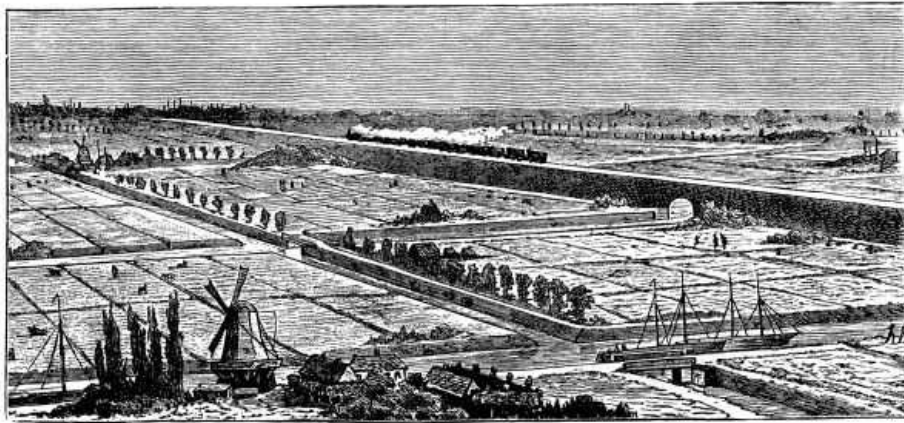
Ages ago Holland was a wild desolate place in the midst of seas and lakes, with here and there a forest of trees. The first people to settle here were some German tribes, and a hard time they had of it. First of all they had to build strong dykes or embankments round the place in which they were going to encamp, so as to keep out the sea and the waters of the rivers, which wandered where they would, without proper channels; and after that they built rude huts and hovels for themselves. Sometimes they would be able to hold their own for a long time, but it often happened that there would be storms and high tides, and then their settlements would be swept away. Then they moved off somewhere else, living in the meantime as best they could on fish and game and sea-birds' eggs.

At length many of these tribes joined together to see if they could not find some place where they would be more protected, and where they might unite in building great dykes which should be able to resist the seas and the wandering rivers. So they first entrenched themselves; then they spread out farther afield and enclosed larger tracts of land; then they built dykes big enough to protect whole provinces, and at last they made a great sea-wall or embankment round the whole land.

But why was all this labour necessary? you will ask. Well, it was because the country lies so low that the waters could sweep over it; and even to-day, although there are beautiful towns and cities in Holland, with hundreds and thousands of people, and thousands upon thousands of cattle, the land is lower than the sea; the cities are built upon piles driven into the sand; the river-beds are higher than the tops of the houses, and at any moment, if the dykes were to burst, or the rivers to overflow, the whole country with all its inhabitants might be swept away. It has been well said that "Holland is a conquest made by man over the sea. It is an artificial country. The Hollanders made it. It exists because the Hollanders preserve it. It will vanish whenever the Hollanders shall abandon it."

The dykes or embankments have been made in this way: first of all secure and massive foundations had to be laid, the ground being compressed to make it very solid. Then walls, or dykes, were reared of earth, sand, and mud, so tightly compressed as to be quite impervious to water. The whole was bound with twigs of willows interwoven with wonderful care, and the spaces filled with clay so as to make them almost as hard as stone.

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A LANDSCAPE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE HAGUE, HOLLAND.

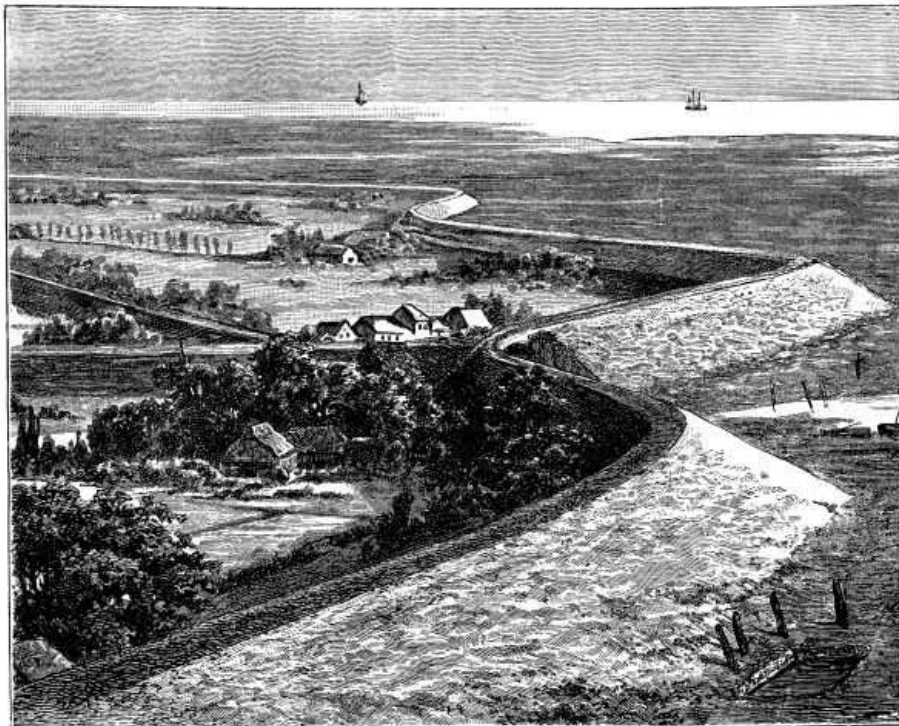
Then the dykes were planted with trees, which throw out a network of roots, and help to hold the whole structure firmly together. On the dykes there are over 9,000 windmills always at work, pumping up water to keep the land dry; and there are in the whole country nearly 1,150 miles of canals, for diverting the waters, a good many of their bottoms being higher than the land they drain.

Every dyke in the land is under constant inspection, and every three years the network of willow-twigs is renewed. It is one of the strangest sensations in the world to stand at the foot of one of these outer dykes at high tide and hear the angry breakers of the sea dashing against the other side of the wall, at a height of 16 ft. or 18 ft. above your head.

From the beginning of their history until the present time the Hollanders have had to fight the waters, and they will have to do so as long as their country exists. There are two great sources of danger—the sea and the rivers; and either left neglected would very soon lead to hopeless ruin. There is therefore a great institution, or society, in the country, called the Waterstaat, for watching and controlling the water. Everybody in the land is obliged to obey its commands. If any one see the water threatening to pour in, he must at once give the alarm, and all the people of the district, and of all the districts round about, must be summoned by the ringing of the alarm-bells, and by the booming of cannon, and then old and young, rich and poor, soldiers and public servants, must all set to work together and fight the common foe.

Notwithstanding all the constant vigilance there are terrible stories told in Holland of inundations. It is recorded that during thirteen centuries there has been one great inundation, besides smaller ones, every seven years. When that great flood came, in the end of the thirteenth century, which formed the Zuyder Zee, 80,000 persons were drowned; in 1421, in one night 72 villages and 100,000 persons were swept away, and even so recently as the year 1855, there was a great inundation which invaded the provinces of Gueldres and Utrecht, and covered a great part of North Brabant.

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COAST SCENE IN HOLLAND, WITH DYKED MARSHES.

Most of these catastrophes occurred from the sudden rising of the waters and the bursting of the dams; but it is not from these causes only that the safety of the country is threatened. If you go into the Museum at Leyden you will see some pieces of wood full of little tiny holes. These once



formed part of piles and sluice-gates, and they are very memorable to the Dutch people, for they call to mind a terrible danger which befell them once, and might do so again at any time. A ship returning from the tropics brought with it, it is supposed, some tiny little shell-fish, the *Teredo navalis*. These increased and multiplied with marvellous rapidity, and swarmed the waters. One day every inhabitant of the land was seized with terror, for it was found that these little creatures had nearly eaten away the sluice-gates of the dykes, and had it not been that night and day an immense body of men worked with the energy of those who were trying to save the lives of themselves and their wives and their little ones, the sea, their great enemy, would have been let loose upon them. "A worm," says the historian, "had made Holland tremble."

Once the dykes were cut and the country flooded purposely. It was when Leyden was holding out against the Spaniards, led by Valdez. For four months the people had been besieged, and at last provisions had failed. But when Valdez summoned them to surrender, Vanderdoes, the burgomaster, replied "that when provisions utterly failed, then they would devour their left hands, reserving their right hands to defend their liberty." One day, when the people were reduced almost to their last extremity, a carrier pigeon was seen flying into the beleaguered city, and it brought the joyful news that the Prince of Orange was coming to their deliverance, having cut the dykes and flooded the country in order that his flotilla of 200 boats laden with provision might reach them. But the water did not rise high enough, the flotilla got stranded, and the poor starving people could see the supplies in the distance, but could not get at them, and it seemed so hard to die of starvation with plenty of food in sight. At last relief came in an unexpected way: the wind arose and a violent storm drove in the flood through the broken dykes, and onward it poured with increasing volume and power, sweeping away the cruel Spaniards, and bearing the flotilla to the very gates of the city. It is no wonder that in commemoration of this almost miraculous deliverance on the 3rd October, 1574, the citizens hold an annual festival.

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There is a story told all over Holland—and it has been retold in almost all languages—of a boy, the son of a dykeman, who once saved the country, but whose name, strange to say, has not been preserved. He was only a little fellow eight years old, but like every child in that country, he knew of the danger in which he lived, and how at any time if he should see any sign of water coming in through an embankment, or a sluice-gate, where it ought not, it was his bounden duty immediately to give the alarm. One day he asked his father's permission to go to a village not far off to carry a little present to a blind man who lived there, and who had often talked very kindly to him. He did not stay long at the village, for his father had bidden him to hurry home, but being only a very little boy he walked on and on, thinking of the words the blind man had spoken to him, and of a hundred other things, and paying very little heed to the way in which he was going. After a long time he found that he had taken a wrong road, and was in a desolate part of the country close up by the dykes. It was in the month of October, and night was just coming on, so he climbed up the embankment to try and see the nearest way he could take to reach his home. As he was descending he passed by one of the great flood-gates of the dyke. Pausing for just a moment before making a scamper off towards home, he heard a sound which filled him with dismay—it was the sound of water falling and trickling over stones. He knew it was his duty to find out where it was, and very soon he saw a hole in the wood-work through which the water was coming pretty freely. Examining it more carefully he saw that the pressure was threatening to open up a wide crack in the gate; and, child as he was, he knew that if it were not stopped that little stream would soon become a cascade, a great sheet of water, a torrent, and then a terrible inundation which would end in desolation and death. So the little fellow did not hesitate. He determined to try and prevent the mischief. Reaching up to the hole he placed his finger in it, but soon he found that the wood was rotten, and that the small hole would soon become larger. So he took off his jacket and, tearing off a sleeve, he inserted part of this in the hole, and for a time it resisted the water. But not for long. He found that the pressure was not strong and even enough, and that there was nothing for it but to tear away the edges of the decaying wood and then to put his arm, encased in the other sleeve of the jacket, into the hole. To his delight he found that it exactly fitted and effectually stayed the water. Meanwhile the night was growing darker and he was far from home. But the brave little man would not leave his post. He called at the top of his voice, but there was no one to answer, and his only hope was that some of the dykemen going their rounds might hear his voice and come to his relief. But no one came. Hours passed away and still he was alone, and still the water was resisted. He was in terrible pain, however, for in that chill October night the water was very cold, and his hand and arm and shoulder were so benumbed that he knew not how he could endure it. Then he thought that if he did not persevere the waters would come in and drown perhaps his father and his mother and the neighbours, and he knew not how many others besides, and so he determined, however great the pain might be, to bear it, God helping him. Very long and very terrible were those dark hours of the night, and the poor child cried bitterly with the pain and the terror, but he did not remove his arm!

At last, in the early morning, he heard what seemed to be the sound of footsteps, and raising his voice to its highest pitch he soon had the joy of seeing that some one was approaching. It was a clergyman who had been spending the night by the bedside of a dying man, and was returning home with the first gleams of the morning. He was horrified to see a little child, pale, jacketless, shivering, with eyes swollen with tears, and a face contorted with pain.

"Why are you here, my boy? What are you doing?" he asked anxiously.

"I am holding back the sea!" said the little hero.

And it was literally true—that child's arm had held back the enemy that would have come in with a flood, carrying death and terrible destruction.

## "WHISTLING FOR IT."



HE "it" was his supper. Dinner had been a movable feast that day, tea indefinitely postponed, and Patch was beginning to fear that supper also was fading away beyond his grasp.

"And I may go on whistling till that flute bursts itself before I get a halfpenny," he remarked to himself in a tone of intense injury, eyeing the "flute" (which was really a penny whistle) anxiously as he rubbed it on his wet sleeve with a view to improving the notes. "All this day and not a—"

"I say, Patch," broke in a mournful voice from behind, "couldn't you lend me twopence just till to-morrow? It's to get some supper; I haven't sold a single box since morning."

"Supper!" echoed Patch, turning sharply on his supplicant. "Do you think I'd be blowing away here if I didn't want a supper myself? You'd better go on to the bank and ask them."

"I've asked everybody, and it's no use," was the weary answer.

"Well it's no use here either, Mike; if I get any I'll want it myself."

Mike listlessly wandered on a few steps farther up the dingy road, and then collapsed, a mere bundle of rags, under the shadow of a doorway.

"You'll not get much of a supper sitting there," commented Patch, setting off himself in quest of a more appreciative audience.

At the corner of the next street was a big hospital, and Patch betook himself thither. He had received stray coppers occasionally from the visitors who came and went through the ponderous iron gates, and what had been once might be again. Fortune was going to favour him at last, he thought, for coming down the steps was a gentle-faced old lady in a curiously-shaped bonnet and grey gown. Patch realised that it was a case of "whistling for it" now, and no mistake; so he put on his most dejected expression and piped out "The Last Rose of Summer" with truly startling emphasis.

Unhappily there chanced to be a shaggy-haired dog waiting outside the gate whose taste for music had evidently not been cultivated. At the very first notes he raised his head with a long howl of disgust that spoilt the effect entirely. It was trying, for Patch saw his prospects vanishing into thin air unless his rival could be promptly silenced; so slipping cautiously behind, he dealt the animal as vigorous a kick as the dilapidated state of his shoe would permit.

"Oh, thee should not have done that! the poor creature meant no harm," cried the lady reproachfully, hastening down the steps to console the sufferer; and Patch discovered, with confusion, that the dog belonged to her. Truly it had been an unfortunate day.

"He looked like a poor dog; I didn't know it was yours," he stammered out. "It's the first chance I've had to-day, and he was spoiling the music."

The old lady looked gravely down at his pinched face and ragged figure.

"Thee looks ill."

"It's enough to make a fellow ill—hungry like this all day long."

He looked as if he were speaking sorrowful truth. The old lady opened her bag—"There is sixpence for thee to get some food with," she said kindly, "and try and remember another time, friend, that if thee art poor thyself there is the greater reason why thee should'st feel for others who are poor likewise."

Patch looked from the coin to her face, almost too much astonished to be grateful. Donations to him usually consisted of pence or halfpence flung into the gutter, or carelessly dropped on the roadway. That a lady—and a very beautiful old lady she seemed to him, in spite of the old-fashioned dress and speech—should stand to talk to him in a civil, pleasant voice was something new indeed, especially after that unfortunate blunder about her dog.

"We are none of us so poor that we cannot help each other in some little way," she went on gently, perhaps mistaking the cause of his silence.

"There ain't anybody poorer than me," Patch answered; and his appearance certainly justified the statement. "Much I could help other folk!"

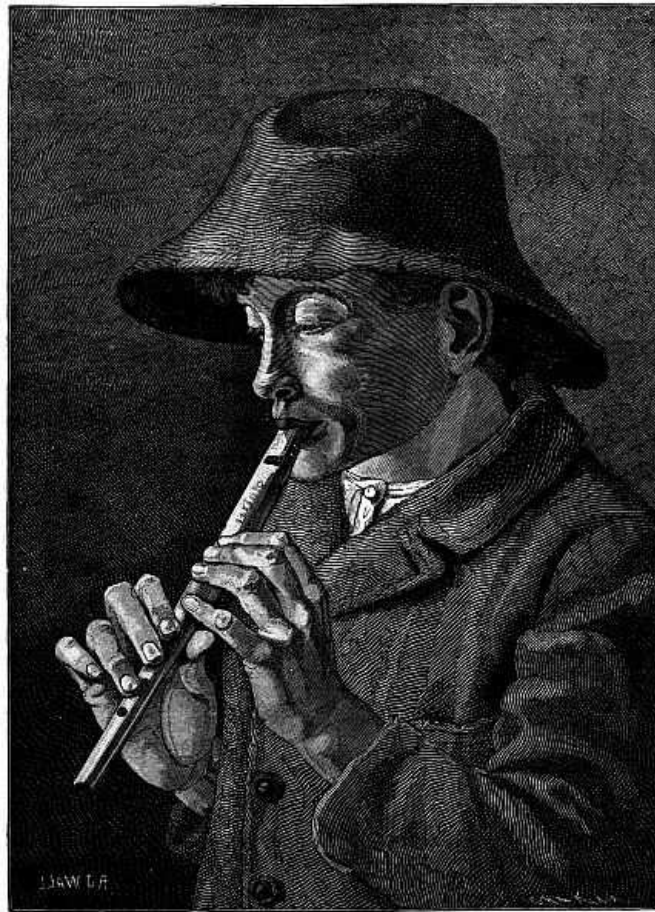
"Try and find out; it only needs a word sometimes. Good-night, friend, do not stay here longer than thee can help in thy wet clothes."

Patch received all the injunctions respectfully for the sake of the sixpence, and proceeded to carry out the first of them straightway. As quickly as his battered shoes would allow he was out of sight on his way to a certain well-known cook-shop. There, in all the assurance of conscious

wealth, he planted his elbows on the window-ledge and critically surveyed the contents. Great joints of meat, slabs of suet pudding, dotted here and there with currants, one—but that was a very superior compound—with raisins, cakes and pies in abundance.

A mingled odour of coffee and tea floated through the open door; and Patch, sniffing up the delightful fragrance, went through a rapid mental calculation of the glorious possibilities within his reach.

[Pg 272]



WHISTLING FOR IT. ([See p. 271](#)).

"Coffee twopence, a fine big cup too, bread and sausage twopence, and a lump of the currant pudding to wind up; something like a supper that." [Pg 273]

Poor hungry Patch! as he lifted his arms from the ledge a sudden recollection of Mike under the dark archway came back to his mind. He wished it had not obtruded itself just then; he had quite enough trouble to get food for himself without looking after other people, and yet something made him hesitate on the threshold and presently go back to his old position, elbows on the window-ledge, while he solemnly debated the matter in his own mind.

It was a subject he had never considered before in all his solitary selfish life; kindly words or deeds had not been his portion, and the gentle-faced woman who had given him a sixpence instead of a scolding was a new feature in his experience.

The debate ended in his walking soberly away from the bright visions in the window to the humbler shop he usually favoured with his custom, and there laying out the precious sixpence in bread and cold meat. He took his purchase, the bread under his arm, the meat in a piece of newspaper, and carried the feast to the doorway where Mike still sat crouching in the chilly darkness.

"Wake up, Mike; see here what I've got. There's some for you as well; sit up and begin."

Mike lifted his head from his arm in utter amazement. "You ain't joking about it?" and then—he was but a little fellow, and hunger is hard to bear—at the sight of the provisions Patch was laying out on the newspaper wrapper, he began to cry for very gladness.

"Stop that!" ordered his host, peremptorily. "It's damp enough without you beginning. Eat away, there's plenty of it."

"Did they trust you at the shop?" queried Mike when the banquet was well in progress. "You said you'd no money."

"Did they ever trust you at the shop when you'd no money?" demanded Patch, scornfully. "I paid for it, that's all you need bother yourself about."

"It isn't that," explained his guest, hastily; "you never had anything to spare before, and I was wondering how you afforded to give me such a lot now."

Patch wondered too; then he crumpled up the paper table-cloth, and flung it into the gutter. "I

never wanted to give anything away before," he remarked; "but perhaps—if you couldn't get it anywhere else—I might give you a bit another time."

And presently in the dark a dirty hand stretched out and timidly stroked his sleeve.

Patch went home down the wet streets with his flute. He looked poor and ragged as ever, but he had at least taken the first step upward that night in finding out the possibility even for him of helping another.

SARAH PITT.

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## LITTLE TOILERS OF THE NIGHT.

### III.—YOUNG GIPSIES.



"D o we work at night! yes, I b'lieve yer; and afore daylight too, leastways, as soon as ever there's light enough to see by. Not always we don't, but when the old man comes back, an' says we must do a spell of peggin' there ain't no time hardly to get our vittles, except perhaps a tater, or a bit o' bread and bacon; but that's ever so much better than it used to be when poor mother was alive, and she and me and Aunt Ann and Ben used to work the dolls and windmills, an' the fly-ketchers, an' the flyin' birds."

She was a tall thin girl, with a flat dirty face, that would have been pale, if it had not been burnt to a yellowish brown with the sun, till it was only a shade lighter than the old battered straw hat that had let a wisp or two of yellow hair through a great slit in the back just above the brim. She wore a tattered cotton frock that had nearly all the pattern washed out, which must have been a long time before, because it was so stained and worn, so thin that it would bear no more washing.

The girl was trudging along in a pair of broken boots, two sizes too large for her, and trying to keep pace with a dark-haired sharp-eyed little woman, wrapped in a frayed shawl, and with a bonnet that looked as though it had been picked up from a dust-bin, as perhaps it had, and while the woman carried half a dozen long sticks, such as are used to prop up the lines upon which clothes are hung to dry, the girl held in one hand a bundle of the wooden pegs with which laundresses fastened the clothes to the lines, and in the other hand a coil of the line itself.

All these things together could not have been worth much, but it would be a hard day's work to cut the pegs, and a still harder day's work to the girl and the woman to sell them all. A good many miles of streets would have to be walked over, a good many area doors knocked at, a number of cross people, or people who were afraid of having something stolen, would shut those doors in their faces, and perhaps when they had trudged back again to Stratford, a long, long way on the other side of Whitechapel, they would only have earned a shilling or two, and would have eaten nothing but a bit of bread, unless somebody were kind enough to give them some food on purpose to get rid of them, when they stood whining and saying, "Buy a clothes-line, buy clothes-pegs, please to buy a clothes-prop," over and over again.

[Pg 274]

"They takes us for thieves, I s'pose," said the woman, "and I don't know that it's to be wondered at, for they reckon us all one with gipsies, and though our people ain't really gipsies, you know, they're not unlike 'em, and often we live much the same, and it can't be denied that there's them amongst us as would lay their hands on anything they see about; but none of my people would take what don't belong to 'em either from a passage or behind a door or a street stall—no, not if we was ever so badly off we wouldn't, would we, 'Liza?"

"I should think not, aunt," said the ragged girl. "Neither you nor poor mother nor father ever taught us that. It was hard enough, sometimes, as hard as it was yesterday, and is likely to be to-day, and there wasn't nothing to look forward to, except when I went out once or twice with father, or when he came home after a pretty good day, and we had something for supper, and then we often had to sit up at night to look over all the old clothes and the rags and bottles that he'd got in change for the dolls or the win'mills, and now we get more of the country in summer-time, and I ain't left off goin' to the Sunday-school, have I aunt?"

"No," said the woman, looking down and speaking in a low voice; "I shouldn't leave that off if I was you, and I often wish you could get to be in some place of service with a family, or do something better than live in this rough sort of a way. I a'most wish I'd never took you away after your mother died; but your father went away and little Ben was gone to sea, and I couldn't leave a little one like you to work night after night and day after day at the match-box-making along with other children, but with nobody to look after you." Here the poor woman held down her face, and I thought I saw a tear drop on to the back of the brown grimy hand that leaned upon the bundle of clothes-props. "But it's no good now," she said, rising from the bench where we were sitting. "What must be done to-day is to sell these props and pegs, and to-morrow, if Uncle Dick comes back, and has been pretty fortunate with the cart, we shall get our eggs and bacon, and our beef stew again, 'Liza, and most likely shall have a week or two in Epping Forest, with

enough to eat, at all events."

"Stop a minute," said I; "perhaps I might find you a customer for your props and pegs, and I want to hear about the doll-making and the windmills."

The woman and the girl sat down again. It was on a bench upon an open space of ground known as Hackney Downs (a few miles out of London), a great bare-looking waste, where nearly all the grass has been worn off, and there's not much to look at; but where a fine air blows, and where there are a few benches for people to sit upon.

"Well, you see, sir, 'Liza had better tell you about the doll-making," said the woman, "becos she begun to speak of it: not that they was what *you'd* call dolls, but only a sort of rough flat shape, of a head an' body cut out of match-wood, with eyes and mouth painted for a face, and bits of cotton print, or more often wall-paper, pasted on for a dress, and another bit for a cap; they was for poor people's children, don't you see, as could only afford a ha'penny or a farthing."

"And what about the windmills and the birds?"

"Well, don't you see, sir," says 'Liza—"the windmills was made of just the same bits of flat match-wood, that father brought home and cut into thin strips like. The windmills was like the spokes of a wheel joined together, with folded bits o' wall-paper, and fastened with a round French nail to the end of a stick, so as when the wind took 'em, they used to go round and round. The flying birds was this way—the wheel was a little sort of a hoop, with two wooden spokes to fasten it to the stick, and all the other spokes was made of strings with bits of feathers tied on to 'em, so that when the wind took it they looked like birds flying; as to the fly-ketchers, they was round and square bits o' coloured wall-papers and tissue—put together in strings till they looked like a sort of big Chinese lantern, to entice the flies to settle on 'em. You must have seen such things, sir; but then ours was common ones, of course, to sell for a penny, or a bottle or two, or some old rags."

"Oh, that was it, eh?"

"Yes. You see father'd bring home the wood, and Aunt Ann would cut it out to the shape—wouldn't you, aunt?—and poor mother'd cut out the paper or the cotton print for the dolls clothes, or the windmills, and I'd stick 'em on, or nail 'em on, and any of us 'ud paint the eyes an' mouth, even little Ben could do that. We used to live over beyond Bethnal Green, in a place called Twig Folly, and there was plenty of us children that used to work at lucifer match-box making about that part. When father took to the dolls and mills he bought his own wood and bits of wall-paper and that; but we worked night and day very often, so as to get a lot ready for him, when he used to go out with a barrow and all the dolls stuck up, and the mills going round, and the birds fluttering, and take 'em through the streets, for miles, selling them for ha'pennies, or givin' one for an old wine-bottle or a bundle o' rags, or old metal and such like. When he had money to spare, he'd buy old clothes, and then when he came home, we used to look through 'em to see which was to go with the rags, and which we could sell to the second-hand dealer. I don't work no harder now than I did then."

[Pg 275]

"What do you do now, then?"

"Well, you see, when poor mother died, and Ben was put aboard a ship to be taught the sea, father—he—he—went away and aunt went back where she'd been once before, to her brother-in-law's—which belongs to the gipsies,—not the real gipsies, that lives in tents, and goes about all over the country, but the London gipsies like, that lives down Stratford and Plaistow way. It's at Stratford that we lives, and there we cut these pegs out of the wood that Uncle Dick brings home; and he brings the props too, and buys the line. There's four of us gals, and when we ain't cuttin' the wood for the pegs we're basket-makin' or straw-plaitin'; but there's times when we go out a good bit, one or the other of us, I mean me and aunt and Uncle Dick's children, because he's got a share in a cart—one o' them big sort of caravans that's all hung round with baskets and mats, and cane-work and brooms and brushes and cradles—and it's a rare change too, to go along with it, though the walkin' makes your feet sore. But it's more change still when we go nearer to Epping Forest in summer-time, and live out there in the country in a covered wan and a tent or two, and learn to plait baskets out of osiers, and to cane chairs, and to make straw plait and all manner o' things, and only cut clothes-pegs at odd times. We don't work much at night then, but we're often up pretty early in the morning, I can tell you; but at Stratford—it's a close bad-smellin' sort of a little place is our lane, and we're pretty often hard at it by candle-light, or else lamplight, making up baskets and clothes-pegs and things ready for the trade in the summer. One thing is that when Uncle Dick makes a good week he don't stint us in food, and, as poor mother used to say, beggars mustn't be choosers, and I haven't got nobody to be good to me but Aunt Ann."

"There, don't take on that way," says the woman, rather roughly, though I can see another tear in her eye. "We've all got somebody to look after, and you was left to me, so up you get, 'Liza, and let's thank you kindly, sir, for—I don't like to take money for nothink, sir, and—perhaps, if you was livin' near here and had the washin' done at home, you'd like me to take home a prop or two, and half-a-dozen pegs, sir."

THOMAS ARCHER.

## A GAME FOR LONG EVENINGS.

**T**HOSE who learn drawing will find the game of "Positions" a particularly pleasant pastime for the long evenings. Any number can play the game—the more the merrier. All the players seat themselves round the table, and each one must be supplied with small pieces of white paper, about two inches square, and a pencil—or, better still, a pen and ink. All the players, except one, then silently resolve on some position in life which it is possible for them to fill, and each makes some sign of their "Position" by sketching a little picture of some article connected with their proposed trade or business on one of the blank pieces of paper. The name of each sketcher should be written on his paper. Five minutes are allowed for the sketching, the time being kept by the player who has not selected a "Position." All the illustrated papers are then passed in order round the table, so that each may view the others' pictures; but no one is supposed to criticise them aloud. Lastly they are handed to the "Guesser" (who, up to this point, has taken no active part in the game, except to time the five minutes), and he ranges them in order before him according to the order in which the players are seated at the table. He looks at them attentively and then proceeds to guess from the pictures what are the intended "Positions" of each person. Supposing that there were three players, and each one drew a sketch, say of a house, a pear, and a crown respectively. The Guesser looking at them would have no difficulty in pronouncing (1) landlord, (2) greengrocer, (3) king. If she fail to guess any of the "Positions," the first person at whom he or she stopped is chosen Guesser for the next time; if there has been no failure, the player on the right hand of the Guesser takes the privilege. The principal object of this game is for each player to try who can make the best sketch in five minutes, and the next object is to puzzle the Guesser.

[Pg 276]

### THE RIVAL KINGS.

(A FABLE IN FOUR SITUATIONS.)

#### SITUATION FIRST

**I**HAVE only one ambition in this world," said King Albus, addressing the feathered members of his household, "only *one* ambition."

"And what is that?" said the oldest and the fattest hen, sidling up to him.

"My ambition is," replied the king, strutting about the yard, and looking as haughty and as full of fight as only a Spanish cock can, "to see my detested rival over the fence yonder humbled in the dust."

"You've often said that," remarked the old hen.

"Yes," continued the king, "I mean to do it, too; and his lifeless body shall float down the mill-stream as helpless as a ball of worsted. I have said, and I will do."

"Well, dear," the hen said; "don't forget that King Crève-cœur is a powerful big bird."

"King Crève-cœur! Crève *cur* I call him. Deprive him of his diphthong, when speaking of him to me, madam, please."

"Well, diphthong, or not diphthong," sang the old hen, picking up a small pebble, and swallowing it, "he is big, and he wears a pair of frightfully long spurs."

"And what a charming plume he has on his head!" cried a young hen; "he looks quite soldierly. Belongs to the dragoons, I suppose."

"Hold your tongue," exclaimed the king; "and go about your business. Plume, indeed! spurs forsooth! The plume, madam, is an airy nothing; the spurs have neither strength nor substance. Now, look at me," this proud king went on, as he flew up on top of an old hurdle, "behold me well. Am I not as white as the driven snow? Is not my comb as red and rosy as crimson daisies, or the sunset's glow at dewy eve?" "Cock-a-doodle—doodle—do—o! Did ever you hear such a crow as that before?"

"Never," said the old hen.

"Except——" said the young one.

The king looked at her, and she was silent. But just at that moment came a voice from the other side of the old fence, that fairly startled every hen in King Albus's household. Shrill, defiant, terrible!

"Cock-a-doodle—roaro—ro—o!" went the voice.

"That is he!" cried the king. "That is more of his audacity! It is unbearable. I will stand it no longer. I will instantly give him battle. Farewell, and if for ever—still for ever, fare-ye-well."



"Stay with us, stay with us, stay—stay—stay," cried all the hens in cackling chorus.

"Never," cried the king; "while Crève *cur* lives! Cock-a-doodle—do! Death or victory!"

He sprang over the fence as he spoke.



"THE KING HAD CROSSED THE RUBICON.

#### SITUATION SECOND.

The king had crossed the Rubicon. There was no going back with honour now. He was fairly over the fence, and in the domains of the rival king.

King Albus bent his wattles to the ground, and gazed at his rival with one eye. His rival's back was turned towards him, and he took not the slightest notice of the king. [Pg 277]

"I wonder if he'll fight!" said the king to himself. "For my part I hope he won't, for I don't feel half so full of courage on this side of the fence as I did on the other. I daren't go back, though. How the young hens would giggle if I did, and how the old ones would cackle! No!"

All this time King Albus never moved; he still held his wattles close to the ground, and still looked at his rival with one eye, only sometimes he turned his head and looked with the other.

"He is pretending not to see me," he continued.

"He is afraid. I'll wager my wattles he's afraid. But—what?—do my eyes deceive me? No, he really has two lovely pure—white hens lying beside him. That seals his fate. If any one in the world ought to have white hens as companions, it is myself, because I am pure white. So he must die."

Now, although King Crèveœur's back was turned to his rival, he could see him with the side of his eye, and besides, his two hens told him what the silly old Spaniard was doing.

"He's afraid to come on, I think," said one.

"Don't be too hard on him," said the other.

"A deal depends," replied Crèveœur, shaking his head. "I have never insulted him; I can't help being bigger and handsomer and richer than he is; he has no right to go on envying me as he does. He deserves to be punished. He is mean, that is what he is. Stop, I'll give him a little encouragement—Cock-a-doodle-do-o!"

"It needed but that," cried King Albus.

He advanced speedily as he spoke, along by the side of the mill lead.

"Run away, my dears," said the Crève to his two hens, "the battle is about to commence."

One hen went; the other declared she would stand by him as long as she lived.

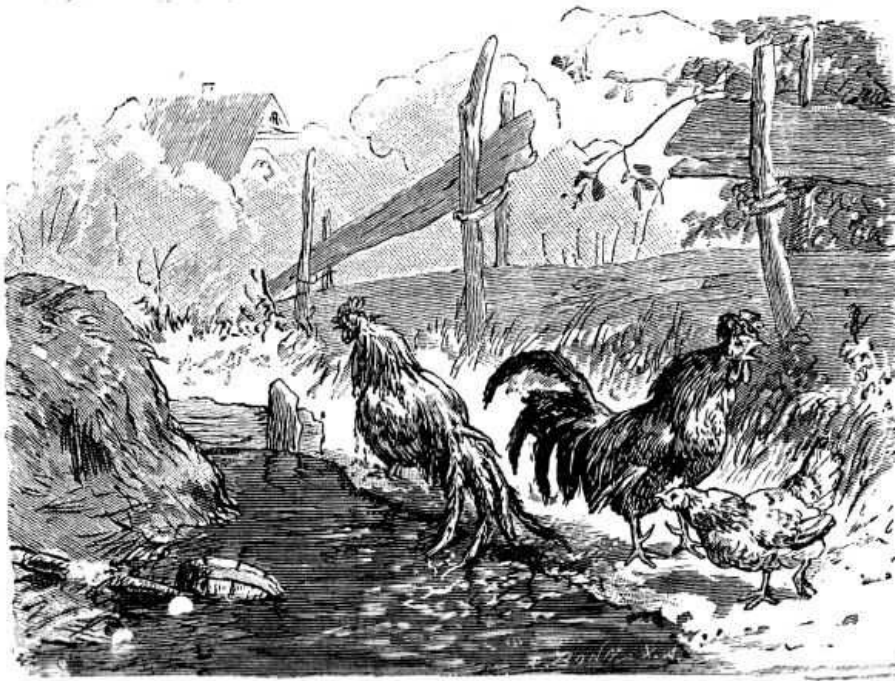
Now, it was a very remarkable thing, but no sooner had King Albus got close up behind King Crève, and was just about to strike the blow, that might or might not have both begun and ended the fight, than all his courage at once oozed out at his toes, and he really didn't feel he had pluck enough to raise his foot to strike, or even to keep his tail erect.

"I feel very faint," he said to himself, "I think I'll just take a run home and have a few crumbs of food, and then come back again."

He turned as he spoke and began to move off.

"Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o!" roared the cock with the plumes.





HE BEGAN TO MOVE OFF. ([p. 277](#)).

### SITUATION THIRD.

Now, this was more than the meanest-spirited cock that ever crowed could stand.

He raised his tail again, wheeled suddenly round and faced his foe. The other cock or king also wheeled round, and so with ruffles raised and wings half spread, and with fire flashing from their eyes, the two confronted each other.

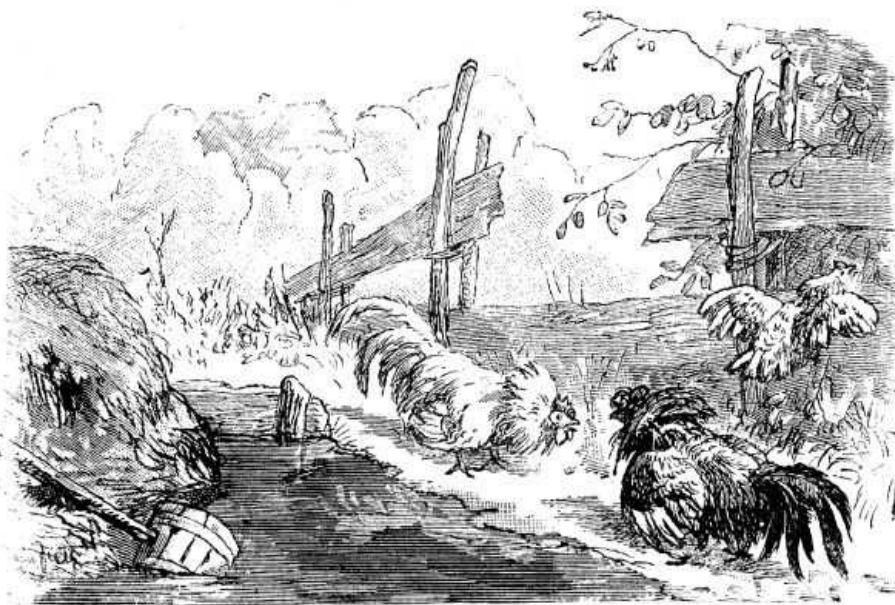
But courage now deserted the heart of the white hen, and she fled.

"Cray—cray—cray," she screamed; "there'll be bloodshed, cray—cray—cray!"

"Have you made your will?" cried the white king, fiercely. "Are you prepared for a watery grave?"

"As to my will," replied the dark king, "there'll be plenty of time to think about that when you're dead. As to the watery grave, I'm quite ready for it, as soon as I meet any one who has the strength and courage to send me there. It won't be you."

"You may imagine yourself dead already," roared the white king. "Your body will go floating down the mill-stream, and there won't be a feather of you left together an hour after this—the frogs and fish will eat you."



"COME ON AND FIGHT IF YOU DARE."

"Fish and frogs!" cried King Crève, "fiddlesticks! Come on and fight if you dare. I'll give you leave to strike the first blow."

Then the white cock grew very sentimental.

"I don't really want to kill you," he said; "it seems a pity."

"Can nought but blood our feud atone,  
Are there no means?"  
"No, stranger, none!"

"Now just look here," said the dark king. "What *are* you talking about? If you mean to fight—fight. [Pg 278]  
If you don't mean to fight—go over the fence again."

"But I want to have something to say to you," cried King Albus.

"Well then, out with it. I'm not going to stand here palavering all day, with my feathers up like a ruffed grouse. I'm catching cold, I am. I'll go to work to warm myself presently, and it will be a bad thing for you when I do."

"What d'ye mean by being bigger than me, then?" said the white cock.

"Oh! that's your grievance, is it?"

"Yes, and what d'ye mean by crowing louder every morning, and wearing that silly old plume on top o' your poll, and those stupid long spurs on your heels, eh?"

"Anything else?"

"Ye-s—What d'ye mean by having more oats to eat than me? And more hens to walk about and sing to ye, eh?"

"Oh! You envious silly old thing, you," cried King Crève. "Go home at once, and learn to live a better life, do."

"Not till I've killed King Cur."

#### SITUATION FOURTH AND LAST.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

They were at it now spur and bill. The sound of the blows went echoing all over the farmyards where they lived. Whack! Whack! Whack! Dear me, how the feathers flew!

"My brave!" cried the fat old hen, "I never thought there was so much courage in him before!"

"Wait a bit," cried the saucy young one. "Plumes will give him a lesson presently."

"Plumes won't," shrieked the other.

"Plumes *will!*" roared the young one. And lo! and behold those two hens got fighting behind the fence—so foolish of them—and thus there were two battles raging at one and the same time.

Now sometimes, right is might, but in this case right and might were both on the same side. For King Albus had no business to be so envious and jealous of his neighbour, simply because he was better than he; and he was certainly very wrong to invade his territory. If he had only stayed at home, and been content with his own surroundings, he might have lived and been happy for many a long day.

To do the white king justice, however, he fought well. Though a coward at heart, now that he found himself really engaged, he knew that to give in would mean being trodden to death under the feet of his foe. So he fought on and on.

Both shortly paused for breath, and the white king began turning over the gravel with his bill, as if looking for a grub or two. This was merely a pretence, in order to gain time, and the dark king knew that well enough.

"Don't be silly," he said, tantalisingly, "grubs don't grow in the gravel. I don't believe you could swallow a grub if you had one. Go home now, and come back again when your poor old head is healed."

"I'll heal you!" roared King Albus, "I'll grub you!"

Then the battle re-commenced with re-doubled fury.

But it did not last much longer. The dark king watched his chance, and bringing all his strength to bear on one blow, sent his adversary sprawling and roaring for mercy right into the mill-stream.



"ROARING FOR MERCY."

Then he jumped nimbly on top of him and crowed.

His weight sank his foe, he gave a gasp or two, then away he floated still and quiet enough, while the dark king jumped on shore, and coolly began to re-arrange his ruffled plumage, his two hens soon returning to admire him.

"I told you," cried the young hen, "that Plumes would kill him."

"Ah! well," said the fat old hen, "such things will happen, you know. It can't be helped. It's a pity, of course. But he was always rather haughty and overbearing, and envious too; and if there is one feeling more distasteful to me than another it is *Envy*."

ARION

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

[Pg 279]

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

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ow clear and bright the fire is, Mary," said Margaret, when she came into the kitchen, and found Mary already busy setting plates and dishes to warm, rubbing the gridiron, and placing everything in readiness for the lesson in Cookery.

"Yes, Miss Margaret, it *is* bright, and I made it so," said Mary, with pride in her voice. "Mistress said we were to learn to broil to-day, so I came here in good time, cleared away the dust, put on some coal, and swept up the hearth; and now how hot and clear the fire is; exactly the fire for broiling, I know."

"You seem to know all about it before you are taught, Mary."

"I am not so clever as that comes to, miss. But I know that for broiling you need a bright hot fire without blaze, and that you need to have everything quite ready before you begin to cook at all, because when you have once made a start you cannot leave the broil to attend to anything; so I thought it was as well to be prepared before-hand."

"Why are you rubbing the gridiron so hard then? Was it not cleaned the last time it was used?"

"Of course it was cleaned; but aunt says that no matter how clean a gridiron looks, we should always give it an extra rub before using it, 'for safety,' and that then we should make it hot over the fire, and afterwards rub the bars with mutton-fat to grease them, and keep the meat from sticking to the bars. But here comes mistress."

"You appear to be cooking without my help to-day," said Mrs. Herbert, smiling, as she looked round and saw what had been done.

"No, ma'am. I have finished all I know," said Mary.

"Then let me tell you a little more. Broiling is a very convenient way of cooking meat, because it

is very quick, and it makes meat very tasty and very wholesome. I should like you to understand it, therefore. It is only suitable, however, for small things, such as chops, and steaks, and kidneys, and fish. To-day we will broil a steak."

"The gridiron is greased ready, ma'am," interrupted Mary.

"Quite right. I am glad to see it, Mary. This should always be done. But now notice. This steak, though I call it small, is still cut fairly thick—it is nearly an inch thick. If it were cut in a thin slice, to broil it would make it hard and dry, and we wish it to be brown and well cooked on the outside, and tender and juicy inside. I wonder if you recollect what I said when we first began these lessons in Cookery about making a case on the outside of the meat to keep the goodness inside?"

"I recollect it quite well," said Mary.

"So do I," said Margaret. "We put the leg of mutton into boiling water for five minutes to cook the albumen on the outside of the meat, which is like white of egg, to form a sort of case; and when the case was formed we drew the meat back and let it simmer till it was gently cooked all through."

"Excellent, Margaret. I think my small pupils do me great credit. As in boiling meat we put the meat into boiling water, to harden the albumen, so in broiling meat we put the meat near a fierce heat to harden the albumen; and we turn the meat quickly so that the albumen may be hardened on one side as well as the other. Now you know what we have to do. Shall we begin?"

"Yes, please," answered the little girls, both together.

"You are quite ready? Because when once we have begun to broil we must not try to attend to anything else till we have finished."

"We are quite ready," replied the children.

"Then, Mary, as you have done so much in preparing for us, you begin. Put the steak on the hot greased gridiron—never mind the flare which comes almost at once; it will not hurt us at this stage. If later it gets unmanageable we will sprinkle a little salt on the fire, and that will keep it down.

"May I turn it, mother?" said Margaret.

"Yes, dear. Stop, stop, though; what are you about, child? Surely you are not going to put a fork into the lean part of the steak."

"I was, though, mother. How shall I take hold of it if I do not?"

"With the steak-tongs. Or if they are not at hand, use a spoon and the flat side of a knife. But on no account stick a fork into the lean. We are taking ever so much care to keep the juices in, and if you stick a fork in you let them out most abundantly. It would not be so mischievous to stick the fork into the fat, but to stick it into the lean! Oh, Margaret!"

"I am very sorry, mother, I will never do it again."

"Never do it, dear, no matter how you are cooking the meat, that is, of course, unless you wish to get the goodness out; that will alter the state of the case altogether." [Pg 280]

"Is it time to turn the steak again, mother?"

"Yes, dear. Turn it quickly, because by so doing you make both sides brown, and that keeps in the juice. It is very curious how people who are clever in Cookery differ about whether or not meat which is being broiled should be turned. I say most decidedly, turn it frequently. First make one side brown as quickly as you can, then the other, and after that turn it every two minutes."

"You have to keep on watching it, though," said Margaret.

"Of course you have. I told you so at the beginning."

"It begins to smell very deliciously," said Mary.

"So it does, Mary. I think broiling is one of the most perfect ways of cooking, though it is so simple and easily managed, and so quick also."

"Is it quick, mother? How long does it take? A quarter of an hour to the pound?"

"No, dear, you cannot count the time in that way, it is not safe. You must learn to know by the look and the touch of the meat whether it is done or not. This steak takes about twelve minutes you will find, but then Mary had taken care to have the fire clear and fierce, and the steak was cut evenly. Press the meat with the flat blade of a knife to find whether it is done. You will, after trying once or twice, know how it feels when it is sufficiently cooked. It should be nearly black outside and the inside should be red all the way through. There should not be a blue line of raw meat in the middle—that is quite wrong.

"I don't like red underdone meat," said Margaret. "I cannot eat it."

"A broiled steak is not red because it is under-dressed; it is red because it is full of gravy. Now our steak is done, I think. Press it with the knife that you may know how it feels."

The little girls pressed it, and looked very wise.

"The plates have been warming for such a long time, that I cannot take hold of them," said Mary.

"That is as they should be. They ought to be very hot indeed for a broil."

"Mother, how many more lessons in Cookery have we?"

"Only one, dear. Your holidays are almost over."

"May we choose what we will make next time, mother?"

"I am rather afraid to promise for fear you should choose something unlikely—a wedding-cake for instance."

"We were going to choose a wedding-cake, mother."

"I would rather you dismissed it from your thoughts, my little daughter. A wedding-cake costs a good deal to begin with; it is not particularly wholesome food. I could not let you eat more than an inch or two, for fear you should be ill. Think of something else."

"Very well, mother. We will think it thoroughly over; and if we choose something reasonable, and not unwholesome, may we make what we wish, just to finish up well?"

"Yes, that I will readily agree to," said Mrs. Herbert, and the children went away contented.

*(To be continued.)*

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## LEGENDS OF THE FLOWERS.

### THE SUNFLOWER.

**W**HERE hollyhocks lift their blossoms gay,  
And dahlias show their velvet dyes,  
The Sunflower in its flaming pride  
With them in gorgeous beauty vies.

Proudly it turns towards the sun,  
And lifts aloft its golden shield,  
As in the day when first its bloom  
To wondering Spaniards was revealed.

For, when the Spaniards found Peru,  
A marvel there they did behold,  
The fields with Sunflowers covered o'er  
Seemed like a living sheet of gold.

No wonder that Peruvian priests,  
Who worshipped the Sun-god, should take  
The Sunflower for their chosen flower,  
And hold it sacred for his sake.

Each holy priestess of the Sun  
A glittering golden breast-plate wore,  
Fashioned to semblance of the flower,  
That also in her hand she bore.

And though in lands far from Peru  
A home the Sunflower bright hath found,  
It worships still the sun, as when  
The Spaniards trod Peruvian ground.

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## THEIR ROAD TO FORTUNE.

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### THE STORY OF TWO BROTHERS.

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

### CHAPTER XIII.—MR. GREGORY'S OPINION.

**“** **W**HAT do you generally have for your luncheon?" Mr. Murray said, as he led the way to the dining-room. "Something good, I've no doubt. Now, just you tell me what it is."



"Well, sir, a Bath bun and a glass of milk," Bertie replied, looking vainly round the enormous table in search of his favourite dainty.

"Then I'm afraid you must manage with a cutlet to-day," Mr. Murray said, with one of his peculiar smiles, "or some cold roast beef, or ham and chicken," glancing from one to another of the dishes that adorned the table. "Really, boy, I'm afraid we have not such a thing as a Bath bun in the house, or within a quarter of a mile of us; but a glass of milk I dare say James can find you, unless you would prefer some claret and water."

"No, thank you, sir; but plain water will do very well," Bertie replied, feeling a little confused.

"Do you never drink wine of any kind at your Uncle Gregory's?"



"HE TURNED HIS BULL'S-EYE ON BERTIE." ([p. 285](#)).

"No, sir; papa made Eddie and I promise we would never even taste it till we grew to be men, and we never have. He said that then we would like it so little that we would not care if we never tasted it a second time."

"He was quite right, boy. And now tell me why you refused my invitation. Were you afraid of offending your uncle?"

"No, sir."

"What, then?" Mr. Murray said, looking stern. "Tell me just the truth."

"I don't think my cousins wanted us to go; I felt that they wouldn't have been kind to us; and I am sure Aunt Gregory would have been displeased. I did not think we should have been happy, sir, I'm sure Eddie would have been miserable after what he said."

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"What did Eddie say?" Mr. Murray asked.

"If you please, sir, I'd rather not tell you: he wouldn't like it," Bertie replied, looking quite troubled at the turn the conversation was taking.

"But I want to know, and I must know; tell me this moment what Eddie said. Am I not your father's old friend? Go on, boy."

Mr. Murray looked so angry, and his eyes flashed so under his shaggy knitted brows, that Bertie was quite frightened.

"Eddie said he did not like being poor or seeing people who knew him when he was rich; and he's so clever and so proud; and he would be so miserable if the boys treated him as they do me. So I thought if I came back to town they wouldn't go without me," Bertie said hurriedly. "And now, sir, please may I go back? Uncle will be so angry; he says all office time belongs to him, and any one who wastes a moment of it, or is late, or leaves before the clock strikes, is a thief!" Bertie's voice fell to an awed whisper, and his ruddy cheeks grew quite pale at the bare idea of being thought dishonest, and yet he knew that Mr. Gregory would not spare him a bit more than any one else;

and it was half-past two, and Bertie was due back at one o'clock.

"Do you think your time belongs to your uncle?" Mr. Murray asked suddenly.

"Yes, sir, of course; he pays me," Bertie replied. "Please may I go now?"

"One moment. Tell me what reward you expect for having brought that bag here to-day."

"Reward!" Bertie stammered, looking the very picture of confusion. "I don't know what you mean. The bag was not mine, and I managed to give it back to the person it belonged to: that's all, sir. Why should I be rewarded? But the cabman was so grateful, he said, 'Heaven bless the gentleman! he's done a better turn than he knew to-day;' and he kissed the sovereign, sir; and I'm sure there were tears in his eyes, because he said—" Bertie stopped suddenly; perhaps he had no right to repeat the cabby's words, spoken under the influence of sudden and joyful excitement; but Mr. Murray commanded him to go on. "Because he said, 'My poor wife is dyin', and this 'ere precious sov will let me go right 'ome, and spend the rest of the day with her. Heaven bless the gentleman!' Oh, he did look so happy!" and Bertie's own eyes filled with sympathetic tears, though his lips smiled. "I don't think I shall mind Uncle Gregory's scolding a bit when I think of the poor cabby's happiness," he added.

"Bertie, a truly good and honest action is like a pebble thrown in a pool of water: at first it makes a little splash that is not of much account, but the tiny circle widens and widens, till the whole surface is influenced. Life is a limitless pool. Do you know where the circle you started to-day may end? No; neither do I; no human being knows, but God does. Already it has benefited me a little, that unhappy clerk who lost the bag a great deal, that poor cabby with his dying wife a great deal more. Who knows how many more innocent and perfectly unconscious people may have been influenced by the accident, if, indeed, there is such a thing as accident in this world of ours. Just think for one moment what would have been the result if you had carried that bag to your office, put it in your desk, and never said a word about it till to-morrow morning, when there would perhaps have been an advertisement in *The Times*, offering fifty pounds reward. You might have got the money and been happy, and five thousand people might have been miserable for life. Such was the importance of those papers. Now, my carriage is at the door, and I'll set you down in the City. Tell your uncle the exact truth, and always act, Bertie Rivers, as you did to-day, honestly and *promptly*: not because it may benefit yourself, but because it's sure to have a beneficial influence on every one else. Remember the pebble and the pool."

Mr. Murray did not speak another word till they reached the top of Mincing Lane; there the carriage stopped and Bertie got out, but in spite of all the kind things the old gentleman had said, in spite of the consciousness of having done quite right from one point of view, in spite of his real pleasure on the clerk's and the cabby's account, he felt positively nervous about entering the presence of his uncle, and actually loitered outside for fully five minutes before venturing to push back the swing doors, and enter the outer office of Gregory and Co. He fancied all the clerks were looking at him in surprised compassion, though in reality not one of them had noticed him, and if they had, they would only think he had been sent on an errand by his uncle. With a loudly-beating heart he entered his uncle's room fairly trembling in every limb, the ominous silence of every one having completely terrified him.

Mr. Gregory was writing, and only raised his eyes for one moment as Bertie took his seat, but he looked very stern, and without doubt there would be a storm in a few moments, for Bertie was not a stranger to the rigid rules of the office. At the end of ten minutes the busy pen was laid aside, a heap of letters pushed into the basket, and by a motion of his hand Mr. Gregory summoned his nephew to stand before him.

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"You are just two hours and a quarter late," he said, glancing at his watch. "Will you kindly explain to me where you have been and what you have been doing?"

"Yes, Uncle Gregory;" and in a very quavering voice Bertie recounted every incident that occurred from the moment he left the office for luncheon till he returned, dwelling least on his interview with Mr. Murray and most on the necessity of overtaking the gentleman who had lost the bag. He then explained what he had heard in the train in the morning, and how important it was that the papers should be signed at once. But Mr. Gregory's face grew graver and sterner as he listened, and instead of praising Bertie, he looked as if he could have cheerfully given him a good thrashing.

"You should have brought that bag to me, sir; you should have remembered that during office hours your time is mine. I am very angry with you, Herbert Rivers, and, what is still worse, very much disappointed. I imagined that you were a steady, straightforward boy, who meant to profit by the exceptional opportunities given you. I fancied you were worthy of the kindness I have bestowed upon you, and I find you a clever, artful, designing creature. Why did you say you preferred to come back to business instead of going with your cousins? why did you come, boy? To cross, thwart, annoy me? In my opinion, you came simply to ingratiate yourself with Mr. Murray, and your conduct to-day has proved it. Why should you find his papers? Why should you take them to him instead of to me—your uncle and guardian, as well as your master? I tell you again that it's my opinion you are a bad, artful designing boy, and I'm very sorry I ever set your foot on the high road to fortune, for I'm sadly afraid you will turn out a disgrace to me some day!"

"Not so bad as that, Gregory, I hope," Mr. Murray said, entering the room; he had been standing in the doorway unnoticed for some minutes, and overheard a good deal of the conversation. "Your nephew is not going to disgrace you, because he did what was clearly his duty in a very clever



way. Cheer up, Bertie; your uncle will have a better opinion of you presently."

For answer, Bertie hid his face amongst the circulars on his desk, and burst into a passionate fit of crying, none the less bitter because his uncle sternly commanded him to be quiet, and carry a note to a gentleman in Threadneedle Street, and wait for an answer. Meanwhile Mr. Murray sat down, as if he meant to have a long conversation with Mr. Gregory, who looked as if he most cordially wished his visitor sixty miles away, as he thought him in reality to be, before he had heard Bertie's curious story.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—BERTIE IN DIFFICULTIES.

**W**HEN he left the office on his uncle's errand, Bertie Rivers felt very miserable. For a minute he seemed almost stunned by his uncle's words, "A disgrace!" Was it possible that merely doing right ever could bring disgrace to anybody? if so, what was the good of doing right at all? But then, Mr. Murray had commended him, had said right always helped the largest number of people, though one might sometimes suffer; but even in a good cause to be called artful, designing, to be suspected of trying to make friends with Mr. Murray, and leading his uncle to suppose that he did not want to even accept his invitation, was too bitterly hard, and for the first time in his life Bertie felt as if he must throw himself down by the wayside, and sob his sorrow out to some one.

"Oh, if I could only see Aunt Amy!" he said aloud as he toiled up the stairs to the address on the note in his hand. "If I could only tell her all!" and then, as the gentleman was out and he was desired to wait, he sat on a form on the landing, and while seeming to watch the never-ending crowd of passers-by in Threadneedle Street, he was really thinking, "I must see my Aunt Amy. I must, I must, I must!"

The passing cabs attuned themselves to the words, the newspaper-boys, crying "Evening Paper, fourth edition," the flower-sellers, the sellers of mechanical toys, revolving purses, performing mice, and other living and dead monstrosities that haunt the vicinity of the Stock Exchange and Bank, all seemed to "cry" the same thing to Bertie, "I must see Aunt Amy. I must, I must, I must!"

Till four o'clock Bertie sat patiently waiting for an answer to his note, then the *commissionaire* came and told him that there was no chance of the gentleman he wanted being there that day; so he went back to Mincing Lane, only to find the office shut up, and then, for the first time, he glanced at a clock, and saw that it was a quarter after four. He had no very definite idea of how the time had gone, but the one uppermost idea still in his mind was to get to Aunt Amy, and tell her all his troubles, and ask her if she thought he had been so very much to blame.



"BERTIE WAS IN HER ARMS IN A MOMENT" ([p. 288](#)).

uncle before his holiday; and he had no money: his last penny had been spent at Brighton, and Mr. Gregory had not remembered to give him his usual weekly allowance; but there was the savings' bank: he could get some of his own money and go to see Aunt Amy at once. But the "book" was at Kensington, he remembered, and he called to mind, too, that the people at the Post Office wanted notice before paying any deposits, so that would not do. In his sore trouble and impatience he wanted to rush off to the station that moment, and even an express train would be far too slow for his wishes. As he walked towards Kensington he kept thinking all the time how he was to get the money. Whom could he ask to help him? But he did not ask any one, and at last, weary with his walk and his troubled thoughts, hot and dusty, he turned into the Park, and threw himself on the grass in the quietest spot he could find. He was close to Kensington Gardens, and a few minutes would bring him home; but Bertie felt as if he must have a rest before the duties of the evening commenced. For the first time in his life his work seemed distasteful to him, and the idea of being shut up alone with his uncle in the library after what had taken place was almost unbearable. If he only could get away to Aunt Amy and tell her all, it would be such a comfort. Once he pulled out his watch, and for a moment thought of selling it, then with a start he remembered that it was his dear father's last present. Above all things, he could not part with that. It really seemed as if there were no resource but to wait till he got his money from the savings' bank, and by that time Aunt Amy would be just about returning to Fitzroy Square.

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"I suppose I may as well wait, and be as patient as I can," he mused; "besides, Uncle Gregory may think differently after what Mr. Murray said to him to-day;" and then he turned over lazily on the grass, pulled his hat over his eyes, and in a very few minutes was sound asleep. He was very tired, and fairly worn out with the excitement as well as the fatigue of the long summer's day, and he slept heavily. How long he did not know, when he started to his feet suddenly, to find himself quite damp from a heavy dew, chilled, stiff, sore, and, worst of all, hungry. The park was quite deserted and very dark, still he knew his way tolerably well, and hurried towards the gate, shivering partly with cold, partly with nervousness, at finding himself quite alone in the dark—everything was so gloomy and weird. When he reached the gates he was really frightened to find them locked, and to see by the lamplight that it was just eleven o'clock. What would Uncle Gregory say when he got home? How was he to get home unless some one came and let him out? for though a tolerably skilful climber, Bertie felt that great swing gate was beyond him; he did not like to venture over the sharp spikes at the top, even if he could get so high. For a few minutes he called loudly, but no one took the least notice, and he was becoming more and more frightened when he saw the friendly gleam of a policeman's lantern. It was some time before he could attract his attention, and when he did the man spoke quite gruffly, and threatened him with all sorts of pains and penalties for being in the park after hours.

"I couldn't help it, indeed!" Bertie cried, earnestly. "I was so tired that I fell asleep, and uncle will be dreadfully anxious about me. Oh, do please find some one to let me out!"

"Who's your uncle? and where does he live?" the policeman said, a little less gruffly, for as he turned his bull's-eye on Bertie he saw he was not a common offender, but a handsome young gentleman, who looked in real, not sham, trouble.

"My uncle is Mr. Gregory, and he lives in Gore House, just close by. Oh, do please, get me out! he will be so anxious!"

The policeman hesitated for a moment, and then directed Bertie to a part of the railing tolerably easy to climb, from which he assisted him carefully to get down, and walked with him to Gore House. There was light in the library and dining-room, but there did not seem to be any fuss or confusion, and it just struck Bertie that perhaps he had not been missed at all. His uncle had seemed very preoccupied all day; perhaps he had forgotten all about him since the time he had sent him to Threadneedle Street. As it happened, that was just the case. Mr. Gregory did not come home till late, when he was accompanied by Mr. Murray; and immediately after dinner both gentlemen went into the library, and had remained there ever since. It was as James the footman opened the door, and the policeman and Bertie entered the hall, that Mr. Gregory and Mr. Murray entered it too from the library.

"I wish you would let me order the carriage," Mr. Gregory was saying, when he stopped suddenly and hurried forward. "What's all this? Bertie Rivers and a policeman! What has he been doing?" he asked, in a tone that made the hearers think he was almost glad to see his nephew in difficulties.

"There's not much amiss, sir," the policeman answered respectfully. "This young gentleman says he was tired, and fell asleep in the park. Of course he got locked in, and I helped him out. That's all, sir; unless he has got cold from sleeping on the grass."

"Why were you in the park? why did not you come straight home? Give an account of yourself," Mr. Gregory said sternly.

"I went to Threadneedle Street, sir, and waited for an answer, as you told me, but the gentleman did not come in; then I went back to Mincing Lane, but the office was shut, and I walked home."

"Why did you walk?" Mr. Gregory interrupted.

"I had no money, sir," Bertie replied defiantly; "and I thought I was to return with you, but you were gone."

"Well, why didn't you come straight home? Why did you loiter in the park? I don't believe a word

you have said!"

"He was in the park right enough, sir. I seed him there and helped him out; and any one as walked from the City might fall asleep without much blame on an afternoon like the one to-day," the policeman said, feeling a little indignant at Bertie's reception, and perhaps disappointed at the poor prospect of reward for himself.

"Get about your business!" Mr. Gregory said shortly, and the man turned aside with a muttered exclamation, but Bertie seized his hand and thanked him warmly, and Mr. Murray just then contrived to slip a more tangible reward into his other hand. Then the old gentleman turned to Bertie, and patted him kindly on the shoulder. "Why, dear me, boy! you are quite wet," he cried, starting back, "and you are as white as anything. Had you any dinner? of course not; nor any tea? how very tiresome of you! But then you had no money, and you came up from Brighton this morning, and had a tiresome, exciting day. Better you went in the yacht, boy, far better and pleasanter; and your uncle could have done very well without you;" and Mr. Murray frowned and chuckled in the most extraordinary way as he pushed Bertie before him into the dining-room, and rang the bell just as if the whole place belonged to him, while Mr. Gregory immediately followed, looking very dark and stern.

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"James, get this boy a cup of hot cocoa and some cold meat directly, and tell some one to prepare a warm bath for him; and you must give him a holiday to-morrow, Mr. Gregory. He should stay in bed all the day if he's to escape a violent cold. Now I must be off. Good night; good night, boy; take great care of yourself, you are very fortunate that you didn't have to sleep in the park all night."

And with another friendly pat on the shoulder, Mr. Murray departed, leaving Bertie drinking his cocoa with evident enjoyment, and Mr. Gregory frowning with annoyance.

In more ways, and more seriously than he knew, Bertie had caused his uncle loss and disappointment that day, and Mr. Gregory was not inclined to forgive him very easily; least of all was he disposed to overlook the sudden interest taken in him by Mr. Murray, and the conversation that afternoon at the office, and in the evening at Gore House, had been chiefly about the two boys whom fortune had thrown on the world so young, and so little able to help themselves. Mr. Murray asked persistently if something better could not be done for them. Mr. Gregory maintained that they were both well and generously treated, but Bertie's white woe-begone face and evident fear of his uncle spoke little for the happiness of his life in Gore House; and as he walked home in the quiet, sultry August night, Mr. Murray sketched out a plan which he thought would please the boys, and make life more pleasant for the sons of his dead friend, but it would take some time and trouble to mature, and then both boys would have to be fully tried and tested before the idea was made known to them. "I have no fear about Bertie: he's a brave, bright, truthful lad; even the vague suspicion of being false cuts him like a knife. No man should say he doesn't believe a boy like that without positive proof. As for his brother—well, I'm afraid he's a difficult youngster to manage, but he's all right at the bottom. I have no doubt he will stand the test too; and the sooner we get poor Bertie out of his difficulties the better it will be for him."

## CHAPTER XV.—BAD NEWS FROM BRIGHTON.

**W**HEN Mr. Murray left the dining-room at Gore House, Mr. Gregory followed him as far as the hall door, then he returned for a moment, and looked at Bertie angrily. It seemed as if he were going to say something of importance, but suddenly checked himself with a hasty stamp of his foot; then he said, more quietly, "Get to bed as soon as possible, and be down in good time in the morning, and see that you don't fall asleep out of doors again," and left the dining-room.

Bertie was not very long after him, and though he felt much better for his supper, he was still so stiff and chilled that the warm bath was a real luxury. His head was scarcely on the pillow before he was sound asleep, but he was troubled and restless, and awoke in the morning feeling dull and unrefreshed, and with the uncomfortable sense of something having happened that he vainly tried to recall. However, he got up and was downstairs before his uncle.

Mr. Gregory spoke to him coldly, without looking up from his pile of letters, and Bertie ate his breakfast in silence: that is, he drank his coffee, but food seemed to hurt his throat strangely, and in spite of the brilliant sunshine, he shivered nervously once or twice. Just as breakfast was finished there came a telegram for Mr. Gregory, which, when he had read it, he handed over to Bertie.

The message was from Aunt Amy, saying that Uncle Clair was ill, and wished to see Bertie, if his Uncle Gregory would permit him to go. The paper fell from his trembling fingers as he looked at the unconcerned features of his uncle, and he gasped, rather than asked, "May I go, sir?"

"Certainly, if you wish it," was the cold reply, "though I fail to see what possible good you can do. You can come into the City with me, and go down by the noon express; telegraph to that effect when you reach the office."

"Thank you, Uncle Gregory; and if you please, will you let me have some money?" Bertie faltered,

blushing, and looking very much confused. "I'm afraid it would take me too long to get my own out of the savings' bank."

Mr. Gregory took a sovereign from his pocket. "That will be sufficient for your expenses. Watts shall get your ticket;" and Mr. Gregory rose from the table, and rang for his hat and gloves. The dog-cart was already at the door, and presently Bertie was beside his uncle driving City-wards.

Mr. Gregory looked very stern and angry, and once or twice seemed on the point of asking Bertie some questions, but always checked himself. The fact was, Mr. Gregory felt very curious as to what Mr. Murray had said to Bertie, whether he had made him any fine promises, or, in short, shown the lad himself the keen interest that he took in him, and how resolved he was to do something to alter his condition. Mr. Gregory had very confidently hoped that one of his own sons would have been the old gentleman's favourite, and but for the unfortunate encounter with the Rivers' lads, he felt quite confident that such would have been the case. Then the finding of the papers and the immediate return of them annoyed Mr. Gregory very much. If he could have kept them back for one day it would have been considerably to his interest; and though he liked and fully appreciated a boy who was quick to think and prompt to act, he liked the quickness and promptitude to be for, not against, himself. In fact, though he would not acknowledge it, even to himself, Mr. Gregory's business affairs just then were in a very critical condition: during the summer many of his ventures had failed; many large firms with which he did business had also failed; and though the credit of his house was as yet above suspicion, trade was very dull, and matters generally looked threatening. It was that that caused Mr. Gregory to court an alliance in any shape with the firm of Murray and Co., that enjoyed a reputation second only to the Bank of England. With one of his sons in the office, and treated as the adopted child of the head of the firm, Mr. Gregory felt as if he could face a financial earthquake; therefore he did not care to see Bertie rendering important services, did not care to hear him praised for exceptional business capacity, least of all did he like to hear his old friend Mr. Murray almost reproach himself for the lad's dependent position, and say sadly that in a great measure he was the cause of their father's ruin. Such a statement from an enormously wealthy, Quixotically generous man meant possible reparation; there was really no telling what he might not do for Bertie and Eddie Rivers; so Mr. Gregory determined very prudently, as he thought, to keep the boys as much as possible out of the old gentleman's way. Therefore he allowed Bertie to go to Brighton, with permission to remain as long as his uncle and aunt required him, and telegraphed to his wife to send his second son Dick up to town without delay.

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"Harry must go to Oxford and get into Parliament," he said to himself, "and I must sacrifice Dick to his interest and advancement." It was a singular thing Mr. Gregory never thought it the least sacrifice to place Bertie Rivers in his office, even when he was younger and worse educated than his own son. "Bertie is a smart, industrious lad, with better business capacity than Dick," he reflected, as he watched Bertie go through his morning's work, apparently oblivious to everything outside, forgetful of his stiff limbs, sore throat, hard words, and, worst of all, the terrible telegram from Brighton; he simply crushed the thoughts down and did his work steadily, till his uncle told him it was time to go to the station.

"Good-bye. I hope you will find Mr. Clair better," he said, ungraciously enough. "Watts, get a hansom, and be quick."

Bertie needed no second bidding to go, and as he left the office it was with an earnest wish that he might never have to enter it again. He little knew that his uncle's thoughts at the same moment were, "I hope he may never come back; or if he does, I hope Dick will be with Mr. Murray."

That gentleman meantime had driven round to Gore House about eleven o'clock, with the intention of taking Bertie out for a couple of hours, and so studying his manners and temper, but to his astonishment, he learned the boy had driven into town with his uncle, and was going down to Brighton to see his other uncle, who was dangerously ill. James had consulted the telegram he found on the breakfast-table, and from it and the fragments of conversation he picked up, knew pretty accurately what Master Bertie's movements were going to be. "He's going down by the twelve train, sir, but he looks more fit to be in his bed," James continued. "I believe he's caught a violent cold: he was that hoarse to-day, and his face as white as milk; and he had no breakfast."

Mr. Murray listened in silence, only nodding his head gravely every few seconds, then he told his coachman to drive him at once to London Bridge Station; there he would find out the truth as to whether Bertie was ill or going to Brighton, and act accordingly. But the City was very crowded, his carriage frequently got blocked, and he only reached the station in time to jump into a carriage, where he fancied he caught a glimpse of Bertie's head in a corner. He had not even time to get a ticket or give his servants any instructions; but then, Mr. Murray was known to be eccentric, and he always paid most liberally for his whims.

Bertie, who was alone in the carriage, looked first surprised, and then very pleased. He was terribly low-spirited, his head ached, his throat was sore, worst of all, he was cold, and would probably have sobbed the whole way to Brighton had he been alone, and so made himself very ill. But Mr. Murray cheered him up wonderfully, chatted briskly all the way about everything a boy could be expected to take an interest in, and in fact made the time pass so pleasantly that they were at Brighton long before Bertie thought they were half-way. When they reached the house (for Mr. Murray went too), the blinds were all down, and that gave Bertie a sudden chill; and as he knocked at the door he glanced with terrified, appealing eyes at Mr. Murray, who drew a step nearer, and took Bertie by the hand. It was a firm, reassuring clasp, and the boy glanced at him

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gratefully, and when the door was opened, thus hand in-hand they went upstairs, and were met just at the drawing-room door by Mrs. Clair. One glance at her face was sufficient to tell them something dreadful had happened. Bertie was in her arms in a moment, while Eddie and Agnes—white, wild-eyed, terror-stricken—clung on either side. It was a heartrending picture of sorrow and despair, and Mr. Murray could not witness it unmoved. He just shook hands with Mrs. Clair, whispered a few words that he would telegraph at once to Mr. Gregory, and would call again in a few hours, to ask if he could be of any service.

"Remember, my dear Mrs. Clair, you are not alone here. I will see to everything for you: Rely on me, command me, and remember I was your brother's dearest friend. I will call as soon as I get Gregory's answer. By the way, that boy Bertie is very ill; he has a violent cold, he has eaten nothing to-day, he is very unhappy; if you can, forget' your own sorrow for an hour in comforting him;" and then Mr. Murray hurried away, having left a ray of sunshine in a very shady place, and cheered and comforted Mrs. Clair, who was alone, helpless, bewildered, in her terrible and sudden affliction. Surely Heaven had sent her a friend in her direst distress, and she was truly grateful.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE FOX AND THE FROG.



FROG had made himself a home in what he considered a very desirable situation. It was beside a river far away from any human habitations, so that he had no occasion to fear the incursions of rude boys, of whom, owing to their stone-throwing propensities, he had a natural horror.

It was also a very pleasant spot, where reeds and bulrushes and water-plants protected him from the glare of the sun, whilst before him the water-lilies spread their broad leaves upon the water. Food was plentiful in the vicinity, and he congratulated himself upon having found a place where he could dwell without being subject to constant alarms.

A fox had on very much the same principle taken up his residence in a wood near. There were plump young pigeons and hares and rabbits to be had, and very often he came in for waterfowl by the river.

"And no fear of traps here," said he, "or of boys and men with guns. It is far too wild a place for them."

So he made himself as comfortable as possible in his den, and enjoyed himself to his heart's content; never finding it necessary, excepting in winter-time, to make an expedition to more populated parts, though at such seasons he was obliged through hunger to journey to the remote villages for poultry, through scarcity of provisions in his own parts.

One fine day, as he was sauntering along, he happened to observe a movement among the rushes, and to hear a strange cry that he had not heard before.

He paused to listen, and still the sound went on, and still the reeds swayed to and fro.

"Doubtless a bird," said he. And he cautiously advanced to where the noise proceeded from.

Now it happened that the frog was splashing about and performing rotatory movements that caused the swaying of the rushes, and that he was making a curious singing noise on which he prided himself as showing his fine voice. Looking up he perceived the great sharp face of the fox peering down upon him. Not that the fox was looking at him, for he had not perceived him, his thoughts being occupied with the fine young waterfowl he hoped to find there.

The frog, however, made up his mind at once that the fox had come after him.

"Such a fine young frog as I am," he exclaimed, "is never safe for a moment," and with a loud croak of terror he plunged into the water and swam away, determined to put a safe distance between himself and his pursuer.

The fox looked over the rushes, and seeing the frog swimming as for life, laughed quietly to himself.

"How people magnify their own importance!" said he; "as if I were troubling myself to come after him! I was hoping to find prey of a very superior description."

J. G.





THE FOX AND THE FROG. ([See p. 288](#)).

## THE CHILDREN'S OWN GARDEN IN NOVEMBER.



NOVEMBER is a month of very great dulness in Gardening matters, from a practical point of view, and will probably fully justify the epithet of "gloomy" so often applied to it. Familiar floral faces which have been for the past several months brightening us with their cheerful looks have now vanished, and we once more witness Nature in her winter aspect. "A garden," says Douglas Jerrold, "is a beautiful book, writ by the finger of God; every flower and leaf is a letter. You have only to learn them—and he is a poor dunce that cannot, if he will, do that—to learn them, and join them, and go on reading and reading, and you will find yourself carried away from the earth by the beautiful story you are going through."

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One of the best occupations which we can recommend to our young readers during winter evenings is the perusal of various elementary books on gardening, and a few of the best seed catalogues which are issued every spring. Those containing plenty of illustrations should be preferred, as a figure, even if badly executed, will convey a far better idea of a plant than the most elaborate of descriptions. We would, however, remark that mere reading, no matter how wide and varied, will by no means constitute any one a good or even indifferent gardener where experience and knowledge are not acquired by practice. It is probably true that a poet must be *born* such; but the case is just the reverse with a gardener, who must in fact be made one.

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The present month is one of the best for making additions to our little folk's gardens in the matter of nearly all sorts of hardy perennials, and dwarf-growing shrubs. We would especially name the Christmas rose; if planted now in a light loamy soil close to an east wall, plenty of flowers will be produced in succession from the latter part of December until February, and in order to secure pure white blooms, the plant, when just commencing to flower, should be covered over with a bell-glass. If grown exposed to winds and rain the flowers will be of a very dirty white. The roots of the winter aconite, or, as it is sometimes called, "The New Year's Gift," should now be planted in, if possible, a rather damp and shady situation; its bright yellow flowers will be most welcome throughout the dull months of December and January. It may be grown successfully under the shelter of trees and shrubs.

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Secure nice specimens of the forget-me-not, and plant in any damp, shaded situation. A plentiful supply of flowers from early spring onwards will amply repay any small amount of trouble entailed in their cultivation. As the true forget-me-not (*Myosotis palustris*) grows in most damp, boggy meadows throughout England it will cost nothing to obtain it—except, perhaps, a pair of wet feet. The winter aconite is likewise a native plant, but is rarely seen in a wild state. Such spring-flowering perennials as the white arabis, herbaceous candytufts, aubretias, primulas, and polyanthes, should now be placed in situations where it is desired for them to flower. The majority of those just named thrive very well in almost any moderately good garden soil, and under ordinary treatment.

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The hardy annuals required for spring flowering which were omitted to be sown during the previous months should now be done so with all speed; the most suitable position will be in a box of light soil, and the young seedlings may be protected from the severity of winter by the box containing them being placed in a cold frame, which should be covered by straw or other litter during very hard frosts. Although the majority of annuals are of a very ephemeral character, few things are more showy or more floriferous. Among many others we may particularise the fragrant white-flowered alyssum, the blue, dark purple, spotted, and white varieties of nemophila, white and pink virginian stock, and the large yellow buttercup-like flowered limnanthes. Batches of the annuals sown in August and September can now be placed in warm spots in the open border, where, in all probability, they will withstand the winter and flower duly in spring.

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The planting of flower-roots may be still carried on with vigour. As regards the general work to be done now in the garden, we may mention that in dry weather all walks and pathways should be swept and rolled, which latter operation, like that of digging, ought to be done by a labourer, although dragging a garden-roller has been described as an excellent gymnastic exercise. Grass should be mowed on every favourable opportunity; and where turf has been much worn away, or where it is uneven, the objectionable portions must be removed and replaced by better.

## STORIES TOLD IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

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

### V.—THE SANCTUARY, CLOISTERS, AND CHAPTER-HOUSE.



THE Westminster Hospital and National Schools occupy the site of an important portion of the precincts of Westminster Abbey as it was in the olden times. This was the Sanctuary to which certain classes of wrong-doers could flee for safety and escape the arm of the law. The privilege of sanctuary had its uses in those troublous times; for it enabled the innocent to take refuge where the tyrant dared not molest them; but it also gave shelter to crowds of the lawless and depraved.

The Westminster Sanctuary was one out of about thirty attached to the great English monasteries; in form it was a strong Norman fortress, whose privileges were considered to be guaranteed by King Lucius, King Sebert, and the apostle Peter himself. The Danes cared nothing for sanctuaries, but Edward the Confessor re-organised the institution with the Pope's aid.

There was great excitement and even consternation in London and Westminster when in 1378 the privileges of the Abbey were tragically violated. John of Gaunt had imprisoned in the Tower two knights who had offended him. They escaped and rushed into sanctuary at Westminster, but were soon pursued thither by the Constable of the Tower and a company of armed men. The two knights were in the choir of the Abbey attending high mass, and the deacon was just reading the words "If the good man of the house had known what time the thief would appear"—when the service was interrupted by the clash of arms. One of the knights escaped, the other was chased twice round the choir till he fell dead, pierced with twelve wounds. His servant and one of the monks were killed at the same time. In consequence of this desecration, the Abbey was shut up for four months; the chief assailants were heavily fined and excommunicated.

In the fifteenth century, Edward the Fourth's Queen, Elizabeth Woodville, was twice an inmate of the Sanctuary. On the first occasion Edward V. was born here; on the second in 1483 her second son the little Duke of York was torn away from her to share the captivity and dark fate of his brother Edward V. in the Tower. Among other noted persons who sought shelter here were Owen Tudor (uncle of Henry VII.) and Skelton, the first Poet Laureate. The latter from his safe retreat in the sanctuary sent forth against Cardinal Wolsey invectives so bitter and so forcible that his death would have been certain had he ventured outside the Abbey precincts. The rights of the sanctuary were in full force till the time of Elizabeth, who restricted the inmates to debtors; but



under James I. all the English sanctuaries were suppressed.

Near the Sanctuary was the Almonry, with its chapels and charitable endowments, but deriving its chief interest to us as being the scene of the early labours of Caxton. Margaret Richmond, the mother of Henry VII., the gifted woman who founded St. John's and Christ's Colleges, and who saw the signs of the coming changes, specially protected in the Almonry, which she had re-endowed, the great pioneer printer and his presses. Here the infant art grew up and flourished, and still in the word "chapel," which is used to signify a meeting of the compositors of a printing establishment, preserves a memento of its early connection with the chapel of St. Anne in Margaret Richmond's Almonry.

We will pass on, now to the Cloisters, begun by Edward the Confessor, but rebuilt in the fourteenth century. Looking back four or five hundred years we see the monks pacing to and fro, gossiping or transacting the petty details of their daily life, and, as the time came, digging graves for one another in the central grassplat. Here the monks shaved each other's heads—an art in which they were expected to be very skilful, and here the novices carried on their studies. Rough mats took off the chill of the stone benches in some degree, and the floor was littered over with hay and straw in summer, and with rushes in winter. But in cold or stormy weather it must have been a desolate place at the best, for the lower parts of the windows opening on the central court were never closed.

Along the South Cloister lay the magnificent refectory, an upper hall of the time of Edward II., with arcades of the time of the Confessor beneath it. Very strict were the rules of behaviour in this great dining-room. No monk might speak, and guests might only whisper. There were particular rules against leaning on the elbows, sitting with the hand on the chin, or cracking nuts with the teeth. The beautiful and commodious hall of the refectory was occasionally used for various secular gatherings. In 1244, Henry III. held a great Council of State in it. Here Edward I. met a large gathering of clergy and laity, and demanded half their possessions. The Dean of St. Paul's, in his consternation, fell dead at Edward's feet. The King took slight heed of this occurrence, and persisted in his demands, till he obtained all he wanted. Several of the early assemblies of the Commons of England took place in this hall.

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The dormitory of the monks was over the East Cloister; there is a gallery still remaining, opening into the south transept of the Abbey, by which they came to their midnight services.

In the Eastern Cloister you see an ancient door, leading to what is now called the chapel of the Pyx. In it is the Box or Pyx, containing specimen standard-pieces of all the gold and silver coins of the realm. Once in five years this strong room is opened, and coins newly issued from the Mint are compared with the standards, to make sure that the coinage is not degenerating. But in ancient days this chamber was the treasury of England. Here the sovereigns kept their money in hard coin, as well as the regalia, and many priceless relics, such as the Holy Cross of Holyrood, the sceptre or rod of Moses, and the dagger that wounded Edward I. at Acre. In 1303, whilst Edward I. was invading Scotland, news was brought him that his treasury had been broken into, and his vast hoards carried away. The abbot and forty-eight monks were sent to the Tower, and after a long trial, two of their number were proved to have been concerned in the robbery. Amongst the iron-work of the door there are fragments of human skin, which in all probability once pertained to these robbers, and ever after remained as terrible warnings to the monks, as they walked along the Cloisters. The king's money was henceforward kept elsewhere, the regalia after a time sent to the Tower, and the relics disappeared at the Reformation.

From the Cloisters we can readily reach the Chapter-House, the octagonal building so conspicuous on the left hand before entering the Abbey at Poets' Corner. It was founded by Edward the Confessor, and rebuilt by Henry III. This beautiful building was at first the meeting-place of the convent, in which all difficulties were adjusted and satisfaction made for faults. The abbot, with his three priors and sub-prior, occupied five richly-decorated stalls at the eastern end. Above them rose a great crucifix to which the monks bowed on entering. Then followed complaints, confessions, judgments, punishments—such monks as were thought to need it were stripped to the waist, and publicly scourged at the central pillar.

When the Commons began to meet apart from the Lords they met a few times in the refectory, as I told you just now, but they soon settled down in this Chapter-House. It would be too long and tedious a story for me to attempt to recount the important acts that were passed in this memorable edifice. The Commons sat here till the last day of Henry VIII's life; their next meeting was in St. Stephen's Chapel in the adjacent Palace.

From 1547 to 1863, the Chapter-House was used as a storehouse for the public records. A special building for these has since been erected in Chancery Lane, and by a grant from Parliament this beautiful and time-honoured building has been redeemed from the miserable condition resulting from centuries of neglect.

A little way from the Chapter-House stands a small square tower known as the Parliament Office. It is thought that this tower was once the convent prison, but however that may be, it was sold by the Abbey to Edward III., and was for many years the royal jewel-house. Its present name arose from the fact of all acts of Parliament being deposited here, till they were moved to the Victoria Tower in 1864. From the jewel-house, in the days of the abbots, there used to be a path leading to a stream that ran down to the Thames. Hereabouts lived the hermit of Westminster, in what was called "The Anchorite's House." From age to age, a succession of hermits dwelt here, how chosen for the post we do not know, but we hear of Richard II. visiting the hermit in 1381, and of

Henry V. doing the same at the time of his father's death in 1413. It is said that one of these "holy men" had been buried in a leaden coffin, in a small chapel adjoining his cell. The keeper of the palace, William Ushborne, paid a plumber to dig up this coffin and bring it to his office, after throwing the bones down the cloister well. Tradition says that the plumber fainted and died in Ushborne's house. Ushborne was guilty of other crimes; he managed to steal a piece of the convent land and made it into a garden with a fish-pond in the middle. He was supping with his neighbours one evening on fish from this pond, and had taken two or three mouthfuls of a large pike, when he shouted "Look! look! here is come a fellow who is going to choke me." He died on the spot, killed by the fish he had reared on the scene of his sacrilege. Adjoining the land stolen by Ushborne was the Infirmary, (now College) Garden, where sick brothers took exercise. Of the infirmary, only a few fragments of arches remain—but these undoubtedly date from the time of the Confessor. Here the sick monks dwelt, visited at times by the long procession of the healthy brethren. Here also lived the "playfellows"—the monks over fifty years of age—who were told nothing unpleasant, were freed from the ordinary rules, and were permitted to enjoy the privilege of censuring anything they heard or saw.

The Infirmary Chapel (in which, by the way, the young monks were privately whipped to spare them from the more public floggings in the Chapter-House) was dedicated to St. Catherine. Many bishops were consecrated and many church councils held in this building, of which only a few arcades and pillars forming part of modern buildings now mark the site. A curious scene was enacted here, at a church assembly, in 1124, when the Archbishops of York and Canterbury quarrelled about precedence. Richard of Canterbury took his seat on the right-hand side of the Pope's Legate, whereupon, Roger of York, who claimed that place, went and sat down in Canterbury's lap. He was speedily pulled off by Canterbury's servants, and much knocked about. Severely bruised, and with his cope torn, York rushed into the Abbey, where he found the king, and told his wrongs. The king bound over both the archbishops to keep the peace for five years, and the Pope issued an edict that Canterbury should be Primate of all England, and York Primate of England.

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In the next century, St. Catherine's Chapel witnessed a stirring scene, when Henry III., holding in one hand a Gospel, in the other a lighted taper, swore to uphold Magna Charta. The king and all the great dignitaries present threw their candles on the ground, then holding their noses and shutting their eyes, they exclaimed "So go out in smoke and stench the accursed souls of those who break or pervert this charter." No voice was louder than that of the king's in shouting "Amen and Amen!" and yet somehow, in future years, he did not seem to bear in mind his solemn covenant. It was quite as well for England that he did not, for out of the resistance to his perfidious folly sprang the English Parliament.

Having mentioned now the most important of the convent buildings, I shall conclude my stories by telling about the monuments to be seen in the Abbey.

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## THE MAGIC MUSIC AND ITS MESSAGE.

### A FAIRY STORY.

"**I**T was the nightingale singing to the rose," said the girl, bending over the flowers. "I heard it all through the night, when the moon was shining into my room."

"No, it was not."

And the brook danced by—such a tiny little silver streak, winding through the ferns and mosses, that the girl could scarcely see it. But she certainly heard it, for no other voice could be so sweet.

"Did you see the lilies in the moonlight?" continued the voice; "they looked like pearl and ivory."

"Then, does the nightingale like the lilies best?" asked the girl.

"I do not know. But what has the nightingale to do with it?"

The girl looked down at the lilies, and one of them seemed to nod to her, and its perfumed breath rose up, until a delicate cloud, like incense, spread around her.

And suddenly the same sweet strain of music that she had heard in the night sounded from afar off. Yes, it was the same tune: she was sure it was; she knew it quite well; she had been humming it over and over as she stood beside the flowers.

As if moved by a sudden thought, she stretched out her hand, and gathered the lily that had nodded to her. And as she did so the music grew louder and louder, and instead of the tiny brook dancing through the ferns and mosses, she saw a great sea, that shone like glittering gold in the sunlight. And in the distance was a shadowy





"SHE STRETCHED OUT HER HAND, AND GATHERED THE LILY."

purple island, all indistinct in the golden haze around it. She could not clearly make out its outlines, but she fancied she could trace the towers and turrets of a stately castle. And as the music grew clearer and clearer the island appeared to move towards her, and the waves of the golden sea came dashing up towards her feet. The waters already covered part of the garden in which she was wandering, and some of the roses were beginning to disappear, and the girl felt

afraid lest she should be drowned.

She threw down the lily, and as she did so she heard a sudden cry, and the music died away in a low wail, the purple island and the glittering sea vanished, and the little brook again danced along.

She wondered whatever it could mean.

The girl fancied it was saying—

"Alas! alas!"

Then she fled home, without stopping to pick up the lily.

## II.

The girl lay sleeping in her little bedroom; she had left the window open, because the night was warm. The moon was shining in, but it did not wake her; neither did the little wood-elves, who had climbed up the great vine, and had swarmed in at the window. Such numbers of them! Some were sitting on the pillow stroking her hair, and whispering into her ears, "Sleep, sleep, sleep," and others were holding her eyelids fast closed, so that she could not open them to see what was going on.

Some of them were dancing round in rings upon the soft white coverlet, and others playing all sorts of pranks about the room.

The girl neither saw them nor heard them: she was too fast asleep for that.

She did not even dream of them, but was dreaming of something very different from wood-elves, or mountain-elves, or any other sort of fay or fairy.

No; she dreamed that she heard some one singing—



"A LITTLE CHILD STANDING AT A DOOR, KNOCKING."

"Up the stairs, if you will go,  
You'll hear a tapping, tapping  
At a door, for there you know  
A little child is rapping,  
Rapping, tapping, all the time,  
Tapping, rapping, tapping."

"No, I don't know anything of the kind," said the girl, moving so suddenly in her sleep that a score of wood-elves fell, heels over head, from the bed to the floor.

"If you don't, if you'll go up  
The staircase, you will find her;  
She won't look round: she never does,  
So you can get behind her,"

went on the song.

"And what will be the use of that?" murmured the girl in her dream.

"Why, you will help her, I suppose,  
To reach up to the knocker.  
You must not startle her, for that  
Most certainly would shock her."

"It was the sea and the castle in the sunlight," said the girl, "and now it is something quite as ridiculous: a little child standing at a door knocking. That comes in the moonlight. And the music is going on all the time."

She was speaking quite loudly now, and she suddenly opened her eyes, in spite of the wood-elves, who crept down from the bed and hid themselves in the folds of the curtains, for they did not want the girl to know that they were there.

"It's the music that has waked me," said the girl, getting up in bed and listening; "it's the same song over and over again, only I can't make out the words, excepting, 'Come, come, come,' and then something about the sea. But that is very absurd, for there is no sea near here. The moon

knows that as well as I do, for the moon looks down, and sees that there are only fields and woods and orchards, and beautiful gardens full of flowers. I wish I were not dreaming all the time. The music is a dream too; I thought it was the nightingale: and I dare say it is, and that if I looked out of the window I should see about a dozen nightingales sitting in a row, for it would take a dozen quite to make such loud music as I hear in the moonlight."

And the girl shook back her long hair, and jumped out of bed and went to the window; but she could see nothing, for pressed tightly against the window was a great white lily, just like the one she had thrown down, only instead of being of the ordinary size, it was so large that it covered all the panes of glass and also the open part of the window, so that it was quite impossible to look out. The stalk was towards her.

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"I'm like an umbrella white,  
Keeping off the sun or rain;  
Keeping out the bright moonlight,  
Keeping in the wood-elves' train,

said the lily. Then it continued—

"Yes, you threw me down in fright,  
But I've come to you to-night.  
Take me in your hand, and see  
What will then my purpose be."

The girl was silent for a moment; everything was so strange: the beautiful music, the talking brook, and now the talking flower.

"I will not have anything to do with any of you," she said, giving the flower a push to send it away from the window.

But no sooner had she touched it than the flower shrank to its natural size, and remained in her hand, which was so tightly closed that she could not open it again.

"Away, away,  
Each elf and fay!"

murmured the lily; and there was a soft rush as of many tiny wings, and the girl felt herself carried through the air.

This was the work of the wood-elves, who were there to help the lily. But the girl scarcely knew what was happening; she was listening to the music, which was so grand and beautiful that she forgot everything else.



"SHE HELD THE LILY IN HER HAND"

### III.

Was the girl the fairy queen? She began to think that she must be, as she sat on some marble steps in the wood. She was dressed in white, and had long silk stockings; and a veil of shining gossamer was fastened on her head with a gold band, and it fell down to her feet, and wrapped her round like a glittering cloud, and she held the lily in her hand. And the music pealed on like a grand triumphal march, and made the girl feel very proud and joyful.

Not very far off there was a carved chair, with some velvet cushions upon it.

"Perhaps for me to be crowned in," said the girl, tossing her head. "I wonder where my crown is?"

And as she said this she heard a burst of laughter, as if a thousand grasshoppers were chirping.  
And an owl seated not far off said—

"Only queens are crowned, little girl."

"How do you know I am not a queen?" asked the girl, angrily. "Look at my dress and my veil."

But the owl only said—

"Tu-whit, tu-who! tu-whit, tu-who!" and laughed so loudly that all the wood-elves began to laugh also; so did the birds and the frogs, and even the flowers. And the echoes answered back again.

There was so much noise that a troop of little sailors came running up from the shore to see what was the matter.

"Are you ready?" said they to the girl; "the boat is waiting

With its silken sails,

The moon shines clear and bright;  
There is no fear of stormy gales  
Upon the sea to-night."

"I don't know what you are talking about," answered the girl. "There is no sea near here, and if there is I am not going upon it."

But the sailors had wheeled the carved chair close to the marble steps, and they went on speaking—

"To-night upon the sea we go,  
And you with us must sail.  
Step in; the tide is up, and we  
Must start off without fail."

And the girl found herself in the chair, which the sailors pushed down to the beach.

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On the sea was a fine boat, with silken sails and a crimson flag.

The boat had a gilt figure-head, and its sides were painted blue and gold. A red velvet carpet was spread upon the deck, and the sailors, having hoisted the girl in the chair up the side of the vessel, placed her upon the velvet carpet, and she found herself sailing fast away from the land before she had time to think of how she had got there.

The sailors were all standing at one end of the deck playing upon various musical instruments, and the tune they played seemed to answer back the beautiful music that she had heard for so many days floating in the air. Also the sailors sang—

"Away it sails, the music-ship,  
Over the moonlit sea,  
And the trumpet that the captain blows  
Is the only rudder the vessel knows,  
As we sail so merrily,  
The fiddles, and fifes, and drums, and horns  
All carry the ship along,  
It shapes its course by the cymbal clash  
To the land of music and song."



"ON A COUCH LAY THE MASTER OF THE CASTLE" ([p. 297](#)).

The girl did not quite understand what the sailors meant by their strange song. It did not seem to be altogether sense to her, but she supposed that they knew where they were going. Still she asked—

"Whither are we sailing?"

"Don't you hear the music calling to us from the castle?" said the captain: "the castle on the purple island in the golden sea. We are sailing there; the music has spoken to us many times, but we did not attend to it until now."

"Has it called me?" asked the girl.

And she thought of the beautiful tune that had seemed to say "Come, come." And now, as they sailed beneath the castle walls, the tune issued forth very clear, sweet, and strong from an open window.

"It is the master of the castle: he plays night and day, and is always inviting those who love music to come and dwell with him."

The girl looked up at the stately castle.

"If I had known that I should have come here before."

"No, you would not."

"Why?"

"Because no one would have brought you. You can only come at the right time. Hush!"

#### IV.

"Hush!" said the captain; "we must not make any noise. Do not speak again.

Go like a mouse  
Into the house.  
Up the stairs creep  
Though they are steep.  
There you will find,  
If you're not blind,  
A little child who's softly tapping,  
Tapping, rapping, rapping, tapping,  
Rapping, tapping at the door.  
Though the knocker is so high,  
Yet she still doth try and try;  
You must knock, and it will fly  
Open—little girl, good bye."

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"Why, that was in the dream; and if you please, captain, tell me where I am, and who is the child, and—"

But the captain had gone, so had the sailors, so had the ship.



The girl went slowly up the steps to the castle door, which being open, she entered in, and found herself in a great hall, from which a staircase wound up and up through a great many storeys.

"I must go," she said; for the music that sounded through the castle seemed to speak to her, and bid her come.

And on and on she went, and on the seventh storey she paused; for at a door she saw a child tapping and rapping, and trying to reach the knocker.

Softly the girl went behind the little one, who never turned round, but clutched in her hand a lily similar to the one the girl herself held. She reached above the child's head, and knocked loudly. And lo! a bugle-blast answered, and the door flew open, and the girl and the child entered in together. They wandered through beautiful rooms, listening ever to the music, and at last they came to one where on a couch lay the master of the castle playing upon a lute.

If the music had sounded sweet in the distance, it sounded far sweeter now, and the two paused on the threshold.

But the master said—

"Welcome to the Castle of Song, for none but true musicians find their way here."

And then the child knelt down beside him, and said to him—

"I tried to come, but I could not knock loudly enough."

And the girl said—

"I do not think I tried to come, though the music was so beautiful. Did you send for me?"

The master of the castle smiled, and answered—

"The music brought you."

Then the girl remembered that the boat sailed by music, and as she looked through the open window and saw it sailing away in the distance, she asked—

"Will it bring others, too?"

And the master of the castle replied—

"In time, in time."

JULIA GODDARD.

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## MORNINGS AT THE ZOO.

### IX.—THE KANGAROOS.



THE famous navigator, Captain Cook, was the means of introducing Kangaroos for the first time to the notice of Europeans. In 1770, during his great voyage of discovery, his ship lay off the coast of New South Wales undergoing repair. One day some of the crew were sent ashore to procure food for several sick sailors. The men saw a number of animals with small fore legs, big hind ones, long and stout tails, which bounded away with incredible speed, clearing the ground by a series of extraordinary leaps. You may be sure that on their return to the vessel the amazed seamen did not fail to talk of the curious creatures, and their description induced the captain and Mr. (afterwards Sir Joseph) Banks—the naturalist of the expedition—to start next day for a sight of the strange animals. They, too, were fortunate enough to witness the antics of the kangaroos; and so one of the most important of the natives of Australia became known to the civilised world.

Since Captain Cook's discovery (June 22nd, 1770) these creatures have been imported alive into this and other countries. They thrive in captivity, though the variable climate of England tries them at times. At the London Zoological Gardens they seem to enjoy life in a moderate way, though probably they miss the freedom of the immense plains of Australia. They are not much run after by the visitors, though the "sheds" in the Regent's Park collection are always quite accessible. Why this should be so it is difficult to explain, for the kangaroos have many points of remarkable interest. Their keeper tells me that he does not agree with the opinion that they are unintelligent creatures. Though not so docile and smart as other inmates of the Gardens, he has succeeded in training the great kangaroo to perform several tricks. They all recognise him readily, and do what he tells them. He entered the shed for the purpose of fetching the female kangaroo out of the house, so that I might see the baby kangaroo in its mother's pouch. But it so happened that the father was standing against the door-grating, and he had to be reasoned with

before he would retire to allow the gate to be opened. But he ultimately obeyed his keeper's instructions. Then he was bidden to seat himself upright upon his huge tail; and this he did, remaining quite motionless till he was released by word of command. The keeper then affected to bestow upon him a gentle cuff on the head, but each time the hand approached, the head was smartly ducked under, and the blow thus avoided. On his part, he attempted to give the keeper a kick, quite in a playful way, but the latter held himself at arms' length, and so the kangaroo's legs merely brushed the keeper's coat. On going into the house at the back of the shed, the mother kangaroo—addressed familiarly "Now, old lady"—was ordered to come out into the open, and in a few moments the big animal in two or three graceful bounds appeared in front of the shed, her little one popping its head out of the pouch, and looking supremely indifferent about its mother's hops. The kangaroos are not costly animals to support, and, though their food consists of grain and some kinds of green stuff, they are rather partial to the bits of biscuit and bun which visitors offer indiscriminately to every animal in the Zoo—under the notion that this is the staple food of the various inmates, of flesh-eaters and grain-eaters alike.

Sydney Smith hit off the distinguishing features of this creature in his own peculiar style. By a sort of happy exaggeration he described it as "a monstrous animal, as tall as a grenadier, with the head of a rabbit, a tail as big as a bed-post, hopping along at the rate of five hops to the mile, with three or four young kangaroos looking out of the pouch to see what is passing." Though not an aggressive animal, the kangaroo when at bay is one of the most formidable of opponents. This element of danger it is, probably, which lends so much zest to a kangaroo hunt.

Mounted on horses and accompanied by a number of trained dogs, the huntsmen chase their prey for miles ere a capture is effected. Before the kangaroo takes to its heels, it usually raises itself up and makes a hurried survey of the country—to see its enemies and the quarter to which it could with greatest ease escape. After this hasty look round it runs off at a marvellous pace, very soon leaving the dogs far behind. It maintains its great speed unimpaired for at least three or four miles, after which it begins to go more slowly, and an attack at close quarters may soon be looked for. A single dog has no chance at all. With a stroke of its powerful hind leg, the kangaroo attacks, and lays it dead at its feet, or, seizing it with its fore limbs, it hugs the dog, and leaps off with it to the nearest water-hole, where it plunges it underneath, holding it down until the dog is drowned. A man is just as completely at its mercy. The kangaroo is a capital swimmer, and has been known to swim for a mile against a strong head wind, but under favourable conditions as to weather it can cover a much longer distance; consequently when pursued it always makes straight for a river or other water, should it be within reach. Both hind feet are armed with a singularly dangerous weapon. The fourth toe is prolonged in some cases to an enormous size, forming a claw, which is used either for stabbing or striking an antagonist. When a kangaroo has been brought to bay, therefore, great care has to be observed in approaching it. The plan adopted is to set several dogs on it, and while one makes a show of assailing it, and so engages its attention, the rest rush in upon the gallant animal and kill it. The natives employ another mode of warfare. Surrounding gradually a herd of kangaroos, they close in upon them with yells and shouts, and generally succeed in spearing several of them. But the rifle places the animal at a manifest disadvantage, and by the use of this weapon the kangaroos have been entirely driven off the settlements. No doubt it had become necessary to resort to some effectual method of dislodging them, for many of the pastoral districts had been stripped of every blade of grass by their ravages.

The kangaroo, however, serves a useful-enough purpose in its native country. Its flesh is considered by those who have partaken of it to be very good eating; and it is quite within the range of possibility that kangaroo venison may become as popular as Australian mutton. Kangaroo-tail soup is said to be a renowned delicacy, decidedly superior to ox-tail. Some species of the tribe are hardier than others, and stand the English climate well; indeed, we have the authority of Dr. Sclater for the opinion that Bennett's kangaroo, "with very little attention, would rapidly increase in any of the midland or southern counties, where the soil is dry, and the character of the ground affords shelter from the north and east." It goes without saying that these active creatures would not be at all out of place in some of our English parks, and, along with the elegant deer, would lend them an additional attractiveness and charm.

JAMES A. MANSON.

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## MAB, THE WOLF, AND THE WATERFALL.

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"**N**ow, Mab, here's father's tea piping hot; take it and run along. You know the way: go along by the river, and round by Jerry Smith's cottage; then turn to the right, and the sound of father's axe will guide you." So spoke Mrs. Lester while Mab, her little daughter, donned her hat and cloak, with all a child's eagerness at the prospect of a long sunny walk through the woods.

"Mind old Jerry's ghost doesn't catch hold of you," cried her waggish brother Jack, as she crossed the threshold, tea-can in hand.

"There are no ghosts. Mother says they don't live in our days," quoth Mab, disdainfully.

"Wolves do," said Ben, who was just nine, a year older than Mab. "Take care you're not another

Red Riding Hood."

"I shan't take care, because Red Riding Hood isn't true, any more than fables are true: so father says; and we know fables are not true," dissented matter-of-fact Mab, out of her eight years' experience.

"Oh, more things are true than you and father know of," observed Jack, with a wink at Ben.

But the little maiden was now out of hearing; once, twice she waved her hand to them as they watched her from the doorway—how and when would they meet again? Then she went trip-tripping along by the brook. The brook ran into the wood; here it joined another stream, wildly turbulent, although narrow, then together rushed on like two prankish schoolboys out for a frolic; not long after joining hands, as it were, they leaped down an embankment, laughing, as one could fancy, listening to the babble the waters made, watching the sparkling of the flying spray. Ah! many a rainbow shimmered about the waterfall; right dangerous was the whirlpool above and below the fall. Deep down in the ravine the waters meandered, calmly tranquil: very like mature thoughtful manhood, after the prankish follies of youth are past.

Well, along by the side of the brook trudged Mab, saying aloud, as if to re-assure herself, "There are no ghosts and no wolves," for only her parents' words could render the imaginative child brave, strong, handsome girl of eight though she was. But ah! ah! what was that?

She was nearing Smith's cottage now, and surely something was stirring among the bushes and undergrowth. Ah! yes, and a formidable something was to be seen; her eyes scarce took it in ere it had quite vanished. She met a little old woman a minute after, carrying a bundle of sticks.

"Please; ma'am, did you see anything like a dog or a wolf as you came along?" she asked, half ashamed of her question.

"La! child, no; and I hope I shan't, for I likes no such creatures;" so saying, the old woman took to her heels and ran, sticks and all.

Poor little Mab wished she had not scared the old soul with her fancies, for of course they were fancies, when oh, horror! the child's heart seemed to leap into her throat; there, almost close to her, was a hideous creature, which her startled imagination conjured up into something terrible to behold, snorting, growling, and bearing down upon her. Poor, impulsive, silly Mab: before she well knew what she was doing she had sprung aside, anywhere to be out of the way of the beast—a wolf she thought it was—and that anywhere was into the brook, the prankish brook, just where it joined hands with its wild companion. The very trees seemed to rustle with consternation as her shriek rang around; ay, she may shriek, but who would hear her? Not her father, chopping at and felling the giant trees some distance away.

Now two lads rush up to the edge of the brook: they are Jack and Ben. Jack drops a something very like a skin, and leaps in after poor, screaming, struggling Mab, borne away, borne on to be hugged and embraced in the arms of both streams, and hurried forward to the waterfalls.

Alas! alas! will Jack save her? He has reached her; she is clinging to him; but those two frolicsome watery playfellows are tossing them hither and thither as in rude sport. Ben takes it all in with his quick boyish eyes, and rushes away, like a very hare for swiftness, to where his father is chopping in the calm afternoon glory, little dreaming of what is happening not a mile away. How sweetly pitiful is the calm wondering sky, watching overhead, as one may fancy, the struggle for dear life going on in those wild gurgling waters. Ah! the two streams in one have them in their embrace; they will not let them go. Mab lies a senseless weight in Jack's arms as they are borne on towards the whirlpool; once there, their fate will be sealed.

Jack's senses are leaving him; if Mab was not clinging to him as with the grasp of death, he would let her go; his strong young arms are waxing weak; and oh! a black terrible monster is upon him. Is it a wolf? The river clamours and laughs—ha-ha! Jack, Mab, and the terrible monster are mingling together; then Jack's senses are quite gone, and he remembers no more.

Meanwhile, Ben sweeps on like the wind, hearkening even in his haste for the welcome "thwack, thwack" of his father's axe. It is a sweetly tranquil scene he bursts upon at last—a knot of toiling men lopping off the limbs of a huge tree but newly laid low—the lad heard the crash of its fall as he ran. The warm afternoon glow was about them, the little birds hopping and peering among the wide-spreading branches of the trees around, half startled, half curious, as if to see all. A terrible shock to John Lester was the tale the panting boy had to tell, and then he too ran like the wind; his companions in full cry behind.

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Only the exultant river, all flecked with lights and with afternoon colouring, met the eyes of the eager men when they reached the spot; the struggle was over. Two lives had gone out or had been saved; the father wrung his hands as he rushed madly here and there, and peered over at the plashing waterfall, Ben at his side, and both seeing nothing of the dear ones they sought.

"And it all came of Jack's putting on old Shag's skin and playing wolf to frighten Mab; and she saw him, and jumped in before he had time to speak," wailed Ben, as the river swept on and the waterfall clamoured. John Lester groaned.

"Well, Master Lester; I have 'em safe enough—I and old Jowler. 'Twas a miracle of savin', but 'tis done; they're both in bed and asleep like two tops already." So spoke Jerry Smith, the owner of the cottage in the woods, and of a ghost to boot, if the lads of the neighbourhood could be

believed, coming up behind the distracted father, and speaking over his shoulder.

"Then Heaven be praised!" returned he out of the depth of his heart, turning and grasping the old man's hand.

"Ay! I have 'em all safe—ha-ha!" laughed the old man, glancing up at his chamber window, which looked westward, where stood a wooden figure of a miniature North American Indian all in his war paint, and brandishing his knives like a very brave, as the wind caught him and whirled him round.

"And see, Master Lester, I've mounted my savage to amuse them when they wake—my ghost the youngsters about here call it, and keep clear of my house. Ghost, indeed! there are no ghosts."

"No; the world is getting too wise to believe such nonsense in our days, Jerry. But I'd like to take a look at my youngsters," quoth John Lester.

The old man led him in—Ben following on tip-toe—and up to his quaint chamber—ah! yes, it was very quaint and pretty, full of wonderful surprises, what with curious stones arranged here, a stuffed squirrel there, and a dormouse elsewhere. Then in one corner was a fleet of tiny ships—ah! Jerry had been a sailor in his youthful days—which sailed round and round a centre one and stationary by using an apparatus not unlike small bellows. And there in the west window stood the warrior Indian, chopping and cutting at imaginary foes among the sunbeams. But the father's eyes sought his children. Ah! yes, he was thankful to see, there they were, both sweetly sleeping, Mab in the old man's bed, a stray sunbeam flitting over her face, like a smile from somewhere, Jack wrapped in blankets on the floor.

The sweet after-glow was about the house ere they awoke, and then peals of laughter from both children brought old Jerry up his creaking stairs. Nay, Jack was out on the landing, hurrying out of his blankets and into the dry clothes Ben had brought him from home.

When the two children had dressed and descended the stairs, there, in the cosy little kitchen, stood tea ready for them—bread-and-butter and blackberry jam, and such old-fashioned china cups and saucers for the three young ones to drink from. What is more, there was a pair of curiously-worked bead slippers for Mab, and a bow and arrow for each of the boys.

"Ingins' work," the old man told them when they thanked him.

"You *are* a clever man, Jerry, if you made that dancing old thing—did you?" cried Jack.

"What, made my Ingin? In course I did."

"Phew! why, all the fellows said 'twas a ghost you kept in your window," said admiring Jack, now outside the house, and looking up at the window—"why, I half said so myself."

"Well, lad, ghosts are but whims and fancies, and this *individual* is good solid wood, you see," replied Jerry, looking up, and chuckling at his own handiwork.

Mab soon stood beside Jack, and Ben came out ready to depart.

"Children," said the old man, as they thanked him and bade him "good-bye," patting Jowler on the head as he stood by his master, "children, keep to the good, right, honest truth from this day, even in fun; the wolves and things ye have conjured up to-day out of nothing have gone nigh to costing ye dearly, lads. And you little maiden, take an old man's warning, and look before you leap, as mayhap I and Jowler may not be anigh next time. And there's a many leaps to be taken in life, and a many waterfalls and things about ye."

"Wow, wow, wow!" said Jowler to this, springing up, and licking his master's hand, and so ends my story of Mab, the wolf, and the waterfall.



MAB ON HER JOURNEY. ([See p. 299](#)).

## "WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY."

[Pg 302]

### A TRUE STORY.

**T**HIS is a very old proverb, and a very true one. Sometimes we forget it, though, and say "I can't," before we have really tried at all. Now I should like to tell you the true story of two little Irish sweeps who had the will to learn to read, and found the way, although it was a very difficult one.

Some years ago a few kind people made up their minds to try to get hold of all the chimney-sweeps in Dublin and give them an education.

One day a little fellow came who was asked if he knew his letters.

"Oh, yes," he answered.

"Can you spell?"

"Oh, yes."

"Can you read?"

"Oh, yes."

"What books did you learn from?"

"Please, sir, I never had a book."

"Then who was your schoolmaster?"

"I never went to school at all."

The gentleman stared, for it seemed very strange that a boy should be able to read and spell, and yet never had a master.

"Then however did you learn?" he asked.

The little boy smiled, and linked his arm in that of a sweep somewhat older than himself.

"Please, sir, Jim taught me the letters over the shop doors, as we went to our work, but now I know all the words by heart, and if you'd kindly let us have some books to read and teach us to do sums and writing, we'd be very thankful."

Can't you fancy what good pupils those two boys became, and how they delighted in reading in books instead of making their necks ache by peering up at the shops?

E. M. W.

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## "HOME, SWEET HOME;"

### OR, LOST IN LONDON.



MILES and miles away in the country, where not even a train ever came, lived a family of children, of whom the eldest was a big lad of eighteen, the youngest a little thing of five. They led a peaceful, happy life among the fields and lanes and wild flowers, yet, like many others, they took but little heed of the beauties around, and some of them at least spent a great deal of time in sighing for things they had not got.

Jennie, the eldest girl, had a great deal to do with that. She had a habit of fancying every one more fortunate and happier than herself. She was always wishing for some impossible thing. If by any chance one of her wishes were gratified, she was always disappointed, and began to want something else.

The children had often heard and read about a wonderful place called London. Jennie, who was a very kind sister, was always talking to them about it, and the wonderful stories she told them made them long to see this enchanted city. That, indeed, was one of Jennie's unfulfilled longings. She had read a great deal, and imagined a great deal more, till she set all the children longing too.

Their big brother Donald heard Phyllis and Effie talking together one day, and he burst in upon them with a laugh, and told them that all the houses were palaces and the streets paved with gold, that marble fountains played in them, and that golden carriages drawn by milk-white steeds rolled incessantly along; that trains rushed in every direction, and that if you just stepped inside one it would take you anywhere, like a flash of lightning; that there was a church so high that you could not see the roof, and a needle so big that twenty men could not lift it. Then Donald went away laughing, and the children held their breath with wonder, and agreed that they should never be happy till they had seen this fairyland.

Not very long after their mother came down to breakfast with red eyes, and their father looked grave. They knew something was the matter, and sat waiting in sorrowful dread.

"Children," said their mother, with a shaky voice, "you will have to leave this beautiful, peaceful home. You must say 'good-bye' to all your pets, for soon, very soon, we must leave them all. You must be good children and not fret; but oh! it is very sad. Father is obliged to go and live in London."

How strange! A ray of sunshine seemed to have passed round the table, changing apprehension into eager excitement. Phyllis clapped her hands. "London, mamma? Oh, how lovely!"

Their mother sighed, and said, "Well, darlings, I am glad you take it so well; but I am afraid it will be a long time before you feel as happy as we are in this dear old home." [Pg 303]

At last came the morning when they were to start. They were wild with delight, and thought it splendid fun at first. But when the train with a shrill scream flew into a dark tunnel, several hearts beat very wildly, and several little faces would have looked white enough, could they have been seen.

At last several heads began to ache, and a good many legs seemed to want stretching; but the several hearts could not for worlds have owned that they were not enjoying themselves immensely.

And when the enchanted city was reached, it was dark, and they saw nothing but a confused medley of lights and figures, and walls with big letters all over them.

Then they were jolted through some noisy, busy street, and were at length deposited safely in the house where they were to lodge until their new home was ready.

There was so much noise outside while they were at tea, that Phyllis and Effie wondered what could be the matter, until they saw that their father and mother did not seem to be in the least alarmed at it.

When they went to bed, it was a long time before they could go to sleep. But being very tired, they did manage it, though they dreamed very queer things about a great many people, and horses and carts tumbling on the top of each other, with a noise like thunder.

The next morning, when they were having breakfast in a dark little parlour, their father said to their mother, "You and I must go and look about to day;" and to Donald he said, "You may take your two sisters for a walk on the Embankment, and show them the river, and the Temple, and



Cleopatra's Needle, but be very careful of crossings, and ask a policeman when you don't know the way. Phyllis and Effie must stay at home, and amuse themselves with their dollies till our return."

At this Phyllis felt greatly injured, but she said nothing, for she knew she must obey.

Their mother went and fetched them some toys and books, and before she went out charged Martha, their little attendant, to do her best to amuse them; but Phyllis was not in a mood to be amused.

"Martha," she said, "it's horrid in here! Let's go in the garden."

"Lor, miss! there isn't such a thing."

Then Phyllis went and looked out of the window, but the air was so thick that she could see nothing but a few chimney-pots, and people moving like shadows in the street below.

Phyllis soon grew tired of the window. She wondered very much what Donald and her sisters were seeing, and how far off London was.

"Martha," she said presently, "we must go for a walk; of course we must. We always do at home."

"Oh, dear dear!" cried Martha, with something like a sniff, "I wouldn't do it for worlds. I'd lose my way for certain, and be run over in this dirty, foggy place."

"Why, you've only got to be careful of the crossings, and ask a policeman the way," Phyllis replied, crossly; "and it is so dull here."

The morning dragged on. At last Martha went downstairs to the kitchen to see about something, but when it was seen about she could not refrain from having a gossip with the landlady's servant, never dreaming that the children could get into mischief; but they did.

Directly she had gone, Phyllis thought she would take just a peep out of doors. The enchanted city, with its streets of gold and untold marvels, could not be far off. She would try to get just one glimpse.

In a moment she had fetched their hats and jackets, popped them on, and was leading her little sister downstairs. It happened that the outer door was open, so they slipped into the street unobserved.

Phyllis ran quickly along, and soon came to a turning. Just at this moment a gleam of sunshine shone out, dispersing the murky haze.

"Ah!" thought Phyllis, "this is the right way. I know we shall see some of the beautiful sights presently."

So she dragged Effie along as quickly as she could. Sometimes people bumped against them, and frightened them very much; but Phyllis soon saw they meant no harm, so she kept on.

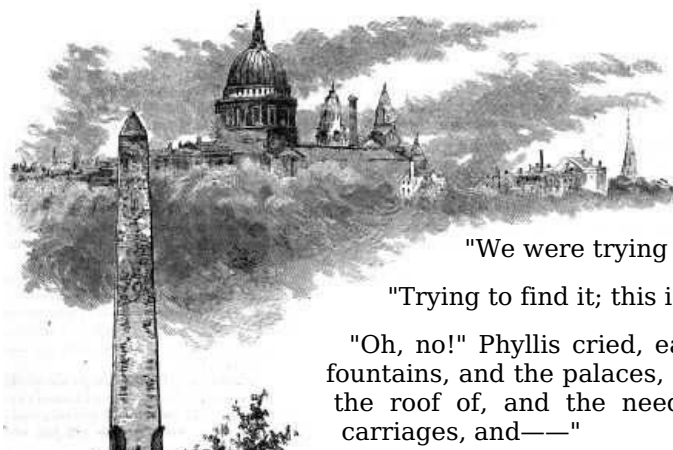
Presently they turned into a broad street, where there were, oh! such numbers of people, walking so fast, and the road was full of carriages and horses and waggons, and the noise was just deafening.

Phyllis pulled Effie into a doorway, and thought she would wait till the people had passed, but she waited and waited, and still they kept on coming backwards and forwards, just for all the world like a number of busy ants swarming about an ant-hill. There was no end to them. They hustled and jostled, and ran and pushed, and talked till Phyllis was utterly bewildered, and said to herself she had better go back again.

But where was the turning? It had gone. She could not see it. She peered out of her retreat.

The street, the people, everything was hidden, except just close at hand. They were enveloped in a thick, dark, steamy cloud, which covered all, except the noise. Phyllis ran first this way, then that, trying in vain to find the turning. Effie grew frightened, and began to cry, which attracted the notice of a policeman. Phyllis remembered what her father had said to Donald, so she asked, "Please will you show us the way home?"

[Pg 304]



"Where do you live?" he asked.

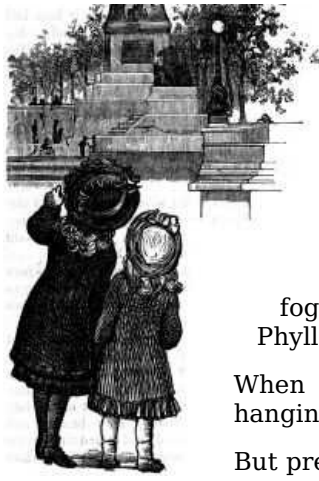
"I don't know the name," Phyllis faltered; "it's in a street full of houses, joined on to each other all in a row, and no garden."

"Well, that isn't much help," he replied, kindly; "where might you be going to?"

"We were trying to find London," Phyllis said.

"Trying to find it; this is London."

"Oh, no!" Phyllis cried, eagerly; "I mean the golden streets, and the fountains, and the palaces, and the trains, and the church you can't see the roof of, and the needle twenty men can't lift, and the golden carriages, and——"



The man burst into such a laugh that Phyllis stopped short, and stared at him angrily.

"My big brothers and sisters have gone to look at it. They are doing it now," Phyllis added.

The policeman paused a moment, and then he said, "Well, look here. That needle ain't so far off; I'll just take you to see it, and you may see your brothers and sisters too. Call out directly if you do."

So he took them each by a hand, and trotted them along through the fog. It was an alarming journey, although the policeman was kind, and Phyllis felt sure there was no other way of getting home.

When he took them across those dreadful streets, Effie in one arm, Phyllis hanging on to his other hand, Phyllis shut her eyes in terror.

But presently they got away from this confusion into a broad paved place, with trees to be seen here and there. That was much nicer. Their kind companion told Phyllis to look out for her friends.

"There's the needle," he said, all of a sudden. Phyllis looked up, and saw a great stone column before them.

"But it's a needle I mean," Phyllis exclaimed, uncomprehendingly, "something you work with. That isn't a needle."

"Well, I don't know whether a giant ever worked with it," the policeman said, with a comical smile; "anyhow, that's what they call the needle. It's come a long way to England, and belonged to a lady called Mrs. Cleopatra. What she did with it isn't exactly known; but I reckon she didn't make her gowns with it."

Phyllis looked at it with a very great feeling of disappointment. She didn't think it looked nice at all.

"Them other things you talked of, too," said the policeman, "there's most everything to be found in London; but not quite that neither. The church comes the highest——"

Phyllis uttered a cry of joy, and darted away: opposite her stood Donald, Jennie, and Grace.

"Phyllis, you naughty, naughty child! what is the matter? and Effie too! Why, what does it mean?" Jennie cried.

"They were pretty nigh to being lost, miss," the policeman said, gravely. "'Tis a good thing you happened to come this way."

Donald thanked the man very heartily, and took charge of the children. He had not the heart to scold them yet.

Phyllis walked home with a heart full of tumult. Directly she was safely indoors she burst out crying, and said, "I do not like London: it is a horrid, dreadful, ugly place, and no beautiful things at all; and, oh, I do want to go home!"

"Be quiet, little stupid!" Jennie said, shortly, giving her a push and a shake.

"It's horrible," persisted Phyllis. "We can't live here. We must go home."

Jennie threw herself down on a chair by the bedside, and began to cry too. "It isn't half as bad for you, Phyllis, as it is for me," she cried, crossly; "and we can't go back. We must live in one of these pokey, dingy houses for ever and ever. If only I'd known what it was like!"

By-and-by their mother came home, and was amazed to see the change that had come over the children. Still, she was able to console them a little by telling them that London would look very different when the fog was gone, and that they would have by-and-by a nice quiet house, with a little garden; but their old home was out of the question. That was gone for ever. They must learn to be cheerful and content.

What a hard lesson it was at first! but dear me, after a while the children grew quite happy, although they never found the enchanted city.

But they found something better, after a short time, and that was a kind, bright, happy, cheerful *home*, and that is what can make any spot in the world beautiful, while without it, even an enchanted city would be but drear and lonely. No wonder Phyllis and Jennie felt miserable during those first days in London. Their parents were feeling it much more keenly, though they said nothing.

Dear children, can you see what I mean by this little story? If you have a good, kind home, try to be very happy in it, for the time may come when you would give everything you possessed to be back in it—"Home, Sweet Home."



## OUR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

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### A DREAM FOR ALL AGES.



HE sun was fast sinking in the west; and the shades of night were spreading a deep gloom overall, as a poor, lone traveller, foot-sore and weary, looked around him for some place of rest. His face wore its saddest expression, for his heart was nearly bursting with grief; and, as he rolled along a big stone for his pillow, and laid his weary head upon it, it was watered with his tears. But only the fair moon and the twinkling stars seemed to see his grief; and, as he thought of his loneliness, he heaved a deep sigh, and wept afresh.

Far behind him, in the lovely and peaceful Beersheba, he had left the home of his youth, the mother whom he loved so dearly, the old sheep that he had so fondly tended, and the little pet lambs that had nestled in his bosom and gambolled by his side. There was his aged father, too, who lay stretched on his death-bed, and whom he might never hope to see again. And still fresh in his memory were all the old familiar scenes to which he might never again return: the soft green pastures, where, morning and evening, he had rested with his sheep, the great rock behind which he had led them to hide them from the noonday heat, and the quiet waters to which he had taken them that they might slake their thirst.

From one loved spot to another his thoughts would wander; and he shivered, as from cold, while he thought of the land all unknown to him to which he was journeying, of the strange faces that he would have to meet, and the strange voices that would fall upon his ear.

But saddest of all came the remembrance of the cause that had led to his banishment, the deep sin that he had committed, the cruel deceit that he had practised upon his father, the great wrong that he had inflicted upon his brother, the grief of the dying Isaac, the wrath of Esau, and the consequent necessary parting with all he held dear.

If he could only undo the past; if he could only be as he was a short time ago, clear of this guilt, how thankful he would be! But there it was, staring him in the face, and he could not blot out the memory of it. He fancied himself again getting a kid from amongst his flock; giving it to his mother to dress, so that his father would not know it from venison; stooping down, while she put on the back of his neck small pieces of the kid's skin, that it might feel, to the blind Isaac, like the hairy skin of his brother Esau; carrying in the smoking-hot dish; telling, one after another, gross falsehoods, in reply to the questions put by his puzzled father; repeating oft his assurances that

he was indeed Isaac's very son Esau; and bowing his head to receive the blessing intended for his elder brother. Once more, in imagination, he was hurrying out of his father's apartment; and the loud and bitter cry of his wronged brother was ringing through the tent, never to die away or be forgotten. He saw again his brother white with rage, and heard him take the solemn oath, that, as soon as the mourning for his father was over, he would be avenged. He heard his frightened mother plead with Isaac, that he might be sent away to her brother in Padan Aram. He heard his father's consent, and saw his mother packing up the few things that he needed, and sending him away with her blessing and with floods of tears. He remembered how, when he had turned round to take a last look at his home; she was still standing in the door of the tent, watching, as far as she could see him, the son of her love, and wiping her streaming eyes.

And now he was lying on the bare ground, with only a cold, hard stone for his pillow: all that he loved left far behind; an unknown future before him; and wild beasts prowling about in the distance, in hungry search of prey. How heavily on his conscience lay his deep sin! And how the pure, bright moon and the peaceful stars seemed to be reproaching him!

He thought upon his father's God, and his grandfather's trusting obedience, that had gained for him the title of the friend of the great Ruler of the universe. And, as he contrasted with Abraham's faith his own wicked conduct, he felt miserably unworthy to bear his name. Gladly would he have closed his eyes in repose, and thankfully would he have forgotten, for a time at least, his heavy sorrows; but—

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,

flies from the guilty conscience; and there was no rest for Jacob.

Oh! Why had he so easily and so weakly yielded to that strong temptation to obtain by fraud the coveted blessing? Why had he not, like Abraham, patiently waited for the fulfilment of the sure promise made on his behalf? Why had he not waited till God Himself had brought it about—that the elder should serve the younger—instead of faithlessly and sinfully hurrying it on himself, and bringing down upon himself and his home all this misery?

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There was no book of sweet Psalms to comfort him and assure him of forgiveness; but, as he turned uneasily on his hard bed, and looked up to the quiet heavens, something of their peace stole into his heart. He thought of the great God who dwells above; of the kindness which He had shown to Abraham and Isaac; of the gentle, loving way in which He had drawn near to them; and of the gracious promises which He had made to them.

And he felt sure that such a God must be merciful and compassionate to a poor erring wanderer like himself; and that, enthroned in glory as He was, He would listen to his cry, as He had listened to the outcast Ishmael's before him; and forgive. He would tell Him how sorry he was for what he had done, and ask Him to take away the load that was weighing him down.

So the restless young man arose; and, kneeling upon the bare ground, and raising his beseeching eyes to the star-lit heavens, he poured out to Him who reigns above them the tale of his griefs, and asked Him, in mercy, to forgive the sins that he had committed against Him.

And there, as he knelt, his prayer was heard; the weight of guilt was lifted from his oppressed spirit; and he breathed more freely than he had done since he committed that dark sin. He could not now go back to his old home. Early on the morrow he must go forward on his long journey, and endure all that he had brought upon himself; but his mind was at ease; his heart was at rest. The God of his fathers had heard him, and with His forgiveness and blessing he could be happy.

So he lay down again, not to toss uneasily about as before, but to sleep the sleep of those who are at peace with Heaven.

And the pitying Father above, who, as the Bible assures us, does not deal with us after our sins, nor reward us according to our iniquities, not only put away Jacob's transgression, but drew near to the poor, erring, but repentant wanderer, lying out there in the lone desert, to comfort him.

A peaceful smile now rested on the face of the sleeper, reflecting the deep happiness which filled his breast; and soon over his countenance was spread an expression of joy that it had never worn before.

He saw in his sleep a great ladder of light, the one end of which rested on the earth, while the other reached right up to heaven. Beautiful, bright-winged angels, with faces shining like the sun, were going up and coming down it. And the Lord of Glory Himself, to whom he had just prayed, stood above it. No words of anger or stern rebuke were on His lips. No ominous frown darkened His face. Only a look of tenderness and love lighted it up; and the pardoned Jacob, unworthy as he knew himself to be, did not shrink from looking up to Him, who in His gracious compassion had deigned to appear to him.

"I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac," He said; "and I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest."

Oh, how glad and thankful Jacob was thus to be assured that, though he had so sinned, yet God had not left him, but was still with him! How deeply thankful he was that he would not now have to go on his journey alone, as he had feared, but that the God of his fathers would go with him, to take care of him, wherever he went! His bosom swelled with joy, and his face grew still brighter; for this was the happiest moment in all his life.

There, lying on that cold stone, he felt nothing but joy. With the good and Holy One so near, with His peace and gladness in his heart, he could smile at all outward miseries.

But the gracious and gentle voice did not cease yet. "I will not leave thee," it went on to say, "until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of. The land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed. And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth; and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south; and in thee, and in thy seed, shall all the families of the earth be blessed."

So he, who was all alone, was to become the father of innumerable people; and the one who had deserved only cursing was not only to be blessed himself, but to be made a blessing to all the earth!

The vision passed away, and Jacob awoke, astounded at God's goodness and mercy. For he knew that the dream was no idle thing, but that it told of present and future realities. And as he meditated on it his joy increased. He took the big, hard stone, that had afforded him so sweet a resting-place, and setting it up for a pillar, in grateful remembrance of his happy dream, poured oil on the top of it. The sweet perfume of the precious oil filled all the air, and rose up like an offering of glad thanksgiving, well-pleasing to Him who looked down upon it.

"Surely God is in this place, and I knew it not," Jacob said. For he could never have imagined, as, with tearful eyes, he first lay down on that lone spot, that God would have revealed Himself there; and this was the first great lesson of love and mercy that he had ever spelled over. "I knew it not; but now I know, and will go on my way with gladness, fearing nothing."

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So sacred had the spot become to him, that he called it Bethel, *the House of God*. And he vowed a vow, that if God would indeed be with him, as He had promised, and prosper him, and bring him back again to his father's house, then he would serve Him faithfully all his life, and would give Him a tenth of all that was bestowed upon him.

He went on his journey no longer lonely and sad; for the God of his fathers was with him; and His presence brightened up the dreary wilderness, and made the solitary place glad.

In the new land to which he went Jacob had much to endure; but the vision of the bright ladder that he had seen in his dream rose up again and again to comfort him; and his heart grew stronger and braver as he thought of the abiding presence of God.

Years afterwards, when he came back to the land of Canaan, he visited the spot where, on that memorable night, he had lain down in such sorrow, and risen up in such joy. He had then rosy children, and numerous possessions. And as he thought of all the unmerited goodness and mercy which had followed him in the strange land, and of the faithfulness which had brought him back, he built another altar, and praised God anew.

But, though Jacob was so comforted by his dream, it is scarcely likely that he could see, as we can, the full meaning of it; for the vision of the bright ladder was intended to comfort God's people in all ages, and to grow brighter and brighter as it came to be understood.

So, we, who know how the glorious ladder is Jesus Christ, through whom all blessings come down from heaven to us, and through whom, also, we may mount up to the very throne of "our Father," in the highest heavens; we, too, will raise up our altar of thanksgiving, and go on our way, rejoicing in the God of Bethel, who is still with His people, and who, from the top of the ladder, holds sweet communion with them, cheering them on their way, till He brings them into the goodly land.

"Oh! touch mine eyes, that I may see  
The vision of the Ladder bright;  
Reveal Thy glory, Lord, to me,  
And cheer the darkness of the night.

A stone is all my pillow here:  
No other rest I seek below;  
'A stranger and a sojourner,'  
Like all my fathers, I would go.

But be Thou with me, and the night  
More glad shall be than high noon-day,  
And the lone desert shall be bright  
With glories that ne'er pass away."

H. D.

#### **BIBLE EXERCISES FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.**

49. Who were the first to apply to Jesus the title of King of the Jews?

50. Where is wisdom set forth as better than strength or the weapons of war?

51. Which of the four Evangelists has preserved to us an account of our Lord's being sent by Pilate to Herod for trial?

52. Who tells us in the Old Testament that death and life are in the power of the tongue?
53. Which of the New Testament writers speaks of the tongue as "a little member," and tells us that the one who keeps it in order is a perfect man?
54. Which of the Epistles tells us that he who is a friend of the world is an enemy of God?
55. Where in the Book of the Revelation do we see the redeemed and glorified saints ascribing praise to Jesus, as having made them kings and priests unto God?
56. Where are we told that to be guarded in our speech saves us from trouble?
57. On what occasion is Saul of Tarsus first called Paul?
58. Where, after the Ark of the Covenant was removed to the new Tabernacle at Jerusalem, did the original brazen altar remain?
59. Of what colour was the lace to be upon which was placed the golden plate worn on the forehead of the High Priest?
60. Show that the last cry of Jesus on the Cross was one of triumph.

**ANSWERS TO BIBLE EXERCISES (37-48. See p. 216).**

37. The woman who had touched His garment (St. Matt. ix. 22; St. Mark v. 34; St. Luke viii. 48).
38. In Rev. xxi. 8, 27, xxii. 15.
39. Isaiah (Isaiah lxi. 6).
40. In Rev. v. 6, 9, 12, xiii. 8.
41. Prov. xx. 11.
42. In Prov. xxix. 25.
43. Herod Antipas (St. Luke xiii. 31, 32).
44. The ants, the conies, the locusts, and the spider (Prov. xxx. 24, 28).
45. In Deut. xxi. 6-8; Ps. xxvi. 6.
46. Solomon (Eccles. ix. 8); St. James (James i. 27).
47. Nebuchadnezzar (Dan. ii. 47).
48. In Ps. cxii. 4.

**The Editors Pocket-Book.**

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**A Product of the Soudan.**

It is said that the Mahdi, of whom so much has been printed in the papers for months past, has been the means of increasing the price of gum arabic. This material, which is obtained from the Soudan, is largely used in the making of sweet-meats, while the Government envelope factory in the United States uses one ton every week. Owing to the war in the Soudan, the supply, amounting to ten millions of pounds yearly, has been stopped for more than a twelvemonth. The price has been gradually rising, and it will be not a little odd if we have to blame the Mahdi, among other things, for dear jujubes.

**The Vallary Crown.**



The old Romans were before all things a military people. Consequently, they took care to confer rewards upon soldiers for bravery and other forms of service, so as to preserve proper spirit among the men. One of these rewards of valour was called the Vallary Crown, and was bestowed upon the soldier who was the first to mount the enemy's rampart (*vallum*). It consisted of a circle of gold, with palisades attached to it. One can imagine with what zeal an attack would be made, and how hotly the foremost place would be struggled for, so that the crown might be won.

### **Supposed Relic of Trafalgar.**

While a diver was engaged off the coast near Gibraltar in the search for the whereabouts of a recent wreck, he discovered at the bottom from eighty to one hundred large guns, mostly 24- and 32-pounders, and two big anchors. As no appliance for raising them was at hand, they were not brought up, and their nationality has not been ascertained. It is supposed that they belonged to a line-of-battle ship, which sank in the Peninsular war, possibly after the battle of Trafalgar.

### **The Founder of Ragged Schools.**

John Pounds, a poor shoemaker of Portsmouth, was the originator of this well-known method of educating city arabs and other very poor children. For twenty years before his death in 1839, he used to collect around him the ragged children of the district in which he lived, and teach them while he worked at his cobbling. He taught them for nothing, and his class was well attended. His success at length attracted general notice, and systematic effort was in due course made for the establishment of such schools in other towns and cities throughout the kingdom.

### **Tallow Trees.**

In different parts of the globe are found various sorts of trees that yield a thick oil or resin, that, like tallow, is used for making candles, and hence the trees are popularly styled tallow trees. The substance is commonly extracted by making a cut in the bark, from which the oily matter exudes. In other cases the seeds are boiled, from which a fine white tallow is obtained. The candles and soap so made are beautifully white.

### **A Saucy Sparrow.**

One day a boy picked up a young sparrow, which he brought home. His father put it in a big cage, and in course of time it became thoroughly domesticated. It used to fly about the garden and perch upon the heads and hands of the family. After a while it would venture upon an oak and carry on a very voluble conversation with its fellows who also patronised the tree. It soon grew as impudent and pugnacious and ravenous as most sparrows. It was always hungry and talkative. Though it had the freedom of the neighbourhood, it came down daily before sunset and roosted on a perch in its cage, the door of which was left open for its convenience. It was let out the first thing in the morning, but returned about six times a day for food, usually taking care to attend all the family meals, and often breakfasting with the master of the house, with whom it struck up a firm friendship. Sometimes it brought home a friend or two, but as they lacked its faith they invariably remained outside while it feasted indoors. It generally watched the boy's father as he left home every morning, chirping "good-bye" from a gutter-pipe. Its appetite continued healthy and its taste accommodating. Latterly it started a home of its own, but did not give up its old friends, looking in upon the household almost as often as ever.

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### **"Sansculottes."**

This term—in allusion to their poor and mean attire—was applied, during the earlier stages of the great French Revolution, by the Court party to those democrats of Paris who were foremost in urging the demand for reform. The epithet given in scorn was accepted with pleasure by the people, and it soon came in their eyes to indicate a patriot, and some even affected a ruder mode of dress as if to show they gloried in the title. However, after the lapse of a very few years, the name fell into disuse, as it had been connected with so many scenes of bloodshed and revolting cruelty.

### **Fresh-water Springs in the Sea.**

There is a hot region on the Persian Gulf where little or no rain falls. At Babrin, though the dry shore has no fresh water, the people obtain a supply from springs which burst forth copiously from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is got by diving. The diver winds a large goatskin bag round his left arm, his hand grasping the bag's mouth. He next takes a heavy stone to which a stout line is fastened, and then plunges in. As soon as he reaches the bottom, he opens the bag over the strong jet of fresh water, ascends with the upward current, shutting the bag the while, and is helped on board. The stone having been pulled up and the diver refreshed, he plunges in again. These submarine springs are believed to take their source in the hills of Osman, some 500 or 600 miles distant.

### **Feathered Thieves.**

It is very well known that jackdaws are accomplished thieves, and their evil fame in this respect has been humorously pictured in the story of "The Jackdaw of Rheims," in the "Ingoldsby Legends." It seems, however, that other birds besides jackdaws may be occasional robbers, and may cause much mischief. Not long ago, a gentleman on going to his letter-box discovered that a letter containing a cheque for £10 had been tampered with, and that the cheque was missing. He immediately came to the conclusion that human thieves had been at work, and gave information to the police at the nearest station. On his return home, however, he examined his letter-box more closely, and then found several tomtits in it; and on further search, he discovered the missing cheque lying twenty-six yards away on the turnpike road, whither it was evident it had been carried by a tomtit, since it bore abundant marks of the bird's beak.

### **Carlyle's Birthplace.**

The house in Ecclefechan, in Dumfriesshire, where Carlyle was born, and which was purchased by a niece, has been restored and has had some interesting relics placed in it. It will no doubt be the scene of many pilgrimages. In carrying out the alterations, the old doors and the like have been scrupulously preserved. The room where the young Carlyle lived contains the philosopher's easy-chair, a mahogany table well stained with ink, an old-fashioned bookcase consisting of a series of shelves supported by pillars at the side and hung upon the wall, besides appropriate photographs and other articles.

### **Memory in Dogs.**

Several years ago a gentleman was presented with a black-and-tan terrier. One evening he went to St. John's Wood, London, to fetch it to his own home, some five miles on the south of the Thames. For the greater part of the way the dog and his new owner travelled (in the dark of course) outside an omnibus. The terrier was confined for a week and then set at liberty. Next day it disappeared, and it was afterwards learnt that it arrived at its old home—ragged and starved—six or seven days after effecting its escape. As the dog had been taken on a vehicle right across London, over the river, and in the dark, to a strange district nine miles from its home, its finding its way back to St. John's Wood must be regarded as a remarkable instance of canine intelligence.

### **Anecdotes of Apelles.**

Some interesting anecdotes have been preserved about Apelles, who flourished during the latter half of the fourth century before Christ, and who was considered to be the most famous painter of the ancient world. Alexander the Great once visited his studio, and exhibited so much ignorance of art that Apelles desired him to be silent, as the boys who were grinding his colours were laughing at him. He painted an ideal portrait of this celebrated king, of which Alexander said, "There are only two Alexanders—the invincible son of Philip, and the inimitable Alexander of Apelles." The painter's disposition was so generous that he purchased a picture of an artist whose talents were not recognised as they deserved, and spread a report that he would sell it again as one of his own. His industry was such that he never allowed a day to pass without painting one line—a habit which has become proverbial in the Latin phrase, *nulla dies sine linea* ("No day without a line"). Apelles was not above criticism. When his paintings were exposed to the public view, it is said that he used to conceal himself near them so that he might hear the comments of onlookers. A cobbler finding fault with the shoe of one of his figures, Apelles at once corrected it. But next day when the cobbler ventured to criticise the legs, the painter came forth from his hiding-place and recommended the cobbler to stick to the shoes—advice which in the words of the Latin version of the story also has been adopted as a proverb, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam* ("Let not the shoemaker overstep his last").

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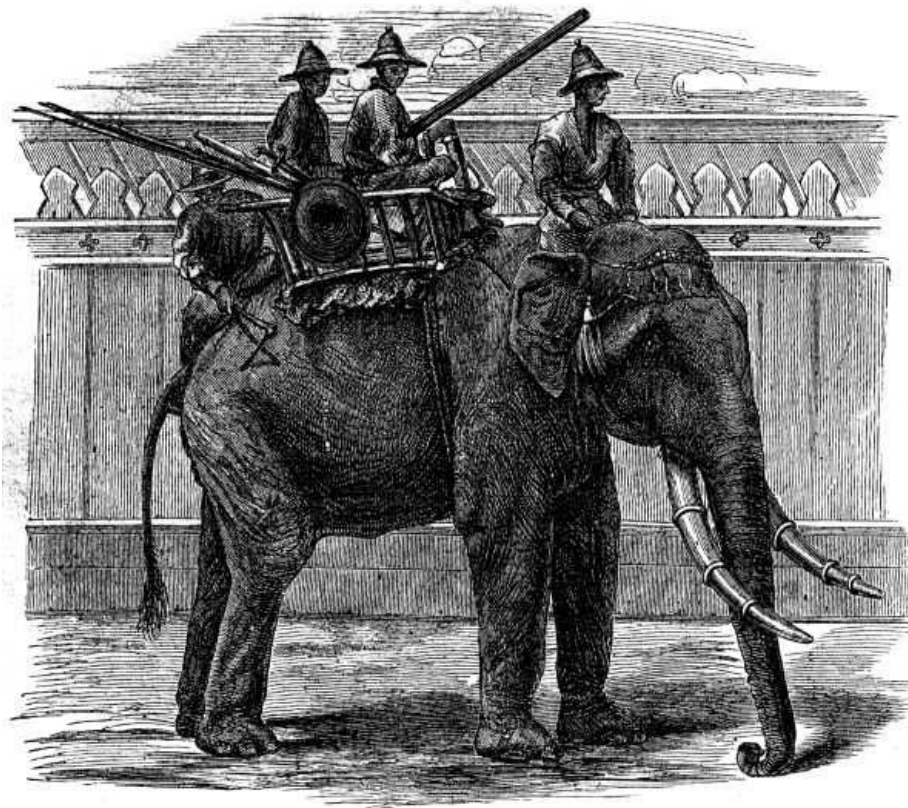
### **Drawing the Badger.**

Badger-baiting was a brutal sport at one time in vogue in this country as a kind of "attraction" in public-houses of the lowest class. The animal was kept in a tub or barrel and was attacked by dogs. Yielding at last to superior numbers, it was dragged or drawn out. The badger was then set free and permitted to return to its tub until it recovered from the effects of the struggle, after which it was again baited. It had to submit to this barbarous treatment several times a day. The verb "to badger," now often applied to persons, was originally used in direct reference to this cruel practice.

### **A Gallant Rescue.**

Not many months since some boys were sitting on the banks of the River Devon, near Tillicoultry (Scotland), when one of them, aged ten, waded into the stream in search of an article. He had hardly entered the water when he walked into a deep pool, in which he was whirled about quite helplessly, like a cork. Fortunately, a lad named James Henderson happened to be passing at the time, and observing the imminent peril of the poor boy, plunged into the river at the risk of his life, and brought him to the bank, where, after treatment, he recovered. The painful screams of the boy created great excitement in the neighbourhood, and there seems no doubt that but for the gallant rescue here recorded he would have been drowned. It would be a great advantage if

the teaching of boys and girls how to swim were made a necessary part of their education.



A MODERN WAR ELEPHANT.

### **War Elephants.**

From time immemorial elephants have been employed in war in the East and in Africa, though the Indian kind is more familiar to us in this respect. At first they were equipped with a huge tower, in which fighting-men were carried—a practice of which we are reminded in the sign of the "Elephant and Castle" still in vogue in some inns—and were even trained to use swords with their trunks. In the present day, however, the creatures are found more useful in assisting the transport of artillery in hilly or marshy districts. The "castle" has been replaced by a howdah, from which the soldiers use the modern weapons of war. Military service may, therefore, be regarded as being a good deal easier than it once was—so far, at least, as elephants are concerned.



IN SAFE HANDS. ([See p. 313](#)).

## POOR PUSSY.

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**I**T was early morning, near eight of the clock,  
And all might hear the milkman's knock,  
When a wandering stranger strolled the street,  
Well clad in fur, but with nothing to eat.  
Poor Pussy!

She had passed by the houses of ladies in silk,  
But no response to her quest for milk,  
And while beginning to feel "dead beat,"  
The passers by she would entreat.  
Poor Pussy!

No food whate'er could Pussy buy,  
And travellers passed her. I'll tell you why:  
They thought, of course, "It's only a cat,  
And nothing much to be marvelled at."  
Poor Pussy!

In vain, dear Puss, was thy appeal,  
No hammer could reach those hearts of steel,  
And in this world, so full of strife,  
A plaintive mew won't save a life.  
Poor Pussy!

Ill did it seem thy tabby grace,  
The woes of London streets to face,  
Cold glances, or a kick for thy fur,  
And none to list to thy murmuring purr.  
Poor Pussy!

But pussy, strolling down the street,  
Chanced a child's kind glance to meet,  
And soon her troubles all were passed,  
And love and plenty came at last  
To Pussy.

### **THIRTY-THIRD 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
47276 Louisa Davies	12
47277 Fanny Pugh	17
47278 Ada Davies	16
47279 Florence Lewis	14
47280 Louisa Lewis	12
47281 Mary Watson	11
—	
47282 Gertrude Gaskell	17
47283 ARTHUR BLACKBURN, Leeds	15
47284 C. W. Killick	15
47285 Walter Smith	13
47286 Annie Moore	14
47287 Mary J. Lester	18
47288 Pattie Brooke	17
47289 Ada Bradley	20
47290 Maggie Brooke	13
47291 Fanny Brooke	12
47292 Florence Neal	15
47293 Alice Blackburn	20
47294 John Blackburn	10
47295 Eliza A. Lupton	20
47296 George Blackburn	13
47297 Mathew Tilford	7
47298 Alice Liddiard	12
47299 Ellen Liddiard	11
47300 Louisa Child	11
47301 Annie Batty	9
47302 Eva Bateson	13
47303 Harry Bateson	11
47304 Charles Neal	6
47305 Louisa Wright	16
47306 Geo. Richmond	11
47307 Ellenor Child	11
47308 Louisa Emmett	12
47309 Tom Tilford	10
47310 Annie Wilton	10
47311 Lucy Neal	10
47312 Kate Scott	9
47313 John W. Kay	10
47314 Mary J. Weatley	11
47315 Elizbth. Hawkins	12
47316 Hellen Harrison	11
47317 Wm. Agar	8
47318 Louisa Hawkins	8
47319 Fanny Webster	20
47320 W. Whitehead	8
47321 Cressy Brooke	8
47322 Fredk. Wist	7
47323 Harry West	12
47324 Wm. Liddiard	18
47325 Henry Neal	12
47326 Charles Lister	11
47327 Wm. D. Harrison	13
47328 John Brooksbank	10
47329 James Wilkinson	13
47330 Walter Kendall	14
47331 L. Wilkinson	12
47332 John Bradley	16
47333 Harry Lupton	18
47334 Eliza Robinson	12
47335 A. Cullingworth	12

47336 Albert Kendall	12
47337 Fredk. Scott	11
47338 Fredk. Broughton	10
47339 John Ranson	7
47340 Sam Hirst	9
47341 James Richmond	9
47342 Mary Ranson	8
47343 Arthur Bateson	17
47344 Edith Scott	6
47345 ALICK McLENNAN, Glasgow	10
47346 William Chalmers	9
47347 David Govan	11
47348 James Thomson	11
47349 Robert Galloway	9
47350 Florence Fail	8
47351 Alice Fail	9
47352 Maggie Stirrat	10
47353 William Orr	9
47354 Lars Sundt	21
47355 J. W. Silcox	11
47356 Isabel Taylor	14
47357 J. A. M. Adams	12
47358 Hugh Findlay	13
47359 John McDougall	11
47360 A. Gibson	11
47361 S. McLennan	20
47362 David Millar	14
47363 John Burns	13
47364 Mary Cown	7
47365 Charles Black	9
47366 George Moultrie	13
47367 H. Thornton	11
47368 Robert Thomson	14
47369 Arthur Wardrop	12
47370 M. Macallam	12
47371 Geo. Hamilton	10
47372 George Silcox	8
47373 Wm. McDougall	13
47374 W. McDonald	13
47375 J. A. Duncan	12
47376 Wm. Stewart	13
47377 E. Hamilton	12
47378 Wm. N. Simpson	10
47379 William Smellie	13
47380 James Keith	13
47381 William Cowan	6
47382 Agnes Fail	12
47383 M. McLennan	16
47384 Wm. McLennan	18
47385 Robert Black	11
47386 Harold Black	10
47387 James Thomson	15
47388 A. McFarlane	13
47389 A. F. McEwen	11
47390 Tom Moody	9
47391 John G. Miller	12
47392 Andrew Miller	11
47393 Isabella Cowan	9
47394 Willie Henry	11
47395 John Thomson	12
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47396 Harriet E. Ross	13
47397 E. G. Bennett	12
47398 Harold Cobb	12
47399 Ida G. Bennett	7
47400 C. M. Hunt	11
47401 Henry W. Hunt	9



47402 Kate A. Mortlock	19
47403 Edith C. Terry	12
47404 Florence Stiles	12
47405 Sarah Ball	12
47406 Jane Skudder	9
47407 Lily Richards	8
47408 Rosanna Ditch	19
47409 Laura Campbell	11
47410 Bertha Campbell	13
47411 Jessie Bradford	13
47412 Kate Bradford	15
47413 Margrt. Leigton	6
47414 Willie Norman	8
47415 Sarah Lund	9
47416 Albert J. Buck	13
47417 Rosa Engley	14
47418 Amy Milledge	17
47419 Charles Reynolds	12
47420 Clara Milledge	7
47421 Nellie Newling	15
47422 Maud Jones	6
47423 Reggie Brattle	6
47424 L. A. Flemming	13
47425 Daisy Cox	5
47426 Annie Stevens	16
47427 Wm. Stevens	12
47428 George Stevens	10
47429 Rosa Milledge	12
47430 Agnes Parry	13
47431 Florce. Milledge	9
47432 Jessie McLay	11
47433 Annie Leigton	13
47434 Alfred Mady	14
47435 Bella Axford	12
47436 M. Robinson	13
47437 F. Pervanoglu	20
47438 Emily Barnden	14
47439 Lura Brattle	13
47440 Nellie Pervanoglu	17
47441 E. M. Reynolds	13
47442 Gertrude Cousins	9
47443 Lilly Marshall	11
47444 Eva Connor	12
47445 Nellie Johnson	8
47446 Carrie Cawlane	12
47447 Bessie Ellison	10
47448 Bertha Cousins	14
47449 Louisa Rignall	17
47450 Mary Brodie	13
47451 Harry Porter	8
47452 Arthur Oakenfull	7
47453 Emily Jones	6
47454 Maud Brattle	8
47455 Lizzie Riches	7
47456 Wrenny Grant	6
47457 J. N. Campbell	8
47458 Clara Cousins	12
47459 Isabel J. Moxon	12
47460 SUSAN JACKSON, Hackney,	13
47461 W. W. Weigley	6
47462 Edith Jackson	16
47463 Rosetta Walker	7
47464 Winifred Clarke	16
47465 A. Wedgwood	13
47466 Jane Reynolds	14
47467 Florence Pearce	11

47468 Annie Dyster	12
47469 Emma Steil	11
47470 Cecilia Lotcho	12
47471 Florce. Wasdall	10
47472 Jessie Wasdall	12
47473 A. M. H. Solomon	15
47474 Maud Freeman	15
47475 Julia G. Wheeler	16
47476 Alice Reynolds	18
47477 F. G. Solomon	12
47478 S. L. Solomon	7
47479 Katie L. Solomon	10
47480 Edith Holt	7
47481 Leslie Clarke	9
47482 Irene Clarke	7
47483 Theresa Cockett	14
47484 Florrie Leggett	11
47485 Fredk. Reynolds	10
47486 Lily Kirton	7
47487 Effie L. Bailey	11
47488 Daisy I. Bailey	9
47489 Fredk. W. Feast	5
47490 Rosie Entwistle	15
47491 Hannah Hall	16
47492 John W. Allan	14
47493 F. Bartholomew	12
47494 Lily Smee	10
47495 L. Bartholomew	9
47496 Agnes Blyton	11
47497 Nellie Cooper	8
47498 Maude Bell	11
47499 A. Bartholomew	10
47500 G. Bartholomew	12
47501 F. Bartholomew	8
47502 M. Bartholomew	6
47503 K. MacArthur	9
47504 May Smee	9
47505 Kate Milner	16
47506 Alfred Milner	14
47507 Louise Milner	9
47508 Beatrice Milner	11
47509 Katie Hay	14
47510 Aphie Hickson	10
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47511 B. M. Beverley	12
47512 M. K. Beverley	16
47513 William Miller	14
47514 C. Prideaux	10
47515 W. T. Prideaux	9
47516 Nellie de Castro	13
47517 G. P. Morris	14
47518 F. M. Morris	12
47519 Hilda C. Morris	9
47520 Lilian Paull	13
47521 Sarah B. Owen	15
47522 E. G. Walker	11
47523 M. E. A. HILLSWORTH, Clapton	11
47524 John L. Allen	6
47525 E. S. Bodger	9
47526 Kate Bodger	7
47527 Ellen Boxall	13
47528 Ada E. Boys	16
47529 Chas. H. Boys	13
47530 Edith M. Boys	13
47531 Alice M. Brazil	8
47532 Edward Bunten	8
47533 Kate E. Bunten	7

47534 Ernest C. Butler	11
47535 Fredk. Callow	8
47536 Alice Chilvers	8
47537 William Chilvers	8
47538 H. E. Daniel	9
47539 E. A. Francis	11
47540 J. T. Francis	8
47541 J. A. Francis	9
47542 Ada Frost	10
47543 Clara A. Gilbert	9
47544 H. G. Gilbert	7
47545 E. J. Hepper	10
47546 A. W. Hillsworth	17
47547 E. L. Howard	17
47548 Alice Hinchley	19
47549 Charles J. King	12
47550 Geo. W. King	10
47551 Edith Macey	12
47552 F. A. Marquis	10
47553 E. T. J. Mepstead	14
47554 L. H. Moore	12
47555 V. O. Morris	9
47556 E. Muirhead	9
47557 M. H. Muirhead	11
47558 E. E. E. Orchard	9
47559 Ada F. Palmer	13
47560 L. B. Palmer	16
47561 Rose M. Palmer	11
47562 Florence Peachy	11
47563 Joseph Pedgrift	6
47564 Alfred Pope	7
47565 Rachel Roderick	10
47566 Robt. Roderick	9
47567 Henry Sayer	11
47568 A. S. Taylor	9
47569 F. E. Taylor	7
47570 K. A. Taylor	11
47571 Eliza Watkins	10
47572 Mary G. Watkins	7
47573 Lucy M. Wellum	12
47574 C. D. Wheeler	16
47575 H. W. Windett	7
47576 H. R. BLUNT, Wallingford	9
47577 H. L. Smith	14
47578 Mabel Ross	10
47572 H. Eckersley	13
47580 M. M. Meldrum	16
47581 G. M. Molloy	10
47582 Ada Clanfield	12
47583 Louisa Roberts	12
47584 James Kent	12
47585 Amy Cobb	7
47586 M. A. D. Field	6
47587 Thos. Jennings	7
47588 John Toovey	8
47589 J. T. Fenton	5
47590 Matilda Cobb	15
47591 Ada Ring	11
47592 F. L. Anderson	14
47593 Edith Roberts	12
47594 Constance Lyde	11
47595 Edith Lyde	8
47596 Mary Anderson	11
47597 E. Wilkinson	12
47598 Ada Kent	9
47599 Emily Crook	14
47600 Edgar H. Bird	9

47601 E. Richardson	10
47602 Henry Crook	10
47603 M. F. Barber	14
47604 Fanny Morrell	13
47605 E. F. Barber	10
47606 M. Whitworth	16
47607 Monica Coulton	10
47608 M. E. Hare	15
47609 Thomas Wells	11
47610 V. A. Alexander	11
47611 Albert Roberts	10
77612 Hugh Waddox	6
47613 Thomas Crook	11
47614 Benjmn. Bowden	11
47615 L. G. Molyneux	14
47616 Edith Matthews	14
47617 Gertie Andrew	16
47618 E. M. Roberts	11
47619 E. G. Molyneux	15
47620 G. Leigh	12
47621 B. E. D. Field	7
47622 Ada Troll	9
47623 Emily Gardner	11
47624 Edith Townsend	6
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47625 Fanny Rowe	13
47626 Agnes Watt	14
47627 Alice M. White	12
47628 A. K. Moorman	12
47629 M. E. Broderick	13
47630 Ernest Knight	11
47631 Mary Carter	15
47632 Walter J. Law	13
47633 Leonard Law	10
47634 Nellie Hawes	15
47635 Jessie R. Ramsay	17
47636 Ruth E. Tinker	11
47637 Annie Harpin	13
47638 Ibbie Milner	15
47639 AMY STAMP, Sunderland	9
47640 George Parker	7
47641 F. W. Stamp	7
47642 Lillie Stamp	16
47643 Alfred Stamp	12
47644 L. Greenwell	14
47645 H. Greenwell	12
47646 E. Greenwell	11
47647 Maud Greenwell	10
47648 Mabel Greenwell	8
47649 Arthur Greenwell	6
47650 L. Westgarth	18
47651 Eliza Girling	19
47652 E. Dora Pringle	20
47653 M. L. White	14
47654 Mary Wilson	12
47655 C. M. Stevenson	11
47656 Mary A. Clark	8
47657 W. S. Rinner	8
47658 H. Wrightson	8
47659 Nellie Potter	21
47660 M. Liptrot	20
47661 Gertie Liptrot	16
47662 Lilla Greive	17
47663 Maud Hampson	18
47664 Sallie Justice	16
47665 Cathie Camm	14
47666 Susie Houlden	15

47667 Floss Hall	15
47668 Cissy Mangles	13
47669 M. B. Addingley	15
47670 Lizzie Taylor	15
47671 F. Richardson	13
47672 Janet King	13
47673 Sallie Bennett	13
47674 Albert Bennett	10
47675 Norman Potter	9
47676 Pollie Bell	18
47677 M. A. Morley	11
47678 Willie Robinson	9
47679 F. Robinson	9
47680 Lucy Robinson	11
47681 Clara Robinson	12
47682 Ann Robinson	13
47683 Annie Robinson	14
47684 Ellen Robinson	15
47685 Ruth Lodge	12
47686 Samuel Lodge	14
47687 Eliza A. Lodge	20
47688 E. Lockwood	15
47689 Amy Lockwood	13
47690 Lilian Heap	14
47691 Lucy Green	15
47692 L. E. Schofield	12
47693 Clara Jones	14
47694 Hannah Addy	16
47695 Jane E. Dyson	13
47696 Milinda Dodgson	12
47697 Helene Coith	21
47698 Nellie Ellis	17
47699 Lucy M. Dickson	17
47700 Annie Yeats	15
47701 M. Bradley	14
47702 Sallie Richmond	13
47703 Ella Jepsew	13
47704 Maggie Bland	13
47705 Emily Lawley	12
47706 Beatrice Wright	6
47707 Jeanie Wilson	9
47708 Edward Parker	5
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47709 Ethel L. Turner	12
47710 Rose A. Hart	15
47711 Lily A. Cousins	14
47712 Florence Hawes	13
47713 Carrie Hornby	20
47714 P. E Twamley	5
47715 Betsey Collins	17
47716 K. S. Twamley	7
47717 Janie G. Twamley	9
47718 R. Twamley	8
47719 V. M. A. WEBB, Hythe	9
47720 Arthur Shutler	10
47721 Ada Church	10
47722 Lucy Daish	10
47723 Elizabeth Church	9
47724 Agnes Bull	11
47725 Fanny Warne	10
47726 Elizabeth Bull	10
47727 Fanny Woolgar	13
47728 Ada Gull	11
47729 Emma Blackwell	10
47730 L. Chamberlain	10
47731 Ellen Moulard	11
47732 Ellen Ash	14

47733 Lizzie Shutler	8
47734 Ellen Bull	9
47735 Emily Larkham	11
47736 Wm. Newnham	11
47737 Wm. Hackett	11
47738 Jane Cooper	9
47739 Agnes Plumley	12
47740 Clara Bull	9
47741 Alice Hamilton	9
47742 Ada Neat	9
47743 Annie Brown	10
47744 Elizabeth Urry	13
47745 Harry Williams	10
47746 Thomas Piper	13
47747 Fredk. Salter	11
47748 Percy Spencer	10
47749 Thomas Morris	11
47750 Charles Henning	10
47751 Elizabeth Brown	8
47752 Emily Woodford	11
47753 Charles Coster	10
47754 Arthur Mathews	11
47755 Harry Hackett	12
47756 May Spencer	12
47757 Edith Small	13
47758 Ellen Parnell	10
47759 Harry Smith	11
47760 Albert Seal	10
47761 Albert Salter	10
47762 Nellia Snow	10
47763 Hannah Way	11
47764 F. Westmore	8
47765 Ellen Cass	10
47766 A. Wiltshire	13
47767 Marria Chessell	11
47768 Frances Gelf	9
47769 John Duffey	13
47770 Louisa Smith	11
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47771 Mabel Davies	12
47772 Millie Walker	10
47773 Hannah Dogdson	16
47774 E. McCracken	17
47775 Ada Whittington	8
47776 S. A. Whittington	9
47777 Nellie Temple	11
47778 Lila Temple	13
47779 Blanche Price	13
47780 Edith Price	14
47781 Minnie Price	16
47782 Louisa M. Leake	5
47783 Leonard C. Leake	6
47784 Annie Hill	6
47785 William Hill	8
47786 Alice Harding	8
47787 Edward Harding	10
47788 Louisa Harding	12
47789 Sisie Davison	5
47790 Edward Davison	6
47791 Georgina Davison	8
47792 Violet G. Davies	4
47793 F. E. Davies	6
47794 John Davies	7
47795 Fredk. Cox	6
47796 Emma Cox	8
47797 Annie Cox	11



47798 H. C. Cramford	8
47799 Abel Britnell	10
47800 William Britnell	13
47801 Rosey Ansley	9
47802 Henry Ansley	15
47803 Edith Lowe	10
47804 Minnie Lowe	14
47805 CLARA M. LEGGE, Bilston	12
47806 Emily Cole	11
47807 Alice Hill	13
47808 Clara G. Bailey	13
47809 Jessie Price	7
47810 Alice Sutton	14
47811 Arthur Price	10
47812 Jessie M. Jenks	13
47813 Clara Bubee	13
47814 N. Elkington	9
47815 Nellie Lockley	10
47816 May Kelly	9
47817 Wm Harper	13
47818 Janet Adams	11
47819 Mable Smith	10
47820 Maud Beaman	10
47821 Harrie Allan	10
47822 Claribel Roberts	10
47823 Kate A. Webster	10
47824 F. Longmore	9
47825 Willie Tart	10
47826 Blanche Tart	12
47827 Allan Instone	8
47828 Ernest Instone	10
47829 Maude Adderley	10
47830 Connie Adderley	12
47831 Agnes Harper	15
47832 Annie Harper	15
47833 Amy Harper	6
47834 Lucy Harper	8
47835 Edith Harper	11
47836 Jessie Wright	12
47837 Daisy Wright	15
47838 Alice Jones	13
47839 Harriette Jones	18
47840 F. Elkington	11
47841 L. Elkington	12
47842 Jenny Elkington	15
47843 Lilian Lawley	7
47844 Edith Lawley	9
47845 Annie Lawley	11
47846 Rose Lawley	13
47847 Lillian Adams	9
47848 Ethel Adams	12
47849 M. Adams	14
47850 Bertha Adams	16
47851 Annie Harper	8
47852 Thomas Harper	12
47853 Sarah Harper	10
47854 Emily Smith	13
47855 Lizzie Harper	15
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47856 C. Anderson	11
47857 G. W. H. PAULL, Stoke Newington	12
47858 Ellen K. Paull	8
47859 F. E. Martin	12
47860 K. P. Banister	7
47861 H. H. Smith	7
47862 Percy M. Smith	9
47863 Thomas Cook	13

47864 Helen L. Hiller	14
47865 W. N. Hough	10
47866 George E. Korn	11
47867 Chas. R. Morling	10
47868 A. Robinson	9
47869 A. S. Robinson	12
47870 Arthur C. Warren	12
47871 Thos. H. Clark	11
47872 G. Waymark	12
47873 E. W. Wesson	10
47874 Arthur E. Rous	12
47875 Richd. J. Evans	12
47876 F. A. Williams	8
47877 Harry S. Ayres	13
47878 Alfred J. Mills	9
47879 James Wright	6
47880 George Wright	8
47881 P. J. G. Fordham	12
47882 A. C. S. Roberts	7
47883 M. A. Marquis	8
47884 Horatio Bartlett	13
47885 Wm. C. H. Long	10
47886 John M. White.	12
47887 Wm. C. Riding	10
47888 Geo. Riding	7
47889 George Reeves	9
47890 Ernest Reeves	10
47891 Geo. W. Morris	8
47892 Jessie M. Rich	9
47893 Eleanor Boxall	10
47894 Wm. F. Rayner	10
47895 Rhoda Payne	13
47896 Rose Mortimore	7
47897 Eliza King	10
47898 A. H. Mortimore	11
47899 F. L. J. Meyer	9
47900 F. J. Lowe	11
47901 Jas. T. Jennings	10
47902 Alice E. Jennings	12
47903 Eliza C. French	9
47904 Rosa Burch	12
47905 Frank A. Boys	9
47906 Alfred E. Boys	9
47907 Arthur L. Baker	12
47908 E. E. Matthews	10
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47909 C. Creighton	7
47910 L. Creighton	9
47911 B. Creighton	11
47912 Isabel Eacott	10
47913 Ellen A. Mellersh	10
47914 Maud Mellersh	8
47915 Violet Yaldwyn	11
47916 BERTIE BELL, Swaffham	7
47917 Caroline Pullan	20
47918 Nina Todd	7
47919 Jeannie Wheen	4
47920 Ella Abell	2
47921 Maria Todd	5
47922 William Sellers	8
47923 Sidney Hemshall	7
47924 Winifred Abell	15
47925 Tom Brazier	6
47926 Jennie Anderson	6
47927 A. Hebblethwaite	6
47928 Harry Wheen	6

47929 H. K. Stanton	10
47930 E. M. Stanton	9
47931 Winifred Stanton	8
47932 G. Hamant	17
47933 A. W. F. Pollard	8
47934 Horace T. Pollard	6
47935 Edward Pollard	4
47936 Georg Rix	6
47937 R. R. Sillitoe	15
47938 Oliver M. Parker	14
47939 G. R. Read	15
47940 S. Hungerford	20
47941 Maud London	15
47942 May Hungerford	13
47943 J. E. Devenport	19
47944 Minnie Maggi	11
47945 Ada Sykes	12
47946 Mabel Spray	6
47947 Edith Verity	9
47948 Josephine Boyle	10
47949 Fannie Marshall	14
47950 Maud Jones	14
47951 Jenny Lawson	12
47952 Amy Jones	11
47953 Annie Jowett	12
47954 Ethel Hill	10
47955 Gertrude Sykes	14
47956 Ada Hill	8
47957 A. Chamberlain	13
47958 L. Chamberlain	7
47959 W. Chamberlain	5
47960 B. Chamberlain	7
47961 Rosa Bell	15
47962 F. Chamberlain	11
47963 C. Chamberlain	4
47964 Geo. A. Petch	16
47965 E. Chamberlain	15
47966 Lizzie Carr	14
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47967 Wm. J. Smith	11
47968 A. L. Ralston	8
47969 Janet Whitty	12
47970 Kate Parkes	15
47971 M. Caddick	17
47972 Walter Benington	11
47973 Julius E. Woods	11
47974 A. G. NICKOLSON, Oxford St., L.	13
47975 Bertha Wilson	13
47976 Florence Kirby	12
47977 Edith Thomson	8
47978 Alice Pritchett	12
47979 Louisa Wyatt	9
47980 Charlotte Overett	9
47981 E. L. Houghton	12
47982 Kate Tolman	9
47983 A. M. Bundock	10
47984 Ethel Hibbert	14
47985 Harriet Perry	13
47986 Lucy Wheeler	11
47987 Ada Frost	9
47988 Jessie Gotts	10
47989 L. J. Allaway	12
47990 Helena Smell	8
47991 Julia Davis	10
47992 Ada Davis	13
47993 Agnes Lockett	8
47994 F. Warwick	8
47995 Louisa Dickens	11

47996 Alice Green	10
47997 Ada Blakey	11
47998 G. Barnard	13
47999 Anne Pooles	9
48000 J. Hawksworth	11
48001 Rebecca Payne	8
48002 Mary A. Soall	10
48003 Emma Martin	9
48004 Mary Horton	8
48005 F. Mackelew	10
48006 Mary Jones	10
48007 Hannah Dalby	10
48008 Harriet Davies	8
48009 Emily Jones	13
48010 Mary A. Dean	11
48011 Fanny Wood	11
48012 Eleanor Ben	14
48013 Emma Smith	12
48014 Ada Lowe	11
48015 A. Bowerman	11
48016 Gertrude Lowe	15
48017 Alice Arger	9
48018 Florrie Donovan	13
48019 Elizbth. Erwood	10
48020 Alice Pett	10
48021 Nellie Houching	8
48022 Mary Goots	10
48023 Clara Evenett	8
48024 Mary A. Prior	14
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48025 Mary McLaren	13
48026 M. McLaren	9
48027 Edwd J. Pascoe	9
48028 CHAS. WHITMAN, Kensington	14
48029 S. H. Whitman	11
48030 Annie Rolfe	7
48031 A. M. Whitman	18
48032 A. E. Whitman	15
48033 William Harris	16
48034 Rhoda White	12
48035 Jennie Harris	18
48036 Hettie Harris	9
48037 Edith Rolfe	9
48038 Emily Griffiths	18
48039 John Graham	15
48040 Florce. Graham	16
48041 Minnie Graham	12
48042 Emily Barnes	17
48043 Harry Barnes	10
48044 Amy Smith	13
48045 A. Hatton	12
48046 E. Hatton	10
48047 E. Blowers	11
48048 Rose Blowers	18
48049 Lily Blowers	15
48050 Carlisle King	13
48051 Willie Nichols	12
48052 Lizzie Nichols	16
48053 Thomas Nichols	18
48054 Emily Nichols	14
48055 F. Faulkner	10
48056 Edith Faulkner	12
48057 William Davis	17
48058 E. A. Briggs	18
48059 W. York	16
48060 E. Bell	10

48061 Chas. Hoddson	13
48062 Wm. Killick	19
48063 Herbert Lees	12
48064 J. G. Davis	19
48065 Kate Barnes	19
48966 Anne Barnes	17
48067 William Barnes	15
48068 Edith Benham	11
48069 J. Wade	16
48070 A. Brooks	17
48071 R. Pelman	15
48072 Amy Dey	19
48073 Laura Biddle	18
48074 Beatrice Mason	14
48075 Edith Good	12
48076 Edith Lowe	13
48077 Lottie Lane	13
48078 A. Smith	9
48079 A. Pichersgill	13
48080 E. SINCLAIR, Worthing	13
48081 W. W. Sinclair	15
48082 A. M. McHardy	11
48083 J. K. McHardy	14
48084 C. McHardy	12
48085 Wm. S. Moir	17
48086 J. K. Edmunds	10
48087 M. B. Moir	14
48088 M. I. Moir	11
48089 David R. Moir	10
48090 V. M. Sinclair	12
48091 Isabel Sinclair	15
48092 K. E. Sinclair	7
48093 Edmund Sinclair	12
48094 Geo. W. Sinclair	11
48095 Ann W. Sinclair	9
48096 Katie Sinclair	7
48097 Lizzie J. Milne	9
48098 B. M. Greenlaw	14
48099 Harry Smith	18
48100 M. D. Thomson	10
48101 G. F. Thomson	9
48102 P. M. Thomson	7
48103 Lucy L. Taylor	9
48104 John Spark	12
48105 Lizzie Johnston	13
48106 Bella Milne	11
48107 Wm. Johnston	9
48108 F. W. Webster	12
48109 Jeannie Willox	14
48110 S. T. Gillespie	10
48111 Wm. C. Edwards	7
48112 J. E. Taylor	10
48113 Annie Gillespie	12
48114 Flora Walker	14
48115 Jeannie Middleton	11
48116 M. E. Beverly	13
48117 C. H. Milne	13
48118 F. J. Milne	11
48119 L. Milne	10
48120 M. de Alcazar	13
48121 F. S. Mitchell	10
48122 Maggie Robb	11
48123 George Rae	13
48124 A. J. Mathieson	12
48125 F. A. Mathieson	14
48126 Bella Gillan	10
48127 E. M. Mathieson	13

48128 M. E. Green	12
48129 Lizzie Rae	15
48130 H. L. Forbes	10
48131 A. McLeod	12
48132 Juliet Sutherland	12
48133 Jane Keith	12
48134 J. Sutherland	8
48135 L. M. Sutherland	11
48136 Robina May	13
48137 LILIAN THOMPSON, H'smith	12
48138 Charles Harper	20
48139 Julia Grover	20
48140 Harriet Cuthbert	19
48141 Annie Thompson	19
48142 F. Thompson	19
48143 K. L. Thompson	18
48144 B. E. Denham	18
48145 E. G. Strickland	18
48146 H. J. Wood	19
48147 Antony Hewes	19
48148 P. Tettenborn	18
48149 E. A. Smith	18
48150 F. W. Jones	17
48151 F. D. Thompson	17
48152 A. W. Thompson	17
48153 A. Hollingsworth	16
48154 M. Thompson	16
48155 James Byass	15
48156 J. C. Hoffmann	15
48157 A. Hutchison	15
48158 G. Thompson	15
48159 F. Tettenborn	15
48160 N. Baldwin	15
48161 Sarah Pitt	15
48162 Florce. Sparkes	14
48163 Ada Taylor	14
48164 F. Philbey	14
48165 Winnie Curtis	14
48166 Alice Roberts	13
48167 M. Cordingley	13
48168 H. Stradling	13
48169 F. Hoffmann	13
48170 Esther Brown	12
48171 Florce. Cullis	12
48172 Edith Philbey	11
48173 Annie Hoffmann	11
48174 Marian Dixon	11
48175 Geo. Carpenter	11
48176 F. Sheffield	10
48177 Emily Ratcliffe	10
48178 Blanche Bennett	10
48179 J. W. Thompson	9
48180 Florence Dixon	9
48181 Charles Baldwin	8
48182 Harry Thompson	8
48183 C. A. Sheffield	8
48184 Amy Cordingley	7
48185 Gertrude Ryle	6
48186 Maggie Dixon	6
48187 K. L. JOHNSON, Lewisham	12
48188 Ellen A. Watts	12
48189 H. Papps	17
48190 Thos. J. Dixon	15
48191 A. S. Kenneford	19
48192 Florence Watts	8
48193 Frank Lewry	18



48194 Louie Watts	10
48195 Ernest Watts	14
48196 A. Wright	8
48197 Herbert Wright	10
48198 Winifred Wright	12
48199 M. J. Funnell	20
48200 Edward Wright	14
48201 A. Spalding	16
48202 Arthur Watts	17
48203 Elizabeth Watts	19
48204 M. C. Fountain	11
48205 E. Underwood	11
48206 Louie Smith	11
48207 M. A. Graham	12
48208 Lizzie Fawsett	12
48209 Mabel Wilson	10
48210 Edith M. Reed	12
48211 Augusta Holland	11
48212 Johanna Hacker	13
48213 Mary Whileway	11
48214 Beatrice Palmer	12
48215 F. M. Gamble	14
48216 Isabella Axford	11
48217 Alice Wilson	19
48218 Theresa Holland	14
48219 William Witts	14
48220 Rhoda Mady	12
48221 Amy Wilson	17
48222 Annie Glover	15
48223 Lauie Risch	11
48224 Gertrude Cox	9
48225 Edith Cox	11
48226 M. Matthewson	13
48227 Emily Taylor	12
48228 L. Fishenden	11
48229 Lauie Guyer	14
48230 T. Friedrick	14
48231 Jas. F. Shelton	9
48232 H. Botham	15
48233 Miriam Shelton	6
48234 Alfred Shelton	8
48235 Edith Shelton	5
48236 Arthur Gill	6
48237 Lavinia Parks	13
48238 Lina Draper	14
48239 Rosa Tipper	15
48240 Emily Cordwell	15
48241 A. Hambrook	13
48242 Fanny Connor	14
48243 Nellie Park	8
48244 Jessie Lambert	10
48245 E. Fairbarns	15
48246 Elizbth. Bignell	13
48247 Harriet Barnett	14
48248 M. E. Jennings	13
48249 N. Emmerson	11
48250 A. G. M. Roberts	11
48251 F. A. Hefford	11
48252 Emma Langley	13
48253 Emily Williams	13
48254 R. G. F. Roberts	13
48255 Alice Trafford	17
48256 N. E. Trafford	8
48257 Annie Trafford	15
48258 F. H. Emmerson	13
48259 Herbert Helm	6
48260 Lucy C. Helm	9

48261 May E. Smith	9
48262 Alice G. Smith	7
48263 Herbert H. Smith	6
48264 Wm. R. Tyers	8
48265 G. J. E. Mollett	11
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48266 Amelia Barber	12
48267 Florence Gibbs	15
48268 K. FORDHAM, Huntingdon	14
48269 A. W. Matthews	12
48270 Gertrude Moore	15
48271 M. A. Warrington	16
48272 Grace Mooney	15
48273 Emma Turner	16
48274 Florence Cross	13
48275 Emma Holley	13
48276 Claud Hunter	9
48277 Maria L. Pooley	15
48278 Frederick Cox	12
48279 James W. Cox	13
48280 Mary L. Cox	15
48281 Nellie Fisher	7
48282 Mary Lancaster	17
48283 Elizabeth Angus	13
48284 Maud Johns	17
48285 Emma A. Bitten	16
48286 G. McGennis	13
48287 M. Warrington	10
48288 F. Warrington	14
48289 Minnie Lee	16
48290 Fredk. Mathews	8
48291 Louise Madder	14
48292 Florence Hall	16
48293 F. C. Pooley	14
48294 Florrie Dear	12
48295 Annie Hitchcock	16
48296 Minnie Spanton	10
48297 Florrie Geeson	8
48298 S. E. Fordham	8
48299 Lizzie Cox	15
48300 Katie Dear	13
48301 E. J. Norton	8
48302 Ada Richardson	17
48303 M. Richardson	19
48304 Maud Matthews	7
48305 Frank Matthews	10
48306 Annie Clark	9
48307 Sidney Smith	13
48308 Harold Browning	8
48309 E. J. Browning	10
48310 N. F. Browning	13
48311 Wm. Beresford	7
48312 A. H. Beresford	8
48313 Blanche Spanton	6
48314 A. B. Hendley	20
48315 Jack Browning	6
48316 W. M. Browning	12
48317 Chas. Beresford	10
48318 Sarah Clarke	16
48319 Ellen Peacock	17
48320 Fredk. H. Ware	12
48321 E. HILLSWORTHY Clapton	16
48322 W. A. Allen	11
48323 E. Bartholomew	11
48324 Alexander Bolton	11
48325 Fredk. Brooks	10
48326 Fredk. J. Bunten	9

48327 Henry Bunten	11
48328 H. W. Bunten	13
48329 S. Connelly	12
48330 Thomas Death	12
48331 Wm. Fairbairn	9
48332 Ellen Goddard	10
48333 Joseph Hockley	11
48334 R. R. Hockley	9
48335 Geo. R. Horn	11
48336 John M. Horn	9
48337 G. Hutchingson	18
48338 Florence Inward	6
48339 Edith Inward	8
48340 Robert C. James	15
48341 Eleanor Jones	15
48342 E. Kingswell	6
48343 W. C. Ludlow	10
48344 Henry Mallett	15
48345 J. A. Matthews	18
48346 Alfred E. Moon	16
48347 Leonard A. Moss	12
48348 C. J. Nicholson	14
48349 F. J. Orchard	10
48350 Edward Peachy	9
48351 Robt. C. Peattie	17
48352 Annie M. Perrin	11
48353 Lucy E. Perrin	6
48354 Robt. J. Perrin	8
48355 Wm. B. F. Pope	9
48356 Myra Price	14
48357 A. C. Rayner	13
48358 Frank C. Rich	16
48359 F. F. Richardson	11
48360 Edith E. Riding	6
48361 Kate Roderick	11
48362 Wm. C. Saunders	10
48363 John Shaw	12
48364 Eleanor L. Smith	9
48365 Wm. H. Smith	11
48366 Wm. Templeman	19
48367 F. H. H. Thomas	9
48368 Henry Wall	10
48369 Edward Ward	11
48370 Walter H Ware	17
48371 Alfred E. Watson	16
48372 A. W. Watson	13
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48373 F. A. B. Rice	12
48374 Edwd. Wharmby	12
48375 Helen Miller	10
48376 F. H. Ware	12
48377 Amy Merson	14
48378 L. Truman	16
48379 Ada Dixon	16
48380 B. Huthwaite	15
48381 Carrie Cropper	8
48382 Mildred Cropper	9
48383 Clara Dixon	20
48384 Annie Harrison	14
48385 E. G. Mather	14
48386 Rosa G. Jessop	14
48387 G. M. Hole	15
48388 Margaret Hall	18
48389 E. M. Clarke	12
48390 ALPHA HANSEN, Penarth	12
48391 G. Johnson	7
48392 Nellie Farrell	9

48393 Ernest Hurley	13
48394 May Tapson	7
48395 E. M. Tapson	10
48396 Daisy John	10
48397 John J. Guthrie	11
48398 J. H. Hughes	13
48399 Arthur Heald	12
48400 Edith Cross	7
48401 Harry Jotham	8
48402 M. A. Powenland	18
48403 N. E. Stokes	11
48404 Florry Stokes	9
48405 Florrie Hurman	10
48406 Maud Cooper	12
48407 Miriam Webb	13
48408 Ellen Stokes	12
48409 Gertrude Smith	15
48410 Lilian Smith	13
48411 Jessie Mason	12
48412 Annie Sweet	17
48413 Fredk. Jennings	8
48414 Ada Greenhill	8
48415 Chrissie Nancy	7
48416 N. M. Davis	15
48417 Emily Tape	13
48418 Edith Davis	12
48419 Nellie Tucker	10
48420 Louie Heald	9
48421 H. Schroeter	10
48422 W. Cross	10
48423 F. Schroeter	9
48424 W. Corfield	13
48425 Claus Hansen	6
48426 W. Hansen	14
48427 W. Pyman	8
48428 Edith Heald	10
48429 G. P. Nanoe	10
48430 S. Davis	11
48431 Thomas Morrell	10
48432 B. Nance	10
48433 H. Leyshon	11
48434 Anna Leyshon	7
48435 F. de Candia	14
48436 A. Ellery	14
48437 J. L. Madland	14
48438 W. de Candia	17
48439 W. Stockdale	14
48440 W. Black	13
48441 Sven W. Hansen	8
48442 Ida M. Pimom	19
48443 H. W. Hansen	9
48444 MAUD M. BERRY, Greenwich	14
48445 B. Weller	11
48446 Jane Wells	12
48447 Ada Vincent	9
48448 A. Wetheral	7
48449 Frank Mowbray	7
48450 F. Bason	10
48451 Benzeville Byles	8
48452 Arthur Canter	7
48453 A. Stevenson	8
48454 Arthur Mason	6
48455 Sydney Mowbray	8
48456 Leonard Wood	8
48457 Emma Field	9
48458 Jane Bartlett	13
48459 Sarah Morsley	11

48460 Mary Morsley	8
48461 Lizzard Kellard	15
48462 Edith Kellard	11
48463 Alice Griffith	12
48464 Emily Bartlett	11
48465 Alice Vincent	7
48466 L. Cuthbertson	12
48467 Mary Canter	8
48468 Eleanor Hall	10
48469 F. Vincent	12
48470 M. Trenery	11
48471 Lizzie Livett	14
48472 Bessie Hall	7
48473 J. M. Tadhunter	10
48474 L. M. Newsham	11
48475 Maud C. Reeves	11
48476 Rosina Hore	10
48477 F. Hefford	13
48478 Marie Bapty	12
48479 Ann. E. Douglas	11
48480 Nellie Moore	11
48481 Edith Stevenson	11
48482 Emma Douglass	7
48483 A. J. Field	7
48484 R. R. Vokins	9
48485 C. J. Chandler	11
48486 F. H. Weller	13
48487 Ada Bates	12
48488 Jessie Lawrence	12
48489 G. A. Woollard	10
48490 Bertha Weller	11
48491 H. Trenery	9
48492 Ada Beaver	11
48493 Eliza Miles	9
48494 Selina Griffiths	9
48495 Fanny Spinks	10
48496 L. C. Chandler	9
48497 Ellen Abbot	11
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48498 Nellie Darvall	10
48499 FLORENCE HAWES, Islington	13
48500 Edith Ghostt	7
48501 John Thompson	11
48502 Arthur Shum	12
48503 Lucy Parker	11
48504 Alice Davis	12
48505 Nellie Parks	13
48506 Hetty Drew	7
48507 Beatie Whigham	8
48508 Annie G. Bull	13
48509 Minnie Jocoby	14
48510 Kate Mitchell	12
48511 Mabel Astell	13
48512 Gertrude Fisher	12
48513 Lizzie Gurney	9
48514 Hetty Payne	13
48515 Emily Knox	14
48516 G. Anderson	10
48517 Elzbth. Groome	15
48518 Louisa Higgins	14
48519 W. Brightman	9
48520 Louisa Willis	13
48521 Katie Whigham	11
48522 Mary Hartley	13
48523 Violet Shelsey	14
48524 L. Anderson	16
48525 E. McKenna	12

48526 Annie Hartley	8
48527 Mary Watson	12
48528 Augusta Godley	11
48529 Rosina Ede	13
48530 K. Waterman	12
48531 H. Thompson	12
48532 Emily Lucas	13
48533 Henry Bailey	6
48534 Kate Hawes	11
48535 Chas. A. Hawes	18
48536 Lizzie Sharp	12
48537 Emily Pocock	8
48538 Gracie Godley	13
48539 Kate Marchant	12
48540 Beatrice Pocock	10
48541 Jane Lawther	12
48542 Jane Godley	18
48543 Cicely Jenner	13
48544 G. Willoughby	14
48545 Elizabth. Parrock	12
48546 M. Jenkinson	12
48547 T. Harding	12
48548 Mary Stanley	14
48549 B. Tregoning	10
48550 C. Hawes	14
48551 IRENE SMITH, Hampstead	16
48552 Ralph H. Smith	13
48553 Edith E. Clodd	10
48554 Ada Gait	10
48555 Flora Maas	11
48556 Rose Maas	14
48557 Arthur Maas	8
48558 Charles Maas	4
48559 May Maas	13
48560 E. J. Cooper	6
48561 Lulu McElroy	11
48562 Bessie Davis	18
48563 Jane M. Davis	16
48564 W. E. Davis	14
48565 H. H. Davis	9
48566 Fredk. M. Davis	12
48567 Janet Balmer	19
48568 A. D. McKinlay	14
48569 Wm. Jackson	14
48570 Alfred E. Lee	13
48571 R. J. Brown	14
48572 G. A. Wallace	12
48573 Harris Reid	14
48574 A. D. Arthur	13
48575 E. S. C. Barfield	11
48576 W. A. Ashbery	12
48577 E. J. Sissons	13
48578 A. G. Deighton	14
48579 H. E. Brierley	10
48580 Archie Williams	13
48581 Wm. Brownjohn	14
48582 Henry T. Jones	13
48583 Cecil W. Harry	12
48584 Jas. H. Burgess	12
48585 E. E. Mackenzie	15
48586 Margt. E. Green	13
48587 Margt. L. Green	13
48588 Samuel Green	10
48589 Edith B. Cook	8
48590 Willoughby Cook	10
48591 Sidney M. Young	12
48592 Miriam G. Young	6



48593 Anne Bridge	15
48594 Ethel Mathieson	10
48595 D. H. Asbury	9
48596 A. R. Edwards	9
48597 Sophy Edwards	13
48598 A. M. Edwards	11
48599 M. E. Patterson	11
48600 M. C. Hamkens	9
48601 Alfred Hamkens	8
48602 H. P. Hamkens	4
48603 F. L. Hamkens	6
48604 Ellen Gittens	10
48605 E. G. Concanon	9
48606 R. C. Marchant	11
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48607 Amelia Meadows	13
48608 Ella Robinson	14
48609 W. L. Coventry	11
48610 MAGGIE BOOTY, Norwich	11
48611 James Pratt	13
48612 Michael Hartley	10
48613 Herbert Moore	11
48614 Henry Cheesman	12
48615 Charles Moore	11
48616 R. J. Kerrison	11
48617 Fredk. Tuck	10
48618 Herbert Hagg	11
48619 C. L. Payne	10
48620 Richard Seaman	11
48621 Wm. Perowne	13
48622 Chas. Goldsmith	12
48623 James Waller	12
48624 Godfrey Goward	11
48625 John Fisher	13
48626 Fred. Arthurton	10
48627 George Goff	12
48628 Henry Culyer	12
48629 Arthur Edwards	11
48630 William Brown	10
48631 Herbert Bannock	12
48632 Harry Robertson	11
48633 Alfred Pank	12
48634 George Bone	13
48635 Ernest Laws	13
48636 Archie Watson	12
48637 Harry Hendry	12
48638 Edward Burton	11
48639 <u>Fredk. Muskett</u>	11
48640 F. W. Barker	12
48641 J. H. Browne	12
48642 Ernest Barrett	12
48643 George Dye	11
48644 Fredk. Gifford	1
48645 George Kirkham	13
48646 Arthur Pleasants	13
48647 William Ellis	12
48648 Wm. Phillips	12
48649 John Morley	12
48650 Albert Balls	12
48651 Hrbt. Lockwood	10
48652 W. Stannard	12
48653 A. C. Roper	12
48654 Walter Carey	10
48655 Charles Gallant	11
48656 John Hayden	12
48657 Albert Pollard	11

48658 Walter Waller	10
48659 Fredk. White	12
48660 William Cornish	11
48661 H. M. Wright	11
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48662 Maria R. Horne	15
48663 J. Sutcliffe	15
48664 Mary L. Sutcliffe	13
48665 Alice L. Heaps	14
48666 Arthur T. Pink	13
48667 Grace Pettman	14
48668 Alice M. Squire	12
48669 Mary J. Land	16
48670 Rebecca Land	15
48671 ELLEN RITA, Holloway	14
48672 Ralph Gosset	5
48673 Ellen Gosset	9
48674 Florce. Gosset	14
48675 H. E. Kimbell	12
48676 May E. Kimbell	7
48677 J. J. Gerhardt	15
48678 Alfred T. Payne	20
48679 Madeline Leed	13
48680 William Wood	13
48681 Caroline Coad	17
48682 K. L. Eaton	11
48683 Corelli Barnett	13
48684 Alice Barnett	8
48685 Annie Barnett	6
48686 Susan J. Miller	17
48687 Alice S. Eaton	18
48688 Anne Miles	16
48689 A. Winterbourne	16
48690 Sidney Wood	6
48691 Sarah Lamb	15
48692 Susan H. Miles	12
48693 Hugh Brydges	9
48694 Emily Holbard	19
48695 F. Matthews	12
48696 E. F. Gillott	15
48697 Millett A. Wood	19
48698 Mary Shepherd	16
48699 T. B. Rice	20
48700 Maud Eaton	13
48701 Ellen W. Wood	21
48702 Rose J. Brown	18
48703 Flce. Binckes	15
48704 Kate Wood	10
48705 E. Robertson	14
48706 Florence Barnett	10
48707 Ernest Brown	20
48708 Emmeline Wood	11
48709 S. H. E. Speller	12
48710 F. J. Speller	8
48711 Thomas Speller	11
48712 Fredk. Edwards	11
48713 Lucy A. Coates	16
48714 Sarah Cooper	15
48715 Annie B. Coates	13
48716 Martha Hortin	17
48717 G. Horton	16
48718 Geo. W. Powell	14
48719 Marian Henwood	16
48720 E. J. Henwood	12
48721 E. F. A. Cook	21
48722 Sarah A. Money	18

48723 Prissy Coates	12
48724 Alice M. Coates	14
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48725 J. H. Twamley	15
48726 Agnes Roberts	12
48727 Trixy Roberts	10
48728 Arthur Scott	8
48729 Katie Scott	11
48730 Edith Shaw	10
48731 Charles F. Shaw	9
48732 M. J. Basnett	13
48733 PHGEBE ALLAN, Hackney	13
48734 Florence Hind	15
48735 Amy Kirton	6
48736 A. Lahaye	12
48737 Beatrice Cooper	7
48738 Louise Bathus	12
48739 Henrietta Laby	10
48740 Ethel Hind	8
48741 Aleck Sampson	14
48742 Alice Turner	10
48743 D. McAlister	9
48744 M. McAlister	6
48745 Chas. McAlister	8
48746 E. Statham	13
48747 Ada Pennells	9
48748 Rosa Cooke	11
48749 Pernon Rorve	12
48750 G. Y. McArthur	7
48751 Ethel M. Beck	16
48752 Helene Bayille	9
48753 L. Antheaume	8
48754 L. Gaulupean	11
48755 H. B. Lewis	12
48756 E. Hennequin	7
48757 A. Messenger	10
48758 M. Lahaye	10
48759 Jeanne Allain	8
48760 Julette Gorgibus	13
48761 M. J. Duval	9
48762 Edmie Zaillon	6
48763 G. H. A. Perechon	10
48764 J. M. L. Cricket	11
48765 Edith Beale	7
48766 Claire Masle	9
48767 Agatha Ruty	14
48768 Jessie L. Keeble	17
48769 Ethel Boyce	7
48770 Mary Hoyle	12
48771 Rose Solomons	12
48772 Ellen Evans	11
48773 Emma Tournoft	12
48774 Florce. Radford	12
48775 W. McAlister	5
48776 Alice Haley	10
48777 W. O. MacArthur	12
48778 Sarah Codling	13
48779 M. A. Courneur	11
48780 H. L. Macié	13
48781 Marie G. Loisel	7
48782 Margrt. Ducuing	7
48783 Josephine Poron	11
48784 Alice Lewis	6
48785 Maria L. Allaine	11
48786 Marthe M. Laby	11
48787 L. Gaulupeau	10
48788 Eliza Tarrola	10

48789 Alice B. Zung	11
48790 Blanche R. Berols	10
48791 E. D. Giverne	7
48792 C. E. Draper	13
48793 E. M. M'Neight	12
48794 S. D. Maconchy	16
48795 A. A. Brunker	9
48796 Arabella Thorn	16
48797 M. Nicholson	15
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48798 Lillian Robinson	19
48799 Ralph Manning	15
48800 K. Manning	14
48801 George Hanlon	14
48802 Agnes E. Barbor	11
48803 Frances Brunker	11
48804 E. G. Brunker	13
48805 E. G. Flewry	16
48806 May E. Greene	13
48807 Mabel Gick	10
48808 Louisa Gick	12
48809 G. H. Brunker	10
48810 Jessie L. Aimers	10
48811 Lilius J. Aimers	12
48812 Blanche Mayston	17
48813 Louisa Leash	14
48814 M. C. Hayes	14
48815 Eleanor Hanlon	13
48816 Chas. H. Gick	17
48817 E. M. Armstrong	10
48818 Maud Davies	12
48819 Mirian Jackson	13
48820 Thos. J. B. Cross	11
48821 MARY H. WELSH, Dawlish	14
48822 Maud Harvest	12
48823 Lucy Harvest	19
48824 P. H Skipton	15
48825 H. L. Norton	14
48826 F. J. H. F. Cann	13
48827 Ethel Tozer	11
48828 Grace Olliver	12
48829 Anne Fortescue	16
48830 Winifred Watson	14
48831 M. Rolleston	15
48832 Florence Danger	18
48833 Amy Cann	16
48834 Harriet Crabbe	18
48835 Emma Partridge	19
48836 Tom Radford	9
48837 Alice Radford	8
48338 Arnold Radford	18
48839 Mary Lloyd	13
48840 Mary Abbott	16
48841 Leslie Webb	8
48842 Robin Webb	9
48843 Violet Collins	16
48844 Leila Gray	9
48845 Ellen Smith	20
48846 M. F. Wheeler	16
48847 Clare Harrison	18
48848 Lillian Holt	14
48849 Frances Harvest	6
48850 Katie Pinkett	6
48851 Lizzie Langford	15
48852 Ellen McFerran	17
48853 Maggie Raynes	15

48854 Eva McFerran	15
48855 Maggie Stephens	12
48856 Anne Curtis	15
48857 H. J. Thackeray	12
48858 H. Henderson	12
48859 Ada E. Fiske	13
48860 Lallah Roe	14
48861 Caroline Pinketts	14
48862 Nellie Welsh	10
48863 Alice Webb	11
48864 Amy Radford	15
48865 S. J. Adams	13
48866 Elsie Hale	11
48867 Beatrice Hirtzel	14
48868 Hector Harvest	16
48869 Sarah Fursdon	18
48870 Flossie Raynes	17
48871 Mabel Badcock	15
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48872 E. L. Allhusen	9
48873 M. E. Allhusen	10
48874 WINIFRD. GLADSTONE, Eaton Place, London	13
48875 Annie Allen	12
48876 Philadelphia Ades	17
48877 Elizabeth Smith	11
48878 Sarah Turner	12
48879 Hannah Sharp	11
48880 Blanche Rowland	9
48881 Florce. Blundell	14
48882 Nettie Johnson	16
48883 Elsie Barrow	16
48884 Ethel Hopson	14
48885 Anna E. Piper	8
48886 Emily Kear	13
48887 Jessie Rowland	11
48888 Annie Watkins	10
48889 Flora Freeman	14
48890 H. Godfrey	18
48891 Mary Meredith	12
48892 Elizabeth Ades	15
48893 Elizabeth Gaston	13
48894 Rose Weaver	9
48895 Mabel Bowen	10
48896 Clara Parks	12
48897 Ada Dawes	10
48898 Edith Perks	9
48899 Alice Perks	7
48900 Clara Wilks	18
48901 W. E. Morris	10
48902 Frances Turner	14
48903 Annie Weaver	13
48904 Millicent Dawes	8
48905 Hannah Gorrington	12
48906 E. Cunninghame	10
48907 G. M. E. Jones	7
48908 A. Woodland	15
48909 Ellen Russell	11
48910 Rhoda Kear	10
48911 George Turner	9
48912 Mabel Stevenson	7
48913 Florence Cooper	11
48914 M. D. Franks	11
48915 C. E. Adis	13
48916 Lillie Simmons	16
48917 Lucy Vickers	15
48918 Mary B. Bufton	9

48919 E. A. Millett	13
48920 Emily Pugh	16
48921 Sarah J. Perks	11
48922 Lily J. Veale	17
48923 M. Mylu	18
48924 Marion Reynolds	16
48925 Mary J. Hawis	17
48926 Annie Venon	20
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48927 Minnie M. Leage	11
48928 C. F. Trenerry	11
48929 Elsie Bayley	15
48930 L. M. Littlewood	15
48931 F. E. Wurburton	6
48932 Emma T. Cooper	9
48933 A. S Harrison	12
48934 ROSE CRANE, Falkland Road, N.W. London	15
48935 Violet Crane	8
48936 S. Prendergast	19
48937 E. Hazlewood	16
48938 G. Butcher	16
48939 Olive Crane	6
48940 W. G. Crane	13
48941 May Crane	13
48942 L. Reynolds	16
48943 Florence Mays	14
48944 Ada L. J. Lane	17
48945 A. E. D. Willmott	19
48946 Violet Wrightson	17
48947 Annie Body	18
48948 May Back	12
48949 Mabel Kennett	15
48950 Mary Coveney	17
48951 Emma Sutton	18
48952 Rosa Sutton	12
48953 Minnie Sutton	14
48954 Wm. O. Jones	15
48955 Annie M. Bowen	14
48956 Alice Riddall	15
48957 Helen Everitt	15
48958 B. Holmes	17
48959 Clara Warman	14
48960 F. Holmes	15
48961 A. B. Garrett	11
48962 Emma Capes	17
48963 Agnes Rae	15
48964 Anne Chandler	19
48965 Ellen Higginson	16

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

# The Happy Little River.

Words from "LITTLE FOLKS."

(For one or two Voices.) With simplicity.

Music by CHARLES BASSETT.

VOICE. *mf*

♩ = 90.

1. A ti - ny riv - er rip - ples on - ward, Bab - bles o - ver moss and  
 2. Glad - ly smile the lit - tle dai - sies, Which that riv - er grow be -

PIANO. *mf*

stone, Flow - ing, flow - ing, ev - er flow - ing, Sing - ing in a joy - ous tone.  
 - side; Glad - ly sing the hap - py song - birds, While 'mid sed - gy haunts they hide

Words from "LITTLE FOLKS."

Music by CHARLES BASSETT.

(For one or two Voices.) With simplicity.

1. A\* tiny river ripples onward, Babbles over moss and stone, Flowing, flowing, ever flowing, Singing in a joyous tone.
2. Gladly smile the little daisies, Which that river grow beside; Gladly sing the happy song-birds, While 'mid sedgy haunts they hide
3. Gladly nod the dewy grasses  
On its bonny banks and green;  
Gladly grow the river mosses,  
Peeping little stones between.
4. Gladly stoop the pensive willows  
Those bright river-ripples o'er,  
Thanking for its cooling water,  
Telling how they thirst no more.
5. Gladly talk the little children,  
As they look upon the stream;  
Gladly smiles the dancing sunlight,  
While the brook reflects its gleam.
6. Flow, thou happy little river,  
Bear thy message night and day,  
Telling how the sunny-hearted  
Carry sunshine on their way.

\* This note required for first verse only.



**OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PUZZLES.**

[Pg 317]

POETICAL ACROSTIC.



y first is a French poet.



2. My second is a celebrated Italian tragic poet.  
 3. My third is a blind English poet.  
 4. My fourth is an Italian poet born at Arezzo.  
 5. My fifth is an English poet who died in Greece.  
 6. My sixth is a Spanish poet.  
 7. My seventh is another Italian poet.  
 8. My eighth is another French poet.  
 9. My whole is a celebrated British poet.

TERESINA VITTADINI.  
 (Aged 14.)

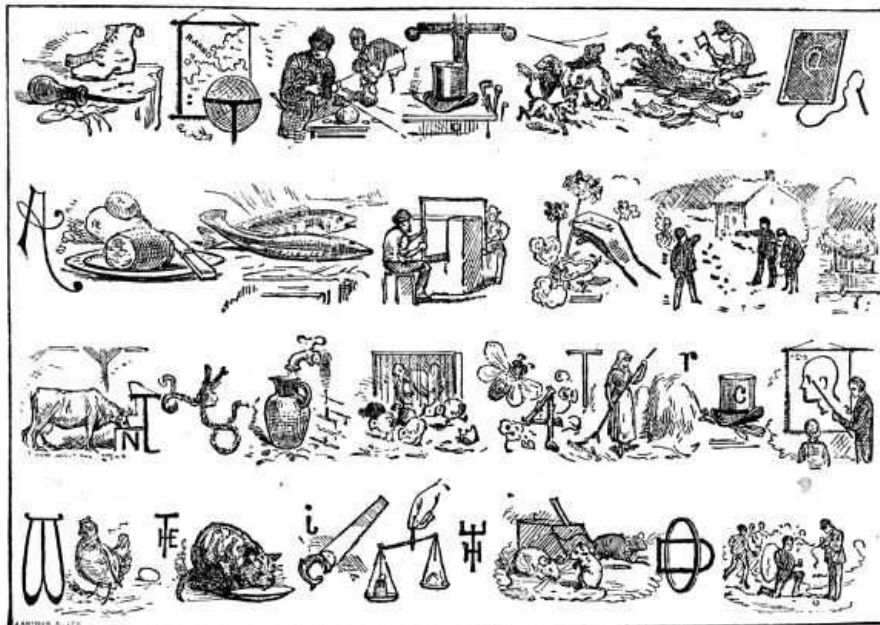
*Collegio Dame Inglesi,  
 Lodi, Italy.*

MENTAL HISTORICAL SCENE.

OUTSIDE the walls of an ancient town a furious battle is being fought between two great states. Early in the day one of the generals, a brave and just man, is pierced in the breast with a javelin. He is carried to a little hill, where his first question is whether his shield is safe; and when he sees it he allows his wound to be examined. The weapon remains in the wound, and the weeping attendants fear to draw it out; but he, only waiting to hear that the victory is won, with a steady hand draws out the javelin, and expires in a minute.

ALGERNON S. BEAN.  
 (Aged 12.)

*The Firs,  
 West Mersea.*



FOUR PICTORIAL PROVERBS.  
 What are they?

MISSING VOWEL PUZZLE.

FROM the following all the vowels have been omitted, and the remaining consonants joined together. When put in their proper places they will form a verse by Tennyson.

Brkbrkbrk  
 nthycldgrystnss,  
 ndwldthtmytngcldttr  
 Ththghtsthtsrnm.

S. R. SPOOR.  
 (Aged 11)

*Heatherview, Aldershot.*

DOUBLE GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

**M**Y initials form a country in Europe, and my finals one of its lakes.

1. A river in Russia. 2. A town in Spain. 3. A gulf of Asia. 4. A town in England. 5. A town in Australia.

FLORENCE E. ATKINSON.  
(Aged 14.)

153, Carlton Road, Kilburn, N.W.

#### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

**M**Y whole consists of fifty-one letters, and is a very well-known quotation from "Marmion."

1. My 11, 34, 4, 30 = character of Shakespeare.
2. My 5, 36, 6, 29, 27 = means of conveyance.
3. My 45, 36, 6, 29, 9 = draw off water.
4. My 14, 26, 34, 35 = to cry.
5. My 38, 25, 8, 36, 37, 47, 32, 12, 36 = reputation.
6. My 16, 30, 15, 33 = to make beer.
7. My 10, 1, 21, 13 = to incite.
8. My 17, 3, 21, 7 = an interrogative pronoun.
9. My 19, 49, 28, 48 = a married woman.
10. My 45, 30, 44, 22, 18 = a herd of cattle.
11. My 2, 21, 27, 45, 20, 36 = to rove.
12. My 41, 21, 50, 46 = to rescue.
13. My 31, 39, 42, 24 = to seethe in water.
14. My 41, 11, 42, 31, 35 = to repose.
15. My 40, 43 = a pronoun.

ALICE C. WILSON.  
(Aged 14¾)

Heatherbank, Weybridge,

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## PRIZE PUZZLE COMPETITION.

[Pg 318]

### WINTER COMPETITION.

**T**HE Puzzles given in the present and the December numbers of LITTLE FOLKS will, as announced, form the WINTER COMPETITION.

#### PRIZES.

In the WINTER COMPETITION there will be a First Prize of a Guinea Volume; a Second Prize of a Half-Guinea Volume; a Third Prize of a Five-Shilling Volume, awarded in Each Division, viz., the SENIOR DIVISION for girls and boys between the ages of 14 and 16 (*inclusive*), and the JUNIOR DIVISION for those *under* 14 years of age. There will also be awards of Bronze Medals of the LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour to the three next highest of the Competitors following the Prize-winners in *each* Division.

#### REGULATIONS.

Solutions of the Puzzles published in this number must reach the Editor not later than November 8th (November 12th 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.

The names and addresses of Prize and Medal winners will be duly published in LITTLE FOLKS.

### GAME PUZZLE FOR NOVEMBER.

RHYMING COUPLETS, WORKING IN FIRST LINES OF NURSERY RHYMES.

**F**EW children are aware, until they actually try it, how easy it is to make Rhyming Couplets; but now, any who may not have had exercise in this amusement will have an opportunity of making a very interesting game by carrying out the instructions given below.

First of all, Mamma or one of the elders will perhaps start the game thus: Send one (or two, if preferred) out of the room, and then give each player left in the room a word or words which they will have to work into their rhyme. We will suppose the lines selected are—

"Old Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard."

In arranging the game, the easy words, such as *old*, *went*, *to*, and *the*, should be given to the little ones, the other words to the elders.

Now the Guesser (or Guessers) may return to the room and the game commences—

"The old and young together go,"

says player No. 1. Now No. 2 has to make a line rhyming with "go," and bringing in "mother."

"My mother thinks me very slow,"

would do. No. 3 can make a fresh rhyme, and has a knotty word to bring in, so will probably need a longer line.

"Messrs. Stebbings and Hubbard two stockbrokers were."

The fourth player has to compose a line, not necessarily containing the same number of syllables as No. 3, but it must rhyme.

"We went to the orchard and found a large pear."

We will now finish the rhyme as each player might perform his part.

"I came to the city on Wednesday night."

"The dog was returned in a terrible plight."

"In the store-room or cupboard you're sure to find mice."

The guesser would probably find out this at once by the introduction of the word "Hubbard," but you can, of course, select more difficult lines (*viz.*, those which give less clue to the nursery rhyme) according to requirement.

#### WINTER PUZZLE, No. 1.

**I**N these Puzzles the idea we have propounded will be found carried out with slight modification. In each four lines will be found hidden the first two lines of various Nursery Rhymes. Thus, supposing the lines already given were those we wished to conceal, the four-line verse might run thus—

Messrs. Hutton and *Hubbard* once *went to* reside  
In a house that was *old*, on *the* hill;  
In each room was a *cupboard*, a sight very rare,  
And my *mother* was constantly ill.

With this explanation our Competitors will, we think, have little difficulty in finding out the following Puzzles. In sending in Solutions it will only be necessary to write out the two first lines of the Nursery Rhymes hidden in each four lines given below.

#### SENIOR DIVISION.

##### I.

If you ever go to Spain  
It will rain, and rain again;  
And you never will come back,  
If you're left upon the rack.

##### II.

I sat upon a hod,  
In my hand there was a clod,  
And I threw it at a crow—  
An old one I trow.

##### III.

I stand on the bridge, and the waters dance by,  
For my lady I look o'er the lee;  
I gaze down the stream, for by London at length  
Is the solitude broken for me.

IV.

There lived a fair young woman  
Whom an old man sought in vain,  
It was under rocks by vale and hill  
That she wandered on amain.

V.

How short the days are  
Now October is here!  
If you long for a song,  
I'll sing one to cheer.

JUNIOR DIVISION.

I.

Jingle, jingle, Little Jack  
Had a key put down his back;  
Single, single, I declare,  
He used to live for many a year.

II.

'Twas night, the moon shone bright,  
The rats came down in scores,  
Munching, squeaking, each man shrieking,  
Tumbling down indoors.

III.

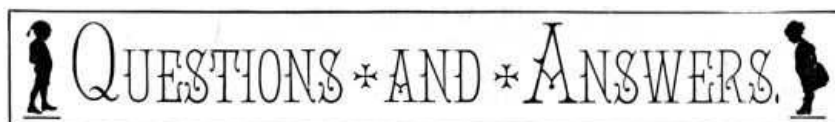
We went out four and twenty strong,  
Sailors and tailors in a throng;  
We heard a tale, we saw a sail,  
And then returned to kill a snail.

IV.

Here Harry and Richard,  
Here Robin and John!  
If there were but two men  
You would pretty soon come!

V.

Five, four, three, two, one,  
Won't we have some fun,  
A cat has caught a hare  
Alive, I do declare.



[Pg 319]

[*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.

H. FORTESCUE.—[Several important announcements as to new Competitions, &c., will be made in the January Number of LITTLE FOLKS.—Ed.]

A VERY LITTLE READER.—[I am glad to tell you that I have arranged to again give every month the "Pages for Very Little Folk," with large type and bold pictures, commencing with the January Number.—Ed.]

LITERATURE.

SANTA CLAUS writes, in reply to LITTLE BO-PEEP's question, that the lines—

"There is a reaper, whose name is Death,  
And, with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between"

are by Longfellow, and are to be found in a poem called "The Reaper and the Flowers." Answers also received from twenty-two other readers.

CELIA OAKLEY writes that the line—

"Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast"

is to be found in the tragedy of *The Mourning Bride*, by William Congreve (1670-1729). Thirty-six answers to the same effect also received.

T. C. would like to know if any one could tell her the author of the following verse, and where it is to be found—

"Rain, rain, for ever falling,  
Trembling, pouring slow or fast,  
Through the mist a voice is calling  
From the unforgotten past."

#### WORK

LILIAN BOWYER writes, in answer to GEORGINA DEXTER'S inquiry how to make a pair of bedroom slippers, that one way is to crochet the tops with double Berlin wool and procure a pair of cork soles wool lined. Answers also received from BUMPKIN, TOBY, and A. J.

MINNIE WALSHAM writes, in answer to FLORENCE WATERS' question, that to clean crewel-work it should be washed in soap-suds, then rinsed out in salt and water, and, after drying it quickly, it should be smoothed out on the wrong side of the work. Answers also received from T. X. Z., MARY WILTSHIRE, and A. J.

#### COOKERY.

MATTY would like to know the way to make Madeira cake.

LADY OF THE LAKE asks how to make pine-apple cushions.

#### GENERAL.

A TABBY KITTEN will be glad if any reader could tell her of a good, inexpensive varnish for a picture-screen, as the one she is now using colours the pictures, and makes the printing on the backs of thin ones shine through.

ETHEL wants to know a new kind of dip, or bran-pie.

J. F. H. writes to inform HERBERT MASTERS, in reply to his inquiry, that a small carpenter's bench would cost about twenty shillings or a little more.

ANOTHER YOUNG MECHANIC writes, in answer to AN AMATEUR MECHANIC'S question, that walnut, oak, and sandal are among the best woods for fretwork purposes. The fret-saws may be bought in packets at an ironmonger's. Answers also received from J. A. WACE, A YOUNG CARPENTER, and X. Y. Z.

#### NATURAL HISTORY

P. F wishes to know if anything can be done for her little kitten? In the last few weeks her head has become quite bare, and she has lost a lot of hair from her shoulders; she is very lively, but does not drink her milk properly?—[She is probably kept indoors too much. Put a little sulphur in her milk about twice a week, and rub the places with vaseline. Let her run out where she can bite grass or plants if she wants to, and give her a little meat.]

HELEN wishes to know if she ought to give her canary a bath in winter, and if so ought it to be cold or warm.—[Offer the bath, and let it do as it likes. The water should be about 60°.]

LADY CARA will be very glad to know what can be given to her parrot when it pulls its feathers off. The bird in question is now quite bare, and has been so for some time past, although well in health.—[We fear you have been giving him meat, or too much of *rich* nuts and biscuits. Parrots should have no meat, and plain food. Get him some scraped cuttle-fish bone, if he will eat it, and rub on a little vaseline, and on a bright day get him to bathe. Give him now and then a fig, and some ripe fruit, only begin very gradually.]

→\*A NEW "LITTLE FOLKS' PAINTING BOOK" COMPETITION.\*←

#### PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

The Editor has much pleasure in informing his Readers that, in response to repeated requests, there is now in preparation a new "LITTLE FOLKS' PAINTING BOOK," and that he is arranging for a

Special Competition in connection with it, open to Children of all Ages, in which a large number of Prizes in Money, Books, and Medals will be offered for the best Coloured copies of it. This book, which will be called "The LITTLE FOLKS Proverb Painting Book," and contain 96 pages of outline Illustrations and Verses, will be ready on the 25th of November; and the full Regulations of the Competition, with the list of the Prizes offered, will be printed in the January, 1885, Number of LITTLE FOLKS.

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## Picture Wanting Words.

[Pg 320]

A Guinea Book and an Officer's Medal of the LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour will be given for the best Poem having special reference to the Picture below. A smaller Book and an Officer's Medal will be given, in addition, for the best Poem (on the same subject) *relatively to the age of the Competitor*; so that no Competitor is too young to try for this second Prize. The Poems must not exceed 24 lines in length, and must be certified as *strictly original* by a Minister, Teacher, Parent, or some other responsible person. All the Competitors must be under the age of Sixteen years. The Poems must reach the Editor by the 10th of November (the 15th of November in the case of Competitors residing abroad). In addition to the Two Prizes and Officers' Medals, some of the most deserving Competitors will be included in a special List of Honour, and will be awarded Members' Medals of the LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour. The Editor requests that each envelope containing a Poem having reference to this Picture should have the words "Picture Wanting Words" on the left-hand top corner. (Competitors are referred to a notice respecting the Silver Medal on page 115 of the last Volume.)



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## ANSWERS TO OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PUZZLES (p. 253).

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.—ZEALAND.

1. Z urich. 2. E bro. 3. A rno. 4. L isbon. 5. A lps. 6. N ile. 7. D anube.

MISSING LETTER PUZZLE.

"'Twas in the prime of summer-time,  
An evening calm and cool,  
And four-and-twenty happy boys  
Came bounding out of school:

There were some that ran and some that leapt,  
Like troutlets in a pool."

SQUARE WORDS.

1. SCAR. 2. CAKE. 3. AKIN. 4. RENT.

1. CART. 2. ALOE. 3. RODE. 4. TEES.

1. MATE. 2. ALUM. 3. TUNE. 4. EMEU.

BURIED NAMES OF RIVERS.

1. Iser. 2. Weser. 3. Indus. 4. Aar. 5. Amstel.

RIDDLE-ME-REE.

TOMATO.

BURIED PROVERB.

"People who live in glass houses must not throw stones."

PICTORIAL NATURAL HISTORY PUZZLE.

SACRED IBIS OF EGYPT.

1. Acrid. 2. Sip. 3. Fogs. 4. Bey. 5. Diet.

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK LITTLE FOLKS (NOVEMBER 1884) \*\*\*

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