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Near the beginning of this December 1884 issue is an index to the entire Volume including July-December 1884. Each of the six issues is available as a separate Project Gutenberg e-text.

July 1884	Pages 1-64
August 1884	Pages 65-128
September 1884	Pages 129-192
October 1884	Pages 193-256
November 1884	Pages 257-320
December 1884	Pages 321-380

LITTLE FOLKS:

A Magazine for the Young.

NEW AND ENLARGED SERIES.

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Contents of December 1884 issue

INDEX.

A LITTLE TOO CLEVER.

[Pg 321]

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

CHAPTER XX.—MRS. MACDOUGALL FINDS DUNCAN.

WHOLE week elapsed, in which Mrs. MacDougall received no tidings of the children. Every day she trudged to the market-town and back, not able to bear the suspense without doing something. Every day she received the same answer, and turned away with a weary sigh. The men who answered her questions noticed her change from day to day, and shrank from giving her the same hopeless replies time after time. They were puzzled and astonished, but still confident that the children would ultimately be found. In their own minds they believed the children had fallen in with some wandering gipsies or other vagrants, and were being closely guarded. They knew well enough that there were plenty of ways of stealing children, and keeping them out of sight in barges, colliers, or gipsies' vans, and that the time that had elapsed made the probability of finding the children much less; but this they kept to themselves.

Mrs. MacDougall, however, was not so easily blinded. She knew the dangers that were waiting to engulf them. She called to mind having read, some years ago in the newspapers, of a little fair, delicate boy, who was stolen away and never found. She remembered distinctly enough the agonised appeal of his parents that every man and woman would join in the search for the child by keeping their eyes open wherever they went.

She had been deeply interested, and wondered how such a thing could happen. She remembered that, in spite of all, little Charlie (that was the child's name), had never been discovered, and that his fate had remained shrouded in mystery, the supposition being that the child had been stolen by cruel, wicked people, and perhaps died of fright.

Could such a fate have overtaken her children? A hundred times a day she cried to God that He would save them from a life of sin and degradation, even if by death, and there is no doubt that the mother's prayers had the reward of keeping them out of the dangers she feared for them.

The Sabbath came round. Mrs. MacDougall put on her best clothes, dressed her mother and Robbie, and went off to the kirk as usual.

"The Lord will not ill-requite me for keeping His day holy," she said solemnly, when her mother suggested that news might come in her absence. "The Lord knows I am in His kirk, and He will no seek me in the cottage."

Her simple faith was destined to receive its verification. Early the next morning a messenger arrived, bringing news. He spread out an official document on the table, and began with much unnecessary and tiresome questioning.

"If ye're wanting to send me crazy, you may just take your own time, but if not, will ye tell me right out are they found?" she asked sharply.

"Well, yes, they are," the man replied.

"Then tell me how, and where."

"The boy is in Edinburgh, ill of the fever, but well cared for in a children's hospital. The girl is in London, in a place she won't be running away from in a hurry."

"You mean a prison, surely?" Mrs. MacDougall gasped. "Say the right word, man, and don't put your own gloss on things. It doesn't make them any the better."

"It isn't a prison exactly," the man replied, "except that she can't get free from it without the

permission of them that put her there. She got in with some people who are now in custody, and as she will be an important witness, she will be, perhaps, detained there until the case comes before the magistrates; but she is safe and sound, according to our information."

"And can I no rescue her from that place?" Mrs. MacDougall asked.

"That depends upon many things," the officer answered cautiously. "I could not undertake to say."

In a very short time Mrs. MacDougall was ready for her journey. "Ye will nae gang outside the gate whiles I'm gone," she said to Robbie, "an' bless your heart for a good child, I know you will not disobey me." Then to her mother she added, "I will just ask our good neighbour Jarrett to look in an' see ye all right, an' that your wants are supplied." Then she bade them adieu, and departed. [Pg 322]

They walked as far as Dunster, calling at the farm on their way, then hired a vehicle to convey them to Killochrie, the nearest place to which the trains ran—not by the circuitous route that Elsie and Duncan had found their way there, but by a direct road.

That night Mrs. MacDougall was in Edinburgh, and was mightily amazed and confused with the grandeur and bustle of the place, which she had never seen before. How her children could have found their way here, and still more, how they could ever have been discovered and identified in such a teeming, bustling, bewildering city, she could not imagine. She had yet to see London, to which Edinburgh could not compare for teeming multitudes, labyrinths of streets, and all the gigantic bustle and confusion of a vast city.

"Ah! but it's a right wicked place," she exclaimed in horror, as she passed by some of the foul-smelling closes, or courts, as we call them, where dishevelled hag-like old women sat on door-steps, and filthy, squalid children played in the gutter, where ill-favoured young people of both sexes hung idly about the entrances, chaffing or quarrelling with each other. "Ye police people must be a poor set out, an' ye can no do away with such dens as these!" Mrs. MacDougall cried in righteous indignation. "And the country folk are all for sending their girls into the towns to get high wages and such gear. I would not have one of mine come to such a Babylon as this!"

But Mrs. MacDougall had not time for more observations, for they were soon at the hospital where sick children were received. They were at once admitted. A kind-looking woman came forward, and asked if it was necessary to see the child.

"Are ye no aware, ma'am, that he is my ain bairn?" Mrs. MacDougall began; but her companion interrupted her.

"Our business is to identify the little laddie," he said, with a tone of authority.

"Then I warn you to be careful," the woman replied. "He is just in a critical condition, and must not be spoken to."

"Ye mean well to say his life is in danger?" Mrs. MacDougall asked quickly.

"I cannot deny it," the matron replied; "but you must not despair. Children make wonderful recoveries," she added, kindly.

She led them to the door of the ward, where a nurse came forward to conduct them to the proper bed.

"It is my ain little bairnie," Mrs. MacDougall whispered; "but sairly altered, sairly changed."

"He couldn't have been worse than he's been," the nurse said, drawing them a little way from the bed. "The delirium was just dreadful to see! But that's past, and we only want him to rally. He's about exhausted now, and must be kept quiet. I would not like him to open his eyes and find you by his side. By my will you would not have been admitted."

"Then I'll go directly," Mrs. MacDougall said, quickly. "I will no beg you to be kind to my bairn, for I can trust your face; but I will pray for you to be rewarded for every act o' kindness done to a poor lost little one. When can I come again?"

"To-morrow's the right day. You can come then," the nurse replied.

"I'll be near at hand, an' they'll let me know if a bad change comes," Mrs. MacDougall said hurriedly. "I'll get the nearest lodging to be had."

When the clothes of the child had been duly identified, the officer and Mrs. MacDougall departed. "I shall no leave this place to-night," Mrs. MacDougall said, firmly. "The lass is safe and sound, and Duncan may be dying. I must be near by."

So a decent lodging was found, in which Mrs. MacDougall took up her quarters, having first taken her address to the matron, who promised her that she should be sent for if immediate danger developed itself. The officer was somewhat puzzled by Mrs. MacDougall's determination; but as his instructions were to proceed with the identification of both children, he determined to go on to London at once, armed with the most minute description Mrs. MacDougall could give him of the missing child.

It is needless to say that the description tallied perfectly. As, however, the examination of John

and Lucy Murdoch, known to us by the name of Donaldson, was expected to take place in a day or two, the officer remained in London, waiting to obtain Elsie's full discharge, which could not be hoped for until after this important event.

Mrs. MacDougall was acquainted with her perfect safety, and as Duncan remained on the brink of the grave, she did not, for the present, attempt to leave Edinburgh.

CHAPTER XXI.—BEFORE THE MAGISTRATE.

On a certain morning, not long after her first appearance before the magistrate, Elsie was once more brought into court. She had hailed the appearance of her old acquaintance with something approaching delight, for any change was a welcome one from the hard, dreary, monotonous life she had been leading in the wards of the workhouse. [Pg 323]

"Do you know anything about Duncan?" she asked, eagerly. "Did they really take him to the hospital? she didn't turn him into the streets, did she? Oh! I have been so frightened about it. They said they didn't know anything about it in there. You know, don't you?"

"Yes, I know," the man said, gravely.

Elsie looked up in his face questioningly. It was very grave. "Is he—is he—dead?" she gasped.

"Not as far as I know," the man replied; "and he did go into the hospital right enough; but he was as near dead as possible when your mother found him there. I don't think it's certain now whether he'll recover."

"Mother found him!" Elsie cried. "Then—then she knows where we are?"

"Yes, she knows," the man replied.

Elsie involuntarily drew a long sigh of relief. It was only afterwards that she began to be worried with doubts as to what her mother would say or do. In that first moment her first instinct was that being found by her mother was the end of all trouble, and that was, no doubt, a true and natural instinct.

But the after feeling of fear and doubt soon came to cloud Elsie's joy at what seemed such good news. How glad she would be once more to be back in the clean, sweet cottage on her native moor. She had thought that life hard, and so wanted to be a little lady, but it was a perfect paradise compared with her present life; and as for care, which is the greatest enemy to happiness that we can have, she had not known what it meant before she ran away. Food and clothes, and warm, comfortable shelter, were all hers without a thought on her part, and yet she had been so discontented and cross and disagreeable to everybody because she had not dainty food and nothing to do. But she had found out what it felt like to be without a home or a friend, with coarse food, and nothing but harsh words; and she had been continually told that that was far more than she deserved, and was given to her only out of charity, for which she ought to be most grateful.

If only Mrs. MacDougall would let her go home and things be the same as before, she would never be discontented or ungrateful any more, but she could hardly believe that she would ever get back again to that old happy life.

And Duncan? He might die! Then it would never be the same again. Dear little Duncan, who did not want to come away, and had always been contented, but would not forsake his sister. But for her he would be well and happy now, whereas everything was dreadful and wretched. It was quite certain it could never come right. If only she had known beforehand? It seemed so easy and so nice. Was it her fault that things had turned out so different? Was she to blame for not knowing?

In this way she tried to find some excuse and consolation where there was indeed little enough, falling back on the idle excuses people so frequently make. How many people ask "Was it my fault that I did not know?" when that was not at all where the fault lay.

At last the court was reached. Elsie was taken into a small room, where she had to wait some time, and had plenty of time for reflection. She grew very nervous and frightened, and began to wonder whether they had sent for her to punish her, whether the white-haired gentleman thought she had told stories, and was going to send her to prison. Yet the officer had seemed kind, and they had promised her that by-and-by she should be allowed to go home. Could she have told a story without knowing it? She tried to think over all she had said. Suddenly it came into her head that perhaps this clever, wise gentleman knew that her name was not MacDougall, but Grosvenor, and would punish her for that. What ought she to have said? She puzzled and puzzled over it till she grew quite stupid and bewildered.

By-and-by the officer who had brought her took her hand and led her forward. As she entered the great room in which she had been once before, she noticed that it was thronged with people. She was presently placed in a small, square, box-like place, reminding her a little of the pews in the kirk. Before her she soon detected the old gentleman who had questioned her, but there were several others seated near him. Turning her head slightly, her eyes fell with fright and dismay on

the figures of the "fairy mother" and a man, who was neither Uncle William nor Grandpapa Donaldson, yet reminded her of both.

They were looking at her, and Elsie saw something in their faces that made her tremble. Yet she could not turn her eyes away till the "fairy mother" dropped hers, and with a heavy sigh made a little movement, as if to hide from herself the sight of her ungrateful child.

Then Elsie caught sight of another face: she recognised the man Andrew. There were others whose faces she did not know.

The Bible was handed her, and again she had to repeat the words of the solemn oath. Again the old gentleman leaned forward and asked her if she knew what an oath was, repeating his solemn warning. Then came the question, "What is your name?" [Pg 324]

"Please, sir, I don't know," Elsie faltered, bursting into tears.

"The child is just dazed, your honour!" cried a voice from the crowd, which rang strangely in Elsie's ears, but the venturesome individual was silenced immediately.

"You told us the other day," the old gentleman said kindly. "You have only to tell the truth, then you need not be frightened."

"I'm afraid it was a story," Elsie exclaimed. And the "fairy mother" looked round anxiously. "I don't know whether my name is Elsie MacDougall or Elsie Grosvenor, because I am not sure whether Mrs. MacDougall was our mother or whether Aunt Nannie was."

Again a voice cried out something from the crowd, but Elsie did not catch the words. The person was warned that she would be removed if she interrupted again, and the gentleman continued.

"We will take your name as Elsie MacDougall. Is it true that you ran away from your home on a certain Wednesday?"

Elsie replied that she had done so, and then she was asked a great many questions, first about herself, then about the companions she had travelled with, which it would take far too much room to write down. She was terrified almost beyond measure at answering such inquiries with the terrible "fairy mother" standing close by, especially when other gentlemen began to ask her questions too in a sharp way that confused and bewildered her. Every particular of her acquaintance with these people was drawn from her, and a great deal of interest displayed in her account of how she was separated from Duncan, and the description of "Uncle William's" sudden change into "Grandpapa Donaldson."

"Now look well at this person. Have you ever seen him before?" the magistrate asked, pointing to the man standing near Mrs. Donaldson.

Elsie replied that she had not but he seemed to remind her a little of some one she had seen.

One of the gentlemen then held up a black wig, and whiskers, beard, and moustache.

Elsie recognised them at once. "I know what that is like!" she exclaimed, in great astonishment. "He had hair like that when he was Uncle William."

Another wig was then held before Elsie's wondering eyes. This time it was grey, with a small close-cut beard and whiskers, such as the old man in the railway carriage wore.

They were handed in turn to the man standing by Mrs. Donaldson, with a request that he would put them on. This, however, he indignantly refused to do, but Elsie took a steady look, and felt sure that if he had he would have looked exactly like Uncle William and Grandpapa Donaldson.

The next astonishing thing shown her was a light grey coat, the exact counterpart of the one worn by the gentleman in the carriage and Uncle William. It was turned inside out, and behold, it became a completely new overcoat of a drab colour, like the one worn by Grandpapa Donaldson.

So that was how he had changed himself so completely, by changing his black hair for grey and turning his coat inside out. He must have done it very quickly and quietly, while Mrs. Donaldson kept Elsie's eyes fixed on her. He stoutly denied this, but it was very strange that the black wig should have been discovered in a mysterious pocket of that cleverly-made coat, and that Mrs. Donaldson's papa should be so vain as to go about in a wig, and false whiskers, beard and moustache, because he had none of his own—very strange indeed; and so the lawyers and magistrates seemed to think it.

Elsie was very, very tired with the long examination she had to undergo. All she could make out of it was that these people, whose real names were John and Lucy Murdoch, were suspected of having stolen a great deal of money from rich people. At last Elsie was told she might go, and the officer of whom she had seen so much came forward to lead her away. As she was passing out, who should she see coming towards her but Meg. She lifted her eyes, and looked with a frightened glance at Elsie. Her eyes were red, and she looked altogether most wretched and unhappy.

"I haven't told a word," Elsie couldn't help whispering as she passed close by her; but Meg did not seem to hear, for she never raised her head or even smiled.

Elsie wondered what they were going to do with her, and hoped she would not get into any

trouble. But she could not help thinking of her own miseries. Now, she supposed, she must go back again to that dreadful workhouse, with its harsh matron and dreadful companions, its misery, discomfort, and loneliness. She could not help shuddering and gulping back the sorrowful sobs that seemed to choke her. She was very tired and down-hearted.

The man touched her on the arm. She lifted her eyes, and saw standing close by, her mother, Mrs. MacDougall. In a moment Elsie flew towards her with a cry of joy, exclaiming "Oh! take me home, mother; take me away, please."

"I've got the discharge from the magistrate," Mrs. MacDougall explained. "I applied for it this morning directly after the court was opened."

[Pg 325]

"IN A MOMENT ELSIE FLEW TOWARDS HER" (*p.* 324).

"Quite right, ma'am," the man assented. Then turning to Elsie, he exclaimed, "Now, my girl, you're free to go home with your mother; and if you take my advice, you won't try running away again. You're just fortunate to have got off as you have. If it hadn't been for our tracking the Murdochs just when we did, there's no telling what would have become of you. They are not the sort that would hesitate to get rid of you in any way that came first when they found they didn't want you; and all I say is you may be thankful you stand where you do at this moment."

"You've just had a narrow escape of being drawn into a den of sin and iniquity," Mrs. MacDougall added fervently, "and I'm right thankful to the Almighty for the good care He's taken of you. I'm sure, sir, you're very kind to this erring lass, and I'm right grateful for all your goodness."

"Mother," Elsie faltered, hardly daring to frame the question, "where is Duncan?"

"He's in the hospital yet," Mrs. MacDougall replied. "He lies in a fair way to recover, if no ill turn befalls him, but I doubt me if he'll ever be the same laddie again. He's woefully altered, but the Lord has been good to him too, and put it into the heart of that poor body they call Meg to take him to the hospital, though they had no intention for her to do it. May she be rewarded for her charitable deed!"

At this moment the officer came back to say that a cab was ready to take them to the station.

"And am I going with you now?" Elsie asked.

"Yes; we'll be getting back to Edinburgh to-night," Mrs. MacDougall replied. [Pg 326]

They bade the officer good-bye, and drove away. Elsie could hardly believe that she was once more free and on her way home. The revulsion of feeling was too much; she lay back in the carriage, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"I will no reproach you, Elsie," Mrs. MacDougall said, gently, "for I ken you're punished enough, but it will do ye no harm to feel sore-hearted for all the sorrow you've brought on yoursel and others."

CHAPTER XXII.—THE MURDOCHS.

RS. MACDOUGALL and Elsie had some time to wait before the night train started. They spent it in the waiting-room, Mrs. MacDougall having first procured for Elsie as comfortable a tea as her means would allow. To Elsie it seemed a perfect feast.

While they are waiting I must take the opportunity of telling all that had been found out about the Murdochs, and how they came to take charge of the children. Lucy Murdoch had been, as Meg said, quite a poor girl, living in one of the miserable closes in which the old town of Edinburgh abounds. She was very pretty and clever, but naturally inclined to deceit and cunning. When she was about seventeen she went to service, but could never keep a place, because she was impertinent, and so fond of dressing herself up in fine clothes that she at last began to steal things from the ladies she lived with in order to gratify her vanity.

Her friends said she looked like any lady, and this so pleased the vain creature that she tried to pass for one wherever she could, giving herself great airs in shops she was sent to and when walking out of doors. At last it was found that she had been to a shop in Edinburgh and ordered some things in the name of a young lady, in whose mother's house she had been a servant. After this she disappeared from Edinburgh, and her friends saw nothing of her for many years.

When they heard of her again, she was married. She came back dressed as a smart lady, and looking and speaking very much like one. She had been in London, and had picked up all sorts of fine ways. Her husband was just such another as herself: they both disliked honest work, but lived by their cunning.

One of their tricks was to go to a grand hotel where there were rich people, make the acquaintance of some wealthy lady or gentleman, skilfully manage to rob the unsuspicious individuals of any money they might have with them, and then depart, letting the suspicion fall on some unfortunate servant.

Just before they had met Elsie and Duncan they had been staying at a very fashionable resort in the Highlands, where Lucy Murdoch, by her dashing manner and profuse liberality, made a great many friends and was much admired. There happened to be among the company an Australian gentleman just arrived in England, who had brought with him a pocket-book full of notes, which he perhaps intended to pay into an English bank. The gentleman, being boastful and proud of his money, gave broad hints of the wealth he carried with him to Lucy Murdoch and her husband, whom he thought very nice people, and so much more friendly to a foreigner than the cold, proud English folk usually are. One morning the gentleman found his pocket-book gone, notes and all. He came into luncheon full of it, pouring out his indignant wrath to his genial friends, the Murdochs, who commiserated him, and were as indignant as he. One of the waiters was suspected. The wretched man declared that he had seen the gentleman, Mr. Halliwell (the name under which the Murdochs were then going), coming out of the Australian gentleman's bedroom, that he had spoken to him, and that Mr. Halliwell had said that he had made a mistake and just gone inside, but had seen directly his error. The man was not believed, for there were the Halliwells still staying in the hotel, going and coming as freely as could be. The next day they paid their bill (a good long one) and went away, bidding their acquaintances good-bye, and hoping they should meet in Edinburgh.

After they had gone some way on their journey, Lucy discovered that she had lost a letter from one of her bad companions in Edinburgh—no other than the man Andrew, who was one of their accomplices. Fearing she might have dropped it in the hotel, they made all haste to get to London, but their journey was delayed at a certain point by the stupidity of a driver, who had undertaken to drive them to Killochrie, but could not find the way, the consequence being that they lost their train, and would be delayed eight hours.

Now Lucy Murdoch had heard of the missing children, and when she stopped Elsie and Duncan to ask them the way, she immediately supposed, from what Elsie said, that these were the very ones. Being very clever and quick-witted, she saw in a moment she could make use of them to forward her own escape. Driving to the nearest town, she purchased black ready-made garments, retired to a lonely spot, and dressed herself as a widow, smoothing back her curled locks under the close round bonnet. Then she went to the children, dressed them in the clothes she had bought, walked back to the station, and went on by train to a little town some twenty miles off, [Pg 327] where she spent the night, her husband having gone first to secure a lodging. On the next day they went on to Edinburgh under the new name of Donaldson, John Murdoch passing as her brother, and the children as her fatherless little ones on their way home from school.

Duncan's illness interfered with her plans, and necessitated her seeking the help of the man Andrew, while she and her husband went to a fashionable hotel. But Lucy Murdoch was not to be daunted. It would do just as well to travel to London with one child as two, and even serve still further to destroy her identity. So she would have cast Duncan off like an old shoe. Elsie's determination made this difficult, but she soon devised a plan to get Elsie off by cunning, and leave Duncan behind. Although she promised Elsie that Duncan should go to the hospital, she had left instructions with Meg that he was to be taken back to Andrew's house. Meg, however, took him to the hospital, and said (poor ignorant thing) that she had found him ill in the street. When she got home she put on her most stupid air, and declared that she didn't rightly know what Mrs. Murdoch meant her to do, that she was very sorry if she'd done wrong, and hadn't she better go

and fetch him back? Andrew abused her, but at the hospital the child was left. Poor Meg! she had in her a kind heart, and might have been a good, happy girl but for bad companions.

The police, however, were on the track of the Murdochs. They had been watched from place to place, and evidence collected. When they least thought of danger they found themselves lodged in a prison.

Elsie's account greatly helped to prove their guilt. Meg was examined, and was found to have known a great deal about their doings; but as she was not found guilty of any crime, she was allowed to go free, and advised by the magistrate to forsake her old companions, and endeavour to live honestly and respectably. A charitable lady afterwards took her into a home, being much touched by the account she gave of Duncan's illness, and the way she had done what she could to save his life.

John and Lucy Murdoch were sentenced to be imprisoned for a great many years. The man Andrew was also severely punished.

What they intended, to do with Elsie was not clear. Duncan they had left dangerously ill, without nursing or medical advice. The magistrate pointed out to him that they ought to be grateful to Meg, for if the child had died they would certainly have been charged with causing his death.

Probably they would have left Elsie to a similar fate: unless, indeed, they had succeeded in making her one of themselves, in which case she would, perhaps, have been tempted to join them in some hideous crime, and have ended her days in a prison.

CHAPTER XXIII.—BACK HOME AGAIN.

 LSIE and her mother travelled all night, and reached Edinburgh early the next morning. This time it was only a third-class carriage, crowded by very ordinary-looking men and women—a very different journey from the one with the wicked "fairy mother;" but the unhappy child, tired out with all she had gone through, leant her head against her mother's shoulder, and slept through the night with a sweet sense of safety and protection to which she had long been a stranger.

They found Duncan still slowly mending, but looking a mere shadow of his former bonnie self. Elsie was so overwhelmed at the sight of his poor little wasted figure, and cried so bitterly, that the nurse promptly ordered her out of the ward.

"Tell Elsie I'm quite well now," he said anxiously to Mrs. MacDougall. "She needn't cry, because we are going home; aren't we, mother? You did say we might."

"Yes, well all be happy again together soon, little lad," Mrs. MacDougall replied.

"Perhaps they hurt Elsie," Duncan continued, still anxious for Elsie. "They were bad people, mother;" and the little fellow shuddered.

They were obliged to calm him and turn his thoughts away. One of the worst points of his illness had been the fits of terror that came over him when a recollection of the Fergusons or the Murdochs passed through his brain. It had been feared that his mind was seriously affected by the fright he had undergone.

He was not yet fit to be moved, so Mrs. MacDougall decided to take Elsie home, and come again to fetch Duncan when he was ready to leave, as she had barely money enough left to take her to Dunster. Duncan was, however, convalescent, and in a fair way of recovering.

It was only now that Mrs. MacDougall, the more pressing cares of her mind relieved, had time to remember Elsie's curious statement before the magistrates. "What did you mean, child, by saying that you didn't rightly know your own name?" she asked. "Surely you were dazed with the strange faces all round you. I feared you had lost your reason."

Elsie hung her head sheepishly. Although she had heard nothing from any one on the subject, she had somehow a conviction in her mind that she had been very silly. It was easy to talk grandly to Duncan, but quite a different thing to tell the story to Mrs. MacDougall. [Pg 328]

"I don't know. I did think that perhaps me and Duncan were the babies of Aunt Nannie's what Uncle Grosvenor sent you to take care of," Elsie stammered, growing very red.

"Good patience, child! What do you know about your aunt Nannie's babies?" Mrs. MacDougall exclaimed, in amazement. "Who have been tattling to you about what don't concern them?"

"Then we *are* those babies!" Elsie cried, with a flash of excitement.

"You!" cried Mrs. MacDougall; "that you are not. What could make you think such a thing? Whoever told you so much—an' I reckon your foolish old grannie was the person—might as well have told the whole story, which, however, it was my great wish should be kept quite a secret. Robbie was your poor Aunt Nannie's bairn."

"Robbie!" Elsie exclaimed, slowly; "but there were two babies, mother."

"There were twin babies, but one died the next day after it reached me, poor bairn. It was a girl baby, and the one the father took an interest in; but it died, and he cared little or nothing about Robbie, so I kept him my own self, for he was but a poor little lad, and could no bear a rough life. Often I've been tempted to let the child go back to his own flesh and blood, but I hadn't the heart, knowing there was none that would look after him with the care he needed."

"Is Robbie better than we are, mother?" Elsie asked, with the old jealousy cropping up once more. "Uncle Grosvenor is a grand laird, is he not?"

"ROBBIE WAITED ON HIM" (*p.* 329).

Mrs. MacDougall laughed. "He's just a well-to-do tradesman, though he had mighty fine airs when he used to come to Dunster; but I never liked the looks of him. He broke his poor wife's heart, and never believed it till she lay dead, and then he was sorry, and tried to make some amends. He was a bit touched when he saw his motherless bairns, and did a kind deed when he sent them to me; but he soon grew blithe and gay again, and troubled his head no more. I've never heard from him from that day to this, except that he sends me payment for the babies still. He doesn't even know that the little one died, for he has never written; and I don't know where he is; but any day he may come, and just take it into his head to fetch poor Nannie's bairn away from me: but I hope he won't, for now that he's married again and has many children, as I am told, poor Robbie will be ill-welcomed among them."

What a different tale this was from the one Elsie had concocted in her own mind! How utterly foolish and ashamed she was feeling. She would tell all, and would so ease her mind.

"Mother," she said, speaking quickly, "it was all through a letter I picked up and read, and because I always thought Robbie was your favourite more than me and Duncan. I thought he must be your little boy, and that we were not. You did buy Robbie more things, and never sent him for the milk."

"Ye're right enough, Elsie," Mrs. MacDougall said, with a sigh. "There's many a time, when I've been sore pressed, I've been tempted to take the money that Robbie's father sent to buy the clothes you and Duncan were in need of; but I've always stood against it, and never spent a penny of that money for any other purpose than the right one, and I've taken care of the child more jealously than if he was my own. But the Evil One himself must have put it in your heart to be jealous of that poor little lad. With all my care, I doubt that he'll ever see manhood. And as for the letter, I think I know the one you mean. If you found it, you'd no call to read it." [Pg 329]

"But I read it, and I kept it," Elsie confessed, seeing that her mother had quite failed to comprehend all that she had tried to tell her. "It was for that I wanted to run away—to go and find who I thought was our own father—and I took Duncan with me. I thought it would be easy. I didn't mean to hurt Duncan."

"I will be no harsh to you, Elsie," Mrs. MacDougall said, sorrowfully. "It's a sore thing for a mother to think of; but God has taught you His lesson in His own way. I doubt you'll never do the like again."

It was only by degrees that Mrs. MacDougall heard the whole history of the children's wanderings, or Elsie fully understood the terrible dangers to which she had, by her own act, willingly exposed herself and Duncan. Never had she fully realised what the word "home" meant until returning to it, after having been homeless, lonely, and outcast, she was received with the glad welcome that no one else in all the wide world would have extended to her.

Mrs. MacDougall was, like many of her race, a woman of few words, and not given to demonstrations of affection, yet with a deeply-rooted, fervent feeling of attachment to her own flesh and blood that nothing could destroy, that was only equalled by her strong sense of religious duty. In that terrible week of suspense, when she received no tidings of the missing children, her hair had become grey, and her face aged by many years. In seeking them out, she had spent unhesitatingly the hardly-scraped savings of years, laid by for the decent burying of her old mother and herself. These facts spoke more strongly than words. Even Elsie knew well enough the terrible degradation an honest, respectable Scottish woman would feel it that any of her birth and kin should fall upon the charity of strangers.

Elsie had been ever a tiresome child. She was what people call clever—that is to say, she had from an early age the power of thinking for herself, and forming her own ideas on many subjects. This very activity of brain often overwhelmed the better feelings of her heart, which was not really bad. It was her own supposed cleverness that had led her into such a grievous error concerning that unfortunate letter she had found, her restless curiosity that had led her into the temptation of reading it, whereas Duncan's slower brain would have allowed his heart time to speak its protest against an action that he had been trained to regard as mean and dishonourable. Cleverness is a dangerous gift, apt to lead into very stray paths, unless there is firm principle to weigh it. Lucy Murdoch was extremely clever. Better for her to have been without one talent than to have used all ten to her own utter ruin.

Mrs. MacDougall gave Elsie no bitter reproaches. She explained to her how grievous a sin she had committed, and what sorrow she had brought on those who had always shown her the truest kindness. She would allow no one to speak to Elsie about it, except the good old minister at the manse, who had known her from her birth. Farmer Jarrett greatly desired to give her a good talking to, but Mrs. MacDougall said, in her true Scottish fashion, "Nay, neighbour; the Lord had pointed His own moral, an' we can no better it. She has the little brother she loves always before her eyes to warn her." And this was true enough. Duncan had never recovered the effects of the fever. He seemed to have lost all his old robustness and vigour, taking little interest in anything, only caring to sit quiet and undisturbed before the fire. No words could have affected her more than that most pitiful sight. Mrs. MacDougall often caught Elsie's eyes fixed on the child with a wistful, sorrowful expression. She and Robbie waited on him continually, with patient unfailing tenderness, and both the children vied with each other as to who could be the more kind and thoughtful for him.

Mrs. MacDougall from that time changed her treatment of Robbie, and moreover, explained to all three children the circumstances of his birth. She believed that she had erred in practising even this well-meant deceit, intended for the good both of Robbie and her own two children, which had, however, resulted in the very jealousy she had tried to prevent. Robbie benefited by the change, and was certainly far happier. He grew less babyish—stronger both in mind and body. The old jealousy died away, and Elsie liked him far better as a cousin—yet treated in every way like herself—than she had done as a brother.

For several years no one dared to mention in Duncan's presence the sad experience he had lived through. His terror and excitement were so intense at the mere recollection of it, that the utmost care was necessary. He could never go out alone, for if he met a person who seemed to his morbid fancy to resemble either of the Fergusons or the Murdochs, his shuddering fear was shocking to witness. He and Robbie had quite changed places. It was he now who needed all the anxious, watchful care that in former days Elsie would have called petting. [Pg 330]

If no one reproached her, it is certain she reproached herself, more and more bitterly as she grew older, and understood how grave a misfortune she had brought upon Duncan, the one person she was most fond of in this world. She had turned his very trust in her into the means of sacrificing him. Sometimes she was so tortured by this thought that she could hardly bear it. "I will never leave him as long as I live," she often said to herself, as a sort of reparation for what he had suffered. "I will take care of him till I die."

But there is a hope that in course of time, after he has passed the years of boyhood, he may recover his old strength, and in this hope Elsie lives.

THE END.

LITTLE PAPERS FOR LITTLE ART WORKERS.

IVORY MINIATURE PAINTING.

E all know the beautiful miniatures that grandmammas count as some of their greatest treasures, mementoes of the friends of long ago. Some of those little bits of ivory are now worth, over and over again, their weight in gold. The names of Nicholas Hilliard, Isaac and Peter Oliver, Samuel Cooper, Nathaniel Hone, and Richard Cosway, are well-known in connection with the art of Miniature Painting. Photography now supersedes all other modes of taking portraits on a small scale on account of its rapidity, but no photograph, however carefully coloured, ever did, or ever will, equal the exquisite little gems left to us by the men we have reason to honour whose names I have mentioned already. I should, for my part, be glad to see the art, which has never gone quite out of fashion, restored to its old popularity.

The choice of a good piece of ivory is important. You can get the pieces of various sizes from any good artist's colourman, and you must look out for one that has as little grain as possible in the centre, because the space the face will occupy should be free from streaks that would be detrimental to the painting. The remainder of the ivory is not of so much consequence, as in representing the drapery and background the grain can generally be hidden. Large sizes can be obtained, but I should not advise you to begin on one of them; a piece about 3½ in. by 4¾ in. does very well for a first attempt. Ivory can be cut with a pair of scissors, but it is a risky operation, and it is far better to get a professional worker to cut it for you if you need the shape or size altered; then, too, if you want an oval shape you will be pretty sure to get a true oval, which very possibly you could not manage yourself. Red sable brushes are used, and you should select those that will come to a good point. You will not require more than three or four, a medium size for washes, a smaller for stippling, and a very fine one for finishing-touches. An oval china palette is also needed; the small slabs sold in ordinary paintboxes are not serviceable for miniature painting, as many colours and tints are necessary. Use the best water-colours if you wish to succeed, and you will find those in pans or half pans are preferable to the dry cakes, as time is not spent in rubbing them down. These are the most useful colours:—Cobalt, French ultra, Prussian blue, carmine, or pink madder, Indian red, vermilion, light red, sepia, burnt umber, burnt sienna, Indian yellow, yellow ochre, ivory black, and Chinese white. I do not consider more than these requisite for an ordinary palette. Then you must have a firm drawing-board, and a bottle of clear strong gum. Some pieces of old linen should be kept at hand for cleaning the palette; if anything else be used for the purpose fluffy particles will be left on it that will get mixed up with the colours, and that we must do all in our power to avoid. I want to impress upon you the importance of choosing a good light for your work; for one reason you cannot get the delicate tints which are the great charm of ivory miniature painting if you sit in a bad position for seeing well; and for a second reason the work is so fine that there is the danger of trying your eyes too much if you are not careful in this respect.

You must never continue the work if your eyes feel tired. Some person's eyesight is so much stronger than that of others that you must judge for yourselves whether or no it is harmful to you to produce such fine paintings. It is best to sketch the portrait first correctly on paper; not many amateurs will be able to do it direct on the ivory without some guide, and as few alterations as possible must be made on the ivory. If the sketch be tolerably dark it may be laid beneath the ivory, and so traced off with a brush filled with light red. It is far easier, of course, to work from a photograph; if you do this you need only to place the ivory over it, and thus you have the features, and the principal folds of the dress, ready to mark off with the brush on the semi-transparent ground. You must be so very careful not to let the ivory slip in the faintest degree out of place, or the likeness will sure to prove a failure.

[Pg 331]

When you have all the principal points clearly defined, fix it by gumming it at the top to a square of writing-paper, which must be white. At the back of this lay three or four more squares of paper, until the ivory thus mounted looks opaque. Bristol board is used sometimes instead of paper, but it is liable to warp when exposed to heat. The ivory must only be gummed at the top, for if gum were allowed to run under the face the flesh-tints would be darkened; the papers also must be gummed together at the top, and they should be somewhat larger than the ivory. It must be placed aside until dry pressed in a book with a piece of clean paper over it. Lay on the first flesh-tint evenly with a large brush, leaving the whites of the eyes untouched. Light red, or Venetian red, to which the slightest touch of yellow has been added, forms a good tint to work upon; for dark complexion a little more yellow will be requisite.

When the right depth of colour in the lights of the face is properly secured, the shadows may be put in with a good-sized brush. It is a great mistake ever to use very small brushes when larger ones can be equally well employed. In every style of painting we should strive to work as far as possible in a broad manner, and large brushes help us to do this. So, too, we should whenever practicable lay on our colours in washes; if we begin with stippling our drawings they will be "niggling," and will be sure to look poor and "spotty." The shadows differ in shape and in colour on all faces, and to render these accurately is by no means an unimportant part of taking a likeness; the expression depends greatly upon the shadows, and we need to study nature closely if we would represent all the delicate gradations faithfully. As a shadow colour, cobalt, Venetian red, carmine or pink madder, and a suspicion of yellow, will make a good foundation; but the tint must be varied as occasion demands. Under the eyes, the shadows are blueish, whilst those under the eyebrows and nostrils are warm in tint; Indian red serves well for warming shadows. Beginners will very probably fear to lay in the shadows too strongly, but when they see the effect produced, they are likely to go to the opposite extreme and smear in the shadows heavily for the sake of giving character to the likeness. The happy medium is what we must strive to secure; we do not want our paintings to be weak, but neither do we want them "dirty" in tone. The shadows

on the throat should be rather grey, but not so much so as to appear livid and unnatural; here light red and cobalt will predominate. On the neck they will be of a soft blue tone. They must all be clearly washed in without reaching too far into the lights, as lights and shadows must subsequently be softened into each other with the lovely demi-tints that afford the pearl-like appearance of the natural clear complexion. These half tints are formed of cobalt and light red, or of French ultra and carmine; pink madder may take the place of carmine if preferred, for though not so brilliant it is more lasting. A fair child's complexion will require more vermilion and less carmine than that of an adult. To keep the form of the lips true to nature is another point that demands our strictest attention. Blue eyes are put in with cobalt, toned with shadow colour; grey, with a mixture of blue and red. There are many varieties of shade in brown eyes, and you must find out by experiment what is best to use for them, as you may have, at one time or another, to depict hazel, chestnut, and deep brown eyes that are called black. You will find burnt terra sienna and shadow colour useful, and in the case of the darkest brown shade, the employment of lake and sepia will be necessary. The pupil is put in with sepia.

On no account must black be used in painting the eyes. Now we come to the eyebrows and eyelashes. These are of the same colour as the hair, but usually darker in tint. Do not try to make out the separate hairs, or hardness, which is very undesirable, will ensue. Sometimes in finishing the eyelashes you will improve them with a few fine strokes after the wash of colour is laid on. The hair must be painted broadly in large masses, and its natural fall on the forehead, its tendency to curl or wave, must be truly rendered. For black hair use neutral tint, and a little indigo for the lights; for the local colour, indigo, lake, and gamboge. For brown hair, sepia, but should it be very dark add a little lake. Burnt umber will give a beautiful chestnut brown if mixed with lake modified with sepia. No part of a miniature should be finished off until all the rest is close to completion; for one colour affects another considerably when they are placed side by side, and so it is impossible to judge of the strength of a tint until all its surroundings are brought near to an equal state of finish. Select a colour for the drapery that will suit the complexion and hair; one that will heighten the effect of each, and produce a pleasing harmony. Nothing is more charming than white for a young girl, who possesses a fair complexion; the ivory itself forms a soft creamy white ground that needs only the shadows and reflections to be thrown in, and a little Chinese white is employed for the lights. If the dress is coloured you should manage to introduce some white lace around the throat. Black velvet is also extremely becoming; the lights are put in with Chinese white. [Pg 332]

Brilliant colours for draperies should always be avoided, as there is so little space in a miniature to be given to the accessories that they must be kept low in tone if they are to be subordinate to the likeness. A small quantity of gum is required in the background, and in the draperies just a drop is mixed in with the colours for finishing off the dress. The harmony of the whole will depend greatly on the tint chosen for the background. It may be as dark as you like, only you must not let it be heavy. A neutral tint of grey or brown is easy for a beginner to manage, and a warm red-brown is admirable for the purpose. A soft blue sky with fleecy-white clouds makes the best background for a fair girl in a white dress. Wash in the background colour to the desired strength, then stipple it to get it smooth.

With a few general remarks I must end these suggestions. "Stippling" is the filling in with a small brush, but not too fine, of any spaces left when the colour is washed in. The polished surface of the ivory will not take the wash as paper does, and it requires a great deal of working up before it appears level and smooth. Any touches may be put in with a trifle of gum added to the colour. You will use sepia for the dark touches on the eyebrows and eyelashes, carmine and sepia for those about the mouth and nostrils. The spot of white in the eye must not be forgotten. The lights are always left, not taken out afterwards. Any hairs that may be found on the ivory after a tint is washed in must be removed with a needle or the extreme point of a clean brush. Lay in your colours with decision, and always try as far as you possibly can to work in a broad free style.

FAITHFUL TO HER TRUST.

AR away in the mountains of Westmoreland there is a lonely ravine called Far Easedale, and here was once a cottage called Blentarn Ghyll, where a man named Green once lived with his wife and six children.

One day George Green and his wife went to a sale of furniture at Grasmere. Before starting they spoke kindly to their eldest girl Agnes, who was then only nine years old, and begged her to take special care of all her little brothers and sisters.

"We shall be home to-night, dear," said Mrs. Green, "but you'll be a little mother to them whilst we are away, won't you?"

Agnes promised gaily, thinking it would be rather fun to be left in charge.

All went well till towards evening, when a terrible snow-storm came on. The white flakes fell so fast that the door was blocked up; worse than this, the snow made its way through the windows.

Having put the baby to bed, Agnes and the other children sat up till midnight, hoping that their

parents would come, but not a sound was heard, as the snow fell silently thicker and thicker.

In the morning the snow had stopped falling, but it lay so deep that Agnes dared not venture out.

The children were miserable, and Agnes, child as she was herself, forgot her own trouble in trying to cheer and comfort them. Then she boiled what milk there was in the house, to prevent its turning sour, and made some porridge for breakfast, eating very little herself, for she feared the little stock of meal might fail.

After breakfast she asked her two brothers to help her cut a way from the door to the shed where the peat was kept, and they carried in as much as they could. Then they closed the door till night came and they forgot their troubles in sleep.

The next day a strong wind had blown away so much snow that Agnes determined to try to find her way to Grasmere. It was a difficult task, for there were brooks to cross; but the brave girl was urged on by the memory of the little ones she had left behind, and made her way there.

Here she found that her father and mother had started for home on the first night. As they had not since been heard of, she had little doubt that they must have fallen into some hole or brook and have perished in the snow.

Still faithful to her trust, the poor child returned to the cottage, where she carefully watched over her brothers and sisters, until kind friends found new homes for the little orphans.

E. M. W.

A MORNING VISIT.

"AND AT LAST NURSE SAYS I MAY CARRY UP HER MORNING TEA."

DARLING mother! not to see her
For a whole week and a day!
It was hard; but she is better,
And at last nurse says I may
Carry up her morning tea.

Only one wee, tiny minute
Must I wait to kiss her cheek,
And to whisper how I missed her
Every day this long, long week,
And to ask if she missed me.

Often, while they thought me sleeping,
Did I lie an hour and more,
Crying—when the house was quiet—
Softly at her bedroom door,
Where she could not hear nor see.

Oh, it was so dull without her!
Every one was grave and sad;
But I think, now she is better,
Even the little birds look glad
As they hop from tree to tree.

MAGGIE MACDONALD.

GOING TO SEA IN A CAGE.

AN OLD SAILOR'S STORY.

YE, aye, sir! I've seen a good many queer things in my time, sure enough; but the queerest thing I ever saw was a bit of work aboard the old *Mermaid*, when we were homeward bound from Hong Kong and Singapore. Would you like to hear the story? Well, then, if you'll just come to an anchor for a minute or two on this coil of rope, I'll tell you all about it.

The very first day out from Hong Kong I took notice of one young lady, who was lying on a kind of basket-work sofa, on the sunny side of the poop-deck. She had the sweetest face I ever saw, but it went to my heart to see how thin and pale she looked. And well she might, poor thing! for it seems she had something wrong with her back, so as she couldn't walk or stand up, or anything; and she was going to England to see some great doctor or other, and try if *he* could cure her.

All the passengers were very good to her, I will say *that* for 'em; and as for us blue-jackets, every man Jack of us would have jumped overboard only to please her, when once we knew how it was. But she was too weak to talk or read much, and the chief thing she had to amuse her was a little grey Java sparrow, which she had with her in a cage. Whenever she came on deck, the bird's cage was brought up too, and put close beside her; and it was Bob Wilkins, the pantry-boy, who always had the carrying of it.

It was a pretty little thing that bird was, and as sensible as any man; fact, it was a deal more sensible than many men that *I*'ve met. When she had a headache (and terrible headaches she used to have, poor lass) that bird would be as quiet as a mouse. But when she was well enough to stand it, she'd have the cage brought to her, and open it with her own hands, and out the little fellow would pop, and flutter on to her shoulder, and eat out of her hand, just as natural as could be. And then she used to stroke its feathers with her poor thin fingers and smile such a strange, sad kind of smile, that many a time I've had to go away in a hurry for fear I should cry outright; and I can tell you I wasn't the only one, neither.

But fond as we all were of that bird, there was somebody else that was fonder still, and that was the captain's big tortoise-shell cat: and to see the way it kept its eye on that Java sparrow, and watched for a chance to get hold of it! you never saw the like.

Well, the captain was a kind man, and didn't want to hurt the poor cat, specially as it was a great pet of his wife's; so he tied it up to keep it out of mischief. But of course it took and squalled all night, till nobody could sleep a wink for the noise, and he had to let it loose again. So then he says to me—

"Thompson," says he, "just keep your eye on that cat, and if it ever comes on to the poop-deck, drive it off again."

"Aye, aye, sir," says I, and I kept a bright lookout, sure enough. But one day that cat *was* too sharp for me, after all.

It was getting towards afternoon, on our second day from Port Said, and Miss Ashton was lying on her couch on the poop-deck, with her bird's cage hanging from one of the lashings of the awning, close beside her. I'd just been down to fetch our third officer's telescope; and as I came up again, something brushed past me. I saw the cat spring up at the cage, the cord snapped, and down went bird, cage, cat, and all, slap-dash into the sea!

The next moment there came a big splash, and there was our pantry-boy, Bob Wilkins (the one that used always to carry the cage up on deck, you know), overboard after 'em. And as if that wasn't enough, Bill Harris the carpenter (who was a special chum of Bob's, and happened to be standing by at the time) catches hold of a life-buoy, and overboard *he* goes too. So there they all were, the cat after the bird, Bob after the cat, and Bill Harris after Bob.

"Man overboard!" sang out half a dozen of us.

"Stop her!" cried the first officer. "Stand by to lower the boat! Cast off the gripes! let go the davit-tackle!"

You should have seen how quick that boat was lowered, and how the men made her fly along! When we picked 'em up, (though they were a long way astern by this time) Bill was clinging to the life-buoy, and Bob had got hold of it with one hand and the cage with the other. The bird was fluttering about and looking precious scared, as if he didn't like going to sea in a cage; and the cat was sitting on Bill's shoulder, and holding on with every claw he had. The passengers sent round the hat for Bob Wilkins, and a pretty deal of money they got; but I can promise you he thought more of the thanks Miss Ashton gave him for the job than of all the money twice over.

But I was just going to leave out the best part of the whole story. They say it's "an ill wind that blows nobody good," and so it came out that time, sure enough. When the young lady saw Bob jump overboard, and thought he was going to be drowned in trying to save her bird, it gave her such a fright, that *she*, who couldn't even sit up without help, jumped right up on her feet and looked over the side after him! Well, sir, from that day forth, to the end of her voyage, she was always better able to move than before; and the great London doctor who cured her afterward (for she was cured at last) said that "nervous shock," as he called it, had been the saving of her, and that he'd had just such another case already. Now, that's as true as I sit here; and if you don't believe it, here comes Bob Wilkins, and you can ask him. [Pg 335]

DAVID KER.

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

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

ANY were the consultations which Margaret and Mary held together trying to decide what was to be made at the last Cookery lesson. The last lesson! something wonderful must be accomplished; but what was it to be?—that was the question. Margaret felt as if she should like to take advice on the subject.

"What should you make if you were going to cook something, and were allowed to choose for yourself?" she asked her friend, Rosy Williams.

"I should make some toffee," said Rosy.

Toffee! Margaret had never thought of it, but of course it was the very thing. She had been picturing to herself roasts and broils, and stews and soups, but toffee was worth everything of the sort put together. If only Mary would agree.

Mary was like Rosy, however: she decided instantly.

"And, as it must surely be very easy, why should we not try to make it by ourselves, without mother?" said Margaret. "We might get to know how, and then do it without any help at all."

"Of course you might," said Rosy. "After all the lessons in cookery you have had, I should think you could make a little toffee. Toffee is so easy to do. If you think I could help, I should be very glad to come: if Mrs. Herbert would let me."

"Thank you!" said Margaret; "you are kind."

"My brother Tom could come too," continued Rosy. "Tom is very clever at making toffee; he is quite accustomed to it. Whenever cook goes out for a holiday Tom makes toffee."

So Margaret asked her mother to consent. At first Mrs. Herbert looked rather doubtful; then she glanced at the eager little faces looking up at her, and she smiled. The children at once clapped their hands. They knew what the smile meant.

"Yes, dears, I think you may do as you wish. Only promise that you will be careful not to burn yourselves. There is one thing in our favour: toffee is best made over a slow fire, so there will be less danger. You can make your toffee this afternoon if you wish, and I will tell cook to put everything ready for you."

Punctually at the time appointed Rosy and her obliging brother Tom appeared, and all the children went off to the kitchen, Tom taking the place of master of the ceremonies.

"We shall want a simple brass pan," he said. "Yes, that is just the kind," he added, as cook handed to him a small saucepan, which was so bright inside that it shone like gold. "Now we must weigh out a quarter of a pound of butter, let that melt, then put in half a pound of raw sugar and half a pound of treacle. We stir this over the fire, and when it has boiled a little we add two table-spoonfuls of vinegar, and keep on boiling till it is ready."

"That is very easy," said Mary. "Shall I weigh the butter?"

"Yes," said Tom. "You weigh the butter, I will weigh the sugar, Rosy the treacle, and Margaret measure the vinegar. It is such an advantage to have so many helpers; we get the work done so quickly. There is a proverb which says 'Many hands make light work.' It is quite true."

"How clever your brother is, Rosy!" said Margaret.

"Please, had we better not divide the work, then?" said Mary, "and take it in turns to stir?"

"Yes, we will stir by the clock: six minutes each."

"Who is to begin?"

"Shall I begin, as I understand how to do it? Then Margaret can follow, then Mary, then Rosy."

"But how shall we know when it is boiled enough?" said Margaret.

"That is just what I was going to tell you. We cannot say exactly how long it has to boil, but we must try it. When a little of the toffee which has been dropped into a cup of cold water makes a crackling sound, or breaks clean between the teeth without sticking to them, the toffee is done."

[Pg 336]

MEASURING THE BABIES. (*See p. 337.*)

"Which of us is to try whether it is done, though?" said Margaret. [Pg 337]

"As we are all going to make the toffee, I should say we had better all try it. We can have four cups of water and four spoons, can't we, Margaret?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Margaret. "Will you fetch them please, Mary?"

Mary went off as requested, but she was away so long that Tom and Margaret had finished stirring, and they were ready for her to take the spoon when she returned, looking hot and excited, but bearing the four cups of water and four spoons on a tray.

"Aunt Bridget wouldn't let me have four cups at first," she remarked on entering: "she said it was too many; but I got them at last."

"That's right," said Tom. "Shall we try if the toffee is nearly ready?"

"We had better not try too soon, because if four of us taste very often, we shall eat so much before it is ready that there will be very little to divide after it is ready."

"Quite true," said Tom; while Mary stirred enthusiastically until her six minutes were gone.

"Now for my turn," said Rosy.

"I think we had better try whether it is done enough yet," said Tom.

"Tom, how unkind you are!" said Rosy. "Everybody has stirred but me, and just as my turn has come you want to try it. Besides, how can I try it when I am stirring?"

"Very well, we will wait," said Tom good-naturedly. "Don't cry, Rosy;" and Rosy's face brightened, while all the children watched the spoon as it went round and round, while the toffee gradually became darker and darker in colour, and an odour more strong than agreeable filled the kitchen.

At length the hand of the clock reached the point which marked Rosy's six minutes. All four cups were brought forward, all four spoons were dipped into the foaming liquid, and then emptied into the water. The toffee fell to the bottom in a dark cake, which hardened almost instantly, and which, when broken between the teeth, snapped without sticking at all, and tasted—ugh!

At this moment Mrs. Herbert appeared.

"I am afraid you are letting the toffee burn," she said; "we can smell it all over the house."

"It is rather burnt," said Tom.

"It does not taste so badly, though," said Margaret.

"Very likely we shall not taste the burnt part so much when it is cool," said Rosy.

"I am afraid you will have to throw the toffee away, my dears. It is sadly burnt."

"Oh, no, no!" said all the children at once.

"I thought we should have done better as there were four of us," said Margaret.

"Perhaps, after all, it is not an advantage to have so many helpers," said Tom.

"At any rate," said Mrs. Herbert; "you will have proved the truth of the proverb, 'Too many cooks spoil the broth'—I mean the toffee. And after all, in cookery, as in other things, nothing teaches like failure which is made the most of."

"Never mind, Mary," whispered Margaret, as the burnt toffee was carried off to cool. "We have made a good many excellent dishes when we two were the only cooks, and mother was the teacher; we will try toffee again another day, when we are by ourselves."

On that occasion I think we may perhaps venture to predict that the toffee will be a greater success.

THE RIVAL MOTHERS.

AID Mistress Bear to Mistress Fox,
"Your girl is very small."
Quoth Mistress Fox, "It is not so;
Your boy is not so tall."

"My boy is tall and sturdy too,"
Cried Mistress Bear with ire;
"And he's a handsome little lad,
The image of his sire."

"His sire! Ha, ha! why, all the world
Says, 'Ugly as a bear.'"
The very trees with laughter shook,
As thus they wrangled there.

"Ho, ho! dear ladies, what's the fuss?"
Two waggish bears stray'd by.
The gentle mothers told their tale,
A tear-drop in each eye.

"Call here the foxes," and they came.
One was an ancient sage.
"Now place the young folk back to back,
And simply state their age."

The dames obey'd, the infants laugh'd;
Spoke he, Reynard so wise,
"'Tis useless; size and beauty lie
In love's fond, partial eyes."

OUR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

SAVED BY A DREAM.

THE sun shone brightly down upon the pretty village of Bethlehem, as, from the top of the hill on which it stood, it overlooked the smiling fields below. And how peaceful all looked, carrying one's thoughts back to the old times, when the loving and gentle Ruth, who had come with her bereaved mother-in-law, to cast in her lot with the people of God, went after the gleaners in the fields of Boaz, and humbly picked up the ears of corn, that were so considerately dropped for her! How greatly she was afterwards blessed, and what an abundant reward was hers!

There in that very neighbourhood her great-grandson David quietly tended his sheep, and, in sweetest strains, lifted up his voice, in love and gratitude, to the Great Shepherd in the heavens. What a peaceful life he led amongst his beloved flock! And how his careful tending of his sheep prepared him for that higher care which he was to take of God's chosen people! And how, ages afterwards, when some other peaceful shepherds were watching over their flocks by night, a wondrous light shone round about them, and a bright angel told them the good tidings of great joy which should be to all people! How to their astonished gaze, there suddenly appeared a whole host of beauteous beings, praising God for His love and mercy to mankind, and filling the whole expanse of heaven with melody sweeter than the sweetest ever before heard upon earth!

How, too, only one mile from where the shepherds lay, a happy mother gazed long and tenderly on the face of her newly-born child, who was to be called "The Son of the Highest," who was to take away the sins of the world, and have given to Him the throne of His father David! And those Wise Men, too, that had come from the far East—how they rejoiced when they saw the bright star that had guided them to the land of the Jews re-appear and twinkle over the lowly place where the heavenly Babe lay! What praise and thanksgiving went up from their grateful hearts, as they looked upon the child-face that they had travelled day and night to see!

Truly, it seemed as if, since the days of the fair and virtuous Ruth, the blessing of God had rested upon that peaceful village, that had come to be called "the city of David," and as if no sorrow was ever to visit its soft green fields.

But, as if to draw our thoughts upwards, there is no spot on earth to which, at some time or other, sorrow does not come; and the hitherto peaceful Bethlehem was to have its full share.

A wicked king sat on the throne of Judæa, whom nobody loved and many abhorred. He was an old man, and terribly afflicted; and his temper, which was always ferocious, had become more dreadful than that of the wildest lion that had ever rushed up from the swelling of the Jordan.

His father, Antipater, was an Idumæan, and a servitor in the temple of Apollo at Ascalon, whilst his mother, Cypros, was an Arabian. He, therefore, belonged to the despised Ishmaelites and the hated Edomites; and the Jews were by no means inclined to look favourably upon him. To please them he professed to follow their religion, but he was not a Jew at heart. He trampled upon their feelings and prejudices, and leaned to the side of the Romans; and they, therefore, mistrusted him, and longed for the time when they should be freed from his misrule.

He had rebuilt their temple, and made it the most noble and magnificent building on the face of the earth; and they gloried in seeing its white marble pinnacles and golden roof glittering in the sunshine. For nine years he had constantly employed 18,000 men in its re-erection, and for upwards of thirty years more he had kept adding to its embellishments, till for grandeur and costliness it stood unrivalled. But when it was completed he set up over its chief gate the golden eagle of the Romans, and at the sight of that abhorred ensign all their gratitude fled, giving place to bitter resentment.

He married Jewish women, which was a compliment to their race; but his unjust and cruel treatment of them roused up all their worst feelings, and made them regard him for ever as an enemy.

The beautiful and virtuous Mariamne, who belonged to the Maccabees, the noblest of their families, he, in a cruel fit of jealousy, ordered to be put to death. Her brother, the youthful Aristobulus, who was High-priest, he caused to be drowned before his eyes in pretended sport. Her grandfather, the aged Hyrcanus, who had once saved the life of Herod, when threatened by [Pg 339] the Sanhedrin, he sent tottering to his death. Her mother, Alexandra, fell a victim to his frenzy, and her two sons,—Alexander and Aristobulus, when they were grown up, and had wives and children dependent upon them, he ordered to be strangled in prison, the chief crime of all these being, that they were justly esteemed and beloved by the Jews.

No wonder that his subjects liked him not, and that he sat uneasily upon his throne! No wonder that when the Wise Men came from the east to Jerusalem, saying, "Where is he that is born king of the Jews?" he trembled, for he knew well that should another aspirant to the crown appear, the Jews would only be too ready to take his part.

Insecure as he felt himself to be, he determined on finding out who this new king was, and taking immediate steps for ridding himself of him. So under pretence of desiring to do honour to the young child, he directed the Wise Men to make diligent search for the infant king, and then tell him where He was; that he also might go and worship Him. But in his heart he was anxious to

know where the Baby-king was only that he might send some secret assassin to take His life. He had done darker and more difficult deeds than that, and had put safely out of his path far more formidable enemies than a helpless babe. The Wise Men would soon come back, as they had promised, and then in less than a day the dreaded Child would have ceased to live, he would be able to breathe freely again, and unpopular as he was, he would still retain his crown.

But the Magi did not return. Overwhelmed with joy at having at last found the wondrous Babe, to which the strange star had guided them, they lay down to rest, intending, in the early morning, to set out again for Jerusalem. But the great Father above, who knew all the dark secrets of Herod's heart, warned them in a dream not to go back to him; and they returned to their own country by another way.

Herod waited and watched in his palace for the return of the Magi; and his secret executioner was at hand, ready to set out for Bethlehem at any moment. And when he found that they had discovered his hypocrisy and wicked intentions, and that his infamous design was thwarted, his rage knew no bounds; and he vowed to himself that the Child-King should not escape him, and that he would be fully avenged.

From the information received from the Wise Men, he concluded that it was within two years that the mysterious guiding star had first appeared. And a dark and terrible thought came into his wicked heart. If he could not tell which of the many babes in Bethlehem was the long-expected Messiah of the Jews, the great King, whose advent had been revealed in the far east by a bright orb of heaven, then he would kill all the little ones that were two years old and under; and the One that he feared would be sure to be slain amongst them.

To do the dark deed he hastily despatched some of his soldiers; and soon the peaceful pasture lands of Bethlehem, which had so lately resounded with the glad songs of angels with shining wings, rang with shrieks of frantic mothers. For the soldiers of the cruel king entered house after house, and snatching the innocent babes from their mothers' arms, ran them through with their glittering swords; and the bodies of the pretty little things that, but a few moments ago, were looking up with happy smiles into the loving faces that bent tenderly over them, were cruelly thrown on the ground, their red blood streaming along the floors.

Out of house after house the bereaved mothers, wild with grief, rushed into the streets, uttering piercing cries, smiting their breasts, throwing up their arms towards heaven, and calling down upon the committer of the atrocious crime the just vengeance of Him who hears the oppressed.

Never before had the quiet village sent up such cries of despair, or witnessed so cruel a scene! Who could look unmoved upon the poor mothers running frantically about the narrow streets, with wild tearless eyes, dishevelled hair, and, on their blanched faces, looks of terror, that told of the terrible blow that had been struck at their hearts' inmost core? Oh, it was terrible! Yet the ruthless king cared not. His hands were so deeply imbued with the noblest blood of Jerusalem, that the lives of a few tiny babes were nothing in his sight. While the broken-hearted mothers were wildly shrieking, he was rejoicing; assured that the one Child, whose life might perhaps have been something to him, was quieted for ever.

But his wicked design was nevertheless baffled. The great God above, who had foreseen all, had watched over His own Son, and the Holy Child was being borne safely along towards Egypt—that land where so many of his countrymen had found refuge in times of persecution, distress, or famine.

Probably the night before the massacre, whilst Joseph, the husband of Mary, was sleeping peacefully on his bed, a beautiful bright angel appeared to him in a dream, and warned him of the danger to which he was exposed at the hands of the troubled king.

"Arise, and take the young child and His mother," the heavenly visitant said to him, "and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word; for Herod will seek the young child to destroy Him." [Pg 340]

The face of the angel was beaming with love, and he had been sent on an errand of mercy. But how his words thrilled through the just and tenderhearted Joseph! Destroy his darling babe, that holy child whom God had given to his good wife to nurse and bring up for Him! Kill the little One about whom such great things had been said; at whose birth a whole sky full of angels had sung for joy; and before whom the Wise Men, who had been guided from the distant east by God Himself, had bowed in humble adoration. Never. "Man proposes; but God disposes." Man may try to hinder the great, purpose of God, by attempting to take the life of the one whom He would raise up to accomplish it. But God can never be baffled. And not all the plans that a thousand Herods, wicked as the one that sat on the throne, could form, could bring His word to nought.

Suddenly, Joseph awoke; and starting to his feet, thought over the dream. That it was sent from heaven he felt sure; and he must immediately obey it.

He must rouse the mother; and under cover of the darkness, they must set out at once. By the time that the bright sun lighted up the horizon it might be too late; for, even then, the dread messengers of the cruel king might be on their way.

Hastily he awoke Mary, telling her of the dream; and soon the God-fearing man was on the road to Egypt, with the loving mother and her precious child safe by his side.

The dark curtain of night had not yet been lifted from the earth; but they went fearlessly along,

trusting to the guidance of Him who had bidden them set out. And when the agonising shrieks of the mothers of Bethlehem rent the air and were re-echoed by the astonished hills, Joseph, with his precious charge, was far away. So, though the swords of Herod did a terrible work, they did not take that one life, to destroy which he had commanded the massacre.

Still, Joseph and Mary journeyed along and along, till, at last, the great Pyramids came in view, and they reached the farthest bank of the river of Egypt, and were safe.

There, it is said, they remained two years, living at Mataréëh, to the north-east of Cairo, till the angel of the Lord came again to Joseph, in a dream, to tell him of Herod's death, and bid him return to his own land.

Then away they went, back again to the Holy Land, which was to be the scene of Jesus' ministry, thinking as they went, how "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord," and rejoicing that no plan formed against His people shall prosper.

For even in their sleep He can warn them, by a dream, of the most secret machinations of their enemies.

H. D.

BIBLE EXERCISES FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

61. Which of the Psalms gives us a short history of Joseph?

62. Where does St. Paul enumerate the several appearances of Christ after His resurrection?

62. What restriction did Moses lay upon the Israelites with regard to their election of a king, on their settling in the land of Canaan?

64. Where are we assured that the Almighty is not ashamed to be called the God of those who have had faith in Him?

65. What women does St. Paul mention by name in his enumeration of people remarkable for faith?

66. Where is it said that drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags?

67. Where are we told that those who go into great passions shall suffer punishment?

68. Which of the Apostles speak of Jesus as the Shepherd of His people?

69. Which of the three Apostles who witnessed the Transfiguration afterwards refers to it in his writings?

70. Where do we find it said that every word of God is pure?

71. "Then shall come to pass that saying that is written, 'Death is swallowed up in victory.'" (1 Cor. xv. 54.) From which of the prophets does St. Paul quote these words?

72. What king of a heathen nation did God call His shepherd?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE EXERCISES (49-60.—*See p. 308*).

49. The Wise Men (St. Matt. ii. 1, 2).

50. In Eccles. vii. 19, ix. 13-18; Prov. xxi. 22.

51. Only St. Luke (St. Luke xxiii. 7).

52. Solomon (Prov. xviii. 21).

53. St. James (James iii. 2, 5).

54. The Epistle of St. James iv. 4.

55. In Rev. v. 9, 10.

56. In Prov. xxi. 23, xiii. 3.

57. On his rebuking Elymas the Sorcerer at Paphos (Acts xiii. 8-11).

58. At Gibeon (2 Chron. i. 3-6).

59. Of blue (Exod. xxviii. 36, 37).

60. It is shown in the words, "It is finished" (St. John xix. 30).

LITTLE BAB AND THE STORY-BOOK.

By the Author of "Clare Linton's Friend," "Mr. Burke's Nieces," &c.

WHO is this little girl, I wonder, comfortably seated, and with a great book before her, on which she looks with delight? Her hair is tidily brushed, and her nice white collar hangs over the edge of her dress. She is a sweet, pretty little girl, I think, and yet if I tell you the story of her day, and what had happened before she got that book, you will see that she is not so happy after all. Just hear what she was doing two or three hours before.

She stood at the window with a little white nose flattened against the glass, and two big sorrowful, indignant eyes staring out at them, as the merry party left the house. There was Uncle Jem, whom she *did* love, and whom she felt might have said a kind word for her; and Aunt Anastasia, who was that sort of a person that no one since she was born had ever thought of diminishing the five syllables by the use of any shorter name given in playfulness or love. No one, till that moment at least, had ever thought of calling her anything but Anastasia; but at that moment naughty Bab, with her little flattened nose and big mournful eyes, broke the spell by calling out, "Anasta-sia, indeed! Aunt Nasty, I think!"

Then there was her Cousin Robert, whom poor Bab honestly believed to be a much naughtier boy than she was a girl, and yet who generally managed to keep out of scrapes; and Selina, demure and well-mannered, but whom Bab's unruly, affectionate little heart had never been able to love; she was followed by Miss Strictham, the governess. And then there was Mr. Beresford, the kind, good-natured friend who was staying in the house; and Bab, just for a minute, felt that she would rather have died than that he should know she was in disgrace.

She watched them all go off under the bright blue sky, and then she turned round, and with her back to the window, faced the rather dingy, dull-looking schoolroom, and burst into a loud roar.

"HOLDING HER DRESS UP" (*p.* 344).

For Bab was only seven years old, and had not yet lost the first intensity of crying with which power every baby is born. She roared for two or three minutes, plenty of tears coming with the roar, after which she felt a good deal better.

"I'm such a little thing to be punished," she said to herself. "I don't think they ought to punish such a little thing as I am. I *must* be young when people live to be as old as grandpapa, with wrinkles over every scrap of his face, till it looks just like no face at all, only wrinkles."

Then Bab examined her little round, rosy, pleasant face in a mirror over the fireplace. [Pg 342]

"Not a single wrinkle," said she. "I must be *very* young; but if they punish me this way, I shall *get* wrinkles. I'm sure I shall, because I'm so *miserable*!"

I am afraid poor Bab often deserved to be punished. She was idle at her lessons and extremely saucy, and she was a quaint little thing, so that sometimes she seemed to be impertinent when she really did not intend it, though I must own that at other times she *did* intend it as much as any other young lady seven years old possibly could. On the present occasion, when her governess scolded her for her idleness, she said she had not been idle, but had been making a charade; and then she began dancing about the schoolroom, and jumping on tables and chairs, and all the time shouting loudly, "Selina, guess—this is the charade—guess, Selina, guess! My first is what nobody should be, my second is what everybody should eat, and my whole is—oh,—Strict-ham, Strict-ham. Why don't you guess, Selina? Oh, why don't you?"

Miss Strictham marched her off in dire disgrace. The picnickers would be absent four hours, and during that time Bab was not to quit the schoolroom. Maria, the housemaid, would bring her dinner, and nurse would look in on her now and then, but she was not to have the younger children with her. She was to be a solitary prisoner in solitary confinement, and she was on her parole. Her aunt made her promise not to leave the room, and having done so, was content, for, as she said to Uncle Jem in rather a complaining way, "It is a very odd thing that Bab never tells a falsehood or breaks her promise. Robert and Selina both do sometimes, and yet they are so much better children. Isn't it odd?"

Having enjoyed a good roar, and feeling wonderfully refreshed thereby—for Bab was too proud to have shed a tear in Aunt Anastasia's and Miss Strictham's presence—the poor little thing got hold of her lesson-books and prepared to learn a French verb, some questions and answers in English history, and to do a sum in compound addition, and write a copy.

"As if it mattered to such a little thing as I am whether King John was a good man or a bad one, or what sort of a thing Magna Charta was!" said she, reproachfully, to her book; "as if it mattered to *any*body, indeed, when it was such an extremely long time ago! Eleven hundred and ninety-

nine he came to the throne; and who'd care if he had never been born or never come to the throne? And *we're* not barons, and *we've* not got Magna Charta; and it's all nothing at all, but a great pity it ever happened, for if it hadn't happened, poor little children living hundreds and hundreds of years afterwards would not be troubled about it. I call it rubbish!" and with the word rubbish she tossed the little book up, and down it came with a broken back.

Bab picked it up and held it with one corner. When she saw the melancholy scrambling way in which the cover and the pages hung, she went off into irresistible shouts of laughter—for Bab's laugh was as loud and as hearty as her cry. Then she did her sums and wrote her copy, and after that Maria brought in her dinner.

Bab clapped her hands for joy when she saw what the tray contained, and then she began her dinner.

But now the lessons were over, the dinner was finished, and what was poor little Bab to do for the rest of the time?

She went round the room, casting out first her right hand and then her left, touching thus in turn everything in the apartment, but there was nothing more interesting than a pen-wiper, a schoolroom inkstand, or a grammar, so she called out "No, no, no" to everything, and then all of a sudden down came her hand on a big book with scarlet and white binding, and she gave a loud scream, a pirouet, and then said "Yes!"

Yes; I should think so. Why, it was Mr. Beresford's fairy book—the beautiful book he was showing them last night.

Then she seized on the precious book, brought it over with quite a struggle to the school desk, opened it there, and with elbows on table and cheeks on hands, gave herself over to perfect enjoyment. And so it was that we saw Miss Bab when our story began, sitting before the great book enjoying herself.

Such beautiful, lovely pictures went round every page, with a little verse set down right in the middle of the pictures. Fairies gorgeously coloured, all twining together or mixing themselves up with butterflies till you scarcely knew which was which, and not one bit of white paper to be seen through or mid the brilliant creatures—actually a wide border of fairies and butterflies, and nothing else, and the verse in the middle was also in illuminated letters.

In her eagerness, hanging over the book to read it, Bab happened to lean on the end of a pen standing up in art inkstand. She was too much interested to know what it was, but it came spluttering out, and a little speck of ink splashed on the white paper beyond the border.

"Oh, oh!" cried excited Bab; "is it not like some little bad fairy running along to hurt them?"

It was very hot, and Bab's eyes shut after she had said that, and when she opened them again she [Pg 343] forgot the bad fairy, she was so shocked to see the splash of ink on the paper. And then she felt the sun warmer and warmer, and she shut her eyes once more.

"Look again," said a very little voice, but very sweet, oh, so sweet!

So she did look again. She saw all the beautiful painted fairies and butterflies had risen up alive from the page, and were dancing and gliding round and round it, never passing off the border to the outside or the inside. It was a lovely sight to see, and little Bab laughed and clapped her hands. Then a very grand and proud-looking fairy slipped out of the dance, and stationed herself in front, where she could take a good look at Bab.

"Little girl, why did you do that?" said the fairy, severely.

"Oh, what, please?" Bab was a brave child, but she did feel a little shaky and nohow just then.

"Brought the bad fairy Blackamè to creep in among us and eat up our butterflies."

And had Bab really the power to bring a fairy Blackamè over there when she thought it was only a splash of ink? And she looked with a sort of terror on the bad fairy Blackamè when she thought she had brought her, and could not send her away.

"Oh, fairy, fairy!" she cried, "do forgive me. But can that wretched little black splashy thing—for you really *can't* call it a splash—eat your butterflies when there are so many of you to fight for them, and they've got heaps and heaps of wings to fly away with?"

"But how can we manage that?" replied the fairy, sharply, "when we are too timid to fight and the butterflies are too brave to fly away."

"Well, that *is* inconvenient," sighed Bab; "but don't you think, since the butterflies are so brave—how I do like them for being so brave!—don't you think they might fight a little?"

"Butterflies fight!" screamed the fairy. "Were butterflies ever seen to fight since the first butterfly? What will you say next? I think you are a very disagreeable little girl. First you bring down Blackamè, and then you want to set all our dear pretty butterflies fighting."

"It was you who said they were so brave," murmured Bab, half penitent and half injured.

"And pray, is there any reason why I should not be permitted to say that butterflies are brave?" asked the fairy, with a sort of deadly politeness.

"And so much as I used to long to see a fairy!" sighed Bab to herself; "and now I really wish she would go away.

"What are you prepared to do about Blackamè?—tell me," demanded the fairy, suddenly.

She made Bab jump, but Bab did not mind that; she was a straightforward child, and liked to go direct at a thing. She reflected, and then she faced the difficulty she had got into bravely, and replied in a grave, resolute way, "Anything you wish."

The fairy looked at her. "Why couldn't you say so before?" she said, very sharply. "It would have saved all this trouble."

Again Bab felt that it was not fair—she thought the fairy was unfairer even than Selina; *but* she was a fairy, and besides that, Bab *had* brought Blackamè down upon them; so she said instantly, not meekly and humbly; for that was not her way—but in a resolute, hearty manner, that gave one confidence to see—"Just tell me, and I'll do it."

"*I'll* tell you," said the fairy quite good-naturedly, "and *you'll* do it. That's quite fair. Well now, the thing to do is this: go out in the evening with a long pole, and knock up high into the branches of the trees, and glance up and down, holding your dress out, and singing:—

'I'm the girl that brought him in,
  Blackamè! What a rout!
Little birds that cannot sin.
  Drive the wretched fellow out,
    Blackamè;'

And then you'll see——" but what she was to see Bab never knew; something touched her, and then rushed with headlong sound through the window. The fairy was gone, and, stranger still, the bright beautiful book, with its butterflies and fairies, was gone too.

She looked lazily round her, and, to her surprise, saw Selina standing at the other end of the table.

"Why are you home so early?"

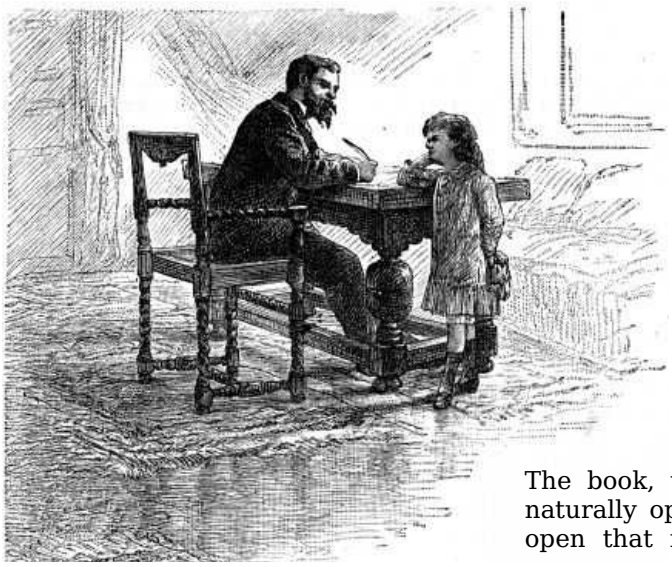
"Home so early! It's half-past five, if you please. Why, you lazy little thing, you've been asleep all the time!"

Bab looked at the clock on the mantel-piece, and saw it was a quarter to six. *How* quickly the time passes when you are with fairies! She knew she had not been asleep, because she knew she had had the visit from the fairy, and she was so anxious to know what would happen next. About seven o'clock she thought she might go out with a long pole to the tree; and she supposed the fairies had put the book somewhere, till the birds should come and drive Blackamè out of it, and she hoped very much Mr. Beresford would not miss his beautiful book till then, when it would be clear from the black splotch which she now knew was not Blackamè.

"Where is Robert?" asked Miss Selina. "He dashed out of the carriage and through here, and he must have gone out by the window. And you *must* have been asleep, or you would have heard him." [Pg 344]

Bab remembered the sound of the rush through the window, and she saw now a spill of ink just by the place where the book had been. But Robert could not have been there, because she was talking to the fairy at the very time, and she must have noticed him, and felt him greatly in the way.

When it was past seven o'clock, Bab slipped away, and took Mr. Beresford's alpenstock out of the stand in the hall, and beat about the branches of the elms and horse-chestnuts, and danced and sang, holding her dress up, and did everything exactly as the fairy had told her to do, and as you will see her doing in the picture.



But she had not been dancing and singing (Bab often recalled the scene, when she was older, with pleasure) more than about twenty minutes before Aunt Anastasia put her head out of the window, and told her to come in.

It was *much* pleasanter to be dancing for the fairies up and down, with outstretched frock, than to go into the house and find Blackamè still on the page, and have to confess she brought him there, and be in disgrace for it.

Mr. Beresford held out a kind hand to her, and drew her to his side.

The book, when Mr. Beresford took it in his hands, naturally opened at the page where it had been lying open that morning so long, and there were all the

"SHE STOOD BY HIM."

fairies and butterflies lying flat and beautiful, and the verses in the middle of the page. But there, instead of Blackamè, were five or six Blackamès perhaps, intertwining together like the fairies and the butterflies, but bearing to mortal eyes nothing but the appearance of a thick smudge of ink.

"Oh, I didn't do that!" cried poor little Bab, and burst into tears.

"Who did, then?" inquired Mr. Beresford, quickly.

"Why, I saw Robert with the book in the hall soon after we came home," cried Selina, on impulse.

"Did you do it, Robert?" asked Mr. Beresford.

"Why does she say she didn't do it, and begin to blubber?" cried Robert, politely designating Bab over his shoulder. "Wasn't she left at home? Who could do it but she?"

"Because I *saw* you do it," replied Mr. Beresford, and Robert's white face became scarlet—the mean little fellow as he stood there before them, who had committed a fault, and then tried to lay the blame on a girl. "Bab was lying back in her chair fast asleep, and with bright smiles on her face, that showed that she was having happy dreams, when in you ran, jumped over desk, book, and all; threw a little of the ink across the page by a kick with your foot, then looking with dismay at your work, tucked the book under your arm, and jumped through the window with it."

Robert blubbered at this. "I wanted to take the ink out."

"You have been a very bad boy," said his father. "You deserve a flogging, and shall have it. I am very much grieved about your book, Beresford."

Robert almost screamed.

"I think more of his laying the fault on this little girl," replied Mr. Beresford, his hand among Bab's curls, "than of the book."

Bab sidled up to him. He sat at the table looking so kindly at her, and she stood by him, her elbow on it, and with her pretty modest eyes fixed on him. "But it doesn't seem quite as if he did that, does it?" she asked; "he took the book away to make it well. If he had left it with me, *everybody* would have believed I did it, and he knew that quite well."

A HELPING HAND. (*p.* 345).

"No, he had not laid a plot, but at the moment he put the blame on you." [Pg 345]

"That was because he is such a coward. Pray, he couldn't help it; he was too frightened. You were too frightened, weren't you, Robert? You *are* such a coward!" Bab said plainly.

Robert, still crying, she made his excuses.

"And I am very sorry. I'd quite forgotten; but I did it too."

Mr. Beresford smiled.

"Did what, little Bab?"

"Ah, perhaps you'll be angry, and I shall be so *very* sorry; but I must tell. I did it too."

She sidled up a little nearer, and looked gently at him.

"Did what too?"

"I spurted a little—leetle ink by a spluttering pen, and it was a bad fairy called Blackamè; and another fairy was just telling me how to set it right, when Robert must have rushed in and did it all; but if I hadn't put the book *on* the desk *near* the ink, nothing would have happened, and Robert would be happy. Oh, please, Uncle Jem, don't flog Robert."

"Very well; you are a good little thing, Bab. Go to bed this moment, sir; perhaps I may let you off, as your cousin is so kind."

Robert left the room, and his father followed to at least give him a good scolding. Bab was left alone with Mr. Beresford. She stood near him, with a wistful expression about both her face and her figure.

"Will it spoil the book? And it has all happened because I was naughty and couldn't be taken. I think they had better take me next time, Mr. Beresford, whatever I've done;" and a humorous look sparkled into Bab's eyes.

"And the fairies came and talked to you? But do you know it was not really a fairy, Bab? You were fast asleep, for I saw you myself; you must have been dreaming."

"Oh dear! And was not it a fairy? then it was just a common dance I had under the tree. But do you know I'm not quite sorry, for she was not half as nice as fairies are; and that was not really a Blackamè, was it? Well, I'm sorry I could call up a bad fairy, only I do wish I had really been dancing for birds."

"I wish you were not so often in disgrace, little Bab."

"So do I; but I don't *think* I shall be next year. Father and mother are coming home then from the Mauritius, and I shall be an own little girl again."

Mr. Beresford kissed Bab affectionately when she said that, but Bab did not know why he kissed her.

A HELPING HAND.

FRANK'S road to school leads over ways
Where yet no trains approach,
And past the Yellow Dragon Inn,
Where stops the Dirleton coach:
Here the old horses, Duke and Ned,
Are daily watered, changed, and fed.

Frank knows them well, and one hot day,
As whistling home he sped,
He saw the patched old feeding-bag
That hung at Neddy's head
Fell too far down—Ned vainly tried
To reach the yellow corn inside.

No one was near—Ned tossed his head,
And strove, but still in vain,
Hungry as any horse might be,
To seize the tempting grain;
Frank checked his headlong homeward course,
And then approached the wearied horse.

With quick light hands he raised the bag,
And made the strappings tight;
Ned hid his nose among the corn,
And softly neighed delight.
For Frank it was sufficient prize
To read his thanks in Ned's bright eyes.

ROBERT RICHARDSON.

SOME FAMOUS RAILWAY TRAINS AND THEIR STORY.

***By* HENRY FRITH.**

IV.—THE CONTINENTAL MAIL AND "TIDAL" TRAINS.

WE have to travel in two important trains now, and within twenty-four hours will make two trips, the one by night, the other by day. Hitherto, we have been standing with our drivers in full daylight, looking at the pleasant country, and thinking of many historical events as we pass. Now we have to mount our engine at night, and go all the way to Dover without stopping.

We will start from Cannon Street this time, at ten minutes past eight p.m. We could go at a quarter to eight or ten o'clock in the morning, but it will be quite a new experience for us to travel on an engine by night, and return from Folkestone, on another occasion, by daylight and see the country as we fly along. Now let us start.

What a short train! Yes, it is, but then the Charing Cross portion with the West-end passengers has not yet arrived. Before it comes in we shall draw out to the bridge and back down upon the newly-arrived carriages. Then the train will be complete, and we shall start punctually as possible with "Her Majesty's Mails." Oh, what bags and sacks and vans full of letters have been, and are being, thrown into the mail-train! How roughly our poor little letters seem to be treated; tumbled out on the ground, tossed into the carriage which seems already full, and then hurriedly untied and sorted, by quick-fingered clerks, into the various pigeon-holes, and tied up in the local bags, to be dropped, perhaps, as the train flies past the various stations.

But the engine is waiting. We must turn away from the well-lighted sorting-van, bright even in the gleam of the electric light, which illuminates the great echoing station with its winking glare. On a platform just outside are numerous arms and signals—one arm is lowered; then another. The Charing-Cross portion of the mail is in now. It is thirteen minutes past eight p.m.—no doubt the "official" time for starting—and with a shriek we pass from the brilliant station to the darkness of the river.

The Thames flows sullenly down in the lamplight, swirling under the piers of the railway, and shimmering under the lights of London Bridge as we curve round above Tooley Street; but we do not stop at London Bridge Station on this occasion. We peep through the glasses in the weatherboard and see such a number of red and green signals, that it reminds us of the Crystal Palace devices in lamps, and even as we look some turn green (is it with envy at our speed?) or red (is it with anger at our passing on without saying good-night?) but our engine-driver, who never moves his head or speaks to us, looks in front—we are nearly in darkness now—and we look about us.

We feel warm about the feet and knees—the wind whistles around our waist. We stand near the fireman, looking through his glass, and near a hand-lamp, which shines on a water-gauge glass to tell the driver when the boiler needs replenishing. We rush past Bermondsey all lighted up, and we see in the distance blazing chimneys, down Deptford way, and red lights on the Brighton Railway rushing at us in the air, and white and green lights of engines rushing at us on the rails. We overtake and pass a train whose passengers look nice and warm, and one little boy is flattening his nose against the window, to see us pass, and no doubt thinks *his* train a very slow one, and *his* engine-driver a "muff," for being beaten in the "race."

So we leave the ancient "Beormund's Eye" where many hundred years ago was an abbey, and where now are tanneries and many trades with accompanying and peculiar odours. Away we go in a direct line over the Surrey Canal—the river and the ships we cannot see. We get a glimpse of the lighted Crystal Palace and rush into Chislehurst, where the late Emperor of the French and his son lie buried.

Puffing up hill as if it were short of breath the engine goes, and is suddenly swallowed up in a great tunnel! Oh, the roaring, the clattering, the clamp, clamp, clamp, the "dickery-dickery-dock" tune which the wheels play upon the metals and chairs and joints of the line! Suddenly we are out again under a starry sky; all the mist and fog and smoke are gone. The light which surrounded us in the tunnel, the flickering gleam which shone on us from roof and walls, is as suddenly

dispersed and hangs now overhead in the white curling steam, as the fireman opens the furnace door, and the gleam dashes along with us like a halo.

From Sevenoaks our speed increases; the driver slackens off the steam, but we rush on faster and faster. Through another long tunnel, then into the open air round a curve, flying along an embankment until we think we *must* go over it. Rush, roar, and rattle! Speed slackens, bump, [Pg 347] thump, whizz, a long whistle; green and red lights above and below, a big station, engines beside us, people like phantoms on the platforms, crash, bang! Tunbridge is passed, and we are running on level ground, in a straight line for full twenty miles, to Ashford. Ah, we can breathe again now. It *did* seem rather alarming just then.

So on we go towards Folkestone and Dover. Now the salt-laden breeze tells us we are near our destination. The sorting-clerks work harder and faster. The Continental mail-bags, Indian mail-bags, Mediterranean and China mail-bags, all are ready for transmission to the steamer. Into the tunnel through the

> "... Cliff, whose high and bending head
> Looks fearfully on the confined deep"—

known as the Shakespeare cliff, in consequence of that description in "King Lear."

We quickly reach Dover, so well known as the resting-place of Queen Elizabeth's "Pocket Pistol," twenty-four feet long, on which is the legend—

> "Load me well and keep me clean
> And I'll carry a ball to Calais Green."

The train glides down the pier, the carriage-doors are opened, mail-bags and muffled travellers are hurried on board. The lights are extinguished, the engine retreats into the darkness, then we jump off and go to bed.

Next time we meet our engine it is waiting for the Tidal train at Folkestone. This train starts from Charing Cross and from Paris daily, each way, at hours when the Channel passage can be accomplished at or near high water. We shall soon have a still faster service, and eight hours between London and Paris will be the usual time.

The run up to London need not be dwelt upon. The pace is not excessive, but punctuality is well observed, and the train runs in safety. We remember one bad accident, though, to the Tidal train.

It was at Staplehurst in 1865. The Whitsuntide series of accidents which disfigured that holiday season was closed by the terrible catastrophe that happened to the Tidal train on its way from Folkestone to London. This train is an erratic one. It travels at different hours each week, and changes daily. On the 9th June in that year (1865), the railway near Staplehurst was under repair. The men were working, and had taken up two rails when the Tidal train was seen approaching.

The foreman had mistaken the time. There was no chance of avoiding an accident. The express came dashing into the gap, and eight carriages were flung over a bridge into a little stream beneath. The engine and the tender jumped the vacant space of rail, and ran into the hedge, but the carriages toppled over, leaving only two of them on the line at the back, and the engine and luggage vans in front. So the eight other carriages hung down and crushed into each other. Ten persons were killed and many injured.

In the train was the late Charles Dickens, who was travelling to London. He had with him the MS. (or proofs) of a tale he was then engaged upon, and in the preface to the work he mentioned the occurrence. He was most useful to the injured passengers, and with other gentlemen exerted himself greatly to alleviate their sufferings. We need not dwell upon the painful scene of the accident, which created quite a sensation, as it occurred to the Continental express, by which so many holiday-makers travel.

We have not mentioned many accidents in the few papers we have put before you, for there is a sameness in them unfortunately; but we remember one terrible accident which occurred in consequence of a little boy playing on an engine, which ran away and caused a bad collision by dashing into a train which it overtook in its wild race.

Perhaps you little readers of Little Folks are not aware that boys begin at a very early age to learn the mysteries of the locomotive engine. These lads are "cleaners" first, and have to rub up the bright parts of the engines, and clear out the fire-boxes. Accidents have happened to the lads, even boys have been killed by going to sleep in the fire-boxes, and when the fire was lighted next morning they have been suffocated. The engine-driver expects his fire lighted and steam got up for him when he comes down to the engine-shed, or "stable." You may, perhaps, have noticed the round houses near the railway—say at York Road, Battersea—those are the engine-"stables." Every engine is placed in its "stall," so that its chimney is just under an opening, or flue. It is also over a "pit," so that the fire can be raked out, or the working examined from underneath before the engine goes into the station next day to take the train away to the seaside, or to carry you to school, or home for the holidays. The engine-driver or the fireman examines the rods, cranks, and all the different joints, nuts, and screws; oiling or "packing," "easing off," or "tightening up" the various parts, so that the machinery may run easily and without heating. One tiny bit of grit may wreck a train.

But our allotted space is now filled, and will not permit us to tell you more concerning engine-boys. So we must say "good-bye" to you all.

"FATHER'S COMING!"

[Pg 348]

Ah, Father is coming!
Through all the long day
We thought of him often,
When he was away;
We knew he was working
While we were at play.

He'll be tired, I think;
I have set him a chair
In his own cosy corner—
He likes to sit there—
And we'll bring him his slippers,
His old favourite pair.

I think it's the nicest
To watch at the gate;
And Dolly sits by us
While thus we all wait.
He'll be here very soon—
It's so seldom he's late.

See, Baby knows too
Who is coming to-night;
She is crowing, and clapping
Her hands with delight!
There's his footstep at last!
Oh, hurrah! he's in sight.

THEIR ROAD TO FORTUNE.

THE STORY OF TWO BROTHERS.

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

CHAPTER XVI.—"THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY."

"Tell me everything, Aunt Amy," Bertie said, as soon as he could find a voice. "When did it happen? Was it an accident? Oh! why didn't you send for me sooner?"

"It was very sudden, darling," Mrs. Clair replied. "I telegraphed for you at once, for your uncle wished it, and asked for you as long as he was conscious. But the doctor said from the first that there was no hope, and even wondered how he had lived so long. I fancy your uncle knew from the first that the attack would be fatal whenever it came. Do you know why he asked for you so often, Bertie?"

"No, aunt, except that he always loved me, and was very, very good to me."

"Yes, dear, and he trusted you too; almost his last words were, 'Tell Bertie he must take care of you and Agnes: he must be the "head of the family" now!' Uncle Harry's death will make a great difference to us, dear."

"I'm so glad he said that, Aunt Amy; and *I will* take care of you all," his glance including even Eddie, who sat silent in a corner. "It was good of him to trust me!" and then the remembrance of his other uncle's want of confidence and harshness rushed back on Bertie, and he sobbed bitterly. Aunt Amy made him sit beside her, and comforted him tenderly till his sobs ceased, and then listened with patient, loving sympathy to all his troubles, which Eddie now confided in her.

"Do you think I did very wrong, Aunt Amy? do you think Uncle Gregory should have been so unkind?" he asked, looking at her wistfully.

"I think, dear, that you behaved very well indeed, under the circumstances. Of course, if you could have asked permission it might have been better, but then you would have missed the owner of the bag. What troubles me most is your having slept on the damp grass. I fear you have caught cold."

"Not much, auntie; my throat is a little sore, but it'll be all right again presently. When I wanted

to see you so badly yesterday, I did not dream I should be here to-day, and find you all so sad. I was only selfishly thinking of my own trouble, and what a poor, pitiful affair it seems, compared to yours. Oh! auntie, how good and patient you are!"

"No, no, Bertie, I'm very far from good, and not nearly so patient as you think; but as we grow older, dear, we learn to suffer in silence, and some griefs are too deep for words or tears. If we had only our own strength to support us, how could we endure such sudden incurable losses as mine?"

Bertie was silent for a few moments, then he stood up, and laid both his hands on his aunt's shoulders and looked earnestly at her.

"I will take care of you; I will remember every word dear Uncle Harry said. Can I begin now? Can I do anything at all, Aunt Amy, this very day?"

[Pg 349]

'FATHER'S COMING.' (*See p.* 348.)

[Pg 350]

"No, dear, except to lie down and rest, and get rid of your cold. I have thought of nothing yet, except to telegraph for Nancy to come down and take the children home, and to Mr. Williams. I have not another friend in the world now, Bertie. We poor Rivers's are left to ourselves!"

"You forget Mr. Murray," Bertie said. "You can't think how kind and generous he is; he will help us in every way; and surely Uncle Gregory will come!"

"I fear not, dear. Uncle Gregory and Uncle Harry were not related, and never very intimate; but indeed, there is nothing any one can do for us. Besides, Uncle Harry's wishes are very plain; his will is not a dozen lines," and Mrs Clair sighed deeply. She knew her husband had died poor—not worth a couple of hundred pounds, perhaps—but she did not know of the many small debts contracted through thoughtlessness, and left unpaid through carelessness, or she would have been still more anxious about the future. It was the sudden feeling of loneliness and desolation, the sudden sense of responsibility and helplessness combined, that seemed almost to stupefy her.

The worst of that first day of her bereavement was that she had nothing to do: strangers performed all needful offices; but it was a comfort to pet and nurse Bertie, because they had all been left in his care—a circumstance Eddie bitterly resented, though he was quite silent on the subject. Though reluctant to lie down, Bertie had not been many minutes on the sofa before he was sound asleep, and when he awoke, he found Nancy, the old housekeeper from Fitzroy Square, had arrived, and was busy making preparations for their departure. Aunt Amy was with her, and just at that moment Mr. Murray entered the room, holding a telegram in his hand, and looking very much excited. As soon as she heard his voice, Mrs. Clair came in, looking very pale, but quite composed. After a few inquiries about Bertie, he placed the message in her hand, and as she read it she smiled sadly.

"Just what I thought, Mr. Murray. Why should Mr. Gregory trouble himself about us in our affliction? Because his sister married my brother gives me no claim on him," she said gently.

"Perhaps not; but sorrow, friendlessness, death, give you a claim on every man who deserves the name. I'm disappointed in Gregory, and I'll take an early opportunity of telling him so."

"I can scarcely blame him, Mr. Murray, when my husband's oldest and dearest friend fails me now; but he says if I let him know when the funeral takes place he will try to attend."

"Very kind and truly considerate of him," Mr. Murray cried, scornfully. "Will you be so good as to tell me the name of this true old friend?"

"It cannot matter much to you, Mr. Murray; but he's called Arthur Williams, a well-known sculptor."

"Hum! I'll see if I can't give him a famous order some day, selfish fellow!" he added, in an undertone. "And now, dear Mrs. Clair, may I ask what you are going to do?"

"I do not know; I have not thought yet. I am so sorely disappointed."

"Then allow me to think for you," Mr. Murray interrupted; "but first answer me one or two painful questions. Did your husband leave a will, or express any wishes?"

Mrs. Clair handed him the half-sheet of note-paper, and he read it twice carefully, then placed it in his pocket-book. "Simple and complete, Mrs. Clair, your husband must have had a great capacity for business. Is there anything else?"

"Nothing, except that he left us all to the care of Bertie. He's to be 'head of the family,' poor child;" and Aunt Amy stroked his hair tenderly. "My husband had great faith in Bertie."

"Perhaps he was right: we shall see some day. Now I suggest that you go up to town this evening, and take those two children with you. Bertie and I will follow by the first train to-morrow morning. We will go direct to Fitzroy Square, and I'll give all necessary instructions for the funeral. Mr. Clair was a gentleman and an artist, and must go to his long rest as such. After that you may tell me as much or as little of your circumstances as you please; but always remember that I am able and willing to help you."

And then Mr. Murray hurried away, and Bertie began his duties as "head of the family" by telegraphing to Fitzroy Square to have fires lighted in the rooms; but even in that Mr. Murray, who seemed to think of everything, had been beforehand with him.

CHAPTER XVII.—PROBATION.

"I AM so glad you have called, Mr. Murray. I do so want a long chat with you," Mrs. Clair said one day, about a month after her husband's death. "You have been such a kind friend, that I feel I may ask your advice."

"And I'll be very glad to give it, if you will only follow it. What's the matter now?"

"First of all, I'm unhappy about Bertie; he is worked very hard, and I am afraid his uncle is not very kind to him; I am grieved to see how thin and pale he has grown. Then Mr. Gregory declares Eddie must do something for himself, and suggests his entering a timber-merchant's office, as there is no money to continue his artistic education. Of course, my husband did everything for [Pg 351] Eddie; and if there is any income from Riversdale after paying the mortgages, he never heard anything of it. I ventured to ask Mr. Gregory if he would pay for Eddie's classes, and I'm sorry to say he refused, and declares that the lad must work like other people. It will break poor Eddie's heart to go into that timber place."

"Oh no, Mrs. Clair; boys' hearts are tough things. Is that all your trouble?"

"No, indeed. I am perplexed about myself; this house is far too large for me, and far too expensive. My husband was always a poor man: that is, he lived up to his income; and his health was such that he could not insure his life. A few hundred pounds and the lease and furniture of this house were all he left; but every day I find bills unpaid, many of them long-standing accounts, and my stock of money is diminishing rapidly. I think I should have an auction, dispose of the lease if I could, and go into cheap lodgings with Agnes and Eddie; but I fear I shall not be able to pay for his classes and colours. Can you suggest anything for me to do?"

"No; I think your ideas are very sensible. But would it not be better to try to let this house furnished? I fancy I can find you a tenant, and then you will have a certain, even if small, income. Then if both boys are willing to work they will bring you in something every week."

"But, Mr. Murray, Eddie is to have no salary for three years, and Bertie must remain with his Uncle Gregory," Mrs. Clair said, sadly. "Oh, how I wish he could come and live with me! he is a dear boy!"

"Yes, yes; a good straight up-and-down lad, with plenty of backbone, though his uncle does not quite understand him. However, I think Eddie should do something at once, though I don't entirely approve of the timber-yard; still, anything for a beginning. Now, Mrs. Clair, when would you like to leave here?"

"As soon as possible; every day only lessens our little fund."

"I think I know a person who would take this house, if he could get it at once. This is Wednesday; could you manage to leave if I found you suitable lodgings by next Monday?"

"Quite easily, Mr. Murray; but are you sure you can let it? I do not want the house to remain on your hands."

"Never mind that. In the name of a person I know intimately, I offer you £180 a year for it: and it's cheap too. Of course there are a great many things you can take away with you, such as plate, linen, pictures: they will make your lodgings more comfortable."

"But the person who takes the house?"

"Has a great many things of his own—unconsidered trifles—that he must find room for. It's a great comfort to give advice to a reasonable person who is willing to follow it. As for the boys, don't worry about them. Just as soon as you are settled, I'll have a talk with Eddie, and then go and see Mr. Gregory."

Mr. Murray was no half-hearted friend; when he undertook to do a thing, it was done well and promptly, so that before a week from her first mentioning the matter Mrs. Clair was settled in very pleasant lodgings not far from Hampstead Heath.

The rooms seemed very small at first, but they soon became used to that, and the garden, with its prim walks, edged on either side with old-fashioned autumn flowers, was delightful. Even Eddie looked happier, and Agnes declared Hampstead was nearly as good as Brighton. When Bertie came to see them, he could hardly keep from crying, it was all so cosy, pretty, and homelike, compared with the gloomy grandeur of Gore House; and, worst of all, his uncle was becoming more exacting and severe every day. The secret of Mr. Gregory's unkindness to Bertie was the open interest taken in him by Mr. Murray, who, in spite of many hints, refused to have anything to do with Dick Gregory, and told his father plainly that the boy had no taste or capacity for business. Poor Bertie had to suffer for that disappointment: he was scolded, overworked, reproved, but he bore it all patiently; never complained, never answered, but he was plainly unhappy. And Eddie was a worry to him too: he should be working for himself and Aunt Amy, instead of being a burden to them. As "head of the family," he said so, and even went so far as to say he thought Riversdale now a secondary consideration, and his own savings in future would not go to the bank, but to buy little delicacies for his aunt and cousin. When he heard about the timber-yard, he said at once that Eddie should accept the situation. "One office is just like another, Eddie," he cried; "tea or timber, what does it matter? one has to go through the same routine to begin with. Besides, we must do something to help Aunt Amy."

So Eddie agreed to accept Uncle Gregory's proposal.

"Bravo, Eddie, old fellow! I knew when it came to the point that you would act rightly and generously," Bertie cried earnestly. "And if we're both very saving, you may still be able to have classes in the evening, and when I get a little rich you shall return to your painting; but we must both put our shoulders to the wheel now, old boy, and be as saving as ever we can." [Pg 352]

"I've nothing to save," Eddie replied. "I've no salary for three years. Still, I'll write to Uncle Gregory to-night: the sooner I begin the better."

"THEY ARRIVED AT THE HALL DOOR" (*p.* 355).

No one knew what an effort it cost Eddie to give in; still, in spite of his pride and vanity, he was a right-hearted, independent lad at heart, and the idea of being a burden to Aunt Amy was simply intolerable. When Mr. Murray heard of his resolution, he puckered up his eyebrows, and talked to himself for fully five minutes, then he patted Eddie on the shoulder, and said he was glad he had sufficient real pride to enable him to put his false pride in his pocket, and declared that he would never lose his self-respect and the respect of others by honest hard work. "But work for three years you *shall* not!" he cried, suddenly. "They must give you a small salary to begin with." So Eddie, the lofty, the haughty, the often intolerant Eddie, went to the timber-yard with a tolerably good grace, and when, at the end of the first week, he placed his earnings in Aunt Amy's hands, he felt positively happy. Very soon after, owing to the kind intervention of Mr. Murray, Bertie got permission to live with Aunt Amy, his uncle paying ten shillings a week extra for his board and lodgings, so that in all he had a pound, and it seemed quite a large sum of money. Of course he had a long way to go to the City; but what of that, when loving hands waved him an adieu from the window? What did any extra amount of labour matter now that the stiff formal dinners, and the terribly chilling evenings in the library at Gore House were at an end for ever. [Pg 353]

Mr. Murray often paid a visit to the little cottage at Hampstead, and whenever he came he was always warmly welcomed, both by Agnes and Mrs. Clair.

The tenant of the house in Fitzroy Square was behaving very well indeed: the rent would be ready by quarter-day, and there were several things in the house that he would be pleased if Mrs. Clair could take away: the piano, for instance; he would consider it a real kindness if she could remove that, he had no use whatever for it, and had a case of rare butterflies that would stand very comfortably in its place. So the instrument arrived one day at the lodgings, and gave the children more enjoyment than anything else, for the evenings were drawing in, and it was too dark for a run on the Heath after the boys returned from the City.

They all sang and played by instinct, and Aunt Amy gave them a lesson each every evening, and as the evenings became longer, and winter crept towards them with "stealthy steps and slow," they settled down to a regular course of study.

Bertie devoted most of his time to music; Eddie to reading up his French and German—for he found both those languages would be very useful to him in the City; while Agnes was busy over her drawing-board, tracing designs for Christmas and Easter cards. She declared she was not going to be the only drone in the hive, and bade fair to be successful later on, for two of her little cards had already been accepted by a great City publishing firm. When Mr. Murray dropped in of an evening he used to have a long look from one to the other of their cheerful, contented faces, and then he would have a little private conversation with himself in a corner.

"They're too happy," he would mutter, "too content, too well occupied. Good fortune would only spoil them now. I'll wait and watch a little longer; and yet, people who bear poverty with such equanimity should bear the accession of riches with humility; still, I'll wait a little. My old friend's children are bearing their probation bravely." For to Mr. Murray Mrs. Clair's income seemed

absolute poverty: he paid some of his own servants nearly as much; and the great City merchant was learning, for the first time, that it is not the actual amount of income one has, but the way it's spent, that constitutes poverty and wealth.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE FORTUNE FOUND.

MR. GREGORY did not consent to Bertie Rivers leaving Gore House with a very good grace, and he bitterly resented the interest Mr. Murray took in both boys. He wished to keep them entirely under his own control—as, indeed, he had the power to do, being their sole guardian since Mr. Clair's death; but, on the other hand, he was not in a position to refuse Mr. Murray a trifling favour, as he had just begged a very heavy one from him. Things had been going on very badly in Mincing Lane for some time, and Mr. Gregory had been peculiarly unfortunate in his business transactions: he kept on losing large sums of money without in the least retrenching his expenditure, and at length it became painfully clear, even to himself, that nothing short of a large sum of ready money could save him from failure and disgrace and ruin, and that there was only one man in London who could and would assist him—for Mr. Gregory was more respected than liked by his brother merchants. Mr. Murray was willing to do all that he wanted, on certain conditions. First of all, he wished Mr. Gregory to give up the guardianship of Eddie and Bertie Rivers, and that their uncle willingly consented to, for he feared that when Eddie came of age there might be some awkward questions to answer about the management—or rather, mismanagement—of the property, if he were called to give an account of his stewardship. Then Mr. Gregory, Mr. Murray said, was too extravagant: he should curtail his expenses, and live according to his income: cut down his establishment, and put the boys to some profession or work of some sort, for he declared he had no intention that his honestly and hard-earned money should be squandered in unnecessary luxury. Mr. Gregory agreed to all Mr. Murray's conditions, and at the time meant fully to perform his promises, but the immediate pressure of his difficulties being removed, he went on in much the same way, and Mr. Murray, who was observing closely, resolved never again to advance money to maintain such senseless extravagance.

Though old Mr. Murray had quite made up his mind what he would do for Eddie and Bertie Rivers, he determined to make sure first that they deserved his kindness. It was good to see Mrs. Clair's cheerful face, and hear her pleasant voice, as she recounted many instances of the children's kindness and consideration: Bertie's hearty resolution not to be daunted by anything; Eddie's supreme patience at the office and steady work at home; and the untiring efforts of little Agnes to add her mite to the general fund, though of course she often failed to dispose of her cards, some of which, nevertheless, were adapting themselves to other circumstances, and forming a very handsome screen to keep the draughts from Aunt Amy's chair. [Pg 354]

"We are not only living within our income, but saving something for the proverbial 'rainy day,'" Mrs. Clair said one evening, when Mr. Murray dropped in. "We have been here only three months, and have done ever so much better than I expected, thanks to your good advice; and we are all ever so much happier than I ever hoped to be again, which shows that sorrow is but a short-lived suffering if we do not nurse and cherish it. And then Eddie is so polite and attentive to every one now, and he used to be so proud and haughty. I really can't understand the change in him."

"'Sweet are the uses of adversity,'" Mr. Murray quoted, with a peculiar smile. "There was talent and good sense in Eddie after all, though I sometimes half doubted it. Some day he will see the wisdom of his choice, and be glad to feel that he laboured with his hands to do the thing that is right."

Winter came and went; spring broadened into summer; and still the boys worked on bravely: Bertie at Mr. Gregory's office, Eddie at the timber-yard, Agnes working pretty crewel mats and toilet-covers, by way of change from painting; and Mrs. Clair, loving, guiding, counselling them all. The fund for the "rainy day" had increased remarkably, so that when November, "chill and drear," came round again, the boys were able to have new warm overcoats and thick gloves, and even Agnes was armed against the sudden changes of weather by a nice soft fur cape, and the whole winter months passed so pleasantly, that they were all astonished when Christmas was, so to speak, at the door.

One day, towards the middle of December, Mr. Murray came bustling in, his whole face full of importance.

"Mrs. Clair, I've called to ask you all to spend Christmas with me at a country house. I'm a lonely old man, with no near relations and few friends; but I like young people about me whose hearts are gay and green, even though circumstances may have aged their heads a little. I like the boys; I like the demure little maiden; I like you. Will you all come and cheer up a lonely old man for a week?"

"I shall be delighted indeed, Mr. Murray; and I can answer for each one of the children, if the boys can only get so long a holiday. It's such a very, very long time since I've really been in the country."

"Then promise to meet me at twelve o'clock at Paddington Station on Christmas Eve: promise me, Mrs. Clair; I'll make it all right for the boys. Just say you will come. I wanted to ask you all last

Christmas; I'm glad I did not now."

"I will come with pleasure and gratitude," Mrs. Clair replied, "if you can make it right for the boys."

"I'll see to that. Remember, twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve—twelve sharp, Paddington!" and then Mr. Murray vanished, his face puckered up out of all recognition.

The probation of Eddie and Bertie Rivers had lasted a whole year, and Mr. Murray was more than satisfied with them. He meant to keep their destination a little secret, and so fairly ran away before Mrs. Clair could ask any questions.

It wanted just two weeks to Christmas when Mr. Murray gave his instructions, and during most of the waking hours of that time the children spoke of little else. Bertie endeavoured to explain and describe the grandeur and magnificence of Mr. Murray's town house, and of course his country mansion would be still more splendid.

"I hope there will be plenty of frost," he said, with a very grave glance at the sky, just as if the state of the sky in London ever could be an index to what the weather might be anywhere else, "for there's sure to be a pond, or mere, or something to skate on."

Eddie sighed as he thought of the beautiful lake at Riversdale, and then said he hoped Mr. Murray might have some ponies, as he was longing for a good canter.

Agnes wanted some pretty places to sketch, and Aunt Amy declared she would give anything to see a good farm and poultry-yard again, just as they had at home.

"You may be sure Mr. Murray will have everything," Bertie said, confidently; "and a Christmas-tree too, with lots of presents: he always did give us splendid things," remembering the steam-engine. "Oh! I say, auntie, we're bound to have a glorious time;" and Bertie tossed his hat in the air, and skilfully caught it coming down—a habit of his when unusually excited.

At the appointed time Mrs. Clair and the children arrived at Paddington Station, and there they found Mr. Murray pacing up and down, "just like a lion in a cage," Bertie whispered irreverently. He paid the cabman while they got out, and then hurried them across the platform and into a first-class carriage that he had engaged; the door was shut with a loud bang, and in another moment the engine whistled shrilly, and the train went out of the station. Mr. Murray held all their tickets in his hand, and in such a way that even Bertie's keen eyes could not detect their [Pg 355] destination, but as they got completely into the country the places seemed strangely familiar. At last Eddie drew nearer Bertie, and took his hand. "Look, Bert! that's Linkworth Station; the next will be Riversdale," he whispered, his eyes filling with tears. "Oh! I do hope we shall not stop there!" Even as he spoke the train seemed to slacken speed again. The engine shrieked, and stopped at dear old Riversdale.

Mr. Murray sprang out briskly, and assisted Mrs. Clair; the others followed; and in a few moments they were all driving along the familiar road towards the old home of the Rivers's. As the carriage turned in at the lodge gate, Bertie cried out, unable to restrain himself, "Oh! Aunt Amy, we're *really* going home to Riversdale. Hurrah!"

Eddie was perfectly silent: he could not trust himself to speak. Little Agnes clung to her aunt, whose eyes were full of tears, and Mr. Murray chatted away briskly about the weather, the beauty of the country in its winter mantle—everything, in fact, but their destination. They arrived at the hall door, where several of the old servants were waiting, amongst them Mittens, the housekeeper, who kissed the children individually and collectively, and laughed and cried at the same time.

"Come in! come in!" Mr. Murray cried, leading the way to the library; "it's too cold to stand about. And now, children, how do you like your old home?" he added, as they all stood silent and confused round the blazing wood fire. Then he suddenly grew very serious, and turning to Mrs. Clair, placed his hand on her arm. "This was your father's house; now, through the variations of fortune, it is mine, Mrs. Clair; but one day it will belong to one of those boys: I won't say which; but Eddie is the elder, and I think he will deserve to be heir of Riversdale. Bertie I know I can trust. Meantime, Mrs. Clair, it is your home, and the little maiden's, and Eddie's. If he cares to continue his artistic profession, he can have a master here to conduct his studies. If he is worthy, he shall have Riversdale on his twenty-first birthday free from all incumbrance; till then, Mrs. Clair, the home is yours, and I know how happy Eddie will be with you. As for Bertie, he belongs to me for the present; he is not to return to Mr. Gregory, and will try how he likes Murray and Co. instead. Now I wish you all a very merry Christmas and a glad new year, and welcome back to Riversdale."

It was a long speech for Mr. Murray, especially as they were all clinging to him, sobbing, laughing, trying in vain to thank him; but he broke away from them, rushing to the dining-room, where luncheon was waiting, and laughing heartily at their surprise and pleasure. Then he installed Mrs. Clair formally as mistress, treated Eddie with a good deal of consideration as the heir-apparent, and looked at Bertie for approval.

"I think it is better than waiting till I got rich in Mincing Lane, sir," he replied, his eyes sparkling. "I don't believe Uncle Gregory's office is the real road to fortune, after all."

"The Road to Fortune, boy, is honesty and industry, not anybody's office," Mr. Murray said,

gently. "However, you will have a try at mine, and then, like regular City men, we'll come down from Saturday till Monday, if they will have us. We can't afford to give up work yet, can we?"

"No, sir; and I shouldn't care to."

"That's right, Bertie. Work is worship: that's one of Eddie's favourite author's sayings."

"I've learned the truth of it, Mr. Murray," Eddie said gravely, "and in future I shall practise it, and, I hope, prove to you that your great kindness has not been wasted on us. If I had never left Riversdale and become acquainted with so many troubles and sorrows, I never could feel as happy as I am now."

And in that happiness we will leave Eddie and Bertie Rivers, trusting that all who bear adversity so well may find fortune as kind and friends as true.

THE END.

HEDWIG'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

SUPPOSING you had two brothers and two sisters, a father, a mother, and no money, how would you get Christmas presents for them all? That is what Hedwig wanted to know. You see, she was the eldest of the family, and felt it her duty to look after the others; and in this case it so happened that looking after them meant getting them Christmas presents.

You can't think what a trouble this was to little Hedwig. The worst of it was, she couldn't ask her mother's advice. It must be kept a dark secret. At last the twenty-fourth of December arrived, and in the evening the gifts must all be ready, and Hedwig had not one.

When evening came, however, Hedwig's presents were there, and I will tell you how she managed it.

Little Hedwig was a German girl. She live in a small village in the north of Germany. Her father and mother had not very much money. They could buy black bread and meat for their children, but there was little money left for playthings. Though they were not rich, they were a happy family; and if they had not toys they had one another, and that was quite enough. [Pg 356]

Hedwig was a busy little girl; there were so many things she could do for mother. The baby always was happy with his big sister, and his big sister was very fond of him.

On the morning of the day before Christmas, Hedwig got up earlier than usual. She dressed baby, gave him his breakfast, and then, putting on her things, asked what she should buy in the town.

"Now, Hedwig, get all the things carefully; take the big basket to carry everything; and be sure not to forget to take the soup to Aunt Molly." These were her mother's last words.

"All right, mother, dear; I will be back in good time," said Hedwig, and, shutting the door, downstairs she ran and out into the street.

"Now, then," she said to herself, as she pushed her way bravely along, "presents I must have; but how I am to get them I really don't know. Auntie is sure to give me a groschen (a penny) for bringing the soup, and that will buy a cake for Karl and a cake for baby. But then there are mother, father, and the twins. Mother and father might share a present, but how about the twins?"

The twins certainly were rather a trouble. They were six years old, just four years younger than Hedwig, and insisted on having everything alike.

It was a very cold day and a long walk from the village to the town; but Hedwig, trotting along in her warm cloak and hood, was so busy thinking of her presents that she was not cold. Just as she was entering the town gates, she met her playmate Anna. Hedwig was very pleased, and determined to tell her dear friend all her troubles.

"Anna," she began, "I haven't a present for——"

But here she was interrupted, for Anna exclaimed, "Isn't it a shame. Hedwig? You know our big barn; well, a cat has made her home there, and has two beautiful kittens. Aunt Ottilia found it out this morning, and she says the kittens must be drowned."

Hedwig was quite as indignant as her friend.

"I know what I'll do," said Hedwig; "we'll capture the kittens, and then I will take them home as my present for the twins."

"That will do very well, Hedwig. You go and buy the things for your mother, and then we will get the kittens, and you can carry them home."

Hedwig set off and bought all the things at the shops, and took the soup to her aunt. She seemed to be very fortunate that morning, for the old lady at the grocer's gave her some odds and ends of ribbon. These she intended to make into a bow for her mother, but she saved two long pieces to

tie round the kittens' necks.

Then, her shopping finished, she made her way back to Anna, who lived at a farm a little distance out of town. Carefully and slowly they made their way through the yard. It would not do for any one to see them, for they might be stopped.

"Come along this way," said Anna; "there they are; now, are not they sweet little things?"

For a few seconds Hedwig was lost in admiration, but then she remembered that she must hurry, for it was time for her to be home again.

"Now, then, Anna, you take one, and I'll take the other; hide it under your apron."

The two children set out with their burdens, but it was not easy work getting back again into the garden, where Hedwig had left her basket.

As they were leaving the barn, they had forgotten to shut the door, and a curious old hen had marched in. After some chasing they got the hen out; but in the hurry to escape from the children, the bird tumbled into a tub full of water.

Hedwig and Anna both dropped their kittens in order to rescue the unfortunate hen. Anna screamed at the top of her voice, "Oh, she'll drown! she'll drown!"

Just then the farmyard gate opened, and Anna, seeing that her old aunt was coming, called to Hedwig to run and hide.

Hedwig had only just time to get back into the barn before Aunt Ottilia appeared, and inquired what was the matter. She got the hen out of the water, scolded Anna, and threatened to send her indoors. After the aunt had returned to the house, Hedwig came out of her hiding-place. The two kittens had of course disappeared by this time, and the two girls had a difficulty in finding them.

After hunting for half an hour they were captured once more, and carried to the basket. Then there was another hindrance. There was not room for both kittens. One was placed in, and Hedwig agreed to carry the other in her arms.

"Now, Hedwig, you had better be off; it is getting quite late," said Anna.

"But can't you get me something to eat first; I am so hungry?"

"If I do I shall meet aunt. Haven't you anything with you? Why, there is aunt coming; I must run." Anna did run, too, without thinking any more of her friend. Hedwig had to set off without waiting longer, for it was getting very late. She determined to spend her money in buying some bread for herself, hoping to find something else for the boys. After eating her bread she set off for home.

[Pg 357]

OFF TO THE TOWN. (*See p.* 356).

It seemed such a long walk now, and the basket and kittens were very heavy. Twice a kitten escaped, and she had to give chase, so that by the time she reached home she was tired and [Pg 358]

hungry, for it was getting late in the afternoon.

She took the kittens up into the loft and fastened them in, after giving them a saucerful of milk. Then down she went to tell her mother about her purchases.

"Why are you so late, Hedwig?" said her mother. "I have been expecting you a very long time. Baby has been so tiresome, and the twins have made themselves so untidy. They wanted to be black people, and I found Gretchen painting Sophie black with ink. Fortunately they had not done very much, but I am so tired with the worry that I think you must get the Christmas tree ready."

Hedwig was sorry her mother was tired, but glad to get the tree ready. She spread a white tablecloth on the little round table in the big room, placed the tree on it, and then made the other tables ready. When all was ready, the tree, decorated with candles and sweetmeats, was placed in the centre of the room. The little gifts were arranged on small tables. Then Hedwig ran upstairs to fetch the ribbon for her mother, and the kittens. She found the latter scampering about the loft, and having fine fun. She placed them in two baskets, and then carried them down. Now all was ready, and Hedwig felt satisfied. The twins would have the kittens, mother and father the ribbon, and she had found two small balls of her own for Karl and baby. Very pleased with her work, she locked the door and ran away to get tidied.

Half an hour afterwards the doors were thrown open, the candles lighted, and the whole family entered. But what a state of confusion the room was in! for everything was upset and disarranged.

"Oh, the kittens! the kittens!" cried Hedwig; "they must have done it."

Of course, immediately there was a cry of "Which kittens?"

This was soon answered by Gretchen suddenly calling out, in a tone of great astonishment—

"There they are, the darlings, fast asleep on my new frock!"

Hedwig then explained everything. The twins were delighted with their present; but her mother had to tell Hedwig how naughty it was of her to take anything without having first asked leave.

"But, mother dear, they were going to be killed, and I could not bear that," said Hedwig.

"Then you should have asked for them, dearie," said mother; "but never mind now, to-morrow I will walk over with you, and we will explain everything, and give them back again."

Hearing this, the twins began to cry bitterly. They did not want their present to be taken from them, and they were not quiet until their mother promised to see what she could do.

Then the whole family set to work to tidy up the room. Everything was quickly in order, and the presents were given away. Everybody got just what they wanted; and Hedwig's mother was very pleased with her ribbon, and promised to let father share it. Next day her mother went over to the farm with Hedwig, who begged Aunt Ottilia's pardon, and received the kittens as a token of her forgiveness.

So, after all the trouble, Hedwig's presents were a great success.

MAGGIE BROWNE.

THE LEGEND OF THE REEDS.

HAT are the river reeds whispering,
In music so sweet and low?
Ah, these are the words they murmur,
"My tale would you like to know?"

"O reeds by the shining water,
I'll listen all day, all day,
If you will tell me your story
Whilst the river rolls away."

Spake the reed—"I'm a maid named Syrinx,
And there once lived a god named Pan;
He liked me, but I didn't like him,
So away to the woods I ran.

"I ran very swiftly, but swifter
The rough god Pan did pursue,

Then I cried to the gods, on Olympus,
'There are none to help me but you!'

"I came to a shining river,
And thirsty I stooped to drink,
And the kindly gods changed me into
A reed on the river's brink.

"Then Pan grew quite melancholy,
And gathered the reeds, and made
A pipe; and he thought of me ever
When he on his pan-pipe played."

A FEW WORDS ABOUT TATTOOING.

[Pg 359]

TATTOOED NEW ZEALANDER.

Some of the readers of these pages, I dare say, saw King Tawhiao, the Maori chief, who visited England in the summer of 1884. If so, they could not have failed to notice the curious designs that were traced upon his face. These scroll-like marks were the result of an operation which lasted for six weeks, and which was attended with extreme pain. The process is called tattooing, and a person who has undergone it is said to be tattooed. It is practised very extensively amongst the natives of New Zealand and the South Sea Islands generally, women as well as men, whose bodies are covered with patterns of an elaborate, or fantastic, or picturesque description, though sometimes the design is of a comparatively simple sort. Nearly every British sailor has tattoo-marks on his arm—an anchor, ship, initials, or what not—and unless I am much mistaken, some of the lads now perusing these sentences have now and then ornamented (or disfigured) their hands and arms with similar signs.

In New Zealand the tattoo-marks run in unbroken lines, while in the South Sea Islands they are in dotted lines. The pain of the process in both cases is most acute, especially in the former. In New Zealand the figures are formed by driving little chisels, which have been dipped in some colouring-matter, through the skin. In the South Sea Islands a series of punctures are made with a fish-bone, which is, however, sometimes used as a needle. Every variety of design is employed —trees, flowers, animals, weapons, and so forth. It is considered a disgrace for the person being tattooed to give way to any sign of suffering, but as the pain is so exquisite, cries of torture occasionally rise to the lips. In order, therefore, to drown such cries, and so preserve the patient's reputation for bravery, it is usual for a number of his female friends to sing songs throughout the operation. Some tattooers acquire great skill in their art, and will form a design which shall be beautiful, elaborate, or otherwise, according to the fee. But in any case it is well to deal liberally with the artist, lest he should allow the chisel to slip "accidentally on purpose," and produce a permanent disfigurement instead of a fine design. The colouring-matter in which the tool is dipped is a thick mixture, prepared by rubbing down charcoal in oil or water. The pattern appears black on a brown skin, and dark blue on the skin of a white man, and is of course indelible.

Since the process is so painful, why do the Maoris and others submit themselves to it? They look upon the tattooing as a kind of personal adornment; and, you know, there is no accounting for tastes. The ways of savage and civilised races are past finding out. Some wear articles in their

noses, ears, and lips; others flatten the heads of their babies. Chinese ladies' feet are compressed to such an extent that they wobble when they walk. The Zulus and other peoples arrange their hair in the most extraordinary styles. These peculiar fashions are no doubt indulged in under the impression that they add to the beauty of those who adopt them. And so we find it in the case of tattooing, though the custom is also supposed—in the case of men—to mark the transition from youth to manhood, being performed usually at that period. To a small extent it is also believed to be employed as a badge of mourning or sign of respect for a departed friend. The tattoo is regarded as an honour, and is reserved for free men only, slaves in New Zealand not being permitted to undergo the operation. Oddly enough, those who are accustomed to see tattooed people think that natives without it look bare and "unfinished." Tattooing is said to be on the wane. If it be so, it is quite possible that Macaulay's famous New Zealander may present none of those marks which distinguished the features of King Tawhiao.

THE CHILDREN'S OWN GARDEN IN DECEMBER.

[Pg 360]

 HE present month undoubtedly presents fewer floral attractions than any other in the whole year. Everything is in a torpid state of existence, and the combined forces of frost, snow, wind, and rain render December unpleasant both indoors and out. The only kinds of vegetation which seem to flourish just now are the insignificant, but wonderfully beautiful, mosses and lichens which everywhere clothe the rock and tree and hedge with their diverse forms and hues. Unlike flowering plants, they do not require culture of any sort, their beauty being wholly of a more or less microscopic nature, and their nourishment is derived from the atmosphere rather than by means of roots.

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It is during such dull and lifeless months as December that our attention becomes more engrossed with individual floral beauty, than it does when the display is both extensive and varied. To obtain even a few flowers at this time of the year much previous care and attention must have been expended. Where one plant is detected in making more headway than others its flowering-period may be greatly facilitated by carefully guarding it from the evil effects of excessive rains and strong winds; this may be easily done by placing an inverted bell-glass over the plants, invariably lifting this off on fine and warm days, and whenever there is no fear of damage from sudden winds or rains. Stifling hardy plants by keeping them in a confined atmosphere, whether indoors or out, is the worst possible plan to follow in order to procure early blooms.

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An important feature in connection with next summer's display must now be considered, and the preliminary arrangements carried out as far as possible during the present month; it consists in the formation of new shapes of beds, and a general reconstruction of design. But, as we have previously intimated, it is most undesirable to have a small garden chopped up into a number of beds, as then the greater part of space will be needlessly taken up by walks. Too much uniformity is just as undesirable as an excess of irregularities. No change of any sort should be carried out without well considering whether such would be for the better, and also whether the garden in its altered state would yield a correspondingly greater amount of real pleasure, tantamount to the time and trouble involved in effecting the change. Presupposing that some change or other is to be done, great care must be taken not to destroy the roots of various perennials, which may be hidden beneath the surface, as many a rare and beautiful plant is in this manner often destroyed.

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The amount of planting to be done now is by no means extensive, but it should only be done in dry weather. Narcissus, crocus, hyacinths, and tulips should be all in the ground by the end of this month at the very latest, and will produce bloom in very desirable succession to those planted a month or two previously. A surfacing of cocoanut-fibre refuse, which may be obtained from most seedsmen or nurserymen, will be found an excellent protection against frosts, and also against the ravages of slugs. The curious roots of ranunculus should be at once planted; these roots consist of small, fleshy, spindle-shaped claws, which are united at the crown. In planting, the claws should point *downwards*. Few late spring flowering plants excel the ranunculus in richness of colour; and to be grown with any degree of success a rich soil is essential, one of light loam, leaf-mould, and spent hot-bed materials forming the best compost. A distance of six inches apart each way, and a depth of about two inches will suffice for these plants, and a warm sunny spot is most suitable. The roots are very cheap, a dozen of various colours costing only threepence or fourpence.

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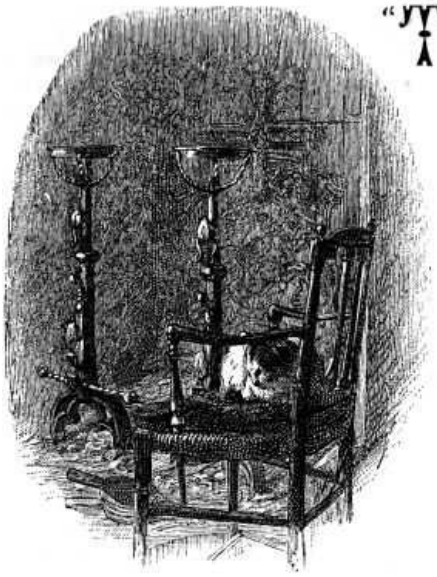
Anemones constitute a race of very pretty, delicate, and showy spring flowers, having varieties of

nearly every hue, both single and double, but the former class is much preferable. They thrive best in good loamy soil, which has been well manured the year previous to planting. Roots should be obtained and planted—at about 4 in. apart—as soon as possible, the sooner the better, so that the plants will be sturdy and well grown before the very severe weather commences. Roots cost about nine-pence or one shilling per dozen. Unless the charming lily of the valley be already an inmate of our Children's Own Garden, a few "crowns" should be now purchased and placed in almost any part of the garden, but thorough drainage is most essential. Whilst thriving in any ordinary soil, they produce very fine bloom when in a rich porous compost. The roots should be taken up, divided, and replanted separately once in every four years.

A RACE FOR A CAT.

[Pg 361]

A FAIRY STORY.



"A CAT WAS LYING ... UPON A CHAIR"

"Too small! too small!" so the birds sang, so the roses whispered, so the bees hummed.

"She will creep in at the window," said the mother, who was kneeling beside a little child. "Only a small child can do that."

But the window shut down suddenly with a bang, and the house to which it belonged began to move away, slowly at first, then quicker and quicker, until it was out of sight altogether. The child began to sob, and said—

"Nan will run after it."

Ah! such a flutter among the roses, and such a twittering amongst the birds, whilst the bees hummed—

"Too small, too small!
She should be tall,
If she would catch the house at all."

And the birds sang—

"She must grow,
We all do know;
And that's a process very slow."

"It will be years," said the mother, "before she grows tall."

"Pooh! porridge!" said a toy dog that was lying on the ground.

The mother turned round.

The little dog was standing upright, and had pricked up his ears.

"Porridge, porridge!" he said, and he kept saying it over so many times that at last the mother thought there must be something in it.

II.

So the mother made some porridge, and Nan began to eat it.

At the first plateful she could look over the table; at the second she reached up to her mother's shoulder; at the third she was taller than her mother.

"Stop! stop!" said the mother, as Nan began upon the fourth plate; "you'll be a giantess; and your legs are so thin, I am afraid they will break in two. You look as if you were on stilts."

"One must have long legs," said Nan, "in order to run fast. It was the woolly dog that thought of it," she added, and she would have stooped down to pat the toy dog, with its red morocco collar, but she was so high up that she found it a difficult matter to bend down. "I am as stiff as a poker," said she.

The woolly dog, however, understood what she wanted, and he jumped upon a chair, then upon the table, and finally into Nan's arms.

She would have given him some porridge, but her mother said—

"No; if he should grow as tall as you, we should not know what to do with him."

Then the little dog laughed.

"Perhaps he will run away with the spoon," said Nan.

But no; he was an honest little dog, and did not think of doing anything of the kind.

III.

On the opposite side of the house was an old gentleman in a velvet cap. He had a paper in his hand, and was trying to teach something to a boy who was on the other side of the trellis. But the boy was not attending to him, though he kept his eyes fixed upon the paper.

No; he was muttering—

"The little cat was in the house, and the house moved away. It must have been an enchanted house and an enchanted cat."

"What are you saying?" asked the old gentleman. "That is not on the paper."

Then the boy looked up and said—

"If I'd seven-leagued boots, I'd go after them."

"That is certainly not written down there," answered the old gentleman. "Of what are you thinking, Ulick?"

"Of the house that stood close by this house. I had a dream last night that it moved away, and that the little cat with which I played had also gone, and I want to go after them."

"You talk nonsense, Ulick. How can a house made of bricks and mortar and heavy beams of wood move away?"

"That I know not; but it is gone. I hear it now rumbling away in the distance, as if it were on great wheels—I do really," answered Ulick.

[Pg 362]

"THE MOTHER ... WAS KNEELING BESIDE A LITTLE CHILD" (*p.* 361).

The old gentleman, who often came to chat with Ulick, and to try to teach him various things, felt quite vexed, and he folded up his paper, and shut up his camp-stool and went away.

When he had gone an old hen turned round and spoke to Ulick.

"You can hear us, for you have the right sort of ears, but the old man cannot. It is quite true: the house has gone."

"Where?"

The rabbits were listening, with their long ears erect.

"That I cannot tell, but Nan is going after it."

"Nan! but she is so small."

"Is she?" exclaimed the hen. "You should see her now that she has eaten the porridge: she is much taller than her mother, and her legs are so long that she can skim over the ground like an ostrich."

"Then she will get the cat."

"Perhaps. One does not know," answered the hen.

"I hope she will," said a young rabbit.

"I hope she won't," said an old rabbit, "for then she will bring her back here."

There was a groan amongst the rabbits and the poultry. And then the Virginian creeper, that was twisting and turning and throwing its leaves about all over the trellis, began to quiver and shake as if it were trying to say something, and at last a very tiny voice came from one of the shoots, and said—

"Should Nan the flying house o'ertake,
She will with it long journeys make,
And come back here no more."

The fowls and rabbits were glad to hear this, but Ulick said—

"Nan shall not overtake the house; Nan shall not have the dear little cat."

IV.

"Nan will soon be tired," said Ulick; "besides, she does not know where to go."

"Do you?"

Ulick started, for he could see no one. Still he was not surprised, for since the rabbits and fowls and Virginian creeper had begun to talk there was no reason why other things should not also. It must have been some sensible creature; and he began to consider the point.

No, he did not know where the house had gone; he did not suppose that even the top of the tallest chimney would be visible, or even the smoke from it. The house might have gone along the straight road, or have turned to the right or left, he could not tell. And Ulick sat down upon a large moss-covered stone, and felt very despondent.

"What's the matter, little man?" asked his big brother Ben, who happened to come up at the moment. And Ulick told him of his difficulty.

"Oh! if that is all," said big Ben, "I will start you on your journey, for I know which way the house went. I saw it rumbling along the road, and then it turned off to the right and kept a straight line over the country; nothing stopped it, hedges, ditches, or anything else."

[Pg 363]

And he took Ulick's hand, and went out upon the road with him. Ulick half turned and kissed his hand to his own home.

"What is that for?" asked Ben.

"For 'good-bye,' if I don't come back again. The house might take me away altogether, you know."

Ben laughed.

"Well, then, boy, start off, for there in the distance over the corn-fields you can just see the house. There, there—do you see it—moving along?"

"No—yes—no—yes, yes I do. But what is that?"

"SHE WAS SO HIGH UP" (*p.* 361).

V.

"What is that? why, a pole with a flag on the top," said Ben.

"No, no," said Ulick, "that——"

"Why, it's Nan flying along. What long legs she has! She goes so fast that she seems as if she were in two places at once."

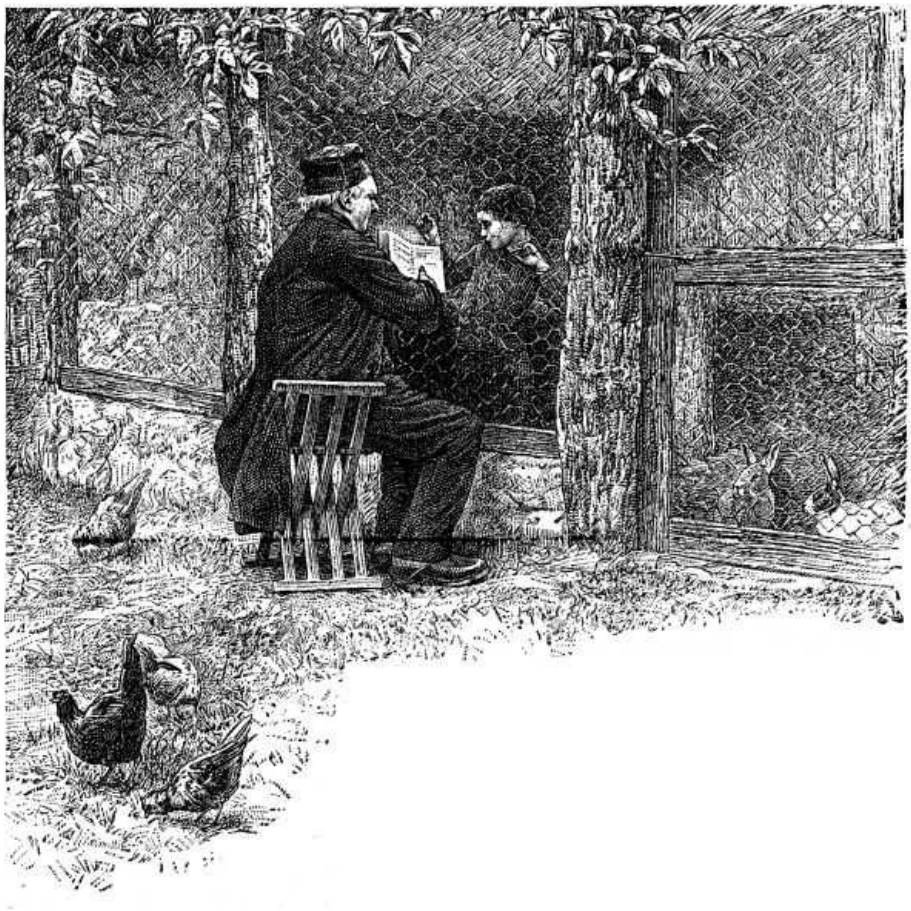
"There are two girls running," said Ulick, "and one seems to be overtaking the other all the time."

"No, there is but one," answered Ben, "but she is here and there so quickly that you seem to see her in two places at once—you understand what I mean. And it looks exactly like two people."

"I don't know," said Ulick; "I am sure there are two Nans. What long legs!"

"Yes, porridge has done that. You should have had some porridge. You'll never overtake her."

But Ulick started off. Ben watched him out of sight, and then went home.



"HE HAD A PAPER IN HIS HAND" (*p.* 361).

VI.

Now, all this time a cat was lying comfortably upon a chair in the house that was running away.

The chair was covered with red velvet, and there was a bright fire in the room, that sparkled and glowed and made all the furniture in it shine.

The cat looked up and then she purred, saying—

"Till there is a place
Where gamekeepers are not,
My house shall not stay
In any spot."

And the house with the cat in it went on and on, until it came to a far-off place where there were no houses and no gamekeepers, and no fear of traps. Then it stopped with such a jerk that the front door flew open, and a woolly dog, with a red morocco collar and very stiff legs, came in, crying out—

"She is coming, she is coming,
She will like a cup of tea.
She must be quite hot with running,
She is coming after me."

"Who is *she*?" asked the cat.

Then said the dog—

"Little Nan, she ate the porridge,
And she grew quite tall,
But when she has reached your cottage
She will be quite small."

"Why?" asked the cat.

"Because the effect of the porridge only lasts whilst she is running."

"Oh!" responded the cat.

Upon which Nan herself came running in, and she was no larger than when her mother was kneeling beside her in the garden.

"O my dear, dearest, darling, little pussy-cat! I have found you again, and we will live together always, and you will let me play with you. I am so glad to see you again." [Pg 364]

The cat purred and rubbed her head against Nan, as much as to say "Yes."

And the woolly dog barked for joy.

"'THERE ARE TWO GIRLS RUNNING,' SAID ULICK" (*p.* 363).

So Nan had won the race.

Nan looked out of the window and nodded to Ulick, who was panting in the distance. She also held up the cat for him to see.

There was no longer any need for Ulick to run, for everything round him was shouting—

"Nan has won the race!"

Yes, he knew that she had, and he wept bitterly and went home again. Perhaps if he had also eaten the porridge he might have outstripped Nan.

No one ever saw the house again, though once it returned to the spot upon which it had stood near Ulick's home. It did not stay long there, only just long enough for Nan's mother to pack up her clothes and join her little girl, who was too small to live by herself.

Then the front door shut quite tightly, and the house fled away faster than ever, and never stopped until it had reached a beautiful island far, far away in the middle of the sea. There it paused, for no gamekeepers, or traps, or cruel boys were to be found there. And in the house on the beautiful island Nan and her mother, and the cat, and the toy dog lived peacefully and happily for ever and ever.

JULIA GODDARD.

ETHEL'S PINK PLANT;

AND WHAT HAPPENED TO IT.

ETHEL was always trying to write poetry, but it was so hard to find rhymes. When the cat killed the big pink begonia, she did manage to find a rhyme; and she thought the epitaph looked beautiful printed in violet ink on a piece of paper—

"Here my poor begonia lies.
Drop a tear and wipe your eyes."

These were the only verses Ethel ever made. Perhaps we are beginning near the end of the story. You may want to know what the big pink begonia was, and how the cat killed it.

The beginning of this sad story was a red ribbon bow with a kitten behind it: the bow was so big and the cat was so little, that the ribbon looked much more important than the kitten that wore it. Ethel called the kitten Kafoozalum: Tom talked of the bow with the cat behind it; to which Ethel retorted: "The ribbon becomes her very much, Tom. Boys have no taste."

Early in the summer—about the time that the kitten was a weak little squeaker in a basket of straw with the cat of the house next door—Ethel was given a plant as a present. There had never before been a begonia in her mother's greenhouse; and Ethel knew very little about it, except that any rough treatment would kill it. The begonia grew very fast. It became a tall plant, with beautiful large reddish-veined leaves, and it was covered with a cloud of pink blossoms.

One day Ethel ran out of the conservatory in a hurry and left the door open; and Kafoozalum—the red bow with the kitten behind it—ran into the conservatory in a hurry, as she had never had the chance before. Tom, coming home from school, went, watering-pot in hand, to attend to his geranium-slips; he found the door open, and the kitten nearly on its head in frantic attempts to roll in the begonia pot. [Pg 365]

A few weeks after, all the pink bloom was gone. The begonia, branch and leaf, died away. There was nothing left but a dry brown stump.

"It is dead!" cried Ethel. "A knock or a rub kills the young shoots. Mrs. Smith told me so. Kafoozalum rubbed and knocked it enough to kill it all."

"Tears! tears for the begonia!" laughed Tom. "Why, Ethel, I thought nothing but the death of Kafoozalum would reduce you to tears."

"Ah! Tom, but you don't know how fond I was of that plant. It was the only one I ever had. I feel almost as if it was *really alive* once, and dead now! I shall make it a grave and bury it."

Tom seemed very much amused at this idea—because the begonia was buried already in its own pot—and Ethel could not bear his making fun about it. So she ran away to her mother's room, with tears in her eyes.

"Mother, how do you spell 'begonia'?"

"Why, dear? who are you writing to?"

"My poor begonia is quite dead," sobbed Ethel, with a gulp of grief. "I want to write its epitaph."

"You mustn't cry about it now, Ethel dear. It could not feel. I shall get you another next summer."

But the only consolation Ethel could get was the writing of the epitaph. She worked at this for half an hour, and smeared herself very much with violet ink.

"Here is laid my pink begonia," was her first attempt.

Tom came into the room to learn his lessons at the other side of the table.

"Tom," she said, "please don't say your verbs out loud. I can't write poetry when you do. Tell me a rhyme for begonia. 'Here is laid my pink begonia.'"

"'Toss it over the wall, or let it alone-will-you?' That is the only rhyme in the English language," said Tom.

"You are very unkind," said Ethel, leaning her cheek on an inky hand, and rubbing her hair till it was a wild black mane. Then she tried what would happen if she began in quite a different way. At last she read out in sad tones:—

> "Here my poor begonia lies,
> Drop a tear and wipe your eyes."

To which Tom only answered in a jaunty tone, throwing his penknife out of his pocket.

> "Here's my knife to bury your roots,
> Lock the greenhouse, and wipe your boots."

Ethel's mouth gave a little twitch; but she would not laugh when Tom made fun of her poetry.

She went into the greenhouse, carrying a piece of black stuff and a pair of scissors, the penknife, and her verses printed in violet.

Then she dug a hole in the earthen floor, under the greenhouse shelf, in a warm corner near the pipes. Next she dug her begonia root out of the pot, popped it into the hole, and covered it up, and left a bit of stick standing upright, holding in a notch the wonderful epitaph.

Tom found her there, drying and smearing her face with an earthy corner of her pinafore. Tom had Kafoozalum peeping out from under his jacket-front; but Ethel sobbed afresh at the sight of the red bow with the kitten behind it.

"Come and take care of my geraniums with me, Ethel," said Tom.

"Oh! boo-hoo-no-no! You are very unkind."

"Why, what have I done? *I* didn't roll on my head in the begonia pot, did I, pussy?"

"Oh! boo-hoo—go 'way!"

So Tom went away. But the next time Ethel went into the greenhouse with a bright face, she could not help laughing at Tom's addition to her verses. She read:—

> "Here my poor begonia lies,
> Drop a tear and wipe your eyes—
> The door was open—if you had locked it,
> The bow with the kitten couldn't have knocked it."

The winter passed; and Ethel's birthday came in the spring.

"Here is a silver pencil for you to write poetry with," said Tom, mischievously. Poetry or not the silver pencil was worth having, and Ethel felt that teasing Tom was fond of her. Ah! what could she do without Tom, or without the teasing either? "Come into the greenhouse," he said; "there's a begonia for you."

"Is there? I thought I had all my presents."

She went racing to the greenhouse, and came back with a disappointed face. "Why do you cheat me, Tom? This is not the first of April."

"Come and see." He led her into the greenhouse to the pink begonia's grave.

They both stooped down to the corner of the earthen floor near the hot pipes.

There was a dark red folded leaf growing above the earth.

"Oh, Tom! it is my own dear old plant."

"Yes—it is growing up again for another summer," he said. "I found it a week ago; but I kept it for a birthday surprise." [Pg 366]

"Tom," said Ethel, seizing his arm in her delight, "put my poetry in your pocket, and let us go and ask mother if we should put it in a pot."

"What? put the poetry in a pot? Whatever for?"

"Oh! no, I didn't mean that at all—I mean——"

"Never mind—here go the verses, though they've served their turn."

So the pink plant went into a pot again, and grew more beautiful than ever; and the only poetry Ethel ever made went into Tom's pocket.

STORIES TOLD IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

***By* Edwin Hodder ("Old Merry").**

VI.—THE MONUMENTS.

As we walk round the building once more, I shall not attempt even to name the greater number of the Monuments, but confine myself to telling you something about the more remarkable ones. The earliest monuments were really the tombs of persons buried here; many of the modern ones simply commemorate illustrious men and women buried elsewhere.

We will first make the round of the chapels, and begin with that of St. Benedict, where once an indulgence of two years and forty days could be obtained by hearing mass at the altar. But the altar has gone, and in its place rises the stately tomb of Frances Howard, Countess of Hertford, whose effigy lies where once stood the candlesticks and sacred host. Close by is the tomb of Archbishop Langham, who was buried here in 1376, with his head towards the altar, little dreaming that that altar would ever be displaced to make room for the tomb of a heretic lady.

Through an ancient oaken screen we enter the adjacent Chapel of St. Edmund. Here is the once beautiful tomb of William de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, and half-brother to Henry III. Some of the monuments in this chapel are of great interest as examples of ancient art, but there is not much to say about their occupants. Frances Hokes, who died in 1622, is represented in Greek costume, and Horace Walpole and others have highly praised this statue. Close by lies Lady Knollys, who attended Anna Boleyn on the scaffold. In the monument of Elizabeth Russell we have the earliest of the sitting figures, which have been so strongly condemned by many who maintain that a recumbent or bowed figure is the only proper one for a tomb. Her marble finger points to a death's-head at her feet, and hence arose the story that she died from a prick of a needle, and some chose to add that it was a judgment upon her for working on Sunday. But we must leave the men and women "of high degree" who throng this chapel, and the tiny alabaster babies of Edward III. in their little cradle, and pass on to the Chapel of St. Nicholas. This chapel is rich in monuments of the Elizabethan era, and was once bright with gold and colouring.

Of the royal tombs in the Chapel of Henry VII. I have already spoken, but there are some others of great interest. One bay, or chapel, is nearly filled by the monument of James I.'s favourite "Steenie"—George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who was assassinated by Felton at Portsmouth, in 1628. In another bay are two beautiful modern monuments, harmonising well with their surroundings: the one of the Duke of Montpensier, brother of Louis Philippe, the other of the late Dean Stanley. The Duke of Richmond and his beautiful Duchess, "La Belle Stuart," occupy a bay with their colossal canopied tomb. Of the other tombs in the Chapel of Henry VII., we should specially mention that of General Monk in the south aisle. He had a splendid funeral. For the three weeks that he lay in state forty gentlemen of good family stood as mutes with their backs against the wall, twenty each day alternately.

In the Chapel of St. Paul is the once gilded tomb of Lord Bourchier, the standard-bearer of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt. The altar has given place to the tomb of Frances Sydney, the wife of Ratcliff, Earl of Sussex, who figures in Scott's story of "Kenilworth." Near at hand is the tomb of Sir Thomas Bromley, the Lord Chancellor, who presided at the trial of Mary, Queen of Scots. But the chief feature of this chapel is the colossal marble effigy of James Watt, the celebrated improver of the steam-engine—a splendid monument, from the chisel of Sir F. Chantrey.

The adjoining chapel, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, contains the tomb of one of Cromwell's

officers, Colonel Edward Popham. Where the altar once stood stands the loftiest monument in the Abbey—the tomb of Queen Elizabeth's Chamberlain, Lord Hundsdon. The old statesman had [Pg 367] waited long for an earldom, which the queen had granted and revoked three times over. She came at last to see him, and lay the patent and the robes of a peer on his bed. "Madam," said the old man, "seeing you counted me not worthy of this honour whilst I was living, I count myself unworthy of it now that I am dying."

Visitors are not admitted into the beautifully sculptured, but dark, little chapel of Abbot Islip. Just beyond it we enter what is now called the eastern aisle of the south transept, formerly the separate chapels. Here we find the celebrated tomb of Sir Francis Vere. Above the warrior's effigy, supported by four kneeling knights, is a plain canopy, upon which lies his helm and breastplate. Looking round, we see many interesting memorials: Admiral Kempenfelt, who went down in the *Royal George*; Sir John Franklin, who perished among Polar icebergs: Telford, the engineer; Sir Humphry Davy, the philosopher: all these and many others are commemorated in this aisle.

Emerging now into the north transept, we find ourselves amongst what has been termed "the dead Parliament of Britain." Famous statesmen look down upon us from their marble pedestals, and beneath the central pavement are the graves of Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Castlereagh, Canning, Wilberforce, Grattan, and Palmerston. The magnificent monument to the great Earl of Chatham cost £6,000. Close beside it stands the huge pile of sculpture by Nollekens, in memory of the three captains who fell in Rodney's famous victory over the French in April, 1782. Nearly opposite to Chatham's monument is Chantrey's fine statue of Canning. On each side the transept, and in the contiguous western aisle, the eye rests upon sculptured marble bearing honoured names—Warren Hastings, Richard Cobden, Palmerston, Beaconsfield, and others whose lives are part of our country's history. As we stand here we may well remember the words of Macaulay: "In no other cemetery do so many great citizens lie within so narrow a space. High over these venerable graves towers the stately monument of Chatham, and from above, his effigy, graven by a cunning hand, seems still, with eagle face and outstretched arm, to bid England to be of good cheer, and to hurl defiance at her foes."

From the north transept we pass to the nave along the north aisle of the choir. Here we enter what has been termed a "Musicians' Corner;" amongst a few other organists and composers lies Henry Purcell, whose epitaph (written by Dryden) declares that he has gone to "that blessed place where only his harmonies can be excelled." The sitting figure of the great philanthropist, William Wilberforce, a little farther on, is not generally admired.

Passing through the gate into the nave, we see against the choir screen on our left the monument of Sir Isaac Newton, with a tedious list of his discoveries. Proceeding along the north aisle we see to the left the new pulpit for the Sunday evening services, and near it is a brass of life-size on a slab covering the grave of the eminent engineer, Robert Stephenson. Another slab close by shows the Victoria Tower and a ground-plan of the Houses of Parliament. This is the grave of the great architect, Sir Charles Barry. The famous African explorer, David Livingstone, lies in the centre of the nave. Turning again to the north wall we see about the centre of the numerous monuments one to the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, First Lord of the Treasury, who was shot in the House of Commons by Bellingham, in the afternoon of May 11th, 1812. In this aisle I was going to say lies, but more correctly stands the body of Ben Jonson, who is buried in an upright position.

At the end of the aisle are the monuments of a few famous statesmen. Among them are Mackintosh the historian, Tierney the orator, Lord Holland, Zachary Macaulay, friend of Wilberforce, and father of the great historian; and Charles James Fox. The great rivals, Fox and Pitt, as we have seen, are buried near each other in the transept. Their monuments are also near together—that of Pitt, by Westmacott, represents the great orator trampling on the French Revolution, in the attitude well known to the House of Commons at that day.

Passing some immense military memorials of little interest nowadays, and the busts of Canon Kingsley and the poet Wordsworth, we now turn along the southern wall of the nave. Here is the monument of the dramatic poet Congreve, and that of Admiral Tyrrell, who was buried at sea in 1766, always attracts the notice of visitors. Many allegorical emblems surround the representation of the Admiral's resurrection from the depths of the sea. The clouds above are so like pancakes as to have given the tomb its familiar name of "The Pancake Monument." Farther east we reach the monument of the unfortunate Major André, executed as a spy by General Washington in the War of Independence. The monument has been frequently injured and repaired, as the heads of Washington or André have been again and again broken off by persons having strong sympathies for one side or the other.

In the south aisle of the choir we pass on the left the curious monument of Thomas Thynne, representing in relief the murder of that gentleman in Pall Mall. In this aisle also is the monument of the well-known Dr. Watts. It was erected here a century after his death; and still [Pg 368] more recently two other great Dissenters were commemorated close by—John and Charles Wesley—the former the founder of the religious society that bears his name, and the latter justly called "the sweet singer of Methodism."

Passing the remarkable monument which shows us Admiral Shovel dressed as a dandy of the period, and reclining on cushions under a canopy, we enter the south transept, or Poets' Corner. Geoffrey Chaucer was the pioneer of the children of genius in this hallowed spot. He was buried here in 1400. Nearly two hundred years passed on, then Spenser was laid near by. As we gaze round us we behold such a crowd of honoured names that it is difficult to select any for special

mention. Just at our feet is the black marble slab that covers the grave of Charles Dickens. Close by lie the historians Grote and Lord Macaulay. Other gravestones cover the mortal remains of the wit Sheridan, the learned Dr. Johnson, Old Parr (who lived under ten kings and queens, from Edward IV. to Charles I.), &c. The monument of Cowley recalls his grand funeral, which was attended by about a hundred coaches full of nobility and eminent personages. Close by is a noble bust with the simple inscription—"J. Dryden." The monuments to Milton and Shakespeare were erected here by admirers long after their death, and are quite unworthy of their fame. Gray, Thomson, Goldsmith, and many other poets who were not buried here, are commemorated on the walls and columns. The beautiful bust of the poet Longfellow is one of the most recent additions to the interesting features of Poets' Corner. A tablet to Granville Sharp reminds us how that good man exerted himself on behalf of the slave Somerset, and procured from twelve English judges the famous decision "that as soon as any slave sets his foot on English ground he is free." The allegorical pile in memory of the "Great Duke of Argyll" strikes the eye of every visitor. The monument to Dr. Busby, the famous Westminster schoolmaster, is a fine piece of sculpture. Addison represents Sir Roger de Coverley as standing before it and saying, "Dr. Busby! a great man; he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead—a very great man." If we turn round we see the statue of Addison himself, by Westmacott, in the farther corner of the transept. He was very fond of meditating in the old Abbey, and in the *Spectator* are many beautiful thoughts suggested by his visits to the place. I will conclude our survey of the tombs with a few of his words:—"When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me; when I read the epitaph of the beautiful every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who have deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men who divided the world by their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday and some that died six hundred years ago, I consider that day when we shall all make our appearance together."

THE BIRDS' PETITION.

E four little birdies, scarce able to fly,
Are starv'd with the cold of the frosty sky;
Through the trees and the hedgerows the white snow is driven,
And lies around everywhere under the heaven;
It hangs on the woods, it covers the wold,
It spreads over city, and hamlet, and hold.

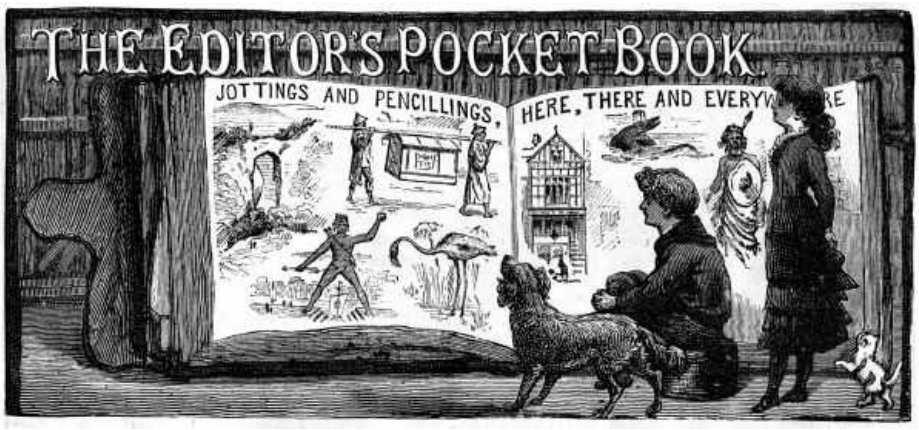
Happy ye little folk! sheltered at home
From the blasts that over the white world roam;
You are merry and gay 'mid your plentiful stores,
Oh, think of us ready to die out of doors!
The ground yields no worm, few berries the trees,
Oh, throw us some crumbs, little folk, if you please!

So, when the summer-time comes with the flowers
Decking the meadows, the wild wood, and bowers,
Every garden and grove shall resound with our song:
Oh, hear now our cry, for the winter is long!
The berries are scarce, so deep lies the snow,
But there's comfort in crumbs for birdies, you know!

"BEGGING FOR CRUMBS." *See p.* 368.

The Editor's Pocket-book.

[Pg 370]



About the Mistletoe.

The mistletoe is a shrub which grows or lives upon certain trees, such as the apple, pear, and hawthorn. It is found also on limes, poplars, firs, and sycamores, and, more rarely, on oaks—contrary to the popular belief. The white berries are full of a thick clammy juice by which the seeds are fastened to the branches where they take root. The mistletoe has been the object of a very special regard for centuries, and traces of this high esteem still survive in the well-known Christmas custom. One variety of this practice has it that each time a kiss is snatched under the mistletoe, a berry is plucked from the bush, and that when the berries have all been removed the privilege ceases. The Druids thought that the mistletoe which grew upon the oak possessed magical virtues, and they valued it accordingly. One of their priests in a white robe cut off the precious bush with a golden knife.

Badges of the Apostles.

The painters of the Middle Ages used to represent the Apostles with special badges which were generally symbolical of some incident in their lives. Andrew was depicted with a *cross*, because he was crucified; Bartholomew with a *knife*, because he was flayed; James the Greater with a *pilgrim's staff* and *gourd bottle*, because he was the patron saint of pilgrims; James the Less with

a *fuller's pole*, because he was slain by Simeon the fuller with a blow on the head with his pole; John with *a cup and a winged serpent flying out of it*, in allusion to the tradition that the apostle was challenged by a priest of Diana to drink a cup of poison. John made the sign of the cross on the cup, whereupon Satan, like a dragon, flew from it, and the apostle drank the cup with safety. Judas was represented with a *bag*, because he bare the bag and "what was put therein;" Jude with a *club*, because he was killed by that weapon; Matthew with a *hatchet*, because he was slain by one; Matthias with a *battle-axe*, because after having been stoned he was beheaded; Paul with a *sword*, because his head was cut off with one; Peter with a *bunch of keys* and also with a *cock*, in reference to the familiar episodes; Philip with a *long staff surmounted by a cross*, because he died by being hung by the neck to a tall pillar; Simon with a *saw*, because he was sawn to death; Thomas with a *lance*, because his body was pierced with a lance.

The Yule Log.

Who has not heard of the huge log (or clog) of wood that is laid in the fireplace on Christmas Eve amid great pomp and ceremony? It is lighted with the brand of last year's log which is always carefully preserved for the purpose. During the burning of the log there is much merry-making and songs and dances and telling of stories. It was the subject of several superstitions. If it did not burn all night that was looked upon as a misfortune, and if a barefooted or squinting person came to the house while it was burning that also was a bad omen. The name Yule carries us back to the far-off ages when the heathen nations of the North held their annual winter festival in honour of the sun.

The Senses of Bees.

Experiments conducted by Sir John Lubbock seem to show that bees have a preference for blue flowers. Besides this curious display of a colour sense, there is some reason to believe that these "busy" insects may possibly possess in a very rude state the power of hearing. Some bees were trained to come for honey placed on a musical box, on the lawn close to a window of the house. [Pg 371] The box was made to play several hours daily for a fortnight; it was then brought indoors out of sight, but close to the open window, about seven yards from its former position. The bees did not, however, find the honey, though when it was once shown to them they came promptly enough.

Abolition of Christmas Day.

On December the 24th, 1652, there appeared in a small gazette called the *Flying Eagle* one of the most curious statements ever published in connection with Christmas Day. It told how the House of Commons had that day been considering the business of the Navy, and how, before it separated, it had been presented with a "terrible remonstrance" against Christmas Day. "In consequence of this," the *Flying Eagle* went on to say, "Parliament spent some time in consultation about the abolition of Christmas Day, passed orders to that effect, and resolved to sit on the following day, which was commonly called Christmas Day."

The Dancing Bird.

The forests of Nicaragua are the home of a dancing bird, variously called "Toledo" from its whistling note, and "Bailador," or "Dancer," from its curious jumping action. A naturalist has described their remarkable performances. Upon a bare twig about four feet from the ground, two male Bailadors were seen engaged in a song and dance. They were about eighteen inches apart, and alternately jumped two feet into the air, alighting always in the same spot. As soon as one bird alighted the other bird jumped up, their time being like clockwork in its regularity, and each "accompanying himself to the tune of '*to-le-do*'—'*to-le-do*'—'*to-le-do*,' sounding the syllable '*to*' as he crouched to spring, '*le*' while in the air, and '*do*' as he alighted." The performance was kept up for more than a minute, when the birds found they were being watched, and made off.

Americanisms.

A few words current in the United States are being gradually adopted in England. The number of new words coined in America is said to be very small indeed, as compared with the number of fresh meanings which certain words have been made to bear. Of the former "caucus"—a political committee—and "Yankee" are examples. Of the latter "smart" used for "clever," and "clever" for "amiable," are specimens. But even among the different States of the Union, verbal peculiarities are found. When the new Englander "guesses," the Western "calculates," and the Southern "reckons," but these various terms are all meant in the one sense—namely of thinking or supposing. In the New England States, "ugly" is employed for "ill-natured," and "friends" for "relations." Some of the words in vogue in the Middle States are survivals of the original Dutch colonists—as "boss," an employer or manager, and "loafer," a vagabond. As to the Western States, it has been amusingly observed that "every prominent person has his own private vocabulary." Like the Emperor Sigismund the Great, who was "above grammar," the Western States folk are superior to dictionaries.

Peacock Pie.

On the tables of the squires and nobles was sometimes seen at Christmas and other festive seasons a peacock pie, but so costly was the dish that it was only the very wealthy who could face such extravagance. At one end of the pie the peacock's head, in all its plumage and with beak richly gilt, appeared above the crust, while at the other end the tail with feathers outspread made a brave show. The dish, however, was regarded more in the light of a superb ornament to the table, for it was not very good eating.

The "Ironsides."

This epithet applied to the famous soldiers of Cromwell was at first used as a nickname of Cromwell himself. Mr. Picton, in his well-known life of the Lord Protector, quotes a letter from a Northampton gentleman, written just before the battle of Naseby. The writer speaks of King Charles's army as being much impressed with the news "that *Ironsides was coming* to join with the Parliament's army." And when "Ironsides" reached them the cavalry "gave a great shout for joy of his coming to them."

Migration of Storks.

The storks pass the winter in the warmer climes of Africa. When the time for migration has arrived, they leave in great flocks, flying at a considerable height. Their wings are large, and have a great sweep, and consequently, their flight is powerful. The company of pilgrims, when at rest, afford much amusement to onlookers, and as they have the habit of constantly clacking their bills together, it will be easily believed that the uproar thus caused is a terrible nuisance. Colonel Irby likens the noise to a rattle, and if you will try to imagine the effect of hundreds of rattles, you may, perhaps, be able to form some notion of the disturbance that these storks create at the time when they are enjoying periods of well-earned repose.

The "Little Folks" Humane Society.

[Pg 372]

THIRTY-FOURTH 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
48966 Emily L. Neul	16
48967 Martha Hatch	15
48968 Emily Jenn	17
48969 Elzbth. Sardeson	18
48970 Mary Sardeson	16
48971 Edith A. Capes	12
48972 Agnes Pike	19
48973 Emma Warman	13
48974 C. H. Sardeson	11
48975 J. E. Sardeson	13
48976 Kate Probyn	11
48977 Emily Probyn	15
48978 Blanche Probyn	13
48979 F. M. Garrett	12
48980 A. G. Probyn	17
48981 Frank Sorrell	20
48982 Beatrice Sorrell	17
48983 Emmie Mansell	7
48984 Albert Mansell	9
48985 WINNIFRED M. HODGSON, Sandgate	9
48986 Kate Batchelor	13
48987 Fredk. Wraight	20
48988 Charles Wraight	18
48989 Percy Gordon	9
48990 Kate Gordon	15
48991 Maud Gordon	12
48992 Ella Gordon	10
48993 Violet Gordon	5
48994 Elizbth. Walkely	6
48995 Fredk. Walkely	9
48996 E. E. Walkely	11

48997 M. A. Walkely 7
48998 Nellie Pascoe 5
48999 T. E. Ellen 19
49000 Clara Turner 15
49001 Gussie Hills 8
49002 Charley Hills 8
49003 Albert Hills 10
49004 B. Langford 17
49005 Thos. Langford 14
49006 A. Langford 12
49007 James Hannon 10
49008 Mary Hannon 7
49009 Michael Hannon 5
49010 Esther Hannon 9
49011 Charles Sutton 10
49012 Fanny Sutton 14
49013 Mary Sutton 15
49014 Charles Pope 9
49015 George Pope 11
49016 Emma Richmond 10
49017 Jane Webb 17
49018 Eva Burville 11
49019 M. J. Doughty 15
49020 Richard White 11
49021 Sarah Garby 6
49022 Edith Allebone 8
49023 Annie Allebone 10
49024 Anne Haynes 17
49025 Anne Harnden 19
49026 Nellie Sage 13
49027 B. Fitheridge 7
49028 Annie Phillips 18
49029 Rose Hull 10
49030 Emily Rogers 9
49031 George Keeler 12
49032 M. Cunningham 19
49033 Rosetta Standing 10
49034 Lorie Terry 10
49035 E. Anderson 20
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49036 Ailie M. Tobin 6
49037 Lily M. Littlewood, Stoke Newington 15
49038 M. E. Townsend 12
49039 W. S. Townsend 7
49040 A. J. Townsend 14
49041 Jennie Wright 17
49042 A. L. Westbeech 18
49043 B. K. Wright 16
49044 M. G. Wright 15
49045 Ethel M. Wright 13
49046 A. E. Wright 11
49047 Henry J. Stanley 15
49048 Annie S. Biss 16
49049 Robert Blakeney 10
49050 E. Blakeney 13
49051 Flory W. Bailey 8
49052 Norah M. Boyce 10
49053 Annie Boyce 8
49054 Mary Davies 10
49055 Harriet Herbert 18
49056 J. W. Hayden 15
49057 Rupert Hailey 11
49058 George D. Hare 17
49059 Wm. A. Hare 19
49060 B. C. Hare 15
49061 Ada C. Hall 9
49062 Emily G. Kent 14

49063 Fredk. Kent 7
49064 Arthur G. Kent 8
49065 P. W. Kent 12
49066 Edwd. S. Kent 10
49067 Susan King 18
49068 Jas. I. Langley 8
49069 A. B. Littlewood 18
49070 Rosa Maxwell 17
49071 Annie E. Miles 7
49072 P. G. Murray 13
49073 H. V. Oldham 12
49074 Fredk Palmer 8
49075 Willie Palmer 7
49076 A. G. Palmer 12
49077 Wm. Reason 17
49078 Emily Reason 19
49079 Charles Riett 19
49080 B. Scatchord 17
49081 Harold Swinhoe 11
49082 Charles Swinhoe 14
49083 Ethel Swinhoe 8
49084 D. M. Stanley 12
49085 Mabel C. Smith 19
49086 Alice C. Smith 13
49087 Blanche C. Smith 9
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49088 L. E. Lithgow 14
49089 A. M. Gibbons 16
49090 M. L. Gwyer 6
49091 F. M. Hooper 13
49092 E. G. Bamber 10
49093 F. B. Walton 14
49094 Adelaide Walton 11
49095 Henry Blake 12
49096 Emily M. Newcomen, Warwick 15
49097 Percy Goodacre 12
49098 Arthur Goodacre 9
49099 H. Goodacre 11
49100 Frank Hirons 14
49101 Rowland Boyes 8
49102 T. Barnett 13
49103 Alice Timns 20
49104 Herbert Rolls 20
49105 Ethel Evans 6
49106 Wm. Boyes 13
49107 E. Richardson 17
49108 Nellie M. Fardon 16
49109 Amy Wackrill 14
49110 Ethel Lightoller 11
49111 Annie Widdows 12
49112 G. J. Wackrill 17
49113 S. E. Trehearn 20
49114 Jane Boyes 11
49115 E. E. Humphries 8
49116 William Kennett 5
49117 Thos. Clements. 6
49118 Elzbth. C. Heath 15
49119 A. J. N. Kennett 7
49120 Lilly Long 13
49121 Alice Griffin 14
49122 Florce. Fardon 13
49123 G. Allibone 15
49124 Emma Hanes 12
49125 Annie Lees 18
49126 A. E. Wilkins 18
49127 Lizzie Randall 15
49128 A. M. Pankhurst 14

49129	E. Bradshaw	18
49130	Annie Bailey	21
49131	Sarah Noon	20
49132	Margaret Jacobs	11
49133	R. Garnham	9
49134	Annie Evans	9
49135	F. Bradshaw	9
49136	M. A. Bradon	11
49137	Elsie Dutton	14
49138	Harriette Dutton	11
49139	Florence Beech	12
49140	Lizzie Beech	8
49141	Maud Beech	10
49142	Frank Beech	11
49143	Esther Lidgett	18
49144	Emily Greenfield	9
49145	Janet Granfield	10
49146	Geo. Bastock	14
49147	W. Marshall	21
49148	W. Jones	20
49149	Alice B. R. Pavey, Charmouth	11
49150	Jane Berry	8
49151	E. H. Berry	11
49152	Harold Hunter	12
49153	Ada Hunter	8
49154	Willie Hazard	8
49155	Harry Hazard	9
49156	Alice Hodder	10
49157	D. Nicholls	19
49158	S. T. B. Rudd	8
49159	Lucy G. Dunn	8
49160	Mary Cozens	10
49161	Annie Lockyer	11
49162	Martha A. Jay	11
49163	Alice L. Jay	9
49164	John W. Jay	7
49165	Fredk. B. Jay	5
49166	Harry Pryer	13
49167	Annie Pryer	12
49168	Emma Pryer	10
49169	Ellen Pryer	9
49170	K. Norris	10
49171	Frances M. Norris	8
49172	A. B. Kerbey	9
49173	F. E. Kerbey	12
49174	G. M. Pavey	9
49175	Mabel S. Jacob	16
49176	A. M. Wynne	13
49177	Mary F. H. Rye	13
49178	L. A. A. Hatchard	14
49179	A. M. Simpson	15
49180	Jennie C. White	13
49181	F. G. Parker	13
49182	F. M. Loughain	10
49183	A. M. Lambert	14
49184	A. M. Furlonge	12
49185	Lizzie Cornick	15
49186	Ida Beatty	17
49187	Constance S. Bell	14
49188	Mary A. Reed	16
49189	Ferry L. Davis	13
49190	F. T. Davis	16
49191	Edith M. Millard	10
49192	C. B. Millard	11
49193	F. Mainwaring	11
49194	E. M. Mainwaring	7
49195	J. M. Venour	8

49196 Ethel A. Lang 11
49197 Evelyn Venour 10
49198 A. M. B. Smith 14
49199 F. C. B. Smith 17
49200 N. B. Smith 15
49201 I. M. Andrews 8
49202 Florce. Berry 6
49203 E. J. C. Andrews 11
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49204 Eva M. Clarke 14
49205 L. M. Breton 13
49206 Ada M. Breton 16
49207 K. A. Patchell 11
49208 Grace Pittock 10
49209 Rose Pittock 9
49210 F. G. Pittock 11
49211 John Gidley 17
49212 Elizbth. C. Gidley 13
49213 M. F. Gidley 12
49214 Charles Felton, Hunmanby 11
49215 George Coultas 8
49216 Arthur Coultas 10
49217 Fredk. Dosdill 9
49218 George Duke 9
49219 Margt. Thorpe 7
49220 A. E. Thorpe 10
49221 Jane Ratcliffe 18
49222 Gertrude Riddell 14
49223 Florence Boultby 10
49224 Wm. Wightman 17
49225 Nelly Parsons 7
49226 Samuel Swann 17
49227 Ada Ratcliffe 8
49228 Mary Swann 20
49229 John Swann 15
49230 Florce. Bullock 6
49231 Julia Boultby 6
49232 Joshua Swann 9
49233 Teresa Thorpe 12
49234 Anne Cooper 8
49235 Florence Murdy 13
49236 Pollie Murdy 20
49237 George Corner 13
49238 Sarah Corner 16
49239 Harry Wesson 8
49240 Francis Fisk 20
49241 Emma Brown 7
49242 Louisa Swann 6
49243 Clara Richardson 7
49244 Annie Grundy 8
49245 Kate Jenkinson 20
49246 Freddy Crisp 7
49247 May Flower 6
49248 Lina Leibrandt 8
49249 Lena Leibrandt 10
49250 Lizzie Denman 9
49251 John Herbert 10
49252 Walter J. Smith 16
49253 Henry Felton 8
49254 Florence Mather 7
49255 William Thorpe 11
49256 Gerty Adamson 6
49257 William Felton 17
49758 John Joynes 8
49259 L. Newton 11
49260 Herbt. Marchant 19
49261 F. Abbott 16

49262 Ernest Christian 17
49263 Samuel Smith 12
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49264 Fredk. Martin 11
49265 Willie Dickins 10
49266 Mollie Dickins 8
49267 Emily J. Rutter, Chiswick 14
49268 Lizzie Ravenhill 15
49269 Freda Sumpter 12
49270 Therza Sumpter 17
49271 Janet Armstrong 16
49272 Ada Cleave 15
49273 Annie Cleave 14
49274 Emma Armstrong 18
49275 A. Churchman 14
49276 F. Pilkington 16
49277 Eva Line 17
49278 Thomas Downs 10
49279 Ella Harrolt 14
49280 Louise Line 13
49281 Ada L. Davey 13
49282 Kate Green 11
49283 Lizzie Green 19
49284 Sarah Smith 17
49285 Ada Downs 15
49286 Lily Warner 11
49287 Mabel Mills 6
49288 Mabel Seaton 11
49289 Mary A. Greatree 20
49290 Augusta Meyer 11
49291 Albert E. Meyer 17
49292 Josephine Meyer 20
49293 Mary Randall 16
49294 Minnie Purser 15
49295 E. C. Richardson 13
49296 Clara E. White 13
49297 Olive E. Baxter 13
49298 Harry E. Rutter 8
49299 B. C. M. Praeger 11
49300 Maria Elliott 13
49301 Edith Elliott 2
49302 Ada Miles 14
49303 J. Gillingham 14
49304 Kate Foster 13
49305 Annie Knight 10
49306 Alice Lord 15
49307 Isabella Gabrielle 15
49308 Jessie Foster 10
49309 E. P. Richards 15
49310 F. E. Baker 14
49311 Annie E. Jolly 15
49312 Fredk. Meyer 17
49313 Percy Tilly 16
49314 Alice Mills 11
49315 Bertrum Mills 9
49316 C. Lambert 13
49317 A. Mudd 10
49318 E. Mills 8
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49319 Ida Bowker 10
49320 Edward Eldrid 13
49321 H. Bobbins 14
49322 Gabriel Banderet 13
49323 Anna Vivenot 11
49324 Betsy Borton 16
49325 Mary B. Harpin 11
49326 John H. Harpin 9

49327 Emma Wilkinson 15
49328 Bertha Cunliffe, Manchester 13
49329 Bernard Evans 8
49330 Sarah Stott 12
49331 Mary Brisbane 19
49332 Samuel Brisbane 13
49333 J. Wm. Brisbane 15
49334 Maggie Stott 14
49335 Alice Howell 14
49336 Minnie Atkinson 11
49337 Lizzie Abbott 12
49338 Maggie Brisbane 10
49339 F. M. Webster 13
49340 Minnie Harrison 13
49341 J. Brooksbank 8
49342 Mary Rangeley 15
49343 H. Howell 16
49344 Maud Rangeley 14
49345 Maud M. Steele 9
49346 G. Howell 13
49347 Lilian Steele 13
49348 Kate Howell 6
49349 Christine Lowe 13
49350 Francess Parry 10
49351 Kate Mence 13
49352 Isabella Backwell 9
49353 A. Williamson 12
49354 Daisy Steele 11
49355 Wm. Mather 18
49356 Hetty Bramall 9
49357 J. Brisbane 7
49358 Mary E. Lloyd 12
49359 Jn. L. Mather 4
49360 Anne Powell 13
49361 Annie Mather 8
49362 Ella Chorlton 10
49363 Edith Farnell 13
49364 Edna Rogerson 11
49365 Mary Ogden 12
49366 Lillie Kennington 11
49367 Jessie Mather 10
49368 Agnes Currie 13
49369 Edith Rhodes 16
49370 Clara Emery 12
49371 Arthur Mather 16
49372 Jessie Leech 11
49373 N. Darnborough 12
49374 Annie Stretch 14
49375 Lucy Birchal 10
49376 Emily Mather 12
49377 Sarah Gilbody 12
49378 Gertrude Powell 8
49379 Helen E. Ray, Norwich 11
49380 Edward Girling 18
49381 Edith M. Bunnett 14
49382 Gerty Langham 10
49383 G. M. Willett 9
49384 Kate Dinnington 12
49385 M. A. Donaldson 9
49386 M. S. Donaldson 10
49387 Grace E. Bush 11
49388 Lucy Morter 12
49389 Mary Green 11
49390 Dora Goodwyn 10
49391 K. M. Ireland 10
49392 C. A. H. Brown 7
49393 Alice Holmes 14

49394 Bessie Hubbard 11
49395 Philip H. Girling 13
49396 Sidney R. Ireland 12
49397 Ethel Griffin 13
49398 Ida J. Smith 9
49399 M. M. Farmar 12
49400 Margaret Cook 11
49401 Helen Cook 12
49402 Amy Salmon 11
49403 J. M. Troughton 10
49404 Lizzie Shepheard 10
49405 Edith A. Mack 14
49406 E. J. Williams 13
49407 Deborah Cook 13
49408 Emma Bond 12
49409 Isabel Johnson 15
49410 M. E. C. Wells 12

49411 Ellen A. Butler 10
49412 A. M. Everett 9
49413 E. K. Chapman 13
49414 Mabel A. Bush 12
49415 M. E. E. Gooding 14
49416 May Saul 10
49417 Louisa Oldfield 13
49418 Edith F. Salmon 15
49419 E. S. Hardingham 12
49420 A. E. Taylor 16
49421 Martha Mase 11
49422 M. H. Smyth 11
49423 Helen L. Turner 9
49424 Lily Girling 14
49425 M. H. Everett 9
49426 Caroline Garrett 9
49427 M. B. Burrows 10
49428 Margaret Girling 11
49429 M. A. O. Self 9
49430 Francis H. Duck 4
49431 Beatrice E. Blades, Sutton 15
49432 Emmie Abbott 13
49433 Amy Balcombe 15
49434 I. M. Balcombe 12
49435 Marian Berry 8
49436 Bessie Berry 7
49437 Alice Binks 16
49438 Agnes Binks 9
49439 Amy Binks 11
49440 Emily Bower 19
49441 Cordelia Bower 17
49442 Nellie Bower 10
49443 Ethel Bosworth 11
49444 Louisa Bracey 12
49445 Mabel Bracey 7
49446 Alice C. Colby 17
49447 Lilian Colyer 16
49448 Alice Colyer 14
49449 Percy Colyer 13
49450 F. E. Colyer 10
49451 Alice Cork 13
49452 A. C. Smith 16
49453 Effie Dresser 15
49454 Nellie Dresser 13
49455 E. R. Dresser 11
49456 Alice Drew 15
49457 Daisy Fisher 11
49458 Winnie Fisher 9
49459 Ethel Gabb 13
49460 Violet Griffith 15

49461 Beatrice Hobbs 15
49462 Constance Home 13
49463 J. E. Houlston 15
49464 Pattie Huskisson 13
49465 Percy Huskisson 15
49466 Maggie Knight 16
49467 Jennie Knight 16
49468 Alice Lancaster 15
49469 Winnie Lancaster 11
49470 M. E. Langridge 16
49471 Edith Larner 12
49472 Ethel Mileham 11
49473 Mary Perry 17
49474 Jessie Miller 14
49475 Maude Rayner 13
49476 Maria Rayner 10
49477 Lizzie Rayner 8
49478 Richard G. Rolls 8
49479 Ethel Turner 11
49480 Mary White 14
49481 Mary Williamson 16
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49482 Amy S. Coulton 13
49483 Maude H. Platts 15
49484 Louisa M. Price 14
49485 A. B. Vine 8
49486 Grace Pettman, Ramsgate 14
49487 Grace Holladay 12
49488 Lillian Nash 11
49489 Frances Bone 9
49490 Florrie Bone 13
49491 Margaret Palmer 16
49492 Aggie Sutton 12
49493 Florce. Garwood 11
49494 Sally Sutton 10
49495 Anna Wood 18
49496 Nellie Bowers 11
49497 Annie Spain 13
49498 Minnie Spain 6
49499 Harriett Goodson 14
49500 Freddy Goodson 10
49501 Kitty Church 12
49502 Walter Spain 7
49503 Florence Jones 9
49504 Sarah Covern 12
49505 Minnie Nouel 13
49506 Mary L. Nouel 11
49507 Ethelbirt Nouel 9
49508 Ann M. Nouel 6
49509 Florence Newby 12
49510 Mabel Newby 11
49511 F. I. M. Larkin 12
49512 Winifred Barnes 9
49513 James F. Barnes 15
49514 E. M. D. Barnes 13
49515 S. P. Martin 11
49516 Howrd. Musgrove 12
49517 Edwd. Musgrove 13
49518 A. M. Musgrove 9
49519 M. E. Musgrove 8
49520 R. W. Musgrove 5
49521 E. H. Musgrove 11
49522 Percy Makins 9
49523 Leslie Farrier 8
49524 F. C. Archer 17
49525 K. Schwengers 8
49526 Jane Makins 14

49527 Harry Makins 5
49528 Susan Cadman 11
49529 Walter Cadman 6
49530 Joseph Cadman 10
49531 Hilda Cadman 8
49532 Minnie Sherred 5
49533 Samuel Sherred 8
49534 Robert Sherred 11
49535 Annie Sherred 15
49536 Jessie S. Sherred 19
49537 Albert Abraham, Liskeard 13
49538 Thos. H. Pascoe 20
49539 A. E. Morcom 19
49540 Lucy Rich 19
49541 Arthur Pooley 18
49542 S. A. Playne 18
49543 Ernest Cullen 18
49544 Chas. Ainge 17
49545 Ernest J. Snell 16
49546 Ellen Davey 16
49547 Alice Stowe 17
49548 Edward Ainge 15
49549 Alvena Bradford 15
49550 Fredk. E. Moon 15
49551 Wm. Middleton 14
49552 John Broad 14
49553 William Daniel 14
49554 J. Cheynoweth 14
49555 R. S. Truscott 14 [Pg 373]
49556 Thos. Wonnacott 14
49557 J. E. S. Old 14
49558 Samuel Raby 14
49559 Herbert Dyer 13
49560 John West 13
49561 Percy Snell 13
49562 Arthur Sampson 13
49563 Fredk. Edgcumbe 13
49564 Thomas Roberts 13
49565 Joseph Hill 13
49566 Mark Sampson 12
49567 Charles Rule 12
49568 Arthur Hodges 11
49569 Wm. Stoneman 11
49570 Edmund Skinner 11
49571 John A. Little 11
49572 Joseph H. Pearce 11
49573 Wm. Dunbar 10
49574 Arthur Rule 10
49575 Samuel Sampson 10
49576 Edward Wright 10
49577 Rose Lyne 9
49578 Willmot Wright 8
49579 Percy Lyne 7
49580 William Rowe 19
49581 William Brenton 15
49582 Edith M. Tinney 15
49583 Charles Hambly 14
49584 J. S. Blandford 14
49585 Thos S. Peters 14
49586 D. R. F. Wilson 16
49587 R. G. F. W. Green 15
49588 Geo. A. Northey 14
49589 William Pollard 14
49590 John Martin 13
49591 H. J. Trethewy 12
49592 John B. Old 13
49593 William Grose 12

49594	John Scantlebury	12
49595	Arthur E. Pearse	11
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49596	Eardley Vine	6
49597	Nellie Sykes	8
49598	A. M. Potter	9
49599	Edith Jenkins	14
49600	Nellie Corke	13
49601	Kate Jenkins	12
49602	Herbt. Barham	8
49603	Wm. Worssell	7
49604	Richd. Worssell	10
49605	F. J. Williams	10
49606	A. E. Chapman	12
49607	Robert J. King	11
49608	E. W. Mann	12
49609	C. E. J. Phillips	10
49610	Lilian Stoneham, Ampthill Square, London	12
49611	May Broom	10
49612	Ernest Stoneham	9
49613	S. W. Stoneham	12
49614	Alice Dorington	9
49615	H. G. Humphries	7
49616	M. E. Humphries	9
49617	L. M. Gossling	7
49618	A. M. Edwards	7
49619	Richd. H. Bendy	8
49620	Katie Hill	6
49621	G. F. Collins	7
49622	E. H. Bendy	6
49623	N. A. J. Saunders	9
49624	M. A. Sanders	8
49625	John S. Gretton	7
49626	F. E. Summerfield	10
49627	E. E. Copping	11
49628	M. L. Summerfield	8
49929	A. C. Stoneham	13
49630	Sarah Neuff	10
49631	G. A. M. Gillott	14
49632	Mildred Jones	13
49633	Louisa Harragan	13
49634	Rosina Wight	11
49635	Kate Carter	10
49636	L. Melvill	10
49637	Ella Wyand	17
49638	Edith Pasmore	13
49639	Amy Carter	12
49640	Lydia Dansie	7
49641	May Soper	11
49642	Alfred Kingsbury	8
49643	Alice Pigot	10
49644	Lilian C. Soper	15
49645	Rosa Soper	13
49646	Blanche Wyatt	14
49647	Helen Melvill	10
49648	Maud Middleton	10
49649	Christabel Jones	8
49650	A. A. Langsford	15
49651	I. Macculloch	14
49652	Ethel Wyand	15
49653	Clara Rowley	10
49654	Gertrude Ellwood	11
49655	Beatrice Jones	14
49656	Louie Appleton	12
49657	H. G. Rowley	15
49658	Annie Davis	11

49659 Alice Loomes 12
49660 Annie Cox 14
——
49661 E. Ballefant 8
49662 Florence C. Barrett, Poplar, Lond. 12
49663 George Gilley 17
49664 T. H. Shepherd 18
49665 C. E. Peckham 11
49666 Katie Fischer 12
49667 Grace Allen 8
49668 H. E. Worland 11
49669 Sophia A. Gilley 11
49670 Beatrice Merralls 14
49671 Geo. R. Miller 7
49672 H. J. Birleson 16
49673 C. S. Richardson 14
49674 E. H. Merralls 13
49675 Clara Bull 11
49676 John Gilley 9
49677 M. C. Phillips 11
49678 A. H. Oughton 6
49679 Ellen Quantock 13
49680 Wm. Birleson 9
49681 M. A. Woodrow 16
49682 Annie Atkinson 6
49683 Percy A. Bull 9
49684 A. Hatterleys 10
49685 L. E. Abraham 8
49686 A. M. Peckham 10
49687 A. E. Birleson 9
49688 W. T. Merralls 10
49689 E. M. M. George 15
49690 Jane Quantock 12
49691 Sarah E. Evans 9
49692 Samuel Gilley 15
49693 Maude Allen 9
49694 G. C. Peckham 8
49695 A. M. Scotten 12
49696 C. Woodrow 12
49697 Thomas Gilley 13
49698 Harriet Holgate 18
49699 Wm. H. Miller 10
49700 Charlotte Scotten 14
49701 B. W. Allan 20
49702 W. C. M. Barrett 15
49703 Reuben Merralls 8
49704 M. S. Worland 15
49705 G. M. Gilley 18
49706 S. F. Birleson 11
49707 Sarah A. Stains 7
49708 Annie C. George 12
49709 Edith. M. Miller 15
49710 Geo. E. Girard 9
49711 H. J. Abraham 10
49712 A. M. Merralls 7
——
49713 Clara Kemmins 14
49714 Walter Kemmins 10
49715 Cyril Walton 13
49716 O. Schofield 8
49717 Esther Schofield 7
49718 Rosa M. Davies 12
49719 M. L. Struthers 20
49720 A. L. Lowndes 14
49721 F. Masterson 12
49722 Amy Atkins 13
49723 Violet Jackson 15

49724	Kate M. Boyd, Belfast	10
49725	Frank Ward	7
49726	Robert J. Stewart	6
49727	Bessie Lamble	15
49728	Elias Lamble	12
49729	George Moore	7
49730	Ellen P. Weir	5
49731	Charles Weir	3
49732	Aggie Nesbit	7
49733	David T. Ward	10
49734	John Whiteside	12
49735	Lizzie Whiteside	19
49736	Chas. W. McMidd	16
49737	Alexandra Cosby	11
49738	Jane Mitchell	6
49739	May McKinstry	15
49740	Annie Hamilton	13
49741	Mary Mitchell	9
49742	L. Shaw	6
49743	L. MacDonald	13
49744	Minnie Rainey	9
49745	Sam Fitchie	7
49746	James H. Shaw	11
49747	John Macnamara	15
49748	May Purdon	7
49749	Wm. McDonald	8
49750	Ida Mitchell	14
49751	Edward Purdon	4
49752	James Steward	7
49753	Ellen T. Shaw	8
49754	S. C. Ward	17
49755	Thos. Whiteside	6
49756	L. Chamberlain	8
49757	John Shaw	16
49758	Isabella Frazer	15
49759	D. Richardson	7
49760	S. McKinstry	13
49761	E. J. McMinn	17
49762	M. Chancellor	17
49763	Mary E. Frazer	11
49764	Selina McMinn	10
49765	Wm. McCann	18
49766	David Mitchell	12
49767	Ethel Browne	6
49768	Agnes Gilbert	15
49769	H. MacGregor	7
49770	Hugh Cooper	11
49771	Frances Moore	6
49772	F. MacGregor	5
49773	S. Crawford	14
49774	Isabella Gilbert	10
49775	Annie MacGregor	8
49776	Robert Browne	11
49777	Violet Anderson, Kensington	12
49778	Lottie Wilson	5
49779	Geo. Middleton	12
49780	Emma Mugford	9
49781	Rhoda Taylor	10
49782	Frank Coombs	7
49783	Poly Humble	4
49784	John Martin	3
49785	Annie Patinson	4
49786	George Humble	6
49787	Mary Nash	7
49788	Florence Wiles	10
49789	Rosy Hudson	3

49790	Robert Copeland	10
49791	Martha Isaac	10
49792	Annie Turner	10
49793	Nathaniel James	6
49794	M. Raulerson	11
49795	Percy Pollard	4
49796	Arthur Bennett	3
49797	Katie Kinton	4
49798	Lizzie Cannon	6
49799	L. G. Hudson	6
49800	Isabella Bennett	9
49801	Emily Easton	10
49802	Ada Vogan	6
49803	Robert Pollard	11
49804	Frank Galliford	8
49805	Louisa Floyd	2
49806	Jane Vogan	8
49807	Beatrice Mayfield	9
49808	Albert Coomber	10
49809	Rose James	3
49810	Maud Martin	7
49811	Ada Barnes	5
49812	Richard Porch	7
49813	Kate Coomber	12
49814	Clara Cannon	9
49815	Sarah Ball	10
49816	Nellie Dixon	11
49817	Fanny Barnes	7
49818	Charles Ball	5
49819	Ada Ball	13
49820	Eliza James	12
49821	Annie Mayfield	7
49822	Edwd. Pullinger	15
49823	Julia Hudson	9
49824	Lizzie Pattinson	10
49825	Ada Cullingford	11
49826	Albert James	10
49827	Arthur James	8
49828	Amy Baker	11
49829	Arthur Stone	10
49830	Arthur Bennett	5
49831	Louisa Rogers	11
49832	George Barnard	6
49833	William Pullinger	9
49834	Fanny Porch	4
49835	Ada Pollard	13
49836	Annie Utling	7
49837	Rose A. Hudson	3
49838	Thomas Mitchell	14
49839	Rose Pullinger	11
49840	Norah Willison	10
49841	Robert Pullinger	12
49842	Adolphus Ball	6
49843	Alice Allen	13
49844	Alice Vogan	11
49845	Harriett Humble	12
49846	Alice Hall	9
49847	Thomas Pollard	14
49848	Henry Hazell	11
49849	Alice Barnard	4
49850	Edith Taylor	5
49851	Maud Mason	7
49852	Ernest Butter	10
49853	E. E. Rawlerson	13
49854	Florence Hatcher	8
49855	C. Wharton	9
49856	Alice Humphries	9

49857 Harry Mugford 5
49858 George Martin 10
49859 Mirabel Turner 8
——
49860 E. C. M. Wright 11
49861 Eleanor Wright 13
49862 Ethel McMaster 12
49863 Philis England 13
49864 Ethelind Kennedy, Stewartstown 14
49865 Annie Brown 10
49866 R. J. Stevenson 15
49867 C. S. Dudgeon 11
49868 Maggie Simpson 5
49869 Charles Graham 6
49870 K. McGahey 10
49871 John S. McGahey 8
49872 Ethel McGahey 5
49873 Alexander Martin 8
49874 John Megaw 13
49875 M. E. Shepherd 10
49876 Alexndr. Shields 11
49877 H. J. Russell 12
49878 Thomas Nichol 10
49879 M. D. McGhee 11
49880 Emma McGhee 8
49881 Charlotte Reid 10
49882 Wm. Hamilton 5
49883 Robert Hamilton 8
49884 Mary S. Brown 5
49885 J. T. Kempton 9
49886 Hugh Elder 9
49887 Mary J. Turtle 9
49888 Robert J. Turtle 12
49889 Maggie J. Gibson 12
49890 Mary H. Gibson 10
49891 Emma B. Gibson 8
49892 Edith Gibson 5
49893 Sarah Thompson 5
49894 H. Thompson 9
49895 M. J. Thompson 11
49896 W. J. Thompson 13
49897 Chas. Abernethy 13
49898 H. T. Abernethy 10
49899 L. Abernethy 9
49900 M. Abernethy 7
49901 A. Steenson 6
49902 Thos. Bingham 12
49903 Samuel Bingham 11
49904 Sarah J. Bingham 6
49905 Sarah A. Devlin 5
49906 Mary M. Devlin 9
49907 R. J. Devlin 9
49908 Maude C. Woods 14
49909 James Clements 8
49910 John Clements 12
49911 C. Clements 10
49912 R. D. Steenson 12
49913 Minnie Steenson 6
49914 Meta K. Woods 9
49915 Robert S. Woods 7
49916 Sara T. Woods 12
49917 Hugh Peers 8
49918 Hugh Brown 10
49919 Marcus Reid 12
49920 Hannah Martin 6
——
49921 Maud S. Frisby 13

49922 Ethel L. Smith 7
49923 Alice Newton 11
49924 Maud Bullock 9
49925 William Godfry 10
49926 Emily Martin 8
49927 Walter Raine 10
49928 Annie S. Bond 16
49929 Edith H. Bond 8
49930 A. M. Annandale 13
49931 Agnes A. Rose 17
49932 Elizabeth Dole, Bristol 14
49933 Agnes Porter 19
49934 Agnes Place 19
49935 Augusta Harris 18
49936 Lizzie Harries 17
49937 Florence Morgan 17
49938 Alice Sewell 17
49939 Katy Rickens 16
49940 Frances Rebbeck 16
49941 Mary Dole 16
49942 Rachel Dole 16
49943 Constance Wadge 15
49944 Edith J. Sewell 15
49945 Mary Verier 15
49946 Ermy Loxton 15
49947 Susan J. Rickens 15
49948 Rosa Major 15
49949 Anna M. Gibbs 15
49950 Florence Hicks 15
49951 Mabel B. Peirce 15
49952 Marion L. Cundell 15
49953 Marie Heine 14
49954 E. M. Gatcombe 14
49955 Agnes Winstone 14
49956 Eleanor Durston 14
49957 Elizabeth Arney 14
49958 Mabel Major 14
49959 Gertrude I. Sewel 14
49960 Nellie Coe 14
49961 Fanny Gregory 14
49962 Kathleen Place 14
49963 Florence Pope 14
49964 Edith Tyler 14
49965 Maggie Morgans 14
49966 Isabel Nicholson 13
49967 Edith C. Morgan 13
49968 Jessie Slade 13
49969 Mary I. Butler 13
49970 Emily Edis 13
49971 F. Cullingford 13
49972 Lillie Basset 13
49973 Marion K. Bell 13
49974 Mary A. Hicks 13
49975 Janie Jones 12
49976 Florence Hartnell 12
49977 Emma Bennett 12
49978 Beatrice Quick 12
49979 Bessie Hayward 12
49980 George Peirce 11
49981 Katie Bowyer 11
49982 Julia Stuart 11
——
49983 Harry J. Eder 13
49984 Solomon Ososki 13
49985 C. W. Sax 15
49986 William Hunter 13
49987 John Russell 14

49988	John Parker	14
49989	William McMunn	9
49990	William Whisker	13
49991	Arthur S. Everest	8
49992	Henry D. Everest	12
49993	Ellen S. Bull	13
49994	E. Hetherington	8
49995	Jane Robinson	12
49996	D. Monnington	8
49997	Richard Caldecott	7
49998	Ann Hetherington	13
49999	Florence Bodley	10
50000	G. C. Stephens	15

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE "LITTLE FOLKS" HUMANE SOCIETY.

FIFTY THOUSAND Officers and Members—such is the printed muster-roll of The LITTLE FOLKS Humane Society. As most of the Readers of LITTLE FOLKS are aware, however, this does not comprise all the names on the Register of the Society—for since this grand total was reached many hundreds of Children have enrolled themselves; nor does the fact that in future the publication of the Lists will be discontinued (as announced on page 55 of this Volume) signify that the work of the Society—which has been so enthusiastically carried on since it commenced in January, 1882—is accomplished. On the contrary, the Editor earnestly trusts that his Readers will not only still come forward in large numbers and become Members, by sending in their "promises" to him, but will also, in the future as they have in the past, continue to induce their relatives and friends to enroll themselves under the Society's banner. For it should be remembered that the Dumb Creation *always* stands in need of help and protection; and it is to a great extent by the aid of such associations as The LITTLE FOLKS Humane Society—founded for the purpose of inculcating in the minds of children Kindness towards Animals—that the claims of the weak and defenceless creatures around us are recognised as they should be.

The names of all who fill up and sign the "form of promise" (which is again printed on the next page), and send it to the Editor, will, as heretofore, be duly inscribed on the Register of the Society; and Certificates of Membership will be forwarded to any who desire to have them, if *stamped addressed* envelopes be enclosed for the purpose. (The limit of age for enrolment is 21). [Pg 374]

Members will also be eligible to become Officers of the Society and receive Officers' Certificates if they induce Fifty other Children to join, and send in that number of "promises" to the Editor, *all together*; but the small book and medal hitherto awarded to Officers will, in future (as stated on page 55), be given only to those who, in sending up their Fifty "promises," enclose a certificate from a Parent, Teacher, or other responsible person, stating that the collection of such "promises" had been commenced *prior* to July 1, 1884.

The wonderful progress made by The LITTLE FOLKS Humane Society since its institution in January, 1882, has, the Editor feels sure, been a source of much gratification to all who have taken part in its work; and while tendering thanks to the Officers and Members—comprising representatives of every rank and station, and living in all parts of the globe—who have so zealously and heartily co-operated with him, he can only express the hope that in the accounts of the Society which he proposes to give in LITTLE FOLKS from time to time, he may be able to record the same satisfactory progress in its growth during future years as he has in past ones.

The "form of promise" to be signed (which should be copied on half a sheet of note-paper and forwarded to the Editor, after being filled up, and attested by a Parent, Teacher, or other responsible person) is as follows:—

```
To the Editor of LITTLE FOLKS.

  [Here insert full name]
I ..................... hereby undertake, as far
as it lies in my power, to be kind to every living
creature that is useful and not harmful to man.

[Full name]
.......................

[Address]
.......................
.......................


(Age..........)

Witness [of signature]
.......................

[Date]
.......................
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All communications to the Editor in reference to the Society should have the words, "Little Folks Humane Society," on the left-hand top corners of the envelopes.

TRUE STORIES ABOUT PETS, ANECDOTES, &c.

HOW A WILD DUCK SAVED HER CHILDREN.

DEAR Mr. Editor,—Our river is so shallow that in some parts reeds grow in it, where wild ducks are very fond of building their nests. Once, shepherds who were with the cattle, near that river, saw a wild duck, with eighteen little ones swimming about, and as the little ducks were so small they thought it would be very easy to catch them. So accordingly they got into the water, and were trying to catch the young ones, when they perceived that the old duck, instead of flying away, as they expected she would do, was turning over in the water as if she were hurt. The shepherds seeing this, thought it would be very well to catch her first, as it seemed a very easy thing to do, so they went over to where she was. Meanwhile the little ducks got safely hidden in the rushes, and the old one seeing that her children were out of their enemies' reach, flew into the air and left the shepherds standing with nothing.

The Princess Sophie Gagarine
(Aged 12½.)

8, Place Catharine, Odessa.

THE SAGACITY OF ANTS.

DEAR Mr. Editor,—A friend recently told me that when walking in his garden one day he noticed an ant seemingly examining a dead caterpillar which lay on the path. Then it returned to its nest, but soon came back with several others. These, walking round the caterpillar, examined it carefully, as did the first. Home they all went; soon they returned with still more of their companions, then they formed a long column, very like a rope, and dragged him to the edge of the path. The nest being in the flower-beds they had to pull him over the tiles surrounding the garden, but once over this difficulty on they toiled until after a quarter of an hour's hard work they reached their nest.

Archibald Hurd.
(Aged 15.)

Elmcroft, Tottenham Lane, Hornsey, N.

A KIND HORSE.

DEAR Mr. Editor,—The other day, as I was walking along the road, I saw a horse do another a deed of kindness. One poor horse was out in the road without anything to eat, and the other in a field with plenty of grass. The horse that was in the field picked a mouthful of grass and put his head over the gate; the poor one then took it out of his mouth and ate it up. This was done five or six times. The horse then neighed, as much as to say, "thank you," and walked on.

Arthur W. White.
(Aged 11.)

Stickland School, Blandford.

PRIZE STORY COMPETITION FOR DECEMBER.

In the place of a "Picture Page Wanting Words," the usual Monthly Prizes are offered for the best Original Stories on the subject of "A Skating Adventure," namely—-a Guinea Book and an Officer's Medal of the Little Folks Legion of Honour for the best Story; and a smaller book and Officer's Medal for the best Story (on the same subject) relatively to the age of the Competitor, so that no reader is too young to try for this second prize. All Competitors must be under the age of 16. The Stories, which are not to exceed 500 words in length, must be certified as *strictly original* by a Parent, Minister, Teacher, or other person of responsible position, and must reach the Editor on or before the 10th of December (the 15th of December for 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. It is particularly requested that each envelope containing a

Story should have the words "December Prize Story Competition" written on the left-hand top corner of it. (Competitors are referred to a notice respecting the Silver Medal, which was printed on page 115 of the last Volume.)

LITTLE DOCTOR MAY.

[Pg 375]

Little Daisy playing
'Mid the ripening corn,
Pierced her plump white finger
With a cruel thorn.

Home she flies, eyes clouded
With a mist of tears;
Little bosom trembling
With vague childlike fears.

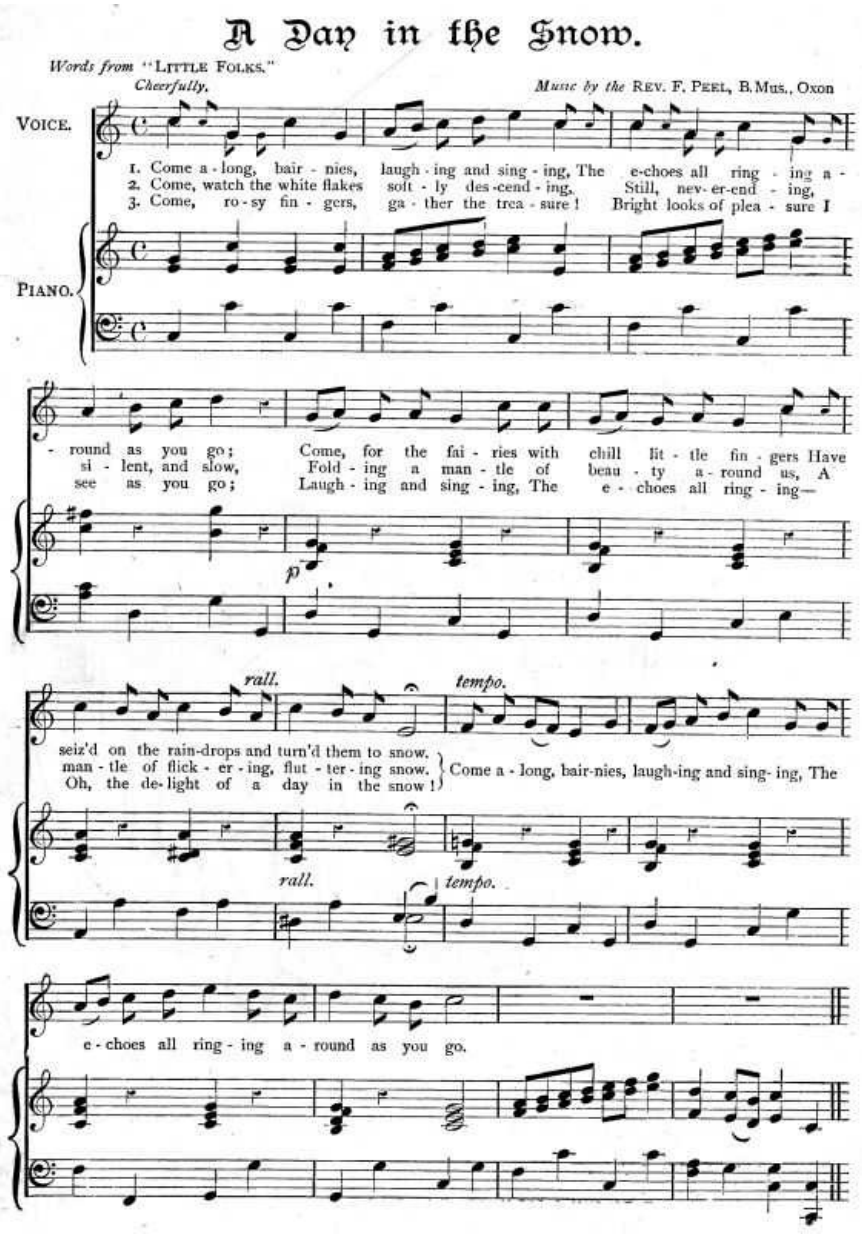
Brother Leonard lifts her
Lightly from the ground;
May, beside her kneeling,
Tends the swelling wound.

Softly takes a needle—
Knows what she's about—
Pricks, and lo! the hidden
Thorn slips safely out.

Daisy's fears have vanished,
Tears are passed away—
Leonard dubs his sister
Little Doctor May.

A DAY IN THE SNOW.

[Pg 376]



Words from "LITTLE FOLKS."

Music by the REV. F. PEEL, B.Mus., Oxon

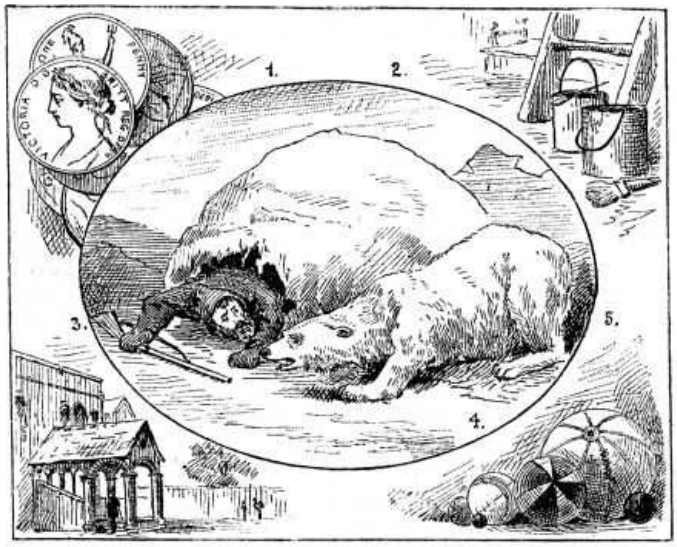
1. Come along, bairnies, laughing and singing,
The echoes all ringing around as you go;
Come, for the fairies with chill little fingers
Have seiz'd on the raindrops and turn'd them to snow.

Come along, bairnies, laughing and singing,
The echoes all ringing around as you go.

2. Come, watch the white flakes softly descending,
Still, never-ending, silent, and slow,
Folding a mantle of beauty around us,
A mantle of flickering, fluttering snow.

3. Come, rosy fingers, gather the treasure!
Bright looks of pleasure I see as you go;
Laughing and singing, The echoes all ringing—
Oh, the delight of a day in the snow!

OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PUZZLES.



DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE

If definitions of the objects and scene shown above be placed one under the other in the order indicated, the diagonals, left to right, will form the names of two well-known cities.

MENTAL HISTORICAL SCENE.

An old man is seen in a dungeon, dressed in rags and covered with mud. A slave enters with a sword, evidently for the purpose of murdering him, when he stops suddenly, awed and frightened by the prisoner's face and stern voice, as he demands if he has the presumption to kill him. Then the slave rushes from the cell, declaring it impossible to despatch such a man. Who is the prisoner?

NELLIE ELLIS.
(Aged 15¼).

Frost Hill House,
Liversedge, Yorkshire.

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

The initials read downwards will give the name of a great musician.

My first is one of England's public schools.
My second is one of the continents.
My third is a planet.
My fourth is one of the largest rivers in Europe.
My fifth is one of the Christian festivities.
My sixth is the opposite to rejoice.

MILDRED C. WATSON.
(Aged 12.)

Harrow-on-the-Hill,
Middlesex.

MISSING-LETTER PUZZLE.

When the missing letters have been supplied, the whole will form a verse from one of Cowper's poems.

W × e × t × e × r × t × s × w × r × i × r × u × e × ,
B × e × d × n × f × o × t × e × o × a × r × d × ,
S × u × h × w × t × a × i × d × g × a × t × i × n
× o × n × e × o × h × r × o × n × r × s × o × s.

HENRIETTA PUTTOCK.
(Aged 13¼)

Clevelands, Billingshurst, Sussex.

SQUARE WORDS.

A VOLCANIC mountain.
2. A sign of sorrow.
3. A designation.
4. An extent of surface.

1. A sweet-scented herb.
2. A thought.
3. Not distant.
4. An article of pastry.

1. A range of mountains.
2. A trial of speed.
3. A portion of land.
4. A mocking look.

LOUIE W. SMITH.
(Aged 15¼.)

11, Woodside Terrace, Glasgow.

BURIED NAMES OF FLOWERS AND TREES.

THE initial letters of the following flowers and trees, if put together, will form the name of a town in England.

1. That pot is made of iron.
2. To and fro several times he went.
3. You can sit in the porch, Ida.
4. Mamma, please may I have that book?
5. That reel may do for the kitten.

A. K. M. WHITE.
(Aged 15.)

7, Carlton Crescent, Southampton.

CRYPTOGRAPH.

THE following will form a well-known verse by Wordsworth.

Nzib szw z orggov ozny,
Rg'h uovvxv dzh dsrgv zh hmld,
Zmw vevibdsviv gszg Nzib dvmg,
Gsv ozny dzh hfiv gl tl.

AMY G. MERSON.
(Aged 14)

De-la-pole,
Cottingham, near Hull.

RIDDLE-ME-REE.

MY first is in ache, but not in sore;
My second is in pippin, but not in core;
My third is in pie, but not in tart;
My fourth is in wheel, but not in cart;
My fifth is in sole, and also in pike;
My whole is a fruit which all of us like.

JANIE WILSON.
(Aged 11-½.)

Jessiefield Offerton, near Stockport.

ARITHMOREM.

1. 5 + reri = a piece of water.
2. 51 + egarf = weak.

3. 54 + lye = bright.
4. 56 + e = bad.
5. 11 + as = an imaginary line.
6. 506 + azr = a mask.
7. 104 + li = polite.

EFFIE E. BELL.
(Aged 14.)

Market Place, Swaffham.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.


CONSONANT.
2. A fish.
3. A fragment.
4. To comprise.
5. A celebrated musician.
6. To roll down.
7. Not ever.
8. A large expanse of water.
9. A consonant.

H. BELL.
(Aged 13¾.)

St. George's Mount, New Brighton, Cheshire.

PRIZE PUZZLE COMPETITION.

[Pg 378]

WINTER COMPETITION.


HE Puzzles given in the November and the present number of LITTLE FOLKS form, as announced, 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 December 8th (December 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.

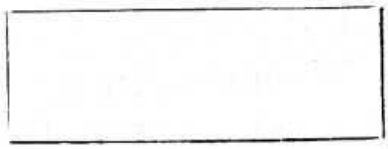
GAME PUZZLE FOR DECEMBER.

SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS: A GAME FOR FOUR PLAYERS.

Our readers will all recollect the classical story of Scylla and Charybdis, the former a maiden changed by Circe into a hideous sea-monster, who threw herself into the sea and became a rock, the latter changed by Jupiter into a foaming whirlpool. Vessels which avoided the rock of Scylla were oft-times prone to fall into the dangerous whirlpool of Charybdis.

On this legend our Puzzle this month is based, though the two classical dangers will be now only two little children who will try to seize on the argosies which their brothers and sisters send through the straits.

To begin which, settle a subject on which you will have your Competition—Botany, History, Geography, Astronomy, Natural History, or any other you may select—then cut out a number of pieces of cardboard about this size—



For ordinary subjects you may be able to cut out from the largest type used in the daily or weekly papers, syllables that will meet your requirements, but for special subjects, such as Botany, Astronomy, &c., you will find it better to write your own pieces of cardboard in a good bold, clear style.

You will want a considerable quantity of syllables, and the words in all cases should range from simple ones, easy to be discovered, to more difficult and puzzling words.

Having got a quantity of syllables, arrange them in three groups: (1) the simple words, (2) the more difficult, (3) the most difficult. Keep these groups in separate boxes, and these separate boxes again in one large box marked with the subject of the play.

Four players now arrange themselves thus: two as mariners, one at either end of the table, and two as Scylla and Charybdis, one on each side of it.

The ship will consist of a little Japanese tray, or lid of a cardboard box, with a piece of string fixed at either end to draw it by. In this are placed the syllables forming two words, and one of the mariners draws it slowly across the table. As it passes along, Scylla and Charybdis try to discover the words it contains, and if they can do so ere it passes they appropriate the cargo, and the ship reaches the opposite end of the table from which it started empty! It is again freighted and sent back, this time perhaps its contents are not discovered. And thus the game goes on till all the words are exhausted, when a count is made. Suppose 50 words were sent across the straits, the record might read:

The Mariners gained	27 words
Scylla and Charybdis gained	23 words
	—-—
The game won by the Mariners by 4 words.	

Now we will proceed to give our Puzzle. The syllables given below will be found, when correctly sorted out and arranged, to form the names of the characters indicated in the explanatory notes at the foot.

SENIOR DIVISION.

ih	igna	van	so	pe	mor	tius	ba
nuc	varn	no	hah	no	car	re	chi
lac	hage	delo	to	nn	tt	aca	ll
nem	nvon	yola	ense	chi	ann	lla	ca

1. The "Michael Angelo" of Spain.

2. A cruel Roman Emperor, assassinated by a soldier.

3. He is said to have written the lines—

> "When Adam delved and Eve span,
> Where was then the gentleman."

4. A German physician, whose motto was: "Similia similibus curantur."

5. A page, soldier, philosopher, and Jesuit.

6. A Swedish philosopher.

7. A Florentine painter; he has a celebrated picture in the Louvre, called "Charity."

8. A Prussian statesman, author of various works.

9. A Spanish navigator who assisted Pizarro.

10. A Quaker, founder of a colony, author, &c.

11. A celebrated general in Afghanistan, &c.

12. An Italian musical composer who wrote several oratorios, operas, and masses.

JUNIOR DIVISION.

ko	mar	new	yps	th	di	wa	cam
po	add	cia	bla	peg	nus	chr	ina
nch	gla	ila	pe	ing	rd	ist	gio
dst	gate	one	om	nti	ard	ton	ch

1. An antiquary who left money to the Oxford University for "a copy of English verses."

2. Emperor of the East, married the widow of Theodosius the Younger.

3. French historian and member of Legislative Assembly.

4. A self-taught Ayrshire sculptor.

5. A hospodar of Moldavia and Wallachia.

6. A Bishop of Salisbury, astronomer and mathematician.

7. Author of "Rape of the Lock."

8. A Speaker of the House of Commons, Premier, and Home Secretary.

9. A French aeronaut, killed by the explosion of a balloon.

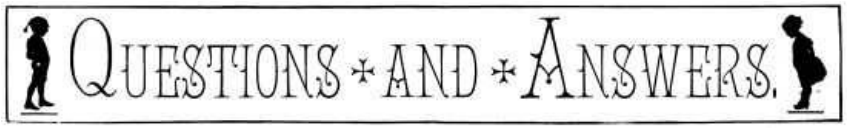
10. The Papal legate who attended the trial of an English Queen.

11. A Swedish Queen who, having abdicated, abjured Lutheranism, and was pensioned by the Pope.

12. A Lord of the Treasury, Secretary for Colonies, Master of the Mint, President of Board of Trade, Chancellor of Exchequer, Premier, author, &c.

* *
*

In order to gain full number of marks Competitors must arrange the names in the proper order, placing them as numbered in the lights.



[*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.

X Y Z, SWALLOW.—[The names of the winners of the Silver Medals will be printed in the February Number.—ED.]

LITERATURE.

A LOVER OF POETRY would like to know where the following line occurs, and by whom it was written:—

"The league long roller thund'ring on the reef."

RAGS AND TATTERS wishes to know where the following lines are taken from, and who is the author:—

"Till the day break and shadows flee away
In that far future dawn that knows not death."

ETHEL writes, in answer to LITTLE MAID OF ARCADIE, that the quotation—

"Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart"—

is from a poem by Thomas Hood, entitled "The Lady's Dream." Answers also received from several other readers.

WORK.

NELLY asks if any one could tell her how to make a pretty and simple lace collar.

COOKERY.

RUBY AND A STRAWBERRY are informed that full directions for making toffee appear on page 335 of

this number.

General.

Pansy and M. E. would be glad if any one would tell her how to press flowers, as those she has done have gone brown.

Gummy would be very pleased if any one could give him a few hints on satin-painting; has the satin to be prepared before it can be painted on? if so, how?

Verus would like to know of a very simple way of making an Æolian harp, if any one could tell her. —[The method was described in the May, 1882, number of Little Folks, Vol. XV., p. 319.—Ed.]

The Shamrock of Freiling would be glad to know if any of the readers of Little Folks could tell them how to bleach grass for making Markart bouquets.

Daffodil asks if any one will tell her how to paint on tiles with water-colours.

Natural History.

Edith would like to know what is the best food for rabbits, and how often they ought to be fed. [They should be fed twice a day, every time clearing away everything and giving quite fresh food. The staple diet must be what is called "dry food," varied, such as dry crust of bread, bread soaked in milk and squeezed dry, barley meal mixed with a very little hot water, oatmeal same way, dry barley or oats. You need not use all, but vary now and then. Give beside every day a moderate quantity of fresh green leaves, kept first long enough to dry off all dew or rain, and begin slightly to wither.]

Parthenope would be glad to know what would be the best food for a starling in the winter?—[A sort of stock food is made of the fine-ground oats called "fig-dust," made into a stiff dough with milk and water, adding every day a pinch of soaked currants or a little fine-shredded raw beef. Give a little fruit now and then, and a few odd worms, insects, or snails. A little sopped bread will be taken as a change, but there must be a little animal food.]

Mary Brazier asks what is the best food for a dormouse. She knows that a little Indian corn is often given.—[You should vary the diet with wheat, Indian corn, bits of bread-crust, bread-and-milk squeezed dry, with any kind of nut occasionally, and a few blades of grass or field weeds.]

ANSWERS TO OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PUZZLES (*p.* 317).

POETICAL ACROSTIC.—Campbell.

1. **C** hâteaubriand. 2. **A** lfieri. 3. **M** ilton. 4. **P** etraria. 5. **B** yron. 6. **E** ulla. 7. **L** eopardi. 8. **L** amartine.

MISSING VOWEL PUZZLE.

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

DOUBLE GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

Italy—Garda.

1. **I** ou **G**. 2. **T** arif **A**. 3. **A** nadi **R**. 4. **L** ichfiel **D**. 5. **Y** andill **A**.

MENTAL HISTORICAL SCENE.

Epaminondas, at the battle of Mantinea.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"O what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive!"

1. Lear. 2. Train. 3. Drain. 4. Weep. 5. Character. 6. Brew. 7. Goad. 8. What. 9. Wife. 10. Drove. 11. Wander. 12. Save. 13. Stew. 14. Sleep. 15. It.

FOUR PICTORIAL PROVERBS.

1. "All are not thieves that dogs bark at."

2. "A rolling stone gathers no moss."
3. "Count not your chickens before they are hatched."
4. "When the cat is away the mice do play."

To My Readers

"WHAT are you going to give us in the next Volume?" is, I dare say, the question which is in some of your minds to ask me; so, as usual on reaching the end of a half-year, I will tell you of a few of the arrangements made for the New Volume, beginning with the JANUARY Number. These include:—

A SERIAL STORY by the Author of "A Little Too Clever," "Margaret's Enemy," "Maid Marjory," &c., to continue from month to month; and a Second SERIAL STORY, by HENRY FRITH, called "King Charles's Page; or, Two Children's Adventures in the Time of the Commonwealth," also to run for six months. The latter is an unusually exciting tale—full of novel incident and strange adventure. Then there will be

"LEGENDS AND STORIES OF FAMOUS RIVERS," by EDWIN HODDER ("Old Merry"), in which you will be told many curious tales and wonderful legends associated with a few of the most celebrated of the world's Rivers.

"SOME NOTABLE PICTURES AND THEIR STORY"—telling, in a bright and chatty style, about a few of the masterpieces of Art, how they came to be produced, and what fortunes, good and bad, some of them experienced; including interesting anecdotes and facts concerning themselves and their painters.

"ENGLAND'S FORESTS IN DAYS OF OLD"—a series of papers relating the story of the stirring incidents of which some of the well-known forests of this country have been the scene.

"BIRDS AND FLOWERS OF THE MONTH"—consisting of full-page Pictures which M. GIACOMELLI, the well-known French Artist, has specially drawn for LITTLE FOLKS. One of these will appear in each number of the New Volume, accompanied by Verses appropriate to the subject.

"BIBLE STORMS BY LAND AND SEA"—a new series of Scripture Stories for "Our Sunday Afternoons;" and the usual "Bible Exercises" will appear every month.

"PAGES FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK." In response to repeated requests, I am glad to announce that this department of LITTLE FOLKS—comprising two pages of bold pictures and simple stories printed in large type—will be re-commenced in JANUARY, and continued every month.

MR. PALMER COX, the American Artist, has drawn for LITTLE FOLKS some more HUMOROUS PICTURES in his well-known style; the Notes and Jottings by a Practical Writer on the subject of "THE CHILDREN'S OWN GARDEN" will be given, as well as FAIRY STORIES, with droll and laughable pictures, every month; and besides STORIES, POEMS, ANECDOTES, and PICTURES of every kind, all the regular features, such as "THE EDITOR'S POCKET-BOOK," "SONGS WITH MUSIC," "THE LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PAGES," "QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS," &c. &c., will be still maintained.

SEVERAL NEW SPECIAL COMPETITIONS FOR 1885 have been arranged in addition to the ordinary Monthly Puzzle and "Picture Page" ones. The most important of these is

A NEW "'LITTLE FOLKS' PAINTING BOOK COMPETITION," in which, as already briefly announced, a number of PRIZES IN MONEY, BOOKS, and MEDALS will be offered. It will be open to both Senior and Junior Competitors, and so arranged that all may have equal opportunities of being successful. This Competition will be in connection with "THE 'LITTLE FOLKS' PROVERB PAINTING BOOK," which is now ready; and the full Regulations and the list of Prizes to be awarded, as well as of those offered in all the other Special Competitions for 1885, will be printed in the JANUARY Number. In that number will appear, too, the names of the Prize and Medal winners in the Competitions for 1884, also those in the Puzzle and "Picture Page" Competitions announced in the September, October, and November numbers (including the "Home and Foreign" Competitions).

I am glad to find that the Competitions for the year now closing have been so popular with you, and I heartily thank you on behalf of the little ones in the Hospitals—among whom the articles of Needlework, Dolls, Illuminated Texts, Scrap Albums, Toys of various kinds, and the hundreds of Illustrated Story-books written by yourselves, which you have sent to me, will be distributed at Christmas—for all the trouble and care you have so lovingly bestowed on your work. You are indeed amply repaid by the rays of gladness which these your gifts will bring to helpless sufferers!

A COLOURED PICTURE, called "THREE LITTLE KITTENS," will be given with the JANUARY Number, and the Frontispieces to all the other numbers will be printed in a bright colour as they have been in the present Volume. You will also be pleased to hear that it is intended in future to make all the

pages of our Magazine more attractive in appearance, but I need only just allude to this and leave you to see for yourselves in the JANUARY Number in what manner it will be effected.

Having thus told you what is to be done for *you* in the New Volume, I will only add that I rely on you all to do everything you can for LITTLE FOLKS by persuading as many of your relatives and friends as possible to take it in. Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,

Your very sincere Friend,
THE EDITOR.

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