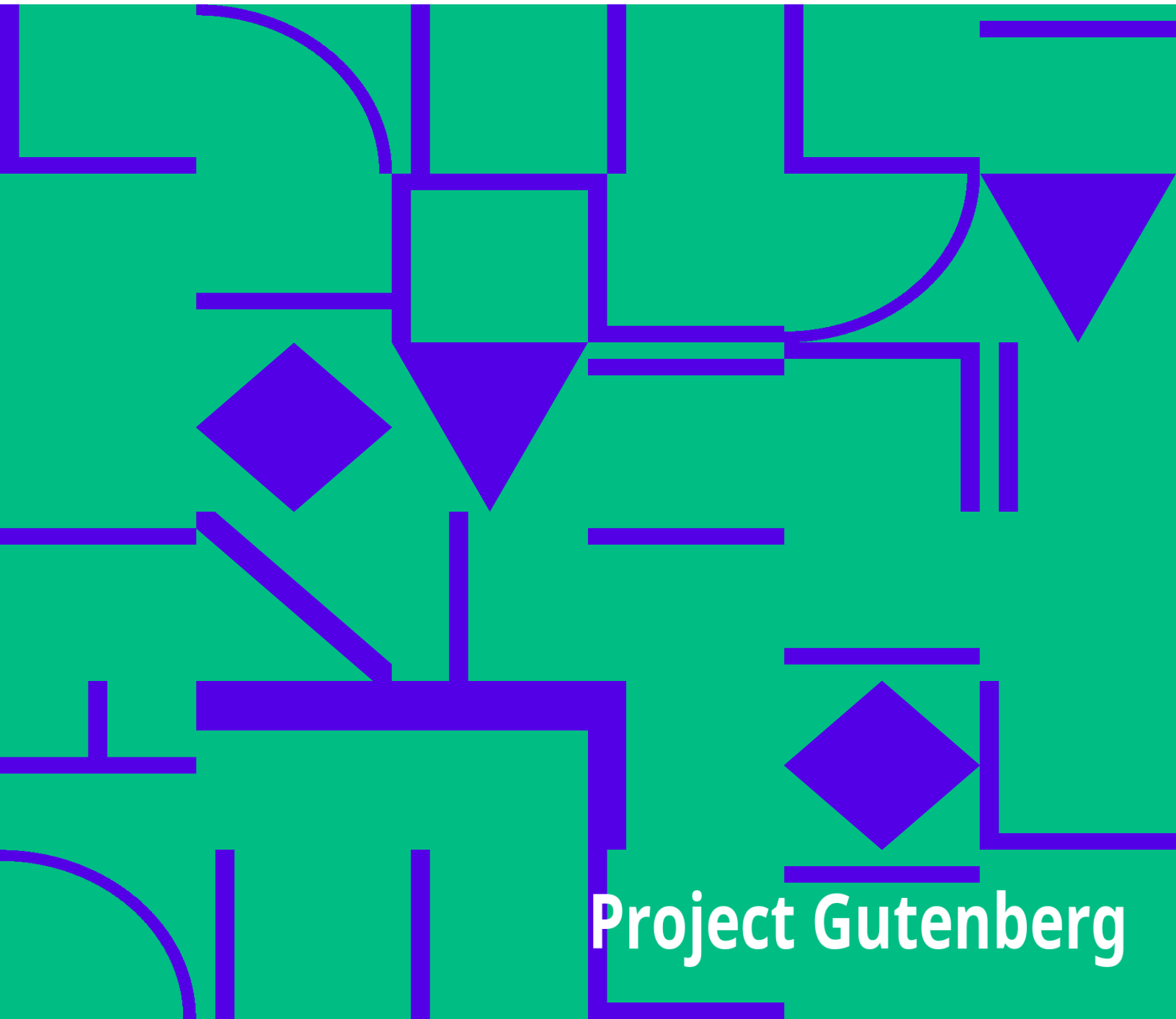


Little Folks (September 1884)

Various



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LITTLE FOLKS:

A Magazine for the Young.

NEW AND ENLARGED SERIES.

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED.

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A LITTLE TOO CLEVER.

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

CHAPTER VIII.—ESCAPE.



WHEN Elsie awoke in the morning, after at last falling into a dull, heavy sleep, she had not an opportunity of seeing what sort of weather it was. There was no light in their rude sleeping-place, except the dim one that came through the aperture from the other room. She listened, and hearing sounds of life below, she hastily rose, and creeping down the ladder, went in search of her frock.

Mrs. Ferguson was already up, and busy. Elsie asked for her frock, but Mrs. Ferguson told her it was not dry, and she had better make what shift she could with the old gown she had given her on the previous night.

As she could nowhere see her dress, she was obliged reluctantly to follow the woman's advice.

To her delight, she perceived that the morning was bright and warm after the rain, and she fully resolved, as soon as their things were decently dry, to be on their road once more.

In the meantime, however, Duncan's jacket had also disappeared. She could get nothing out of Mrs. Ferguson about it, except that it was drying, and Duncan had to put up with a cotton jacket, which Mrs. Ferguson stripped from her own boy's back to give him.

This mystery as to the whereabouts of their clothes very greatly annoyed Elsie, who tried in vain to make Mrs. Ferguson say where they were. She pretended not to understand what Elsie meant, though Elsie felt quite sure all that was feigned.

Their breakfast consisted of some thin watery porridge, without bread, sugar, or milk.

When their scanty meal was ended, Mrs. Ferguson ordered them to go out and help Sandy Ferguson, her husband, who was waiting outside for them. At first Elsie felt disposed to refuse, but on second thoughts, she obeyed. Sandy Ferguson was on the spot, his wife in the kitchen, with the cottage door open, their two boys about here, there, and everywhere.

To get away unperceived was out of the question, besides the serious matter of losing their garments, which Elsie had not yet been able to discover.

So they had to work away in company with the two ragged urchins. Elsie was boiling with rage, but she hid it as well as she could; and as for poor Duncan, he worked away without uttering a word, but with only an occasional inquiring glance at Elsie, which was infinitely touching.

Elsie soon perceived that there would be no chance of their pursuing their journey that day. Mrs. Ferguson protested that she was getting their things dried as fast as she could, and would say nothing more; but Elsie had a keen misgiving that for some reason or other she did not mean to let them go.

Was it possible that she knew anything of their mother, and was thinking to send them back? or did she only mean to keep them there, and make them work for her family?

At times Elsie felt a terrible fear creeping over her that these dreadful people meant to steal or hurt her and Duncan. "Perhaps she wants our clothes," Elsie thought, "for she knows we have no more pennies!"

So she took the first opportunity she could find to tell Mrs. Ferguson that they didn't think they could wait any longer for their things to get dry; they could easily get some more at Killochrie. She said this with an air of indifference. She would put her jacket on over her stuff petticoat, and that would do very well. Duncan could wear the cotton jacket, and leave his tweed one behind.

But all this made no impression on Mrs. Ferguson. She only laughed grimly to herself; and as their things were not forthcoming, Elsie might as well have spared her generosity. If she could only have found her jacket she would have been contented, but this, too, had disappeared, and even if she had found the opportunity, Elsie would hardly have had the courage to go on her way with Mrs. Ferguson's dirty tattered gown tucked up and pinned together about her.

By-and-by Elsie began to think she saw what Mrs. Ferguson was thinking of. She noticed that she frequently looked along the road, and carefully watched for any vehicle whose wheels sounded in the distance. "She thinks mother'll come and fetch us," Elsie said to herself, "or at least the woman that I told her I lived with; but she'll never come here after us, that's certain."

But although Elsie had very little fear that they would be found, yet she was determined to get away somehow from this hovel.

Two whole days had elapsed. They had spent three wretched shivering nights on the floor of the loft. On the third day Elsie felt she could bear it no longer. She was in a state of suppressed excitement, and she felt that she could almost jump out of her skin.

It is very strange to notice through what small loopholes people often make their escape. The fairy-tale idea of passing through keyholes and up chimneys is scarcely more wonderful. Now, Mrs. Ferguson had been keeping a strict watch on these children, and not only herself, but her husband and two children had all been employed to watch. On the third day there stopped at the cottage door a lumbering vehicle, containing a man and woman and several baskets. The two alighted, and came into the cottage, where a great talking ensued, and many purchases were displayed and loudly discussed. The two Ferguson lads should have been with Elsie and Duncan, but they had climbed on to the top of the peat-stack by the side of the house, and were lying full length, peering unobserved through the dingy window. Suddenly Elsie perceived that they were alone, and without waiting to consider the possibilities of the case, she took Duncan by the hand, pushed him over the stone wall, quickly climbed it herself, and flew away over the grass as fast as her feet could carry her in the direction of the hills.

Here, again, fortune favoured her, as it sometimes does favour the most rash ventures. After running a goodish way, Elsie saw what she had never dreamed of finding—a roadway sweeping round the foot of the hill, and quite hidden from sight by a sudden rise in the ground. When they gained the road, they too would be hidden by the rising ground between them and the crofter's cottage, whereas now they could be seen distinctly by any one who should happen to look, for there was not even a tree or bush to shield them. Elsie pushed on quickly, not venturing to take even a peep behind until they had safely scrambled down the steep bank into the road, when, to her joy, she found that

the stone walls enclosing the croft, even the little hovel itself, had completely disappeared.

"Elsie," said Duncan, catching his breath, and looking up to her with a glance of terror, "will they catch us?"

"No, I don't think so, Duncan," Elsie answered, quite gently. "We are quite out of sight. We must be quick, and find out where this road leads."

"I am so frightened, Elsie!" Duncan exclaimed, with a pitiful, appealing glance to her not to be angry. He had kept his terror to himself so long that he could hide it no longer. "Did you think they were going to kill us, Elsie?"

"No, Duncan, of course not," Elsie replied, not without a little shiver.

It was very noticeable how different Elsie's tone was from her usual one. There was no snapping up or ridiculing her little brother. She spoke more as if she were trying to persuade herself of the truth of what she said.

"But, Elsie, there was never any one came near," Duncan persisted. "Sandy Ferguson could dig a big hole, and put us in right easy. No one would know. Don't let him catch us, Elsie."

"He shan't catch us, dear," Elsie said, reassuringly, though she was not feeling very easy about it herself. It was only now that she began really to feel what a terrible time they had lived through in those last two days, and what unknown horrors they had escaped from. Duncan's words filled her with fear. To be overtaken and carried back to that dreadful woman seemed the worst thing that could befall them.

"I wonder where this road leads?" Elsie said, trying to make Duncan think of something else. "There's no one to ask."

"P'raps they might be like the man if you asked," Duncan said fearfully; "and you look so ragged in that dirty old gown, Elsie. They will think we are beggars."

Elsie had been thinking the same thing herself, though she was not going to tell poor Duncan—already frightened out of his senses—how uncomfortable she really felt. Alone in a country road, which led they did not know where, without a penny to buy food or, so far as they could see, a house from which they could ask some, what was to become of them?

"Elsie?" Duncan said presently, looking at her very wistfully.

"Yes, Duncan?"

"You won't be angry, will you?"

"No, I won't be angry," Elsie said impatiently. "What is it?"

"I feel so tired. Couldn't we go home?"

"Do you think you could find the way back?" Elsie asked.

"Oh! but we could ask for Dunster," Duncan said, eagerly. "People would tell us. I'd try to run very fast, Elsie."

"We should have to get back to that other road, where the cottages are, first," Elsie said, contemplatively. "Would you like to do that, Duncan?"


"Oh, no!" the child cried, in *terror*. "They'd catch us, Elsie, they'd catch us: I'm sure they would."

"We won't go there," Elsie said, trying to comfort him, for it was pitiful to see his fright. "Wait till I see a nice tidy person, and I'll ask all about it."

"There might be another way," Duncan suggested.

Just then they heard the sound of distant wheels. Duncan caught hold of Elsie's shoulder in an agony of fright. "It's the man!" he cried, trembling from head to foot, and turning as white as death. "He's coming, Elsie! he's coming to fetch us back!"

CHAPTER IX.—A FAIRY VISITOR.

 WITH what indescribable torments of dread the two children stood waiting it is difficult to express. Elsie's feeling of fright for herself was merged in care for Duncan. She had never seen him look like this before, and it startled her. His white face was drawn into an expression that changed it altogether. His eyes were wide and staring, looking along the road in a sort of fascination of terror.

Elsie held him close to her, drawing him round so that he should not see the approaching vehicle, still far distant, for on that still, lonely road the sound of hoofs could be heard at a great distance. Elsie listened, with her heart standing still.

"Duncan, Duncan, it is two horses!" she cried, presently. "And they are coming quickly. It is a carriage, not a cart."

But Duncan was so terrified that he had no reasoning power left in him. Even when the carriage came in sight he would not have been a bit surprised to have seen the crofter and his shrewish wife jump out of it.

Instead of that, however, the carriage contained a very fashionably-dressed, rich-looking lady and gentleman. Elsie could see directly that they were gentlefolk, who would never think of hurting two little children. She resolved to speak to them.



"THE CARRIAGE DREW UP CLOSE BY THEM" ([p. 131](#))

They were certainly in fortune's way. The carriage drew up close by them, and a dainty voice asked—

"Children, can you tell us if we are on the right road to Killochrie?"

"I don't think you are, ma'am," Elsie replied, in her best manner.

"Oh dear!" the lady exclaimed; "how annoying when we are in such haste! Can you direct us?"

"There's a road right over there leads to it," Elsie replied, pointing with her hand.

"But how do we get on to the road? Does this one meet it anywhere? Driver, don't you know?"

The driver muttered something in a rather surly fashion, whereupon the gentleman, who had not yet spoken, leaned forward, and said angrily, "You told us you knew this neighbourhood. You are an idiot!"

"Perhaps this little lass could show him," the lady remarked.

"Indeed, ma'am, it's right glad I'd be to do it," Elsie began (how very polite any one can be when they choose), "but we're quite strange, and have lost our own way, our mother being dead and our father in London, which we're trying to find; and perhaps, ma'am, you would be so kind as to tell us the way." All this was said very rapidly.

"If they can't help us, why not drive on?" the gentleman remarked impatiently.

"Stay a moment," the lady said. "These children may possibly be of great use to us. Look at the girl, William. She hasn't at all a bad face, if she were well dressed," she added, in a low tone, which, however, did not escape Elsie.

"You say your mother is dead and your father in London," the lady added. "Who are you living with?"

"There was a woman who took care of us," Elsie replied quickly, "but she let our father think we were dead, so we ran away to find him; and a man who gave us a ride in his cart robbed us of our pennies and our clothes, and was very cruel. We ran away in the clothes they gave us."

"What a deal of running away," the lady said, not unkindly; "and your little brother looks tired. Do you know how far it is to London?"

"No, not exactly, ma'am," Elsie replied.

"Well, it is hundreds and hundreds of miles; and let me tell you at once you will never get there if you walk for ever. But," she added quickly, leaving Elsie no time to reply, "I may be able to help you. I am a sort of good fairy. Walk on towards Killochrie. Ask any one you see the way there, and before night I will come back again. That is all. Coachman, drive on. You must look out for some one else to direct us."

Then the man whipped up his horses and drove off, leaving Elsie standing by the roadside in a sad state of bewilderment. Could she have heard aright? Before three minutes had passed she began to think she had been mistaken, but that could not be, for Duncan presently said to her—

"She won't ever come back, Elsie, will she? But she was a bonnie lady, wasn't she?"

"She was bonnie, and real kind," Elsie said. "I wonder whether she will come back after all."

"She might have put us inside the carriage if she'd liked," Duncan said, doubtfully.

"Perhaps the gentleman wouldn't have let her," Elsie replied. "I think she meant she would come alone."

"Will she be very long?" Duncan said, pitifully; "and will she take us to London, to him—our father, Elsie?—or will you ask her to take us back to Dunster?"

"We must wait till she comes," Elsie said, evasively. In her heart of hearts she would not have been sorry to find herself back in Mrs. MacDougall's cottage, but the humiliation of returning and acknowledging why she had run away, and how she had failed, was too much for her proud, stubborn will.

"Do you like running away?" Duncan asked, looking up anxiously in her face.

"I don't mind it," Elsie answered. She was getting into a contrary mood, partly because Duncan's remarks touched her so keenly, partly out of anger and impatience at the misfortunes that had befallen them.

They had been walking along slowly in the direction the carriage had taken. Duncan did not seem inclined to go faster. Presently he stopped, and stood watching a number of black-faced Highland sheep scampering down the side of a hill. There were sounds of barking, and at last there appeared a shepherd and collie.

"He will know the way," Elsie cried, with delight. "Come on, Duncan; let's run and ask him."

"You run, Elsie. I'll wait till you come back," Duncan said, wearily. It was very unusual for him to hang behind, but Elsie was too eager to notice it. She left him sitting by the roadside, and flew after the shepherd.

"The way to Killochrie? Weel, you just keep to the road right away till it runs into another one, an' that'll take you straight through; but it's a long, long way to walk."

The man was engaged in eating a large piece of bread and cheese. Elsie, who was very hungry, eyed it longingly.

"Ye look a wee bit starved," the man said.

"We'll be getting some food at Killochrie," Elsie said, evasively.

"I did hear last night that there was two children lost off Dunster Moor—stolen, they do say. I suppose you bain't one of them?" the man continued, eyeing her curiously "Was dressed in plaid frock and cloth jacket. That ain't you, any way."

"We live at Killochrie," Elsie said quickly and wickedly, not hesitating to conceal the truth, and to tell a falsehood to do so. "We've come farther than we should, and I wasn't quite sure of the way."

"Aweel! aweel!" the man said, in his slow northern fashion. "It's a good thing ye're not lost away from your natural home, which I'd be sorry to think of happening to any bairn. It's a goodish bit out of my road, but I'd like to carry the poor bairnies back to their mother, wherever she be."

Elsie waited to hear no more. She bade the man a hasty "Good-day," and ran off. How strange it was that this out-of-the-way shepherd should have heard the tale, and yet not so strange when one thinks how quickly such a tale spreads far and near, and how few other concerns the shepherd had to drive it from his mind. Already the news of the lost children was being discussed in every whiskey-shop and cottage. It had reached the little village three miles out of Killochrie, where the shepherd's wife lived. And if the children had been elsewhere than in the crofter's lonely cottage they must have been discovered, as there was every chance that they would be before long.

Now, if Elsie had known it, the first piece of good fortune that had really come to them was when she met the shepherd. He was an honest, kind-hearted man, the father of children. At one word of explanation he would have taken the children in charge, and delivered them safely over to their proper guardian. Providence, watching over the misguided children, had put this means of deliverance in their way. But Elsie was still obstinate, and the very thought of being taken back roused every feeling of opposition and anger.

If only poor little Duncan had known the opportunity, which was every moment retreating farther away!

Elsie breathed freely when she perceived the shepherd disappear in the valley. "We are all right," she said to Duncan, keeping to herself the shock she had received. "This will lead us to Killochrie."

Duncan said nothing. He seemed neither glad nor sorry. He was not much of a companion, Elsie thought.

The day crept on. They did not make much progress, for Duncan was cross, and lagged dreadfully.

Elsie had in her mind a firm conviction that the kind lady would return, and she was not wrong, for at last they saw a female figure coming towards them; she carried a good-sized leather bag in her hand, which Elsie believed contained food for them. How glad she was now that she had fled from the shepherd. The good fairy had come.

There was one thing Elsie had never thought of. Wicked spirits often assume the appearance of good fairies. Every one knows that, so that it was to be seen whether this was a good fairy or not.

CHAPTER X.—THE NEW MOTHER.



UCH a disappointment! As the figure drew near, Elsie saw that she had made a mistake. Instead of the beautifully-dressed lady of the carriage, it turned out to be a person dressed in black garments, with a long black veil covering her face.

She walked along quickly, and as she came up to the children, she stopped. Then she turned up her veil, and Elsie saw with astonishment that it was really the lady who had spoken to them that morning, but so changed, that it was no wonder Elsie had not known her. The face that had looked so gay and smiling was now sad and pensive; the fair curling hair, falling in pretty confusion over the white forehead, was drawn smoothly back under the neat crape bonnet, with its widow's cap.

The many bracelets and other jewellery were all gone. So complete was the transformation that Elsie stood staring, not knowing what to believe.

"I told you I was a fairy," the lady said, in a kind, but sad, voice. "You must not be surprised to see me so changed. To-morrow I may change again. A fairy is all sorts of things, you know."

"Ye—es, ma'am," Elsie said, doubtfully.

"I dare say you think that a fairy can change other people as well as herself, do you not?"

"Yes, ma'am; fairies do that in books," Elsie replied.

"Well, and I tell you I am a fairy," the lady said, a little sharply; "and I am going to change you."

"What is she going to change us into, Elsie?" asked the matter-of-fact Duncan.

"Ah! what?" the lady asked, with a laugh. "Shall I change you into two little Highland sheep scampering over the hills, and feeding upon grass?"

"Oh no!" Elsie said quickly; but Duncan, whose mind never readily accepted a new idea, only replied stolidly, "You couldn't, you know."

"Don't be so sure of that," the lady replied. "But I am not going to. I am going to make you into my own little children."

This seemed very nice and kind, but it so completely did away with their own father that Elsie did not know what to say. The lady seemed displeased, and stamping her foot, said very sharply—"Do you hear what I say? I am going to turn you into my little boy and girl."

"Thank you, ma'am," Elsie said slowly. "It is very kind, only we've got our own father."

"I didn't say anything about a father, did I?" the lady said. "I shall be your mother. While you are my children, your father is dead."

"But he isn't indeed, ma'am," Elsie began; but the lady's face suddenly changed. It grew very red, and her eyes blazed with passion.

In place of the sad, pensive face, she saw an angry, furious, dreadful-looking face, that struck terror into her heart. "While you are my children," she exclaimed, in a loud terrible voice, "your father is dead. If you forget that for one moment, I will instantly change you back into the wretched little creatures you now are, and set you down on top of that high mountain, where you will

perish of cold and hunger." Then suddenly she dropped her voice, her face grew calm and sweet-looking again, and she said, very gently, "Will you be my children?"

The children were so bewildered and astonished that they could hardly believe their senses. Elsie replied at once—"Oh yes, if we may;" but it was really more because she did not dare to say anything else, for fear of offending this strange being, and the dread of being left alone all night among the dark, gloomy hills.

"Follow me," the lady said, drawing down her veil, and turning away from the road on to the grass.

The children followed. She led them some distance over the lowest part of a small hill. She walked quickly, the children doing their best to keep pace with her light, rapid footsteps, although Duncan was very tired, and both were desperately hungry. Presently they found themselves in a tiny dell, through which ran a little babbling stream, and where large yellow daisies, and bonnie blue-bells, and other flowers bloomed abundantly. Here the strange lady stopped, and opening her bag, she drew forth some black garments. The first one was a frock of fine black stuff with crape. She bade Elsie take off the old gown she was wearing, and put on this.

Elsie was charmed. The dress fastened down the back, and had a narrow skirt, cut in one with the body, forming a complete contrast to her own short full skirt and round body of bright plaid. Then there came forth from the fairy bag a black hat and a pair of beautiful silk gloves. "You will do for to-night," the lady said, when Elsie had put them on. "To-morrow morning we must think of shoes and stockings less clumsy than those you have on."



"YOU ARE TO CALL ME MAMMA,' SHE SAID" (p. 134).

For Duncan she brought out a black overcoat, which reached nearly to his ankles, and a black cloth cap. Elsie waited impatiently, hoping to see some nice food come out of the bag, but the fairy mother seemed not to have thought of that, for she shut it up when she had taken the cap out, and gave it to Duncan to carry. Then she rolled up the tattered gown and jacket, and threw them into the stream.

"You are to call me mamma," she said sweetly, "or mother, if you are more used to that."

"Then please, ma'am—ma—we are very hungry," Elsie said.

The lady did not seem pleased. "What dreadful things children are! They want to eat!" she exclaimed. "Well, there is no time now; we must get home quickly. Give me a hand each of you."

They did as they were told, and very soon were again upon the road, walking as quickly as they could to keep up with her. Every now and then she gave Duncan a sharp tug to make him walk quicker.

The poor child was so tired and hungry that he hardly knew how to get along, but the lady took no notice. Elsie really was beginning to think that there was something about her quite different from ordinary people, but she was not sure that she liked her any better for that. She wondered whether she knew what it was to feel very hungry.

They walked what seemed to the weary children a very, very long way, but at last they saw houses, and they perceived that they had arrived at a little village. Here the lady bought them some buns and rolls, which they eagerly devoured, but to their infinite disappointment they found they were not to stay here. On they walked another long way, till they reached a place with many houses and streets and shops, such as Elsie had never seen in her life before.

It was now quite dark, but the lady hurried them through the streets, not allowing them to stop for a moment. By-and-by they arrived at a strange building of wood. They were presently lifted into a carriage. The lady followed; the door was shut. There was a shrill scream, and then the lights outside began to glide past them. They were, for the first time in their lives, in a train.

Duncan had not been in the carriage two minutes before his head fell back against the woodwork, and he was asleep. Elsie's brain was too busy for her to do the same thing. The sensation of gliding along in the dark was so new and strange that she was at first very frightened, but as every one else looked quite comfortable, her fears began to abate, and she could turn her mind to the strange adventures that had befallen them.

After some little time they stopped, and their companion lifted them out, rousing Duncan out of his heavy sleep with much difficulty.

A tall, dark gentleman was waiting, on the platform for them. "Here are the dear children," the lady said, in a sweet, sad voice. "Children, say 'How do you do?' to your Uncle William."

The gentleman shook hands with each of them, and taking Elsie by the hand, led her forward, the lady following with Duncan. They passed through some gates, and found some carriages waiting outside. Into one of these the gentleman and lady took the children, and they were driven away.

These two strange individuals conversed a great deal, but the noise of the wheels prevented Elsie from hearing much of what they said. She made out that the lady was telling the gentleman about her journey, and she thought they both seemed rather pleased.

Suddenly the gentleman leaned over, and laid a hand upon Elsie's arm. "Mind what you are about," he said in her ear. "If you say anything to displease this lady, your good mother, it will be the worse for you. The less you say to anybody, the better; and look after the boy. What is your name?"

"Elsie."

"No it isn't. It is Effie Donaldson. Don't forget it again. Your brother's name is Donald Donaldson. Don't let him forget it, either."

Elsie saw in a moment that there was no trifling meant, and that she would have to obey. It was the same gentleman who had called the driver an idiot in the morning. She had stolen a glance at him then, and had not liked his face. She liked it still less now. Still, they must be kind people, or they would not have brought her and Duncan all this way, and given them such nice clothes. Elsie very much wished, however, that gentlefolk had not such strange manners.

She was very glad and thankful when at last they alighted at a house, into which they entered. A neat, tidy-looking woman came forward to meet them. "Everything's quite ready, ma'am, as the gentleman ordered," she said, with a curtsy. "I've made up an extra bed in your room, ma'am, for the little boy, which the gentleman said would suit you, and the supper's waiting to be served in a moment. I dare say the children are tired, ma'am."

"Yes," said the lady, in a sweet, gentle voice. "They have had a long journey, and they are tired to-night. They will be glad to get to bed as soon as we have had supper, won't you, dears?"

"Yes, mamma," Elsie answered quickly. Duncan made no reply.

"You go in there, and sit down till I come," the lady said, pointing to an open door, through which came the gleam of a fire. She took Elsie's hat and Duncan's cap, and went upstairs, leaving the children, as they thought, alone.

But that was a mistake, for the gentleman came in the next moment. However, he told them, not unkindly, to sit down and warm themselves, which they were glad enough to do. The table was already spread for a meal. Presently the woman brought in a dish of ham and eggs, which made the famished creatures ready to cry with delight.

Their new mamma watched them very narrowly as they ate. Fortunately, Mrs. MacDougall had been very strict about their behaviour, but there were still

several things that displeased their new friend, for which she corrected them pretty sharply; and to show how easily children can remember when they really know they must, Elsie not only bore in mind the faults that were found with herself, but also those points in which Duncan had offended.

The woman of the house came in by-and-by, to ask whether she should see the children in bed. She looked so kind and nice, that Elsie hoped their new mamma would say "Yes." She, however, declined, saying that she could not bear any one to do anything for the children but herself. Then she took them upstairs, and locking the door, bade them undress. She then went to a box, and got out some night garments, which were much too large; but the children did not mind that. She tucked Elsie kindly into the snugest, sweetest bed that could be, and then went to do the same kind office for Duncan. Then telling them that they were on no account to get up till she came to them the next morning, she left them to such a night's rest as they had not had since they left the cottage on Dunster Moor.

CHAPTER XI.—"THAT CHILD IS ILL!"

THE children had been in the habit of rising at an early hour all their lives. Elsie woke the next morning about six o'clock, to find the sun shining in brightly at the curtained window. She had always thought what a fine thing it must be to be able to lie in bed as long as one liked, so she was not at all averse to doing as the lady had bidden her, especially as the little bed was so soft and warm. She lay quietly, looking round the room at the pictures which hung on the walls, and at the various articles of furniture it contained; but after a while she began to grow tired of this, and to wonder when the lady would come to her. After an hour or so she crept to the door, and turned the handle, thinking to see if any one was about yet; but she found that she was locked in, so there was nothing else to be done but to get back into bed.

The time passed very slowly; still no one came. Elsie grew very restless, and did not at all like the feeling of being locked up away from Duncan. Still these people were gentlefolk, and rich. It was quite impossible they could mean any harm. She could hear distant sounds of people moving in the house. Could it be possible that they had forgotten all about her? She had heard a clock strike seven, then eight, now it was striking nine. At home, she would have been

across the moor and back, have had her breakfast, and been at school by this time.

Much as she stood in awe of her mysterious benefactress, she grew at last so restless that she could be still no longer, but jumped up, and began to wash and dress herself.

She was standing before the glass, greatly admiring her appearance in the new frock and hat, and wondering how the lady had really got them, when the key turned, and the fairy mother herself entered. She was dressed in long trailing black garments, with a white cap on her head, and looked, Elsie thought, wonderfully sweet and pretty. But as her eye fell upon Elsie the sweetness vanished, and the angry expression that had once before so terrified her came back.

"I told you not to get up till I came," she said, in a threatening voice.

"I thought you had forgotten; it was so late," Elsie faltered.

"You are not to think," the lady said. "You have disobeyed me once. The second time you will find yourself, before nightfall, back on the top of the mountain, as I warned you before. And far worse things than that will befall you, and your brother too. Take care! I shall not warn you again. Now, put on these stockings I have brought you, and let me see if these shoes fit."

They were a pair of fine woven black stockings, for which Elsie willingly changed her thick grey knitted ones. The shoes were a little long, but were soft and easy to her feet, and seemed to Elsie very beautiful ones. They were, in fact, a pair of the lady's own, and yet were scarcely any too large for Elsie. Then the lady combed out her hair, and tied it up with a piece of black ribbon. Elsie felt herself very grand indeed.

"Now kiss me, and say, 'Good morning, mamma,'" the lady said, holding her cheek down.

Elsie did as she was bidden. "That will do," the lady said. "When you go downstairs say 'Good morning' to your Uncle William in the same way. You can go now."

Elsie went downstairs. At the door of the room where they had supped the night before she met the woman of the house, taking in a plate of eggs, coffee, and other good things.

The woman looked at her curiously, but made no remark. Elsie went in, and found the gentleman already there. She went forward and bade him good morning, as she had been directed.

He lifted up a pair of large black eyes from the paper he was reading, and gave her a look which somehow scared her, as he said "Good morning, Effie." She stood still, not daring to move at all, and feeling extremely frightened and awkward.

"Go and tell your mamma that breakfast is ready," he said, with another look.

"Yes, dear, I'm coming," the lady called, in response to Elsie's message. "Don't walk so heavily, child!" she exclaimed, as Elsie ran downstairs. "I do not know what sort of manners they have taught you at that wretched school. Bring your hat down, dear; then we shall be all ready to start. You will see that the luggage is in readiness, Mrs. Alexander," she added to the woman, who was at that moment coming out of the room.

"Yes, ma'am, certainly. And the fly will be round at a quarter to ten punctually."

The lady thanked her very sweetly; she was leading Duncan by the hand. He had on his overcoat, and held his cap in his hand. Elsie concluded at once that this was because he had no jacket, and wondered why the lady had not provided one for him as well as clothes for her. The child was looking pale and heavy, and, Elsie thought, unhappy.

All the time they were at breakfast the lady and gentleman talked about the weather, and the long journey they were going to take, and such things, just, Elsie thought, as if Mrs. Alexander were outside listening. Elsie was considerably bewildered by the way they spoke of her and Duncan.

"Effie is not so much grown as I would have thought," the lady remarked to the gentleman, who seemed to be her brother.

"She is very much tanned, and her hands are as brown as berries," he replied.

"Ah! that is the natural result of such a country life," the lady returned. "She has perfect health."

"Donald does not look so well."

Elsie could make nothing of this strange conversation, but she supposed that the lady wished her and Duncan to be taken for some other children who were not

there. Still this was puzzling, for where could the other children be?

Duncan ate very little, and seemed to take that more because he was frightened to leave what had been given him than for any hunger.

After breakfast a carriage came to the door, and they drove back again to the station from which they had come last night. After a little waiting, the train started.

There were no other passengers in the carriage they occupied, and the lady and gentleman talked a great deal together. Elsie could not understand half that they said, but she heard them mention Edinburgh and London, and talk of hotels, and lodgings, and a great many other things, which gave her no information; but her heart beat wildly when they spoke of London, and she hoped above everything that they would take her there, for she had lost all count of the way by now, and would have had no more idea in which direction to go, had she been left to herself, than she would have had to find her way back to Dunster.

For a while the lady and gentleman were so engaged in talking together, that they took no notice of the children. Duncan had seated himself in a corner, and was leaning his head against the cushion with a strange expression on his face. Elsie, sitting opposite, glanced at him several times, as if to inquire what was the matter, but he took no notice. To go over and ask him was more than she dared. She was far more frightened to move a finger before this strange lady than she had been to disobey Mrs. MacDougall in the most flagrant way.

But suddenly the gentleman's eye fell upon Duncan, and he said sharply, "That child is ill, Lucy!"

"Nonsense!" said the lady, quickly. "He is putting it on. A good shaking will rouse him."

Elsie glanced uneasily at Duncan. He took no notice; his heavy eyelids were almost closed. It flashed upon Elsie that what the gentleman said was true, although she had not thought of it before.

"I think he is ill," Elsie said, plucking up her courage, for she thought it was cruel to talk of shaking him.

"Nonsense! He shall not be ill. Let him dare to!" the lady cried angrily.

"It strikes me that he won't be able to help it," the gentleman said, with an ugly smile, which seemed to make the lady very angry. "Well now, what's to be

done? This is a look-out you had not bargained for."

The lady looked puzzled and very much annoyed. She bit her lip, and tapped her foot on the floor.

"If he lasts out till we get to London, I don't know that the child being ill will interfere with our plans. It might be turned to advantage. If not, he must be left behind in Edinburgh," the lady said.

Elsie pricked up her ears. "You do not mean that you would leave him without me," she said quickly, thinking her ears must have deceived her.

"He could be brought to London when he was better," the lady said, with a glance at the gentleman. "He would be taken care of; but we must go on."

"If he stays in Edinburgh, I shall too," Elsie said, with sudden decision.

"You will do what I tell you!" the lady said, with one of her terrible looks, which so frightened Elsie that she could say nothing, although her mind was firmly made up that she would never leave Duncan.

Then they went on talking again, and Elsie heard a great deal of discussion about whether they should stay in an hotel or not, and she gathered that the presence of herself and Duncan was the point of difficulty, for she heard the lady say that she had not been able to get him any clothes, and his own were much too coarse and common, and that people in Edinburgh would notice much more than simple country-folk like Mrs. Alexander.

Elsie had long been doubtful whether these people were kind or not, but now she felt sure they were not. She had no idea why they had done all they had, but she felt sure it was not from real kindness, and she began to feel suspicious that they would be very unkind to Duncan.

It was a very strange thing, and not at all what she had ever read in any book, that they should twice have fallen in with unkind people.

By-and-by some other people came into the carriage, and then Mrs. Donaldson went and sat by Duncan, putting her arm round him, and drawing his head down on to her shoulder.

After being many hours in the train, they arrived at a great place, which turned out to be the Waverley Station at Edinburgh. It was such a busy, wonderful

place, with so many lights and people, that Elsie would have been wild with delight if it had not been for her anxiety about Duncan.

The gentleman gave some directions to a porter about taking their luggage. Then he and the lady took poor Duncan between them and led him out into the streets, which were full of people and carriages.

It was, she supposed, because so many people looked at Duncan's pale heavy face and tottering steps that the gentleman, after a few minutes, took him up and carried him. They went some little distance, till they came to a small shop, the window of which was full of all kinds of papers and pictures. The gentleman had some conversation with a man behind the counter, who took them into a small room, where the lady and gentleman bade them "Good-bye," and left them, saying they would come back the next morning.

After a little time, a girl, dirty, ragged, and untidy, came into the room, and taking Duncan up in her arms, carried him upstairs, Elsie following with a candle.

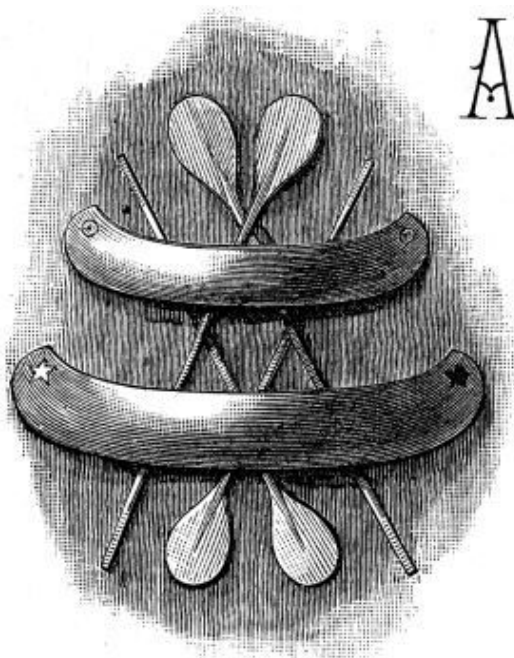
The house seemed to be a tall one, for there were more stairs than Elsie had ever seen in her life, and they were dark, steep, and narrow, so that she frequently stumbled. The girl, however, went on quickly enough. They paused at several landings with doors, from which came the noise of voices, sometimes raised pretty high, as if in anger and dispute.

At last they reached a tiny room, quite up at the top of the house. It had a low, sloping roof, much discoloured with damp and dirt, as were also the walls. The floor was bare and black with dirt and age, the whole apartment squalid and uncomfortable.

The girl laid Duncan down on the bed, and began removing his things with a certain amount of gentleness; he seemed quite unable to do anything for himself. When she had undressed him, she put back the bed-clothes. Then she went away, and once more the children were alone together, and very much alone, for Elsie noticed that the girl locked the door before she went away.

(To be continued.)

SOME MORE LITTLE PRESENTS, AND THE WAY TO MAKE THEM.^[1]



ARE you ready to hear about more things which can be made with a penknife? Then I am ready to tell you.

Amongst my acquaintances and friends are certain little toy-boat builders, who bestow upon me from time to time boats fashioned by their knives; vessels which would not, it is true, encounter stormy seas, and therefore are not fitted for use, but which look taut and trim as they lie in the quiet harbour of bracket or slab amongst other choice ornaments. A rowing-boat, a yacht, a schooner, a man-of-war—all these varieties are somewhat commonplace. The construction of them requires skill and

dexterity, I know, but you do not want a description from me of these, and I wish to tell you of something more uncommon than the boats we see on our own waters.

Perhaps some of my readers have not attempted anything on so large a scale as this I am about to describe. If they are afraid of the size of the venture, they can follow the general directions, and make their dimensions smaller.

Two boats we want, and four paddles.

The boats are to be in shape and form like the Indian birch-bark canoe: this, as you know, has a very distinctive appearance of its own, and is quite different from any boat we see on English waters: for this reason, although you might be able to find a picture of one in some book, a drawing is given for you to study, as your model for shape and form. As I have said, we require two of these canoes, and they are to be of different sizes. The length of the big one is 12 inches; the depth of this boat in the middle is 2 inches; at its stern and prow, which you will see are alike also in form, the measurement is 2½ inches.

The length of the little canoe is $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches: in the middle it is $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and prow and stern measure 2 inches.

The particularly bulging sides of boats of this character are the cause of the chief difficulty of their construction; fortunately for our purpose only one side of the canoes have this protuberance, for this reason—these canoes and paddles are placed together and hung up against a wall, and therefore one side of each canoe has to be flat in order to rest steadily and comfortably against the wall. The interiors of the canoes are scooped out, and serve as receptacles for odds and ends.

The paddles of some canoes are short and have wide spoon-like blades at each end; these, you see, have not. The length of the pair of big paddles is 13 inches; of these inches the blade takes $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The extreme length of the little paddles is 12 inches; their blades are as large as those of their companions.

These four paddles are crossed over each other, and over one another, all at the same time standing in an upright position.

The two long paddles cross each other just below the blades, which rear themselves aloft; the two short paddles also cross each other near their blades, but they are head downwards. When these four brothers are placed together in proper juxtaposition, the ends of the little paddles are just below, but an inch or so away from the blades of the big paddles. The ends of the big paddles descend as far as the bottom of the blades of the little paddles. I hope that you are not confused or bewildered: the drawing will help to enlighten you.

Against this background of paddles the two canoes are placed: the little one uppermost, the larger one a few inches below. Very pretty the whole device looks. I should keep the secret until the whole is quite complete. The surface of the wood should be made as smooth as satin by dint of rubs and scrubs with sand-paper, and then it looks well if left without any covering of paint or varnish: the stems of the paddles have a little adornment in long specks of red and blue paint.

Now I am going to turn away—for a time at any rate—from whittling of wood, and to speak of cutting of cork—that is ordinary corks. So many things can be constructed with them by the help of a penknife and liquid glue.

The celebrated Cleopatra's Needle is a good object; a wheelbarrow, an old-fashioned square arm-chair, a book-case, an old oak chest, a Dutch cradle, and many other articles of furniture can be imitated. In selecting copies for imitation

it is best to choose those of old date, made of oak, for the cork resembles old worm-eaten oak when its first freshness has gone and its complexion becomes darker. A very pretty and uncommon object to copy is that of an old-fashioned clock, a veritable "my grandfather's clock," an upright tall eight-day clock that has a long chain and a heavy pendulum concealed within its tall case, and that shows a big square face with large figures printed on it. I will give you a few details about my cork clock, and I think you will make one and set it upon a bracket to be admired by all beholders. This miniature clock stands 7½ inches high. Its two cases and head are hollow; it is built of little blocks of cork of different sizes, fitted neatly together, so that at the first glance one imagines each portion to be one large piece. The lower part of the clock is 2 inches high and 1½ inches across. This hollow four-sided case stands on a basement formed of cork blocks, which project a wee bit beyond the case; this structure is supported by 4 feet of a club-like form. So far so good. Now we will raise the structure higher. A case in which the pendulum with its chain is supposed to be hanging and swinging and tick-tacking is formed likewise of bricks of cork: its length is 2½ inches, its breadth is 1 inch. Now as the upper case is smaller, you see, than the lower one, there would be a cavity, and indeed nothing for the higher one to rest upon, so we put little bevelled pieces on the lower case, which fill up part of the aperture and give the upper case a resting-place. The door of the clock is represented by a narrow thin piece of cork, at least 2 inches long, placed down the middle of the upper case. Now we have come to its head: this is a hollow square, 1½ inches high and wide. A little platform is put on the upper case, which projects beyond it all round. On this the head stands, and at each corner a little round pillar, the height of the head, rears itself up. On the top of the head there is an ornamental battlement, composed of dog-tooth pieces of cork. As the clock has a head, it ought to have a face; indeed, the face is one of the chief parts of a clock. Take a piece of stiff white paper or thin cardboard, cut it square the exact size of the head, and on it mark, in your neatest style, the proper number of figures and the two black hands: fasten the paper on a square of cork the same size, and put it in at the back of the head. Keep it in its place by fastening projecting blocks of cork to the back of the square; this will keep it steady, and prevent the face from falling away from the front of the head. The face looks rather too staring if the whole square is seen, therefore fix tiny half squares of cork in each of the four corners of the head in front.

E. C.

[1][See Little Folks, Vol. XVIII., page 291.]

SUMMER VISITORS.

They fed the birds in the winter,
And so in the summer, you see,
They flew through my open window,
And stayed for a cup of tea.

They little thought I was looking, the dear little feathered things,
As they hovered o'er cups and saucers, and fluttered their pretty wings.

For I was standing on tip-toe,
In hiding behind the screen,
And a livelier chirpier party,
I think I have never seen.

The air was sweet with the summer, the window stood open wide,
My room was a garden of flowers, and lime-trees blossomed outside.

So the old birds paid me a visit,
And the young birds came in their train,
For they took my room, with its nosegays,
For part of their own domain;
While they sipped the cream in my teacups, and daintily pecked my cake,
And called to their friends and neighbours, that each and all might partake.

But just as I stood there watching,
Enjoying their chorus gay,
My cat stole in from the kitchen,
And all of them flew away—
With wings that fluttered and quivered, they chirped to another tune,

As they flew away through the garden that beautiful day in June.

A. M.



"SUMMER VISITORS." (p. 140)

A NEW GAME FOR CHILDREN.



MENTION this game—which we believe has never appeared in print—because not only many may take part, but like really good games, amusement and perhaps some instruction are derived in playing it; and any number may play at *the same time*. Let us suppose that ten children decide to play this game of "Names." Each player is provided with a long strip of paper and a pencil, and if one of the players has a watch so much the better; if not a clock must be used. One commences by calling out: "Girls' names commencing with A, two minutes allowed." Each player then writes down all the girls' names that he (or she) can recollect that commence with A, and at the expiration of the two minutes, "time" is called. Then the oldest player reads from his (or her) slip all the names he or she has written down. Say, Amy, Amabel, Alice, Ann, Annie, Amanda, Aileen, &c. All the other players, as the names are read out, cancel any name read out. If, for instance, all have written Amy, all cancel Amy, and count one mark. Say six players have Amabel, and four have not, each of the six count one mark; those who have not thought and written down Amabel get nothing for Amabel, and so on through the list. The object of the game is to teach the children all girls' and boys' names. When the marks have been allotted for all the names, the total of marks are read out and noted on each slip. The players then proceed in a similar manner for all boys' names commencing with A, such as Alfred, Abel, Adam, Andrew, Arthur, &c. The game can be continued till all the letters in the alphabet are exhausted, but practically young players rarely care to "do" more than thirty sets or fifteen letters consecutively. Various names crop up, and the memory is well exercised, and children generally vote it great fun. Any one introducing pet or fancy names, such as Pussy, Kit, Teddy, &c., forfeits two marks, unless it be arranged that they will be allowed.

A DAY ON BOARD H.M.S. *BRITANNIA*.

By the Rev. J. CLEMENT P. ALDOUS, *Chief Instructor and Chaplain to Cadets.*



CADET IN FULL UNIFORM.

THE *Britannia* is the training-school for naval officers. All boys who are to be fighting officers in the British Navy go to the *Britannia*. They enter when they are about thirteen, and stay there two years, and from this ship they go as midshipmen to our ships in all parts of the world. We are going to pay a visit to the *Britannia*, and see how these young naval cadets spend their day.

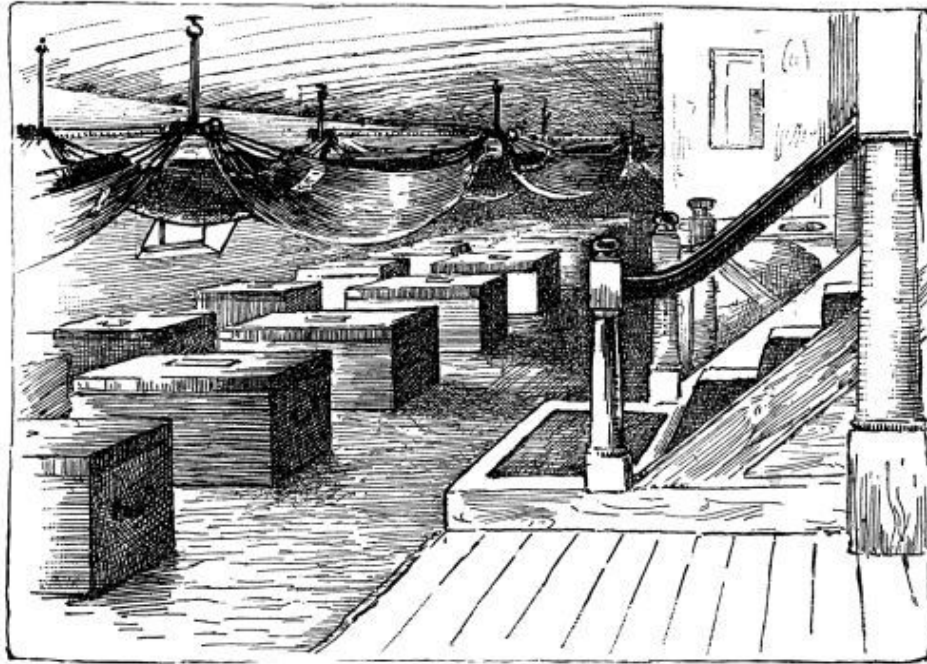
If we want to see the whole day through, we must start early. So we will take a boat and go off from the shore at five o'clock in the morning of a fine summer day. It is only a row of some 200 yards to reach the *Britannia* from the shore. She is anchored in the middle of the River Dart or Dartmouth Harbour.

Have you ever seen one of England's old wooden walls—a three decker? How high she stands out of the water! If you will look at the picture you will see that there are quite six storeys to this great floating house. As you come up to the ship's side in a boat, she towers above you like a great cliff—a wooden wall—you can see what these words mean now.

Let us step up the ladder; they will be surprised to see us so early. The sentry on the middle deck wishes to know our business. "We have come to see *everything*," we say, and show our authority for coming.

So we go up a ladder—not a staircase, mind!—to the sleeping deck. There we see two long rows of chests, which represent the wardrobe, chest of drawers, washing place, private locker, every piece of furniture, in fact, which a naval cadet possesses.

Over these hang the hammocks, each the sleeping-place of a cadet. A hammock is such a funny thing to sleep in. I dare say you have a string hammock on your lawn, in which you sometimes lie on a very hot summer's afternoon. But it is a queer bed to sleep in, for your head and your heels are both of them stuck up in the air, while your body hangs underneath in a graceful curve.



HAMMOCKS ON BOARD THE *BRITANNIA*

Half past five is struck, or rather *three bells*, for man-of-war time goes by half-hours till eight bells are reached at noon and midnight, four and eight o'clock, when it starts again. Three bells! a corporal walks along and picks out here and there some unfortunate boy who has been misconducting himself the day before—perhaps he was late or idle—and he has to "turn out" an hour before the others and stand up till they join him. A wretched beginning of a day, especially on a winter's morning—to stand shivering on an open deck, while all his comrades are peacefully tucked up in their warm hammocks. I think if you knew you would get this punishment, my little friend, you would take good pains to be in time.

As we walk round the hammocks we now see the servants busy placing the cadets' clothes on their chests, ready for them to dress. There is a servant to about ten boys.

By-and-by five bells is struck, half past six, and a bugle rings out a merry peal, on the middle deck. It is the *turn-out* bugle, and you can play it on the piano:—



In a few moments we hear the same bugle-call, far away. The bugler is gone off to the *Hindustan*, and he is giving the sound for the other boys to turn out.

We only saw half the cadets in their hammocks in the *Britannia*. If you will look at the picture on [page 145](#) you will see another smaller ship, the *Hindustan*, moored ahead of the *Britannia*. The younger boys sleep in "the other ship," as it is called.

What a merry noise there is, as the cadets bound out of their hammocks, and rush off to the big salt-water bath, which is fitted in either ship! I am glad we are only describing a visit, for were we looking on we should get drenched from head to foot.

The corporals walk about among the hammocks to see that all the young gentlemen are turned out.

"Show a leg there, sir! Come along, come along now, now, now, bugle's gone long ago, sir," as he finds some sleepy youth, not at all willing to show a leg. "Make a start, sir."

Basins are fitted up along the deck for them. They need not use the basins in their chests. These must be used at sea when the weather is not rough enough to dash the water out over the clothes.

At five minutes past seven a warning bugle is heard, to warn them that in ten minutes they must be dressed and ready. Some are kneeling at their chests, beginning the morning with prayer for help to live as in God's sight all the day. Some are hurrying on their clothes. Some are reading the Bible, a few verses, as they have promised their people at home never to omit to do.

At a quarter past seven rings out another bugle-call.



This means *assembly*, and the cadets all troop down to the middle deck, where they form in line, two deep, all along the deck; the port watch in the fore part of the ship, and the starboard watch farther aft. This division into two parts, starboard watch and port watch, is to accustom them to the idea of the whole ship's company being always divided into two watches.

The cadet captains stand in front of the two lines, the chief captains one at the end of each watch. These are cadets chosen as "monitors" to have charge of the others.

The *silence* bugle sounds, though no one is supposed to make a noise after the *assembly* has sounded. The officer of the day comes along, a lieutenant, whose duty it is to look after the cadets that day. "*Open order! March,*" is his order; "*Rear rank, dress,*" says the chief captain, and he walks round the two lines, and sees that the cadets are properly dressed. That white lanyard you see round their neck is for holding their keys. A sailor always has a knife at the end of such a lanyard.

"*Close order! March,*" and the officer of the day marches them off to their various studies for the morning. Let us go and see where they have gone. Half of them, one watch, have gone down into the large mess-room. They sit round the room at the tables by the ship's side, and prepare work for their naval instructors. In a little while the servants will lay the middle tables for breakfast, but they do not mind the noise.

Up in the lecture-room, the chaplain has some classes at a Bible lesson. Just outside the lecture-room a sailor is teaching some of the boys at a model of a ship. On the main-deck of the "other ship," a sergeant is drilling some of the boys, and on the place where all stood for the first muster cadets are seated on forms, and are being taught by a sailor the meaning of some sea expressions, and what they are to do to avoid collisions at sea.

So they are busy at work till at ten minutes past eight a bugle goes for all to go down into the mess-room, where they range themselves at their places for breakfast.

At a quarter past eight the chaplain comes down to read prayers, the captain of the ship and the officer of the day coming down too. Then breakfast and letters, which are handed round to the fortunate ones.

There is plenty of talk at breakfast; but tea, coffee, and cocoa, bread-and-butter, meat of some sort, eggs, bacon, or fish and porridge, are very welcome after the

hour's work, with which the day has begun.

At a quarter to nine there is a bugle-call which sends a pang to some hearts. *Defaulters'* bugle. Those who have been reported during the previous day are told to "fall in on the aft deck," and there they stand in a line. The commander comes and hears the report—investigates the case—asks what the cadet has to say, and then awards some punishment. We have seen one form of it. Then there is extra drill and march out with a corporal, or standing up after the others have "turned in," or as we should say, gone to bed. Poor fellows! it is a court of justice; and they would do well to keep off the aft deck. If the offence is serious, it is reported to the captain of the ship, who is head of all. Perhaps the offender is reduced to "second class for conduct," and has to wear a piece of white tape on his arm, be kept apart from all the others, and undergo all sorts of drills and privations.

At nine, the bugle sounds *assembly*—the principal assembly of the day, "Cadets' Divisions" it is called. All the officers are present. The cadets are again inspected, and they are marched off to their various studies for the morning. Mathematics and navigation are learned with the naval instructors. Then there are French and drawing, English, seamanship, instruments and charts, natural philosophy and many difficult things which it is considered necessary for these little fellows to master before they are fit to go to sea. If we visit them in their class-rooms, we shall see very light cheery rooms built on the upper deck, so that they have light from above. There are eight pupils only in each room, each having a separate table with a drawer for books. The naval instructor is teaching them, with the help of a blackboard, to do some questions about ships sailing, or to solve some problem made of lines and circles.

The cadets are all taught how to find by the sun and the compass where their ship is on the sea, and how they ought to steer her to get from place to place.

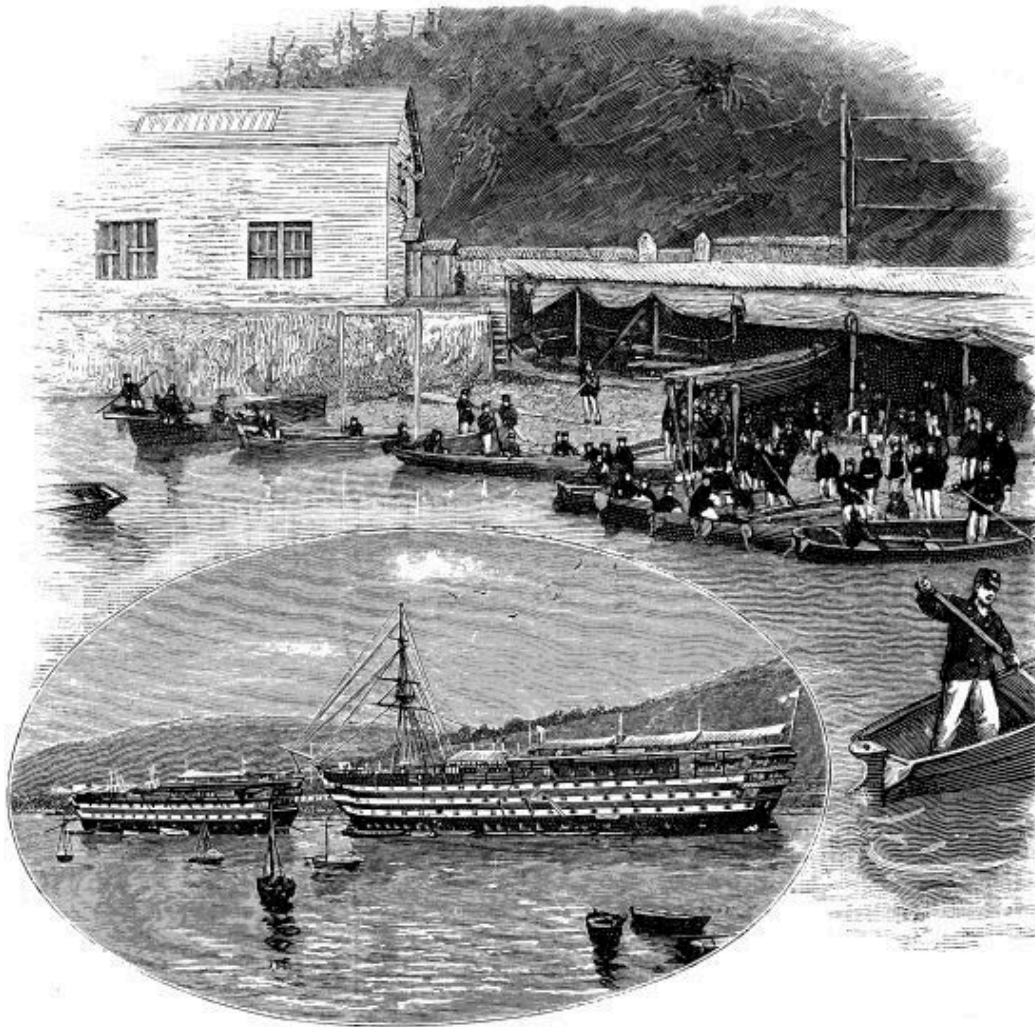
In another class-room, we find a staff commander teaching a class how to use the sextant, which is the sailor's most useful instrument for finding his place at sea, from sun and stars; or he may be teaching them how to use a chart or to draw a chart themselves.

In the lecture-room a lecture is being given on the steam-engine and the ways in which heat is used. Behind the lecturer, in glass cases, are many beautiful models for teaching the cadets all about machines, light, heat, sound, magnetism, and electricity, such as would make many boys long to pull them about for a while, and see how they work.

We might go and learn how the sails are set and furled from one of these fine models of ships, or how anchors and cables are managed from another.

In this little room, called the "Sick Bay," we find some poor fellows who have to lie in bed. One has caught a cold, and one has cut his foot in bathing. Fortunately, the Sick Bay is most frequently empty, for the *Britannia* life is a very healthy one.

There are eight studies like the one where we saw the naval instructor teaching navigation, four in each ship. In the *Hindustan* we find two Frenchmen teaching their classes how to read and write French, and two drawing studies, in one of which they are taught to draw models with the aid of ruler and compasses. In the other they are learning the use of paints and paint-brushes. It is so useful for a young boy to be able to make sketches in water colours of all the pretty places he goes to; some of them are really quite clever at it before they leave.



1. THE CADETS' BOAT-HOUSE AND BOATS; 2. THE *BRITANNIA* AND *HINDOSTAN*. (See pp. 143, 146.)

We hear a noise of marching about; the bell is struck four times; ten o'clock. The French classes are only an hour long, and boys are changing class-rooms.

At five minutes to eleven there is a bugle-call, followed by a hurry-scurry; the whole ship is alive at once. There is an interval of a quarter of an hour. Leap-frog in the open air on the upper deck; running after one another till they get out of breath; fun of all sorts immediately becomes the order of the day, and certainly this quarter of an hour is right well spent in throwing off the evil effects of working too hard.

It is too soon interrupted by the warning bugle. And the whole ship sinks into silence as the cadets go back to their studies; those who have been at seamanship or drawing going to the harder work of mathematics.

At one o'clock study is over for the morning, and a good hard morning's work it has been for the boys, since a quarter past seven, with a break for breakfast, and an interval for play.

On half-holidays, work is over at twelve, and we shall soon see how they spend their half-holidays. Bugle—"wash hands," and then the merry bugle which means dinner.

Before and after dinner, a blessing is asked by the chief captain of cadets. When the cloth has been removed and grace has been said, away they rush for a short time of fun before study at two, and they do a somewhat light class of work till half-past three.

This is the happy time of all the day, and so you would think if you saw them.

Before you would have thought they could be all fairly out of their studies, you will see many of them rushing down to the large boats, which are waiting alongside. They are dressed in white flannel trousers, which they are all obliged to put on before going ashore. It is a fine sight to see these boats, one on each side of the ship, filled full of boys, all eager to get to their games.

We must follow them ashore. But first, I must tell you that in winter they go directly after dinner, and stay ashore till four o'clock. They then have their afternoon study from half past four till six.

It is much better for the boys to have daylight for their run ashore, instead of waiting till daylight has all gone, and landing at half past three to find it soon become dark.

On Wednesday and Saturday, when there is a half-holiday, they have dinner at twelve and land directly after. And then they are free in summer till a quarter to seven. What a royal time most schoolboys would think this! No roll-call. They are quite free to go as far as they like, for there are no bounds, except the town.

They are on their honour not to go into houses. This, and their promise not to bathe at any but the appointed time and place, are the only restrictions put upon them.

But we must hurry after them, or they will get the start of us, and we shall lose them.

We have not far to go before we catch them. A bugle sounds, and a hundred and twenty forms plunge from the bathing-stage and quay into the water. The bright

harbour is dotted with the heads of swimmers. Some backward boys are being taught to swim in a "swimming-tray," a thing like a flat-bottomed barge, sunk with its bottom about four feet below the surface. A capital place it is for teaching youngsters to swim. But all soon learn, and are free to join the others in sporting about and cutting capers in the water. A warning bugle of one note says "it will soon be time to get out," and by the time the bugle sounds fifteen minutes from the first, they must all get out of the water.

The gymnasium—the building in the top left-hand corner of the picture on p. 145—is close by. Here they must go through a series of exercises, and they are obliged to attend till they can do them. "Compulsory Gyms," is not a favourite, so they like to get through and be free.

Here are the "blue boats,"—boats which they may have by themselves, gigs for four to pull, skiffs for two or one. They may row about wherever they like, and when the new boys first come, they are very fond of going out in boats as often as they can. They have to take turns with one another in using them. There are six little sailing-cutters too, which the elder cadets may take and sail by themselves. Then, besides, there is a fine yacht, a schooner, which they may sail on a holiday, when ten or twelve wish to go.

These young fellows have every sort of game. We turn away from the water, and follow some who are mounting a steep path. Here is the racquet-court—four are playing racquets and four playing fives.

And climbing still higher up the hill, we get to the cricket-field, a glorious sweep of grass with nets for cricket and lawn tennis, as much as heart could wish.

In the summer, there is a match at cricket between the *Britannia* eleven and some neighbours every half-holiday, and the *Britannias* usually win, though they play the best elevens round. Their officers play with them.

There is a flow of boys with paper bags from a suspicious-looking little house in the corner of the field. Ah! I thought as much. No schoolboy can do without his sweetstuff, and here it is. "Stodge" they call it, a horrible name, but very true. I am sure much more sensible are those who walk off to the neighbouring village of Stoke Fleming, where they can get a nice tea from Mrs. Fox from sixpence to a shilling.

We well remember how shocked Mrs. Fox was to come in and find the elder son of the Prince of Wales chopping sticks in her kitchen; for these two young

princes six years ago spent a cadet's life of two years, and lived with the others, and worked and played exactly like the rest.

The *Britannia* life, you will see, is a very free and happy life. "Work while you work and play while you play" is the motto, and there is plenty of work and plenty of play for all who will have it.

In the afternoon of a half-holiday, when there is a grand cricket-match, and the band plays, and many ladies come to grace the field, there is not a brighter sight in all the country side, for the field stands in the prettiest place possible, with lovely country, sea and hills, to be seen around.

But it is time for all to go back—the longest afternoons must end, and the letter B, a square flag with a red middle, which is hoisted to recall them, is already displayed on the *Britannia's* mast.

A bell in the cricket-field says "play is over," and down they go in twos and threes to find the same big boats ready to take them back.

It has been a fine afternoon, and the field and sports have looked at their best. But if it had rained hard, and when the cadets came out from dinner, or from study, they had found the words "No Landing!" hanging by the ship's clock, there would have been no such fun. It is a long afternoon when it rains, and they are tied to the ship.

Tea at seven, or a quarter past—a merry meal with all the stories of the day to tell. Sometimes an accident—a boy has fallen down the cliff, or been hit in the field—will throw a damp over all. Sometimes they will be all alive with the discussion of a piece of news—there is to be a war. In six months some of them will be fighting. Sometimes an adventure, an irate farmer has caught two in his wheat, and has chased them and possessed himself of a cap. They will see that cap next morning, and its owner will be standing on the aft deck at 8.45 for judgment.

In the winter there is a pack of beagles, which lead the cadets a fine chase over the country.

"Oh! they are spoiled, these boys!" you will say. But wait till you see them, in a year's time, broiling under a tropical sun, cruising for weeks in a boat after slavers, and living on a short allowance of dry food and water. These young fellows are welcome to a happy life while they can get it.

For tea they have cold meat, or something else substantial. After tea, work for those who have it to do, in two studies, which are kept quiet, or in the mess-room.

The band plays, and some cadets dance with one another on the open middle deck.

And at a quarter past nine, prayers are read in the mess-room, and the bugle sounds "Turn in."

And the ship is silent till the day begins again.

ANDY'S BRAVE DEED.



"ARTHUR! Arthur!" Kitty called, as she ran down the garden path.

Her brother was lying under the beech-trees at the foot of the garden. A copy-book lay on the grass before him, in which he was writing with a pencil. Arthur wrote poems, and histories, and tragedies, which he and his companions acted for the edification of their relations and friends. At this moment he was composing a story which he intended should be very thrilling. He had only got as far as the two first sentences.

"Charles was determined to have some adventures. So he went into a wood and met a tiger."

At this point he heard his sister calling to him.

"What is it, Kitty? I wish you wouldn't interrupt me just now. I'm very, very busy."

"Oh, Arthur, I wish you would come and see a little boy who's at the gate. He looks so hungry."

Arthur rose somewhat slowly, and went to the boy. Like all authors, he didn't much like being called away in the full swing of literary production. He proceeded to a little side gate which opened on to the highway and the open fields beyond. Here Arthur found a boy about a year younger than himself, bareheaded and barefooted, without a coat, and with a very worn and ragged shirt and trousers. The little fellow looked both tired and hungry, and his wearied look would have touched harder hearts than those of Arthur and Kitty.

"Are you hungry?" Arthur asked.

"Yes, vera. I've no had onything sin' yesterday."

"I'm sure he's telling the truth. You have only to look at him," said Kitty, who now joined him.

"Well, we might get him something to eat, anyhow. You stay there, boy, till we come back."

Arthur and Kitty went into the house together, and presently returned with a very large slice of bread, a piece of cheese to correspond, and a bit of cold pudding, that would have alone satisfied the appetites of two ordinary boys, even though extraordinarily hungry. It was as much as the lad could do to hold them all, and he thanked his young benefactors more by looks than words.

On the following morning, shortly after breakfast, Arthur's mother said—

"I should like you to take something for me to Mrs. Stewart's to-day, Arthur. There are several things I should like to send her. I have a small cheese and a pot of currant jelly that can go. Then I want her to have one of those young Dorking hens your father got the other day. I'll give you a small basket for that."

Mrs. Stewart was a very old friend of the family, having been the nurse of Arthur and Kitty, and of their mother before them.

Arthur set out with his leather bag strapped across his back, and the basket containing a little Dorking hen in his hand. Presently he became aware how hot it was getting, and when he reached a small clump of trees near a hay-field he thought he would sit down and rest a while. He had been walking about an hour by this time. He thought he never recollected such a warm day. Arthur began to feel very sleepy. He rubbed his eyes to keep himself awake, but his head nodded more and more, and before he was well aware of it he was fast asleep, lying huddled together on the bank on which he had sat down.

Arthur must have been asleep nearly an hour, when he awoke with a sudden start. The sun was high up in the heavens, and he judged it to be nearly midday. He got upon his feet hurriedly and caught up his basket. It felt lighter, he thought, and hastily lifting the wicker lid he found that it was empty. The little Dorking hen was gone!

Astonishment was the first feeling in Arthur's mind, then perplexity and mortification. What would his mother think of his carelessness and unbusinesslike qualities. It seemed he could not be trusted to execute this simplest message. What was he to do? He searched all the ground in the immediate neighbourhood in the hope of discovering the little hen hidden

behind some bush or clump of ferns. But she was nowhere to be seen, and he was in sore perplexity and chagrin.

Then he picked up his empty basket, and continued on his way. There was nothing for it but to take the cheese and the pot of jelly to Mrs. Stewart, explain matters to her, and return another day with another hen, if his mother so decided, as it was probable she would. He walked on with a pretty downcast heart.



"THE LITTLE FELLOW LOOKED BOTH TIRED AND HUNGRY" (P.147).

He was now ascending a hill, and when he reached the top an unexpected sight met his eyes. A crowd of people were gathered in the plain below. They made a large circle, and it was evident that the attention of everybody forming the circle was concentrated on what was going on within it. Flags were flying, and the strains of a military band floated up to Arthur, where he stood on the top of the hill. On the outskirts of the crowd a number of carriages and other vehicles were standing, filled with ladies and gentlemen.

Then Arthur recollected that this was the day of the Highland gathering of the county. A dance was going on as he approached, and four tall and stalwart Highlanders in complete national costumes, bonneted and kilted, were leaping

and wheeling, cracking their fingers and uttering shrill cries as they danced with astonishing vigour and adroitness on a raised wooden platform.

But Arthur's attention had hardly been turned upon the dancers when it was diverted in another direction. What should he catch sight of, a good deal to his astonishment, but his little Dorking hen stepping quietly about among the people, unconcerned and unmoved by the stir and the bustle, paying heed to nobody, and no one giving heed to it.

At the moment Arthur caught sight of his truant hen, it was passing under a carriage, quietly pecking among the grass and ferns in its march. So he approached, and cautiously bent down on his hands and knees to get at the hen. It was almost within his grasp when a sharp report rang through the air—a rifle-discharge, the signal for a foot-race to begin. The next moment he felt a heavy blow on his shoulder, which knocked him flat upon his back. A mist rose up before his eyes, in which the whole world around him seemed to float for a moment; then he felt himself being dragged suddenly and forcibly backward, and then he knew no more.

Arthur had gone off in a faint; but it only lasted a few moments. When he came to himself, he beheld a little crowd of people gathered round him, and a man was bending down and bathing his forehead with a wet handkerchief. Then he saw another figure stretched on the ground at his side, quite motionless and silent. It was the form of a boy; the face was turned upwards, and to his great astonishment Arthur found that it was the poor lad to whom he and his sister had given the food on the previous day.

"I saw the whole thing. It was all over in a twinkling," a gentleman was saying. "The boy was bending under the carriage reaching forwards to secure the bird. At that moment the gun went off, the horses started forward, and the wheel came against the boy, and knocked him backward. Just then this poor little fellow rushed forward right among the wheels of the carriage, caught the boy, and dragged him out, but not in time to save himself. The wheel passed over his leg, and I am afraid it is badly hurt."

By this time Arthur was on his feet.

"Oh! he is not dead, Dr. Bruce, is he?" he asked of the gentleman, who was busy examining the boy, and whom he knew quite well as the doctor of the district.

"No, not so bad as that, I hope; but a rather bad break, I am afraid. It was a close shave for *you*, laddie. But for this brave boy the carriage-wheel would have passed right over you."

"What are you going to do with the poor boy, doctor? Do you know who he is, or anything about him?" a lady asked, whom Arthur recognised as Lady Elmslie.

"No, I never saw him before. But we must get him to Redloaning as quickly as possible, and have him taken to some cottage."

"See that he has everything that is necessary, doctor; and send up to Inverweir, if you can't get all you require in the village," Lady Elmslie said. It was her horses that had started forward at the discharge of the gun, and had been the cause of the accident.



"ARTHUR BEGAN TO FEEL VERY SLEEPY" (p.148).

A man now stepped forward, and said, "Ye'll just let me carry the laddie to the village, doctor. I'll start the noo, and I'll carry him easier like than any kind o' trap, ye ken."

"A good idea, Stoddart. Lift him gently."

"I'll do that. He's a bit hero, puir laddie; an' we mauna let him dee for his brave deed."

Stoddart lifted the still unconscious boy in his strong arms like an infant, and starting off carried him in the direction of Redloaning.

"Take him to Mrs. Aikman's cottage, and I'll be there as soon as you," the doctor said. In a few minutes he mounted his horse and followed in the same direction.

Meanwhile Arthur stood by hearing all that was said with anxious interest. Though not much hurt, he was a good deal shaken, and was still trembling from head to foot.

"Are you sure you are not hurt too, Arthur Dalrymple?" Lady Elmslie asked, looking into the boy's white and startled face.

"Oh, no, I'm not hurt; but that poor boy, Lady Elmslie, will he be all right again soon?"

"I hope so. We will do all we can for him. Don't you know anything about him, either? But stop! Get up here beside me and I'll drive you home; and you can tell me all you know about it."

Arthur got into the carriage. He rapidly decided that he would return home at once, and give up all thoughts of going to Mrs. Stewart's to-day. On the way home he told Lady Elmslie as briefly as possible all he knew about the little boy who had been the means of saving probably his life.

Lady Elmslie set Arthur down at the garden gate, but did not go with him into the house. Then Arthur had to recount to his father, his mother, and Kitty all the morning's adventures in detail, which he did in a somewhat excited manner.

"I shall walk over to Redloaning and see how the poor boy is doing this evening," Mr. Dalrymple said.

Mr. Dalrymple, much to his relief, found that the boy, his son's preserver, was progressing as favourably as the case permitted. The poor boy was manifestly suffering much pain, but he made no complaint or murmur. He was able to tell his simple story.

On the previous day when he had first seen Arthur and his sister, he had been on his way to Redloaning from the neighbouring village of Westburn, to see if he could get any kind of light employment in the former place. His mother was dead, and his father had lately enlisted in the army, leaving his boy to his own fate and fortunes. He had succeeded in obtaining a situation in Redloaning as a message-boy, but the place would not be vacant for a few days. So after passing

a night in the village he was returning next day to Westburn, to remain there until he could enter upon his new duties. He was attracted by the show and stir and bravery of the games, and, like Arthur, lingered a while to watch the gay on-goings.



"STODDART ... CARRIED HIM" (p.149).

There he saw his young benefactor of the previous day before the latter saw him. The kindness and generosity of Arthur and his sister were yet fresh in his heart; the moment came when he saw an opportunity of repaying those kind offices, and I have tried to show you how he seized and used it.

Andy received the tenderest nursing, and more kindness and gentleness, probably, were compressed into the weeks he lay in bed than had fallen to his lot during the whole of his previous life.

"Arthur," Kitty said, on the first day that her brother and she saw Andy, "hasn't it all been strange about Andy and you?" Then a funny little smile came into her eyes, and she added, "You see, Arthur, *Charles was determined to have some adventures*, as you wrote; but it was you who got them. By-the-bye, you never told us what became of the little hen."

"I can't tell you. I never saw it again. I don't think it was hurt by the carriage, and it may be wandering about the hill-side still, and perhaps it may wander back home again."

Andy's progress towards complete recovery from his hurt was slow and at times painful. But at last he did get well and strong again. When he was quite able for work, instead of taking the situation at Redloaning, which had been long since filled up, he went into Mrs. Dalrymple's service as assistant to the gardeners at Fircroft, a post he was still filling with much success and credit when I last heard of him.

ROBERT RICHARDSON

LITTLE TOILERS OF THE NIGHT.

II—THE FISHER-BOY.



BENNY, so here we are then," said the sturdy-looking sailor, as Ben, the "Reading-Boy," went running up to the railway station at Liverpool Street, London, just as the last shower of night rain was blowing away over the houses, and the sun was just peeping out and giving the grey sky a tint of salmon colour. "I'm glad as you've got from this mornin' to Wednesday, Benny, becous you see it's a pretty long v'yge from here to Yarmouth, and I'm glad you're in good time, Ben; an' I'm glad as your precious mother has made you put a coat over your jacket. 5.15 the train goes, Ben."

"What fun it is, eh, uncle! Only fancy my going down to the sea! Why, I shouldn't want to come back if it wasn't for mother."

"Now don't you be a rollin' stone, Benny. It's all very fine for fair weather sailors, to go and sit about on the beach, and p'raps be rowed out a little way, or take a trip when everything's smooth below and aloft, but just you find yerself aboard one of our smacks, in the North Sea, one night when there's a stiff sea on, and the wind cuttin' your hair off your head, and your hands stiff and blue with haulin' on to the trawl-nets, and you'd tell a different story. No, no, I don't *think* as you're cut out for a fisher-boy, or leastways a smack-boy, for that's what they call 'em."

"A smack-boy! that's a queer name," said Ben, laughing.

"Ah, ain't it? and there's a double meanin' in it too, for I can tell you the smack-men ain't very slow for to give the youngsters a knock over the head, or a smack of the face, or a rope's-endin'. But as it's Yarmouth we're bound for, you will soon see what our fisheries are really like; and there, too, you'll find our men hard at it in tarpaulins or canvas frocks, and wet through and through perhaps, and not much time to get a drop of hot coffee nor a bit to eat. Think of that, Benny."

Ben looked serious when he heard this, and it was not till they had taken their seats in the railway-carriage, and were rattling along far beyond the houses and amidst the trees and fields of the country that he began to talk again.

"Don't the boys that go fishing like their business?" he asked.

"Well, you see," said his uncle, "they've *got* to like it, because when they're once in it they can't well turn to anything else. It's a rough, hard life, especially for the young 'uns, Benny. Not so hard as it used to be, though. I can remember when I was a younker we used to go fishing for cod off the Dogger Bank, which is a great ridge of hills at the bottom of the sea, not far from the coast of Holland. We'd be out for a good while, and not have much to eat except cod b'iled or cod fried in a pan; and if there was much sea on, and the wind blowin' a gale, it was a hard matter to cook it at all. Now the cutters bring us some of our meat and vegetables and soft bread; but still the boys have a hard time.

"If it's the herring-boys, they have to watch the floats—the big, round things that you'll see at the edge of the nets, Ben—to keep them near the top of the water; and whether it's drift-nets or trawling-nets, they must take their share of hauling in and of playing out, night or day. More than that, too: any sort of work is boy's work, whether it's to swab the decks or to take a turn at frying fish in the cooking-galley, or paying a boat with tar, or helping to take a boat-load of

fish off to the cutter in bad weather, when the waves tosses so that the fish, being loose, may slide, so that one side of the boat may heel over, and before you know where you are you're capsized and struggling in the dark, cold sea, with a singing in your ears, and the faint cries of your mates just as bad off as you are."

"But, of course, it isn't always so bad," said Ben.

"Well, no; and there's times when we've no call to grumble. Such weather as this, when there's green sea and blue sky, and bright sun overhead and clear moonlight nights, with fresh and light breezes to take the sail. Nothing could seem more pleasant than the life of a fisherman if it was always like that; but then, this isn't exactly fishing weather, Ben, and however fine it may be the boys haven't any idle time of it.

"There's always ropes to splice, or sails or nets to mend, or something to clean or to scrape, or to pay down with tar; and if there's any good in going out at all the nets must be looked to and lowered and hauled in. Even on Sundays there's things to be attended to by the lads, and though I don't say as 'ow boys is made to do useless work, yet, when they're there on that day, they toil pretty hard for little 'uns.

"And now, Ben, if you don't object, I'm going to smoke a bit o' bacca, and then you can rest your tongue a bit, if you like."

But Ben had a hundred more questions to ask about the fishing-boats, or "smacks," as they are called, and how many of them there were, and how many fish they caught at a time; and his uncle, who settled comfortably down and lighted his pipe, told him a great deal about them.

And Ben was surprised to hear that there are many thousands of men and boys who go out to catch the millions and millions of all sorts of fish that are sent to the markets in the large towns of England by railway nearly every day. He had been to Billingsgate Market in Thames Street, and to the new fish-market in Smithfield, and had seen the great piles of cod-fish, and skates, and soles, and plaice, and the boxes and baskets of white fresh herrings, and the beautiful shining mackerel, but he did not know how great was the number of herrings, and pilchards, and cod-fish that were also salted and put in barrels to be sent from England to foreign countries. He knew what bloaters were, of course, and had heard that they were herrings just a little salted and smoked over burning wood, but how was he to know that at Yarmouth there was a great fleet of

herring-boats, and that in the cold November weather they went far out to sea in the mist and rain, and were night after night hauling in the great nets full of glistening silver fish?

His uncle was the owner of two smacks, but he did not go herring-fishing. He was what is called a trawler, and he and his men and boys used a different sort of net. The herring-nets are called drift-nets, and catch the fish that swim in shoals, which means a large number together, near the surface of the sea; but the trawl-nets are shaped like a long purse or bag open at the mouth. These nets go to the bottom of the sea, and in them are caught cod, whiting, soles, and other fish that lie at the bottom, and swim deep down in the water.

When Ben's uncle was a smack-boy the trawlers, after they had caught as many fish as they could carry in a deep well in their boat, used to sail away as fast as they could to Billingsgate Market, or to some place where people would buy their fish and send it by railway to London; but now the old fisherman said they had much bigger vessels, and would stay out sometimes for four or five weeks tossing about in the North Sea, or, as it is sometimes called, the German Ocean, and dragging the great trawl-nets night and day.

"Not much time to play, Ben, my boy," said the bluff old fellow. "Sometimes not too much to eat either, except fish and biscuit, and not much room to sleep in when you turn in to your hard wooden bunk and pull a rough blanket over you to keep out the cold."

"But you don't keep the fish long on board, do you, uncle?" asked Ben.

"No, no, my lad. A fast-sailing boat that we call a cutter comes and goes from shore to the fleet of trawlers, and takes the fish off; backwards and forwards it goes, and away goes the fish directly it's sold—up to London, or elsewhere, where there's millions of mouths waiting for it. Ah! I well remember when the smack-boys, or the fisher-boys, would have to help to take the fish off in a boat to the cutter on a dark night, and many a time the poor fellows would get capsized, and afterwards go down in that cold North Sea. Hard work, my lad, hard fare; and in danger half the time. Things are better now, perhaps; but we're out longer a good deal, and there's a big fleet that belongs to a company that keeps the men and the boys out for weeks at a time, and fetches all that they catch, so that by the time they get ashore the poor fellows are pretty near worn out. Of course the cutter takes out food for 'em, but it can't take 'em out warmth and dry clothes, and snug beds, and every year there is some of the vessels lost, and perhaps all on board lost too."

"Well," says Ben, looking very solemn; "there's some that get lost on land too. They fall ill or get a bad cough, or have some sort of accident with machinery or something, you know, uncle; but we're obliged to work all the same."

"Well said, my boy Ben," said the fisherman. "The thing is to do our duty, whatever it may be, and to pray that we may be made able to do it. Some of our smack-boys go to school when they're at home, and there's a mission-room where they go to hear and to read the Bible, and have teas and singing, and various treats, and some fun too sometimes. Yes, things are better than they used to be in my young days."

It was a long journey to Yarmouth, but Ben greatly enjoyed it, and when he and his uncle got there they went at once to have a look at the sea.

Such a great broad expanse of soft yellowish sandy beach, where the great waves came rolling in! such a long pier where people were fishing with hooks and lines, and sometimes catching a codling or a whiting! "I'll go and have a try at that by-and by," said Ben; "but what are those great wooden towers that look like a sort of big puzzle stuck up on end?"

"They're the look-out towers, Ben. Now, do you see that cutter over yonder, coming into shore with its big sail like a sea-bird's wing? Keep your eye on it for a minute, and then look at the top of that tower, and you'll see that there are men there that have got their eyes and their telescopes on it too. Now do you see these carts coming along, and do you see those black barges floating ready to pull out when the cutter comes near in shore? The cutter will unload a rare lot of fish. The men on the look-out tower saw her coming, and signalled to the barges and the carts to be ready. That shipload of fish will be off by a special train to-night, Ben; and if you were in London you might, if you could afford it, have some of it."

"But where's the herrings—the Yarmouth bloaters, you know?" asked Ben.

"Ah, well! this isn't the time to see so much of them. It's in the winter you see the herring-smacks come in at the herring-wharf over yonder, and hundreds of baskets full of the shining fellows brought ashore and sold, and sent off fresh in no time; while others are kept here to turn into bloaters, or red herrings, or kippers. Those sheds in the yard over there are where hundreds of women and girls set to work to salt or pack the herrings in barrels; the bloaters are what we call cured in the herring-office."

"That's a funny name," said Ben.

"Yes; and it's funny what goes on there. The herrings are brought ashore, are shot out of the baskets on to the stone floor, shovelled into big tubs to be washed, and then threaded through the gills on to long laths of wood. Then these laths with the rows of herrings strung on 'em are hung in frames from wall to wall of a top room, like a barn with a stone floor, and a hole in the roof. When that room's full of herrings all hanging in rows—thousands and thousands o' fish—a fire of oak chips and logs is lighted on the floor, and the smoke going all among the herrings, and only by degrees getting out of the hole in the roof, the fish are smoked; and them that's salted first is red herrings, and them that's only just touched dry with the smoke like are bloaters.

"So now we'll get down to our lodging, and have some supper, Ben; and so to bed, that we may be up early in the morning; but don't you dream about being a smack-boy, or you won't sleep at all sound, I can tell you."

THOMAS ARCHER

THEIR WONDERFUL RIDE.



"TWO LITTLE FOLK WERE RIDING."

Upon a wooden railing
That ran down from the wall,
Two little folk were riding,
Quite safe from fear or fall.

"Why, auntie, what's the matter?"
Shouted the merry pair;
"You cannot think what fun it is
To ride the old brown mare!"

As I passed down the pathway
I heard a merry pair
Shout from behind the garden
wall,
"Let's ride the old brown
mare."

With whip and voice I heard
them

Urge on the maddened
steed,
Whilst to my frantic warnings
They paid no single heed.

Then quickly down the garden,
Trembling with fear and
fright,
And bursting open wide the
door

I saw this curious sight:—

OUR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S DREAM OF THE HUGE TREE.



MIGHTY king lay stretched upon a magnificent bed of gold. His head rested upon pillows of crimson satin, beautifully embroidered with gold, and studded with golden spangles and precious stones. Over him was a coverlet of crimson satin, also adorned with gold: and everything in his chamber was in keeping with the richness of his couch.

Costliest delicacies and oldest wines had weighed down his supper-table, round which had sat some of earth's grandest and most powerful lords. He had been lulled to sleep with soft strains of sweetest music. Ever-watchful attendants stood by him, as he slept, and cooled his brow with gentle breezes stirred up to life by fairy fans. His last thoughts had been of his vast wealth, his uninterrupted prosperity, and his great power. He was king of kings, and the whole world trembled at his feet. He had attained to the highest pinnacle of glory. Earth had yielded to him its most costly treasures, and had nothing more that she could give. Men had profusely showered upon him their highest flatteries, and addressed him in humblest language.

Yet his sleep was troubled. His brow grew dark, and the colour deepened upon his cheeks. He breathed heavily and moved nervously on his luxurious bed, which, grand as it was, could not give him rest. Hundreds of years afterwards it was said of the bruised and bleeding martyr Stephen, that he sank peacefully to rest amid a shower of stones, and the yells and hoots of bitterest enemies; for in all circumstances He can give "His beloved sleep." But this flattered son of pomp and splendour, this mighty king, upon whose very breath seemed to hang the fate of nations, tossed restlessly upon his bed of gold and purple. No, he knew nothing of that joy and peace that pass all understanding, which the world can neither give nor take away, and which has converted many a fiery furnace into a shadow from the heat.

Over those who love Him God watches in the night, and holds sweetest communion with them, as through the long dark hours they lie upon their beds; but to the wicked He sends no thought of comfort or consolation. He does not

soothe them to rest with the remembrance of His loving care. And often He troubles them with dark thoughts and unwelcome dreams, that banish true repose.

So this wicked king, Nebuchadnezzar, who lived for himself, and not for God, who enriched himself at the expense of others, who closed his ears to the cry of the fatherless and the widows, and who passed by judgment and justice and mercy, was perplexed with a mysterious dream.

He saw, growing in the middle of the earth, a mighty tree, which reared its lofty head to the skies, and, on every side, sent out boughs to the ends of the world. Large bright green leaves thickly covered its branches, from which hung, in unheard-of abundance, great clusters of fruit. The beasts of the field found under it a grateful shadow from the heat of the burning sun. The fowls of the air came and built their nests in its leafy branches, and there laid their eggs, and reared their young, and joyously sang out their gladness. All was bright and beautiful; and the sleeping king, as he gazed wonderingly at the giant tree, admired its grandeur and its greatness.

To what length of days, he thought, might this majestic tree not attain! and how would the earth be able to hold it if it should go on increasing in size?

But suddenly there was a fluttering in the air; and down from the bright heavens came "a watcher and an holy one," who was terrible in his strength, and whose face shone like the sun. Judgment, and not mercy, was written upon his forehead. And oh, his voice! How dreadful it sounded to the startled king, who would gladly have closed his ears to it.

"Hew down the tree," the Angel cried, with a voice of thunder, his eyes, which were like balls of fire, flashing with righteous indignation. "Hew down the tree, and cut off his branches; shake off his leaves, and scatter his fruit. Warn the beasts to get from under it, lest they be crushed with its weight. And bid the little birds leave its branches. But do not destroy the tree. Leave the stump of his roots in the earth. Let it be wet with the dew of heaven; and let his portion be with the beasts in the grass of the earth. Let his heart be changed from man's, and let a beast's heart be given unto him; and let seven times pass over him."

What a strange dream for a king to have! And how troubled his countenance was when he rose from his bed! His eyes moved restlessly from one object to another, telling of a mind ill at ease. His limbs shook; and he seemed many years older than on the previous day. His grandly-arrayed lords came round him

as before, with pleasant smiles and flattering speeches. But he could heed none of them. Whatever he did, he could not give his mind to affairs of state. Try to control them as he would, his thoughts would wander back to the towering majestic tree, to its great thick trunk, its leafy branches, its rich profusion of delicious fruit affording sustenance to all the world, and to that bright but awful being who had come from heaven and pronounced over the tree that dread sentence.

What if the tree should mean himself? Who in all the wide world but himself could be compared to it for strength and majesty? Who but himself had attained to such power and magnificence? And oh! what if all should be taken away from him? What if the widely-spreading tree should indeed be cut down, its glory and its beauty and its strength alike gone?

How he wished he knew the meaning of his dream! And how anxiously he consulted the wise men who were summoned to his presence! Magicians, astrologers, Chaldæans, and soothsayers, all the wise men of Babylon came to his palace to hear his dream, and to try to tell the meaning of it.

But the effort was in vain. The dream was from heaven, and not all the vaunted wisdom of this world could interpret it. The meaning of it could only be told by one inspired by the Spirit of God who had sent it.

Then Daniel, the Jewish captive, to whom Nebuchadnezzar had given the name of Belteshazzar, or *a layer up of things in secret*, was brought. Not long before he had not only told the king the meaning of a most mysterious dream that he had had, but he had also recalled the dream itself, which Nebuchadnezzar had forgotten. And as an interpreter of dreams and the wisest of mortals, his fame had spread far and wide; and Nebuchadnezzar could see that the Jewish prophet had a wisdom far surpassing that of his wisest and most skilled magicians.

So the strange dream of the mighty tree cut down was told to the Jewish captive, and the usually calm face of the prophet grew dark and troubled as that of the king.

"Do not be distressed by the dream or its interpretation, Belteshazzar," Nebuchadnezzar said in his gentlest tones; for he saw that the dream meant something bad, and that Daniel did not like to tell him. "Show me the interpretation."

"My lord," the Jewish prophet replied sadly, "it is a dream that will please only your enemies; and all those who hate you will rejoice at it." And then he went

on to explain to the king that the great tree that he had seen towering towards heaven, and spreading itself over the whole earth, with its fresh green leaves and abundance of fruit, with its thousands of beasts taking refuge under its spreading branches, and its myriads of feathered songsters nestling amongst them, was himself. "It is thou, O king," he said; "for thy greatness is grown, and reacheth unto the heavens, and thy dominion to the end of the earth."

By the coming down of the holy watcher, and his commanding the tree to be despoiled of its glory, and hewn down, Daniel showed the king was meant his own humiliation. He should be driven from the abodes of men, his dwelling should be with the beasts of the field; he should eat grass like an ox, and his body should be wet with the dew of heaven.

But he was not to be for ever removed from his place. The malady was to continue only for seven years; for as the stump of the tree was left in the earth, so that it might some day put forth its branches again, and once more abound in foliage and fruit, so his terrible affliction should only last until he should acknowledge that it was not by the strength of his own arm, but by the power of God that he had been raised to so great a height of glory; that the kingdoms of the earth belong to God, and that He raises up whom He will to govern them.

"Oh, learn this lesson in time, mighty king," Daniel pleaded; "that supreme power belongs alone to the living God. Humble thyself before Him. Put away every iniquity; and begin to show mercy to the poor and the defenceless, who have hitherto cried to thee in vain. For it is in mercy that God has sent thee the dream, to show thee how thine heart has been lifted up, and to give thee an opportunity of averting the punishment by timely and sincere repentance."

Oh, if Nebuchadnezzar had but heeded the warning dream! If he had but taken his kingdom and his glory, his riches and his honour, and laid them all at the footstool of the great King in Heaven, acknowledging that they were all from Him, and must be held and used for Him; what great trouble he might have saved himself, and all those who looked up to him! How soon, by humbling himself, and how effectually he might have turned aside the threatened judgment! How the great and compassionate God above would have rejoiced to show mercy! And how the holy angels would have sung for joy over the repentant king, and the blotting out of his great sin, and the withholding of judgment, and the showing of mercy!

But the dream was unheeded. The warning was lost.

The great and mighty king having conquered all his enemies round about, and extended his power to the utmost limits, devoted his attention to the improving and embellishing of his capital. And as he saw Babylon increasing in glory and beauty, his heart became still more lifted up. He had done it all himself, he thought. He was so great, and so wise, and so glorious a king, that he had no need of divine aid. Such a thing as being in any way dependent upon a higher power never entered his mind, and by very severe means he had to be taught the needful lesson that might have been learned from the dream that had in mercy been sent to warn him.

While surveying the glorious city from the roof of his palace, and congratulating himself upon the dignity to which he had attained, a voice, like that which he had heard in his dream, fell from heaven, telling him that his kingdom was taken from him, and that he should meet the fate of which he had been forewarned by the cutting down of the huge tree.

And so it was.

That same hour, the terrible malady predicted by Daniel came upon him. He lost his reason, and became as a wild beast. His costly crown of gold and pearls and diamonds was taken from him, and he was driven from his throne. For seven years he lived with the beasts of the field, stooping down to the earth and eating grass like an ox, and drinking with his mouth of the flowing streams. The rude winds blew upon him, ruffling the hair that had been so carefully kept, and the scorching sun tanned his face, once so expressive of majesty. The hairs of his neglected beard became like eagles' feathers; and his uncut nails grew like birds' claws. He noted no difference between the changing seasons; and when the sun sank in the west, he lay down to sleep upon the hard ground, like the beasts, his companions, and his body was wet with the falling dew.

At the end of seven years another opportunity of repentance was offered to him, and after so severe a lesson he gladly accepted it. His reason returned, and instead of taking glory to himself, he ascribed it to God, acknowledging that He rules above all.

So the dreadful affliction was removed, his kingdom was restored to him; and his glory and honour and majesty were greater even than before.

As he once more lifted up his head amongst his nobles, he said humbly, "The great God of heaven is King; and those who walk in pride He is able to abase."

H. D.

BIBLE EXERCISES FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

25. How many times is the Lord's Prayer recorded?
26. Where are we told that departure from evil is understanding?
27. From what words is it supposed that St. Paul, like Elijah, visited Mount Sinai, there to hold communion with God, before entering upon his apostolic work?
28. Where are we told that he who rules his own spirit is better than he who takes a city?
29. Where is the Eastern custom of gathering the tears of mourners in tear-bottles alluded to in the Psalms?
30. Where is it said of the departed that they have "fallen asleep"?
31. How is the passing away of the Old Testament saints spoken of?
32. Which of the Evangelists tell us of Christ's offering three successive prayers in Gethsemane, on the night of His agony, and of His three times finding the disciples sleeping?
33. Where, in the New Testament, is David called "David the King"?
34. How many days elapsed after Noah's entering into the ark before the flood came? And who shut the door?
35. How many armour-bearers had Joab?
36. What was done with the sword of Goliath?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE EXERCISES (13-24. See p. 84).

13. St. Matt. xii. 49, 50; St. Mark iii. 33-35; St. Luke viii. 21.
14. In Prov. xvii. 17.
15. In Neh. ix. 17; Ps. ciii. 8, cxlv. 8; Joel ii. 13; Jonah iv. 2; Nah. i. 3.
16. From St. Luke xi. 1.
17. In Prov. xv. 18, xxvi. 21, xxix. 22.

18. In Prov. xvi. 32.

19. In St. Luke iii. 38.

20. From St. Matt. i. 5, 6.

21. In Gen. ix. 13.

22. In Rev. iv. 3, x. 1.

23. The names of the women are Mary Magdalene, Mary, the mother of James and Joses, the mother of Zebedee's children, Joanna, the wife of Chuza (Herod's steward), and Susanna. (St. Matt. xxvii. 55, 56; St. Luke viii. 2, 3.)

24. In Ps. cxxi. 4.

THE WATER-CARRIERS OF THE WORLD.

IN the hotter countries of the world, in which water is the very mainstay of life, a number of persons drive a considerable trade in the sale of that liquid. Most of us know what a trouble it is to get water during a severe winter when the pipes are all frozen. Suppose such a state of things to be usual the whole year round, and you will perhaps understand the difficulties of families in some tropical lands with regard to what is to them—in a sense almost more than it is to us—a necessary of existence. Thus it is that the water-carrier is so important a personage in these warm climes. His figure is as common in the streets as our milkman, though he is generally a very much more picturesque-looking individual.

In the illustration on this page we have grouped together portraits of the water-carriers of different countries, and it will be seen that, in respect of their quaint attire and the curious vessels in which the water is carried, there is no reason for surprise that they have engaged the brush of many painters.



THE WATER-CARRIERS OF THE WORLD

No. 1 represents a water-carrier of one of the provincial towns of France. With his cocked hat and queer staff, and his water-skin strapped like a knapsack on his back, he reminds one not a little of an old soldier. His next door neighbour's nationality is a good deal more obvious. Whose can that jaunty, lazy air be but that of the gay, ease-loving water-carrier of Madrid? With earthenware pail hanging from each arm, turban on head, bright-coloured waistband, and cigarette in mouth, you can tell at a glance that he belongs to a sunny country where leisure and pleasure go hand in hand. In No. 3 we find the representation of the Peruvian water-carrier. He does such good business that he can afford to keep a donkey to carry the water, which is contained in a big leather sack that lies like a bolster across the animal's back. I am afraid he is not so mindful of Neddy as he ought to be, and that some of our own costermongers could teach him a lesson or two in the humane treatment of his patient beast of burden.

Leaving Peru and South America, and travelling to the northern continent, we are introduced in No. 4 to a water-carrier of Mexico. Notice how he carries the water in two odd-shaped vessels suspended from his head by means of a broad band. In No. 5 will be observed an Egyptian fellah woman carrying a jar of water on her head. Compared with her, the Norwegian peasant in No. 6 looks prosaic and businesslike. The last two are not sellers of water, but are merely taking home a supply for their own households. How fortunate those towns are where the water is conveyed by pipes from house to house!

BURIED ALIVE;

OR, LOVE NEVER LOST ON A DOG.



"HEIGHO!" sighed Thusnelda, as she lay on the straw not far from the spot where her three beautiful puppies were curled up in a heap. "Heigho!" she sighed, "I do hope dear master will not deprive me of any more of my darlings. Let me see now, there were ten of them originally. Yes, ten, for I counted them over and over again fifty times a day, and now there are only three. Heigho!" Here she glanced round towards these sleeping beauties in the straw, and her lovely eyes were brimming over with motherly affection and intelligence.

"To be sure," she added, "master has kept the three prettiest, that is some consolation, and the others have all gone to good homes, where I doubt not their virtue will be duly appreciated, though I shall never, never see them more."

Thusnelda was a dog of German birth and extraction. In truth, she was a Dachshund, and a high-bred one too, and both in this country and in Berlin she had taken many honours at dog shows.

Some might not have thought Thusnelda's body shapely. She was long and low, with a red jacket as smooth and soft as satin; so low in stature was she, that her chest almost touched the ground, and her fore legs were turned in at the ankle, and out at the feet—the latter indeed were almost out of all proportion, so big and flat were they; but no one could help admiring Thusnelda's splendid head, her broad intelligent skull, and her long silky ears and gazelle-like eyes. If ever eyes in this world were made to speak love and affection and all things unutterable, those eyes were Thusnelda's.

She got up at last and went and stood over her darlings. She gazed at them long and fondly, wondering and thinking what future they had before them. She held her head so low as she did so, that her splendid ears trailed and touched them. They moved in their sleep, they kicked and gave vent to a series of little ventriloquistic barks as puppies have a habit of doing; then the mother licked

them fondly with her soft tongue, and therefore one awoke. It was Vogel. The names of the other two were Zimmerman and Zadkiel. As soon as Vogel awoke she gave a joyful wee bark of recognition, which aroused both her tiny brothers, and the whole three rushed at once to their good mother.

"Ah, my dears," she said; "you are very fond of me at present, I dare say, but you will get to be different as you grow older, I expect. However, I must make the most of you while you are young. Why, let's see, you will be six weeks old tomorrow, and you can lap every bit as well as I can. Yes, and it's quite a treat to see you lapping, and master thinks so too."

"Master" did.

"Master" was very fond of dogs, and he doted on good ones. He used to come and admire these three puppies by the hour. The milk he gave them was of the freshest and creamiest, and he even thickened it with a little boiled flour. Whenever Vogel and Zimmerman and Zadkiel saw him coming with the milk-pan they expressed their joy by saucy little barks and yelps, and made a headlong but awkward rush towards him, and when he put down the pan they weren't content to simply put their heads over the side and lap. No, they must have their fore feet in as well, although their mother often told them it was only little piggies that fed in that fashion. But Vogel was worse even than Zimmerman or Zadkiel, because she used to insist upon getting in the dish bodily. Only Vogel was master's favourite, and he used to take her kindly out of the dish again and place her by the side of it, and try to show her how to lap like a lady.

Vogel was the prettiest, Zimmerman the biggest and sauciest, and Zadkiel by far the wisest of the trio.

In the picture with which our artist has presented us, Vogel is standing in the centre, Zimmerman is lying on the left, while the far-seeing, deep-thinking Zadkiel is sitting on the right.

An impudent sparrow has just alighted on the puppies' pan, and is coolly helping himself to what has been left from breakfast.

"Delicious!" the sparrow is saying. "I'm the king of all the birds in the creation. Everybody admires me, I build in the choicest apple-trees, and feed on the daintiest food. Farmers cut down their hay that I may make my nest, farmers' wives kill the fowls that I may find feathers to line it, and even the cows cast

their coats to aid in the same good work. Why, you little puppies, don't *you* admire me also, you ridiculous-looking fluffy things?"

"I admire your profound impudence," Zimmerman is saying.

"I am astonished at your daring audacity," Vogel is remarking.

But Zadkiel is thinking. "I dare say," he says at last, "that even such a wretched mite of a bird as you must have been meant for some good purpose. To pick up the grubs and the green flies perhaps."

"Absurd," cries the sparrow, and off he flies in disgust.

Then the pups forget all about it, and begin to lick each other's noses and toes—I was nearly saying *toeses*—in the funniest way imaginable. After that they go in for one of the most terrible sham fights that has ever been fought.

"You'll be a badger, Zadkiel," cries Vogel, "and Zimmerman and I will worry you to death."

So at it they go pell-mell. Zadkiel is hemmed up in a corner of the cart-shed, and his brother and sister make pretence, to tear him limb from limb. Zadkiel defends himself gallantly, but has to succumb at last, for he is fairly rolled on his back, and in a few minutes is, figuratively speaking, turned inside out. Then they espy the good-natured admiring face of their mother, peering at them over the corner of the straw, and at her they all rush. They make believe that she is a fox, and her life is accordingly not worth an hours' purchase.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughs some one not two yards away, and looking up they espy "master," who all unknown to them has been enjoying the fun for the last half-hour.

"You dear, delightful little pets," he says, "why, you are as lively as kittens, and as healthy and happy-looking as the summer's day is long. You will do your mother credit yet. Your legs are straight, but work will bend them into the right shape, then you'll be able to creep into any rabbit's hole in the country,

"To beard a badger in his drain,
A wild wolf in his lair."

So in order to make these little rascals' legs bend to the proper shape, master, as soon as they got a little older, used to bury bones for them deep down in the

garden earth, and get the whole trio to scrape and find them.

This was grand fun, and by the time the puppies were six months old they were just as shapely as the mother was, or as unshapely, if you like it better, for after all perhaps the beauty of their bodies consisted in their ugliness.

It isn't every one who knows how to rear puppies properly, but this master did. He fed them on bread and milk, and broth and scraps of meat four times a day, he never forgot to give them plenty of the freshest of water, and as for straw, why they could at any time bury themselves in it. But this was not all, for he made the little things his constant companions, when he himself went out for exercise. And didn't they scamper and didn't they dance, and frolic, and run! Many a rat, and stoat, and polecat had reason to wish them far away, I can tell you.

Few people know how wonderful, intelligent, and sagacious a dachshund can become under proper treatment. But there must be system in the treatment. The whip must be hidden away out of sight entirely, the animal must be treated like a reasoning being, as indeed it is; it thus soon comes to know not only every word spoken to it, but your will and your wishes from your very movements and looks.

A dog never forgets kind treatment, and whenever he has the chance he acts a faithful part towards a loving master. I could tell you a hundred true stories illustrative of that fact, but one must here suffice. Had you seen the dachshund puppies then as they are represented in our engraving, brimful of sauciness, daftness, and fun, and seen them again two years after as they appeared when accompanying their beloved master in his rambles, you certainly could not have believed they were the same animals. They were still the same in one respect, however, for Vogel was still the beauty and Zadkiel the philosopher.

One day their master went out to hunt in the forest. It was far away in the wilds of the Scottish Highlands. He had gone to shoot deer, but as he was returning in the evening after an unsuccessful stalk, he caught a glimpse of a fox disappearing round the corner of an old ruin.

"Ho! ho!" he cried. "You are the rascal that steals my ducks. We'll have you if we can."

But the fox had taken at once to his burrow in the ruin. It was a very ancient feudal castle, only just enough of it remaining to give an idea of the shape it once had been, for regardless of the respect that is due to antiquity the keepers

had carted away loads of the solid masonry to build their houses, leaving the place but a beautiful moss-grown chaos.

"Watch," was all the master said to his dogs as he crept in through an old window into the donjon keep. It was a foolhardy thing to do, for the stones were loose around it, but he had many times got in there before, and why, he thought, should he not do so now. Besides, this was Reynard's favourite den, and he hoped to shoot him in it. But the fox had improved on his dwelling since the hunter had last paid him a visit; he had excavated another room. Stone after stone the hunter began to pull down, when suddenly there was a startling noise behind him, and he found himself in the dark.



THE PUPPIES AND THE SPARROW (*See p. 158.*)

Buried alive! Buried in a dungeon in which there was hardly room to turn. The situation is too dreadful for pen to describe. He sank on the soft damp mould of the floor and gave himself up to despair. And thus hours went past.

Hitherto there had not been a sound, but now the impatient yelping of the faithful hounds told him they had begun to appreciate the terrible danger of the

master.

The rest of the story may be told in a very few words. Vogel did nothing but run about wild with grief, and made the rocks around her echo the sounds of her grief. Zimmerman set himself to work to dig the master out. But alas! solid stone and lime were too much for even his strong little limbs. But where was the wise and thoughtful Zadkiel? Gone. He turned up some hours after at his master's house, and his strange behaviour soon caused the servants to follow him into the deep forest and straight to the old ruin.

Morning had dawned ere the hunter, more dead than alive, was extricated from his living grave. His first act as soon as he recovered was to return thanks to Him who had delivered him, his next to embrace his faithful dogs.

ARION.

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

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

"**W**ONDER what we shall do to-day, Mary?" said Margaret, as the two children stood by the kitchen table waiting for the next lesson.

"I don't know," said Mary; "but I fancy we are to learn something about fat, for I heard mistress giving orders to put the fat ready for us. And there it is. Don't you see all those pieces of fat on the dish?"

"Well, children," said Mrs. Herbert, who at that moment entered the kitchen, "how would you like to learn to fry to-day?"

"We should like it very much, mother," said Margaret.

"But what shall we make?"

"I wish we might make some apple fritters, like those we had the day before yesterday."

"You shall learn to cook the fritters at our next lesson," said Mrs. Herbert. "To-day we shall be quite sufficiently busy preparing the fat for frying. Can you, Mary, tell me what it is to fry food? If you had to fry the fritters, for instance, how would you set about it?"

"Please, ma'am, let me think," said Mary. "When we fried the pancakes, we put a little fat in the frying-pan, and let it melt, and then put in the batter. So I suppose we should do the same with fritters."

"That is exactly what we must not do," said Mrs. Herbert. "There are a few things which we must fry in a shallow pan, with very little fat. Pancakes and omelettes are amongst them. But as a rule, this is a very extravagant, wasteful mode of cooking. It is much better to *fry* properly, that is, to cook in an abundance of fat, using as much fat as will cover the food entirely, so that we may be said to boil the food, but in fat instead of water."

"I should have thought it was very wasteful to use a quantity of fat," said Margaret.

"Do you remember how much fat we used when we fried the pancakes?" said Mrs. Herbert.

"I remember," said Mary: "for every pancake we used a piece of fat about the size of a walnut."

"And how much of this was left when all were finished?"

"Why, none, mother," said Margaret. "The fat was used each time, and it seemed to dry up or go into the pancake, or something. At any rate, it was lost altogether."

"Then if we were trying to find out how much the pancakes cost, we ought to include the cost of the fat in which they were fried?"

"I suppose so."

"Do you not think, then, that if in frying we could so arrange matters that the fat should be used again and again and again, that would be less wasteful?"

"Of course it would," said Mary.

"Then this is what we will do. We will provide a quantity of fat, as much as will half fill a good-sized iron saucepan. When we use this for frying, we shall find that if we are careful of it—that is, if we lift it from the fire as soon as it is done with, do not let it burn, and strain it—we can use it again and again and again. In fact, it may be used any number of times, and we keep adding fresh fat as we get it."

"But we could not fry pancakes in that way," said Margaret.

"No; I told you just now that pancakes and omelettes must be fried in a little fat. This process is generally called by cooks *dry frying*. When plenty of fat is used, and the food is boiled in the fat, the process is called *wet frying*."

"And how are we to tell which way is suitable for what we have to cook?" said Margaret.

"Ah, Margaret! you want to get on too quickly. To know which is the best way of treating different kinds of food is a large subject, and can only be learnt with time. I may tell you, however, that nearly all small things which can be quickly

cooked, and can be covered with fat, may be wet fried. Things which need longer cooking, such as uncooked meat, bacon, sausages, &c., should be dry fried. Chops and steaks, too, are often dry fried, but they are best when broiled; and of broiling I must speak to you another day."

"We shall easily remember that wet frying is using plenty of fat, and dry frying is using very little fat," said Mary.

"Of course you will. And now for the kind of fat you are to use. There are four kinds of fat used in frying—dripping, oil, butter, and lard. Of these, dripping is the best and lard is the worst."

"But please, ma'am, lard is generally used, is it not?" said Mary, looking astonished.

"Indeed it is," replied Mrs. Herbert, "and this is the mistake which is made. Those who do not know have a great scorn for dripping. They sell it for a small sum to get it out of the way, and when they have done so they buy lard. Yet lard is more apt to make food taste greasy than any fat which can be used."

"What is the dripping made from, then?" said Margaret.

"From little odds and ends of fat, either cooked or uncooked, left from joints, and 'rendered,' that is, melted down; also from the fat which is skimmed from the top of the water in which meat is boiled. I should like you little folk to remember that one of the surest signs of cleverness in cookery is that nothing is wasted, and one of the most certain ways of preventing waste is to look after the fat. A good cook will not allow as much as half an inch of fat to be wasted. She will collect the scraps together and melt them down gently, and so she will never need to buy."

"Just as cook has put those pieces of fat together there, ready for us to melt down?"

"Yes; and now we will go on to render them down, shall we? First we cut them up in very small pieces. We then put them into an old, but perfectly clean, saucepan, with a quarter of a pint of water to each pound of fat. We then put the lid on the saucepan, and boil gently for about an hour, or till the water has boiled away, when we take the lid off, and stew the fat again until the pieces acquire a slight colour, when the fat is ready to be strained through a jar. We must not forget to stir the fat occasionally, to keep it from burning, and also to

let it cool slightly before straining, for fear of accident; for boiling fat is very hot, more than twice as hot as boiling water."

"Supposing we have no pieces of fat, mother, what shall we do then?"

"We must buy some. Those who like beef fat will find ox flare excellent for the purpose. The most experienced cooks, however, now prefer mutton fat to any other, because it is so hard and dry. Fat which is bought must be rendered down as scraps are rendered. I fancy, however, that where meat is eaten every day it is seldom necessary to buy fat, if only proper care is taken of the trimmings."

"If dripping may be used for frying, could we not take the dripping left from joints, mother?" said Margaret.

"Certainly we could, dear. Only we must be careful to have it thoroughly clean and dry, with no water or gravy in it. To make it thus we should probably have to wash it in three or four times its quantity of boiling water, then let it go cold and scrape away the impurities which would have settled at the bottom. After which we should melt it gently down again to get rid thoroughly of any moisture there might be in it."

"Wash dripping! I never heard of such a thing," said Margaret.

"It is a very necessary business at times, for all that. The most certain way of taking care of anything we value is to keep it clean: and certainly we value our kitchen fat. But then, as I told you, besides keeping it clean we must keep it dry; and one reason why good cooks prefer mutton fat to any other is that it can be more easily kept dry than other fats. Fat should be thoroughly strained also each time it is used, as well as after being rendered the first time, and this will help to keep it pure."

"I think the water has all boiled away from our fat now, ma'am," said Mary, who had been looking very earnestly into the pan, and stirring the pieces very vigorously.

"Then," said Mrs. Herbert, "we will take the lid off the pan, and when the pieces begin to colour we will let the fat cool and strain it away. It will so be quite ready for our purpose, and at our next lesson I will show you how to fry some apple fritters."

"I think we shall enjoy frying fritters as well as making pancakes," said the two children together.

(To be continued.)

THEIR ROAD TO FORTUNE.

THE STORY OF TWO BROTHERS.

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

CHAPTER VII.—AN INVESTMENT.



HE holidays were over at last; the ten days flew by only too quickly to Bertie, for, compared with Gore House, Fitzroy Square seemed the most delightful place in the world. He was not very artistic in his taste, and thought but little of carving and gilding, soft carpets, and luxurious chairs; therefore the shabby parlour with Aunt Amy seemed far more beautiful than the very grandest apartment in Aunt Gregory's grand house.

"If I could only stay here always, Aunt Amy, how happy I should be!" he had said a dozen times during his stay; and each time, though her heart echoed his wish, she cheered him with loving smiles, encouraged him with hopeful words, begging of him to try and make the best of his Uncle Gregory's home, and be as happy and contented as he could.

Eddie often wished that he had such a magnificent residence, for he made no secret of his contempt for the shabby and somewhat dingy comfort of Uncle Clair's house and its dreary surroundings. He thought artists should have everything beautiful and graceful about them, and looked very much astonished when his uncle said, in his sweet low voice, that beauty and grace were certainly essential, but they should be in the artist himself, and then he would see them reflected everywhere. Both Bertie and Agnes endorsed that statement, for they loved the old house, and were quite happy there. Eddie, still longing for something out of his reach, instead of making the most of what was at his hand, grumbled and shook his head; but Uncle Clair only smiled, and said, "You'll be wiser when you are older, my boy. Knowledge comes with years."

Mrs. Gregory's presents caused Mrs. Clair to think that she was sorry for her neglect of Bertie, and meant to be kinder to him in future; besides, Uncle Gregory had said there might be other arrangements when he returned, so that it was with a very hopeful heart that Bertie entered the office punctually at nine o'clock on the 2nd of January, and was taking his old corner to await the arrival of his uncle, when the head clerk conducted him into the inner room, and pointed out a seat at a desk near a window looking into a narrow court.

"Go through all those letters," the clerk said, pointing to a huge heap; "select the circulars, open them, and place them on that stand; arrange all the English and foreign letters on Mr. Gregory's table, and then address those envelopes from that book on your desk."

"Yes, sir," Bertie replied cheerfully. It certainly was much pleasanter in that warm room, with its clear blazing fire, soft carpet, leather-covered chairs, and draughtless windows, than in the large, and often chilly, outer office, but when Mr. Gregory entered with his compressed lips and keen piercing glance all round, Bertie began to think it would not be pleasant to have to sit always within the reach of his critical eyes.

"Good morning. You have not forgotten, I see: that's well," Mr. Gregory said, as he hung up his coat and pulled off his gloves. Then, with a quick glance at his table, he added, "You may go on with your work."

Bertie copied industriously for an hour, never raising his head from his desk; then his master's voice startled him. "Come here, Bertie. I want some conversation with you. How old are you?"

"Nearly thirteen, sir."

"You look more. Do you like business?"

"I think I do, sir. I shall like it more when I understand it better."

"Quite so. Now, Bertie, because you are my nephew, and have been a good, steady lad, I am going to place you in a position of great trust. You are quick, and write a good hand, and I shall train you to be my private secretary. You shall answer all my business letters, from my dictation. Of course I don't mean all my letters," catching Bertie's nervous glance at the table, "only those I have been in the habit of attending to myself. It means several changes: one is, you need not get here till I do in the morning; another is, that I shall require your services for an hour or two every evening in the library at Gore House. You can leave here at four instead of half-past five, and I wish you to take lessons in French and German three times a week. I have engaged a master for you, and you can leave here every other day at half-past three. I will pay you twelve shillings a week, out of which you must pay for your luncheon, and you will dine with us, except when there is a large party. Now sit down, and write exactly as I tell you, and as quickly, as neatly, and accurately as you can."

"Yes, uncle; thank you," Bertie replied, his heart throbbing violently. That was indeed a change from the dull routine of the past five months: he had won his uncle's confidence; he was to have no more solitary evenings; and, best of all, he was to have a salary, and only luncheon to buy out of it.

"Why, I shall only want a Bath bun and a glass of milk every day. I can save nearly all," Bertie whispered to himself at luncheon-time. "Uncle Gregory is good to me, and no mistake!"

Mr. Gregory was good to his nephew, but not before he had thoroughly satisfied himself that the boy fully deserved his confidence, and, what was more, would fully and amply repay it. That twelve shillings a week was a master-stroke of policy, for it made Bertie eternally grateful; and if the young gentleman fancied his Uncle Gregory did not know that nine shillings of it went into the post-office savings' bank regularly every week, he was greatly mistaken. The dining down-stairs was not quite such a success; he was usually completely ignored, and always felt glad when the formal prolonged meal was over, and he was at liberty to follow Mr. Gregory to the library. There, indeed, Bertie had often two, or even three, hours' trying work, copying out prospectuses and share lists, reading aloud a strange jargon he did not half understand about stocks, consols, and dividends, adding up prodigious sums of money, subtracting other sums from them, and, when the result did not quite satisfy Mr. Gregory, having to

consign them all to the waste-paper basket, and begin over again. Still, it was better than the long dreary evenings in the deserted school-room, though so much confinement was beginning to tell a little on Bertie's rosy cheeks and healthy young frame. The atmosphere of the Underground Railway, too, was injuring lungs that had never breathed anything but the purest country air, and at last Mr. Gregory noticed his altered appearance, and invited him to drive into the City in the dog-cart with himself every morning. That was indeed a red-letter day,—almost as good as driving to Dr. Mayson's at Riversdale: better, in fact, Bertie began to think later on, for the bustle and confusion, the eager, hurrying, restless life of the City began to have a strange charm for him, and that brisk drive to and from Mincing Lane was a real pleasure. Then he was progressing famously with his French and German. The old professor who gave him his lessons was a sociable, voluble, eloquent gentleman, who waved his hands, rolled his eyes, chattered nonsense that made Bertie laugh, but at the same time interested him so much that he took great pains to listen and remember; and having learned his grammar fairly well at school he was soon able to make his way with tolerable ease through either a newspaper or letter.

But you must not suppose it was all sunshine and smooth sailing for Bertie Rivers. He had a great many trials and troubles, and perhaps the heaviest was his inability to go to Fitzroy Square, except on Sundays, and not always then. Then he missed his runs in the Park and his walks into the country in the early morning, his wood-carving and cork-carving, and all the other amusements with which he was in the habit of filling up his spare time. Then Uncle Gregory was becoming daily more exacting and particular, and Bertie gathered from the letters he wrote that some of the many speculations of the great City merchant were not going on entirely to his satisfaction. Every evening he remained later in the library, and Bertie had more letters to write and circulars to address, and sometimes his head ached sadly, and his eyes were dull and heavy in the morning. But there was one unfailing source of satisfaction—his weekly visit to the post-office savings' bank. Bertie would not have missed that for the world: nine shillings a week, and sometimes even ten—for nothing could tempt him to spend a penny, except on his luncheons and in writing to them at Fitzroy Square—soon mounted up to five pounds, and then Mr. Gregory remarked one day that if Bertie had saved any money he would invest it for him in a company that would pay five times as much interest as the post-office. So the money was handed over to Uncle Gregory, and Bertie received a very large and formal paper, which he never read, but still was proud of, and in his next visit handed it triumphantly to Mr. Clair. He read it carefully, and then shook his head. "This

company promises too much, Bertie," he said; "better have left your money where it was."

"As if Uncle Gregory doesn't know best!" Bertie laughed. "Why, he has hundreds of shares himself."

CHAPTER VIII.—AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE.

"**Y**OU may go and spend a few days with your brother," Mr. Gregory said to Bertie one Saturday at the end of July. "I am going away for a week, and so I can spare you; but mind you are back on the Monday after next, and in good time."

"Yes, sir; thank you, uncle," Bertie replied, with a bright smile.

"You may go now, if you wish. I do not require anything further;" and Bertie fairly ran out of the office, jumped into an omnibus, and hurried straight to Fitzroy Square, instead of going home to Kensington. The moment the hall door opened he saw something unusual was about to take place: there were trunks and packages and muffle straps in the hall, and there, amidst them, stood Uncle Clair, looking quite calm, while Aunt Amy, Agnes, and Eddie flew hither and thither in every direction. There was a four-wheeler at the door too, so that evidently the family were going away. For a moment Bertie felt inclined to cry. What possible pleasure could he have in a week's holiday without Eddie and Agnes to share it? But the moment Aunt Amy caught sight of him, her bright face and cordial welcome re-assured him.



"HE SAW SOMETHING UNUSUAL WAS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE."

"Dear Bertie, I am so glad. I was afraid your uncle could not spare you to come with us. But where are your things?"

"I haven't brought any. I only just came from the City to tell you Uncle Gregory gave me a week's holiday," Bertie replied, looking very much perplexed. "I did not know you were all going away, auntie, or of course I would not have come."

"Then you did not get the letter I sent you, dear?"

"No, aunt."

"Well, I wrote asking you to apply for permission to come with us to the seaside for a week. But I suppose the letter miscarried some way. However 'All's well that ends well,' Bertie. You are just in time. Come now, help to carry the parcels. I hope we have not forgotten anything."

"If we were going to stay a year in a desert island a thousand miles from a shop, I should think we have enough luggage," Uncle Clair said, glancing comically at the numerous packages and trunks; "instead of which, we're only going to Brighton, and can get everything we want there just as well as in London."

"But am I really to go to the sea-side with you, Uncle Harry?" Bertie cried eagerly.

"Why, of course, child; you don't suppose we're going to leave you behind."

"Oh, how good of you! how jolly! Hurrah!" and Bertie executed a sort of waltz, tossed his hat in the air, and kissed his aunt and Agnes a dozen times at least before taking his seat in the cab. "You had better go with your aunt in a hansom, Bertie," Uncle Clair said; "Eddie, Agnes, and I will go with the luggage. If you get to the station first, wait for us at the booking-office. Mind you don't get lost," he added, with a smile, as they drove away.

"As if I could get lost in the City, Aunt Amy!" Bertie said proudly. "Why, I know the place by heart now; and shan't I be glad to get away from it for a whole week? Was it not kind of Uncle Gregory to give me a holiday?"

"Very good, Bertie. You seem to get on capitally. Do you know, dear, I am sorry we did not try to persuade Eddie to take his place in the office too: I almost think he would have been happier, and have got on better; he does not seem very contented with us, and, worst of all, he does not make much progress in the profession he has chosen. Agnes is far ahead of him."

"But Eddie is very clever, Aunt Amy: he can do anything if he likes," Bertie cried loyally. "And I do not think he would get on with Uncle Gregory: he would never like the City; besides, Eddie never cared to be told to do anything. Even poor papa used to say, 'Please, Eddie,' or 'Perhaps you will do so, Eddie.' Now, Uncle Gregory orders me to do forty different things in different ways every day, and I don't mind a bit; but Eddie would stand and look at him, and frown so, and just walk away. My brother would never get on with Uncle Gregory, Aunt Amy," Bertie repeated gravely. "Eddie would never make a merchant."

"And your uncle Clair says he will never make an artist, unless he changes greatly," said Aunt Amy, rather sadly. "Poor Eddie! I am really very anxious about his future: he is so like his father: his ideas are quite magnificent, but he has no energy."

"He's clever, though, auntie; papa often said Eddie was a genius," Bertie whispered, "and I can work enough for us both. When I am rich, and can buy back Riversdale, Eddie will be quite happy. You don't know how different he will be when he gets back to our beautiful home," and Bertie's eyes sparkled, and his cheeks flushed at the thought, for the dream of Bertie's life was to get back Riversdale. The anxieties of the great establishment in Mincing Lane never touched him; he knew nothing of risks, disappointments, or failures; in fact, Bertie never even thought of such things, for he was but a child at heart, and had perfect faith in his uncle's assurance that if he were only a good, obedient, industrious boy he would be very rich some day, and get back his home. But no thought of the busy City, the close, dusty office, or the hot library at Kensington troubled him as he took his seat in the train, and was whirled at the rate of fifty miles an hour southward. Eddie sat silently looking out of the window, envying his brother's high spirits; he could not think what made Bertie so happy when he felt discontented and miserable, and thoroughly dissatisfied with everything in the world. Agnes, too, seemed infected with some of Bertie's good humour; her eyes sparkled, her cheeks flushed, and she laughed merrily at the utter nonsense her cousin chattered incessantly, while poor Eddie hugged his discontent, and made the most of his misery. And yet he had no real cause to be unhappy: every one was kind, gentle, patient with him; he had not a reasonable wish in the world ungratified; and yet he sat silent, drumming with his fingers on the window of the carriage, while the others chatted and laughed, and seemed as if they could not keep still for very enjoyment.

"Oh, auntie, how lovely it is!" Agnes cried, "Look how the sun shines on the trees, and the brook looks like summer lightning. It is good to get away from London, and see the country once more; and such a sky, Bertie! you don't have anything like that in Mincing Lane!"

"No; but though our skies may be somewhat inky, Miss Agnes, they have a silver or a golden lining," Bertie replied, with the air of a judge. "We don't want sunshine in the City, because we have no time to look at it; and besides, we have plenty of gas and electric light."

Eddie frowned, and was going to say something about his brother's want of artistic taste, when Uncle Clair interrupted him by a hearty laugh.

"Really, Master Bertie, you are becoming quite a philosopher as well as a capitalist and man of business. Now then, youngsters, gather up your parcels;

we shall be in Brighton in about five minutes, and then for a glimpse of the glorious sea."

"Why, Uncle Harry, I've never seen it!" Bertie exclaimed, as if he were very much surprised at not having given the matter a thought before. "All the way down I never seemed to think we were going to the sea-side: I was so glad to get away from London. Will you let us have a boat, Uncle Harry?"

"That depends, Bertie; if the weather keeps fine we may go for a sail some day."

"Bertie fancies we could pull about in a little punt on the ocean as we did on the river at home," Eddie said, rather scornfully. "He has no idea what the sea is like."

"Well, well, he will know better presently, for here we are," Uncle Harry said gently; and in a few minutes more they were all in a shabby, shaky, but roomy old carriage, driving along the Parade.

"Oh!" Agnes whispered, catching Aunt Amy's hand. "Oh, how beautiful! I feel as if I can't breathe, auntie."

"It is jolly!" Bertie cried, in his hearty, downright way. "What a place for a swim, Eddie!"

"The idea of thinking the sea only a place for swimming!" Eddie replied contemptuously. "I——"

"You can't swim a bit: that's the reason you don't care about it," Bertie cried merrily. "But Eddie can pull better than I can, Uncle Harry, so you will hear him say presently, 'What a lovely place for a row!' and I do believe it's not a bit rougher than our little river."

"It's very calm to-day, but sometimes it wears a very different aspect, Bertie."

"I don't believe it ever could be really rough, just like Turner's pictures," Eddie grumbled. "It's not a bit like what I thought it would be."

"It's ten times prettier than anything I ever saw," Bertie cried enthusiastically. "Just look at all the boats, and such pretty houses, and the donkeys, Eddie. Oh, Uncle Harry! may we have a donkey-ride? and such lots of boys!"

"What a pity poor Eddie did not leave his enemy at home, and he would be as happy as Bertie," Mr. Clair said in a very low voice to Aunt Amy; and she only

shook her head and smiled sorrowfully; but the words, though spoken in a very low tone, reached Bertie's quick young ears, and he glanced at his brother in sore perplexity. But at that moment the carriage stopped at the house where Mr. Clair had secured apartments, and in the bustle of getting in the packets, exploring the rooms, exclaiming at the beautiful view from the balcony, and Bertie's sudden discovery that it was a glorious place to test the powers of a pea-shooter or catapult, he forgot all about Uncle Clair's words and Aunt Amy's sorrowful smile; and even Eddie thawed a little, and agreed that a beautiful full-rigged ship, with the bright sun shining on her snow-white sails, was a pretty-enough picture to please even an artist.

But that night, when Bertie laid his tired head on the pillow—he had been running and dancing along the beach for hours—his last waking thought was, "I must find out who's Eddie's enemy; and if he's not a lot a bigger fellow than I am, I'll thrash him!"

CHAPTER IX.—A HAPPY ENCOUNTER.

BRIGHTON in the first days of August is hot and dusty, noisy, and crowded with people; excursionists pour in by thousands, German bands and organs seem to spring up under one's feet at every step. The sun blazes in the windows of the houses on the Marine Parade all day, and the fine, dry, chalky dust from the Downs is apt to be irritating to delicate throats; but for all that, Brighton in August is delightful, at least to children. Then they may pass an almost amphibious existence without danger of catching cold. Foremost in every mischief, bravest in every danger, most fortunate in every escapade, was Bertie. No one could look at his sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks, hear his merry laughter, watch him skip, jump, and dance along the beach, without saying, "There, at least, is one happy boy," and feeling glad that there was so much capacity for pure enjoyment in the world. He dragged Eddie and Agnes with him hither and thither, till by sheer force of energy and example he forced them to share his happiness, and brought the roses to their cheeks too; he would have dragged Aunt Amy and Uncle Clair about in the same way, only they drew the line at taking off shoes and paddling in the water, and begged to be allowed to sit still on the beach and watch them. However, one day, very much to his astonishment, he met his Aunt Gregory and his cousins walking on the Parade, and Bertie nothing doubted but they would be glad to join his many expeditions

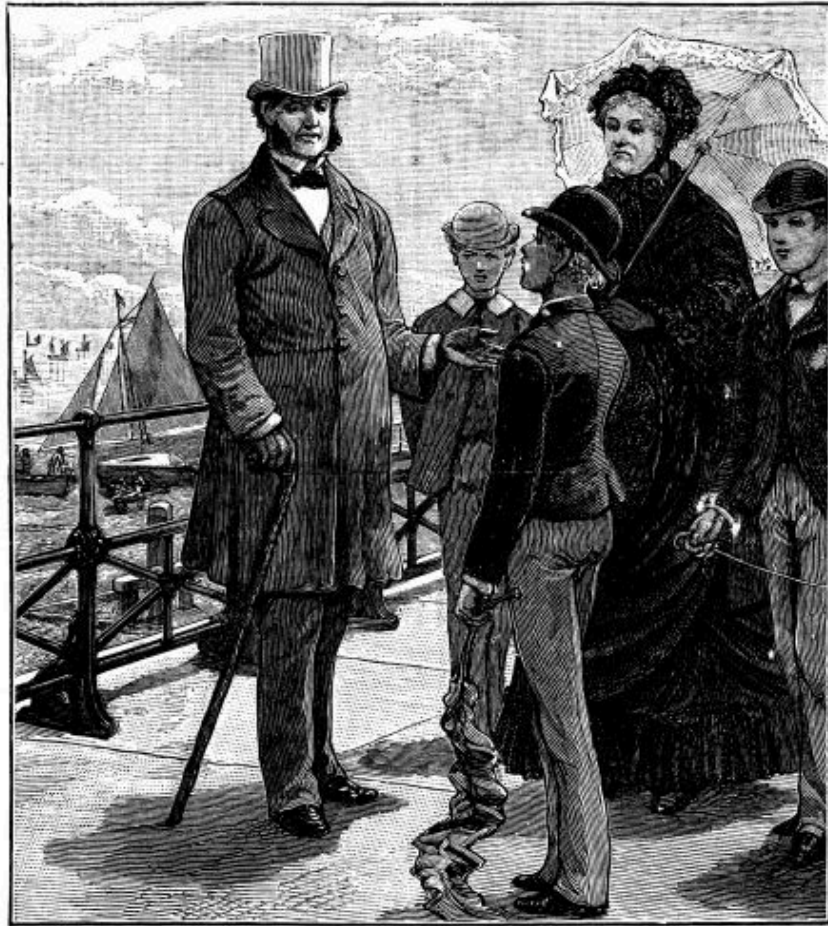
in search of fun; but the boys had many other acquaintances in Brighton, and felt half ashamed to acknowledge a relative who was only a junior clerk, and refused very distinctly to go down on the beach, and be friendly with Eddie and Agnes. Indeed, as soon as Mrs. Gregory understood that Mr. and Mrs. Clair were also by the sea-side, she became very chilling to Bertie, and asked when he was going back to his office.

"Next Monday, aunt; but the others will stay for another fortnight," Bertie answered brightly, without the least shade of discontent on his face.

"And why must you return before the others, my lad?" a gentleman said, advancing a step, and looking at Bertie steadily. "If I don't mistake, I have met you before somewhere. Where was it?"

"You have seen him at our house, perhaps, Mr. Murray," Dick Gregory said carelessly; he had been walking with the gentleman, and discussing a trip in Mr. Murray's yacht, and did not want to be interrupted; indeed, he was far from being pleased at meeting Bertie. "You know, he's in papa's office in the City," he added, seeing the gentleman still looked puzzled.

"No, cousin; I think Mr. Murray saw me at Riversdale," Bertie said, a little shyly, for a pair of keen dark eyes were fixed on his face. "He used to come and see papa often; but I think he would remember Eddie better than me: he saw him oftener."



"'I REMEMBER YOU QUITE WELL,' HE SAID."

"Oh dear me! yes, of course; why, I remember you quite well," he said. "You are Herbert, the dreadful little boy who snow-balled me one day, and Eddie drew caricatures of me. Dear me! Mrs. Gregory, how strange you never mentioned the Rivers' being here. This boy's father is one of my oldest and dearest friends. I shall be delighted to meet him."

For a moment there was an awkward silence; Mrs. Gregory looked red and confused, her two sons turned round and studied the sea, then Bertie looked up suddenly. "Papa is not here, sir: he—he is dead," he said steadily, but in an earnest voice. "I am in Uncle Gregory's office; Eddie is learning to be an artist with Uncle Clair. Poor papa lost his money, and we're going to try and get rich, to buy back Riversdale."

"Buy back Riversdale!" Mr. Murray cried. "You don't mean——" then glancing at Mrs. Gregory's confused expression, and the sudden gravity that had replaced

the mirth in Bertie's eyes, he stopped, and puckered up his forehead in the strangest way.

"Is this boy, Herbert Rivers, staying with you?" he asked presently, turning to Mrs. Gregory.

"No, indeed; I did not even know he was here. I fancied he was at the office, as usual."

"Oh! then how did you come to be here, child? Are you alone?" Mr. Murray asked.

"I am with Uncle and Aunt Clair. Last Saturday Uncle Gregory said I might have a week's holiday and spend it with my brother, so I just ran straight off to Fitzroy Square, and found them all in the hall just starting for Brighton. Oh, it has been so splendid!"

"So you must go back to town to your office next Monday?" the gentleman said, after a moment's frowning. "Well, well, we shall see; this is Thursday. Where does your Uncle Clair live?"

Bertie told him the address: it was within a stone's throw; and as Mr. Murray noted down the number, and glanced at the house so as to remember it, he saw that the balcony was strikingly decorated with some of the children's trophies. Long trailing sprays of damp dark-brown seaweed hung over the railings; there was quite a large heap of sea-stones, and a few shells piled up in one corner. Bertie's schooner was firmly anchored to a crimson bucket in another; there was a camp-stool before an easel standing in the open window, and a low chair with cushions outside. Altogether, the aspect of the rooms occupied by Uncle Clair pleased Mr. Murray.

As they walked along the parade Mr. Murray was unusually silent; the boys watched him, and saw by the expression of his face that he was thinking deeply. But it was not till he met their father at the aquarium that Mr. Murray said a single word about Bertie Rivers. Then both gentlemen stood in a quiet corner, and talked so long and so earnestly that both Mrs. Gregory and the boys became impatient, and not a little curious. What could they possibly have to say about the little junior clerk? and yet they were sure he was the subject of their conversation.

Mrs. Gregory looked more anxious than curious. Mr. Murray was a very old friend of the Rivers' family, and though absent from England for several years

caused him to be quite ignorant of the calamities that had overtaken the master of Riversdale, the death of his brother Frank, and the loss of his fortune, he was still deeply interested in the family, and heard with regret of the almost friendless condition of Mr. Rivers' sons.

"I wish you had told me all this sooner," he said at length. "We might have done something better for that fine lad."

"He will do very well," Mr. Gregory replied, a little coldly. "You should be the last person in the world to object to business."

"I don't object, only the boy is too young—a mere child. Why did not you send him to school with your boys, for a few years at least?"

"I do not think that would be any true kindness. It would only make him dissatisfied with his future position, perhaps. Bertie is doing very well."


Mr. Murray said no more, but all the remainder of the afternoon he thought a great deal of his old friend Mr. Rivers and his boys, and the more he reflected the less pleased he felt at Mr. Gregory's treatment of Bertie, and the undisguised contempt Dick and Harry expressed for their cousin. He resolved to call the very next morning on Mr. Clair, and have a talk with him about the lads, for Mr. Murray had a very strong reason for being interested in their future. It was he who had persuaded their father to invest money in the speculation that ended so disastrously, but he had no idea that Mr. Rivers became such an extensive shareholder; he forgot that a simple country gentleman, without either knowledge or experience, could not be as prudent and far-seeing as a man all his life acquainted with business. Mr. Murray had been a loser in the mines himself, but to a comparatively slight extent, and as he was an exceedingly rich man, he only regarded the matter as one of the casual losses incurred in business. But his old friend's losses troubled him deeply, and he resolved to do everything in his power to repair the effects of his well-meant, but unfortunate, advice.

Mr. Murray was an old bachelor, very rich, and some people said very eccentric, though, in truth, his eccentricity was only indiscriminate generosity. He was very fond of children, boys especially; he often spoke of adopting some promising lad to inherit a portion of his great fortune, and continue the grand old firm in the City that had flourished for over a hundred years as Murray and Co. For many reasons Mr. Gregory hoped that one of his boys would be chosen, and lately everything had seemed like it; therefore, the sudden interest Mr.

Murray seemed to take in Bertie caused Mr. and Mrs. Gregory some uneasiness, especially as the gentleman said at dinner that evening that the yachting excursion would have to be put off for some days, as he wished to make the acquaintance of his old friend's sons, and learn a little more of their history, and meant to call at their address the next morning.

(To be continued.)

AN APPLE SONG.

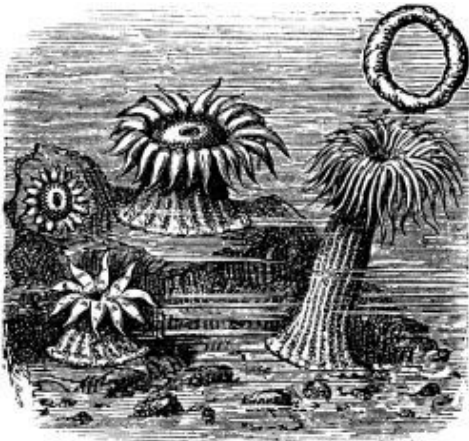
HE Autumn sunshine falls so warm,
So warm in the orchard green,
A golden tent is the apple-tree;
And under the leafy screen
Sits Rex, in the curve of a mossy bough,
As high as he can go,
Dropping the apples red and brown
To his Cousin Prue below.

Sweet Prue, knee-deep in the cool green grass,
Spreads wide her pinafore,
The ripe fruit falls in a golden rain,
By two, by three, by four;
With watchful eye and ready hand
She lets no apple fall—
As fast as Rex can throw them down
She catches one and all.

The blackbird on the topmost bough
Is singing loud and clear,
The children shouting at their task
It does him good to hear.
He watches them with his bead-black eyes,
And blither still he sings;
But clearer than dear blackbird's note
The children's laughter rings.

MORNINGS AT THE ZOO.

VIII.—IN THE FISH-HOUSE.



SEA-ANEMONES.

OF the Fish-house at the London Zoological Gardens it must be said that its contents are decidedly "mixed," for it is the home not only of a few specimens of the finny tribe, but also of some wading and diving birds, of a very curious amphibian, of a few shrimps, and of several of the beautiful flower-like sea-anemones. The collection, however, loses nothing in point of interest because of its varied character, and will repay a good deal more study than it seems to receive from visitors.

Some of the fishes are as common as the schoolboy's familiar friend, the minnow. Others, like the cat-fish and sea-horse, are rare—in England, at any rate. Then there are kinds known to every lover of angling, such as the perch and pike. Seldom has a popular name been so aptly bestowed as in the case of the pretty little sea-horses. In the upper half of their wee bodies they have all the equine look and bearing, but in the lower half there is a great falling-off in the likeness, excepting that both animals have tails. But the tail of the sea-horse is a most useful appendage. The tiny creature can twine it round marine weeds and vegetables, and by this means drifts along with the current into far distant seas and strange climes. To this cause the occasional discovery of foreigners upon British coasts has been ascribed. With regard to the name of the cat-fish, one must not be quite so particular. There is, on a cursory glance, enough of the appearance of pussy about the head of this curious animal to explain how the title came to be applied to it. It strikes one as being rather a morose and surly creature, an impression that is fully borne out when one learns that it will fight desperately when captured.

Though the flounders can scarcely be considered as other than common fishes, they always are worth watching. Tom Noddy was all head and no body, but they may be regarded as being nearly all body with very little head, and the two bright black eyes, which look as if they were "stuck on," give them a rather

comical aspect. You will find them inquisitive, too. Put your finger in front of their tank, and they will all flock to see what it is. On the contrary, other fishes, such as the pike and carp, will remain stolid and indifferent to any movement you may make, and some, like the timorous trout—for which Isaak Walton loved to angle above any fish,—will be so dreadfully upset at the appearance of your digit that they will dart off in every direction.

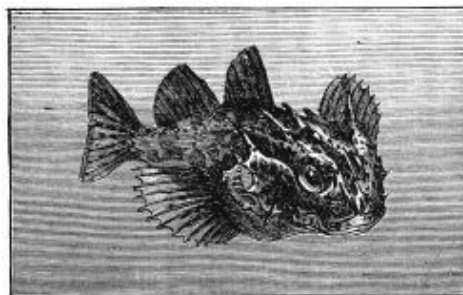


"IN THE ORCHARD." *AN APPLE SONG* (p. 170).

Little folk may be expected to feel special interest in the pikes, those "fresh-water wolves" and "tyrants of the rivers," as they have been styled in consequence of their ferocity. They thrive well despite their savage gluttony, and attain to a green old age. One was captured in a pond in Sweden, in 1449, with a ring round its neck, which bore an inscription which showed that it had been placed in the pond more than two hundred years before. However that may be, there is no doubt that the pike is a long liver. It is so destructive, that it will clear a pond of all the fishes, not hesitating to attack those even that are nearly as big as itself. There is a case on record of a pike fastening on the lips of a

mule, which had been taken to drink in the pond. They have been known to bite at swans and geese, and altogether Jack Pike is a most voracious creature. It may be assumed also that it is unsociable, for it generally swims about by itself, and not in shoals or in companies like other fishes.

Among other inmates of this house which call for mention are carp, gobies, dace, roach, bullhead, gurnard, mullet, basse, and conger-eels. They lead a monotonous sort of life, swimming to and fro in their tanks, in a wearisome way. But their graceful movements and curious colours are worth notice. The conger-eels are comparatively small specimens. Those in the deep sea sometimes attain a gigantic size. They are able to use their tail as a hand, and have been known by means of it to seize the gunwale of the boat in which they were imprisoned and jump into the sea.



THE MARINE BULLHEAD.

One of the quaintest and most interesting inmates of the house, however, is not a fish but an amphibian. There are two groups of amphibians, one called *tailless*—to which frogs and toads belong—and the other *tailed*, of which the newt and the axolotl are members. The Zoological Society are fortunate enough to possess specimens of both the black and white axolotl. This creature, which is a native of Mexico, has a strange life-history not unlike that of the frog. It has a sort of tadpole stage of existence, in which it is furnished with a collar of gills and lives in the water. After a while it loses its gills, and its tail and legs grow much less fish-like. There is a kind of lizard look about its permanent form. In the first period of its history it is styled *axolotl*; in the final period it becomes known as *amblystome*. They say its flesh is esteemed a delicacy in Mexico.

Visitors seem to regard the anemones—the "most brilliant of living flower gardens," as Charles Kingsley called them—as useful in the way of ornament, and pass their tanks without paying further heed to them. This is not the case with respect to the diving birds, which are beyond all question the centre of attraction in the fish-house. The birds comprise a darter, a cormorant, a guillemot, and a penguin. The first-named is seldom seen in this country. It is a largish bird with webbed feet, long thin neck, and spear-like bill. When swimming in the water with its body entirely submerged, it looks not unlike a snake forging along. Hence it is also known as the snake-neck. The cormorant and darter, though here classed for convenience' sake among the divers, really

belong to the pelican family. The guillemot is a diving bird found in the Northern seas, while the penguin may be looked upon as representing the divers of the Southern Ocean. The penguin is a most awkward bird ashore, but in its native element its movements are elegant and rapid. When the keeper has placed some food in the water-tank, the darter is fetched from its cage. The bird takes a swim round, then spots its prey and goes for it with unerring aim. Rising to the surface it throws the fish in the air, catches it in its beak, and bolts it with business-like despatch. It then goes fishing again, and after its wants have been supplied it returns to its house. The other three birds are allowed to dine together. There is no squabbling amongst them. Enough fishes are thrown in to keep them occupied for a few minutes. The speed with which the guillemot cuts the water is truly amazing. Once more one has an opportunity of noticing the clumsiness of the penguin when it tries to leave the water. At either end of the tank a platform with transverse bars is let down for the convenience of the birds, but the silly penguin, instead of going to the end of the platform and gradually working its way upward, sometimes endeavours to climb up the side, its frantic struggles to do so being ludicrous. It does not appear to possess sufficient sense to find its way out in the easiest manner, for Mr Keeper has to assist it with a long iron pole with a hook at the end, by means of which he pushes the bird along to the foot of the platform. The feeding of the birds is a very instructive performance. Unless some such occasion were afforded us of seeing these essentially aquatic birds in the water, one could not have the slightest idea of the power and grace of their movements.

And in leaving the fish-house let me say that this educational value, so to speak, of the Zoological Gardens undoubtedly forms one of their strongest claims upon public support.

JAMES A. MANSON.

WHAT CAME OF A FOXGLOVE.

A FAIRY STORY.



BEHIND, before, in the branches of the trees, amongst the blades of grass, creeping under the mushrooms, swinging on the foxgloves, and clinging to the ragged-robin, were the fairies.

Blanche and Belinda did not see them, because of the bright golden sunshine, which hides the fairies from mortal sight; but the fairies saw the two girls walking arm in arm through the wood.

Blanche stooped to gather a splendid crimson foxglove, which she shook gently, saying,

"The bells shall ring
For the fairy king;
Ding, dong, bell!
Ding, dong, bell!"

But, alas! as she shook it, no fewer than seven little fairy pages fell to the ground. They were not much hurt, but they were very indignant at being knocked about in that manner; also the feathers in their caps were much ruffled.

They sprang to their feet feeling very angry, especially as the other fairies were laughing.

"We are the Queen's pages,
And very great our rage is!"

they shouted.

And then, as they looked more carefully at one another and saw how tossed and tumbled were their pretty suits of embroidered white velvet, they burst out crying, saying—

"We are not fit to be seen
By her Majesty the Queen;
Our clothes are all blue and green,
Who will wash and make them clean?"

"I will," said the Fairy Queen; "I saw it all, and I am very angry.

My pages shall not be
Treated so shamefully!"

And her face grew as red as a peony.

But Blanche and Belinda knew nothing of all this; they had not any idea that the fairies were in the wood.

Blanche had just thrown down the foxglove, for suddenly there issued out of every flower clusters of bees, that buzzed and hummed and made a dense cloud around the two little sisters until they could not see one another.

II.

And then——

Why, suddenly all the bees disappeared as quickly as they had come, and all was sunshine and brightness again; and Belinda was not stung, though she looked at her arms and hands, and felt her forehead and cheeks and neck, expecting to be covered with great smarting lumps. Instead of which, she had never been freer from pain; and the world around had never looked so beautiful as it did to-day, with so many butterflies of divers colours, and great green dragon-flies, that she wondered where they all came from. The wood-path, too, grew more lovely, and patches of blue sky appeared through the branches of the trees.

All at once she cried out——



"WALKING ARM IN ARM"

"Blanche! Blanche!"

For Blanche was nowhere to be seen; and though she hunted in and out among the trees and bushes, she could not find her. No one answered, except the echoes repeating, "Blanche! Blanche! where are you?"

And then Belinda sat down, and she began to cry.

III.

Belinda cried for half an hour without stopping, and her eyes were swollen up, and her cheeks wet with tears. Some one was standing by her, and a voice was saying—

"Why are you crying, little girl, I pray,
On such a pleasant sunny summer day?
I'm a little packman, with my funny pack.
Such a weight! oh, such a weight! to carry on my back.
What will you buy, maiden? what will you buy?
Half a dozen handkerchiefs, to wipe your cheeks quite dry?"

Belinda looked up, and in her surprise left off crying. Before her stood a small boy with a bundle of wheat over his shoulder. He looked tired and melancholy, and not by any means as jovial as might have been expected from his words.

"Handkerchiefs!" said Belinda, disdainfully. "Why, you've nothing but a wisp of straw over your shoulder, and it can't be any weight."

"Try it," said the boy, throwing it down upon the ground.

But Belinda took no notice of it.

"And you're not a packman, only a little boy," she said, angrily; "how can you tell such stories?"

The melancholy-looking boy answered—

"Perhaps I'm a king in disguise,
Although of a very small size;
If you were a little more wise,
You might find in my pack a great prize.



"HE ... STOOD WITH HIS
HAT IN HAND."

However, I'll leave it for you, and the first young gentleman you meet with will, perhaps, pick it up and carry it home for you; for you will soon find you are not able to lift it yourself."

And so saying the boy turned away, and Belinda was again alone.

"Not lift a few ears of corn," she said, giving a slight kick to the heap at her feet.

But as her foot touched it it was no longer a bundle of wheat, but a sack tied close at the mouth, and it expanded until it was as large as Belinda herself. Added to which there appeared to be something alive in it, for it moved from side to side as though some creature were struggling inside.

"Oh! perhaps it is Blanche!" exclaimed Belinda, "and the boy has brought her back. He said 'a great prize,' and a king in disguise. He may have been a fairy, who can tell?"

And she tried to open the sack, but to no purpose, for she only tore her fingers and made them bleed, and the blood dropped down on her frock and stained it, and she grew very hot.

There was a glassy pool close by, so she knelt down and bathed her hands and face; and as she rose up she caught sight of herself in the pool, and for a moment she scarcely knew herself, for she was dressed so grandly. She had on a pink satin gown and a white satin apron with cherry-coloured bows, and a gauze cap, and red shoes with gold buckles.

"I wonder wherever these clothes could come from?" she said aloud.

The sack gave a roll, and whatever might be within was evidently trying to get out. And again she called out—

"Blanche! Blanche!"

She tried to lift up the sack, for she thought if she could drag it along she might in time find some one who could open it.

But she found that the melancholy boy was right, she could not move it.

"And I am not likely to meet with any one in this part of the wood."

IV.

Some one was whistling in the distance.

Belinda listened.

Then she cried out, "Help! help!"

The footsteps came nearer, and a boy in a fine suit came along. As soon as he saw Belinda he made a low bow, and stood with his hat in his hand.

"This must be a gentleman," thought Belinda, "or he would not be so polite."

But she did not speak.

"Did you not cry out for help?" asked the youth.

"Yes," replied Belinda; "I have lost Blanche, and I want some one to find her, and to help me to carry this bag; for I can't lift it, and I believe there is a prize in it."

"Prize!" repeated the boy; "I should think there was! Why this bag is full of wonderful magic toys, and if you let them out they will search the world over until they find anything that you have lost. Where did you get them from?"

"A boy with a bundle of corn brought the sack. At least it wasn't a sack, but it turned into one—and——"

"It must have been Oberon himself, the King of the Fairies, you know, who brought the sack to you."

"Ah!" returned Belinda, "he did say something about a king in disguise, but I did not believe him."

"Perhaps if you had been more polite," answered the boy, "you would have found Blanche back by this time, for he knows all about her. The Queen has carried her away because she knocked her little pages about."

"Knocked her little pages about! you are as foolish as the other boy. But if you know so much, pray where has the Queen hidden her?"

"How should I know?" replied the boy.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Belinda, and she began to cry again.

"Do be wise," said the boy; "crying does no good."

"Wise, prize, size, disguise," murmured Belinda.

"What are you saying?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing!" said Belinda.

"That is not true," he answered; "you said some words; say them again."



"OUT RUSHED THE TOYS."

And as Belinda repeated the words the boy lifted up the sack quite easily, and cut the string that fastened it, with his knife. And his clothes changed even as Belinda's had done. He wore now a sort of helmet with a plume of feathers in it, and a slashed dress; and he knelt down and opened the mouth of the sack. Ah! was not Belinda astonished, for out rushed the toys—such toys—all of them able to move about. One of them, a man on horseback, galloped away over a bridge, in the distance; another ran up the mountain with a donkey following after him. A woman and a little child next rushed down into the valley, so did a boy with a dog that did not look like a dog running behind him.

To all of these the youth said—

"Now be kind,
Find, find, find!"

Belinda gazed in astonishment, for never had she seen such toys before.

"Now," said the boy, as a white horse with a cart behind it emerged from a heap of carriages and toy soldiers, "jump in, and you and I will drive about the world till we find Blanche."

"But we can't possibly get in," returned Belinda; "it is too small for one, certainly for two."

"Do not be stupid," said the boy; "almost all mischief comes from stupidity; get in whilst I hold the horse."

How Belinda got into the little cart she did not know; but in it she was with the boy beside her, and he was driving as fast as he could go. And there was plenty of room for both.

The toy soldiers had mounted their horses and were riding behind them and at the side of them, for the boy had said—

"Mount quickly, guards."

And as they went along, Belinda presently heard the man on horseback and the woman and all the magic toys come clattering after them as hard as they could come.

"Ah!" observed the boy; "we are on the right path; the King has sent them after us."

"The King!"

"Yes; did you not see a toll-man on the bridge?"

"No," answered Belinda; but she whispered to herself, "a king in disguise; wise, prize, size."

"You are getting more sensible," said the boy, as he drove faster and faster till the white cart-horse seemed to turn into a race-horse, he went so swiftly.

"There will be an accident," said Belinda.

And so there was, for the cart-wheel flew off, and down went the cart, and Belinda and the boy were tumbled into a ditch, whence they scrambled out and rolled down a grassy slope, on and on and on, such a distance that Belinda felt quite giddy.

"This is the end of the drive," said the boy; "we need not trouble about the horse and cart. Follow me."

And Belinda followed him.

He pushed aside the red chestnut flowers and the sycamore branches, and as he did so all the birds seemed to wake up, and to sing a wonderfully beautiful song. There were nightingales singing, though it was day, and the larks were carolling as blithely as at early morn. As for the thrushes, their voices were so clear that Belinda was sure she could hear the words they were saying.

Of course it was poetry, only Belinda had never heard such beautiful poetry before.

And the waterfall was singing, so was the brook, but they sang a different song.

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Slumbering let the maiden lie,
Sweetest dreams shall float around her,
Magic blossoms shall surround her.
Fairy chains shall keep her still,
Fairy wand ward off all ill,
Gnat or fly shall not come nigh,
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Sleep, sweet maiden, fear no harm,
Potent is the fairy charm."

"Oh, boy! are they talking about Blanche?"

"Hush!" said he; "come quietly."

Belinda came softly, and looked where he pointed, and would have cried out—

"Blanche!"

But the boy put his hand over her mouth.

Nevertheless they had found Blanche.

Yes! there she was fast asleep on a crimson cushion with tall white lilies and bright poppies and splendid foxgloves nodding all round her and drowsily ringing their sweet bells; whilst a flood of fairy light fell over her. She looked very happy, as though she were having pleasant dreams.



"SHE WAS FAST ASLEEP."

"Kiss her," said the boy.

And Belinda stooped and kissed her.

And then Blanche opened wide her eyes, saying.

"Where have you been?" she asked; "I have had such a nice sleep. It all came from the foxglove."

Belinda looked round to thank the boy, but he had vanished.

So had the cushion and the lilies, and the poppies.

"Why it's the old woodpath again," murmured Belinda. "I know the place quite well. Size, wise, prize, disguise; disguise, prize, size, wise," she repeated; "yes, the young gentleman must have been a king in disguise."

Blanche looked surprised.

"Yes, that is just what I was dreaming of. I thought I had really quite lost you, and he brought you to me."

Perhaps the youth was Oberon; but if so, of course he never told them.

"But he must have been a great many Oberons," Belinda went on, musing; "the melancholy packboy, the toll-man, the young gentleman! Ah! it is of no use thinking about it, one only gets confused."

But if she had had ears to listen to fairy music, she would have heard this song:

—

 "Each little page
 Hath lost his rage,
 The punishment is o'er;
 The sisters twain
 Have met again,
 To separate no more.
So 'tis decreed by Queen and King,
Who now the two together bring."

JULIA GODDARD.

DAISY AND DOLLY.

BENEATH the poplars' leafy screen
The shade is cool and sweet,
Where Daisy sits like any queen—
The sunbeams kiss her feet,
Steal round the border of her dress,
And one white dimpled arm caress.

She holds her dainty parasol
Above her playmate's head,
Lest the hot sun should touch her doll,
And fade the lovely red
In dolly's rosy cheek that lies,
Or dim her beautiful blue eyes.

She weaves a pretty dream, I know,
All in the garden shady,
How dolly was, long, long ago,
A little fairy lady,
And held her court on a green, green knoll,
Ere she became a mortal doll.

She thinks her blue-eyed pet knows all
The solemn words she speaks,
And feels the kisses soft that fall
Upon her mouth and cheeks:
And often when I see the two
I wish I were the doll—don't you?

R.

STORIES TOLD IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

By EDWIN HODDER ("OLD MERRY").

III.—ROYAL FUNERALS IN THE ABBEY.



ON the occasion of our last visit to the Abbey, I told you a little about the coronations that have taken place within its walls, and apart from the venerable fane itself, the principal object connected with that long chain of events was the antique royal chair, standing in the Chapel of Edward the Confessor. Returning to the same spot, we will now look around us, and we soon see that we are in the midst of a burying-place of English kings. Sebert and his Queen Ethelgoda have their monument beside the gate at the entrance to the chapels; but there is no authentic account of a funeral here before that of Edward the Confessor, whose ashes, after three removals, repose in the shrine close beside us.

It was on January 5th, 1066, just after the consecration of his beautiful new Abbey, that the soul of St. Edward passed away. Englishmen were filled with gloomy forebodings at the event. Crowds flocked to see the body as it lay in the palace, with an unearthly smile on its rosy cheeks, and with the long thin fingers interlaced across the bosom.

Then, attired in royal robes, and bedecked with crown, crucifix, and golden chain, they laid the remains before the High Altar of the Abbey. His wife Edith was afterwards laid beside him. After the Conquest, royal personages for a time were buried in Normandy, till "the good Queen Maud," the wife of Henry I. and niece of Edgar Atheling, was laid beside the Confessor. In rebuilding the Abbey, Henry III. provided a new shrine, to which the remains of the now canonised Edward were removed, and in which (except for a short time) they have since remained.

Behind the shrine the king placed some holy relics, including a tooth of St. Athanasius, and a stone said to show a footprint of our Lord. For fifty years Henry watched his new Abbey growing to completion, and determined it should

be the burying-place of himself and the Plantagenet line. He was laid temporarily in the place from which the Confessor's bones had been taken. His son Edward I., returning from the Holy Land, brought home porphyry, slates, and precious marbles to build the tomb to which Henry's body was transferred about twenty years after his death. The Abbess of Fontevrault was then in London, and the late king's heart was delivered into her hands to be deposited in the foreign home of the Plantagenets.



"DAISY AND DOLLY." (See [p. 176](#)).

Henceforward many royal personages were brought to be buried near the Confessor's shrine; but I shall only mention the more prominent. When Queen Eleanor died in 1291, the course of the funeral *cortége* from Lincoln to London was marked by twelve memorial crosses, and the Abbots of Westminster were bound to have a hundred wax lights burning round her grave for ever on the anniversary of her death. In 1307, after having placed in the Confessor's Chapel

the golden crown of the last Welsh Prince, Llewellyn, and the Stone of Fate from Scotland, Edward I. was himself brought here to lie beneath the rough monument, from which it was hoped that, in accordance with his dying wish, his bones might at some time be taken and carried through Scotland at the head of a conquering army.

In 1394, Richard II. buried here his beloved Queen Anne, the friend of the followers of Wickliffe. The palace of Sheen in which she died was destroyed by her sorrowing husband, and immense sums were spent on her funeral. For asking to go away before the ceremony was completed, the Earl of Arundel was struck on the head with a cane by the king, and brought to the ground with his blood flowing on to the Abbey pavement. The affair caused so much delay, that darkness came on before all was over. The tomb that covers her remains was intended by her husband for both, but whether Richard II. sleeps in the tomb that bears his name or not must remain a matter of doubt. Henry IV. brought a corpse from Pontefract to Langley, and Henry V. transferred it to this tomb; but few believed it to be really the body of the murdered king.

England had never seen a grander royal funeral than that of Henry V. He died at Vincennes, and with great pomp his body was brought by Paris to London. At every stage between Dover and London, and again at St. Paul's, and at the Abbey, funeral services were performed. The closing scenes were very impressive, as the funeral car, amidst a blaze of torches borne by hundreds of surpliced priests, and followed by his three favourite chargers, came up the nave to the altar steps. Room for the tomb was made by clearing away the holy relics behind the Confessor's shrine. Here was placed the magnificent piece of workmanship, which we now behold, a tomb below, and above a chantry, in which for a year thirty poor persons were to read the Psalter of the Virgin and special prayers for the repose of Henry's soul. At the back of the chantry hung the king's indented helmet (in all probability the one worn at Agincourt), his shield, and his saddle. In the arch beneath lies the headless effigy of Henry, the silver head having been carried off when Henry VIII. was robbing the churches.

Henry VI. was very fond of the Abbey. He chose a place for his tomb, and even paid the first instalment for its erection, in readiness for his own demise. But the civil wars hindered its completion; and I have already told you how Henry VII. meant to raise a special chapel for him and altered his mind.

We will pass on now into the Chapel of Henry VII., the grand mausoleum of a race of kings, who looked back (as Stanley points out) not to Saxon Edward, but

to British Arthur, as their great ancestor. A gloomy porch conducts us into a blaze of splendour. Walls, ceilings, and arches are richly decorated; the "stone seems by the cunning labours of the chisel (says Washington Irving) to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft as if by magic." Nobody seems to be quite sure who was the architect of this beautiful piece of workmanship. The king lavished vast sums of money on the costly edifice, and left plenty with the abbot for its completion after his death. And in the stalls monks were to sing masses for the repose of his soul, "while the world lasts."

In April, 1509, Henry died, and was placed beside his Queen, Elizabeth of York, in the great vault beneath the chapel floor. His mother, Margaret, Countess of Richmond, was brought here three months afterwards, of whom it was said, "Everyone that knew her loved her, and everything that she said or did became her." She endowed charities, founded colleges, ended the civil wars by marrying her son to Elizabeth of York, and protected Caxton in his early labours.

At the Reformation there was a carrying off of relics, a rifling of tombs, and a temporary disturbance of the Confessor's bones. But the royal tombs saved the Abbey from destruction, although Protector Somerset was on the point of pulling it down to build his new palace in the Strand. Edward VI. was buried here, and Anne of Cleves, and then, in 1558, came Queen Mary, the last English monarch interred with Roman Catholic solemnities. In the same tomb reposes her sister Elizabeth, at whose funeral the national mourning was intense. An old chronicler tells us that, as her coffin was borne through the streets crowded with spectators, "there was such a general sighing, groaning, and weeping, as the like hath not been seen or known in the memory of man; neither doth any history mention any people, time, or state, to make like lamentation for the death of their sovereign." The tomb was raised above the two sisters by James I. He also raised the monument to his mother, Mary Queen of Scots, in the south aisle, and had her body removed to it from Peterborough. Devout Scots visited this tomb, as the shrine of a saint, and many miracles were said to have taken place here.

In the north aisle of this chapel, beside two infant children of James I., are the remains of the murdered princes brought from the Tower. In the south aisle lies Henry Frederick, Prince of Wales, of whom such high hopes were entertained. Two thousand mourners swelled his funeral procession, but no monument marks his resting-place. Three years later the corpse of Arabella Stuart, the king's cousin, whom some would have put in his place, was brought up the Thames from the Tower at midnight, and placed without ceremony in the tomb

of Mary, Queen of Scots. James I. came here in 1625 and was laid in the tomb of Henry VII.

Under the Commonwealth the royal monuments suffered no harm; their dilapidations date (as we have said) from Henry VIII's time. The mother, sister, and favourite daughter of Cromwell were buried here; the great Protector himself was interred in the august Chapel of Henry VII. amongst the royal dead. For two months the body lay in state at Somerset House in a room hung with black, and lit with innumerable black candles. Then there was a grand procession, a magnificent hearse, and the usual ceremonies of a royal funeral. On the 30th of January, 1661, Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were dragged from their tombs to Tyburn, and there hanged and beheaded. Their bodies were buried beneath the gallows, and their heads set up over Westminster Hall.

Charles I. was to have been brought from Windsor to a grand tomb in the Abbey, but Charles II. applied the £70,000 voted for this purpose to other uses, and the matter dropped. This king's funeral was a hurried affair—it took place at night without pomp of any kind. To the same narrow vault was brought William III. Mary, after her death on December 28th, 1694, had been interred here—"one of the saddest days," says Macaulay, "that Westminster had ever seen." She was the first English sovereign who was followed to her grave by both Houses of Parliament, as in other cases Parliament had expired with the sovereign.

Eleven children of James II. and eighteen children of Queen Anne lie around the tomb of Mary, Queen of Scots. Queen Anne herself was brought in a coffin more enormous than that which inclosed the gigantic frame of her husband, Prince George, to the vault of her sister Mary. George II. and Queen Caroline repose in a black marble sarcophagus in the centre of the Chapel of Henry VII. And now Westminster Abbey ceased to be a burial-place of English kings and queens. George III. constructed a vault at Windsor for himself and his numerous family, and there his descendants have been interred.

THE CHILDREN'S OWN GARDEN IN SEPTEMBER.

THE month of September is one of even more fickle and changeable a nature than most others; it is, however, one of very great importance to those who are desirous of securing plenty of geranium and other cuttings, for the next summer's work; because, should the month by chance happen to be a dry one, it will be almost impossible to obtain very many in consequence of so little growth being made. If, on the other hand, plenty of rain fall during the latter part of August and throughout September growth will be made both rapidly and vigorously, whereby cuttings can be taken almost *ad infinitum*. When the weather is of a congenial nature, perhaps few months in the year are more enjoyable in one's garden than that of September.

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The present month is the best one in which to consider the various effects—good or bad—which have been secured by growing certain plants in juxtaposition with others. All incongruities or extremes arising from misplaced judgment or uncertain taste should be at once noted in a pocket-book reserved exclusively for gardening notes, comments, &c. It is ever so much easier to determine the proper positions of various colours, and situations of certain plants, when they are at the perfection of their beauty, than it is to allot them to certain imaginary quarters on plans, however skilfully drawn up, in winter. Indeed, it may be stated without reservation, that the only satisfactory means of insuring an harmonious blending and contrast of colours is by comparing the relative position which one plant of a certain colour and habit should occupy to another and different plant, when growth is perfected.

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Most bedding plants can be induced to continue flowering for a considerable period longer, if deprived of their seed-vessels so soon as these are formed, than they would otherwise do; geraniums, more especially. Not only does it hasten their decay to allow seeds to ripen, but materially enfeebles the entire plant. It is

wise to secure as much beauty as is possible just now from your gardens, as a single and unexpected frosty night will destroy almost everything; nothing is more ephemeral than floral beauty.

* *
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As last month, the chief attractions in the garden will be dahlias and hollyhocks; fine displays of roses often delight us throughout the autumnal months, and the last rose of summer charms us quite as much as the first one of spring. Rose-cuttings may still be taken, and those inserted last month should by this time be well-rooted plants, if properly treated, and must at once undergo a process of being gradually hardened off to the open air. Growing rose-shoots, having plenty of buds, must be carefully tied in. As regards very strong-growing plants which will need keeping within bounds, the operation of cutting them back requires the very greatest care, and our readers should get a practical gardener, if possible, to point out those which need trimming, and those to be left alone. Most young people possessing a knife generally commence sundry manœuvres on the first plant or tree within reach, and generally with very disastrous results. Trimming and pruning of all sorts should, therefore, be only done by practical hands, and then the life of the plant will be in pretty safe keeping.

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Dahlias will require plenty of attention until frost commences its havoc; shoots will need thinning, and the branches must be secured to stout stakes firmly placed in the earth; autumnal winds wreak great destruction among such branches as are insecurely made fast, and a number of handsome blooms are thus destroyed without coming to perfection. Insects are very fond of infesting dahlias, and their depredations must be guarded against. Hollyhocks, if entirely free from disease, will still be handsome objects, but their beauty will be somewhat on the wane; seeds may be saved from the best flowers, and should be sown at once in a pan of light sandy soil, and placed in a cold frame. Rooted layers of carnations of all sorts and of every section should now be planted out into a rich light soil, or, what is more preferable, two can be placed in a 5-inch or 6-inch pot, and wintered thus under glass. Asters of various kinds, such as Chinese and German, will now be in full beauty, and where large single flower-heads are a desideratum, only two or three must be allowed beyond the bud

stage. Asters are among the prettiest of autumn flowers, and for children's gardens we would recommend what are known as "Dwarf Bouquet."

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The present month is the one during which all tender or half-hardy plants used in summer gardening are "housed," or removed to their winter quarters under glass. It is courting failure to allow such plants as chrysanthemums, auriculas, geraniums, and many others, to be exposed to the influence of cold, frosty nights, as when the "fell destroyer" commences to exert its power all plants touched by it rapidly decay. Gladioli will now be clothed in the full glory of their gaudy, but handsome dress; they are comparatively easy to manage in well-drained spots, and being such continuous bloomers, at least three or four or even half a dozen should be in every small garden. In winter they must be covered by about six inches of litter; but in cold and ill-drained soils it will be safer to take the roots up during October, keeping these in a dry situation until the following spring.

LEGENDS OF THE FLOWERS.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.

WHEN skies are bright and winter's o'er,
And leaves and flowers return once more,
A little blossom 'mongst the grass
Peeps at wayfarers as they pass.

'Mongst gayer buds of larger size
It modest opes its purple eyes;
And those who love the flowers know well
The little Scarlet Pimpernel.

It hath a story of its own,
That unto country-folk is known;
For Nature's hand hath given it strange
Perception of the weather's change.

If clear will be the day, and fair,
It opens wide its petals rare;
But if the clouds should threaten rain,
It shuts them up quite close again.

The shepherds love the little flower
That tells them of the changeful hour,
And many a one asks, "Tell me, pray,
What weather there will be to-day."

And so in time another name,
In honour of its rare gift, came;
And the wee blossom 'mongst the grass




Our Music Page.

"Let's away to the Woods."

In moderate time.



Words and Music by CHARLES BASSETT.

VOICE.





1. The tints of the trees are mellowing down From their summer green to a rus-set brown, And
 2. The summer's warm glow has not died from the land, But is seen and felt up-on ev-'ry hand; From the
 3. The birds sweetly sing as they soar in the sky, And the squirrels frisk in the branches high; And it


PIANO.

ma-ny a har-vest is o-ver and past, For Au-tumn has chas'd a-way Sum-mer at last,
 or-ward where ap-ples hang ripe on the trees, To the thicket where nuts nod and dance in the breeze. } Then a-
 makes me as hap-py and mer-ry as they To roam in the woods on a bright au-tumn day.

way, let's a-way to the woods, Where the nuts and black-berries grow, Where the flow'rs at our feet send forth




fragrance sweet—To the woods, to the woods let us go!..... To the woods let us go!.....



Let's away to the Woods.

In moderate time.

Words and Music by CHARLES BASSETT.

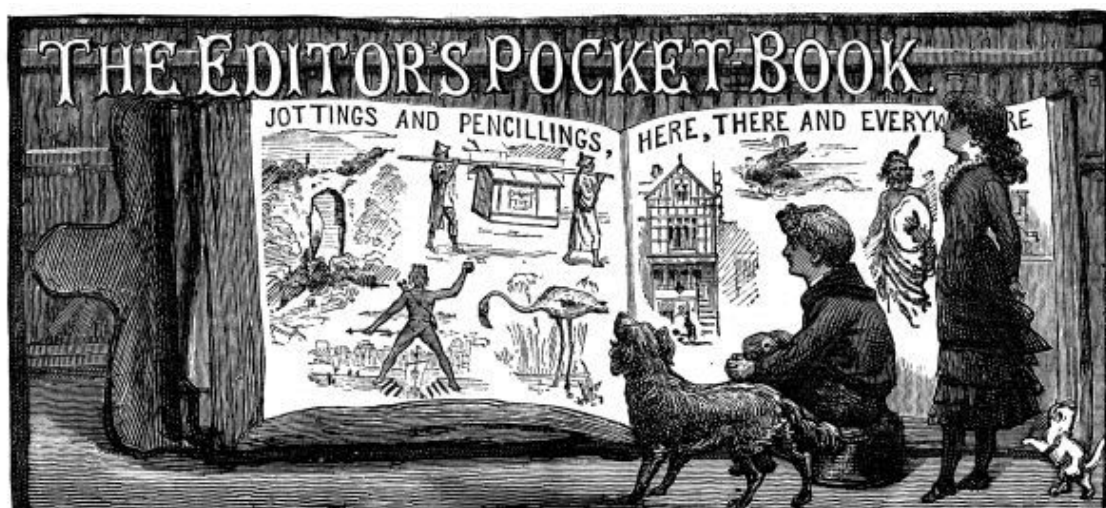
1. The tints of the trees are mellowing down From their summer green to a russet brown, And many a harvest is over and past, For Autumn has chas'd away Summer at last.

2. The summer's warm glow has not died from the land, But is seen and felt upon ev'ry hand; From the orchard where apples hang ripe on the trees, To the thicket where nuts nod and dance in the breeze.

3. The birds sweetly sing as they soar in the sky, And the squirrels frisk in the branches high; And it makes me as happy and merry as they To roam in the woods on a bright autumn day.

Then away, let's away to the woods, Where the nuts and blackberries grow, Where the flow'rs at our feet send forth fragrance sweet--To the woods, to the woods let us go!... To the woods let us go!....

The Editor's Pocket-book.



Who were the Janizaries?

About 1330 the Sultan Orkhan formed a military force out of Christian prisoners who had been compelled to become Mohammedans, and to these was given the name of Janizaries, from two Turkish words meaning new troops. A few years later they were more regularly organised, and granted special privileges, their number being increased to 10,000. Though for a time their ranks continued to be recruited from Christian prisoners, the service began, at length, to attract young Turks. Their chief officer, called the *aga*, wielded almost unlimited power. They fought on foot and were noted for the impetuosity of their charge. In course of time they manifested a rebellious spirit, often being the cause of conspiracies, riots, atrocities, and assassinations of rulers, statesmen, and high officials, and ultimately they grew to be more formidable to the Sultan than even foreign foes. Attempts to disband them were unsuccessful till Sultan Mahmoud II. finding himself opposed by them in 1826, managed to excite against them the fanatical zeal of other portions of his troops. Deserted by their *aga* and other officers, they were utterly crushed, their barracks were burned, and their force was declared, on June 17, 1826, to be for ever dissolved. It is estimated that 15,000 of them were executed and more than 20,000 banished. In this way this once famous body of men was extinguished.

A Canine Guide.

A Lincolnshire farmer has a dog that for practical wisdom will compare favourably with most men. Should its master leave anything—such as a stick or gloves—on the farm, he has but to make known by a sign the fact of his loss when off the dog will trudge, and not come home till it has found the missing article. It will permit a well-dressed man to enter the farm-yard by day, but should a beggar put in an appearance this respecter of persons will gently seize him by his clothes and see him safely off the premises. By night, however, all strangers approach at their peril. The farmer's sister lives on the adjoining farm, communication between the two farms being obtained by means of a single plank across the deep ditch that separates them. Sometimes the farmer's children want to visit their aunt, and they are always entrusted to the care of the dog. It marshals them in a small troop, conducts them to the bridge, where a halt is called. The bairns are then taken over one by one, doggie seizing hold from behind of the child's dress. It then waits for the return journey and escorts them home in the same way.

The Taming of Bucephalus.

Bucephalus, the famous steed of Alexander the Great, is said to have been broken in in the following manner. The horse was so fierce and unmanageable that no one would ride it. It had broken one man's neck, another man's leg, and seriously injured several others. An animal with such a reputation no doubt excited a good deal of attention, and Alexander was one day watching it in the Hippodrome or Circus, when it struck him that the horse was rendered ungovernable by fear of its own shadow. Accordingly he mounted it, and running it against the sun—so that its shadow fell behind—in due time succeeded in thoroughly subduing it. Tradition stated that through being the first to break in Bucephalus—which became his favourite charger—Alexander had fulfilled the condition which had been declared by an oracle to be necessary to his gaining the crown of Macedon.

The Price of a Picture by Landseer.

Sir Edwin Landseer's magnificent stag-picture called, "The Monarch of the Glen," and well known all over the world from engravings, was recently exposed to auction, when it fetched the enormous price of £6,510. It is said that

the painter sold it off his easel for 800 guineas. The bidding at the sale began at £2,000, and by bids of one hundred guineas reached £4,000, at which price it was hoped that it might have been secured for the National Gallery. The competition, however, continued beyond that sum, until the picture was sold for 6,200 guineas. Only one other picture by Landseer has brought a higher price—namely, the famous Polar Bear subject, "Man proposes, but God disposes," which realised £6,615.

"Ignoramus."

As commonly used nowadays this term is equivalent to "dunce," but it was originally employed as a law term. It is a Latin word, and literally translated means, "we do not know." In former days when a grand jury considered that a bill or indictment was not supported by sufficient evidence to prove the need for a trial, they wrote the word "ignoramus" on the back of it, signifying that they rejected it. The words used in present practice are simply "not a true bill," or "not found." But in course of time the old Latin term was made serviceable, as we have seen, in a new way.

Saved by South Sea Islanders.

Considering the reputation that most of the South Sea Islands used to enjoy for cannibalistic practices, it is pleasing to read that the natives of one of the isles in the Marshall group in the South Pacific Ocean rescued the crew of a vessel wrecked near Ujaal Island. A number of natives went in their boats to the wreck and took off the crew and a lady passenger, conveying them to an island some fifteen miles from the spot where the ship was lost, and treating them with great kindness. Tents were erected out of the sails of the wrecked vessel, which were removed for the purpose.

A Strange Vow.

Not long since there died in a workhouse in Southwark a pedlar who used to sell odds-and-ends on a tray on London Bridge, and who pretended to be deaf and dumb. It is said that, though clothed in rags, he was a Swiss gentleman of means who, stung by remorse, had vowed not to open his lips for ten years, to go bareheaded and barefooted, and to abandon for twenty years all the

advantages of his fortune. His vow was rigidly kept, and at the period of his death he was in the fourteenth year of his singular penance.

Honour among Cats.

Seeing that pussy is by no means friendly to birds, it is rather gratifying to hear of a cat that was entrusted with the care of a shopful of birds and was true to her trust. She was shut in the shop for the purpose of doing battle with such rats and mice as might put in an appearance; and discharged this duty with signal success. Yet though it may have been—at first at any rate—a sore trial to her to keep her paws off the birds, she was able to resist every temptation to gratify her natural tastes, and might even have been seen quietly snoozing on the top of one of the cages.

Memory in Parrots.

These birds have retentive memories. A parrot that belonged to a lady recognised a black servant after three years' absence. Another bird was so fierce that no one in the house liked to touch it, but it would allow a lady visitor to handle it with impunity. It was at last given away, as its ill temper seemed incurable. About three years later this lady called upon a friend, when a parrot in the corner of the room became greatly excited. As it was generally very quiet in its demeanour, its mistress remarked the unusual behaviour, but her visitor on going up to the cage recognised her old friend of the savage disposition, which had not forgotten her. When she spoke to it the bird was much pleased, and came on to her hand and fondled her.

The Clock-tower in Darmstadt Palace.

The residential palace in Darmstadt, where Queen Victoria made a brief stay in the spring of this year, has a clock-tower the chimes in which discourse sweet music four times every hour. At the first quarter they strike up a verse of the stirring "Watch on the Rhine;" at the half-hour the familiar notes of "God save the Queen" fall upon the listener's ear; at the third quarter an air from the well-known opera of the "Marriage of Figaro," enlivens the palace; while the hour is hailed with the bridal chorus from Wagner's "Lohengrin."

Oiling the Waves.

During the last two or three years a good deal has been heard of experiments for calming an angry sea by pouring oil upon the troubled waters. This has been proved to have a marked effect, but it is interesting to note that the idea is by no means new. In 1844 experiments were made in the North Sea, with a view to test this special property, and though several gallons were used on the occasion, no diminution of their rage was noticed in the waves. Captain Wilkes, however, the commander of the United States Exploring Expedition in the Antarctic Ocean, 1838-42, observed that the oil leaking from a whaler had a stilling influence upon the sea. And this quite agrees with the result of nearly, if not all, recent trials.

Spider Knicknacks.

A large trade is done at Santa Barbara, in South California, in the preparation of stuffed specimens of a big, ugly, vicious, poisonous spider. Cards decorated with these insect monsters are readily bought by tourists, by museums, and by science schools. This spider excites great curiosity on account of the nest with trap-door which it constructs with much skill, but though its native valleys abound with countless numbers of the homes and tunnels, yet hardly a living spider can be seen. It is for this reason, doubtless, that the demand for stuffed specimens is so considerable as to engage wholesale merchants as well as retail shopkeepers in meeting its supply.

An Affectionate Dog.

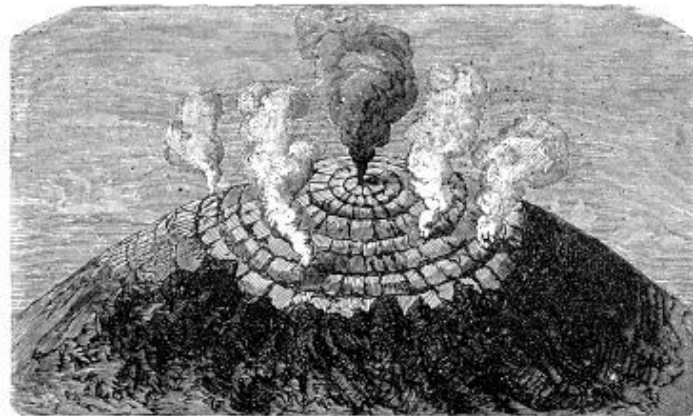
Early this year, a lady died in New York. She had had a Skye terrier as a pet for twelve years, and during the two months of her illness it remained by her bed. After the funeral it took up its old position by the bed, refusing to eat. A few days afterwards it found a pair of its mistress's shoes which had been thrown out of doors. The faithful animal brought them in its mouth to the bedroom, placed them on the floor, laid its fore paws and head across them, and continued in this position for several hours. Early one morning its mournful cries aroused the household, and exactly a week, to the very hour, after its mistress's death, the poor terrier expired beside the bed, its head and paws still resting on the cast-off shoes. This story shows how keenly some animals feel the loss of those who have treated them kindly.

A Sagacious Cavalry Horse.

Some weeks since a gentleman was knocked down by a cab in a busy street in London, and owed his escape from what might have proved a fatal accident to the sagacity of the horse by which the cab was driven. The hansom cab was going along at an ordinary pace, and the gentleman (who carried a bundle of papers) tried to pass it. In doing so he was knocked down, his papers were scattered, and he was himself in imminent danger of being run over, as the driver did not notice the accident in time to pull up. The horse, however, happened to be an old cavalry horse, and it neatly stepped over the prostrate body of the gentleman and stopped just as the wheels of the vehicle had reached his body. The gentleman was then dragged from his perilous position, much shaken and frightened, but in other respects uninjured.

What is a Nabob?

You have now and again met with the phrase, "rich as a nabob," and have perhaps wondered what a nabob had to do with riches. I will tell you. Under the Mogul Empire the provinces of India were administered by deputies called *nawâb*, who commonly amassed great wealth and lived in much splendour. The title was used under British rule, but became gradually corrupted into *nabob*. In course of time it was applied generally to all natives who had grown rich, and latterly it was bestowed—more often in a derisive sense—upon Europeans who, having made large fortunes in India, returned to their native land and spent their money in a luxurious and ostentatious way.



ACTIVE VOLCANO IN RÉUNION

A Curious Volcano.

Most active volcanoes have nothing very remarkable about them so far as the discharge of lava is concerned. In the Isle of Bourbon or Réunion, which lies in the Indian Ocean, there is, however, a volcano which is in a state of eruption twice every year. It occupies about one-sixth of the whole island, it often changes its crater, and the streams of lava sometimes reach to the sea. The surrounding district is called the Burned Land, from the desert aspect which it always wears. From the accompanying picture it will be seen that this volcano occasionally has several sources of lava.

The "Little Folks" Humane Society.

THIRTY-FIRST 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
44278 A. M. M. Weeks	13
44279 Frank George	11
44280 E. M. Hilling	11
44281 Annie Ball	14
44282 Herbert Kitchener, Islington, L	15
44283 James Baker	10
44284 Fredk. Morley	11
44285 Charles Russell	12
44286 George Freeman	13
44287 Ernest West	9
44288 Edward Frayer	13
44289 Albert Logsdon	11
44290 William West	10
44291 W. J. Thomas	11
44292 Joseph Thomas	10
44293 W. Nicholls	15
44294 Walter F. Turner	10
44295 Stanley Kingston	11
44296 John Mitchell	10
44297 Alfred Wright	12
44298 S. Kitchener	18
44299 Joseph Taylor	12
44300 Alfred Alley	11
44301 Mark Rapson	11
44302 William Fansett	14

44303 R. Archer	12
44304 Edwin Pearce	11
44305 J. Cooper	11
44306 Harry Snow	12
44307 Harry Dawkins	11
44308 George Wheeler	11
44309 James Green	14
44310 Robt. Couchman	10
44311 W. Cowling	9
44312 C. Hardingham	11
44313 James Cons	14
44314 George Beaven	11
44315 R. Kingston	10
44316 Fred Marle	12
44317 Alfred Archer	10
44318 George Moss	12
44319 Fredk. Follett	10
44320 Fredk. Baker	11
44321 Charles Barnicott	11
44322 H. Matthews	11
44323 William Ellis	11
44324 Herbert Tubbs	10
44325 John Keuleman	13
44326 William Croxford	10
44327 Thos. Kingston	11
44328 James Sturman	11
44329 Henry Nicholls	9
44330 H. Tissington	9
44331 Charles Taylor	12
44332 GEO. E. OGLE, Brighton	14
44333 Nellie Child	14
44334 Florence A. Moss	15
44335 K. Padwick	10
44336 Adelaide M. Ogle	20
44337 Mary C. Clark	11
44338 Walter Payne	8

44339 W. Padwick	13
44340 Hy. Clark	12
44341 N. E. Newman	11
44342 George R. Mills	7
44343 Emily Mills	9
44344 Amy Mills	10
44345 Kate M. Ogle	18
44346 Emily Cousins	13
44347 Grace Pyne	11
44348 A. Hollingdale	10
44349 George Pollard	13
44350 Laura B. Godfree	11
44351 Ellen Ogle	10
44352 Ada Pyne	13
44353 William A. Ogle	13
44354 Annie Webber	9
44355 Helen Perrin	16
44356 Harry Perrin	10
44357 Alice Webber	10
44358 Albert L. Carter	16
44359 Fredk. W. Mills	12
44360 Alfred Pelling	10
44361 G. Hollingdale	13
44362 Elizabeth Scott	11
44363 Alma Collis	13
44364 Emma Heryet	15
44365 Emma Tull	12
44366 Agnes Scott	13
44367 Albert Gearing	10
44368 Arthur F. Parker	11
44369 James Simmons	8
44370 Violet M. Moss	16
44371 George Webber	8
44372 Geo. P. Newman	15
44373 G. T. Swaffield	14
44374 James French	11

44375 Agnes Prudden	12
44376 E. Mattheson	11
44377 Charles Sier	7
44378 Augusta Prudden	19
44379 V. Cummings	16
44380 CHARLOTTE A. CROSSMAN, Limehouse	12
44381 Fanny E. Jones	14
44382 Alice Fetter	14
44383 Edna G. Pattison	14
44384 E. E. Fullick	13
44385 Margaret Clark	13
44386 Florence E. Davis	12
44387 Julia Page	12
44388 Laura A. Young	15
44389 Sarah Crawley	14
44390 L. M. Crossman	10
44391 Margt. Scruton	10
44392 Jane Crossman	7
44393 Florence Peck	13
44394 F. A. Bowers	10
44395 Ada E. Craddock	13
44396 Elizab. A. Gibbs	15
44397 E. M. Buckman	10
44398 Ada Smith	12
44399 Phœbe Povey	11
44400 Maud Curno	14
44401 Ethel Pattison	10
44402 Ann A. Halcrow	14
44403 Rose A. Jordan	14
44404 Charlotte Smith	11
44405 H. J. D. Webb	16
44406 E. J. Harper	13
44407 E. M. Perkins	13
44408 Alice Hubbard	11
44409 Alice Webb	15
44410 William Jordan	9

44411 E. Hutchison	12
44412 Emma Speaight	13
44413 Kate Moate	13
44414 A. E. Drayson	13
44415 Rosa G. Webb	13
44416 A. F. Bennett	7
44417 Blanche Childs	11
44418 C. C. Pettersson	12
44419 Amy L. Hicks	10
44420 Emily Cameron	10
44421 Sarah P. Findley	16
44422 Marion Cameron	13
44423 Nellie Wardle	13
44424 Alice Bowller	13
44425 Emily Bennett	13
44426 A. Whittenbury	11
44427 E. Whittenbury	14
44428 Annie Pitter	13
44429 A. C. Ohlsen	19
44430 Florence Crispe	12
44431 Edith Larter	10
44432 AMY WELLER, Poplar	14
44433 Florence Bull	10
44434 M. C. Stupple	12
44435 Sophia Osborn	20
44436 M. M. Mackrow	14
44437 H. A. Christmas	15
44438 Rachel Bull	8
44439 Ann Priest	16
44440 Elizabth. Holmes	14
44441 Eliza E. West	15
44442 H. Wiseman	13
44443 Annie Sherlock	14
44444 Florence Barrett	12
44445 Louisa Price	11
44446 Wm. Southgate	14

44447 Thomas Osborn	9
44448 Sarah Seward	19
44449 Alice M. Devine	16
44450 Louisa Huggins	12
44451 F. H. Terrey	15
44452 Ada Gordon	16
44453 E. Southgate	11
44454 A. E. Hubbard	8
44455 Matilda Wattson	10
44456 Ernest Pattison	8
44457 Beatrice Burrow	7
44458 Mary Wesson	13
44459 Alice Looker	13
44460 Elsie Woodley	13
44461 Walter Osborn	11
44462 F. E. J. Hubbard	14
44463 Rosina Ricketts	16
44464 Amy Loaring	10
44465 Mary Straiton	13
44466 Elizbth. Ballard	13
44467 B. L. McLean	11
44468 Gertrd. M. Ford	11
44469 Elizbth. Harrold	13
44470 Wm. R. Ricketts	13
44471 Wm. A. Perkins	8
44472 Thomas Webb	12
44473 Ellen M. Webb	15
44474 W. H. Christmas	14
44475 E. M. Wilkerson	14
44476 Lea L. Christmas	11
44477 Elizabeth Osborn	14
44478 Esther J. Gill	11
44479 Sarah A. Wesson	11
44480 A. C. Houlding	13
44481 Josaphin Popham	14
44482 Clara Bull	12

44483 F. H. Ricketts	12
44484 Agnes Stedman	13
44485 B. Hattersley	11
44486 Elizabth. Burrow	12
44487 Emily Taylor	13
44488 Janet Bright	12
44489 E. C. S. Seward	13
44490 Hannah Skelton	13
44491 Bertha Kellman	12
44492 Charlotte Barrett	8
44493 FLORCE. GALES, Bow	14
44494 Edith Fowler	12
44495 Hugh Hay	10
44496 Catherine Watson	14
44497 Fanny Jones	17
44498 Annie Hunter	12
44499 Eliza Mitchell	12
44500 Mary A. Williams	13
44501 Maud M. Fowler	11
44502 F. A. Weller	12
44503 Louisa Fowler	19
44504 Jemima Wesson	9
44505 Ada H. Hubbard	16
44506 Annie Godfrey	10
44507 Charlotte Pitt	14
44508 Bertha E. Fowler	9
44509 Ellen Manhire	9
44510 Chas. Ayscough	11
44511 Clara Payne	13
44512 Thos. Goodfellow	14
44513 E. S. Lowery	13
44514 C. Hancock	13
44515 Kate Whiteway	9
44516 William J. Lowis	17
44517 Ada Pennell	20
44518 Dorothy A. Noble	10

44519 Clara Richardson	13
44520 Isabella Hay	13
44521 Minnie Keable	10
44522 Maggie Hay	7
44523 Mary A. Osborn	7
44524 Margaret Cole	13
44525 M. McDonald	12
44526 Eliza Whiteway	11
44527 Alice Rushbrook	12
44528 Clara Gales	17
44529 Henry A. Lewis	12
44530 Caroline Stride	12
44531 Albert Weller	10
44532 Ada Gales	9
44533 Sarah Eagle	9
44534 Alice Stafford	9
44535 Florence Fenney	11
44536 Elizabh. Wiseman	17
44537 Edith I. Gales	7
44538 Albert J. Cutting	16
44539 Elizabeth Grieve	18
44540 Keziah Weaver	17
44541 Elizabeth Farr	11
44542 Jane Read	10
44543 Alex. McDonald	9
44544 Edith Hoole, Camberwell	13
44545 Bertie Mitchell	9
44546 Bertie Longman	8
44547 Louie Longman	10
44548 F. Longman	13
44549 Horace Brown	6
44550 Leonard Brown	8
44551 A. Brown	13
44552 Lily Hoole	3
44553 Edith K. Wood	9
44554 Alfred T. Wood	3

44555 Maude Wood	5
44556 Emma Wood	11
44557 Lizzie Edwards	9
44558 Isabel Edwards	11
44559 Edith Edwards	19
44560 Maggie Edwards	14
44561 Lizzie Smith	14
44562 Louise Melton	7
44563 Flory Melton	11
44564 George Swain	9
44565 Elizabeth Field	8
44566 H. Field	10
44567 Louisa Field	12
44568 Annie Bedford	11
44569 Charlie Jarratt	8
44570 Selina Jarratt	15
44571 Arthur Jarratt	13
44572 A. E. Martin	14
44573 A Day	14
44574 Helen Day	17
44575 Mary E. Crawley	19
44576 Marian B. Wright	13
44577 Alice M. Wright	9
44578 Edith Broom	17
44579 Laura J. Lockie	12
44580 Monty Hammett	3
44581 Bertie Hammett	9
44582 William Cook	12
44583 Emma Short	16
44584 Charles Short	7
44585 Amelia Short	11
44586 Eleanor Short	8
44587 Bertha Reed	14
44588 Maude Pummell	10
44589 A. Hinton	12
44590 Jessie Mackie	8

44591 Edith Green	7
44592 Sydney Green	9
44593 Arthur Green	11
44594 A. E. Warell	12
44595 NELLIE PERCIVAL, Liscard	12
44596 Ada Mitchell	12
44597 Harry Lyons	6
44598 Alice Love	17
44599 Wm. R. Lyons	5
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44601 Ada Holt	16
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44604 Maggie Sinclair	16
44605 Robt. P. Stafford	9
44606 Barbara Fletcher	13
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44609 Emily Casement	17
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44611 Hettie Ward	14
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44613 Maud Bayley	14
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44615 Jas. H. Stafford	8
44616 Louie Bryer	15
44617 Annie Percival	13
44618 F. Leighton	14
44619 Mabel Woodall	16
44620 Charlotte Bourne	15
44621 Maggie Percival	15
44622 M. Casement	16
44623 Douglas Sinclair	10
44624 Dicky Smith	7
44625 Maude Shepherd	13
44626 Laura Hirst	13

44627 A. M. Johnston	17
44628 Marian Morris	16
44629 J. Wainwright	17
44630 Minnie Evans	14
44631 Charlie Gleadell	6
44632 Kate Charles	14
44633 Mary Lilley	18
44634 Maggie Goodlass	12
44635 Maggie Lenard	18
44636 F. Moulding	16
44637 Beatrice Jones	14
44638 Minnie Noble	14
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44640 Alethea Clark	10
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44642 Percy Smith	5
44643 Elizbth. Jackson	17
44644 Alice M. Taylor	17
44645 Alice Willis	16
44646 Minnie Sanders	9
44647 H. W. Sanders	15
44648 Alfred Payne	11
44649 FLORENCE BOON, Llantrissant	11
44650 Charles Smith	14
44651 Alfred Boon	21
44652 Thomas Williams	12
44653 E. A. Davies	9
44654 Chas. I. Leyshon	7
44655 Thos. Leyshon	6
44656 Evan Davies	11
44657 E. E. Hasking	5
44658 David Roberts	10
44659 E. T. Leyshon	9
44660 Annie Baker	9
44661 William Jenkins	17
44662 Eugnie Davies	6

44663 Lydia Williams	7
44664 Edwin Pritchard	10
44665 George Pritchard	14
44666 Rosina Pritchard	12
44667 Jas. H. Pritchard	5
44668 Anne Dells	10
44669 Ellen Roberts	12
44670 Mary A. Evans	13
44671 Martha East	12
44672 Edith M. Smith	10
44673 Jessie Davies	8
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44675 Ellen M. Parker	12
44676 Charles East	10
44677 Thomas Angell	7
44678 E. Devonshire	10
44679 Amelia Phillips	9
44680 Edwin Smith	11
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44682 William Williams	7
44683 Annie Hosking	18
44684 S. Bartlett	15
44685 Samuel Escott	10
44686 Ada Thomas	7
44687 Wm. Hosking	13
44688 Mary E. Thomas	12
44689 Evan Angell	11
44690 Annie Cox	6
44691 S. Devonshire	8
44692 Alfred Hosking	10
44693 Mary Cox	8
44694 Mary J. Baker	5
44695 Alice T. Cooke	7
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44697 Bertha E. Cooke	8
44698 Wm. J. Warman	7

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44707 FANNY L. CHEW, Stroud	13
44708 Nettie Sonthern	13
44709 Geo. A. Hulbert	8
44710 F. J. Holland	14
44711 Bessie Hulbert	13
44712 Willie R. Ford	11
44713 Alice R. Hulbert	11
44714 Fred Griffiths	14
44715 Edith E. Holland	16
44716 W. E. M. Hulbert	10
44717 Robert Johnston	13
44718 Lizzie Davis	21
44719 Gertrude Holland	14
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44722 W. A. Watkins	10
44723 Maud Harrison	9
44724 Florence Hooper	10
44725 Arthur Ellis	13
44726 Lilly McKellar	8
44727 Harry Chandler	13
44728 Ernest J. Tayler	10
44729 Walter Wheeler	14
44730 Harry Roberts	10
44731 Arthur Chew	12
44732 Lionel Chew	8
44733 William J. Fass	11

44734 Corbett Holland	11
44735 E. B. Pitt	15
44736 Harry Holland	9
44737 Henry Gazard	13
44738 C. Baumbrough	16
44739 Louisa Parfitt	18
44740 Flora E. Watkins	17
44741 Gertrd. Watkins	14
44742 Fredk. Nind	13
44743 Nellie I. Aspinall	11
44744 Edith Compton	10
44745 Ralph Wheeler	12
44746 Harry Halford	12
44747 Constance Pitt	12
44748 George Docker	13
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44766 Ethel Homes	12
44767 Edith S. Dealy	13
44768 Clara Hoëlzer	12

44769 Gilbert Haldane	14
44770 Harry G. Assiter	15
44771 Agnes M Mullins	11
44772 J. C. Waterhouse	9
44773 M. Waterhouse	8
44774 A. Waterhouse	11
44775 LUCY A. GRIEVE, Greenock	13
44776 Margt. M. Neish	11
44777 E. W. Johnston	11
44778 Agnes McKinnon	11
44779 Margaret Lower	11
44780 C. McKinlay	11
44781 Eliza A. Boyd	11
44782 I. M. McDonald	11
44783 Mary McAulay	10
44784 Robert McAulay	12
44785 Gracie McAulay	18
44786 Annie McAulay	16
44787 John Cooke	8
44788 Jeanie Cooke	12
44789 Harry Cooke	10
44790 Edwd. L. Grieve	4
44791 Florce. A. Grieve	7
44792 Robertha Grieve	10
44793 James H. Grieve	8
44794 Hilda C. Grieve	5
44795 Bella Longwill	10
44796 Maggie Longwill	15
44797 John F. Hodge	8
44798 Agnes L. Hodge	12
44799 Archie Grieve	15
44800 Mary J Grieve	10
44801 John Grieve	13
44802 Laura M. Trew	12
44803 M. Symington	10
44804 M. J. Symington	12

44805 Robert Smith	12
44806 Agnes Smith	10
44807 M. E. Brittlebank	16
44808 M. Brittlebank	11
44809 C. D. McKay	17
44810 F. J. Thorburn	11
44811 Isabella Mara	9
44812 Mary Mara	5
44813 Jas. B. Fulton	12
44814 Agnes B. Fulton	9
44815 Wm. B. Fulton	10
44816 John Whiteford	17
44817 Jane Whiteford	19
44818 M. Whiteford	8
44819 E. A. Paterson	9
44820 J. G. Paterson	10
44821 A. F. Whiteford	11
44822 Jessie Whiteford	15
44823 John Ramsay	8
44824 C. Ramsay	12
44825 E. J. Whiteford	12
44826 M. C. Whiteford	17
44827 Mary Trew	10
44828 S. R. Paterson	7
44829 V. M. Paterson	6
44830 Janet McMurtrie	13
44831 M. McMurtrie	16
44832 Robt. McMurtrie	10
44833 Jane McMurtrie	18
44834 Jane Thorburn	9
44835 Jessie Sime	16
44836 John M. Sime	9
44837 Sarah Sime	18
44838 HILDA VORLEY, Camden Road, London	14
44839 Jessie Rintoul	13
44840 Kate Darvell	15

44841 H. Hardy	9
44842 Mary A. Darvell	20
44843 Fanny Blake	19
44844 H. F. Fredricks	18
44845 Fredk. W. Darvell	18
44846 May Vorley	17
44847 Herbt. D. Lister	15
44848 Thomas Allen	16
44849 E. F. Gillott	15
44850 Emily F. Colls	13
44851 E. Wilkinson	11
44852 William Vorley	12
44853 Cecilia Loeb1	10
44854 Arthur Gartley	10
44855 Bessie Shaw	12
44856 Emmeline Vorley	16
44857 John Brooke	8
44858 E. M. Jennings	14
44859 Harry Brooke	6
44860 Ada Parker	11
44861 Lucy Merzbach	8
44862 Edwd. Merzbach	11
44863 L. M. Hearn	16
44864 A. H. Colebrook	10
44865 Ethel Pyke	10
44866 Florence Baker	12
44867 Fanny Gartley	14
44868 Hilda Corner	12
44869 John A. Brown	11
44870 Louisa Rintoul	15
44871 Lilian Brock	12
44372 F. Matthews	12
44873 K. A. Wilkinson	14
44874 Mary Dowsett	14
44875 F. W. Dunaway	18
44876 E. A. Townsend	17

44877 Lily Barker	8
44878 Ethel Barker	13
44879 Kathleen C. Gow	17
44880 Lillie Stoner	12
44881 Gertrd. Rayment	8
44882 Samuel Brooke	9
44883 Ernestine Baker	15
44884 Lydia Gardner	14
44885 Emma E. Allen	8
44886 Caroline S. Allen	11
44887 Wm. H. Allen	14
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44889 Mary A. Jones	12
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44891 Percy M. Jones	9
44892 Mary M. Jose	13
44893 Sophie H. Isle	7
44894 James C. Isle	9
44895 Shirza Ferguson	14
44896 Francis L. Smith	12
44897 Margaret Gill	16
44898 Dora Gill	14
44899 Louis H. Daish	15
44900 Percy P. Cotton	11
44901 Lucy W. Barker	12
44902 F. M. Barker	10
44903 Frank D. Barker	7
44904 K. W. Barker	5
44905 Edith Wallace	15
44906 Amy Wallace	9
44907 John B. Stewart	8
44908 Gertrd. A. Escott	10
44909 Charles Brereton	11
44910 Mary E. Wallis	20
44911 A. A. Langley	19

44912 E. J. Newman	9
44913 Evelyn P. Sewell	10
44914 Winifred Lamb	12
44915 Anna Lamb	13
44916 Helen Lamb	16
44917 Emily Lamb	7
44918 GERTRUDE A. AMOS, Hampstead	16
44919 Kathleen Jenkins	8
44920 F. E. Jenkins	15
44921 May Jenkins	11
44922 Annie Lee	19
44923 Ewart C. Amos	17
44924 Thomas Cowney	7
44925 Arthur Cowney	9
44926 Ethel Cowney	11
44927 Minnie M. Shaw	8
44928 Charles J. Shaw	12
44929 Rose K. Nowlan	13
44930 P. L. Nowlan	15
44931 Edith M. Dwight	19
44932 Edith A. Rogers	15
44933 Jessie E. Rogers	8
44934 J. A. Rogers	18
44935 Miriam Rogers	16
44936 Wallace Barron	8
44937 Ethel M. Yates	15
44938 C. M. Hewetson	10
44939 Alice A. Miley	15
44940 Emily Fowke	15
44941 E. M. Thompson	16
44942 E. M. Clements	11
44943 Rose M. Smithers	15
44944 Katerine Wickes	11
44945 A. M. Wickes	14
44946 Henry White	16
44947 Charles White	12

44948 Katie Spalding	9
44949 Alice M. Spalding	12
44950 Catherine White	15
44951 K. A. Bergin	9
44952 Mary Bergin	14
44953 Margaret Bergin	8
44954 Thos. G. Bergin	11
44955 Gertrude M. Sims	10
44956 Edith Sims	13
44957 Emmeline Sims	10
44958 Mildred P. Orwin	11
44959 Ethel M. Orwin	14
44960 Henry Wines	10
44961 Charlotte Wines	14
44962 John Wines	11
44963 Bessie Biggs	9
44964 Clara D. Mills	16
44965 E. M. Spalding	11
44966 Violet Spalding	15
44967 Marian Goodall	13
44968 Mary White	9
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44969 Susanne E. Price	12
44970 Rosa L. Candy	13
44971 Jas. H. Nicholson	11
44972 Frances L. Hyde	12
44973 Ellen R. Carr	12
44974 Ella M. McCaul	15
44975 Albert C. Farmer	12
44976 NELLIE CHAPPELL, Camden Road, London	13
44977 Katie Avern	13
44978 Emily Avern	8
44979 Annie Gregory	10
44980 G. A. Jaques	8
44981 Louisa Price	8
44982 Kate Spain	12

44983 Lily Petch	11
44984 M. Bourdelaine	14
44985 Gertrude Hedges	16
44986 Edith Smith	9
44987 E. B. Palmar	10
44988 Thos. A. Avern	11
44989 L. Bourdelaine	12
44990 Eva R. Child	13
44991 Edith Pybus	13
44992 F. Hughes	12
44993 Edith Palmar	8
44994 Lizzie J. Shenton	11
44995 Julia Denny	9
44996 Flornce. J. Reeve	14
44997 Edith T. a'Bois	14
44998 Lucy Ashton	16
44999 Percy H. Brown	12
45000 Alice E. Lloyd	14
45001 M. E. Goodman	9
45002 Edith F. Ball	10
45003 R. G. Durnford	11
45004 H. L. Darnton	11
45005 Maggie L. Polak	9
45006 William P. Ball	6
45007 M. W. Smith	4
45008 Jenny Ball	9
45009 Lydia Taylor	12
45010 May Lloyd	8
45011 Ada Rayner	11
45012 Ellen M. Hunt	17
45013 Eleanor C. Muir	14
45014 Lœtitia Lambert	12
45015 Edith A. Cox	12
45016 Jessy F. Charles	14
45017 Nellie Pybus	14
45018 Clara E. Brice	16

45019 Jessie E. Davis	13
45020 Ada Chappell	15
45021 L. H. Shelton	8
45022 Emily L. Smith	11
45023 Florence M. Pitch	9
45024 Bessie Cox	11
45025 Florence Mashell	10
45026 Annie J. Charles	16
45027 JANET M. GREGORY, Paignton	12
45028 Florce. E. Waith	12
45029 M. F. E. Waith	10
45030 Mary Bradford	13
45031 Lily Telfer	18
45032 Edith Cawley	12
45033 Beatrice E. Harris	12
45034 Ethel M. Rundle	11
45035 Ida M. Madden	9
45036 Kate Cawley	9
45037 Blanch Telfer	9
45038 L. K. Madden	14
45039 E. Mulcaster	9
45040 Richd. Mulcaster	7
45041 B. E. Shorland	12
45042 E. I. Shorland	11
45043 Violet Gregory	4
45044 Edith M. Lory	18
45045 E. A. Richards	17
45046 Janie Rowe	16
45047 E. M. Madden	17
45048 Emily M. Corew	14
45049 Ada E. Rowe	13
45050 Frances C. Telfer	8
45051 C. L. Telfer	5
45052 James D. Telfer	6
45053 Edith Telfer	13
45054 C. M. Rogers	12

45055 Ethel H. Clark	12
45056 E. M. Hughes	7
45057 Mary B. Winch	12
45058 Winifred Mason	10
45059 Clara M. Mason	9
45060 Arthur Mason	7
45061 Willie P. Martin	8
45062 Effie Robertson	15
45063 Gussie Cay	13
45064 Agnes Clarke	14
45065 Daisy Comber	13
45066 Laura R. Trioni	15
45067 Sophie Ridley	16
45068 Alice F. Morrell	14
45069 Annie Fowler	12
45070 Blanche Fulton	13
45071 Lizzie Franklin	15
45072 Effie Lecky	14
45073 Ethel Norbury	13
45074 E. L. H. Wilder	12
45075 Katie Haswell	13
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45079 E. E. Faithfull	11
45080 Cathrne. J. Jones	13
45081 M. W. Jones	9
45082 Robert Jones	11
45083 L. L. Baxter	15
45084 L. J. Stephens	13
45085 Florence B. Shaw	11
45086 Edith A. Shaw	15
45087 Dora K. Purvis	9
45088 Hannah S. Purvis	7
45089 Mabel F. Shaw	8

45090 Jessie C. Shaw	10
45091 Annie V. Shaw	9
45092 Alice M. Heins	9
45093 F. M. Heins	11
45094 Mary A. Howard	9
45095 F. S. Howard	7
45096 John A. Harrison	11
45097 J. M. Mackenzie	8
45098 JULIA M. CROWHURST, Gt. Ormond St., Lond.	14
45099 Stanley J. Beeson	7
45100 Edgar T. Beeson	9
45101 Alice Wills	16
45102 Julia C. Horley	11
45103 Ellen N. Horley	7
45104 L. H. Wingfield	17
45105 Edith Wingfield	10
45106 Frank Wingfield	12
45107 G. M. Wingfield	6
45108 Florence Carlton	7
45109 Ada I. Sanders	15
45110 Etta Gash	17
45111 Chas. F. Sanders	11
45112 E. E. Gunton	17
45113 Sarah Oldham	20
45114 Arthur Goode	9
45115 W. W. Crowhurst	12
45116 Annie Goode	18
45117 Maria Goode	19
45118 Arabella Brooks	13
45119 Elliott E. Brooks	12
45120 John B. Goode	15
45121 Ethel S. Brooks	10
45122 Wm. C. Brooks	15
45123 E. S. Sherwood	15
45124 Jas. T. Sherwood	13
45125 Thos. N. Carlton	9

45126 Ada Edwards	12
45127 Henry Edwards	15
45128 Annie Edwards	13
45129 Frank Neck	10
45130 Walter Powell	11
45131 C. Hotchkiss	18
45132 Rosa Folley	17
45133 Mary E. Lucas	18
45134 Edwd. H. Adams	9
45135 M. E. Symonds	19
45136 Frank Allen	15
45137 B. Allatt	13
45138 I. Crowhurst	20
45139 H. A. Crowhurst	15
45140 E. M. Crowhurst	16
45141 Herbert Wills	13
45142 Ormond A. Taylor	19
45143 Albert J. Turner	15
45144 Louisa Turner	17
45145 F. E. Taylor	15
45146 Fredk. R. Horley	13
45147 George Horley	12
45148 Edith Wills	9
45149 MIA BOWCOTT, Bath	16
45150 M. I. C. Whitley	12
45151 H. F. Whitley	10
45152 H. P. Whitley	13
45153 Owen Owen	9
45154 Edwd. J. Hughes	10
45155 E. Clack	9
45156 R. H. Mattingly	13
45157 J. F. Healey	14
45158 H. R. Hancock	11
45159 S. J. Bowcott	12
45160 C. S. Chatterton	15
45161 F. M. Chatterton	12

45162 Kate Chatterton	11
45163 Emily A. Estens	19
45164 Florce. Hayward	14
45165 Flossie Rolfe	13
45166 T. E. Archard	10
45167 E. E. Archard	12
45168 H. Newham	10
45169 B. W. Whittaker	19
45170 Charles D. Fox	17
45171 Maud D. Fox	19
45172 Rosa A. Cole	16
45173 Frank H. Greves	11
45174 F. E. McManus	12
45175 Annie Parfitt	12
45176 Emma Hillary	17
45177 Lucy J. Cobb	19
45178 Kate Francis	19
45179 K. F. Alabaster	15
45180 I. M. Alabaster	13
45181 Emily A. Fuller	19
45182 Edith Weeks	9
45183 Mary Salmon	13
45184 Ada E. Fisher	18
45185 Bertha E. Fisher	20
45186 A. F. Merrick	20
45187 Charles Fowler	9
45188 C. H. Fowler	13
45189 H. Fowler	11
45190 John Tucker	13
45191 William Dale	11
45192 H. J. Sheppy	10
45193 G. D. Lewis	17
45194 James W. Lewis	9
45195 Mary Hillier	15
45196 Emily Jennings	10
45197 Kate Merrett	14

45198 Jane Tadd	14
45199 Nellie Hancock	11
45200 Ethel Hancock	9
45201 Clarissa A. Ball	18
45202 Stephen Owen	6
45203 Millicent Owen	8
45204 Florence Owen	18
45205 Lily H. Weeks	11
45206 Arthur Broderick	11
45207 Herbt. A. Brewer	13
45208 Emily Ford	13
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45218 Maggie Neale	14
45219 O. Nicole	17
45220 Archie Palmer	13
45221 Evan Powell	12
45222 Henrietta Leah	15
45223 E. E. Hampson	12
45224 Nellie Brucker	13
45225 LOUISA J. STEVENS. Poplar	13
45226 Eliza Bucknell	10
45227 Thersa Turner	9
45228 William Baker	13
45229 Jessie Double	9
45230 Jane E. Palmer	10
45231 Amy Joyce	7
45232 Edith M. Fisher	10

45233 Rosina Young	8
45234 Minnie Walker	9
45235 F. L. Mortlock	8
45236 Ferdind. Geiger	10
45237 Leah Payne	8
45238 Bertha Baker	8
45239 W. Underwood	10
45240 Arthur T. Gray	8
45241 Eleanor Porter	10
45242 Mildred Braine	9
45243 E. Thompson	16
45244 Mary A. Neil	13
45245 George Neil	9
45246 Emily Dickson	18
45247 Emma Neil	15
45248 Thos. Jenkyn	11
45249 C. J. Cockshott	12
45250 Sarah A. Baynes	13
45251 Mercy Knopp	12
45252 Nellie Brooks	11
45253 Lily Winch	11
45254 Edith Springford	19
45255 Elizabeth Green	15
45256 Hugh M. Green	12
45257 Geo. Shepherd	13
45258 M. J. Cockshott	9
45259 Florence Horne	9
45260 Alice L. Barrett	16
45261 Rosina Barrett	18
45262 Edwd. J. Barrett	12
45263 William Day	7
45264 Henry Day	16
45265 Ellen Wright	11
45266 Minnie Colton	14
45267 Edith Lakin	15
45268 T. G. Greghirn	20

45269 John Murton	14
45270 Melindia Murton	16
45271 Annie Stevens	19
45272 W. Thomson	9
45273 Selim Wright	8
45274 Mary A. Wright	6
45275 Annie Barrett	19
<hr/>	
45276 C. F. Winckworth	7
45277 W. Winckworth	10
45278 Alfred C. Warren	8
45279 G. I. Warren	4
45280 A. J. Blagbrough	12
45281 Florence Pearson	14
45282 Lydia M. Japp	16
45283 Samuel H. Hague	14
45284 Minnie Rodgers	14
45285 F. E. P. Haigh	10
45286 Ethel M. Haigh	11
45287 F. E. A. Haigh	12
45288 C. Ainsworth	8
45289 J. E. Ainsworth	7
45290 W. A. Ainsworth	6
45291 IDA G. NEWTON, Weston-super-Mare	11
45292 C. M. Newton	9
45293 H. L. Rossiter	14
45294 Agnes L. Evans	11
45295 Martha M. Mills	17
45296 William Tucker	8
45297 Tilda Tucker	8
45298 William Mitchell	2
45299 Rosa Mitchell	5
45300 Amelia Day	19
45301 Alice Day	14
45302 Albert Hawker	11
45303 Jessie L. Taylor	20

45304 Ethel Kidd	12
45305 Lilian E. Kidd	10
45306 Caroline E. Long	14
45307 Mary A. Gawler	16
45308 K. E. Stockman	16
45309 Rosa Richardson	16
45310 S. A. Hancock	14
45311 Annie S. Misson	16
45312 Minnie Rowley	11
45313 Ada Tollis	13
45314 B. C. Foutt	14
45315 M. Perrem	12
45316 A. Young	13
45317 A. Lee	13
45318 Amy T. Pillis	11
45319 Susan Milsted	14
45320 Lizzie Rich	13
45321 Lillie Webber	15
45322 Margaret Neads	15
45323 Emma Goodall	15
45324 Ada Watts	15
45325 Annie Smaile	13
45326 Lillie Jay	13
45327 Emily Morgan	12
45328 Ada Knight	10
45329 Florence Hoobs	12
45330 Amelia Mintern	15
45331 H. Cridland	15
45332 Ada Maggs	15
45333 Maggie May	16
45334 E. S. Thompson	16
45335 Mabel Herbert	10
45336 Minnie May	12
45337 Julia Furkins	13
45338 Ada Trowbridge	13
45339 Florence Brewer	16

45340 Charlotte Flynn	15
45341 Minnie Rudman	15
45342 Elizbth. Catterell	16
45343 Mary McGown.	12
45344 Lottie Burton	14
45345 Bertha Pratt	14
45346 Selina Broom	14
45347 Alice Clapp	18
45348 A. J. Maybank	17
45349 Muriel L. Moore	10
45350 Lionel L. Moore	9
45351 Percy L. Moore	11
45352 C. Scofield	18
45353 A. Woodwell	10
45354 Frederick Berry	15
45355 FLORCE. PEARSON, Poplar	14
45356 Emily Nichols	10
45357 Ada Nichols	11
45358 Clara Anthony	13
45359 Arthur Pearson	10
45360 H. R. Pearson	20
45361 Amelia Pearson	19
45362 M. Ellingford	16
45363 Fanny E. Jones	14
45364 A. E. C. Kallberg	19
45365 Rose A. Kallberg	15
45366 Edith Slade	19
45367 C. G. Carter	14
45368 L. M. Carter	18
45369 James E. Carter	16
45370 Maud Taylor	7
45371 Betsey Carter	20
45372 Sarah A. Carter	11
45373 Fanny C. Taylor	17
45374 Louisa Taylor	14
45375 Ada P. Taylor	10

45376 Beatrice Taylor	8
45377 Jessie Taylor	12
45378 Edgar Taylor	20
45379 Emma William	15
45380 Rosa J. Seward	7
45381 Hugh Seward	16
45382 Ernest E. Seward	9
45383 Kate Buckland	15
45384 Arthr. E. Seward	11
45385 James Pearson	10
45386 Ernest Daghish	10
45387 Florence Weller	12
45388 Eliza Bayes	20
45389 Annie Hind	13
45390 Ellen Spence	16
45391 Edith Greene	17
45392 Chrissie Abdo	16
45393 Isabella Cowie	18
45394 Rosina Johnson	10
45395 Amelia Johnson	14
45396 Annie Miller	13
45397 Arthur Semmons	8
45398 Alice M. Semmons	13
45399 Elzbth. A. Pryke	15
45400 F. E. Semmons	9
45401 A. M. Semmons	12
45402 C. E. Ayscough	14
45403 Edith Webb	13
45404 Clara Petts	19
45405 Maria Maggs	17
45406 Wm. H. Bagnall	16
45407 H. M. Bagnall	13
45408 Elsie Gibbons	13
45409 F. W. Marsh	13
45410 Alice G. Murray	14
45411 F. M. Franklyn	13

45412 E. F. Clymer	13
45413 Annie M. Clymer	14
45414 A. E. Franklyn	15
45415 E. N. Franklyn	3
45416 I. M. Franklyn	8
45417 R. L. Thompson	9
45418 M. B. Rogers	19
45419 S. S. Stonehouse	12
45420 Edwd. Domaille	9
45421 C. T. T. Domaille	12
45422 M. C. C. Domaille	10
45423 Herbert Shelton	11
45424 Fred Gray	11
45425 Charles Windsor	12
45426 John Windsor	6
45427 Fanny Windsor	9
45428 Sissie Stanley	14
45429 Janet Windsor	8
45430 H. G. Atchley	11
45431 Jessie Archibald	9
45432 Richd. Archibald	13
45433 Wm. Archibald	16
45434 William Angove	17
45435 Viva Halstead, Rawtenstall	14
45436 W. G. Overstall	18
45437 E. A. Overstall	16
45438 S. A. Overstall	14
45439 Fred. C. Overstall	13
45440 M. A. Overstall	11
45441 E. J. Overstall	9
45442 F. P. Overstall	7
45443 Ernest Cunliffe	9
45444 E. A. Cunliffe	14
45445 Geo. H. Cunliffe	16
45446 Mary J. Cunliffe	18
45447 A. Killingbeck	16

45448 A. M. Killingbeck	12
45449 H. Killingbeck	10
45450 F. E. Killingbeck	7
45451 Linda Cunliffe	12
45452 Bessie Cunliffe	14
45453 Lizzie Cunliffe	16
45454 Mary L. Hoyle	7
45455 Edith A. Hoyle	11
45456 James E. Hoyle	16
45457 Elzbth. A. Gould	10
45458 Mary Gould	11
45459 Joseph H. Gould	13
45460 Lizzie Cordingley	7
45461 M. A. Cordingley	9
45462 J. J. Cordingley	12
45463 Sarah E. Collins	14
45464 Beatrice Dunkin	14
45465 Pollie Birtwistle	14
45466 Jane A. Spencer	16
45467 Julia Taylor	15
45468 S. E. Ashworth	15
45469 Justina Roberts	18
45470 Lucy Snead	19
45471 A. Grundy	16
45472 Thos. W. Grundy	18
45473 Harriet Grundy	19
45474 Frank Brown	9
45475 Bertram Brown	12
45476 Florence Brown	14
45477 M. L. Ashworth	12
45478 T. A. Ashworth	16
45479 Richd. Ashworth	14
45480 Francis J. Barker	10
45481 Walter Barker	14
45482 Annie Barker	15
45483 M. Pennington	17

45484 Annie Pennington	19
45485 Alice Lord	11
45486 Bessie Lord	13
45487 Thomas E. Lord	9
45488 Alice Lord	16
45489 Jennie Cunliffe	17
45490 B. Cunliffe	19
45491 Polly Melligan	8
45492 Clara Melligan	10
45493 Polly Broughton	15
45494 Geo. Broughton	19
45495 Edith Clarke	10
45496 Eliza Clark	16
45497 Annie Shaw	8
45498 Harry Bridge	10
45499 Sarah J. Coupe	11
45500 I. M. Clements	12
45501 Harriett Ingham	12
45502 Nellie Benson	13
45503 Sarah E. Parker	13
45504 Bradley Starkie	13
45505 I. H. HUME, Jedburgh	18
45506 Isabella Smith	6
45507 Edith Cumming	15
45508 Maggie Easton	7
45509 Ronald Easton	5
45510 Eliza Easton	5
45511 Frances C. Hume	8
45512 Agnes Smith	9
45513 Lizzie Wight	8
45514 Mary Hush	10
45515 Bella Turnbull	9
45516 Netta Turnbull	7
45517 M. A. Young	13
45518 Bella Easton	8
45519 James Rorkland	7

45520 Janie J. Simpson	14
45521 Ella McDougall	12
45522 Ina Euston	10
45523 Janie Hume	12
45524 Afra Caudee e	7
45525 Maggie Burn	16
45526 Nellie Whillans	13
45527 G. Davidson	13
45528 Mary Polson	15
45529 Jane Cairns	18
45530 A. J. E. Hume	12
45531 Geo. A. Taylor	13
45532 Frederick Potter	11
45533 J. A. B. Porter	17
45534 Isabella Scott	14
45535 Jane Hannah	10
45536 Elizabeth Atkin	11
45537 Nettie Oliver	9
45538 H. S. Dickman	8
45539 J. S. Dickman	6
45540 Jane Atkins	10
45541 James Robertson	17
45542 Agnes Miller	8
45543 Isabella H. Miller	15
45544 Janet C. Miller	13
45545 Mary Davidson	15
45546 I. H. Davidson	11
45547 Johanna M. Clay	14
45548 A. B. Jamieson	10
45549 Jane Murray	12
45550 Janet Halliburton	12
45551 C. W. Dickman	11
45552 May Bruce	18
45553 Bessie Oliver	7
45554 Arthur Wright	6

45355 Agnes Porter	7
45556 Caroline Lucas	12
45557 Alpha Hansen	11
45558 Clarissa Cooper	17
45559 Marian Howard	11
45560 Ethel Oliver	10
45561 Hilda Howard	10
45562 Jessie Kidd	8
45563 Edith Howard	13
45564 Marie Arthur	16
45565 Jenie Cooper	14
45566 Mabe Sloggett	12
45567 Hilda Taylor	10
45568 Julia S. Ramsden	12
45569 Mary Schomberg	12
45570 Norman Pringle	12
45571 <u>Helen Hurley</u>	12
45572 EDITH HILLINGWORTH, Alfreton	16
45573 Martha Allcock	16
45574 Agnes Unwin	21
45575 Clara Winchester	12
45576 M. Tomkinson	17
45577 Bertie Vine	12
45578 Lilian Vine	19
45579 A. Tomkinson	18
45580 Gertrude Dean	12
45581 Pattie Knowles	11
45582 Fanny Evans	9
45583 Ada M. Wright	9
45584 F. E. Drabble	16
45585 Charlotte Wright	14
45586 Sarah J. Wright	11
45587 Lilly Holland	9
45588 Laura Mason	19
45589 Ada Goodwin	11
45590 Lizzie Evans	11

45591 Florence Slack	9
45592 Mary J. Askew	9
45593 Ada M. Deeley	15
45594 Annie Holland	15
45595 Lizzie Holmes	12
45596 Elizabeth Barker	18
45597 L. J. Robertson	6
45598 J. M. Robertson	10
45599 Alexander Miller	10
45600 Mary Miller	11
45601 Helen Miller	9
45602 Elzbth. Shardlow	10
45603 H. E. Cunliffe	8
45604 Mary Johnston	11
45605 Hugh Smith	13
45606 May Smith	7
45607 Maggie Smith	9
45608 Agnes Smith	19
45609 A. Lancaster	13
45610 Annie Brierley	13
45611 Annie Woolley	14
45612 H. Shardlow	12
45613 Clara Clarkson	14
45614 Jellie Garlick	14
45615 W. A. Shardlow	7
45616 J. H. Shardlow	8
45617 Edward Shardlow	10
45618 A. Hollingsworth	12
45619 Wm. H. Hunsley	15
45620 Arthur Shardlow	5
45621 M. E. Shardlow	8
45622 Mary Bacon	16
45623 E. Stevenson	20
45624 William Allcock	14
45625 Annie Allcock	18
45626 Willie. E. Smith	6

45627 John A. J. Smith	10
45628 Harry G. Smith	8
45629 Emily A. Smith	12
45630 Ralph R. Allen	12
45631 Charles Smith	11
45632 Marian E. Phipps	10
45633 F. M. D. Lindsey	14
45634 A. R. Roberts	11
45635 Howard Evans	13
45636 R. F. Woodward	13
45637 A. M. Aldington	13
45638 Edith Neale	10
45639 R. C. Trousdale	7
45640 C. W. Trousdale	8
45641 E. M. Trousdale	10
45642 Angela Mallmann	12
45643 Eleanor F. Fox	9
45644 Elizabeth M. Fox	10
45645 H. M. Grieve	15
45646 E. J. Simpson	15
45647 C. B. Shaw	11
45648 John F. Badeley	9
45649 Leslie Neale	9
45650 Lilly Pritchard	9
45651 Lizzie M. Rudge	20
45652 Mary Waite	11
45653 Emily Stokes	7
45654 Sarah Smith	13
45655 Gertie Rudge	9
45656 Lilly Washband	9
45657 Hetty West	8
45658 Emily Waite	12
45659 Mary A. Davis	10
45660 Alice Stokes	10
45661 Martha Jakeman	10
45662 Caroline Jakeman	16

45663 Eliza Freeman	10
45664 Lizzie Pritchard	13
45665 Arthur Stokes	12
45666 ARCHIBALD S. HOCKING, Junction Rd., Lond.	14
45667 Ada Brooking	18
45668 George A. Haines	17
45669 Blanch Smith	11
45670 Lily Smith	8
45671 Fredk. Smith	14
45672 Alfred Lamb	14
45673 Chas. F. Chappell	16
45674 A. J. Chapman	15
45675 Frank Evans	9
45676 Ellen Nash	18
45677 Florence Smith	11
45678 Thomas Digby	12
45679 Arthur Beadles	14
45680 Charles Nichols	14
45681 James Teasdale	15
45682 Alice Digby	13
45683 Edward Withers	16
45684 Walter Amor	15
45685 A. Woodliffe	11
45686 William Druigne	14
45687 William <u>Baugham</u>	15
45688 J. H. G. Baugham	13
45689 Edith Hocking	13
45690 Neville Clifton	15
45691 Henry Colebrook	11
45692 Henry Courtier	10
45693 Godfry McCulloch	9
45694 John Rowley	17
45695 S. T. Colebrook	13
45696 George Pettit	12
45697 T. A. B. Carver	14
45698 Emma Langton	13

45699 William Lown	14
45700 Rose Smith	20
45701 Lily Smith	18
45702 Flrnce. Newman	15
45703 Lucy Ruddle	14
45704 T. W. Woodliffe	15
45705 Robert Thomas	14
45706 Alfred W. Ward	14
45707 Ernest Furley	14
45708 H. Monnickendam	15
45709 C. W. Fowler	14
45710 Wm. Colebrooks	9
45711 A. W. Dadson	14
45712 G. H. Bassett	15
45713 Fredk. Nichols	11
45714 Lewis B. Brown	14
45715 Harold Deakin	16
45716 John Fidler	14
45717 Cecil R. Littlejohn	14
45718 A. E. Speaight	13
45719 H. E. Hopkins	13
45720 Clara Curling	10
45721 Jennie Hewitt	13
45722 Annie Crossman, Limehouse, London	12
45723 Annie Mills	14
45724 Florence Harvey	11
45725 F. M. Cullum	11
45726 Emma Rae	11
45727 Eliza Elston	10
45728 Christina Hayes	12
45729 Martha Markham	9
45730 Ada Wickett	9
45731 Florence Knight	9
45732 Florence Hart	14
45733 Florence Cable	9
45734 Nell Hepworth	11

45735 Alice Baker	11
45736 Ellen Felgate	13
45737 Kate Cable	13
45738 Daisy Hooker	7
45739 John Bowller	7
45740 <u>Samuel Bowller</u>	11
45741 Sarah Terry	12
45742 Elizabeth Smith	13
45743 Mary Rogers	10
45744 Elizbth. E. Gibbs	11
45745 Minnie Miller	14
45746 Lilian Skelton	11
45747 Maud Clegg	7
45748 Maud Bristow	9
45749 Martha Goodman	18
45750 Mary Gapp	7
45751 Louisa Pomeroll	8
45752 Fredk Fowler	17
45753 Emily Gapp	13
45754 Janet Dunk	14
45755 John Dixon	10
45756 Minnie Pomeroll	12
45757 Ernest Cutting	12
45758 Gertrude Cutting	8
45759 Ada Cutting	7
45760 Geo. C. Hudson	9
45761 Wm. C. Hudson	11
45762 Henrietta Davis	9
45763 Laura J. Davis	8
45764 W. H. Davis	3
45765 Ellen L. Davis	6
45766 Minnie Witten	10
45767 Ellen Fowler	17
45768 Leopold Bland	13
45769 Caroline Hart	11
45770 Wm. T. Bright	17

45771 C. E. Ayscough	15
45772 Maud Hicks	8
45773 Myra Whittle	15

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

TRUE STORIES ABOUT PETS, ANECDOTES, &c.

AN AFFECTIONATE PARROT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,— The little anecdote I am going to tell you is about a parrot my aunt once had—named, of course, Polly. She had been taught many funny and amusing speeches, among which she used to say to a canary that hung in the same room, "Pretty Poll, shabby canary;" and when the canary sang she would cry out, "Oh, what a noise! what a noise!" My aunt having been very ill, had not seen Polly for a long time, not being able to bear her noisy talking; but one day feeling better, she asked to see her. She was brought to her room, but seemed very quiet. My aunt, who could not understand why she was so unusually quiet, called to her, "Polly, come and kiss me!" The poor bird flew to her mistress, laid her beak on her lips, and died, it is supposed, of her great joy at again seeing her mistress, after grieving so long at her absence.

EMILY F. WOOLF.
(AGED 15.)

138, Edgware Road, London, W.

TWO FUNNY CATS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,— The following little stories are quite true. A friend of mine told me of a cat of hers which was in the room with its master (my friend's father), who was asleep sitting on an arm-chair. The cat wanted to go out of the room, but could not, as the door was shut. So she went and patted her master on the ear, then walked away to the door and scratched at it until it was opened for her. She is a very clever cat, and can learn anything you teach her in a few minutes. I also know of another cat who

never laps her milk, but always puts her paw in the saucer and then licks the milk off of it again.

A. E. GREEN
(AGED 12.)

Hainault Lodge, near Chigwell.

AN INGENIOUS RAT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,— A London carpenter whom I know for a long time constantly found the oil-bottle attached to his lathe emptied of its contents. Various plans were devised to find out the thief, but they all failed. At last the man determined to watch. Through a hole in the door he peeped for some time. By-and-by he heard a gentle noise; something was creeping up the framework of the lathe. It was a fine rat. Planting itself on the edge of the lathe, the ingenious creature popped its tail inside of the bottle, then drew it out and licked off the oil. This it continued to do until nearly every drop of oil was taken from the bottle.

EDWIN RIPPIN.
(AGED 14.)

Osbournby, Lincolnshire.

A CANARY PLAYING HIDE-AND-SEEK.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,— One day a few months ago we had let one of our canaries out of his cage, and forgetting that he was out we left open the door of the room where he was. When we remembered the bird we were much afraid lest he should have flown out of the room. We hunted high and low, calling his name, "Carmen," to which he often answers with a chirp. At last I happened to push aside a little low stool, and there, crouching down so as not to be found (as he dislikes being put into his cage) was Carmen. He has tried since then to hide; but we know his tricks, so he is unsuccessful.

CONSTANCE BARKWORTH
(AGED 13¼.)

3, Ilchester Gardens, Bayswater.

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

The "Little Folks" Annual for 1885.

The Editor desires to inform his Readers that the "LITTLE FOLKS" ANNUAL for 1885 will be published, as usual, on the 25TH OF OCTOBER. Further particulars will be shortly announced.

OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN CORNER.

ANSWER TO "PICTURE STORY WANTING WORDS" (p. 64).

FIRST PRIZE STORY.

' I AM afraid one of them must go, Helen."

"Oh, Maurice, really? Father gave them to us," and Helen Claire raised her soft, tearful, brown eyes to her brother's face.

"Yes, dear, 'tis hard to part with either Diamond or Ruby, but then it is for Dora's sake."

"I can't give up Ruby, Maurice!" faltered Helen, with quivering lips.

Maurice made no reply, but glanced across to the chair where two frisky little spaniels sat watching them with bright eyes. Ruby, hearing his name, stood up, looking ready for any amount of mischief.

"Mine shall go, Helen, after all," he added, quickly. "I think Ruby, perhaps, is more engaging, and fonder of us than Diamond."

But you will want to know the cause of this giving-up of so beloved a little playfellow.

Maurice and Helen Claire lived in a small, shabby house, with their mother and little sister Dora. Poor children! For nearly a year now they had been, as far as they knew, fatherless. Captain Claire had never returned from his last voyage. His ship had been reported as missing; and the once happy home of the Claires had been left for a small house in a busy town. Maurice and Helen, healthy, hopeful children, bore up well enough under their reduced circumstances. But fragile little Dora had begun slowly to droop. The doctor ordered change of air to some seaside place. So it was that Maurice had announced that they must sell one of the dogs—their father's parting gift.

Maurice having decided between Diamond and Ruby, took up his cap, and went out, leaving Helen alone. Hardly had he gone, when a little girl, with long fair curls, and dreamy blue eyes, stole softly in. She sat down on the sofa with a weary sigh.

"Dora," began Helen, "you will go to the seaside yet."

"Oh! shall I?" cried Dora, clasping her thin white hands.

"Yes, Maurice is going to sell Diamond."

"Oh!"

The pretty flush which the pleasant news had brought to her face died away.

"Oh, no, Helen! I couldn't let Maurice sell Diamond only for me; that would be too selfish!"

"Dora, you *must* go! and—Maurice doesn't mind so much."

Dora smiled wistfully. "You don't know how fond he is of Diamond," she said.

This conversation was suddenly interrupted by a thundering knock at the front door; and, a few minutes later, a gentleman was ushered into the room.

"Father!" screamed Dora, springing forward.

And in another moment both children were locked in his arms.

What a happy evening that was! Captain Claire soon explained how the ship had been wrecked, and he, after being picked up, was ill for a long time. Then, since his recovery, he had been seeking his wife and children, for the old home was deserted. Soon, however, a happy party returned there again. Dora grew bright and strong, while Diamond and Ruby were greater pets than ever.

CATHERINE A. MORIN.
(Aged 15³/₄.)

6, Clarendon Square, Leamington.

Certified by ALICE MORIN (Mother).

LIST OF HONOUR.

First Prize (One-Guinea Book), with Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour;—CATHERINE A. MORIN (15¾), 6, Clarendon Square, Leamington. *Second Prize (Seven-Shilling-and-Sixpenny Book), with Officer's Medal:*—EMILY GITTINS (13½), 14, Philip Road, Peckham Rye, S.E. *Honourable Mention, with Member's Medal:*—ETHEL M. ANGUS (14½), North Ashfield, Newcastle-on-Tyne; MILDRED CROMPTON-ROBERTS (13), 16, Belgrave Square, London, S.W.; LOUIE DEBENHAM (15), Presteigne, Radnorshire; CLIFFORD CRAWFORD (11¾), 21, Windsor Street, Edinburgh; LOUIE W. SMITH (15), 11, Woodside Terrace, Glasgow; JULIA ELDRED (14), Truro Vein Cottage, Truro; EDITH B. JOWETT (15¾), Thackley Road, Idle, near Bradford; MADELINE DE L'ECUYER (12), Château du Rohello par Baden, Morbihan, France; EMILY W. WALL (15), The Hill House, Warwick; BLANCHE K. A. COVENTRY (14¾), Severn Stoke Rectory, Worcester; C. MAUDE BATTERSBY (15), Cromlyn, Rathowen, West Meath.

ANSWERS TO OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PUZZLES (*page 125*).

MESOSTICH.—BRAZIL.

1. Nu **B** ia.
2. Ame **R** ica.
3. Sp **A** in.
4. Spe **Z** ia.
5. Jer **I** cho.
6. Ire **L** and.

SINGLE ACROSTIC—CLAUDIUS.

1. **C** abinet.
2. **L** abouerer.
3. **A** rc.
4. **U** nicorn.
5. **D** eer.
6. **I** ron.
7. **U** rsula.
8. **S** apphire.

TOWNS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. New-port. 2. Sunder-land. 3. Scar-borough. 4. War-wick. 5. Vent-nor. 6. Maiden-head. 7. Ox-ford.
8. Work-sop. 9. Clap-ham.

HIDDEN PROVERBS.

1. "Fine feathers make fine birds."
2. "Many a true word is spoken in jest."
3. "Prevention is better than cure."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC AND ARITHMOREM.

BEECH—MAPLE.

1. **B** loo **M**. 2. **E** nyclopædi **A**. 3. **E** ggfli **P**. 4. **C** ur **L**.
5. **H** uman **E**.

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

PERSIA—DARIUS.

1. **P** EIPU **S**. 2. **E** RLA **U**. 3. **R** ACCONIG **I**. 4. **S** UPERIO **R**.
5. **I** VIC **A**. 6. **A** BIYA **D**.

RIDDLE-ME-REE.—"Elephanta."

QUOTATION DROP-WORD PUZZLE.

"The children then began to sigh,
 And all their merry chat was o'er,
 And yet they felt, they knew not why,

More glad than they had felt before."—
Aiken.

MISSING-LETTER PUZZLE.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

"Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble
England's praise,
I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in
ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore
in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts
of Spain."


PICTORIAL NATURAL HISTORY PUZZLE.

COMMON WOMBAT OF AUSTRALIA.

1. MONSOON. 2. COMBAT. 3. RAIL. 4. WON. 5. FAULT. 6. AIM.

OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PUZZLES.

MISSING LETTER PUZZLE.

HEN the missing letters have been supplied, the whole will form a well-known verse from one of Hood's poems.

W × t × f × n × c × s × e × r × a × d × o × n × i × h × y × l × d × h × a
× y × n × r × d,
× w × m × n × a × i × u × w × m × n × y × a × s × l × i × g × e × n × e × l × a
× d × h × e × d:
× t × t × h × t × t × h × t × t × h × n × o × e × t × h × n × e × a × d × i × t;
× n × s × i × l × i × h × v × i × e × f × o × o × o × s × i × c × s × e × a × g × h
× s × n × o × t × e × h × r ×.

LILLIE MAXWELL.
(AGED 15.)

*Glen Albert, Roscrea,
Co. Tipperary, Ireland.*

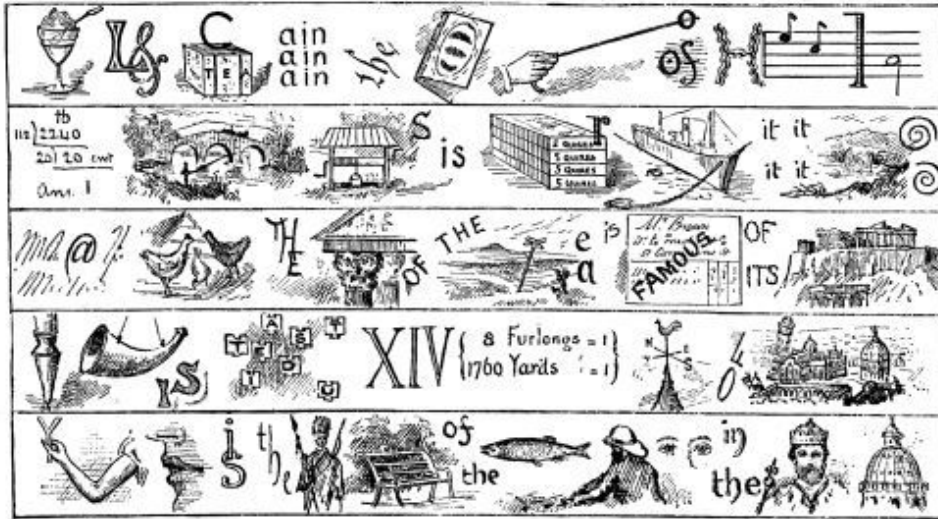
SINGLE GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

Y initials read downwards represent an island in the East Indies.

1. A town in Derbyshire.
2. A lake in Ireland.
3. A river in Ireland.
4. An island in the Mediterranean Sea.
5. Scene of a battle-field in Germany.
6. A river of Asia Minor.
7. A town in Shropshire.

EMILY LEGGE.
(AGED 14.)

Burleigh House,
Cliftonville, Margate.



GEOGRAPHICAL PICTORIAL ACROSTIC.

The initials and finals of the lines formed by the above objects give the names of two countries.

DOUBLE MESOSTICH.




Y central letters read downwards will form the names of two characters from Shakespeare.

1. A desire.
2. A musical wind instrument.
3. A flock.
4. A kind of checkered cloth.
5. An old game.
6. Termination.

NORA BESLEY.
(AGED 15.)

Rose Mount, Sydenham Rise.


RIDDLE-ME-REE.

Y first is in light, but not in dark;
My second is in field, but not in park.
My third is in gate, but not in door;
My fourth is in ceiling, but not in floor;
My fifth is in three, but not in two;
My whole is a beast well known to you.

W. PIGOTT.
(AGED 13¾.)

Eagle House, Barton-on-Humber


HIDDEN PROVERBS.

eehhiiiiklnoorrssttw.
2. aaaeeeeehhillrrrssttwwwy.
3. abcehhiklmnooooooprsttty.

RACHEL T. BYNG.
(AGED 14½.)

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

BEHEADED WORDS.

AM part of a cart.
Behead me, I am part of the foot.
Behead me again and I am a fish.

2. I am something to write upon.
Behead me and I am not in time.
Behead me again and I am part of the verb *to eat*.

3. I am not fresh.
Behead me and I am a story.
Behead me again and I am a drink.

MARY H. STEWART.
(AGED 13.)

Seafield, Blakeney Rd., Beckenham.

PRIZE PUZZLE COMPETITION.

SPECIAL HOME AND FOREIGN COMPETITION.

As announced in the two previous numbers, the Editor proposes to give those of his Readers residing abroad an opportunity of competing for Prizes on favourable terms with Subscribers in Great Britain. In order to do this an extension of time for sending in Solutions to the Puzzles will be necessary; and, as may be seen from the notice below, about Two Months will be allowed for sending in Solutions to the Puzzles contained in this Number. Thus Children dwelling on the Continent, in the United States and Canada, and elsewhere abroad, will be enabled to take part in these popular Competitions.

It may be mentioned that Children residing in Great Britain will all be eligible to compete for Prizes as usual.

PRIZES.

Twenty prizes will be awarded for the best Solutions to the Puzzles given *in this Number*; Ten to Competitors in the Senior (for girls and boys between the ages of 14 and 16 *inclusive*), and Ten to Competitors in the Junior Division (for those *under* 14 years of age).

The following will be the value of the Prizes, in books, given in *each* Division:—

1. A First Prize of One Guinea.
2. A Second Prize of Half a Guinea.
3. A Third Prize of Seven Shillings and Sixpence.
4. Two Prizes of Five Shillings.
5. Five Prizes of Half a Crown.

There will also be awards of Bronze Medals of the LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour to the three next highest of the Competitors following the Prize-winners in *each* Division.

N.B. The Solutions, together with the names and addresses of the Prize and Medal winners, will be published in the January Number of LITTLE FOLKS.

REGULATIONS.

Solutions to the Puzzles published in this number must reach the Editor not later than October 25th (November 1st for Competitors residing abroad), addressed as under:—

*The Editor of "Little Folks,"
La Belle Sauvage Yard,
Ludgate Hill,
London, E.C.
Answers to Puzzles.
Junior [or Senior] Division.*

Solutions to Puzzles must be accompanied by certificates from a Parent, Teacher, or other responsible person, stating that they are *the sole and unaided work* of the competitor. No assistance must be given by any other person.

Competitors can be credited only under their own name.

The decision of the Editor of LITTLE FOLKS on all matters must be considered final.

I.—GEOGRAPHICAL ALPHABETICAL PUZZLES.

In guessing the following Puzzles the letters given, when arranged in their correct order, will give the names of the places indicated. Thus, if the word were Scotland, it would be arranged thus—ACDLNOST—(A country).

SENIOR DIVISION.

Proem.—ACEFNR (a country).

Lights.—1. AEEFLLRW (cape). 2. CEEHORST (town). 3. ACIINOSTT (island). 4. AEHN (river). 5. ACEHILNOP (island). 6. AADEEMNRRSTU (province).

JUNIOR DIVISION.

Proem.—AAACDN (a Crown colony)

Lights.—1. ABCES (gulf). 2. AABDDEGIMRS (sandbanks). 3. AEEHNNVW (town). 4. ACEGHLNR (port). 5. ADGILNR (river). 6. AEEEIMNRRST (town).

SYNONYM MESOSTICH.

In place of the words given below put others having the same meaning. If correctly given the centre letters of the lights will give the proem.

SENIOR DIVISION.

Proem.—A division of Cryptogamous plants.

Lights.—1. An old kind of weapon. 2. A kind of rich, sweet cake. 3. Petulantly. 4. Ancient or obsolete. 5. A cloth worker's forked instrument. 6. Vacuity.

JUNIOR DIVISION.

Proem.—A division, dignity, or distinction.

Lights.—1. Strange or whimsical. 2. Inapplicability. 3. Having differed or dissented. 4. An egg-shaped chemical vessel. 5. A recital of circumstances. 6. Having flat petals.

SUMMER COMPETITION (PUZZLE NO. 1).

SENIOR DIVISION.

1. Centaury. 2. Polyanthus. 3. Mimulus. 4. Eschscholtzia. 5. Antirrhinum. 6. Valerian. 7. Achimenes. 8. Clematis. 9. Ageratum. 10. Berberis.

CLASS I.—Consisting of those who have gained ten marks:—M. C. Brodrick, M. Breffit, R. Brooke, A. Bradbury, H. Bagnall, N. Besley, J. Cooper, L. E. Curme, M. Cooper, F. G. Callcott, C. Debenham, M. Edwardes, H. G. Fraser, W. Farndale, F. Forrest, A. Golledge, D. von. Hacht, L. Haydon, M. Heddle, G. Curling-Hope, J. Jackson, M. Jakeman, A. M. Jackson, A. Lynch, M. Lloyd, L. Leach, B. Law, C. Morin, E. Maynard, F. MacCarthy, M. More, E. Marsden, M. Mercer, E. McCaul, E. Morgan, G. Martin, M. C. Nix, K. Nix, C. J. Nix, N. Pybus, E. Roughton, H. R. Stanton, A. Sifton, L. Wood-Smith, H. R. Dudley-Smith, M. Browning-Smith, A. Sifton, A. Slessor, Una Tracy, C. Trüdingen, B. Tomlinson, A. C. Wilson, M. Wilson.

CLASS II.—Consisting of those who have gained nine marks or less:—A. Adams, G. Burne, M. Bradbury, M. Buckley, E. A. Browne, H. Blunt, A. Bartholomew, J. Burnet, J. Bumsted, H. Coombes, W. Coode, A. Carrington, H. Cholmondeley, B. Coventry, H. Cornford, H. Collins, G. Dundas, H. Dyson, B. Dunning, R. Eustace, L. Fraser, M. Fulcher, E. D. Griffith, A. Good, J. Chappell-Hodge, E. Hanlon, G. Horner, M. Jones-Henry, E. Hinds, M. Hartfield, E. Hobson, B. Hudson, E. Hayes, E. Chappell-Hodge, F. Ivens, W. Ireland, W. Johnson, J. Jowett, E. Jowett, V. Jeans, G. Leicester, H. Leah, J. Little, E. Lithgow, H. Leake, C. Mather, E. May, K. Mills, M. Meagle, A. Pellier, M. Pretty, E. Parks, K. Pickard, G. Pettman, K. Robinson, L. Rees, N. Ross, A. Rawes, R. Row, E. Rita, G. Russell, A. Reading, E. Rudd, M. Spencer, J. Side, M. Addison-Scott, G. Sayer, M. Stuttle, M. Trollope, M. Welsh, E. Wilkinson, E. Wedgwood, W. C. Wilson, B. Walton, B. Wright, L. Webb, H. O. Watson, K. Williams, H. Wilmot, M. Wood, one without name, E. L. Prenner, A. Treacy, C. M. St. Jean.

JUNIOR DIVISION.

1. Celandine. 2. Jasmine. 3. Agrimony. 4. Dianthus. 5. Campanula. 6. Dielytra. 7. Begonia. 8. Coreopsis. 9. Anemone. 10. Pimpernel. 11. Succory.

CLASS I.—Consisting of those who have gained eleven marks:—L. Besley, C. Burne, A. Browne, F. Burne, M. Balfour, M. Bagnall, M. Buckler, L. Bennett, G. Blenkin, G. Barnes, F. Clayton, S. Cuthill, M. Curme, A. Coombs, Lily Clayton, H. Curme, C. Crawford, M. Callcott, W. Coventry, G. Debenham, K. Edwards, G. Fulcher, F. Foulger, A. Farmer, L. Forrest, H. Fox, L. Gill, M. Humphreys, Elma Hoare, M. A. Howard, E. Jowett, L. Leach, E. Leake, K. Lynch, H. More, G. O'Morris, A. Marindin, N. Maxwell, M. Morin, E. Metcalf, D. Maskell, E. Neame, G. Neame, L. Rudd, H. Russell, M. Wood-Smith, G. Stallybrass, V. N. Sharpe, M. Somerville, M. McCalman Turpie, E. Thompson, E. Wilmot, L. Weekman, G. Williams, M. Wilson, E. Yeo, M. E. John, G. T. A. Hodgson.

CLASS II.—Consisting of those who have gained ten marks or less:—R. Ainsworth, M. Beattie, E. Brake, E. Barnes, G. Buckle, D. Blunt, F. Callum, E. Carrington, E. Coombes, V. Coombes, M. Cooper, P. Davidson, E. Elston, E. Evans, L. Franklin, M. Frisby, A. Gilbert, F. Gibbons, M. Golledge, L. Hudson, W. Hobson, A. Harding, K. Hawkins, G. Chappell-Hodge, A. Ireland, G. Jackson, M. Jenkins, B. Jones, A. King, E. Lucy, W. Lewenz, L. Lockhart, J. Lancum, F. Löwy, C. Little, A. Leah, M. Lang, H. Mugliston, M. McLaren, F. Medlycott, E. Nicholson, F. Newman, C. Prideaux, J. Pillett, G. Price, B. Peachey, E. Raven, A. Rudd, E. Spencer, E. Stanton, H. M. Smith, M. Delisle-Trentham, L. Walpole, M. Wiper, N. Wright, C. Wise, D. Wright, G. Williams, B. Webb.

AWARD OF PRIZES (TENTH QUARTER).

SENIOR DIVISION.

The *First Prize* of a Guinea Volume is awarded to FREDERICK G. CALCOTT (15), Hazeldon, 27, Shepherd's Bush Road, W.

The *Second, Third, and Fourth Prizes* are divided between J. L. LEWENZ (16), Pelham Crescent, The Park, Nottingham, and MABEL and JANET COOPER (twin sisters), (15¾), Birdhyrst, Auckland Road, Upper Norwood, S.E., who are awarded Books to the value of 7s. 6d. each.

Bronze Medals of the LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour are awarded to:—MABEL BRADBURY (16½), Oak Lodge, Nightingale Lane, S.W.; MATILDA HEDDLE (15), St. Leonard's, St. Andrews, N.B.; EMMA P. PRATE (15), The Square, Warwick; M. A. ADDISON-SCOTT (16), Abbey Park Villas, St. Andrews, N.B.; EMMA MAYNARD (16½), 16, Wood Lane, Shepherd's Bush, W.

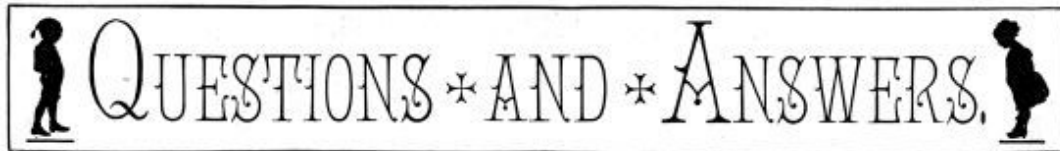
JUNIOR DIVISION.

The *First and Second Prizes* are awarded between FREDK. S. HOWARD (7½), and MARY A. HOWARD (11), 15, Clarence Square, Gosport, who are awarded books to the value of 15s. 6d. each.

The *Third and Fourth Prizes* are awarded between FREDERICK COOPER (13) and MABEL COOPER (11), Warwick House, Ticehurst, Sussex; NELLIE M. MAXWELL (13), Jenner Road, Guildford; MURIEL M. WOOD-SMITH (12), 11, Woodside Terrace, Glasgow: each of whom receives a Book value 3s. DOROTHY BLUNT and M. MCCALLMAN TURPIE gained the same number of marks as the above, but having taken a Prize last Quarter are prevented by the rules from receiving one this time.

Bronze Medals of the LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour are awarded to FRANCES JEAN CLAYTON, 2, Anchor Gate Terrace, Portsea; AGNES F. COOMBES (13), Beaminster, Dorsetshire SHARLEY FULLFORD

(11½), High Street, Fareham, Hampshire; LUCIE FORREST (13), Northolme, Gainsborough; ARTHUR J. KING (13¼), 75, Beresford Street, Cawberwell, S.E.



QUESTIONS * AND * ANSWERS.

[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.

HELEN.—[I am always pleased to see any Picture Puzzles sent by my readers, and am willing to insert them if they are suitable. They should, however, differ as far as possible from any already published in LITTLE FOLKS.—ED.]

A. H., TWO COMPETITORS.—[All the 1884 Special Prize Competitions close on the 30th of September. Others will be announced in due course. All the articles of every kind sent in competition will be distributed among the little inmates of Children's Hospitals.—ED.]

LITERATURE.

PUSSY CAT asks where the line

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast"

is to be found? and who was the author?

DAPHNE writes in answer to FLURUMPUS FLUMP to say that

"A boy's will is the wind's will"

occurs in one of Longfellow's earlier poems, entitled "My Lost Youth." The first verse is as follows:—

"Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still;
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long long thoughts.'"

Answers also received from SEA NYMPH, NELL GWYNNE, TATTIE CORAM, ICEBERG, AN IRISH GIRL, W. R., THE DUKE OF OMNIUM, STELLA, SUNDAY NOSE, E. M. T., and TAFFY.

LITTLE BO-PEEP asks if any one can tell her the author of the following lines, and in what poem they occur:—

"There is a reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen.
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between."

WORK.

GEORGINA DEXTER asks how to make a pair of bedroom slippers.

FLORENCE WATERS would be glad if any one could tell her how to clean crewel-work.

COOKERY.

VIOLET writes in answer to A MAID OF ATHENS that a very good recipe for oat-cakes is as follows:—Put two or three handfuls of coarse Scottish oatmeal into a basin with a pinch of carbonate of soda, mix well together, add one dessert-spoonful of hot dripping, mixing quickly with the hand; pour in as much cold water as will allow it to be lifted out of the basin in a very soft lump. Put this with a handful of meal upon a pastry-board, scattering meal upon it. Roll it out quickly with a rolling-pin; when as thick as a half-crown brush off all meal with some feathers or a pastry brush. Put another board upon the cake, reverse it, and brush it the other side. Slip it upon a hot girdle,

cut it with a knife across and across so as to form triangular pieces. When they begin to curl up at the edges turn them on the girdle, keep them there till dry enough to lift, then remove them to a toaster in front of the fire, where they should become a light brown. Be careful to keep the girdle brushed free of loose oatmeal, scraping it occasionally with a knife. The more rapidly the cakes are made the better.

GENERAL.

HERBERT MASTERS would be very glad if any of the readers of LITTLE FOLKS would tell him the cost of a small carpenter's bench.

AN AMATEUR MECHANIC inquires which is the best wood for fretwork purposes; and where fret-saws may be obtained.

STICKLEBACK wishes to know if it is necessary to have real salt water for a salt-water aquarium, or whether any sea-salt which is sold would answer the purpose.

W. R. writes in reply to M. H. S.'s question, that maidenhair ferns should never be allowed to want water, which, if the drainage of the pot is perfect, may be applied every evening during the summer months, and at mid-day twice a week from late autumn until early spring. Answers also received from Erin, H. J. M., DOROTHY DRAGGLE-TAIL, "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," A. E. C., FÉDORA, A. H., E. M. C., LITTLE NOSE-IN-AIR, and ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A GREEN GOOSEBERRY wishes to know what makes canaries desert their eggs, and how they can be prevented.—[They cannot be "prevented." The most common cause is insect vermin. If these are found, burn all the old nests, use Persian powder freely on the birds, and paint the cracks in the cages with corrosive sublimate, and then varnish over the places.]

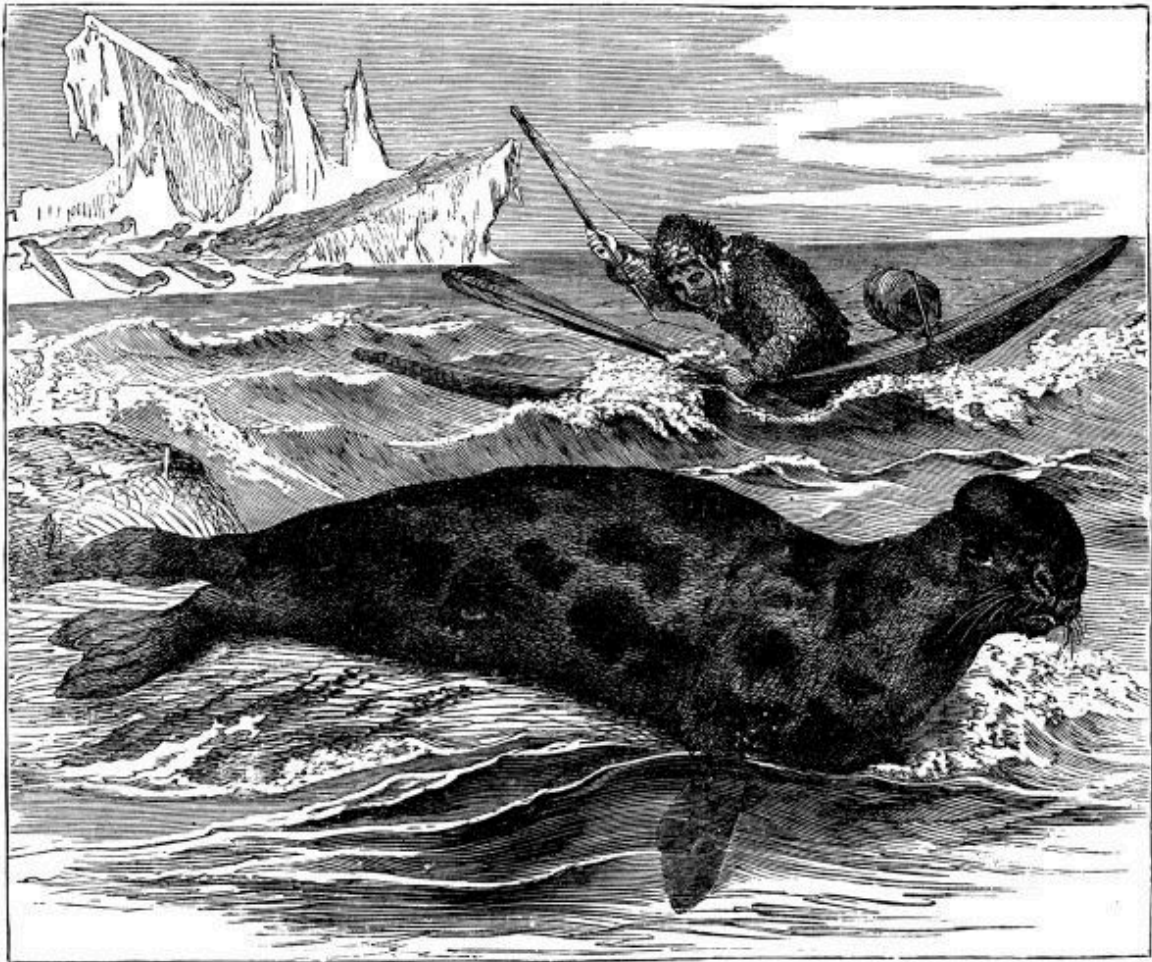
PEARL would be glad to know how to keep dormice, and what their habits are; she has just had two given to her, and one died the third day and the other only sleeps.—[They are fed chiefly on dry grain with a few nuts, and occasionally some blades of grass. They are shy, and sleep most of the day. During that time they want a quiet place and to be let alone, but when tame they will come out at night and climb up the curtains if allowed.]

A GUINEA-PIG asks what is the best food for guinea-pigs?—[They are fed like rabbits in the main, but may have a little bread and fresh milk squeezed rather dry, with a few bits of dry crust, or a few grains of wheat or barley occasionally. Every day give a little green food, dried first.]

Picture Wanting Words.

SPECIAL HOME AND FOREIGN COMPETITION.

As already announced, the Editor has arranged, in response to repeated requests, for a Special "Picture Wanting Words" Competition, in which Readers of LITTLE FOLKS residing on the Continent and in the United States, Canada, &c. (or anywhere abroad), may have an opportunity of competing for Prizes on favourable terms with Subscribers in Great Britain. In order to do this, a longer time than usual for sending in answers to the Picture will be necessary; and as will be seen below, about Two Months will be allowed for this purpose in the present Competition. (Children living in Great Britain and Ireland will, of course, all be eligible to compete for Prizes as usual.)



The picture printed on this page forms the subject for the Competition, and the Prizes to be awarded are as follow:—For the Two best short and *original* Descriptions of the Picture Two One-Guinea Books and Officers' Medals of the LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour will be given; for the next best Description a Half-Guinea Book and an Officer's Medal will be given; and Three Seven-Shilling-and-Sixpenny Books and Officers' Medals will also be given for the Three best Descriptions *relatively to the age of the Competitors*—so that no Competitor is too young to try for the three last-named Prizes. To avoid any possibility of mistake, and for the guidance of new Competitors, the full Regulations are given:—

1. No Description must exceed 500 words in length, and each must be written on one side of the paper only.
2. The Descriptions must be certified as *strictly original* by a Minister, Teacher, Parent, or some other responsible person.
3. All the Competitors must be under the age of Sixteen years.
4. Descriptions from Competitors residing in Great Britain and Ireland must reach the Editor on or before the 25th of October next; in the case of Descriptions sent from any place abroad an extension of time to the 1st of November will be allowed.
5. In addition to the Six Prizes and Officers' Medals, some of the most deserving Competitors will be included in a special List of Honour, and awarded Members' Medals of the LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour. The award of Prizes, in addition to One of the Prize Descriptions, will be printed in the January Number of LITTLE FOLKS.
6. Competitors are requested to note that each envelope containing a Description should have the words "Picture Wanting Words" written on the left-hand top corner of it.

N.B.—Competitors are referred to a notice respecting the Silver Medal printed on page 115 of the last Volume.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK LITTLE FOLKS
(SEPTEMBER 1884) ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

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