

Little Folks (July 1884)

Various

The background of the lower half of the page is a vibrant green field filled with various blue geometric shapes. These shapes include thick lines, arcs, triangles, and diamonds, arranged in a non-repeating, abstract pattern. The shapes are scattered across the green area, creating a modern, graphic design.

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK LITTLE FOLKS
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Transcriber's Note: Table of Contents has been added for the HTML version. Amendments can be read by placing cursor over words with a dashed underscore like this. A name spelled Florence J. Meddlycot on p. 57 is spelled F. J. Medleycott on p. 62.

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HIDDLE & COUSHMAN, LITH.

CASELL & COMPANY, LIMITED.

A QUEEN OF THE BEACH

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LITTLE FOLKS.

A LITTLE TOO CLEVER.

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

CHAPTER I.—THE MOOR.



CRIMSON and gold. As far as one could see across the moor it was one broad expanse of purply heather, kindled into a glowing crimson by the blaze of ruddy sunshine, and lighted here and there by bright patches of the thorny golden rod. Dame Nature had evidently painted out of her summer paint-box, and had not spared her best and brightest colours. Crimson-lake, children; you know what a lovely colour it is, and how fast it goes, for you are very fond of using it, and there is only one cake in each of your boxes. But here was crimson-lake enough to have emptied all the paint-boxes in the world, you might suppose, and the brightest of goldy yellows, and the greenest of soft transparent greens, such as no paint-box ever did, nor ever will, possess; and over all the most azure of blues, flecked with floating masses of soft indescribable white, looking to Elsie like the foamy soapsuds at the top of the tub when mother had been having a rare wash, but to Duncan like lumps of something he had once tasted and never forgotten, called cocoa-nut ice.

It seemed a pity when Dame Nature had spent her colours so lavishly that there should be no one to see her bright handiwork. Yet, sad to tell, there lay the broad sheet of crimson and gold day after day unnoticed and unheeded, till, in despair, it at length began to wither and blacken and die.

For this was a lonely moor, where the heather and gorse bloomed so bravely, so lonely that even along the road which skirted it the number of those who passed by in a day could be counted on the fingers of your hand; and as for the moor itself, it seldom had any visitors but the cows from the little farm which nestled away in one corner; and do you suppose such lazy, cupboard-loving creatures

cared whether the heather bloomed or not, so long as they found grass enough to eat?

But the glorious moor had a worse indignity than this to endure, for there was a cottage here and there whose inhabitants frequently crossed by the beaten tracks, and never so much as lifted their eyes as they passed along, to notice the gorgeous dress their moor had put on. They were so used to it. Had she not worn it every year since they could remember? and so they sauntered by, thinking about eating or drinking, or how they would serve their neighbours out, sometimes even quarrelling loudly, and never giving so much as a passing thought to all the beauty God had spread around them, and which we who dwell in towns would give so much to see.

The sun was shining down very hotly, but it had not yet begun to wither the heather and gorse, on the day when I want you to notice two little children going across the moor. I told you there were cottages here and there, and in a pretty little green hollow just beyond a fair-sized hillock was one where lived the MacDougalls. These two children were Elsie and Duncan MacDougall. They very often crossed the moor, for the farm was on the other side of it, and the milk and butter had all to be fetched from it, the milk twice a day, whether the sun blazed, or the chilly Scottish drizzle blotted out the hills in a misty haze, or the north wind swept across it, and shook the gaunt fir-trees to and fro in its noisy wrath.

"Ain't you coming on, Elsie?" Duncan cried impatiently, for Elsie had seated herself on a big stone, pushed back her sun-bonnet from her damp freckled forehead, crossed her brown arms defiantly over her holland pinafore, and was swinging her bare feet as if she never meant to move another step to-night.

"No, I ain't coming, Duncan, and that's all about it," Elsie replied, sulkily, only she said it in a broad Scottish accent which you would hardly have understood had you heard it, and certainly could make nothing of if I were to try to write it.

"Then we'll get beaten when we get back," Duncan said, miserably. "Mother's always scolding, and it's your fault, Elsie."

Elsie looked at him contemptuously. "Go on by yourself," she cried; "I ain't afraid. It's only Robbie that they're in such a hurry to get the milk for, and I'm not going to hurry for Robbie. Go on by yourself, do."

But this was more than Duncan dared do, and Elsie knew it, for, in the first place, it would have seemed as if he sided with Robbie against Elsie, which

would have been quite untrue; and, in the second, it would have got Elsie into trouble with their mother, and that Duncan would not have done for anything in the world. If Elsie had been a queen, then Duncan would have been one of her most willing subjects, and done her bidding whatever it might cost.

So there stood Duncan, fidgeting to get on, yet bound to the spot where Elsie stayed by a bond stronger than links of iron. It was in vain that he fidgeted from one bare foot to the other, or vented his impatience by flinging his Scottish bonnet high in the air and catching it again. Elsie was immovable, for Elsie was in one of her very contrariest moods to-day, and I can hardly describe to you how very contrary she could be.

At last, very slowly and deliberately, she got off the stone, and began slowly to stretch herself. "Do make haste!" cried Duncan, almost tired out.

"I can't be hurried," Elsie replied, with a grand air, stooping down to pick up the milk-can, which she had deposited at the side of the stone. "It's much too hot and I'm much too tired, and I don't see why I should be expected to fetch the milk at all. You and Robbie ought to do it. You're boys, and I'm a girl. It's a shame, and I mean to tell mother so."

Duncan gazed at her in amazement. He knew Elsie was very daring, but did she really mean to tell their mother that?

"Me and Robbie?" he gasped. "Robbie never goes nowhere with us, Elsie, don't you know?"

"Yes, I know, child," Elsie replied, with a lofty toss of her head. "It's just what I do know. Robbie stops at home while you and me do all the errands and everything else too, and it isn't fair."

"But you wouldn't like Robbie to come with us: you know you wouldn't," Duncan exclaimed, in perplexity.

"With *us*! No, indeed," Elsie cried, with a little contemptuous laugh. "I don't want any spoilt little namby-pamby cry-babies along with me; but that's no reason why I, a girl, should fetch milk for Robbie to drink while he stays at home. Can't you see that, stupid-head?"

Duncan said "Yes," but he didn't, all the same. He and Elsie went together, and it never had occurred to him that it ought to be different. He didn't care for Robbie: Elsie didn't, and so he didn't. Elsie said he was a spoilt baby, therefore

Duncan knew he must be one; and certainly he couldn't scamper over the moor, and climb the trees, and fly here, there, and everywhere, like he and Elsie could.

Elsie had begun to move slowly along, carrying the basin, in which was butter wrapped in wet cloths and a cool cabbage-leaf. Duncan had the milk-can, and would have been almost home by now, had he not been obliged to keep on waiting for Elsie to come up with him, his eager footsteps continually carrying him far on ahead of her sauntering pace.

"I'm just not going over that hill," she said, deliberately, when at length they reached the purple hillock on the other side of which stood the cottage. "Come on, Duncan; I'm going round."

"But it's ever so much longer, and we're so late," grumbled Duncan.

"Who cares?" cried Elsie, stolidly. "I'm a girl and I'm not going to climb up the hill in this heat."

Duncan stared again. He had never heard Elsie complain of the hill before. Usually they scampered up it, and rolled down the steepest side—not, truly, when there was milk to carry, but at other times. And now Elsie was walking along in a languid, mincing fashion, as if she had no more fun in her than Robbie himself, and had never scampered bare-foot over the moor six days out of every week, no matter what the weather might be.

"There's Robbie at the garden gate beckoning us. I expect mother's very angry," cried Duncan, despairingly.

"Who cares? let him beckon," Elsie replied, with the most provoking indifference. "Run on by yourself if you're afraid."

Most unkind taunt of all. Did not Elsie well know that Duncan was bound to her by the chains of a most unswerving, unquestioning loyalty? and that though he was, so to speak, ready to jump out of his skin with impatient anxiety, to forsake Elsie would never enter his simple little head.

When Robbie saw that they did not hurry, he came running towards them, calling out, "Elsie, Duncan, do make haste! Mother's so cross. You are late."

"Are we? And are you in a hurry, Robbie? because if you are you'd better fetch the milk yourself another time. Duncan and I are not your servants," Elsie replied, loftily.

Robbie stared, as well he might. "I only know mother's very cross," he reiterated dubiously, as if not quite knowing what to say; "and I don't think you know how late it is."

"Look here," cried Elsie, standing stock still: "suppose I tip this milk over on to the heather, what'ud you say to that?" and she lifted up the lid, and tilted the can, until the foaming white milk was just ready to pour over the side.

"Oh! Elsie, Elsie, what are you doing?" cried Duncan, in a panic; while Robbie exclaimed, "Wouldn't mother make you go back and fetch some more, Elsie, with the pennies out of your box?"

Perhaps Elsie thought it might be so. Any way, she put the can straight, and moved on again, but as she did so she said to Robbie, "You'd like to tell mother what I said, wouldn't you, duckie? So you can if you like; I don't care what you tell mother."

"No, I don't want to tell," Robbie said, almost angrily, with a pink face and a moist look in the eyes.

As the three children walked along you could hardly help noticing what a difference there was between the two elder and Robbie. Elsie and Duncan were big-limbed, ruddy-cheeked children, with high cheek-bones, fair-skinned, but well freckled and tanned by the sun. Their younger brother was like them, and yet so different. His skin was fair, but of milky whiteness, showing too clearly the blue veins underneath it. The ruddy colour in their faces was in his represented by the palest tinge of pink. His bare arms were soft and white and thin. Their abundant straw-coloured hair had in his case become palest gold, of silky texture, falling in curling locks almost on to his shoulders. He was, in short, a smaller, weaker, more delicate edition of these two elder ones. They looked the very embodiment of health and strength, he fragile, timid, and delicate. No wonder he never scampered across the heath or rolled down the hillsides. The mists were too chilly for him, the sun too hot; and so it came about that Elsie and Duncan went together, and Robbie was left behind, for Elsie was selfish, and hadn't it in her nature to wait about for the little one, and suit her steps or her play to his, and Duncan did whatever she did. Perhaps their mother did not care to trust the little fellow with Elsie, knowing too well that she was thoughtless, and unable in her own robust strength to understand the fatigue and listlessness of her little brother. Elsie told him he would run well enough without shoes and stockings, but their mother had most particularly charged him that he was never to take them off without special permission, for

he was too delicate to run the risk of damping his feet. Elsie and Duncan thought it great nonsense, and both pitied and despised Robbie for being such a miserable molly-coddle.

"Now here's mother herself coming after us," cried Duncan, anxiously scanning Elsie's face to see how she would act now.

But Elsie was still unflurried. Duncan almost held his breath, for there were signs of a storm. Mrs. MacDougall's face was red, her mouth ominously screwed up; she waved her hand angrily towards them—an action which Elsie pretended not to see.

"Where have you been all this time, madam?" she burst forth, when they reached her. "I will teach you to hasten your footsteps. Did I not send Robbie to the gate to beckon you to be quick? You suppose you may do as you like, but you are mistaken, you lazy, ill-behaved wench. The new frock I had bought you shall be given to Nannie Cameron, and you shall wear your old one to the kirk. How will that suit your vanity? And you may be off to bed now directly, without any supper. There are twigs enough for a birch rod, my lady, if bed does not bring you to a better frame of mind. Run in now, and don't let me see your face before six o'clock to-morrow morning."

What could Elsie be thinking of? She did not run. Robbie looked at her in piteous distress; Duncan was beside himself. He cast a beseeching glance at Elsie, a momentary one of resentful anger at his mother, an impatient one at Robbie, the unfortunate messenger of their mother's anger.

Then a look of great determination settled over their mother's face. "Do you dare me?" she cried. "Did I ever threaten and not perform? Will you compel me to whip you? Then if you would not have it so, hasten your footsteps at once."

Duncan caught hold of Elsie's hand and tried to pull her, but those sturdy, legs had the very spirit of obstinacy in them. "Be quiet," she said; "I want to be whipped."

"Mother means it," Duncan cried. "She has never done it before, but she will now, Elsie."

Elsie had often dared her mother, but never so flagrantly as this; and Mrs. MacDougall was not a woman to be dared with impunity. Elsie was going a little too far; every one saw that except herself.

"Stay here," Mrs. MacDougall said sternly to the two boys when they entered the cottage kitchen. Then she took Elsie by the shoulder, and marched her up the few stairs. Robbie and Duncan stood stock still, looking blankly at each other.



HE CAME RUNNING TOWARDS THEM ([p. 3](#)).

Presently there came from the room overhead a low sobbing sound, and a minute or two afterwards Mrs. MacDougall appeared, stern and frowning.

It was an unhappy supper they sat down to. Robbie was very wretched, and as for Duncan, each mouthful threatened to choke him. Mrs. MacDougall wore a troubled face. After it was ended Duncan crept away to his sister's room.

"I knew mother would," he said, sympathisingly, "and I know she'll do it again, if you do it. You wouldn't, would you, Elsie? Mother never whipped you before, never in all our lives, Elsie, but you didn't care. What was the matter with you?"

"You little stupid!" Elsie replied patronisingly; "I won't fetch the milk at all, not if mother whips me every day. I don't care. You don't know what I know, and

you don't know what I'm going to do, but I know myself; and you little cowardly custard, you don't know what secret I could tell you if I liked."

CHAPTER II.—WHAT ELSIE FOUND.

DUNCAN crept away to his own little bedchamber with an uneasy feeling of trouble. It was next to Elsie's, separated from it only by a little square bit of landing, and, like hers, was a tiny apartment under the roof, with a ceiling of the bare rafters which supported the tiles. In each was a small wooden bedstead, a deal stand, with basin and jug of coarse white earthenware, and a small deal box, which served both to keep clothes in and as a chair.

Everything was scrupulously clean, even to the dimity vallance that hung across the low window. In autumn and winter the bleak wind whistled through the chimneys and rattled the casements in a way that would have prevented a town-bred child from sleeping, and up in those bare rooms there was cold enough to pinch you black and blue; but Elsie and Duncan had never thought much of that, for they had been accustomed to it from babyhood, and only threw on their thick homespun garments in greater haste.

Just now the weather was unusually hot, and the little lofts had gone to the other extreme, and were more like ovens than anything else. Duncan had scarcely taken off his jacket when he heard Elsie calling. He ran to see what she wanted. "I s'pose you won't go telling any tales about what I said just now," she exclaimed shortly.

"Of course I shan't," Duncan replied, indignantly; "but what was it you said? There wasn't anything to tell tales about except that you said you weren't going to fetch the milk."

Elsie's mind was so full of her own affairs that it was quite a shock to her to find that Duncan had taken so little heed of her words. "It's a good thing I'm not such a silly baby as you are," she said, contemptuously—a way in which she so often spoke to Duncan that he quite believed Elsie to be the cleverest, most daring, and bravest creature in existence.

"This place is like a furnace," she cried, irritably throwing the sheet which covered her down on to the floor. "Why should I be poked up here and Robbie

sleep downstairs with mother and grandmother, eh, Duncan?"

"I s'pose it's because he always does," Duncan replied dubiously.

"Stupid-head!" cried Elsie. "And why does he always?"

Duncan thought a minute. "P'raps it's because he's the youngest, and was the baby when you and me was bigger," he answered presently.

Elsie turned over with an angry grunt. "It isn't anything of the sort," she cried; "and you might have known I didn't want you to answer me."

"I thought you asked me," Duncan said, in much perplexity.

"You ought to have said you didn't know, and then you'd have told the truth," Elsie said shortly. "Hush! there's some one coming up. Crawl under the bed, in case they come in."

A slow dragging footstep came up the steep stairs, and presently a voice called softly, "Dooncan?"

Duncan began to crawl out from under the bedstead, answering as he did so, "Yes, grandmother, here I am."

Elsie dangled her foot over the side of the bed, and gave Duncan a pretty sharp kick as he emerged.

"What's that for?" he stopped to ask.

"Only because you're such a ridiculously silly little softie, that nobody could put a grain of sense into your head," Elsie replied, angrily. "Supposing it had been mother. A nice row you'd have got us into. Why couldn't you keep quiet, and she'd have thought we were both in bed and asleep."

"But I knew it was grandmother's voice," said Duncan.

"Dooncan," called the voice again, "I want you."

Duncan opened the door this time. His grandmother did not seem to notice that he was in a forbidden place, but asked, with an anxious quaver in her voice, "Did mother beat Elsie, Duncan?"

"I think so," Duncan replied indignantly.

"Eh, well, Duncan," she said, consolingly, "mother's often threatened and never done it before, and Elsie's a wilful child, with a spirit and temper that must needs be broken. But what was the matter now?"

"It was about fetching the milk," Duncan replied. "Elsie don't like it, and she wouldn't be quick."

"Eh, well; but it's the place of the young to fetch and carry," said the old woman, in a much more cheerful tone than she had used before. "But Duncan, my laddie, have you picked up a wee bit of paper with writing on it, what grandmother has dropped?"

"No, granny, I haven't never picked up a piece," Duncan replied.

"Nor seen it lying about neither, dearie? Come now, think if you picked it up and threw it in the fire. I won't be angry if you tell the truth."

"I never saw it at all," said Duncan again.

"Ah, well! I thought perhaps that it was about that mother was angry with Elsie, but it wasn't, after all; you're sure of that, Duncan?"

"Oh no; it was about the milk," Duncan returned, readily.

"And Elsie's asleep now. Well, well, youth must be chastised sometimes," crooned the old woman, softly. "You needn't talk about the paper I've lost, Duncan. It's safe enough in the fire, no doubt; but if you see a scrap of paper lying anywhere, bring it to grandmother, and she'll give you a penny for sharp eyes."

Then the old dame went cautiously downstairs, feeling the way with her thick stick, and Duncan once more went off to bed.

He woke very early the next morning, wondering whether Elsie would keep her vaunted threat of refusing to fetch the milk, and if so, what would happen: for if Elsie were obstinate, their mother was firm as a rock in doing a duty, and Duncan well knew she would not be overborne by any one. So it was with a vague uneasiness that he put on his clothes and went downstairs. To his surprise and relief, Elsie was already in the kitchen and was busily, though with a sulky-enough expression, rinsing out the can. Elsie's valour, like that of many an older person, was greater in words than action, and there is no doubt that the previous night's punishment had had its effect.

But that Duncan should think so was the last thing that Elsie would wish. Directly they were outside the door, she said in a careless tone, "It's nice and cool this morning across the moor: much better out here than in that little loft."

"And won't you come this afternoon?" asked simple, straightforward Duncan.

"I don't know," Elsie answered sharply. "It depends upon whether I feel inclined. Duncan, what was that granny was asking about a piece of paper?"

"She only asked me if I'd picked a piece up with writing on it, and said she'd give me a penny if I found it."

"I dare say she would," laughed Elsie; "but you won't ever get the penny, Duncan, so don't expect it. She didn't ask if I'd picked it up?"

"No, she didn't; but have you found it, Elsie? because I'll take it to her, and give you the penny," Duncan remarked.

"A penny indeed!" laughed Elsie contemptuously. "I wonder whether you really could keep a secret, Duncan?"

Duncan was rather hurt at the implied doubt. "I never told tales of you, Elsie, never," he said, earnestly.

"Look here," Elsie exclaimed, "I was weeding my bit of garden just under the kitchen window yesterday, and granny was sitting at the window, yet never saw me. She was reading some old letters, peering at them ever so hard through her spectacles, and talking to herself all the time. I expect she'd taken them out of mother's drawer, for she kept on looking round to see if any one was coming, and the best of it was I was watching all the time, and she never knew it. I saw her put one piece of paper down on the window-sill; she was saying very funny things to herself. 'Meg shouldn't have done it; she wouldn't take my advice. Ah! she'll rue it some day, I well believe,' and all on like that. Of course Meg means mother, and I was just wondering what it was she was talking about, when the wind blew quite a puff, and blew the piece of paper right on to my garden. I was just going to peep at it, and see what it was mother shouldn't have done. Then granny gets up, and goes peering all round to see where the paper's gone. She pulled all the cushions out of the chair, and turned up the matting, and looked over her letters ever so many times, and never noticed that it had blown out of the window. Presently I put my head through the window, and cried out, 'What's the matter, granny?' 'It's only I've dropped a little bit of paper, my dear,' she says to me. 'Just come and see if your young eyes can find it.' I went in and looked

all round. Of course I didn't find it, and I was almost dying of laughing all the time."

"And have you got it now, Elsie?" Duncan asked, with wide eyes.

"Yes, I have," Elsie replied shortly; "and it's much more interesting than I thought it would be. It's about you and me."

"You and me?" echoed Duncan, who was of a matter-of-fact mind, and was always content with things just as he found them.

"Yes, stupid," said Elsie, crossly; "I always said mother favoured Robbie, and so she does. Why he has new things much oftener than you, and you're older too. Do you and me have boots and stockings for week-a-days? then why should Robbie? Don't you wonder why mother pets him so?"

"No," Duncan answered truthfully. "He's ever so much more babyish than me."

"Well, I say it's a shame," continued Elsie. "Look at this old sun-bonnet. Do you think I ought to wear such a thing as that? Didn't I always say I'd love a long feather like the ladies at the manse? and why shouldn't I have one, and a silk pelisse, and gloves upon my hands, and sweet little shoes for walking in?"

"Why, you'd be just a lady," Duncan said.

Elsie laughed a pleased soft laugh. "A lady, just a bonny lady," she said over to herself; "and wouldn't you love to be a little laird, Duncan?"

"I don't know what it's like, Elsie," Duncan said thoughtfully.

"It isn't like fetching milk and sleeping in a loft," Elsie said sharply. "It isn't like porridge for breakfast and porridge for supper. It would be like——everything that's nice," she said, after a minute or two's pause, for she really did not know anything about it, and was suddenly pulled up in her description by that fact.

CHAPTER III.—THE LETTER.



HE boy walked along, silently thinking over what Elsie had been saying, in a muddly, confused sort of way. Robbie, and granny's letter, and Elsie's beating, lairds and ladies, and something secret and mysterious

that Elsie knew, were mingled hazily in his mind, in such chaotic fashion that he had nothing to say, not knowing how to put his ideas into the form of a question.

It was not until they were on their road home again that he suddenly asked, "Whose letter is it, Elsie?"

"What do you mean?" Elsie returned, with more than usual quickness. "I say it's mine and yours. Mother'd say 'twas hers, most likely; perhaps granny might say 'twas hers; I say it's ours as much as ever it's theirs, and the person what wrote it is our father; so there, Duncan."

"Mine too!" Duncan echoed, in greater bewilderment than before. "Then, if it's mine too, Elsie—

"Well, what?"

"I ought to read it, an' see what's in it."

Elsie laughed. "Of course you ought," she replied encouragingly. "That's just what I said to myself when I caught sight of it; and when I'd read it, an' saw that it was all about you and me, an' told a secret too, what granny an' mother have always kept away from us, d'you think I was goin' to give it up? no, not if I know it. An' to think they fancy it's lost—leastways, granny does—an' mother don't know anything about it at all. What fun it is! D'you know, Duncan, I don't so very much like mother."

Duncan looked at her in alarm. Scottish children of all classes are brought up in very strict notions of filial duty and affection, and these were no exceptions to the rule. Duncan looked all round anxiously, as though he feared a bird might carry the dreadful treason to their mother's ears.

Elsie looked as if she were enjoying the sensation she had made. "I've got a good reason," she said, nodding her head knowingly. "You'll see it when you've read the letter. I always thought I wasn't so very fond of her, and now I see why it was. It wouldn't have been right if I had; an' when she beat me, I can't tell you how I felt. I couldn't like any one who beat me!" Elsie continued, grinding her teeth together with rage at the memory, "even if it was my own mother."

"You seemed as if you wanted to make mother do it," said Duncan, who was often much distracted between his allegiance to rebellious Elsie and the strict sense of duty and obedience in which he had always been trained.

"P'raps I did," Elsie replied. "But I don't care; and mother shan't have the chance again. I don't think our father'd let her if he knew it."

"Our father?" faltered Duncan. "Why, our father's dead."

"Is he?" asked Elsie, enigmatically. "Robbie's father is."

"And isn't that ours?" Duncan asked contemptuously.

"That's just it," Elsie replied, with some excitement. "That's just what the letter's about. Now, if you sit down here I'll read it to you."

"We shall be late again," Duncan said, nervously. "Don't let's stop now, Elsie, and make mother cross. Could we do it after school?"

"P'raps I'd better tear it up, or give it back to granny," Elsie said, with a taunting air. "It don't matter to you."

"Oh, don't!" pleaded Duncan, divided again between the sense of duty, his own curiosity, and a fear of offending Elsie. "Do keep it till after school."

"Yes, I will," Elsie replied. "And mind you bring home an atlas with you, for, now I think of it, I must have a map of England and Scotland."

"But we mustn't bring home books," Duncan urged.

"Never mind; you must do it by mistake. We must have a map, I tell you; and if I've had the trouble of getting the letter, you can take the trouble to get the map. Mind you do, now, or else I shan't tell you anything about it. You can take it back in the afternoon. 'Tisn't stealing."

No, nor disobedience, nor deceit, nor telling a lie, eh, Elsie? Evidently Elsie did not stop to think of that any more than she had stopped to consider whether she had any business to read that old letter of her mother's when it fluttered out of the window.

They reached the cottage in good time. Robbie and their grandmother had only just come downstairs. Mrs. MacDougall seemed to be in an unusually pleasant temper this morning. "I'm glad you've hastened, my child," she said to Elsie. "Sit down to the table, and get slicing that cucumber I've just cut. It'll be more refreshing with some bread-and-butter and a cup o' milk than the porridge, and a change too."

Duncan glanced at Elsie with a half shame-faced expression, as much as to say, "Mother is kind, you see, when you're good. She's sorry you had to be beaten last night." But Elsie only replied by a look of defiance, as though to say, "That doesn't make up at all."

"Let's see: what's to-day?" Mrs. MacDougall continued, pleasantly, as she poured out the milk into the children's cups. "Can it be the thirty-first?"

"No, no, Meg; surely not," quavered the old grandmother, who, for reasons of her own, wished to appear ignorant. Was it not to refresh her failing memory about what happened just about this time of year, a long while ago, that she had gone to her daughter's desk, and got out those old faded letters? Mrs. MacDougall would not have minded her reading them, but she would mind having them lost, for she was very methodical; and besides, many of these letters were important ones, written by hands long since folded in death.

"And to-morrow's Robbie's birthday," Mrs. MacDougall continued, laying her rough, strong hand very gently on the child's fair curls. "Very well do I remember this time seven years ago."

"Yes," sighed the old grandmother. "Poor little dears! and Nannie a bonny lass too."

Mrs. MacDougall glanced at her mother with something like a frown. "I never think of Robbie's birthday without thinking about poor Aunt Nannie," she said to the children.

They knew well enough why, for they had heard the tale often enough. Their Aunt Nannie had been their mother's beautiful young sister, and the news of her death had come to them when Robbie was a baby of a week old. They had never even seen her, for Duncan was but a year old, and Elsie not three, when she died, and she had been living in England with her English husband at the time.

"Robbie reminds me so of her," Mrs. MacDougall said softly. "She was fair. He takes after her wonderfully, doesn't he, mother?"

"Very much indeed," the old dame replied.

"Ah well! Robbie must have some fresh cakes to-morrow for his birthday and a plate of plums, and you can have your tea under the big alder an' Elsie shall pour it out."

"Oh, thank you, mother, how nice!" the little boys exclaimed. Elsie's ungracious silence passed unnoticed by all but Duncan.

"P'raps I shan't be here to pour it out," she said, in a careless tone, when they were outside the door. "Mind you don't forget the atlas, Duncan."

Then they started off to school. It was a longish walk across the moor and along a dusty road to the nearest village. Robbie, although seven years old, was exempted from going on account of the distance and his delicacy. Elsie bore in mind that Duncan had gone before he was that age, but Robbie was such a petted baby. He was not nearly so strong as Duncan had been at his age.

Duncan's was a very placid, slow sort of mind. He went through his tasks without any excitement or distraction, although occasionally a vague curiosity as to what Elsie could want the atlas for, and what the letter said about them, did wander through his brain. When school was ended he slipped out unobserved with a small atlas, which he had had difficulty to secure, under his jacket.

Elsie was waiting for him at the edge of the moor. They sat down on some stones, and Elsie pulled the letter from inside the neck of her dress.

"I shan't say anything; I shall read it to you," she began; "and if you can't make anything of it I s'pose I must explain it afterwards. It's from our father to Mrs. MacDougall."

"What, to mother?" Duncan asked.

"H'm, you'll see presently," Elsie said impatiently. "Worst of it is, there's a piece torn off all along, which makes it difficult to read. It begins, 'Dear Mrs. MacDougall.' Oh, I forgot. It's put at the top, 'Kensington, London.' That's the capital of England, you know, and it means that the person what wrote it lived there."

"But father didn't, did he?" began Duncan.

"Hold your tongue till I've read it," Elsie replied. "I can't stop to explain beforehand. This is it:—

"DEAR MRS. MACDOUGA

I have to be
teller of very bad new
sister, my poor wife die

morning. It will not be a
shock to you than it wa
me. I had no thought
it was likely to happen
a few hours previous
sent her love to you
her mother.

The two little things ar
but I have been
what I can do with th
I have not seen them"

(here the page turns over and the missing words are from the commencement of
the line)—

"night and I don't feel
to see them yet. The sound
ir voices is too much for
hat can I, a helpless
wer do for them. They
be better off among their
kinsfolk than left
mercy of strangers. I often
I made a mistake in
nging poor Nannie to this
cat crowded city away from
ive moors.
The children I am told
eak and delicate. There
be a chance for them"

(here the fresh page begins)—

"in their mother's native
The woman who has charge
trustworthy. She shall brin
to you, if you will take
they live, bring them up with
your own, and as your own.
the girl turns out anything

her mother, she will be well
enough. I shall not interfere
with the children. All I want to
is that they are well cared for.
In a year or two I may be
able to interest myself in
them. For the present"

(fresh page)—

"likely I shall wander
t, Reply at once
Yours truly,

R. GROSVENOR."

When Elsie had finished reading she sat looking at Duncan. "It doesn't seem very plain," he ventured to say, presently; "and there wasn't anything about you or me in it. You said there was."



MRS. MACDOUGALL GLANCED AT HER MOTHER ([p. 8](#)).

"Stupid little thing! isn't there some of it torn off? and when you put the words in it's easy enough to read. I've put them in to myself. First of all, it's about Aunt Nannie dying, isn't it?"

"I s'pose it is," Duncan agreed; "and it's writ by Uncle Richard, isn't it?"

"If you call him Uncle Richard. I say it's our father what wrote it—yours and mine, Duncan."

Duncan stared at her in puzzled silence. "But Aunt Nannie was our Aunt Grosvenor, wasn't she?" he asked.

"If you call her Aunt Grosvenor. I say she was our mother. I'm sure she was," said Elsie.

"Our mother!" Duncan said, under his breath. "What do you mean, Elsie?"

"The letter says something about two little babies," Elsie began.

"Does it?" Duncan asked. "I didn't hear it."

"Well, it says, the 'little things,' and that's the same; and it's all about sending them to Aunt Nannie's native place. Well, this is Aunt Nannie's native place; and who were the two little things, eh?"

"I'm sure I dunno," Duncan said slowly.

"Well, they weren't Robbie, were they? Then, who were they? Why, you an' me, of course. It says 'the girl' somewhere, an' of course that's me. So now, isn't the letter about us? an' that's why granny was so afraid of losing it. Do you see now, little silly? It's plain enough."

"But why did they?" murmured Duncan.

"That's the funny part of it. They ought to have told us. Why didn't she?"

"Who?"

"Why, Robbie's mother, of course. She isn't our mother, an' I'm not going to call her mother; I shall call her 'she.' You can call her what you like. Why does she pretend to be our mother when she isn't? It's different with granny, 'cos she's our granny right enough. Didn't I hear her say 'Meg 'ud rue it?' It's a shame to have made a secret of it."

Duncan had been turning it over in his poor little mind. He formed ideas very slowly, but there was often more sense in them when formed than in the quick conclusions of cleverer children.

"But if Uncle Grosvenor is our father, Elsie, why don't we live with him? He never's been to see us, never. He'd be sure to know Aunt Nannie was our mother, and not—you know—'she.'"

"I believe," said Elsie, in a mysterious voice, "that 'R. Grosvenor' thinks we're dead."

"Oh, Elsie! but we aren't at all," gasped Duncan.

"No, I shouldn't, think so. Doesn't the letter say they are weak and delicate (what a beautiful letter it is, Duncan. I'm sure R. Grosvenor is a grand gentleman), and 'bring them up with your own and as your own for a year or two?' That was till we got strong; and she's kept us always. Of course R.

Grosvenor (I'm not going to say uncle), doesn't know that we're quite well now. I'm sure he thinks we're dead. Who does 'your own' mean but Robbie. Oh, how dull you are, Duncan! Can't you see now why she pets that boy so, and makes such a fuss over him? He's her own, and we're not; she loves him and doesn't love us. Did she ever beat Robbie?"

"Robbie isn't naughty," Duncan protested; "at least, only a very little sometimes."

Elsie uttered an impatient exclamation. "Does Robbie have to fetch milk, and go to school, and pick up wood? No; he's treated different. Now you know why I don't like her."

Duncan gave vent to a sigh of perplexity. There rose up in his mind a sort of uncomfortable feeling that everything was going topsy-turvy. Somehow or another he seemed to see Robbie's mother sitting by the side of Elsie's bed when she had the fever last winter, and bustling about to get nice things for her, hushing the others with a strange look in her eyes that made them quiet at once, for they could see she was troubled. Or he seemed to smell the grateful smell of the hot cakes waiting, crisp and tempting, before the big cheerful fire, to greet them on their return from afternoon school on a dreary winter day. She had been kind, though she was so strict, especially to Elsie, and Duncan was feeling something very much like sorrow to think that, after all, she was not their mother.

"What are you going to do, Elsie?" he asked presently.

"I've just been wondering when you were going to ask me that. Of course it can't stop like this. Haven't you heard granny say how rich Uncle Grosvenor was, and what a grand place it was where he lived? Well, then, he's a grand laird, an' if we lived with him you'd be a little laird, and me a lady. Does he think we have to fetch milk and butter, and go after the hens, an' all that? But I'm goin' to let him know all about it."

"How, Elsie?"

"Well," Elsie replied, "I've been thinking of that, an' it's just a real difficult matter; for I'd never get time to write all the long explanation, with that *she* always prying after me. She'd find it out, an' stop the letter, even if I could find the paper; an' I dunno' as I can spell all the long words it 'ud take to explain it. An' more too, I couldn't wait an' wait for the answer. We ought to go an' see

Uncle—R. Grosvenor. I've almost made up my mind, Duncan, that I'll go to England an' find him."

"You couldn't do it," Duncan said.

"Couldn't I?" Elsie said scornfully, "It isn't so very far. England's another country, but it joins on. You only step out o' one into the other, for I looked most particular; an' there wasn't even mountains to get over. There's only what folk call the border, an' I'm sure that isn't much. P'raps it's a line, or a road, or a ditch, or something like it. You go straight out of Scotland—as straight as ever you can go. I've looked on the map. Give it me now. If you go from Dunster you've only to keep in a straight line till you get into England, an' any one'll tell you the way to London."

"I'm sure it's a dreadful long way," Duncan said disconsolately. "I should be frightened while you was gone, till you came back."

"Come back," said Elsie. "I shan't never do that, I hope. When I find my father he'll take care o' me. Now then, will you come with me, Duncan?"

"I don't think I'd go, Elsie. We might get lost," Duncan urged. "I wish you could write a letter instead."

"I've made up my mind to go if I do anything at all," Elsie said, in a tone of decision. "You needn't come unless you like."

Duncan looked perplexed again. This was indeed an awkward predicament. The thought of running away to England didn't seem nice, somehow, but if Elsie went and he stayed, how frightened he'd be all the time about her; and when they questioned him, how would he be able to keep her secret, especially if Robbie's mother had that troubled look in her eyes? and how lonely it would be going backwards and forwards across the moor all alone without Elsie.

"I wish you wouldn't go, Elsie," he said to her presently.

"Most likely I shall," Elsie replied. "Mind you tell no tales. We must be quick home now. Come along; I shall have to think of ever so many things before we go, so you'll have plenty o' time to know whether you'll come or stay behind. Oh, I know I shall be a real lady, Duncan, an' have bonny clothes. Of course I shouldn't like fetching milk an' things when I'm a little lady born. Isn't it a shame, Duncan?"

"I dunno; *I* don't mind," Duncan then said.

"Give me the atlas," Elsie said; "I must get away an' have a goodish look at it when we get in, for you must be quite sure and take it back this afternoon."

But Elsie was not to "get away," for Mrs. MacDougall was waiting at the gate with a basket by her side.

"You've been loiterin' again," she cried briskly. "I've been waitin' this half-hour for you to take these beans down to the shop. Here's a bit o' bread you can eat along the road, an' you'll have just to make haste."

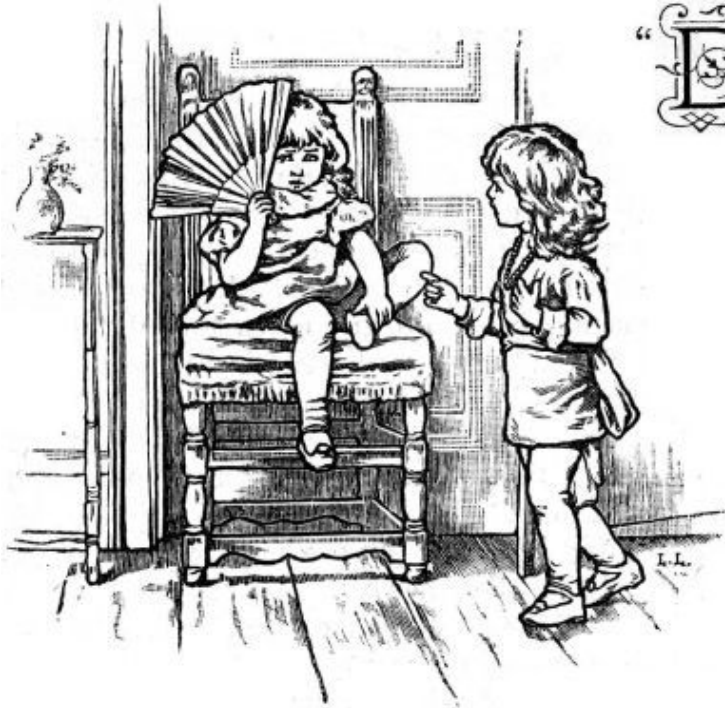
Elsie cast a defiant glance at the basket as she took it slowly up. She knew too well its destination. The neatly tied-up bundles of young well-grown beans lying on the fresh cabbage-leaves would be one of the attractions of the village shop. A day or two ago all the plums that were ripe had gone the same way, to the children's disgust. Mrs. MacDougall was a clever gardener, and had a ready sale for her small stock of produce. To-day Elsie and Duncan would get no dinner beyond the bit of bread. That was the result of their loitering. They had lost the valuable time through their talk over the letter.

But Elsie quite lost sight of the fact that she alone was responsible for losing it, and was very angry about it.

"I have quite decided," she said to Duncan. "This is what I'll do; to England I will go!"

(To be continued.)

LITTLE MISS PROPRIETY.



"Dainty little maiden,
Sitting there in state,
While the music's calling,
And the dancers wait.

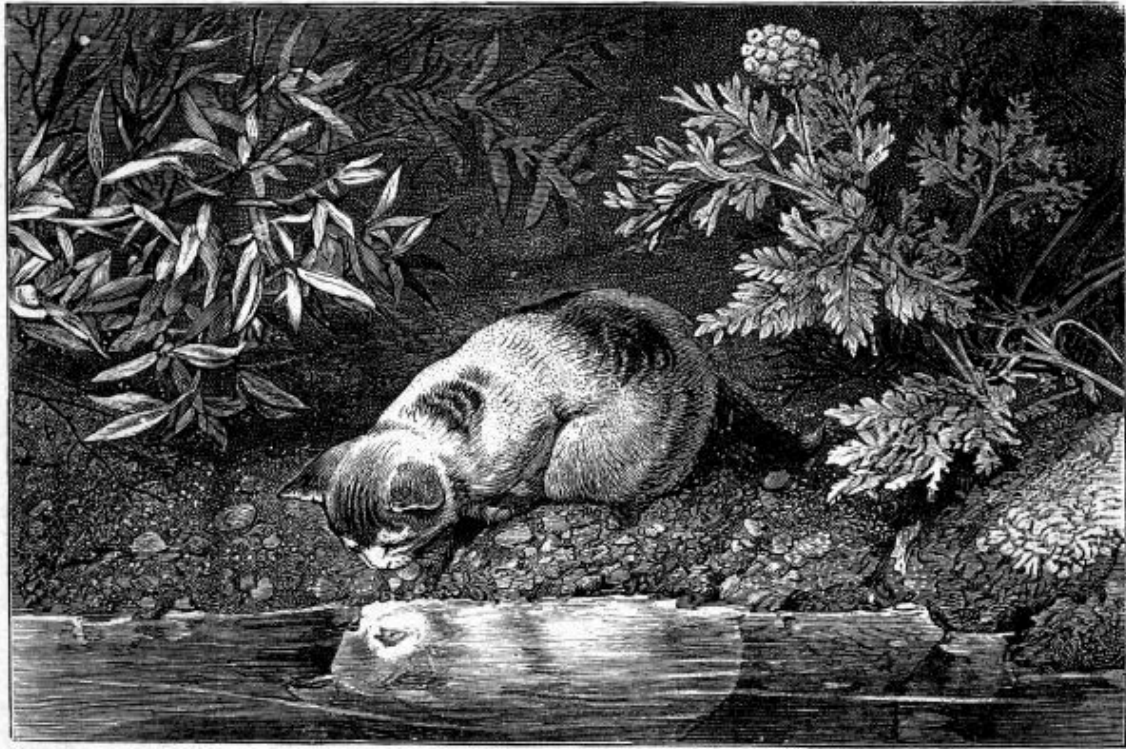
"A courtly little beau
For your hand is waiting:
What is it, my dear,
That you are debating?

"Do the pretty slippers
Pinch your tiny feet?
Tell me quickly, dearie,
Why you keep your seat."

Little maiden answers,
Anger in her face,
"We's not bin into doost:

It's twite a disgwase!"

MARY LANG.



"SHE SAW A CAT'S FACE LOOKING UP AT HER."

FIGHTING WITH A SHADOW.

“**I**T is much pleasanter to be by oneself, then there is no one to quarrel with,” said Pussy.

And she stretched herself out on the soft, mossy turf, and half closed her eyes, purring gently. She was a young cat, and got into much trouble at home, for she was constantly quarrelling with her brothers and sisters. She said it was their fault, and they said it was hers. And Mrs. Grimalkin, the old cat, said that there were faults on both sides.

"I'm *not* a bad temper," said Pussy; "and I never quarrel with people unless they quarrel with me." So saying, she opened her eyes wider, and looked round. She liked the warm sunshine, and the scent of the flowers, and the soft velvet turf.

How pleasant it was!

"I should like to live here always," she said. "Then Tib, Frisk, and Kitty would not be able to tease me as they do. It is very annoying to be tormented all the time, and if one says a word in one's own defence, one gets blamed for being quarrelsome. The idea of my quarrelling with any one: it is perfectly absurd."

And Pussy purred and looked round complacently.

Presently she crept down to the water's edge, and peeped over into the smooth glassy stream; and as she did so she saw a cat's face looking up at her. She stretched out her paw to give it a pat, and the other cat did the same. Then she drew away, and raised her back as high as she could. So did the other cat, only it seemed to Pussy as if she were upside down.

"So provoking," said Pussy; "just as I fancied I was all alone here, to find that there is a cat under the water coming up to trouble me. Probably she has a large family down there, and they will come swarming up and be as disagreeable as my own sisters and brothers. And how exceedingly mean of her not to give notice that she was coming. I should have heard the faintest mew, for everything is so quiet here. It is evident that her intentions are hostile, or she would not steal up like a thief. But I will certainly not stand such behaviour."

And again she put out her paw.

So did the other cat.

"Where do you come from?" asked Pussy. But she received no answer.

"Speak!" said she, impatiently waving her tail.

The other cat waved in return, but no answer came. Then Pussy began to get very angry. So did the other cat.

And they grew fiercer and fiercer, making strange faces at each other, until at length Pussy became so much enraged that she prepared to spring upon her enemy, and would the next moment have plunged into the water, had not some one suddenly seized the tip of her tail.

She turned to avenge herself upon the new offender, when lo! who should it be but her own mother, Mrs. Grimalkin, who happened to be out on a foraging expedition, and chanced to pass that way.

"You foolish young creature," said she; "if I had not been here you would have been drowned. Don't you see that it is but your own image in the water: there isn't another cat there; it is only your own shadow. But cats as quarrelsome as you are, when they can find no one else to fight with, will fight even with a shadow."

J. G.

PRETTY WORK FOR LITTLE FINGERS

EMBROIDERED GLASS-CLOTH.

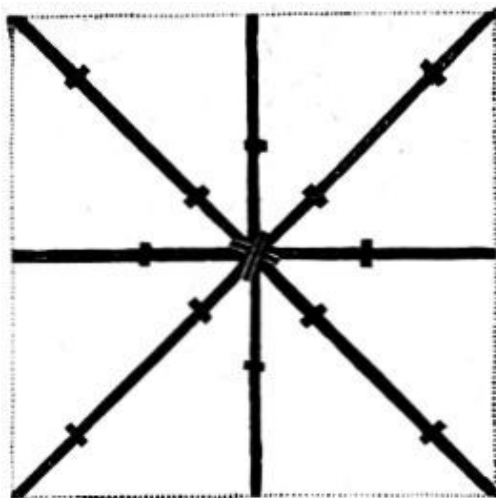


FIG. 1 - PATTERN SQUARE

THIS is very pretty and easy work, just the thing for any little folk who are anxious to help a fancy sale for some good cause, or to make a nice useful present to a friend, but who have not time or skill to undertake anything long and difficult. It is very quickly done, and can be used for toilet-covers and mats (these should be edged with narrow torchon lace), night-dress cases, aprons, comb-bags, and a number of useful articles; it is much admired, and always sells well at a bazaar.

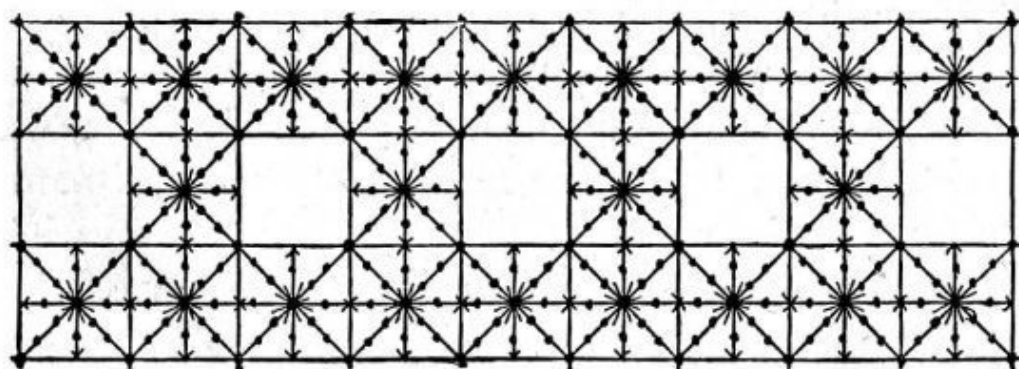


FIG. 2 - BORDER

All you have to do is to get some common glass-cloth, tolerably fine, with cross-bars of red or blue, and some red or navy blue knitting-cotton, which you can buy either by the pound or the ball. Two ounces will do a quantity of work, and cost about the same as a ball.

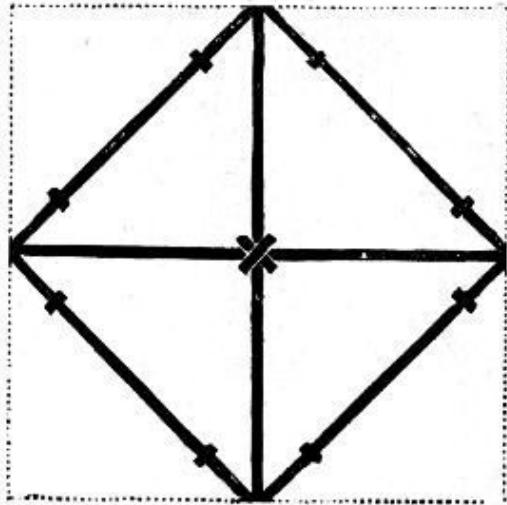


FIG. 3 - WORKED WITH COTTON

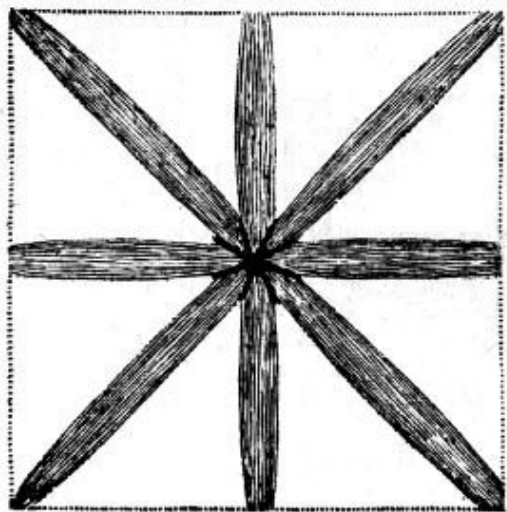


FIG. 4 - WORKED WITH WOOL

With this, which may be either the same colour as that of the material or the contrasting one, the pattern is worked upon the squares formed by the cross-bars, as in Fig. 1, and in this way a number of pretty devices can be formed. Toilet-covers and large aprons should have a border as in Fig. 2; for mats a single border will suffice. Bags, &c, may be worked in checquers, every alternate square, or in large cross-bars, by carrying on Fig. 2 over the whole surface, but when you choose a large pattern, always count the squares before you cut off your piece, or you may find the pattern break off in the middle.

I have seen a very effective-looking bag, all the squares of which were worked over with dark blue cotton, the bars being blue, and two tiny red stitches worked as in Fig. 3, wherever a simple cross was formed by the cotton intersecting the stripe of the material.

Use a darning or crewel needle, and a very long thread, or you will have to be continually taking fresh. This work is sometimes done with crewel wool, and in rather a different way, see Fig. 4; but it is not so neat and pretty, in my opinion, as that done with cotton, and is more extravagant, since the wool must be used double and every stitch repeated.

I once saw a large apron with bib and pocket bordered with squares worked in this style with bright dark ultramarine crewels, and with ribbon strings of the same colour; it had a handsome effect. I shall only say in conclusion that I have no doubt the clever brains and nimble fingers of some of my young readers will soon be able to improve upon these simple elementary designs, and to produce some new and more elaborate ones which will give them all the more pleasure for being of their own creating.

SOMERSET.



CLOISTER WESTMINSTER ABBEY

STORIES TOLD IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

By EDWIN HODDER ("OLD MERRY").

I.—HOW THE ABBEY WAS BUILT.



ONE day some children came to me, and said, "Oh, do please take us out somewhere on our half-holiday, and show us some of the great sights of London." Remembering how it had once been my privilege to be one of a party invited to go over Westminster Abbey, under the guidance of the late Dean Stanley, and how, from his graphic descriptions, the Abbey had ever since had an additional wealth of interest to me, I proposed to these young people that they should meet me some Saturday afternoon, and I would take them over the Abbey, and tell them all I could remember or read up about its history. They were delighted with the proposal, and so to the Abbey we went.

I should like to take all the readers of *LITTLE FOLKS* in the same way, but I remember the story of the British Princess, named St. Ursula, who undertook to "personally conduct" eleven thousand young maidens to Rome, and how she came to grief on the return journey, as any one may see who goes to Cologne, where all their bones are preserved in a church; and as I should have a great many more followers than she, I think it will be better if I try in the next six numbers to tell you what I told the young people who went with me on that Saturday afternoon and on other afternoons, and as nearly as I can in the same words.

Now, girls and boys, before we enter the portals of Westminster Abbey, I want you first to come with me and walk round about it, so as to see it well from the outside; and first of all, we will post ourselves near to the great hall built by William Rufus as a portion of his intended palace. It was upon this spot that Edward the Confessor dwelt, and for fifteen years watched the erection of the Abbey. But you must not imagine that the beautiful building that rises so grandly before us as we stand here to-day is the same that the Confessor reared,

for of his famous church only one or two columns and low-browed arches are now in existence. Of the edifice we now behold, the central portions were built by Henry III., the nave was added under the Edwards and Henry V., the gorgeous eastern chapel was raised by Henry VII., and bears his name, and the western towers rose when George III. was king.

But I shall have more to say to you presently about these various additions. Let us cross over now to St. Margaret's Churchyard, and as we stroll round the Abbey, I will tell you how it came to be built at all. To get at the very beginning, we shall have to go back to a time long before Edward the Confessor sat watching his workmen—to the days when London was a Roman city, and when the site of modern Westminster was a marshy tract of ground, crossed by various streams and channels. At that time the river Thames and one of these channels enclosed an island about a quarter of a mile long and somewhat less in breadth. It was a marshy wilderness, and had the character of being "a terrible place," and amongst its swamps and thickets the huge red deer, with his immense antlers, and the wild ox found a refuge. When it received a name, it became known as Thorn-Ey, that is, Isle of Thorns; in later days people called it Thorney Island. Tradition says that in the midst of the wilderness there was erected, in the year 154 A.D., a Temple of Apollo. We are next told that King Lucius, who was said to have been the founder of a great many English churches, turned the temple into a Christian sanctuary. Then we hear that in 616 A.D., Sebert, King of Essex, founded an Abbey here, and dedicated it to St. Peter, "in order to balance the compliment he had made to St. Paul on Ludgate Hill." All this is very doubtful, but from the earliest times in history there has been shown a grave of Sebert as that of the founder of the Abbey.

Twelve monks of the Benedictine order were placed here by Dunstan, and suffered a great deal from the Danes, who in these times did much mischief in England. The last of the Saxon kings who kept up the long struggle with these pagans was Edward, who by his exile to escape from their tyranny won the title of Confessor. He was a very strange man, who seemed never thoroughly happy except when he was sitting in church or when he was hunting in the woods. He had milk-white hair and beard, rosy cheeks, "thin white hands, and long transparent fingers." He was sometimes gentle, sometimes furious; sometimes very grave, going about with eyes fixed on the ground, sometimes bursting out into wild fits of laughter.

Edward returned from his exile accompanied by Norman courtiers and Norman priests, and full of Norman ideas. He appears to have been very much delighted

with his visits to the great continental cathedrals, so different from the simple structures of the Saxons. During his troubles he had vowed to make a pilgrimage to Rome; but the Pope gave him leave to build an Abbey to St. Peter instead. Edward accordingly resolved to restore the monastery on the Isle of Thorns, on a very different scale from anything that had been before attempted in England.

According to a legend told in after years, there was near Worcester a holy hermit "of great age, living on fruits and roots," who dwelt "far from men in a wilderness on the slope of a wood, in a cave deep down in the grey rock." To this holy man St. Peter appeared one night, and bade him tell the king that he was released from his pilgrimage, and that at Thorney, near the city, he must build a Benedictine Abbey, which should be "the gate of heaven, the ladder of prayer, whence those who serve St. Peter there shall be by him admitted into Paradise." The hermit wrote out his dream on parchment, and sent it to the king, who compared it with the message to the same purpose just received from Rome, and at once set to work on the project.

Another story was told to show that Thorney was specially under the patronage of St. Peter. It was said that on the evening before Mellitus, first Bishop of London, was about to consecrate the monastery built here by King Sebert, a fisherman named Edric was engaged by a venerable stranger to ferry him across to the island. The stranger entered the church, and assisted by a host of angels, who descended with sweet odours and flaming candles, dedicated the church with all the usual ceremonies. Then returning to the awe-struck fisherman, the mysterious stranger declared himself to be St. Peter, Keeper of the Keys of Heaven, and that he had consecrated his own Church of St. Peter, Westminster. When the king and Bishop Mellitus arrived next day, Edric told his story, and pointed out the marks of the twelve crosses on the church, the walls within and without moistened with holy water, the letters of the Greek alphabet written twice over distinctly on the sand, the traces of the oil, and even the droppings of the angelic candles. The bishop could not presume to add any further ceremonial, but retired.

Edward restored the old royal palace close by, and dwelt there fifteen years, superintending the erection of the Abbey. Dean Stanley says he spent upon it one-tenth of the property of the kingdom. His end was approaching when he dedicated the Abbey, on Innocents Day, 1065, and on the last day of the year he died. I shall tell you about his funeral later on.

The edifice stood pretty much as Edward the Confessor left it till the reign of Henry III., who showed his love for the Abbey first by adding to it, and then by demolishing it almost entirely, and raising in its place the building that has been called "the most lovely and lovable thing in Christendom." In this rebuilding St. Peter was almost lost sight of, and the Shrine and Chapel of Edward the Confessor became, as it were, the central idea of the whole. Very lavishly did King Henry spend his money over the restored Abbey: the cost was at least half a million, as we should reckon it. His work includes the apse and choir, the two transepts, one arch of the nave, and the chapter-house; Under the Edwards the nave unfolded itself farther west, and the Abbot's House and Jerusalem Chamber were built. Richard II. was very fond of the Abbey, and rebuilt, at great expense, the famous north portal, often spoken of as "The Beautiful Gate," or "Solomon's Porch." By Henry V. the nave was prolonged nearly to its present length. It was just completed in time for the grand procession to sweep along it when the *Te Deum* was sung for the victory at Agincourt. The architect by whom the work was carried out was Dick Whittington, Lord Mayor of London.

The next important addition to the Abbey took place in the reign of Henry VII., when the large eastern chapel which bears that monarch's name was built. The great wars of York and Lancaster were now over, but amongst the chief actors in those tragic events there was one who, by his saintly goodness and sufferings, had left a revered name upon the lips of Englishmen. Images of Henry VI. were seen in great churches throughout the country, and stories of his good works and miracles were everywhere told. Henry VII. promised to build at Westminster a magnificent chapel, in memory of Henry VI. The Pope promised "canonisation" (as the making of a new saint is called), and the king obtained from the Westminster Convent £500 (equal to £5,000 nowadays) for the transference thither of the holy remains. But they were never brought from Windsor. Henry dreaded the immense expense, and completed the chapel as a grand sepulchre for himself and his new dynasty.

There is one feature of the Abbey, as seen from the outside, of which I have not spoken—the western towers. These were built as far as the roof by Abbot Islip, who witnessed the erection of Henry VII.'s Chapel. Two hundred and thirty years afterwards Sir Christopher Wren restored Islip's work, and designed the upper portions. The edifice is not yet complete, as the square central tower requires a lofty spire to complete it.

And so, young people, in the course of centuries, from out "the terrible place" in the wilderness-island has risen the famous Abbey of Westminster, the full title

of which is the "Collegiate Church, or Abbey, of St. Peter." We have now got over the dry part of our subject, so we will enter the Abbey, and as we tread its holy shades together I shall have more interesting things to tell you about some of the famous men and women and stormy events that have made it for ever memorable.

MADGE'S DOVE

“**N**ow, Madge,” cried Hal, and bent
his bow,
“Just watch this famous shot;
See that old willow by the brook—
I'll hit the middle knot.”

Swift flew the arrow through the air,
Madge watched it eager-eyed;
But, oh! for Harry's gallant vaunt,
The wayward dart flew wide.

Flew wide, and struck his cousin's dove
As, wheeling round and round,
It hovered near—the wounded bird
Fell fluttering to the ground.
And in a moment o'er her pet
Dear Madge is bending low.
Oh, how she blames the faithless dart,
The cruel, cruel bow!

The dove, soft folded in her hands,
She presses to her breast;
The bird that brought the olive spray
Was never more caressed.
Her tears upon its plumage fall,
They fall like soft warm rain—
Sure if the bird were dead such love
Would give it life again.

Poor Hal stands by, and tries to speak
His sorrow and regret;
Madge scarcely hears a word he says
For pity of her pet.
But time, the gentle healer, cures

The wounds of doves and men—
The days restore to faithful Madge
Her bonnie bird again.

ROBERT RICHARDSON.



THE WOUNDED DOVE ([See p. 16.](#))

OUR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

SOLOMON'S DREAM AT GIBEON.



It had been a great day at Gibeon. A thousand animals had been slaughtered, and laid upon the altar of burnt-offering; and, as the successive sacrifices were consumed, the flames had ascended, and the smoke, in curling clouds, had gone up towards heaven in token of acceptance.

A new king had come to the throne, a grand, and great, and mighty king, Solomon, the most comely of the sons of David. The fierce fightings of David, the man of war, were over. The glittering crown of Israel had been placed upon the head of Solomon the Peaceable; and the people hoped great things, and celebrated his accession with loud and hearty rejoicings. The dominion of Israel extended, as had been promised to Abraham, from the Euphrates to the river of Egypt. David and his mighty men had fought and conquered. And now the people of Israel were entering into rest, and into the enjoyment of that which his sword had won for them.

So Solomon, in his gratitude, offered up his thousand burnt-offerings; and the people, with heart and soul, joined him in praise to God, and their joyous psalms of thanksgiving went up with the ascending smoke.

Gibeon, which was a priestly city, lay in the tribe of Benjamin, about six miles and a half from Jerusalem; and there, in the reign of David, the Tabernacle, which had been at Shiloh, had somehow come to be pitched.

So Gibeon had become an important place; and thither Solomon went to offer up his sacrifice.

The flames that had consumed the last animal had died away, and the cloud of smoke had ceased to go up. The sun that had lighted up the world had sunk below the horizon, amid clouds of gold and purple, seemingly well pleased to have witnessed, on this sin-stained earth, so grand and noble a scene as that of a young and happy, handsome and rich king, recognising God's providence, and

offering up so worthy a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving to Him who had placed him upon the throne.

The shades of night had fallen upon all, and the joyous king himself had retired to rest. With a clear conscience and a light heart, he had lain down, and, after the fatigues of the eventful day, had fallen into a peaceful sleep.

For all his subjects loved and honoured Solomon, and gloried in having him for their king.

Well might his heart be light and his sleep be sweet. Well might his face be radiant with joy, even as he lay unconscious upon his bed. But soon an expression of still greater joy overspread his countenance. A still brighter light came into his face, and his heart leaped within him; for, in a dream of the night, God drew near this chosen and well-beloved son of David, to heap upon him still greater favours.

Pleased with the love and gratitude and devotion, to which the young king had given expression by his costly sacrifice, God, who loves a thankful heart, and pours into it still more of His goodness, visited the sleeping Solomon in the stillness of the night.

"Ask what I shall give thee," He said; and as the voice fell upon Solomon's ear

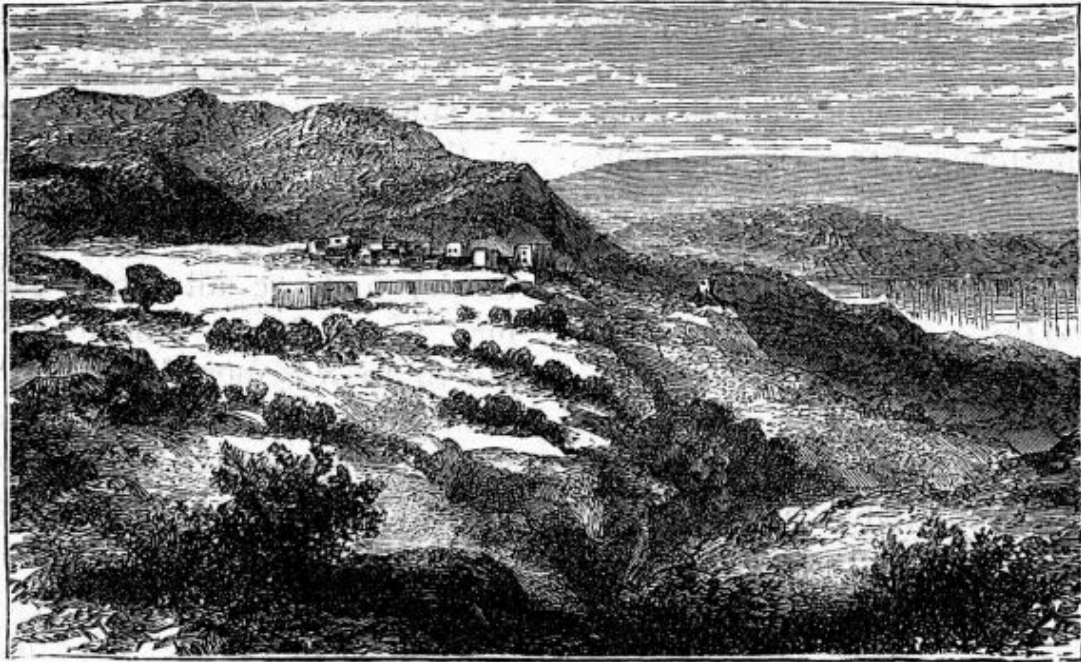
"The heart of the sleeper beat high in his breast,
Joy quickened his pulse;"

for that was the voice that he then most loved, and most desired to hear.

And what an exceedingly gracious offer it made! To get whatever he should desire! Had ever grandest king been so favoured? But what should he ask for—this youthful king, to whom life was just opening out as a pleasant paradise, offering him all that seemed worth the coveting? Was there anything yet wanting to him? How many things he might have requested!

His father is said to have died, at the age of seventy years, feeble and broken down. Would he, in so short a time, be tired of living? Would he, so soon, be ready to leave the glory and honour to which he had been called? Should he ask for length of days? Should he request that, till he had reached an age exceeding that of Methuselah, the cold hand of death might not be laid upon him, and the greedy and all-devouring tomb might not claim him as its victim? Should he ask

that he might plant his feet upon the neck of all his enemies, not one daring to raise up a finger against him? Or should he desire that the vast riches, that had been heaped up by his father during his long and victorious wars, and that had been left to him, might be still further increased, and that he might be the richest and grandest king on the face of the earth? Or should he ask that he might become so famous, that so long as the world should endure, his name might be a household word, not only amongst his own people, but in distant lands, from east to west, and from north to south, wherever the foot of man might tread?



VIEW NEAR GIBEON

Oh, no! All these things, which many would have desired, were to him but empty things of earth, trifles that must pass away, vain bubbles that must burst and disappear, leaving behind them no true and lasting benefit. His thoughts did not dwell upon them, but upon higher, and better, and nobler things.

He, the last born of David's sons, had been chosen before all his brethren, to sit upon the glorious throne of his father. Those over whom he had been called to rule were the chosen people of God. They had been taken out of all the nations of the world to be His own peculiar people, and to witness, amidst the idolatrous nations around them, to the living and true God. The heart of God was set upon them. His love was freely poured out upon them, and He had bound them to Himself, closely as a man bound around him his valued girdle.

They were the descendants of faithful Abraham, of Isaac, and Jacob. They had become great, and mighty, and powerful, spreading themselves out like the cedars of Lebanon, and flourishing like the stately palms. All the surrounding nations looked upon them as the favoured of Heaven, and feared them.

And he was called to rule them—he, so young and so inexperienced! It was his mission to rule them with justice, to train them in the paths of righteousness, and to bring them still nearer to Him who had chosen them.

And how should he accomplish it? How small and insignificant he felt, and how utterly worthless! How he seemed to dwindle into nothing beside the great work that he was called to do! And yet how anxious he was to do it well! How he longed to be like his father David, a true shepherd to his people! How his heart yearned over his subjects; and how greatly he desired to govern them aright, and to be the channel through which the blessings of the great King of Heaven might be poured down upon them!

Yes, that was the one thing he desired—worthily to perform the great work which had been given him to do. And young and inexperienced as he was, he could not do it of himself, and he must ask for the needful wisdom.

A shade of regret for a moment darkened the face of the sleeper as he thought of his own inefficiency. But it soon passed away. There was wisdom for the asking; and his bright red lips moved in humble prayer.

"O Lord," he murmured in deep reverence, "Thou hast showed great mercy unto David my father, and hast made me to reign in his stead. And Thy servant is in the midst of Thy people, which thou hast chosen—a great people that cannot be counted for multitude. I am but a little child. I know not how to go out, or to come in. Give me now wisdom and knowledge, for who can judge this Thy people that is so great?"

How pleasing to God were the deep humility expressed in this prayer, the discernment of the great work that he was called to do; the earnest desire to be fitted to do it nobly and well, and the utter forgetfulness of all earthly glory and fame!

There was no word of reproach, no saying that as the son of David he ought to be well qualified for governing. Only the gracious answer came, that, because all this was in the heart of the young king, because he had made the worthy fulfilment of his mission the grand aim of his life, wisdom and knowledge were granted to him. And because he had desired these rather than long life, or riches,

or honour, or the lives of his enemies, there should also be given to him riches, and wealth, and honour, such as no king had ever enjoyed before him or should ever know after him. And if he served God faithfully, as his father David had done, length of days, also, should be added unto him.

The young king awoke, "and, behold it was a dream." But it was not one of those fanciful dreams, that come and go, and mean nothing. It was a dream from God, a great reality, as he was soon to prove.

From that time Solomon became noted for his wisdom and knowledge. On the most difficult points he was able to give a just judgment, that astonished all who heard it. "And the people feared him; for they saw that the wisdom of God was in him."

His wisdom excelled that of all the wise men of the east, and the understanding of even the wise men of Egypt sank into the shade when compared with his.

He gave his people three thousand proverbs. He wrote a thousand and five songs; one of them which is called the "Song of Songs," or the "Song of Solomon," and which has a place in the Bible, having a depth of beautiful meaning, which only the very wise can understand. He knew all about the trees, from the kingly cedar that reared its proud head on the famous heights of Lebanon, to the humble hyssop that sprang out of the wall. He could tell the nature of each, describe its flowers and its fruit, and point out of what it was symbolic. The beasts of the earth, the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, and even the creeping things were all to him as an open book. He could tell for what each was created, and what lesson each was intended to convey. He could answer the most difficult questions that any one could put to him; and his fame rapidly spread through all the countries of the then known world.

He became so rich, too, that silver and gold were as common as the stones that he saw lying in the streets, as he rode through Jerusalem in his open chariot, clothed in white, threads of glittering gold mixed with his jet black hair.

He erected the glorious temple, which for grandeur and magnificence stood unrivalled; and time would fail to tell of the splendour of his throne, of his palace, and of the palace which he built for his favourite wife.

In almost all countries, his name has been familiar; and, to this day, the wild Arabs will tell wondrous stories about him, as they gather at night round their blazing fires. His grandeur and wisdom have ever since been proverbial; and

even Jesus, when He wished to compare the lilies of the field with something very magnificent, spoke of "Solomon in all his glory."

The great king, however, did not get length of days, because he afterwards grievously fell. But, without darkening this story with the account of his subsequent sins, let us try rather to learn some of the useful lessons that it is intended to teach. Perhaps you have already found them out.

Like Solomon, we have all in life a great work to do, and we all lack wisdom. But we have only, as St. James tells us, to "ask of God," who giveth to *all* men liberally, without reproaching them for their foolishness. And if we seek the wisdom that comes from above—the wisdom of Jesus Christ, we need have no fear; for, as the great Master Himself tells us, all other things will be added unto us.

H. D.

BIBLE EXERCISES FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

1. Which is the only miracle of our Lord that is related by all the four Evangelists?
2. What city, after its destruction, was sown with salt, as a sign of the barrenness and desolation that its enemies wished to see come upon it?
3. How many lepers are we told, were cleansed by our Lord?
4. Whence did Solomon procure the pattern according to which he built the Temple?
5. Where does the psalmist call God the health of the countenance?
6. What is the only occasion on which we read of Jesus sleeping?
7. Where is Mary, the mother of Jesus, last mentioned.
8. Where do we read that, while, in the reign of David, the old Tabernacle remained at Gibeon, a new tent was pitched at Jerusalem for the ark of the Lord?
9. In which place, after the pitching of the new Tabernacle, did the high priest officiate?

10. Where do we find that Solomon, on his accession, recognised the sanctity of both places?

11. Where is there a prophecy of Jonah concerning Israel, not recorded in the Bible, alluded to in the history of the kings?

12. From what words of St. Paul do we gather that other Christians; besides Stephen, were put to death during the persecution at Jerusalem?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE EXERCISES (61-72. See Vol. XIX., p. 346).

61. In Lev. xix. 14, and Deut. xxvii. 18.

62. In St. Matt. xxvi. 30, and St. Mark xiv. 26.

63. In Gen. xviii. 14; Jer. xxxii. 17, 27; Job xlii. 2; St. Matt. xix. 26; St. Mark x. 27, xiv. 36; St. Luke i. 37, xviii. 27.

64. In St. Mark xii. 41-44; St. Luke xxi. 1-4; and 2 Cor. viii. 12.

65. Of the mother of Samson, Judges xiii. 2-24, xiv. 2-9; and Hannah, the mother of Samuel, 1 Sam. i., ii. 1-10, 18-21.

66. In Judges xiv. 12-19; and Ezek. xvii. 1-10.

67. Proverbs xii. 10.

68. In St. Matt. vi. 25-34; and St. Luke xii. 22-30.

69. In St. Matt, xxiii. 5.

70. St. John xvii. 4.

71. In Lev. xix. 13; and Deut. xxiv. 14, 15.

72. In Deut. xxi. 22, 23.



THEY BROUGHT HER HOME IN TRIUMPH, A MERRY SIGHT TO SEE.

NESSIE'S ADVENTURE.

NESSIE was lost—her brothers
Had sought her high and low:
Where in the world was Baby?
Nobody seemed to know.

"Mother," at last said Harry
"Now don't you be afraid;
We'll make up a grand search party,
And find our little maid."

Harry led forth his followers,
Down by the willowed pond,
Past the old grey turnstile,
And into the woods beyond.

They searched by stream and meadow,
They searched 'neath hedge and tree;
"Where," said the puzzled children,
"Where can the truant be?"

At last, at last they found her,
In a meadow far away,
Under a sheltering haystack,
Asleep 'mid the fragrant hay.

They brought her home in triumph,
A merry sight to see,
With flags and banners flying,
And songs of victory.

TOO YOUNG FOR SCHOOL.

By the Author of "Harry Maxwell; or, Schoolboy Honour."

"**H**ERE, I say, old fellow! what's the matter? you look as sulky as a brown bear. And where's your cap gone? I say now, *do* wake up! You'll catch it if old Jacky catches you."

"Let me be. You would look sulky if you had a little chap of a brother sent to school, miles too young to come at all, and had got to look after him and keep him out of scrapes, and show him how to get on with his lessons, and keep the fellows from bullying him."

"Why in the world did he come, Graham?"

"Oh, don't bother, Johnny, old man," and as he spoke, Hubert Graham drew his arm away from the parapet over which he was leaning with book in hand, and turning round a frank, honest-looking face towards the boy who was questioning him, passed his hand over his eyes, and added, "What can have come to Uncle Charlie to make him send Chris off like this, I can't think. Middle of term too!"

"Well, how is it?—explain to me—but—I say, old fellow, where's your cap? you'll be in no end of a row if you lose it, you know."

LEANING WITH BOOK IN HAND ([p. 21](#)).



Up went Hubert Graham's hand to his head, as he answered in a bewildered way, "Cap! Haven't I got—" and then hastily turning, and looking over the parapet, he exclaimed, "Oh! I say, Seton, just look there!" and he burst out into a hearty laugh as he added "One of those barge boys has just fished it up out of the water, and he's holding it up in triumph to me. I must have been dreaming. It's out of bounds," he went on, with a face of dismay.

"I wonder if the fellow will bring it up to me."

"Not he," said Seton.

Dr. Thornley's boys were not allowed to go, without special leave, any nearer the town on the outskirts of which the school was situated than the bridge over which Hubert had been leaning. The approach of a master solved the difficulty. Hubert Graham went up to him. "If you please, sir, I was leaning over the parapet, and my cap fell into the river. A bargee has picked it up. May I run and get it?"

The master looked over, and laughed. "Perhaps he won't give it up. You may go and try."

When Hubert Graham returned to the bridge in triumph so far as the possession of a very wet cap was concerned, but rather low in his mind at having had to pay the exacting bargee a shilling out of his somewhat scanty store of pocket-money, he found John Seton lingering about for him.

"I say," he said, "I want to know about your uncle, and the little one. He's a jolly little man though; I expect he'll make his way."

"But there's a terrible set in the lower school for him to make his way with, and he a mere baby."

"Well! he's seven—and that seems like a baby to us, to be sure," said magnificent fourteen years, speaking in the person of John Seton; "and you're right. They *are* a set; I wish I was the prefect in his dormitory, but I'm not. Tell me how he came here in such a hurry?"

"Well, you needn't talk about it to the other fellows. Father and mother are in India. Father's regiment was ordered abroad four years ago, and mother went with him. There were three of us, and we were sent to Uncle Charlie to take care of. I was eight years old then, Nellie was five, and Chris three years old. Uncle was jolly and kind, and sent me here when I was ten. Just before the summer holidays were over Uncle Charlie married, and I'm sure our new aunt does not care for us to be there. But I never thought they'd send Chris to school. I wonder what they'll do with Nellie?"

"Can't you write to your father?"

"I will directly, but it's so long before I can hear."

* *
*

A poor little fellow taken from the nursery. A brave, bright little man enough, but oh! so young, so pitifully young to be sent to a school where there were fifty or sixty boys in what was called the lower school only! Poor little Christopher! If his mother could have seen him! He came—bright—happy—full of life, determined to like it; but before two days were over his little soul was full of misery. The boys of ten and eleven years became his dread and torment. On the second day he saw nothing of Hubert till the evening, and then he said, "Hubert, why couldn't I go to our grandfather?"

"Nobody even thought of such a thing, Chris. I don't expect our grandfather would like us."

"How do you know?" said the child.

"Oh! don't bother," returned his brother. "Only by what I've heard nurse say. She was talking one day to Jane, and she said, 'The children would have gone to General Graham's, only, you know, he was angry with master for marrying, and so master never asked him to have them.' I asked nurse what she meant, and she was vexed that I'd heard it, and said it was nothing I could understand."

"But I am so miserable here."

"Try to like it. Seton says you can go into his study to-night, and do your exercises. The fellows in the school don't leave you alone, do they, Chris?"

"No," said poor little Chris; "they don't." And sitting in Seton's little study that night the child found comfort for the first time.

And for a few days things seemed better. But it was not to last. Those boys in the lower school, who had tormented him before, were worse than ever, now that they thought he was being made a favourite of by one of the senior boys, and the poor little fellow had no peace. He complained bitterly to his brother, but it was no good. Hubert said it would only make the boys ten times worse if he interfered. "And never mind, old fellow," he said; "it's half-holiday to-morrow, and you'll get some jolly games."

"Jolly games," thought poor little Christopher; "I know better. They won't be very jolly to *me*."

And then Christopher made up his mind, and in his brave little heart determined to tell no one, but to run away, if he only could, to his grandfather. He knew the way to the station from the school, and he knew that trains went direct to a station called Kingsdown, where Uncle Charlie always went when he visited grandfather. "After all, he can't be worse than the boys," he said to himself. "And Hubert can't help me."

But Hubert did care. His smothered indignation and anxiety knew no bounds, and the very night that Chris made up his mind to run away, long after the other boys in his dormitory were asleep, Hubert lay awake thinking how he could help his little brother. He fancied he heard a noise in one of the dormitories. It seemed, he thought, to come from the direction of the one in which Christopher

was. He raised himself on his elbow to listen, and muttered to himself, "They shall only wait till to-morrow, and then those two fellows, Howard and Peters, shall have a piece of my mind. They're the ringleaders. It shall be the worse for them if they've been frightening him to-night."



SITTING IN SETON'S LITTLE STUDY

And he lay there listening till all seemed quiet, and then saying to himself, "The poor little chap is at peace now, I expect," he turned round, and dropped off to sleep.

But he had not been listening quite long enough.

Little Christopher waited till all the boys in his room were sound asleep, pinching himself to keep himself awake;

then out of bed he crept, felt for his clothes, which were close at hand, huddled them on, put his feet into his felt slippers, as he dared not put on any boots, and got out in the passage. His bed was near the door, which was fortunate, for he thought, if he had had to pass many of the boys' beds, his courage would have failed him. Down the stairs he stole—oh! how they creaked—and unfastening the shutters of one of the school-room windows, got out of it into the garden. But ah! he hadn't calculated on the big dog, whose kennel was hard by, and who was out in a moment.

"Dear, darling Ponto," cried the poor little fellow; "don't bark, my dear." And up he went, and stroked and patted the great mastiff, who, already knowing the little fellow, put his paws on his shoulders, and licked his face with great appreciation. For Christopher was tenderly kind to animals, and he was rewarded for this now in his day of deep distress. Ponto did not bark.

Christopher whispered to him. "Ponto, I'm very unhappy. I'm running away. I wish I could take you with me. I only love you here; excepting Hubert, and he can't help me;" and away he stole.

As he got into the high road the early dawn of morning gave him a little light.

All was consternation in the school later, in the morning. A boy missing! Dr. Thornley summoned the whole school before him. Could any boy give him any information?



HUBERT LAY AWAKE ([p. 23](#)).

Hubert came forward. "He said he should run away yesterday, sir; but I had no notion the poor boy would or could, or I'd never have left him last night."

"Why?—for what reason?" said Dr. Thornley, his face growing sterner and graver.

John Seton came forward. "I'm afraid, sir, there's very bad bullying in the lower school."

"So bad as this, that a boy should run away!" said the doctor; "and you a prefect!"

The colour mounted high in John Seton's fine young face.

"I've not had anything to do with the discipline the three weeks since Graham minor has been here, sir; but some of us meant to speak. It could not go on."

"May I go after him, sir?" said Hubert, his voice quivering with anxiety.

"I have sent to search for him in all directions," said the doctor. "A poor little child like that might meet with many mishaps. I am surprised," and his voice shook, "that none of you bigger boys let me know of any of this base, low, ungentlemanly conduct."

The expression on the countenances of some of the boys of the lower school, as these words fell from the doctor's lips, may be imagined.

Dr. Thornley was the kindest-hearted of men, but there were certain offences that moved him greatly; and when moved to wrath, the boys knew he could be terrible.

"I must find this all out; and if the boys who have been bullying little Graham have not the bravery to come forward, and confess it of their own free will, I must take measures to discover who they were. But I warn them," added the doctor, "that if I find them out before they have come forward and freely confessed their base conduct, their time at this school will be short. To-day is a half-holiday. All the lower school will keep within bounds to-day."

At that instant "Old Jacky," as the boys called him, the school porter, brought the doctor a telegram. His face wore a look of great relief as he read it. And he turned to poor Hubert.

"Your brother is safe." Then to the school he said, "I have just had this telegram, which I will read, 'General Sir Henry Graham, Sefton Court, to Dr. Thornley, Middleborough. Christopher Graham safe with me. Shall make full inquiries.'"



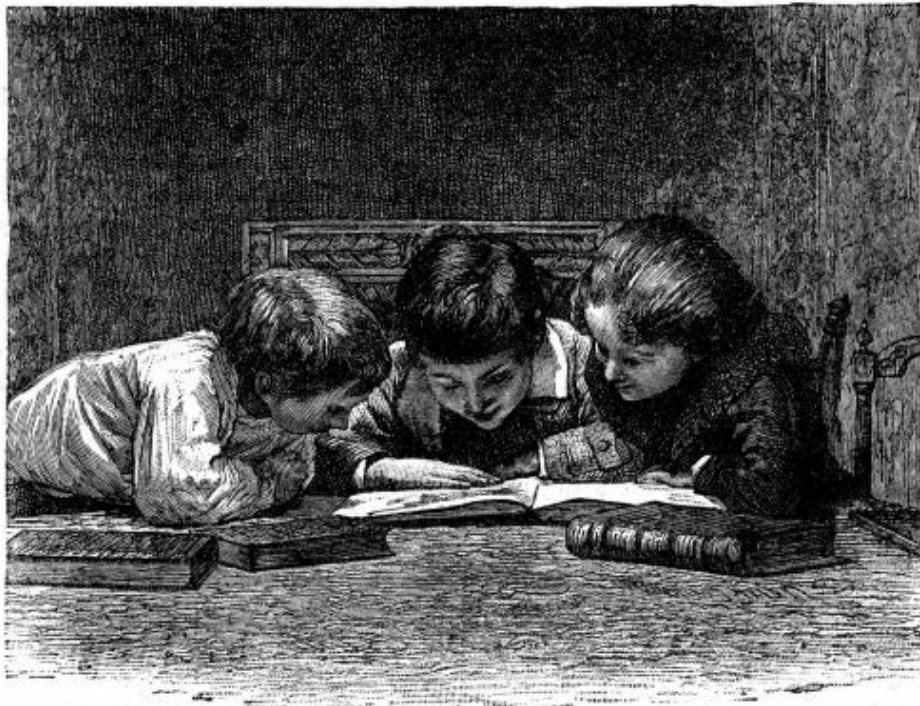
FAST ASLEEP, WITH HIS HEAD ON THE DOG ([p. 25](#)).

At Sefton Court the same morning all was lazy and quiet. The blinds drawn down the entrance door side of the house to keep out the sun, but doors and windows thrown wide open. An old gentleman sitting in his library, reading his paper. Something made the old gentleman restless. He fidgeted. Something was wrong with his glasses. Then to himself he said, "I wish Henry was here. Shall write by next mail. Why shouldn't his wife come home, and bring the children here? I don't half like it now that Charlie's married. Perhaps she won't like the children. Got a craze on education too. They overdo it. Dear me! I wonder where that fellow Thomas is?"

And up got the old gentleman, and walked to the door. He had no sooner opened it than he gave a great start. "Hullo! What on earth is this?" What was it he saw?

His own old dog, Bevis, whose favourite sleeping-place was the mat at his door, lying there as usual, but not asleep. Wide awake, as if on guard. And marvel of marvels! a dear little fair-haired boy fast, fast asleep, with his head on the dog, who was lying so as to make himself into as comfortable a pillow as possible.

The old gentleman stared hard for a minute, then began to shout for Thomas, which woke the child, and he began to sob.



THEY WERE ALL THREE ASSEMBLED ([p. 26](#)).

"There, there!" said the old general. "Who are you? You oughtn't to have come in without leave." By this time poor little Christopher, for it was he, had collected his scattered faculties, and catching hold of one of General Graham's hands, cried, "You're grandfather. Do take care of me. I'm so unhappy at school; I think I'm too little. So I said I'd come off to you. You wouldn't be as bad as the boys!"

"Who? who?" stammered the poor old general.

"I'm little Christopher Graham. Uncle Charlie sent me to school, and I'm too little, I expect. I ran away. I know it was naughty, but forgive me, and don't send me back. I had five shillings in my box, and I ran away in the night, and came here by the train in the morning; and I asked where you lived, and I walked here from the station, and I saw the door wide open, and I thought as it was grandfather's house I might come in; and I was afraid of the dog, but he didn't hurt me, and I knelt down to pat him, and I suppose I was very tired, for I can't remember any more."

But he needed to say no more, for he was in his grandfather's arms. And Thomas was close by, and brought some warm tea very quickly; and a kind-

looking old lady came, who said to Christopher she was his great Aunt Susan, and that he must be undressed and have a warm bath, and go to bed to get a sound sleep before they let him tell them anything else.

The very next evening Aunt Susan called Christopher into the library. There was his very own Nellie sitting on grandfather's knee, and Hubert standing by!

Dr. Thornley had given Hubert one day's holiday to go and see Christopher. Later in the evening they were all three assembled in a pleasant cosy room, looking over funny old picture-books, which kind Aunt Susan turned out of her treasures.

"All's well that ends well," said Hubert; "but you mustn't run away from school when you're bigger, old boy. You're only forgiven because you're a baby, you know."

And his grandfather said to him later on—

"My boy, in the battle-field no soldier worthy to bear the name of 'Englishman' ever turned his back on the enemy. What you had to bear was hard; but you turned your back on your enemy when you ran away. And you bear an ancient name, and you come of a noble race. We must do our Duty, come what will."

And Christopher never forgot these words.

THE HOME OF THE BEADS.

WHO would believe it?

You may well open your eyes, and shake your little heads incredulously, but nevertheless it is a positive fact, that Venice, the fair Queen of the Adriatic, sends forth every year no less than three thousand tons of glass beads, for the adornment of your sisters big and little in all the four quarters of the globe.



GONDOLA.

The largest buyers of these pretty dainty toys are the Roman peasant women. America follows closely in their footsteps, Great Britain's turn comes next, then Germany puts in a modest claim, while the worst customers of all are the Scandinavians, to whose deep, earnest, thoughtful nature the glittering baubles appear mere useless trifles. Among the Russian, Turkish, and Hungarian women, only the richest classes indulge in these ornaments; they are scarcely ever seen

among the people, which may perhaps be explained by the fact that they would not at all suit the various national costumes.

All those customers, however, who belong in reality to the civilised nations (for, as a rule, the higher the cultivation, the less are these shining ornaments appreciated), only demand the cheaper kinds of glass beads. The best and dearest, the so-called *perle di luce*, find their way to India and Africa, to the half-civilised and wholly savage races. And here, the long strings of gay glistening beads do not merely serve as finishing-touches to the costume, but form the principal ornament, and cover the neck, arms, hair, and slender ankles of many a Hindoo or Malay maiden, while among the Ethiopians they often represent the sole article of dress. By these people, the glass pearls are indeed looked upon as treasures, and the pretty string of Roman or Venetian beads which you, my little maiden, lay aside so carelessly, is among them the cause of

as much heart-burning and anxious hopes and fears as the most costly diamond necklace would be among English people.

Japan, too, is not a bad market for their sale; whereas China again will have none of them, and turns her back rudely on fair Venice and its industry.

But come! Here lies a gondola ready to our hand—the boatman seems intuitively to have read our wishes, and as we glide over the blue rippling waters in which the stately palaces are mirrored clear and lifelike, we seem to see a second Venice reflected beneath us. Gradually we approach the island of Murano, on which is situated the largest of the seven great bead manufactories of Venice, and here Herr Weberbeck, a German, employs no less than 500 men and women. Altogether about 6,000 people earn their livelihood (and a poor one it is), by this wonderfully pretty industry, while the value of the exports amounts yearly to the sum of £300,000.

The manufacture itself surprises us by the great simplicity which characterises it. The first stage is getting the liquid mass of glass about to be operated upon into a thorough state of toughness and pliability: one should be able to pull it like rosin or sealing-wax. The colouring of the mass is done while it is still in the furnace, by adding various chemicals, the principal of which are arsenic, saltpetre, antimony, and lead.

The next process is drawing out the long glass pipes. This is most interesting. Let us, therefore, watch the man yonder, one of the glass-blowers, as, by means of an iron rod, he carefully lifts a ball of liquid glass, about the size of a small melon, from the open furnace, and with another simple instrument makes an indentation in the outer circle, nearly the size of that one sees at the bottom of a wine-bottle. His colleague, meanwhile, has done exactly the same to another ball of glass, and as they both press their balls together, the two outer circles merge into one, and the air inside the hollow spaces is completely shut off. Now the workmen draw back the iron rods, which are still attached to the hot mass, and a glass thread is seen connecting them to the centre ball. Then, keeping the strictest military time, the glass-blowers march off in opposite directions, to about the distance of a hundred yards, and the glowing glass thread spins itself off from both balls, until it is exhausted, or until the cold air hardens it. The imprisoned air has likewise, however, been spun out, and thus a hollow pipe, instead of a solid rod, has been formed, and so prepared the hole for the future beads.

The glass threads vary in thickness, from that of a pencil to that of a very thin knitting-needle. Those intended for beads of mixed colours are drawn out just in the same way, the only difference being that in that case the glass ball, as soon as it is taken from the furnace, is dipped in various coloured masses of liquid glass, which then form layers, one over the other, like the layers of an onion.

Sometimes, very tiny lumps of coloured glass are stuck on the glass balls, which then form parti-coloured stripes on the glass threads. The separating and sorting of the threads or pipes, which are now broken up into lengths of about three feet, is a widely-spread home-industry in Venice, and if we go down to the lower parts of the Lagoon city, where the people dwell, we shall see numbers of women and children seated before large baskets, out of which glass pipes protrude like the quills of a gigantic porcupine. With fingers spread wide apart, they carefully weigh and feel the contents of the baskets, till they have sorted all the pipes, according to their sizes. The different bundles are then carried back to the factory, where they are placed in a machine, not unlike a chaff-cutter, and cut up into small pieces. It is amusing to watch the coloured shower as it falls. Do not be afraid, but just place your hand beneath, to catch the glittering stream, and it will almost seem as if you had taken hold of a shower of hailstones.

Any pointed or jagged bits having been cut off, the beads are now rolled in fine sand, which has been carefully heated in earthen jars, until just warm enough to soften the outside of the glass, so that a gentle friction would rub off the sharp edges. The sand gets into the holes in the beads, prevents them from closing up during this process, and ere we can believe it possible, they come forth round, perfect, and complete. The larger and smaller ones are now separated and sorted by simply shaking them in different-sized sieves, and any beads that require an extra amount of polish are thrown into small bags filled with marl, and vigorously tossed and shaken.

Much more complicated is the manufacture of the *perle di luce*, or beads of light, which so delight the natives of India and Africa. The name is taken from the way in which they are prepared, namely, by means of a jet of intense flame, and great skill and dexterity is required on the part of the workman, who can display his talent and originality by ornamenting them with flowers and arabesques. The combined effects of light and colour are often very beautiful, and seem a fit adornment for all those eastern and southern nations over whom a halo of fable and romance is cast.

In the interior of Africa, these *perle di luce* are frequently used as payment instead of coin, and the cunning Arab, in whose hands almost the whole of the trade lies, generally turns to his own profit the delight that the innocent negresses exhibit at his gay wares.

But contrary to what one might expect, the black, woolly-headed children of Nature show a strange distaste for *glossy* beads; so much so indeed, that the Venetians find it necessary to deaden the natural brilliancy which all glass obtains when it becomes cold, by grinding it, and thus softening the otherwise shining surface.

Notwithstanding all this, however, the bead industry of Venice is but a poorly-paid one; only the most skilful among the hands can manage to make a decent livelihood. Not very many of the women can earn more than about 4½d. a day, so that for them all the fast-days decreed by their Church are quite superfluous; *their* fasts last from Ash Wednesday to Ash Wednesday. Even polenta, that very frugal Italian national dish, is for them only a Sunday's treat; the rest of the week nature provides them with turnips and other roots, great piles of which, cooked on an open hearth, greet us in all the streets of Venice, where they are eagerly devoured by the hungry crowd. And yet these poor people work hard to give pleasure and delight to both great and little folk.

Truly they exemplify the old proverb, "Some must sow, that others may reap."

M. H.

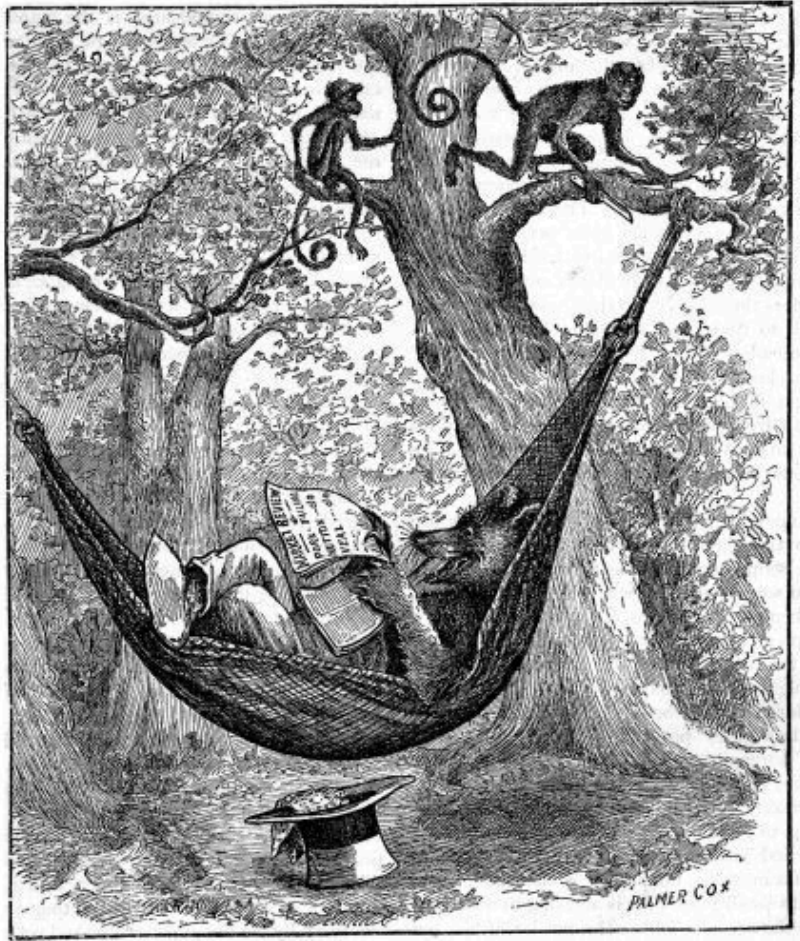
[ANSWER TO "OUR IMAGINARY DISSOLVING VIEWS"—VI. (*See Vol. XIX., p. 351.*)
1. Henrietta, Maria. 2. Vandyke's picture of Charles I. and his queen: the children were afterwards Charles II. and James II. 3. The Fronde. 4. Trial of Charles I. in Westminster Hall.]

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

T WAS noon-tide on a summer day,
And in a hammock Bruin lay,
Studying the price of pork and veal,
And wondering how to get a meal,
And what his little ones would do
If all the papers said was true.

The sun was very warm that day,
And having truded a weary way
In search of food, 'twas no surprise
That Mr. Bruin shut his eyes
Now and again, and did not see
Two monkeys o'er him in the tree.

"Hurrah!" they whispered, "here's a chance
Of making Mr. Bruin dance!
Oft has he put us in a fix:
We'll pay him out now for his tricks,
And let him know that, though we're small,
We're not so harmless after all!"



'T WAS NOON-TIDE ON A SUMMER DAY, AND IN A
HAMMOCK BRUIN LAY.



UPON THE GROUND, WITH ACHING BONES, POOR
BRUIN MINGLED SIGHS AND GROANS

Then, knife in hand, one monkey passed
From branch to branch, until at last
He reached the bough wherefrom was hung
Old Bruin's hammock, firmly slung;
And made one sudden vigorous slash
Through all the ropes: then—crash, crash, crash!

Upon the ground, with aching bones,
Poor Bruin mingled sighs and groans,
Compelled to linger there and hear
The monkeys' frequent taunt and jeer,
While "What's the price, of bear's grease, please?"
Went echoing through the forest trees.

G. W.



LITTLE TOILERS OF THE NIGHT.

I.—THE PRINTER'S READING-BOY.



It is a gusty Friday night just after Easter. A night full of wind which comes in sudden blasts and drives the sharp shining rain along the streets so that it seems to pierce through coats and umbrellas, and makes such a quick pattering sound upon the pavement that people who are indoors, and just going to bed, pull aside their window-curtains, look out at the flickering lights, and feel glad to be at home.

Looking up from between the tall flat walls of the houses in a narrow court in Fleet Street, London, any one who has eyes can see the gleam of the moon, and the two or three stars that hang in the long strip of blue overhead. They can hear the rumble of the late cab, and the tramp of the policeman outside so plainly that these sounds are quite startling. For all day long Fleet Street is a busy place, with thousands of people going up and down, and hundreds of carts, cabs, waggons, cars, and carriages, hustling in the roadway, and people who have only seen and heard it in the day-time are surprised to find how silent and deserted it is at midnight.

But in the narrow court, and in many other courts and passages close by, there are other sounds and other lights than the noise of the policeman's boots and the gleaming of the stars. Any one who is standing there may hear a curious buzzing, and now and then a dull thump, and looking about may see more than one big building with its windows all aglow, and the shadows of people moving across them. Now and then a door will open, and a lad, perhaps without a cap, and with his jacket tied round his neck by the sleeves, will rush out as though the place were on fire and he had been sent to fetch an engine.

If you are standing near the door you will have to get out of the way of that lad, or he will be likely to run you down, or jam you against the wall, for he is in a hurry. He is not going to fetch an engine, for if you watch him he scampers down the next court, or perhaps across Fleet Street, and in less time than you can get your breath properly, is back with a tray piled with steaming mugs, and plates of thick bread-and-butter; and while you are wondering how he can have got them so quickly, and whether he will ever carry them up that steep flight of

stairs behind the door of the big building, he gives a shout that seems to make twenty echoes, and then you lose sight of him.

In those big buildings with the dark doors and the lighted windows the news of the week is being printed, that people may read it in the papers. There the printers are at work, and will be at work all night; the lad who has just gone in is a printer's lad, and because of some part of the work he has to do he is called a "reading-boy."

Nearly every day this week numbers of letters and telegrams and written accounts of various things that have taken place in different parts of the world have been coming in to this building. When they come in the editor looks at them and sends them up to the chief compositor. The "compositors," up in the top rooms where the lights are shining, stand before large wooden trays or "cases," each of which is divided into a number of small squares, like boxes without lids. These boxes hold what are called the types. The types are little slips of metal, and on the end of each slip is stamped a letter. One of the boxes in the tray holds the a's, another the b's, another the c's, and the capital letters and the stops also have their proper places. When the compositor has the writing before him on his case, he takes a small metal box open at one end, and of the proper width, in his left hand, and with his right hand picks up one by one the metal letters that spell the words which are on the page. These he places in the box with the letter end upwards, putting a slip of metal without any letter upon it to make a space between each word. When he has filled his box he lifts all the letters carefully out without jumbling any of them up together, stands them in a tray, and keeps them from falling down by placing a flat rule of brass against the side of them. When he has set up so many of these metal letters that they are enough, when properly arranged in columns, to make a whole page of printing, they are all brought close together and then tightly fastened in a kind of frame, so that they are quite firm. They are next sent downstairs and placed on the *press*, or printing-machine. Large smooth rollers spread a thin coating of ink upon this metal page, and then the sheet of white paper is brought very firmly against it by a strong machine, which presses so evenly that the ink is stamped from the metal page of the types on to the paper. When that paper is removed it is a printed page, with the same words upon it that the compositor read upon the letter or written page sent in a little while ago. All night long these types with the letters upon them are being set up, all night long patient men pick up the metal letters and form them into pages; all night long the steam engine is going, and the letters from the inky metal pages are being stamped

upon the clean white paper, which, when it is printed all over, will contain the week's history of the world, and will be read by thousands of people.

There are many lads in this printing-office, and all night they are running up and down with letters and sheets of writing and printing, or are cleaning the inky surface of the metal pages, or helping to fix up the frames. But why are some of them called "reading-boys?"

Of course when the metal letters are set up mistakes will occur now and then; so in the first impression printed from the type, before it is made up into the pages for printing already referred to and fastened into the metal frame, these mistakes must be put right. To do this one person takes the writing from which the type was set up, and another the impression from the type, and the man or boy who has the writing reads it aloud distinctly, while the other, who has the impression from the type, reads that to himself at the same time, and compares what he sees there with what he hears being read. If he comes to a word where there is a mistake he makes a mark against it, and sets it right. When the mistakes are all marked, the compositor sets them right by putting in the proper letters and words, instead of the wrong ones, and then another impression is printed to see whether all is right this time. These impressions that are read for mistakes are called "proofs," because they prove whether the work has been properly done. Sometimes, if the reading-boy is very clever, he can read the first writing, but the writing is very often so bad that even the men who set up the metal types can hardly read it. It is not pleasant work to sit all night in a close little hot room, with the gas flaring, and to hear the din, and feel the rolling of the great machinery, while you have to read all sorts of things that you don't care much for, and haven't time to think about; but that is what the "reading-boy" has often to do, though he sometimes has a good deal of running up and down stairs, and now and then rushes out to fetch tea, bread-and-butter, bacon, and other things for the men, or for himself and his companions. It is to get a second supply of these dainties that the boy whom we saw just now comes out again head-first, and with no jacket at all on this time. He carries the tray full of empty mugs, and before he can quite stop himself he comes suddenly against a burly, weather-beaten looking man, who is walking up the court, and seems to be lurching from side to side of the pavement. Before the lad can stop short, the edge of the tray comes against this man's elbow, and crash goes one of the mugs on the stones of the court.

"Now, then, stoopid!" shouts the boy. "Why can't you keep on your right side?"

"Is that the way you speaks to your uncle, Bennie?" says the big man, laughing. He is a short broad man, dressed in rough blue cloth, and with a shiny sou'-wester on his head. He looks like a pilot, but he is really a fisherman and a sailor, and he has come up all the way from Yarmouth on purpose to see Benny's mother, who is his own sister.

"Well, uncle, who *could* ha' thought of seeing you here; haven't you been to mother's?"

"No, my boy, I got to London by the late train, and so I thought I'd try and find you out, and we'll go home together. What a place this London is, to be sure, and what a stifly sort of alley this here is to be workin' in all night; it don't seem quite right for a lad of your age, Benny."

"Come, don't you go running down our court," says the boy. "I'm all right, uncle, specially since you was so kind as to pay for me to go to the classes. Why, bless you, I'm learning French and Latin now, and I'm put on to reading regular. I shouldn't wonder if I was to come to be a printer's reader, instead of a reading-boy, and earn ever so much a week by-and-by."

"What do you get now, Benny?"

"Eight shillings a week, uncle, and then you know I can help mother in the shop a bit; but I say, you don't mind waitin' a minute, while I go to the house over the way. There's only one or two places that keep open after twelve, because of our wanting tea, and ham, and rolls, and coffee, and all sorts o' things, to keep us going. It makes you precious faint to keep up night work without anything to eat, I can tell you, uncle."

"Well, I'll come with you, Benny, and wait for you at the shop, where I can fill my pipe. But where's your jacket, and where's your cap?"

"Oh, we don't have time to think about that. Something's wanted, and the bell rings, and somebody shouts down the speaking-tube, and off you go. It is precious cold sometimes, though, for the men at our place keep the room so hot. They can't bear a breath of air here, and for fear of a draught, and then getting their fingers cold so that they can't feel the type, they paste paper over every crack, and have all the windows fastened down, and make you pay a fine for leaving the door open. Why, uncle, you don't a bit know what it is. Talk about the hardships at sea, and being out night after night off what I've heard you call the Dogger Bank to catch codfish, they're nothing to being a boy in a printin' office where the machine's always going, and you've I don't know how many

masters to order you about; but never you mind, I'm going to stick to it, and if they don't give me a rise to ten shillings next week, I'll leave and go into another place where they'll be proud of my talent, and admire me for my strength. Though I think I would rather be aboard the *Saucy Nancy* with you, after all. I should 'like 'a life on the ocean wave, uncle, and I do get so tired of the night work sometimes."

"Bless your heart, my boy; there's lads no bigger than you at the fishing stations that have as much night work as you do. Hard work in the cold and the wind and the wet, and often hungry work, and a good deal of danger too. There, get along, and fetch your coat, Benny. I'll wait here, and then we'll go home together to see mother, and as she tells me you're to have a holiday, Saturday to Monday night, you shall come home along o' me, and then we will just see what it's like to be a Fisher Boy."

THOMAS ARCHER.

THEIR ROAD TO FORTUNE.

THE STORY OF TWO BROTHERS.

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

CHAPTER I.—A VISITOR TO RIVERSDALE.

"How I wish it was a boy. I don't like girls!" Bertie Rivers cried, tossing aside his book. "Do come out, Eddie, and let us watch for the carriage."

Eddie laid aside his book a little reluctantly, and followed his brother through the open French window of the study. They were two bright, handsome lads, of twelve and thirteen: Edward the elder, but scarcely as tall as Bertie, and far slighter, with a grave reserved air, and rather thoughtful face; Bertie sturdy, gay, careless, and frank, with restless, observant blue eyes, and a somewhat unceremonious way of dealing with people and things. Eddie called him rough and boisterous, and gave way to him in everything, not at all because Bertie's will was the stronger, but that Eddie, unless very much interested, was too indolent to assert himself, and found it much easier to do just as he was asked on all occasions than argue or explain.

There was a visitor expected at Riversdale that day, and they were very curious concerning her, though in different ways: Bertie openly, restlessly, questioningly; Eddie with a quiet, rather gloomy, expectation.

"I wonder if she will like us?" Bertie said, as he climbed to the top of a gate, and looked anxiously down the white dusty road.

"I wonder if we shall like *her*?" Eddie replied: "that's of more importance, I think."

"I do wish she was a boy," Bertie repeated for about the hundredth time in the course of three days. "One never knows what to do with a girl cousin. Of course she won't care about cricket, though Lillie Mayson likes it, and she will be afraid of the dogs, and scream at old Jerry. I wonder we never even heard of her before, or of Uncle Frank either. I wonder——"

"What's the use of wondering, Bert?" Eddie interrupted, a little impatiently. "Papa told us all he wished us to know, I dare say. Come along for a walk. What's the good of idling here all the morning? It won't bring the carriage a minute sooner to stand watching for it."

"No, of course not; but I want to rush down the road to meet it, and we can't go for a walk till it comes. It would be a poor sort of welcome for Cousin Agnes;" and Bertie took another long look down the road, where nothing was visible save a cloud of fine white dust.

Three mornings before Mr. Rivers had summoned both boys to his study, and very gravely informed them that their Uncle Frank was dead, and his only child, Agnes Rivers, was coming to reside at Riversdale.

"She has no home, no friends, no money, no mother. Try and be kind to her, boys. Don't ignore her, Edward; don't tease her, Bertie; and ask her no questions about her parents or her past history, remember that!"

The boys promised; they always obeyed their father implicitly: indeed, absolute unquestioning obedience was one thing Mr. Rivers exacted from every person he came in contact with.

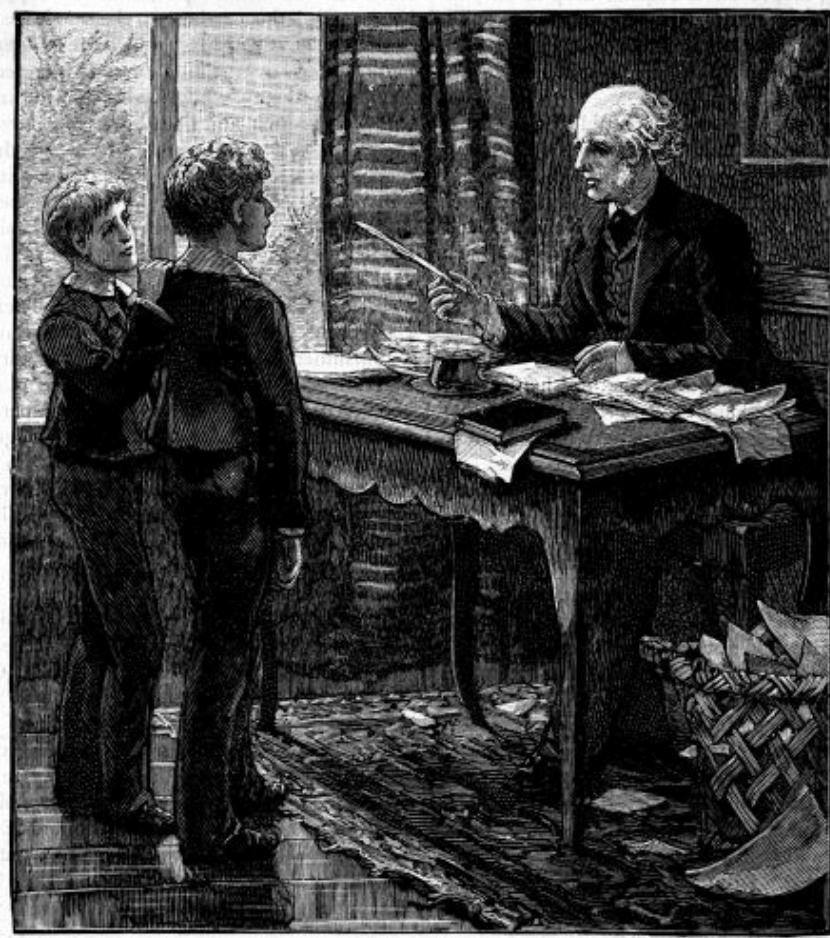
But Bertie was far from satisfied with the very meagre information he had received, and directly he got a favourable opportunity, he besieged Mrs. Mittens, the old housekeeper, with questions concerning the new relation who was coming to make her home with them, and of the Uncle Frank whose name he had never heard before. Eddie did not share his curiosity, or perhaps concluded that his father's command to ask no questions was a general one; Bertie insisted it only referred to Agnes herself, and repeated his father's exact words to the housekeeper.

"I think, Master Bertie, your papa meant you to ask no questions of anybody; and I have very little to tell," she said, gravely. "But this much I think you may know. Your Uncle Frank was your papa's only brother: he displeased your grandpapa, and left home in consequence."

"But what did he do?" Bertie cried eagerly.

"Everything he should not have done; but his worst fault was disobedience, and a world of trouble it got him into. Remember that, Master Bertie: your grandpapa would be obeyed, and your papa is his own son in that respect. So take care, my dear, take care!" and the old lady shook her forefinger warningly.

"But everything's forgot and forgave now," she added, more cheerfully; "and right glad I am Miss Agnes is coming here!"



MR. RIVERS HAD SUMMONED BOTH BOYS TO HIS STUDY
([p. 32](#)).

Bertie turned away grumbling; he was not a whit wiser than he had been before, and he felt somehow that he had been reproved, and, more than that, warned. But he was not very seriously impressed, and he determined some day to find out the whole history of his Uncle Frank: know exactly what he did, and why he did it; and as he turned the matter over in his mind, as he sat perched on the gate, he came to the conclusion that his was a very strange family, and that there were a great many skeletons concealed in Riversdale.

"Perhaps Aunt Amy will be sending us a boy or girl cousin some day or other," he said to Eddie suddenly. "I shouldn't be a bit surprised."

Eddie started from a reverie, and looked questioningly at his brother. "Aunt Amy? what put her into your head, Bert?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, unless it's Uncle Frank. Don't you think it's very funny to have a lot of relations you never see, hear from, or speak about—very exciting, too, to have cousins drop in on you when you least expect it. I hope, Ned, when you're master of Riversdale, you won't banish me, and forget my very existence till I'm dead. What did Aunt Amy do, I wonder?"

"She married some one papa did not approve of—an artist, I think: that's all," Eddie said gravely. "I think Aunt Amy is very happy, and I'm sure she is very beautiful. She does not come to Riversdale, because papa is always ill, I suppose; and perhaps she likes London better, and she has not got any boys or girls."

"Oh!" Bertie said, opening his eyes wide; "you seem to know all about them. Who told you?"

"Papa. I asked him one day."

"Oh! and Uncle Gregory: what did he do? He never comes here either;" and Bertie looked up the road again, as if he did not care very much to hear the probable reason of that relative's absence.

"Uncle Gregory is a merchant, and has to attend to his business, I suppose," Eddie replied, rather loftily. "He came here often enough—too often, I believe—when our mother was alive, and then papa and he disagreed, and he has not come since."

"Hum!" Bertie said, slipping down and stretching himself. "How did you find out, Eddie?"

"Why, I didn't find out. Papa talks to me sometimes about our relatives; you talk as if it were a crime for people not to come here when they have their own houses and things to attend to. You might just as well ask why we always stay at home."

"Oh! but that's different: Riversdale is such a jolly place. Why, I wouldn't live anywhere else for anything, would you, Eddie?"

"I don't know; I think it would be wise to see other places before deciding. I should like to see a great city—London for instance."

"I wonder if Agnes is coming from London?" Bertie cried; "if so, she can tell us all about it."

"But I'd like to see for myself, to travel everywhere, visit all the famous places in the world—Italy, Greece, Egypt—see pictures, statues, beautiful churches."

"I think I'd prefer to stay at home: those places are such a long way off. I dare say I should be tired before I got there; and I don't care for pictures much, except of dogs and horses. I'd just like to stay here always, hunt and shoot and fish when I grow up, and play cricket and football, and just enjoy myself all the time," Bertie said soberly.

"That's because you're ignorant, Bertie, and have no taste or ambition," Eddie replied. "You know what Doctor Mayson says: 'Travel improves the mind, and enlarges the understanding.'"

"Yes, but that's only in a copy-book!" Bertie exclaimed triumphantly. "Besides, papa is the cleverest man in the world, and he's happy enough here. Oh! the carriage at last. Come and welcome our new cousin;" and in a moment Bertie had vaulted over the gate and shouted to the coachman to stop, while Eddie followed in a more orthodox fashion, and both boys stood bowing, with their caps in their hands, to a little girl dressed in black, with a small pale face, and a quantity of light hair pushed back from her forehead. She clung to Mrs. Mittens nervously with one hand, while she extended the other first to Bertie, then to Eddie and said, "Thank you, cousins," for their welcome in the sweetest, saddest voice in the world. Then the carriage drove on before Bertie had quite recovered his astonishment at the fact that the little girl seemed no more than a baby, yet wore blue glasses, and spoke with the voice of a grown-up person. He had meant to spring into the carriage, give her a hearty kiss and a noisy greeting, and go on to the house with her; but such familiarities were entirely out of the question with the grave little lady in black. Turning round, he looked questioningly at Eddie, who had returned to the grounds. "Well," he cried, "what do you think?"

"I think Cousin Agnes is an ugly, sickly little thing, not more than seven!" he cried scornfully. "The idea of a girl in blue spectacles! Come and have a walk." For once Bertie followed instead of leading, though he was strongly inclined to return to the house. He did not think his cousin was ugly, and he pitied her for being so pale and sad-looking; but somehow he felt disappointed too, and out of humour with himself, and Eddie, and every one else, and in an unusually silent mood he set off for a ramble in the woods. Both boys were disappointed in Agnes, but in a different way.

CHAPTER II.—AGNES FINDS A FRIEND.

"I HOPE you will be very happy here, child, and make yourself at home. Take care of her, Mittens, and see that the boys don't tease her;" and Mr. Rivers kissed the trembling, nervous little girl on the forehead, and waved her out of the room. The interview had been brief, and conducted with absolute silence on the child's part. She was overpowered by the magnificence and awed by the solemnity of her new home.

"Is that grand gentleman Uncle Hugh, ma'am?" she asked timidly, as she clung to the good-natured housekeeper's hand.

"Yes, my dear; and very kind and good you will find him if you always do just as he tells you. Now you must come to my room, and have a cup of tea before dinner. Your cousins never have any luncheon, and dine with me at three o'clock. Your Uncle Hugh always dines in his own apartments: indeed, he seldom leaves them, except for a turn on the terrace. The children go in every evening to see him for half an hour, and you will go with them. We have breakfast at nine, and tea at seven. Your cousins drive in to Wakeley every day to Doctor Mayson's school; they leave at half-past nine, and get back by three. Sometimes they ride their ponies, but oftener they drive in the little dog-cart; and I dare say a young person will come to give you lessons, but the master has not made any arrangement yet. You're to sleep in the room next to mine; and Prudence Briggs, the under housemaid, will wait upon you. But the first thing you must do, my dear Miss Agnes, is to get well, and strong, and rosy. You have been ill, surely."

"No, ma'am, not worse than usual; but I have been up a good deal at night with father."

"You up at night, child! Dear, dear! what could folk be thinking of to let you?"

"There was no one else, ma'am, and father had to have his medicine regularly," Agnes replied gravely. "Even when Doctor Evans did send a nurse, she used to fall asleep at night, and forget poor father."

Mrs. Mittens took off her spectacles, wiped them carefully, put them on again, and looked earnestly at the child seated opposite to her. But either her eyes or the glasses were dim again in a moment. That poor, fragile little creature up at night, ministering to the wants of a dying man! It seemed incredible, and yet the child's face and voice and words bore the living impress of truth.

"How old are you, my dear?"

"Twelve last birthday. I know I'm very little and weak, and my back aches dreadfully sometimes; but Doctor Evans said rest and care would do wonders for me. I never had much rest at home, and I was always very anxious about poor father; ever since my darling mamma died, four years ago, I had to take care of him."

"Dear heart alive! Why did you never write to your uncle?" Mrs. Mittens cried, holding up both her hands.

"I never knew I had an uncle till after father's death; then Doctor Evans told me, and sent me here. He was very, very kind, and so was my Aunt Amy. Was it not strange to have an aunt in London and never know it? But she came at once, and took me away to her house—ever so much a finer house than the one we lodged in, but not nearly so fine or beautiful as this; and she made my black frocks, and took me to dear father's funeral in a carriage. Aunt Amy was very kind, and kissed me very often, and said she wished she could keep me always, but Uncle Clair said it was best for me to come to Riversdale. Do you think it was best?"

"Yes, my dear, of course. Certainly it was best for you to come," the old lady replied briskly.

"And do you think my cousins will love me?"

"I'm quite sure of it, Miss Agnes. They are the best and dearest boys in the world."

"And Uncle Hugh?" Agnes added wistfully.

"Well, my dear, your uncle is not quite like other people. He suffers a great deal with his nerves, and he has had a many sorrows, which he keeps all to himself; but he's the most just and most generous gentleman in the world, and I'm sure he will be very kind to you; only you must do just what he says, my dear. All the troubles in the world came of disobedience, I think, and have done so since the Garden of Eden. If poor Mr. Frank had only—but there, what is the use of talking?" and Mrs. Mittens sighed.

"Did you know my father, ma'am?"

"Yes, indeed! I carried him about in my arms many a time."

"Did you love him, please?"

"Love him, Miss Agnes? *that* I did! Who could help loving his bright bonnie face? Why, we all loved him, dearie: he was the light and life of the house, but he would have his own way—he would have it, and I fear it led him through a tangled, thorny path."

Agnes looked up at Mrs. Mittens.

"Please, please tell me one thing more, ma'am," she whispered nervously, yet eagerly. "Did my Uncle Hugh love my father?"

"As the apple of his eye, my dearie: there's no mistake about that; he would have given his heart's best blood for him!"

"Did he know my dear father was so sad and so sorry, so poor, so friendless, so—so unhappy?"

"No, child, that he did not. Your father would have none of him; he was proud with the pride that goes before destruction. My master would have loved him, but Master Frank would not."

"Then there has been some dreadful mistake somewhere, ma'am," Agnes said gently, but firmly. "My father was an angel and a martyr. He was not proud or unforgiving, and he suffered, oh, so much! But if you tell me my uncle knew nothing of it, I cannot blame him."

"I tell you more, dearie," said the old housekeeper earnestly, holding both the child's hands, and looking into her pale, earnest face. "My master would have given half his fortune to have made your father happy, but the wrong was done before you were born; and it's righted at last, thank Heaven! righted at last. Now, my poor lamb, we will talk of all those things no more; your troubles are over, and all you have to do is to get well and strong and rosy, and be as happy as ever you can; and always remember, little one, you have a true friend in old Mittens. She loved your father, and she will always love you; and now you must lie down on that sofa, and rest for an hour. The boys are sure to be in for dinner, and I want you to be nice and bright."



AGNES LOOKED UP AT MRS. MITTENS ([p. 35](#)).

So Agnes lay down very contentedly.

"Oh, how I shall enjoy this place!" she said to herself. "How I shall love it!—my own father's home, where he played as a child. Perhaps he lay on this sofa, just like me, and looked across the beautiful park, smelt the flowers, heard the birds sing. If he knew I was here now, how happy he would be!" So Agnes mused aloud, resting in the warm summer sunshine. Her thoughts flew back to the dreary London lodging where her whole short life had been passed; her heart swelled as she thought of the cares, troubles, anxieties, and bitter losses she had endured; and then her eyes overflowed with gratitude at finding such kind friends and such a beautiful home. At last, weary with her journey, she fell asleep.

After a while the sound of voices roused her, and in a bewildered kind of way she looked round.

"I say she's an ugly, miserable-looking little thing. I shouldn't think it worth my while to sketch her!" one voice said, contemptuously. "If she had been pretty, now, she would have made a splendid Sleeping Beauty!"

"She looks pale and ill, poor mite, and tired too; but she's not ugly," another voice said decidedly. "She might not make a nice picture, but she looks pleasant enough curled up there. Come on away; don't let us wake her."

"I am awake," said Agnes, sitting up, her cheeks flushed, her eyes full of tears, but no one answered. The boys, who had been looking in at the window of the housekeeper's room, had turned into the shrubbery, and Agnes felt as if she had been guilty of a very mean, unworthy action in listening, even involuntarily, to a conversation not intended for her ears. Her cousins, too, she felt quite sure, would be exceedingly cross if they knew she had overheard them; and yet she said to herself—"I was only half awake. I did not want to listen, and I could not help it." It would not mend matters in the least to tell them that she had overheard their criticism, so she resolved to be silent, but when Mrs. Mittens came, a little later, to conduct her to the dining-room, she was very shy and nervous. As she took her place, she looked at the boys wistfully, wondering which of them thought her "ugly," and which thought her pleasant enough to look at curled up on the sofa. Secretly, she hoped that Eddie was her champion, but before the dinner was over it was easy enough to see that Bertie was going to be the shy little girl's friend, for Eddie scarcely condescended to look at her, much less speak to her, during the meal, while Bertie rattled on merrily, telling her of all their favourite amusements and walks, and promising to show her all his treasures and lend her his storybooks. Still, though Bertie was kind, and Eddie cold and silent, Agnes thought her elder cousin was far handsomer and cleverer than his brother. Perhaps he would be an artist, like Uncle Clair; and when he knew that she too could use her pencil a little, and loved pictures a great deal, he might be kinder to her.

CHAPTER III.—AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

THREE months passed away, and Agnes Rivers was feeling quite at home in her uncle's house. She had lost much of her nervous shyness, but except with Mrs. Mittens she was very quiet and reserved. She was a little afraid of her uncle, as were the whole family; a little in awe of Eddie too, who was still somewhat stately and grand in his manner; and she always had an

uncomfortable sort of feeling that Bertie was kind to her just because she was little and weak, and his cousin.

But on the whole she was happy and contented. She ran about the park and gardens all the morning, did no lessons whatever, and amused herself sketching all the pretty bits of scenery, huge trees on the lawn, or Mrs. Mittens' dog and cat, called Punch and Judy, who lived the most useless, indolent, amiable life imaginable in the housekeeper's room. She could hit off likenesses, too, in quite a startling way, and Eddie said he would give her some lessons in painting if she wished. Agnes was enthusiastic in her thanks for what was, after all, but a trifling service, and while the lessons lasted Bertie was rather glum, as he had to ramble about alone, and amuse himself as best he could. But Eddie very soon grew tired of a pupil who after three lessons far excelled the teacher, and as a change, proposed teaching her German. Agnes consented, as she would have done to any plan or project of Eddie's. But that course of instruction also came to an untimely end; perhaps Agnes was a little dull, certainly Eddie was impatient. And then Bertie had his turn: he taught his cousin how to play chess, to spin tops, play cricket (theoretically), regretting every minute that she was not big and strong like Lillie Mayson, the doctor's daughter—the doctor who kept the grammar-school, not the one who came to see them when they were ill.

Once or twice Mrs. Mittens suggested to the master that some one should come and teach Miss Agnes, saying that the child was left too much alone during the day, as the boys went to school every morning. But Mr. Rivers shook his head impatiently. "Leave the child alone; let her eat and sleep and run wild till she's stronger. She ought not to be dull in Riversdale."

Nor was she. How could any one with a deep instinctive love of Nature be dull, or lonely, or sad with a beautiful park to wander in? who with an observant eye could walk through the shady lanes or ramble in the woods without seeing objects of interest and admiration at every step?

"How good of God to not only give us flowers, but eyes to see their beauty and hearts to love them," the child said solemnly one day. "What would the world be if there were not any flowers?"

Bertie, who chanced to overhear her soliloquy, remarked that he thought they could get on better without flowers than trees, vegetables, or even animals; "because, we cannot eat flowers, can we?"

"But if you had read a little about the subject, Bertie," Agnes replied, "you would learn that we could have neither trees nor vegetables nor fruit if we had not flowers first. But it's those dear little wild things that seem to grow here just to make us happy that I love best. I prefer painting flowers to anything."

"I don't; great artists never trouble about flowers," Eddie said, joining them. "When I grow up, I'll paint splendid figures and grand scenes, like the 'Raising of Lazarus,' or the 'Descent from the Cross': those are the kind of pictures great men love to paint and the world to look at."

"But Uncle Clair says people can't paint like the old masters now, and that no one would buy their pictures if they did," Agnes replied.

"I wish some of you would paint up this mask for me like a North American Indian," Bertie interrupted, pulling a hideous pasteboard face from his pocket. "Will you, Eddie? If I attempt to put on the war-paint, I shall make a mess of it." But Eddie indignantly refused to lend his talent to such base uses, and Agnes declared she would paint the face with pleasure, only she had not the least idea what an Indian was like. That was an unforeseen difficulty, but Bertie suggested their looking in the library for a book with pictures, and copying one.

As they approached the house, they were all surprised to see Dr. Bird's carriage at the door. "Some one must be ill, surely—I hope it's not papa," Eddie cried, hurrying on in advance, Bertie and Agnes following. "He seemed quite well this morning. Oh! there's Lawyer Hurst's gig—what can he want? Johnson," to a servant standing at the door, "whatever is the matter? Is papa ill?"

"It's nothing, my dears—that is, nothing to be frightened about," Mrs. Mittens said, as the boys, both startled-looking, rushed into the dining-room. "Your papa had a turn this morning, and I thought it as well to send for Doctor Bird."

"But why is Mr. Hurst here?" Eddie asked.

"I don't know, dearie. I think he just called by accident, or about some ordinary business."

"Has papa asked for us—for me?"

"No, Master Edward. Now, don't look so scared; there's nothing the matter, only, as I said, he got a turn. I think it was something in the paper, for when I went in with his beef-tea, he had it in his hand, and looked quite sad and white. I hoped he was not feeling bad, and he said 'No, no, Mittens. Put that down and leave

me'; then when I was at the door, he called out, 'Mittens, set the house in order. I'm going on a journey; see to it without delay!' That's every word, Master Edward; but knowing as the master has not been anywhere for so long, and seeing him look pale and troubled like, I just took the liberty of sending a line to Doctor Bird, asking him to look in quite in a friendly way. He came at once, and he's with the master now. I left the room as you came in, and the doctor said, 'Your master is no worse—rather better, I think.' So *now*, my dears, will you sit down to dinner?"

Bertie's answer was practical compliance; Eddie stood for a few minutes at the window, wondering if it were the death of another estranged relative that had affected his father; then he, too, took his place, and ate his dinner in silence. Presently the doctor's carriage drove away, and both boys felt less anxious; but to Agnes there was something terrible in the unusual hush of the house: it seemed as if the servants moved about more noiselessly than at other times, and spoke in hushed whispers. Eddie went to the library, and Bertie went out immediately after dinner, and, left to herself, Agnes curled herself up in an easy chair in the dining-room with a book, and after reading for an hour, she fell asleep. It was dusk when she was roused by the sudden ringing of bells and the hurrying of feet across the passage leading to Mr. Rivers' apartments. For a few minutes she sat quite still, pale, frightened, scarcely daring to breathe; then she opened the door and peeped out timidly, but no one took the least notice of her. Mrs. Mittens crossed the hall hurriedly, looking very pale and anxious; there were strange voices too, somewhere. One, Agnes thought, seemed loud and angry. Then she hurried back to the dining-room and shut the door, pressing both her hands on her heart to stop its beating. Something dreadful was happening, she felt sure, but in that household she was quite alone and forgotten; no one thought of her at all.

The quiet, glorious autumn night closed in; still Agnes sat silent and solitary, hoping the best, fearing the worst. It was quite eleven o'clock when the dining-room door was opened softly, and a fair troubled face peered in. It was Bertie. He alone had thought of her, even in his own great sorrow—and Bertie was impulsive and passionate, and felt things deeply. He remembered the poor lonely little girl, and asked Prudence Briggs if his cousin had gone to bed. The girl started guiltily; she had seen nothing of Miss Agnes all the evening; so Bertie began a hunt over the house for her, and found her at last in the dining-room alone.

"Oh, Agnes! what shall we do? Poor papa!" he cried, bursting into tears; and she clung to him, weeping too, but trying to comfort him, and then brokenly he told her all that had happened. At five o'clock Mr. Rivers became suddenly worse. The doctor had stayed with him, and only sent home his carriage, and when he saw the change he sent for the boys at once. Eddie was in the library, Bertie was out in the grounds. "But it was all the same," the lad added, brokenly; "he was quite unconscious when Eddie reached the room. I was there half an hour after, but he never spoke, and now it's all over! Oh, Agnes! what shall we do? I can't believe papa is dead!"

"Telegraph for Aunt Amy and Uncle Clair," she replied, with the promptness of a person used to act in an emergency; and then Bertie, who had never thought of that, rushed off to the library to suggest it to his brother, who seemed quite dazed by the sudden calamity, while Mrs. Mittens entered the dining-room also in search of Agnes.

"It's all over, dearie; the master meant to go on a journey; instead, an unexpected guest came to him. I'm all dazed and scared like, and can hardly realise it yet; and would you believe it? four gentlemen came from London this evening to see your uncle, and not one of them would believe he was 'gone' till they saw him lying there so still and restful, and one of them now acts just as if he was master of this house, so I suppose he must be Master Edward's guardian. But I do wish there was some one here to manage things!"

"Send for Aunt Amy," Agnes suggested again; and the housekeeper seized the idea gladly.

"That I will, dearie, and for Mr. Gregory too, first thing to-morrow morning. Surely, child, you have an old head on young shoulders! Now come and help me to comfort the poor darling boys. Ah! Miss Agnes, you are all orphans together now; and I how things are going to end is more than I know!"

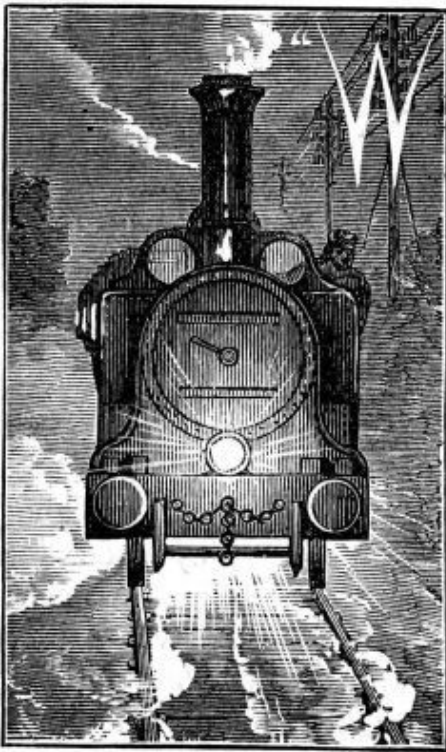
(To be continued.)

About Some Famous Railway Trains.

SOME FAMOUS RAILWAY TRAINS AND THEIR STORY.

By HENRY FRITH.

I.—THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN."



HERE to, sir?" said the cab-driver, touching his hat.

"Great Western, please, Paddington," we replied, and in a moment the trap of the hansom was shut, and we were bowling along Piccadilly.

A civil porter received us at Paddington Station, and took our luggage for Swindon. We are going no farther to-day, because we want to see the "Flying Dutchman," not only "flying," but at rest. So first we secure a seat and then walk down the platform. We have some minutes to spare; the clock points to 11.38; we must start at 11.45 by the Great Western express, the "Dutchman," as it is familiarly called, after that mysterious sailor who came and went with such alarming celerity.

Here we are then, the summer holidays before us; and perhaps many of the readers of *LITTLE FOLKS* will be travelling by the "Flying (railway) Dutchman," by the time these lines are before them. Come with me and look at our big "iron horse," which will pull us to Swindon at the average speed of fifty-three miles an hour, which means at times the fine rate of sixty miles an hour.

Our "Dutchman's" engine on this occasion is named "Crimea," and a fine fellow he is. This engine has eight wheels; two immense "driving wheels" eight feet high, more than twenty-four feet round, so each time that wheel revolves we travel (say) twenty-five feet, and when we are in full swing we shall go about

thirty yards a second! The 11.45 down train from Paddington, and the corresponding up train from Exeter, are the two "Flying Dutchmen." There are two other trains which run equally fast, up and down in the afternoon. These are the "Zulu" trains, for they were started as expresses at the time the Prince Imperial was killed in Zululand.

The great engine waits at the end of the platform, and as we are good little people—like the fairies—we will jump up on the foot-plate of the "Crimea" locomotive, and no one will notice us. Give me your hand—there. Now you are standing on the foot-plate; the engine-tender, full of water and topped with coal, is behind you, the great high boiler with the furnace is in front. That long handle which comes from the middle of the boiler on a level with your little head is the regulator, which when pulled out lets the steam into the cylinders, and it then moves the pistons and rods, and they move the big eight-foot wheels. Perhaps, when we reach Swindon workshops, we shall go underneath an engine and see the machinery.

"What is that other handle?" you say. That is "the lever." It is at the side next the engine-driver, you see, and he can pull it back so as to save his steam, and not use too much; he "expands" it and makes a little keep the train going after it has once got into its pace. There are the steam and water "gauges," to tell the "driver" and fireman when the steam is at proper pressure, and when the water is high enough in the boiler. The steam gauge is like a clock, or an Aneroid barometer, right before the driver. Those other handles near it are the whistle-handles. One whistle is small, and very shrill, to warn people on the line, and to tell people the train is coming. The other is a deep-toned booming whistle which tells of danger perhaps, and when blown means "Stop the train, there is obstruction in front."

"Crimea" is now ready. The engine-driver pulls open the regulator, and we glide back and are attached to the train. We have air-breaks worked on the engine, vacuum-breaks which can pull us up quickly, and when all the connections are made the "Flying Dutchman" is ready; he is harnessed to his eight coaches full of people—the solemn and sorry; the glad and the cheerful; and boys and girls, going on all sorts of errands.

"Right!" says the station-superintendent.

The clock over the platform is exactly 11.45 a.m. The fireman, who is looking on, says "Right, Tom," the guard whistles, then the driver touches the small whistle-handle in front; a shrill scream rouses the many sleeping echoes in the

roof, where they had got to be out of the way perhaps, and the engine-driver opens the regulator valve—"Crimea" fizzes a little in front of the cylinders. Off we go!

"Puff-puff," slowly at first, in a solemn and majestic manner. We cannot expect such big wheels to hurry themselves. Under the bridge, puffing a little more quickly, then we rattle through Westbourne Park and by Wormwood Scrubs. Puff-puffing much more quickly now, but not quite so loudly, as the driver has pulled the lever back and the steam goes up with less force through the chimney: working quietly. Away, away, on our iron steed through Ealing and Hanwell—across the viaduct over the River Brent, which runs to Brentford—past the pretty church and the dull lunatic asylum, and so on to Slough, which is passed in twenty-three minutes after quitting Paddington. Then we reach Taplow, and have just fifty-five miles to do within the hour. "Crimea" rushes across the Thames below Maidenhead, with a parting roar, but we shall meet the river again soon, and run alongside it, by picturesque Pangbourne, Goring, and Moulsoford.

Are we stopping? No, we are only just slackening for Reading. But we cannot wait. The "Flying Dutchman" has only done about thirty-six of his seventy-seven miles; he has been forty-two minutes already, and has got forty-five minutes left to reach Swindon. A long shriek, and Reading is behind us; then the river flashes out between the trees.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Didcot with its Banbury cakes and tumble-down station is passed. Hurrah for the "Flying Dutchman," running easily and smoothly, sixty miles an hour, well within himself. He is not tired, he does not pant or whistle, he goes calmly, swiftly along.... Here is Swindon—what o'clock is it? Look! Twelve minutes past one! "Crimea" is punctual to the minute. Well done, "Dutchman!"

Good-bye, "Crimea," we are going to see your friends in the shops; we are going to hear some anecdotes of your powers, and your friends' speedy runs or adventures. We are going to be introduced to "Lightning," "Inkerman," and the "Morning Star," the first engine made for the railway by George Stephenson.

At the works we are courteously received and conducted to the various shops devoted to the manufacture of the engines and carriages—the wheels, whistles, rails, cranks, and cylinders, and everything else connected with the rolling-stock, which brings in money to the shareholders, and proves that if "a rolling stone gathers no moss," rolling-stock does in plenty. Here we find young

gentlemen who are pupils and apprentices at work learning mechanical engineering, and how to make the future "Flying Dutchmen" and "Zulus."

We see the old "nine feet" Bristol and Exeter engines, and are told how one once went off the line with the "Dutchman" long ago; but it was a trifling accident. Our "Dutchman," though he flies, is pretty safe; and runs free from accident. We see an engine whose boiler burst the other day, but fortunately hurt no one much. This engine looks very much ashamed of itself in the shed, and has had to submit to a severe operation to put it right again, which, perhaps, will be a lesson to it in future.

Then we go under the engines and see the machinery, which works so easily; and then we sit down, and ask the driver whether any adventures have happened with the "Flying Dutchman."

"Nothing particular; but I can tell you a story about the railway which will amuse you. It happened several years ago—but I won't tell you where exactly, sir."

"Let us hear the tale," we said.

"It was in my father's time, before I was a driver, that it happened. An aunt of mine—a youngish woman then—was travelling by the G. W. R. ('Great Way Round' they used to call us), when a young man entered the carriage, where she was sitting alone, and asked where the train stopped first. This was (say) at Paddington. My aunt said 'Reading' was the first station, and the train immediately started.

"'Excuse me, ma'am,' said the gentleman; 'but will you oblige me by cutting my hair a little.'

"My aunt thought the man was mad, but being alarmed by his manner, consented.

"Then the young man changed his coat, his collar, his waistcoat, and tie. He put on a pair of spectacles, and when my aunt dared to look at him he was for all the world like a clergyman—an elderly gentleman in spectacles!

"'Now,' said he; 'you must promise to be quiet, and never contradict me. If you do you will rue it.' So my aunt—she was young then—promised, and before they reached Reading the train was stopped. A guard and a constable came up, and looked into every carriage.

"Have you the tickets, dear?" said the man to my aunt.

"All right, sir," said the guard. "We don't want to disturb you at all. We are looking for some one else."


"The train went on, but the 'old' clergyman, as he seemed, left the train at Reading. He had committed forgery, but by disguising himself, escaped. 'Clever rogue,' was he not?"

By the time we had heard this tale we were at Swindon Station again waiting for the "Zulu," for we are bound for Bath and Bristol. Here it comes just as the other train came, very punctually. We take a farewell of our friend, and as we pass the shops on our way, we jot down in our note-book what we have seen, and some of our pleasant experiences of the "Flying Dutchman."

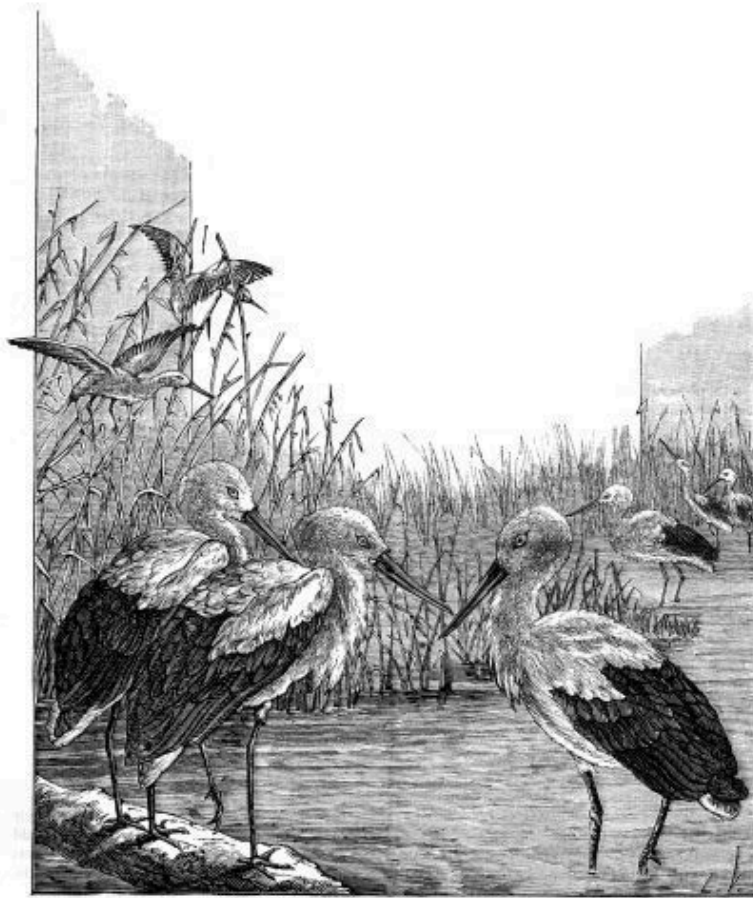
Mornings at the Zoo.

MORNINGS AT THE ZOO.

VI.—THE STORK FAMILY.

HATEVER they may be in their native countries, the Storks at the Zoological Gardens, London, are lone and melancholy birds. They seem to take their pleasure sadly—as was once said of the English folk—but they look so much like very wise and profound philosophers that perhaps they view life gravely because they have themselves realised in their own experience how serious a matter it is. In the Gardens they appear to lead a hermit's existence. They are treated with severe neglect by the bulk of the visitors, though possibly they consider the respect of an occasional distinguished Royal Academician of greater value than the homage of an indifferent multitude.

Yet in other lands than ours the Stork family is held in high honour. In many parts of the Continent they are encouraged to build their nests in chimneys, steeples, and trees near dwellings. Indeed, as an inducement to them to pitch their quarters on the houses, boxes are sometimes erected on the roofs, and happy is the household which thus secures the patronage of a stork. Some of the people among whom they sojourn during the warm summer days regard the presence of the bird as a kind of safeguard against fire. And as an illustration of their love for their young, a story is told of a stork which, rather than desert its helpless offspring during a conflagration in Delft, in Holland, remained heroically by their side and perished with them in the flames.



In Morocco and in Eastern countries also storks are looked upon as sacred birds. And with good reason, for they render very useful service both as scavengers and as slayers of snakes and other reptiles. In most of the towns a storks' hospital will be found. It consists of an enclosure to which are sent all birds that have been injured. They are kept in this infirmary—which is generally supported by voluntary contributions—until they have regained health and strength. To kill a stork is regarded as an offence. In Sweden also the stork is held as holy, there being a legend in that country to the effect that this bird flew around the cross of Christ, crying "Styrka!" "Styrka!" ("Strengthen!" "Strengthen!") But, as Dr. Brewer points out, this tradition clashes with fact, inasmuch as stork's have no voice. For the valuable offices which they perform in the removal of garbage they are, in some countries, protected by law. At one time the White Stork was a pretty common bird in England, where it helped the farmers by clearing the soil of noxious insects. It disappeared, however, partly because it was subjected to a good deal of persecution, but mainly because an improved method of agriculture took away its occupation.

In India the stork's cousin is called the Adjutant, and a very appropriate name it is. It is a familiar figure in most of the towns and villages where its scavenging is of the greatest use. But the adjutant is not endowed with so much wisdom as we should naturally expect such a serviceable bird to possess. The following notes about an adjutant's curious ways have been sent to the Editor of LITTLE FOLKS by a lady in Calcutta, and will be read with interest.

"When the rainy season comes in Calcutta, the adjutants are soon seen resting on one leg on the house-tops, kneeling in all kinds of funny places, or stalking very grandly through the wet grass. Sometimes in the dim lamp-light they look as they stand about on the edge of the flat roofs like stiff, badly-arranged ornaments, and sometimes ten or twelve settle on some tree, when it seems as if their heavy bodies must weigh it down.

"They do not often come in numbers into the gardens of houses or the outskirts of the town, but one was a very faithful visitor for a little while in the neighbourhood of a house which was not at all central. This house has a garden or compound, as Indians would say, which is connected by a gate with a large square containing a large tank. There are many of these tanks, in appearance like ponds or reservoirs at home, about Calcutta and the neighbourhood. The natives fetch water to drink from all, and in some they bathe and wash clothes. The tank now to be described is enclosed by a wall with gates to the main road and into the compounds of houses which come up to it. Round the tank is a broad gravel-walk, and on either side the walk grows long rank grass. Frogs abound in this grass, and crickets come out of holes in the ground, and make a terrible whistling at night. For some time no adjutants appeared in this tank square to feast on the rich supply of frogs; but at last one day an adjutant was seen walking down the grass. With self-important step and craning his long neck forward, he came slowly on, hurrying a little when some frightened frog foolishly made a hop out of his way. At last he reached a gate leading into one of the private compounds, and there he paused. What he saw inside no one can guess, as the grass is kept short; and except in one corner far, far away from the gate, there were not half the fine fat frogs that Mr. Adjutant might have found on his own side of the gate. Whatever he saw, certainly the bird longed to get through. He poked his head through the bars as far as he could on one side, took two steps to the other and tried that, back again to the first, and so on, till that foolish, foolish bird had walked twenty times to and fro. Then he went off in a huff, and stood on one leg near the tank till dark, when it is to be hoped he recovered his temper. About the same hour next day back came the adjutant to repeat his yesterday's performance, except that he walked slowly round the tank

instead of standing on one leg when he found it a failure. Perhaps he was thinking the thing over. He did not think to much purpose, for day after day for more than a week back came the adjutant to walk like a soldier on duty up and down, up and down, poking his head through the bars each time. Sometimes he did it a score of times, sometimes only two or three. After ten days he disappeared. Where is he? Has he gone to find a blacksmith among the adjutants? or have his brother adjutants had him shut up till he has sense to know the best way for a bird with wings is, not to try to get through narrow bars, but to fly over the top?"

Unlike its white cousin, the Black Stork rather avoids the society of man, frequenting solitary places and building its nest on the very top of the very tallest trees. It is really, however, not an unamiable bird, as was proved by Colonel Montagu in the case of one which he managed to catch by means of a slight wound in the wing, and which lived with him for upwards of a year. It used to follow its feeder about, and displayed a most inoffensive disposition. With other birds it was on terms, of peace, and goodwill, never threatening them with its big, strong bill. An excellent angler, its skill in capture was seen to greatest advantage when it had to encounter an unusually slippery eel.

Canon Tristram observed black storks among the shallows of the Dead Sea, to which their prey was brought down by tributary streams. Surely no picture more suggestive of utter solitude could be imagined than this of the black storks, lovers of loneliness, fishing on the silent shores of the Dead Sea.

JAMES A. MANSON.

The Children's Own Garden.

THE CHILDREN'S OWN GARDEN IN JULY.



JULY being generally the hottest month of the year, plenty of water is an important thing in connection with Gardening, and as we have previously recommended, apply it right and left, to shrubs, grass, trees, flowers, and walks. It is most important for the leaves and stems of plants to be perfectly free from dust and dirt, as this is one of the very first steps to securing a strong, healthy, and vigorous growth. A writer once described the pleasure in dry weather of attaching a hose to a main and sending a stream of water over and on to the tops of the young trees and shrubs as well worth £100 a year to any lover of Nature. A great drawback to town gardens, or gardens situated near crowded thoroughfares, is that the plants there grown are almost invariably smothered with dust: under such circumstances successful gardening becomes simply a matter of impossibility, as hardly any plants will thrive, or even live, under such conditions. A proper site is, therefore, a matter of primary importance.

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There is, however, plenty of work, other than watering, to be done this month. Seed of a great number of plants should now be saved and carefully placed in dry cool places until the time arrives for sowing them. Cuttings of a multitude of perennials ought now to be secured and immediately planted: those of such important plants as chrysanthemums, pansies, snapdragons, stocks, and wallflowers, in particular; divisions of auriculas and polyanthus may now be made. If a cold frame be available, utilise the same by keeping cuttings of the very hardy sorts in it until they have thoroughly rooted, and transfer them to the open border. Less hardy plants will need a protection of some sort through the

winter, and few things are more suitable for such a purpose than a frost-proof frame, where air can be plentifully given every time the state of the weather admits.

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Dahlias will be now coming into full glory, and as the first three or four flowers are usually worthless, cut them off before they fully expand. Hollyhocks may now be frequently supplied with liquid manure. Rose-trees will require looking after: give them plenty of rich food, and, when the "perpetual" flowering section has done blooming, cut back each shoot to about two or three buds from its base. Small pieces of grass will periodically need mowing, and this ought to be done with a proper mowing-machine, as a pair of shears invariably causes an irregular and jagged after-growth. All unsightly vegetation, such as dead leaves or flowers, dried up stems, &c., must be promptly removed; weeds ought not to be allowed to grow a second pair of leaves—much less to flower—before being exterminated. Trailing and climbing plants, especially roses, will need careful attention, and keeping within bounds: straggly or weakly shoots must be at once cut away.

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The most important requirement just now in the kitchen-garden is water: during hot weather completely saturate the ground with it. July is not a very brisk month in the Children's Kitchen-garden; however, seeds of such useful salads as lettuce and radish may still be sown; and a few dwarf French beans can be put in if there is sufficient room. By sowing a small quantity of the early sorts of peas, it is just possible to obtain a fair crop, and particularly so if the autumn holds fine.

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It may not be amiss to make a few remarks as regards gathering fruit, flowers, and vegetables, as this is a much more important matter than is usually thought. In gathering such salads as cress or mustard, and fruit of every sort, an absolute rule is to exercise the utmost care; and such "telltals" as broken branches, mutilated stems, and salads—cress, for example—entirely up-rooted, will at once proclaim a slovenly method of gardening. This, above all things, must be avoided. Skilful gardeners, whether amateur or professional, will sever a flower

with so much care that its parent plant will scarcely be seen to shake whilst undergoing the operation. In gathering peas, most people tug and pull at these as if anxious to see how much strength the pods *can* possibly bear. In this instance, as in others where the same carelessness is employed, the plants get severely disturbed, and a consequent short crop is put down to the score of bad seed. Neatness, order, and care are principles of great moment in Gardening.

A SUMMER HOUR.



'TIS HERE THE CHILDREN LOVE TO COME ([p. 45](#)).

A WIDE expanse of yellow sand,
A breeze so fresh and free,
Which, gently rippling, scarcely wakes
The calm and tranquil sea.

Beneath the clear and shining wave
Bright shells and sea-weeds lie,
Reflecting all the golden light
Of the sweet summer sky.

And many a crystal pool is there,
Where hermits lurk below,
And restless shrimps in coat of mail
Flash swiftly to and fro.

A noon-day hush is over all,
Unbroken by a sound;
Till ... sudden peals of baby mirth
Wake all the echoes round.

'Tis here the children love to come,
On the bright sand to lie,
Or in the gleaming water hold
Their mimic revelry.

Oh, happy hearts! those gladsome day
Upon the golden shore
Will linger on in memory still,
A joy for evermore.

D. B. MCKEAN.

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

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

"I SHOULD like my little pupils to learn to roast meat to-day," said Mrs. Herbert, as she entered the kitchen where the children were waiting for her.

"You will let it be beef, though, won't you?" said Margaret. "If we have to cook meat we might as well cook the best kind of meat there is."

"You consider beef the best kind of meat then, do you?" said Mrs. Herbert.

"Oh, yes! I should think every one does. Father says there is nothing like the roast beef of old England."

"English people generally like roast beef, I know," said Mrs. Herbert. "Indeed, they have been so accustomed to take pains with it, that now it is often said that English cooks roast well, if they do nothing else well."

"It seems to me that there is nothing to do in roasting meat," said Margaret. "The fire does all the work; we put the meat down to the fire, and in a little time we take it up, and it is done."

"But the right kind of fire for roasting is not always made up in any kitchen," said Mrs. Herbert. "The first thing which the cook who intends to roast has to see after is the fire; and she ought to make it ready quite an hour before she puts the meat down."

"Oh dear, what a trouble!" said Margaret.

"Please, ma'am, I know how to make up a fire for roasting," said Mary. "I have done it many a time for my aunt."

"Then tell us what you know about it," said Mrs. Herbert.

"The fire must be a good size, larger than the meat which is to be roasted before it. The cinders and dust must be cleared thoroughly away from the bottom of the range, the live hot coals must be pushed to the front, and the space at the back which is made empty must be filled up with knobbly pieces of coal packed closely together, though not so closely that the air cannot get through. The hearth must be swept up tidily, and the cinders, mixed with a little damped coal-dust, must be put at the back on the knobbly pieces of coal, and that is all."

"Very good indeed, Mary," said Mrs. Herbert, "you evidently know all about this part of the business."

"But I don't see the good," said Margaret. "Why do we not make up the fire when we are ready for it? It would last all the longer."

"Because we want to have the fire clear and bright, not dull and smoky. It must be kept bright all the time too, and it must not be allowed to get hollow in places. Can you tell us, Mary, what you are to do if the fire needs to be mended before the joint is finished?"

"The live coal must be drawn to the front, ma'am, gently, so as not to let any cinders go into the dripping-tin," said Mary. "But we ought not to let the fire need mending; we must watch it and keep putting cinders and pieces of coal on to keep it up."

"You see now, Margaret, how important it is to have the right kind of fire," said Mrs. Herbert. "Have you heard that red meat which is to be roasted should hang for a while before being cooked?"

"At any rate I have heard people say 'This meat is not tender; it has not been hung long enough.'"

"Just so. It is very important that red meats which are to be roasted should be left to hang till tender. When we have a cool airy larder, we can hang meat for ourselves, when there is no such larder the butcher will hang it for us. The time which the meat must hang depends upon the weather. In dry cold weather it may hang a long time—two or three weeks—but in hot weather it must be quickly cooked, or it will not keep. In frosty weather, too, it should be put in a warm kitchen for some hours before being roasted, or it will not be tender."

"What do you mean by red meats, ma'am?"

"I mean, Mary, meats red in colour when cut, such as beef, mutton, and game. What are called white meats, such as veal, lamb, and pork, will not keep, and they therefore have to be cooked when fresh. Can either of you tell me what is the first thing to be done when you are going to roast meat?"

The little girls thought for a minute, then Mary said, "When we were going to boil the leg of mutton we weighed it, that we might know how long we were to let it simmer."

"Quite right, Mary. So you must do with this piece of beef. Weigh it and then allow for roasting a quarter of an hour for every pound, and a quarter of an hour over. If the joint is thick and solid we allow twenty minutes to the pound. In fact, we should always have a little consultation with ourselves before we begin to roast, and say to ourselves, 'Is this meat solid and thick with little bone, or is it thin and small?'"

"How long must we give the sirloin of beef?"

"A quarter of an hour to the pound and a quarter of an hour over. Cook is now going to put down the dripping-tin and screen for us. I should like you to watch

her and then try to remember what is necessary. Do you notice that she puts a large slice of dripping into the pan first thing?"

"What is that for?" said Margaret. "I thought the dripping dropped from the fat."

"So it will in a little time, but we want some hot fat to baste the meat with immediately. If we put a slice in the tin a few minutes before the meat is hung on the hook, the fat will melt and be ready for our purpose. Never wash the meat before roasting it. If you do, it will not brown properly, and the juices will be drawn out. Some cooks are very particular to wash meat, and they say that it is dirty not to do so, for we never know by whom meat has been handled. For my part I never feel uneasy about meat which has been bought of a good butcher. If I had any doubt on the subject I should wipe it well, but not wash it."

"The dripping is quite melted now, mother. Shall we hang the meat on the hook, and wind up the jack?" said Margaret.

"Yes, dear; wind the jack before you put the meat up. In hanging the meat recollect to put the thickest part downwards, because the heat of the fire will be greatest at the bottom. Be careful, too, to pass the hook through a secure place where there is little juice, for the flesh will give way with cooking, and if you do not provide for this your joint may fall into the pan. Do you recollect that when we were boiling meat we first plunged the meat into boiling water to harden the albumen on the outside so as to make a case to keep in the juices."

"We cannot do that now, though," said Mary.

"We can do something of the same sort. If we put the meat close to the fire and baste it with hot fat for a few minutes at the beginning we shall harden the outside. Then we may draw it back and roast it more slowly till done. Above all things, however, we must be careful to baste it well. Stand at one side of the fire, take the fat up carefully with the basting-spoon, and pour it over the lean part of the meat. The basting-spoon will not become too hot if you put it in a plate by the side, not in the tin. If you baste the meat well, it will not shrink or become dry and hard, it will be juicy and savoury, and it will be a good rich brown colour."

"How quickly the fat melts!" said Mary. "There is plenty of dripping in the pan now."

"We will pour a little of the dripping away shortly, for we want to have it a good colour," said Mrs. Herbert. "If we let it remain too long before the fire it will be

burnt and discoloured."

Very patiently and for a long time the little girls basted the roasting joint, and at last they were rewarded by seeing it take a rich brown colour.

"In another quarter of an hour the beef will be roasted enough, ma'am," at length said Mary, looking at the clock.

"It smells as if it would taste all right, does it not?" said Margaret.

"Now we must prepare for the gravy. Cook has put the dish for the meat and the plates where they will get hot, for little girls cannot see after everything. In this small saucepan is a little stock made by stewing two or three bones and scraps (with no fat whatever), a sprig of parsley, a few rings of onion, which have been fried till brown, an inch of celery, and five or six peppercorns in water. I do not know whether you noticed that this stock has been stewing by the side of the fire ever since we came into the kitchen; I have skimmed it every now and then, and covered it closely again."

"I noticed it," said Margaret. "I thought it would turn out to be for something which we wanted."

"It is for gravy. You see it is a rich deep brown colour, gained from the browned onion. We must strain this gravy, put a little salt with it, let it boil, then unhook the joint, pour a couple of table-spoonfuls of this gravy into the dish, put the rest into a gravy tureen, and serve at once. There will be plenty of gravy altogether, if we use that which is in the tureen and the dish as well. Besides, our joint has been well basted, and is not dry, so gravy will run from the meat into the dish."

"Can't we make gravy from the dripping-tin?"

"We should have had to do so if there had been no stock," said Mrs. Herbert. "In that case we should pour out the fat from the tin very gently and carefully till we come to the brown sediment at the bottom. We should mix with the sediment a breakfast-cupful of boiling water, and scrape, with the spoon, any little brown dried specks of gravy there might be. When we had obtained as much gravy as possible we should strain it into a saucepan and keep it hot till the meat was quite ready."

"I am sure father will enjoy this roast beef," said Margaret.

"I hope and think he will," said Mrs. Herbert. "Beef roasted in this way before the fire is most excellent. It is, however, not nearly so common as it once was, for with the stoves and kitcheners now in use, it is easier to bake, or, as it is called, to roast meat in the oven. I therefore wanted you to understand the best way of roasting meat, and you shall next learn how to roast it in the oven."

(To be continued.)

HOW PAULINA WON BACK PETER.

A FAIRY STORY.

“**B**RAVO! bravo! bravo!”

It was a tiny voice that spoke, sweet and clear as a nightingale's; but it was not a nightingale. It was a large brown and scarlet butterfly, with a dash of purple in its wings.

The mannikins paused in their gambols, and one made a bow, whilst another skipped up the scarlet runner that had suddenly shot up out of the ground, and twined in and out in fantastic knots, and brought himself to a level with the butterfly.

"If you had but wings!" added the butterfly.



PETER WAS SITTING UP IN BED

"Wings, ah yes! how we should like them!
Then we'd fly so high, so high,
Turning somersaults, and fluttering
Like——a graceful butterfly."

"Now," continued the mannikin, "as you are an emperor, I really think that you might order some wings for us. What do you say?"

"A Red Emperor," observed the butterfly; "but after all there's not much in it. It is, you see, all in the name. And I haven't really any power whatever to give wings or anything else. For you must know that I am under orders myself."

The mannikin looked at the Red Emperor in surprise.

"And you an Emperor?" said he. "Hasn't this scarlet runner sprung up so that we might run up it to speak to you?"

"That may or may not be," began the Emperor. "But——"

II.

"But what?"

No, the Red Emperor was not speaking now. Somehow the butterfly and the mannikins had got into the book that Paulina was reading to Peter.

Peter was sitting up in bed; he had also a book in his hand, and he threw it down and sprang out of bed, crying out—

"But what a splendid butterfly!"

"Oh, your sprained ankle, Peter!" cried Paulina.

But Peter was at the window, in fact, half out of it; and his left ankle, which was bound up with bandages, suddenly appeared to be quite as free from pain as his right ankle, which had nothing whatever the matter with it, and he leaned over the window-sill, murmuring—

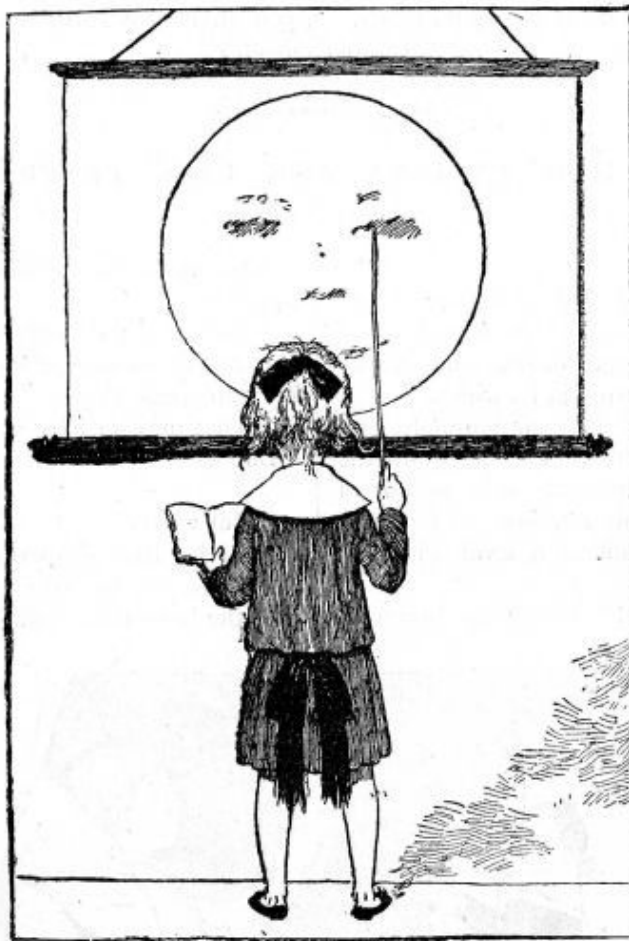
"Dancing, prancing.
Flitting, glancing,

Now retreating, now advancing,
Wait, and I will come to you,
Through the window, through, through, through."

"Oh, Peter! how can you?" said Paulina.

But Peter was gone, and when Paulina looked out of the window, she could see neither him, nor the mannikins, nor the scarlet runner.

Of course she could not, for they were not there. Where had they gone? oh where? oh where?



PAULINA HAD A STICK ... IN HER HAND

III.

"Never mind, Paulina; it is a warm summer day."

Was it the great butterfly who spoke? No one else was near, and he was sunning himself among the elder blossoms.

"Ho, ho, ho! away they go,
High and low, swift and slow,
Over and over, heels over head,
Peter and all the mannikins red."

Paulina now listened breathlessly.

"That is to say, the mannikins have red jackets and caps, and they are rolling along so fast, with Peter in the midst of them, that you will find it quite impossible to overtake them."

"Are you speaking to me?" said Paulina.

"Of course I am. Can't you hear what I am saying? I am the Red Emperor."

"Then please, good Mr. Red Emperor, fly away, and tell Peter to come home again."

"I am an Emperor," replied the butterfly, "and I cannot be ordered by a little girl. You must get back Peter yourself."

"But I can't see Peter. Where is he?"

"He's out of sight, oh quite! oh quite!
And up in cloudland such a height!
He's in a state of much delight,
But you must get him home ere night."

"But I can't get to cloudland."

"Of course not, you're much too heavy."

Paulina began to cry.

"If you make such a dreadful noise I shall fly away. Otherwise I shall stay, and tell you what to do in order to get Peter back."

"I will do anything in the world," said Paulina; "whatever you tell me to do I will at once do."

"There is but one thing to do—you must become an artist."

"That is impossible," sobbed Paulina. "What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Take off that prim little cap. Tie up your hair with black ribbon, and put on a blouse. Then you will be an artist."

"But I've never learned to draw."

"Pooh!" said the Red Emperor.

IV.

Paulina did not know where she was or how she came there, but she found herself before a wall on which hung a scroll with a face roughly sketched upon it. Paulina had a stick with a bit of chalk at the end of it in her hand, and she did not know whether she had drawn the face or not.

"Perhaps I did," said she. "I think it is a likeness of the moon."

"Pooh!" answered a voice.

Paulina knew that it was not the Red Emperor, for he had flown away. She looked round, but there was no one to be seen. Still the voice went on speaking

"It's the sun but just begun;
When it's done there will be fun.
Mannikins in red and blue,
Will bring something good for you."

"Who are you? where are you?" asked Paulina. "And do you know anything of Peter? He went with the mannikins."

"Yes, up in the clouds with them. I saw him. The clouds were drifting hither and thither, and he could not keep steady upon them, so he tumbled down to the earth again."

"Oh dear! Oh dear! What a fall he must have had!"

Paulina heard a curious whistling, crackling laugh that seemed to go off in gusts: puff, puff! blow, blow, blow! phew, phew! And then it subsided into a

gentle whistle.

"It's nothing to laugh at," said Paulina. "He'll catch cold, and he must be very much hurt."

"No he isn't; he has hurt some one else instead. I saw him standing over the boy that he had knocked down."

"He was always fighting," murmured Paulina.

"And he had on a full suit of blue clothes," said the voice, "and striped stockings and a white collar."

"Blue! That's his best suit. How did he get it?"

"I don't know everything," replied the Wind, for it was the Wind who was speaking to Paulina; "but

I boxed his ears, and ruffled his hair,
And left him standing astonished
there."

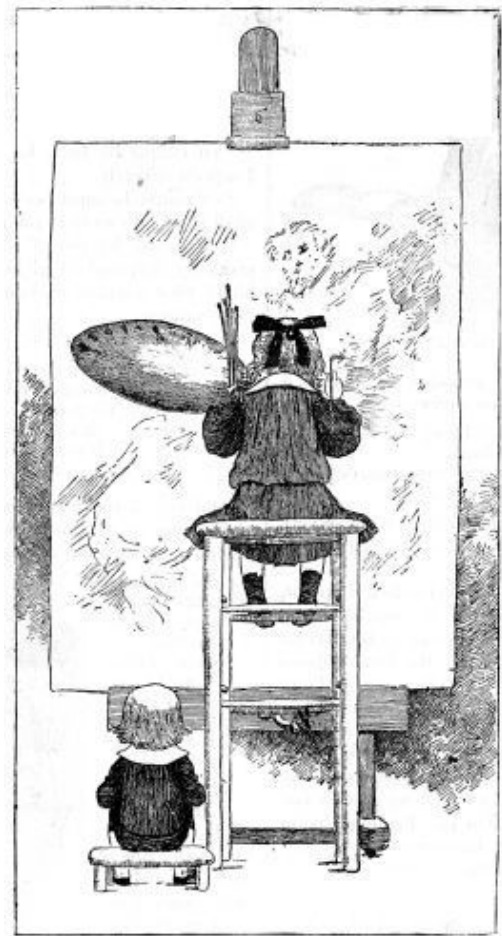
"Oh!" ejaculated Paulina. "How can I get him home again?"

The Wind whistled for a short time, and then answered—

"By getting a palette, and brushes, and paint, and canvas, and becoming an artist. What is the use of wearing a blouse and long stockings, and having your hair tied with black ribbon, if you are not going to be an artist?"

V.

The Wind had gone away, the scroll with the sun's face drawn upon it had vanished, and Paulina was not where she had been a few moments before. She did not know where she was, and everything seemed to be going the wrong



PAULINA ... BEGAN TO PUT ON
THE COLOUR

way; but she saw the Red Emperor resting upon a rosebush, so she felt that she was not without a friend.

"I've been waiting for hours," said the Red Emperor testily, "and so has the easel, also the paints and palette; and the canvas is stretched and the sketch made. You have nothing to do but to mount up to your seat, and fill in with colours. Shade away, beginning at the left corner, and make haste."

Paulina looked at the canvas, upon which was the outline of a figure reclining upon a rock. She was going to say she could not shade it, when the Red Emperor said sternly—

"No nonsense! Mount to the seat and paint as fast as you can, for if the painting is not finished before the stars come out, Peter will never come home again."

Paulina scrambled up; she took the palette in one hand, the brush in the other, and began to put on the colour as fast as she could. She did not take any pains, but dabbed away, beginning in the left-hand corner. She scarcely looked at what she was doing; but somehow or other it answered, and the picture progressed rapidly. Paulina herself was surprised, but she knew that she must lose no time, for the stars were only waiting for the twilight.

"The evening star, oh! don't let it come," said a very tiny little voice, that sounded like Peter's, a long way off; and it went on saying—

"Oh, Paulina! I have been a
Naughty boy, I know.
Don't look up and don't look down, dear,
On with the painting go."



STANDING OVER THE BOY ([p. 49](#)).

"I should be dizzy if I looked down: I'm so very high up," answered Paulina; "but I should like to know where you are, Peter."

"Never mind where he is," said the Red Emperor, "so that he is somewhere; that is enough for you. He is not far off. You will descend as the picture draws near completion, and at the last stroke of your brush you will see him. Obey me, or Peter will vanish away, and you will never see him again."

Again Peter's voice was heard—

"Yes, I'm near you, but I've grown very small; the Wind shook me about till I was only half the size I ought to be, just for knocking down a boy who came in my way. Go on, Paulina; paint away, make no delay, or I shall have to go away."

And the Red Emperor also said, "Go on."

VI.

And Paulina went on with her work. Her palette was almost clean, so thoroughly had she used up all the colours upon it, and the painting only wanted a few more touches, which she added carefully. Then she drew a little backward to take a view of her picture. She closed her eyes for a moment, the better to consider the subject, and when she opened them, the picture, the easel, the palette, and brushes had disappeared, and she was standing in a garden where roses and lilies and red carnations were growing, and fountains were sending up cool white spray. The Red Emperor was there also.

And beside Paulina there stood Peter himself.

"I am my proper size again," said he. "It's been all a very wonderful journey, and I've seen wonderful sights."

Paulina kissed him, saying—

"Peter, let us happy be
With one another;
Henceforth be content with me,
Little brother."

"Of course he must be content," said the Red Emperor severely.

"Of course he must," echoed the Wind, "if not, I shall whirl him away to the top of a mountain."

"Of course he must," said two mannikins who suddenly appeared in sight, rolling and pushing along what seemed to Paulina to be the half of a large orange.

Not that it was anything of the sort.

"It's a casket of gold
From the caverns old,
Where the dwarfs are working for ever.
All that it doth hold,
If you should be told,
Oh! would you believe it? no, never!"

And one of the mannikins tumbled over it, and turned somersaults, and rolled it up to Paulina.

And then the Wind whispered very softly to her—

"Little maid, I told you
true,
Mannikins in red and blue
Would bring something
good for you
If the painting well were
done
Ere the setting of the sun."

"Yes, yes," said Paulina; "it's all true; but the painting's gone, and it all seems like a dream; and I've got Peter back, and his ankle's well. But how did he get his blue suit?"

But that neither the Red Emperor nor the Wind told her; neither did Peter, for when she asked him the question he only said—

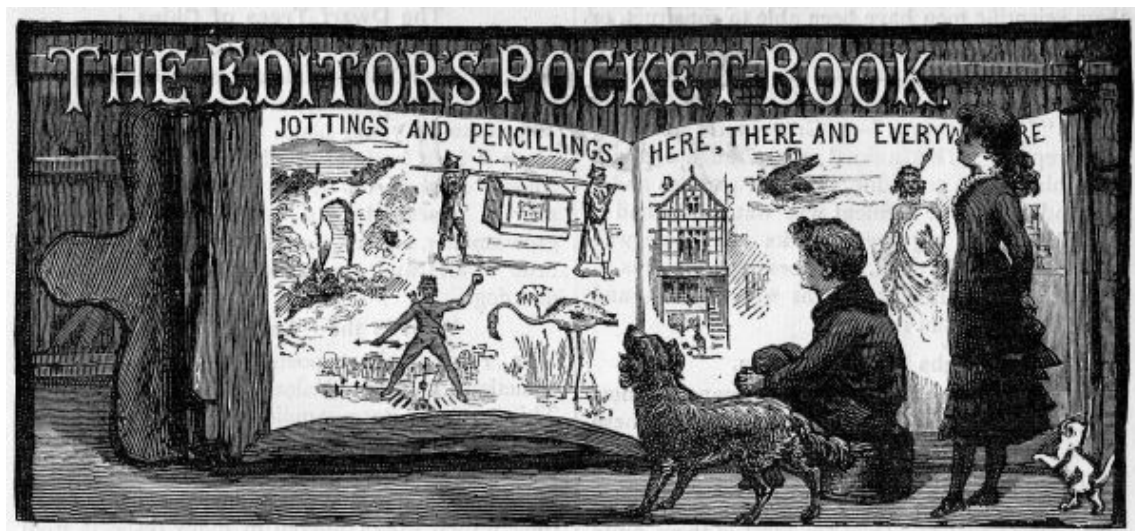
"I don't know!"



ONE OF THE MANNIKINS TUMBLED.

JULIA GODDARD.

The Editor's Pocket-book.



The Natural Bridge, Virginia.

The two greatest natural curiosities—if one may use the phrase in this connection—in North America are the Falls of Niagara and the Natural Bridge in Virginia. A picture of the latter will be seen in our new heading. It is an arch cut, so to speak, out of the rock, and stands upwards of two hundred feet above the ground below. How it originated has been a kind of puzzle, some urging that the rock was hollowed by an earthquake, others that the bridge is the result of the action of water. Unfortunately for these conjectures no ruins are to be seen beneath. The bridge has formed the scene of several hair-breadth escapes.

The Colossus of Rhodes.

The city of Rhodes is situated on the island of that name, which lies some twelve miles from the coast of Asia Minor. It was founded four hundred years before the birth of Christ, and, among other things, was noted for its Colossus—pictured in our heading—which was reckoned to be one of the Seven Wonders of the ancient world. The Colossus was a gigantic statue in brass of Helios, or the Sun, and stood at the entrance of one of the ports. It was 105 feet high. According to one belief—which, however, is now abandoned—the Colossus

bestrode the harbour, one foot resting upon a pier at one side, the other upon a pier at the other, while the figure itself was so lofty that ships in full sail could pass underneath the outstretched legs. Sixty years after it was built it was thrown down by an earthquake.

Chinese Palanquins.

A favourite mode of travelling in China and other countries of the East is by palanquin, which is a kind of wooden box, about twice as long as it is high, with shutters and other appliances to make it comfortable. The palanquin is carried by porters—just as in the drawing given above. The vehicle is furnished inside with a mattress—on which the traveller reclines—and cushions, and is also fitted with shelves and drawers. Travelling is continued day and night. There are different kinds of palanquins, some resembling the sedan chairs that used to be fashionable in England.

The Flamingo.

This queer bird—also shown in the heading above—is found in the tropical and temperate regions of the globe, and frequents marshes and shallow lakes. In deep water flamingoes swim, but they prefer to wade, for then they can bend down their necks and rake the bottom with their peculiar-shaped bill in search of food. Flocks of these birds, with their red plumage, when seen from a distance, have been likened by observers to troops of soldiers.

"God's Providence House."

The house represented in the new heading, and bearing the above quaint name, is situated in Chester, a city famed for its picturesque old buildings. It is built of timber and brick, and upon the beam supporting the second floor is carved "God's Providence is mine Inheritance, 1652." It is supposed that Chester was visited with plague in that year, and that this house was the only one which escaped the pestilence. Hence arose the pious inscription of the grateful tenant.

An Ancient Monster.

Once upon a time, so long ago that I cannot tell when, strange creatures lived on land and sea. They have all died out now, but their bones are sometimes found

in a fossil state, and by means of them scientific men have been able to construct, or piece together, as it were, these old-world monsters. You will see the picture of one of them in the new Pocket-book heading. It is called by the long name "Ichthyosaurus"—a Greek term meaning "fish-reptile." This animal was a huge creature something like a crocodile, with four paddles and a tail, and its native element was water. It had a large head with big eyes, and its jaws were well filled with terrible teeth. It possessed features in common with fishes as well as with reptiles, and hence its compound name.

Arabs of the Soudan.

Little folk who read their newspapers know something of the dauntless courage of the Soudanese Arabs. The Soudan is a desert of vast extent, partly bordering upon the boundaries of Upper Egypt. It is inhabited by wandering Arabs and some other peoples. They are, most of them, quite fearless, and even when opposed to British forces have shown a courage worthy of their foes. Armed—like the one drawn in our heading—with spear and shield—for but a few of them owned rifles and fired them unskilfully—they rushed again and again right up to the serried ranks of the British soldiers. These Arabs have several vices, but no one has denied them the highest degree of bravery.

A Lesson in Charity.

It is related of the late Mr. Peter Cooper, an American benefactor, that he was one day watching the pupils in the portrait class connected with the Women's Art School of Cooper Institute. About thirty pupils were engaged in drawing likenesses of the same model from various points of view—some in profile, some full face, some nearer and others farther from the light, and so forth. After studying the scene for a while Mr. Cooper said, "Such a sight as this should be a lesson in charity, when we perceive how the same person may be so different, according to the way he is looked at by various people."

The Busy Bee.

Few little folk have any idea of the labour that bees have to expend in the gathering of honey. Here is a calculation, which will show how industrious the "busy" bee really is. Let us suppose the insects confine their attentions to clover-fields. Each head of clover contains about sixty separate flower-tubes, in

each of which is a portion of sugar not exceeding the five-hundredth part of a grain. Therefore, before one grain of sugar can be got, the bee must insert its proboscis into 500 clover-tubes. Now there are 7,000 grains in a pound, so that it follows that 3,500,000 clover-tubes must be sucked in order to obtain but one pound of honey.

The Dwarf Trees of China.

In China, that land of curiosities, may be seen oaks, chestnuts, pines, and cedars growing in flowerpots, and fifty years old, but not twelve inches high! They take the young plant, cut off its tap-root, and place it in a basin of good soil kept well watered. Should it grow too rapidly, they dig down and shorten in several roots. Year by year the leaves grow smaller, and in course of time the trees become little dwarfs, and are made pets of like canaries and dogs.

What is the "Lake School"?

In reading about poets and poetry, you will sometimes find an allusion to the "Lake School." This was the term applied by a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* to Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, because they resided in the lake district of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and because—though their works differed in many respects from each other—they sought for inspiration in the simplicity of Nature rather than in the study of other poets, or of the prevailing fashion.

The Cuckoo's Fag.

Tom Brown, as readers will remember, was in deep trouble at Rugby about the fagging system in vogue during his "school-days." Many things have happened since then, and amongst others a marked improvement in fagging. The cruelty and insolence and selfishness of it have disappeared, and the system itself will one day die out. As regards boys, so far so good. Among some feathered folk, however, fagging flourishes in full vigour; and so long as there are cuckoos so long will there be fags. Many birds are imposed upon, one of the commonest victims being the hedge-sparrow. For days a sparrow has been watched while it fed a hungry complaining intruder. It used to fly on the cuckoo's back and then, standing on its head and leaning downwards, give it a caterpillar. The tit-bit having been greedily snatched and devoured, the cuckoo would peck fiercely at its tiny attendant—bidding it, as it were, fetch more food and not be long about

it. Wordsworth tells us in a famous line that "the child is father of the man," and no apter illustration of this truth could be found than the cuckoo. Let us trace his early life history, and to begin with, peep into, say, a wagtail's nest. It contains a few eggs all seemingly alike. In due time they are hatched, and you at once notice that one of the baby birds is quite different from the rest. It is blind, naked, yellowish, and ugly, and ere long will prove itself a monster. How did it come to be born there? Well, you must know that it is a young cuckoo. Now, its mother has several bad habits.



THE CUCKOO'S FAG. ([See p. 52.](#))

For instance, she does not make a nest, but lays her egg on the ground, and then places it in a nest where there are others like the one she has laid. She is cunning, you see, as well as lazy and cruel; for she has, like a thief in the night, introduced into an innocent home a real tyrant. The young cuckoo soon reveals its true character. It begins by edging the wee wagtails to the side of the nest and then turning them out one by one. Of course the little things thus thrown over

fall to the ground and die, but even if some kind person were to restore them to their home, they would be again bundled out in the same brutal fashion. Having got rid of the children of the rightful owners of the nest the ruthless sneak speedily cries for food; and the parents of the ejected birds actually tend this glutton with the greatest diligence. The young cuckoo is ever gaping for food, and for weeks the poor foster-parents are kept hard at work to supply its hunger. Why do they do so? Probably because they regard it as one of their own offspring, though they may have a sort of instinctive notion that there's something wrong; and so the weary round of fagging goes on until the cuckoo takes itself off to start life on its own account. So greedy, lazy, and thoroughly selfish, however, is this bird that after it has outgrown its nest, and is quite able to provide for itself, it will still look to its industrious comrades for its meals.

The Greatest Whirlpool in the World.

Off the coast of Norway, close to the Lofoden Islands, the current runs so strong north and south for six hours and then in the opposite direction for a similar period, that the water is thrown into tremendous whirls. This is the far-famed Maelström, or whirling-stream. The whirlpool is most active at high and low tide, and when the winds are contrary the disturbance of the sea is so great that few boats can live in it. In ordinary circumstances, however, ships can sail right across the Maelström without much danger, and the tales about the vessels and whales which have been engulfed in the stream are more or less pure fables.

The Dog and the Telephone.

An intelligent dog was recently discovered wandering about the streets of an American city, by a gentleman who knew it. He at once asked its master by means of the telephone whether he had lost his dog. The reply came "Yes; have you seen it?" To which the further instruction was sent, "Suppose you call him through the telephone." Accordingly the dog was lifted up and the ear-piece placed at its ear. "Jack! Jack!" shouted its owner, whereupon Jack, recognising the voice, began at once to yelp most vigorously, and licked the telephone in a friendly way, evidently thinking that its master was inside the machine.

A QUEEN OF THE BEACH.

(See Coloured [Frontispiece.](#))

WE played together on the sands,
We roamed the moors for heather,
We climbed the cliffs with clasping hands
In the wild and windy weather;
And sweet were my little queen's commands
As we merrily played together.

Her eyes were blue as the limpid
sea

When the morning sun is on
it,

Her locks were bright as the
corn might be

With the blaze of noon upon
it,

And her scarlet cap was a charm
to me,

But her laughing lips outshone it.

So fearless was the little maid,
Not a danger could astound her,
With her bucket and her busy spade,
On the sea-bound shore I found her,
Of the winds and the waves all unafraid
While the sea-gulls floated round her.

And many a house of sand we reared,
The walls with shells adorning,
While boats our happy playground neared,
And breakers gave us warning
That though we neither paused nor feared,
All would be gone next morning.



A. M.

Little Folks

→✻ The "Little Folks" Humane Society. ✻←

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE Editor desires to inform his Readers that the names of Officers and Members of The LITTLE FOLKS Humane Society will be printed in the Magazine as usual during the next six months, but that after the present Volume is completed, and when Fifty Thousand Names have appeared, the publication of the Lists will be discontinued. As, however, the operations of the Society will still be carried on, and some accounts of its progress will from time to time be given in LITTLE FOLKS, the Editor hopes to receive, as hitherto, the "promises" of all Children who are willing to join; and, on receipt of these, their names will be inscribed on the Register of the Society, and Certificates of Officership and Membership also forwarded to them if stamped addressed envelopes be enclosed. (The number of Officers and Members now on the Register is about 49,500). The Editor is aware that in certain instances intending Officers find that it takes many months to complete the list of fifty names, which it is necessary to collect in order to become an Officer, and he thinks it probable that the total of Fifty Thousand referred to above will be reached before some of his Readers have been able to obtain this number of "promises" from other children. To meet this difficulty, and in order that the efforts on behalf of the Society of such children may be rewarded just as they would have been had the publication of names in LITTLE FOLKS been longer continued, the small book and medal hitherto given to Officers will still be awarded; though in all cases it will be necessary, in sending up the fifty "promises," to enclose a Certificate from a Parent, Teacher, or other responsible person, stating that the list had been commenced previous to the appearance of this notice in LITTLE FOLKS. The book and medal will not in future be awarded to any readers other than those just referred to—that is, those whose lists of fifty names are in actual progress at the present time (July 1st, 1884).

TWENTY-NINTH 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
41266 Herbert Buxton	14
41267 C. M. Balfour	10
41268 J. L. Balfour	7
41269 C. W. Balfour	18
41270 R. H. Pimm	13
41271 P. H. Marquand	9
41272 Chas. H. Mitchell	9
41273 Thomas Halsall	11
41274 J. M. Marquand	13
41275 Joseph Reeves	12
41276 A. B. Marquand	11
41277 W. Hodgkinson	13
41278 Arthur Handley	11
41279 F. T. Freeland	10
41280 T. L. Allkins	14
41281 H. Felthouse	12
41282 F. Nugent	13
41283 Edgar B. Hulland	15
41284 Kate Hodgkinson	16
41285 George C. Britton	7
41286 Winnie Grayston	6
41287 Eddie C. Britton	4
41288 Mary Gillman	13
41289 Mathor Gilman	9
41290 Fanny Darlington	20
41291 Elsie Sanders	13
41292 Mary A. Boonham	11
41293 Elizbth. A. Benson	11
41294 H. L. Franklin	12

41295 Eliz. A. Wright	9
41296 L. F. Wileman	12
41297 Mary S. Harris	8
41298 Harry Smith	11
41299 Wm. A. Franklin	10
41300 K. A. Minton	9
41301 A. Henderson	16
41302 Mary Henderson	15
41303 Cecil Henderson	11
41304 Ethel Norton	6
41305 Mabel Norton	5
41306 Matilda Norton	4
41307 Herbert Hare	12
41308 Clara Norton	13
41309 EDITH E. MORRISON, Wakefield	
41310 Kate Milsom	11
41311 Harriet Hardman	11
41312 Fredk. C. Brown	8
41313 Mary A. Dean	13
41314 Sarah Hirst	20
41315 Louisa Brunton	12
41316 Eliza Blackburn	17
41317 Cissy Scholes	17
41318 Annie Goodridge	18
41319 Polly Scholes	9
41320 Flornc. A. Scholey	15
41321 Charles Scholey	11
41322 John Scholey	19
41323 Charltt. Cartridge	15
41324 Annie Allcock	11
41325 Bertha Tingle	15
41326 Dora Brown	12
41327 Annie Poppleton	16
41328 Lizzie Poppleton	14
41329 H. Poppleton	7
41330 William Garnett	17

41331 Annie Garnett	14
41332 Eliza Garnett	12
41333 Thos. H. Garnett	10
41334 Florence Garnett	7
41335 Lizzie Priestley	17
41336 Annie Jaques	17
41337 Mary H. Copley	10
41338 E. Worthington	14
41339 Kate Bancroft	12
41340 Maud Gosnay	11
41341 Bennie Harris	9
41342 Ada Richardson	12
41343 Ada Mellor	19
41344 Amy Sadler	14
41345 Kate Sadler	8
41346 Beatrice Sadler	12
41347 Alice Sadler	13
41348 Mary W. Hein	8
41349 Lucy M. Hein	10
41350 Ellen L. Hein	12
41351 Victor Hartley	9
41352 Eleanor Brown	20
41353 Mabel Walton	12
41354 Mary Bostock	11
41355 Margaret Salkeld	16
41356 E. M. Morrison	8
41357 R. P. Morrison	11
41358 Gertrude E. Prest	9
41359 Archbld. W. Prest	7
41360 JAS. W. RILEY, Derby	16
41361 Wm. Wibberley	11
41362 Joseph Wibberley	13
41363 William Smee	8
41364 William Yeomans	11
41365 Harry Wibberley	9
41366 Albert E. Riley	10

41367 Arthur Copestick	10
41368 John Lovel	9
41369 John Warde	14
41370 Henry Castledine	13
41371 William Hatton	9
41372 W. H. Haynes	12
41373 William Matthews	10
41374 William Smith	9
41375 Christopher Shaw	12
41376 Walter Green	11
41377 William Garratt	8
41378 Arthur Wibberley	11
41379 Charles M. Smee	12
41380 Arthur Smee	9
41381 A. Carmicheal	12
41382 Alfred Bunting	12
41383 Harry Bunting	16
41384 Frank Bunting	14
41385 H. Wibberley	16
41386 Clara Wibberley	14
41387 Lizzie Wibberley	18
41388 Walter Lester	13
41389 Arthur Pearson	12
41390 Mary Wadkinson	14
41391 Albert Lester	11
41392 Walter Pearson	10
41393 Nelly Carmicheal	7
41394 Annie Green	12
41395 Lotty Green	7
41396 Edith Wagstaff	8
41397 Henry Mellor	11
41398 Frank Oliver	10
41399 Charles Yeomans	11
41400 Maria Street	12
41401 Thomas Bennett	11
41402 Elizabeth Hunt	14

41403 Annie Brailsford	12
41404 Edwd. Armytage	10
41405 John Wagstaff	9
41406 William Tarrey	9
41407 Bernard Riley	12
41408 William Foster	11
41409 James Dunmow	9
41410 Joseph Moorcroft	11
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41411 G. M. Buchanan	13
41412 Effie D. Ward	9
41413 Eleanor L. Ward	19
41414 Minnie Griffin	10
41415 MAGGIE GOMME, Peckham Rye	14
41416 Nellie Salmon	12
41417 Edwin Westall	15
41418 Alice Watts	12
41419 Mary Smith	11
41420 Mabel Cane	16
41421 Percy K. Lucke	9
41422 Lucy Gomme	18
41423 Annie Gomme	14
41424 Edith Perks	5
41425 Vivian W. Russell	9
41426 Fredk. G. Perks	7
41427 Frederick Cripps	13
41428 M. O. Bigg-Wither	14
41429 Louie Rogers	18
41430 Amy King	12
41431 M. F. Lankester	11
41432 Daniel Bott	12
41433 Edith Bott	14
41434 Arthur Hughes	11
41435 G. E. Hughes	4
41436 Keturah Hughes	7
41437 Mabel Hicks	14

41438 Emily M. Noad	15
41439 Annie Jewell	9
41440 John St. A. Jewell	8
41441 Richd. H. Vernon	12
41442 Alice Shrimpton	14
41443 Clara Shrimpton	16
41444 Ethel Davis	8
41445 Edgar S. Oakes	12
41446 Mary Cheetham	10
41447 Blanche Vernon	14
41448 Amy Ormston	19
41449 Kezia Saunders	17
41450 Clara Clements	17
41451 Rose F. Kempe	15
41452 Violet Jewell	6
41453 Alfred Harris	12
41454 Madeliene Oakes	10
41455 William Lane	8
41456 Nellie Lane	8
41457 Charlotte Westall	12
41458 Henry Johnson	10
41459 Robert R. Jewell	11
41460 Margt. M. Fane	13
41461 Elizabeth Westall	14
41462 Annie Cheetham	8
41463 Florrie Holford	10
41464 Arthur P. Kempe	12
41465 Queenie Keene	8
41466 John L. Perman	16
41467 Jessie Bott	10
41468 Annie Westall	18
41469 Frederick Clark	16
41470 Reginald Vernon	12
41471 Morris S. Kempe	17
41472 Ada B. Clements	7
41473 Jane Clements	19

41474 Emily Clements	18
41475 Fredk. B. Kempe	13
41476 V. H. C. Russell	7
41477 Mabel H. Tate	15
41478 Florence K. Oakes	14
41479 Florrie Rogers	17
41480 Herbert Elshib	14
41481 Mabel Vernon	16
41482 R. J. Paterson	13
41483 Nellie M. Beare	11
41484 H. W. Fortesquieu	7
41485 Beatrice Oakes	16
41486 K. Fortesquieu	9
41487 Castle Cane	14
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41488 Edgar T. Tuck	7
41489 Lucy M. Burd	11
41490 Miriam A. Graves	14
41491 Edith M. Lamb	10
41492 K. P. Gourley	14
41493 Sarah A. Burr	18
41494 W. E. Barker	14
41495 H. M. Jones	16
41496 Mary G. Crane	12
41497 Leina C. Leake	15
41498 Peter Hope	16
41499 George Whillians	8
41500 A. P. Whillians	11
41501 John Michie	16
41502 William Tinlin	12
41503 Frances Turner	11
41504 George Hall	14
41505 Robert Tinlin	15
41506 Maggie Tinlin	13
41507 Maggie Laing	14
41508 Lucy E. Fife	16

41509 Eleanor May	17
41510 Harriette Oliver	14
41511 George Phillips	12
41512 Gertrd. Deighton	14
41513 Edith Barrett	18
41514 Louie Man	14
41515 Jessie Rogers	14
41516 Ellen Jeffery	12
41517 Edith E. Phillips	14
41518 Edith E. Sole	5
41519 Ruth Burch	10
41520 Annie Gambrell	10
41521 Rose J. Burch	6
41522 Alice Burch	8
41523 Liddia Burch	5
41524 Charltte. Attwood	8
41525 William Sole	11
41526 Alfred Sole	8
41527 Edward J. Sole	8
41528 Thomas Griggs	9
41529 Ellen Gambrell	10
41530 Arthur Taylor	9
41531 Kate Sole	3
41532 Harry Hooker	10
41533 Sarah J. Sole	6
41534 Elizabeth Hooker	4
41535 Ella R. Sole	9
41536 ARTHUR CAMPBELL, Wigan	10
41537 Margaret Newell	15
41538 Amy H. Gerrard	17
41539 Laura Hill	10
41540 Minnie Woods	16
41541 Flora M. Dewar	17
41542 M. Henderson	13
41543 Mary R. Dewar	15
41544 Jennie Dewar	11

41545 Mary Polding	14
41546 Annie Hurst	8
41547 Lizzie Holmes	10
41548 M. A. Holmes	14
41549 Annie Aspinall	13
41550 M. A. F. Gerrard	14
41551 Annie Holmes	12
41552 W. L. Brown	7
41553 F. J. Simm	8
41554 I. D. P. Smith	7
41555 Egbert Green	14
41556 Robert Morris	13
41557 Wm. H. Ashton	10
41558 O. H. Platt	11
41559 Jas. H. T. Evans	11
41560 W H. Litherland	13
41561 Brice Dean	14
41562 T. H. Winstanley	12
41563 John A. Dewar	9
41564 Richard J. Owen	9
41565 Herbert Hill	16
41566 Pryce A. Owen	6
41567 Sydney Hill	12
41568 Kenyon Pierson	11
41569 Alice Swift	14
41570 Emma Ward	10
41571 Jemima Povey	10
41572 Eva Skepper	11
41573 Ada Skepper	6
41574 Annie Barton	9
41575 Mary Bycroft	10
41576 Henrietta Wray	10
41577 John Porters	9
41578 Geo. Richardson	9
41579 Wm. Middleton	9
41580 Mary Humberson	9

41581 Charles Gunnis	8
41582 Edith Smith	10
41583 Fanny Hudson	8
41584 Eliza Castledine	16
41585 Edith Campbell	10
41586 Fred Campbell	8
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41587 S. D. Collingwood	13
41588 ANNIE B. FARMER, Nottingham	14
41589 Percy Smith	7
41590 Emily Goodson	16
41591 Gerty Stevenson	8
41592 Sarah A. Goodson	14
41593 B. E. Baggaley	10
41594 Percy Creswell	7
41595 George Creswell	20
41596 Alick Pye	15
41597 Addison Pearson	16
41598 Louisa Wilson	17
41599 Maggie Creswell	16
41600 H. Hazzledine	7
41601 Gertrude Moore	12
41602 Percy Freeman	5
41603 Emily Brittle	9
41604 L. Waldegrave	16
41605 William Hunt	9
41606 Sydney Freeman	7
41607 William Tillson	16
41608 Hugh Smith	6
41609 Grace Packer	8
41610 Thos. A. Cooper	16
41611 John Sheavyn	13
41612 Essie Lawson	12
41613 A. Creswell	17
41614 Geo. H. B. Hay	15
41615 L. L. Bright	19

41616 William Pye	13
41617 Rosa W. Jones	20
41618 F. G. Bourne	10
41619 Isabella R. Brady	8
41620 Mary H. Brady	13
41621 Edith Creswell	12
41622 Alfred H. Brady	14
41623 John A. Pearson	18
41624 Stanley Bourne	7
41625 Alice Felkin	11
41626 Connie Smith	9
41627 Albert Dobson	17
41628 Lina M. Bourne	9
41629 Ada M. Lea	14
41630 Herbert Lea	6
41631 Edith M. Sellars	9
41632 Sarah L. Lea	14
41633 Mary Willby	17
41634 Bertha A. Goold	11
41635 Morton B. Paton	11
41636 Blanche Sellars	9
41637 Alfred P. Williams	9
41638 Lottie Lawson	11
41639 Amy Lawson	9
41640 Joseph Gregory	11
41641 GEORGINA M. CALLUM, Tadcaster	10
41642 Frances E. Callum	9
41643 Percy Thornton	12
41644 B. M. Hullah	12
41645 Annie M. Horn	17
41646 Edith R. Horn	11
41647 Nellie Carter	15
41648 William Howell	12
41649 Mary Howell	9
41650 S. A. Howell	3
41651 Annie Newlove	11

41652 Lucy Newlove	7
41653 I. Newlove	14
41654 Minnie Otterburn	9
41655 Gertrd. Otterburn	12
41656 Esther Wright	8
41657 Sabina Brook	8
41658 John Townsley	12
41659 Sarah J. Dodd	10
41660 Mary A. Morson	7
41661 Carrie Arch	8
41662 Emmeline Arch	9
41663 Nellie Halliday	7
41664 Unis Coates	7
41665 Alice Smith	8
41666 Emily Muff	7
41667 Harvie Hirst	13
41668 G. Hirst	15
41669 William Southey	15
41670 R. Haliday	5
41671 Emily Glover	13
41672 Florrie Bramham	8
41673 Fanny Nutter	7
41674 Elizabeth Lam	11
41675 ETTY Atkinson	15
41676 Alice Colie	9
41677 M. A. Colie	7
41678 Mary A. Poulter	8
41679 M. A. Wilsh	11
41680 Louisa Clark	9
41681 Mary FitzPatrick	11
41682 M. J. Clark	10
41683 Albert Marrow	10
41684 T. Clarkson	12
41685 R. Brigges	11
41686 F. Stevenson	9
41687 Cundal Stevenson	12

41688 P. N. Hirst	9
41689 Lilian Harrison	10
41690 S. Harrison	7
41691 Herbert Cobb	14
41692 Louis Green	7
41693 Arthur Braine	8
41694 Edith H. Cobb	9
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41695 Evaline H. Burkitt	7
41696 Ida L. Burkitt	11
41697 Laura C. Burkitt	8
41698 C. A. L. Burkitt	10
41699 Percy V. Haynes	12
41700 H. L. Osborne	11
41701 Claudine L. West	16
41702 Ellie Trimble	13
41703 Emily West	13
41704 William West	14
41705 Lucy Ardern	13
41706 Jessie Trimble	12
41707 George Upjohns	8
41708 Maryann Harris	8
41709 Frank Thornton	16
41710 ALBERT ABBOTT, Adlington (Lanc.)	12
41711 H. Hargreaves	12
41712 R. Halliwell	7
41713 E. V. Flitcroft	7
41714 Mary Loman	8
41715 M. Hargreaves	4
41716 M. A. Hargreaves	10
41717 James Thorne	13
41718 John H. Thorne	6
41719 Ada Thorne	5
41720 M. A. Atherton	8
41721 Harold Birch	6
41722 Betsy Aspinall	7

41723 Elizbth. Aspinall	11
41724 Maria Haign	9
41725 Mary Eddisford	10
41726 Walter Adamson	11
41727 Walter Jolly	11
41728 John Jolly	9
41729 Thos. Crawshaw	13
41730 Geo. Derbyshire	7
41731 Joseph H. Smith	10
41732 George Smith	9
41733 Jas. Nightingale	8
41734 W. Billington	12
41735 Chas. Billington	6
41736 Youth Crook	10
41737 Robert Brown	16
41738 Richard S. Bury	10
41739 Alice Marsh	8
41740 G. H. Nightingale	11
41741 William Pearson	10
42742 M. A. Makinson	12
41743 Mary Reynolds	12
41744 E. A. Kenyon	9
41745 John Kenyon	5
41746 Alice Sharples	10
41747 E. A. Harwood	11
41748 Joseph Taylor	13
41749 Violet Roberts	12
41750 James Yates	8
41751 Thomas Bridge	14
41752 E. A. Cowell	8
41753 M. E. Harrison	9
41754 W. Ormiston	11
41755 Emily Hardman	9
41756 Jane Forshaw	9
41757 Henry Parker	8
41758 Edward Ward	10

41759 Thomas Fielding	12
41760 Chas. Halliwell	10
41761 James Stewart	10
41762 Emma Stewart	7
41763 JAS. D. HAWORTH, Bolton	11
41764 William Dell	9
41765 Jas. Hodgkinson	11
41766 Annie Pearce	11
41767 Arthur Crompton	5
41768 Geo. Warburton	10
41769 Jane A. Lipkott	12
41770 Peter H. Lipkott	13
41771 M. A. Warburton	20
41772 H. Warburton	18
41773 M. H. Windsor	17
41774 E. Hodgkinson	16
41775 J. Entrohistle	11
41776 George Scholes	11
41777 John P. Brierly	9
41778 Frank S. Lomax	7
41779 James Lomax	6
41780 Emily Taylor	12
41781 William Taylor	10
41782 J. Greenhalgh	9
41783 R. Pendlebury	11
41784 J. Norris	10
41785 W. Wood	10
41786 T. Mather	6
41787 A. Pendlebury	7
41788 John Wood	11
41789 R. Pendlebury	9
41790 E. Bennett	16
41791 Arthur Walsh	13
41792 Arthur Gregory	12
41793 Harold Jackson	10
41794 Joseph Sutton	10

41795 Samuel Rostron	10
41796 George Blagg	12
41797 M. F. Graveson	11
41798 A. W. Mardsley	8
41799 James Pearson	10
41800 Fred Duxbury	11
41801 James Hurst	8
41802 John Kingley	14
41803 James Fairhurst	12
41804 Joseph Flitcraft	10
41805 Frederick Dell	5
41806 Bertie Scott	7
41807 F. Harper	8
41808 Albert Whittaker	12
41809 Bertha Murphy	13
41810 F. A. Murphy	12
41811 W. Whittaker	10
41812 Thos. H. Pilling	14
41813 A. H. Horrobin	10
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41814 Edith Hammett	11
41815 R. C. N. Bodily	14
41816 T. R. E. Kendall	14
41817 H. A. Ayton	12
41818 F. M. Stokes	13
41819 Edith Welsh	14
41820 Herbt. C. Welsh	11
41821 Percy E. Welsh	9
41822 Cecil A. Welsh	7
41823 Lilian M. Welsh	5
41824 Pierre David	10
41825 Alice M. A. Grum	9
41826 Violet Dumergue	8
41827 E. M. Dumergue	12
41828 Edith Hinchliffe	11
41829 JAS. C. CLEMENTS, Arnold (Notts)	10

41830 A. W. Clements	7
41831 H. M. Clements	4
41832 Samuel Surgey	10
41833 Arthur Pearson	14
41834 Arthur Greaves	10
41835 William Gretton	11
41836 John H. Casterton	10
41837 Sarah E. Lee	6
41838 A. Hopkinson	11
41839 Hedley Spray	8
41840 William Moore	9
41841 Annie E. Smith	7
41842 James Lee	11
41843 Ernest Spray	14
41844 Arthur Spray	12
41845 Herbert Spray	10
41846 Mary E. Spray	6
41847 William Baguley	8
41848 Samuel Castleton	9
41849 William Castleton	7
41850 Walter Swift	10
41851 Albert Greaves	8
41852 Edwd. Parkinson	3
41853 Arthur Smith	5
41854 Florence Beckett	8
41855 Sarah A. Wayte	7
41856 George Beckett	13
41857 Mary E. Kirk	5
41858 Emma Woodcock	17
41859 Elizbth. Durrant	13
41860 George A. Wayte	10
41861 Annie Parkinson	16
41862 John Parkinson	5
41863 Ada Gretton	9
41864 Parker Peck	9
41865 Arthur Peck	10

41866 Arthur Ward	12
41867 Edith Ward	11
41868 Isaac Morris	10
41869 Gertrude Ward	10
41870 B. Skellington	10
41871 John Skellington	8
41872 Geo. Skellington	5
41873 Arthr. Skellington	12
41874 Stephen Pinder	9
41875 Arthur Baguley	9
41876 Walter Wood	11
41877 Ellen Parkinson	14
41878 Elizab. Parkinson	7
41879 W. H. Ward	14
41880 GERTRUDE E. BALES, Norwich	12
41881 Wm. M. Wright	10
41882 Rose E. Bishop	13
41883 Percy W. Mitchell	7
41884 Laura G. Nudd	8
41885 A. S. Newhouse	9
41886 Charles Bishop	7
41887 Donald Shields	5
41888 Eleanor Bush	8
41889 Herbert G. Smith	10
41890 Henry Thompson	9
41891 James Sherly	7
41892 Edith M. Nudd	10
41893 Horace Browne	8
41894 Frederick Daines	10
41895 Sydney Betts	16
41896 Maud H. Sluman	7
41897 Frank Hines	10
41898 Gertrude S. Betts	8
41899 Ernest T. Hook	8
41900 May E. Hawes	8
41901 Edith M. Ayers	6

41902 Harry J. Parker	7
41903 Ellen Barber	13
41904 Maria Farrow	11
41905 Harriett Mildred	13
41906 Lenard J. Mobbs	6
41907 Anna Kidd	8
41908 Edith M. Betts	15
41909 E. C. Winearls	18
41910 L. A. Winearls	16
41911 Blanche Betts	13
41912 O. C. Hayward	8
41913 M. E. Waller	10
41914 Edith J. Downes	8
41915 A. M. McGowan	11
41916 Ellen Cartwright	15
41917 Maggie Porter	14
41918 Nellie Lewis	13
41919 Jessie Porter	16
41920 Eva M. Ward	12
41921 Julia Hunt	15
41922 Rosa M. Ward	14
41923 A. W. Loveless	11
41924 Alice M. Loveless	12
41925 F. A. Loveless	6
41926 Ellen H. Loveless	9
41927 Clara P. Dunnett	9
41928 Arthur F. Dunnett	10
41929 Annie G. Sayer	10
41930 Susanna A. Beech	20
41931 May G. Roy	15
41932 Harry R. Pearson	16
41933 Alfred E. Roy	10
41934 Catherine A. Roy	15
41935 C. A. M. Gregory	9
41936 F. G. Gregory	7
41937 L. M. Osborne	8

41938 Nellie Dawson	7
41939 Gertrude Dawson	9
41940 Harry L. Curl	10
41941 Percy Curl	8
41942 Kate Beatley	10
41943 Charles Beatley	8
41944 Annie H. Bone	11
41945 Laura Bone	13
41946 Mary A. Bales	15
41947 Mary Noverre	6
41948 Katie E. Cork	12
41949 Amelior G. Ayers	9
41950 R. H. Tunbridge	14
41951 Hugh C. Jagger	11
41952 F. F. C. Jagger	8
41953 F. J. Markham	13
41954 Arthur Corfield	8
41955 Arthur Corbett	10
41956 E. B. Hutton	11
41957 EDITH M. ELLIS, Shooter's Hill	14
41958 C. Dempsey	11
41959 Fredk. C. Ellis	6
41960 Charlie Tutt	11
41961 Eily Bedford	5
41962 Emmie Barnes	10
41963 Lizzie Tutt	17
41964 George King	15
41965 Nellie King	15
41966 Georgina Dixon	11
41967 Isabella Purvis	11
41968 Mary Martin	9
41969 Edith Tucker	11
41970 Mary A. Fish	20
41971 Alice Hendley	12
41972 Kathln. G. Latter	13
41973 Kathleen Turtle	7

41974 Lilly Tutt	14
41975 James Tutt	9
41976 Clara E. Fisk	17
41977 Madoline Latter	12
41978 Martha Fisk	13
41979 Tulip Tutt	12
41980 Marion Turtle	9
41981 Thomas Fisk	6
41982 Herbert Martin	8
41983 Harriett Clark	13
41984 Rose Clark	10
41985 Ada Barrett	13
41986 Ada E. Ellis	13
41987 Ada Fisk	9
41988 Emily Fisk	7
41989 Frederick Fisk	14
41990 Jane Davies	14
41991 Isabella Purvis	11
41992 Janie Monument	9
41993 Edith Groves	14
41994 Annie Stace	15
41995 Louisa Monument	14
41996 Florrie Groves	17
41997 Jessie Purvis	7
41998 Alice Furlong	9
41999 Hilda M. Ellis	12
42000 E. Whittingham	9
42001 Maud Godfrey	12
42002 Mary Tricker	12
42003 Kathleen M. Ellis	12
42004 Henrietta Clark	8
42005 Freddy Imors	7
42006 Ada Jessop	9
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42007 Amy Norgrove	14
42008 Harriet Selby	15

42009 Clara Lumley	14
42010 Emily Selby	15
42011 Margt. A. Keary	12
42012 Pauline Keary	18
42013 Ann R. Dawson	11
42014 Maud B. Deacon	13
42015 Edith I. Deacon	8
42016 Fredk. Deacon	10
42017 Edith K. Deacon	11
42018 Annie B. Colman	8
42019 Chas. Boardman	14
42020 Kate Boardman	12
42021 Florence Wood	14
42022 NELLIE BURDOCK, Wisbech	17
42023 Lottie Dann	10
42024 Florence Holland	15
42025 E. Farrow	11
42026 Alice Nichols	15
42027 F. A. Humphrey	15
42028 Ethel Ferguson	8
42029 Rose Dann	12
42030 Annie Burdock	19
42031 Alice Clarke	10
42032 A. Walpole	14
42033 May Stanley	15
42034 Alfred J. Dann	17
42035 S. Osborn	17
42036 Charlotte Kemp	16
42037 Carrie Peatling	11
42038 F. Stockdale	14
42039 Cissie Mantegani	10
42040 Emmie Atkins	13
42041 E. Winters	10
42042 Nellie Grant	12
42043 E. Budge	10
42044 Emma Cobb	11

42045 Walter F. Gamble	17
42046 J. Budge	9
42047 Agnes Holland	12
42048 M. Oldfield	17
42049 F. Shipley	11
42050 J. Slanford	10
42051 A. Way	10
42052 Hattie Cox	11
42053 L. Tumacliffe	13
42054 Grace Tansley	12
42055 Maud Oldfield	12
42056 H. Candler	19
42057 J. Donaldson	12
42058 Charles W. Dann	9
42059 E. Way	9
42060 Annie Smith	12
42061 Lizzie Bray	13
42062 H. Winters	14
42063 J. Shipley	14
42064 Bell Woods	15
42065 Katie Burdock	5
42066 Alice Johnson	18
42067 R. Shipley	9
42068 Clara Barker	13
42069 Cissie Cross	8
42070 J. Plumb	7
42071 Alice F. E. Rainey	11
42072 Evelyn Barker	13
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42073 Agnes Primrose	14
42074 EDITH LAWSON, Kensington, L.	14
42075 Kate E. Ridgeon	11
42076 Ada M. Bond	14
42077 Eva M. Bond	15
42078 Edith Lavender	11
42079 I. A. Kinninmont	18

42080 Ethel M. Bond	12
42081 Bessie Lowson	13
42082 Maggie Lowson	11
42083 Kate E. Chiles	10
42084 Jeanie P. Dunlop	10
42085 F. L. Kinninmont	13
42086 George Beale	7
42087 Kate M. Hooker	18
42088 Edith Rayner	15
42089 Emily Clark	9
42090 George E. Clark	16
42091 Alice Scott	14
42092 Eva Scott	8
42093 Harriett L. Block	16
42094 Alice Watson	10
42095 Amy N. Smith	12
42096 Emily Weatherley	20
42097 M. A. Weatherley	17
42098 Margt. P. Watson	8
42099 Caroline Roper	20
42100 Marian Rayner	18
42101 Charlotte Bird	8
42102 J. Holmes	13
42103 Rose Brown	8
42104 Florry Waters	7
42105 H. Collingwood	7
42106 M. Hamlyn	11
42107 Laura Hamlyn	10
42108 Herbt. E. Adams	13
42109 Percy Adams	11
42110 Daisy Adams	15
42111 Milly H. Smith	15
42112 Janie Watson	14
42113 Lilian M. Orchard	13
42114 Bessie Webster	11
42115 Beatrice Webster	8

42116 Rachel Webster	15
42117 K. Bennett	13
42118 Edith Watson	7
42119 Maggie Scott	17
42120 Agnes H. Jeffrey	14
42121 Maggie Beattie	12
42122 Bella Cable	14
42123 Ethel I. Boldéro	11
42124 M. M. Boldéro	14
42125 M. P. Lawson	12
42126 Mena G. Lawson	11
42127 ALICE M. A. GREEN, Hounslow	7
42128 Maude A. Green	9
42129 M. A. Williams	18
42130 R. M. Green	5
42131 W. C. Green	4
42132 Rose Ayres	8
42133 H. Ayers	6
42134 Sarah Smith	15
42135 C. Smith	12
42136 Emily Smith	4
42137 Annie Ayers	9
42138 Mary H. Davis	11
42139 L. Smith	7
42140 Thomas Smith	8
42141 Anny Hulsy	8
42142 Harriett Harvy	11
42143 Mary Caunin	5
42144 Wm. J. Plunkett	7
42145 Annie Plunkett	9
42146 Elizbth. Plunkett	6
42147 Ellen Binnfy	5
42148 J. H. Jennings	6
42149 A. Jones	9
42150 B. Jones	6
42151 J. Jones	9

42152 A. Martin	9
42153 E. Martin	11
42154 W. Martin	14
42155 Emily Harvy	6
42156 William Harvy	9
42157 Florence Vickery	7
42158 Lizzie Azle	4
42159 Thomas May	13
42160 Stephen May	7
42161 Fanny May	16
42162 Eliza Azle	4
42163 Fredk. Azle	7
42164 Emily Benham	9
42165 Emily Ayres	8
42166 Mary A. Ansell	10
42167 Rose R. Lenton	11
42168 E. Paynter	7
42169 W. Ansell	6
42170 Hannah White	11
42171 Thomas White	7
42172 T. Fairchild	11
42173 W. Turner	8
42174 Rose H. Turner	6
42175 C. Turner	14
42176 M. Turner	11
42177 Annie Hutchings	8
42178 H. Hutchings	10
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42181 A. E. McCready	9
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42184 Bessie Dawe	14
42185 Alice L. Loney	8
42186 Ralph E. Loney	10

42187 Annie L. Carver	13
42188 Edith M. Jones	13
42189 EMMA MAYNARD, Shepherd's Bh.	15
42190 M. A. Maynard	17
42191 Edith Sanders	19
42192 Bertha Sanders	18
42193 Evelyn Goode	15
42194 Eliza Joslin	16
42195 Florence Bailey	8
42196 Alice Bailey	16
42197 Mary Bailey	13
42198 Mary Jackson	17
42199 Lillian R. Taviner	13
42200 Ada H. Leeming	14
42201 Wm. W. Stoney	13
42202 Geo. H. Stoney	15
42203 Emily Hird	14
42204 Isaac Hird	12
42205 Eliza Hird	10
42206 Mary Hird	11
42207 Mary Dormain	11
42208 James White	14
42209 Alice White	9
42210 R. H. Wright	16
42211 M. A. Farrington	14
42212 Ada Shepherd	15
42213 Lydia Canacott	20
42214 Edgar R. Dunman	9
42215 G. M. E. Clarke	9
42216 Ada James	15
42217 Clara James	14
42218 Marianne Singer	15
42219 Millicent Holden	12
42220 Alice M. Fruin	14
42221 M. Carpenter	13
42222 Annie E. Fruin	16

42223 Edith A. Fruin	10
42224 H. Fruin	12
42225 F. E. Fordham	16
42226 Kate Fordham	14
42227 Kate Fordham	10
42228 Alice M. Smith	16
42229 Jeanie Johnstone	13
42230 Nellie Beeson	14
42231 Lavinia Richards	15
42232 Florence Levey	14
42233 Agatha Cock	13
42234 K. Buckus	13
42235 Sarah A. Clifton	16
42236 Annie C. Fairy	6
42237 Earl Pettit	11
42238 Emily Pettit	16
42239 John W. Pettit	14
42240 Susan M. Pettit	9
42241 Emma Gaunt	13
42242 William Reeve	14
42243 Fanny E. Hopkins	14
42244 Lottie Taviner	7
42245 R. E. Anderson	13
42246 Caroline Hobden	7
42247 Edith Dawson	11
42248 Blanche Dawson	9
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42249 Samuel Pinder	10
42250 P. E. Gee	14
42251 Ellen Stace	12
42252 Alice E. Hallett	15
42253 Edwd. Willshere	8
42254 T. A. Minoprio	12
42255 RACHEL R. KINLOCH, Rothesay	12
42256 Joseph A. Murray	18
42257 Elizabeth Murray	11

42258 Chas. R. Kinloch	16
42259 Robt. S McKim	13
42260 Jessie B. McKim	10
42261 Agnes B. Cook	11
42262 L. K. Thomson	13
42263 M. A. J. Stribling	17
42264 Maggie Smith	14
42265 Rebecca Smith	12
42266 Bessie Ronald	12
42267 Agnes Ronald	13
42268 Annie Kerr	15
42269 S. McKellar	15
42270 C. M. Kinnon	19
32271 Jessie R. Wright	9
42272 Margaret Warren	20
42273 Jane S. Brown	14
42274 Agnes S. Brown	12
42275 John Brown	9
42276 Janet S. Black	12
42277 Jane Black	9
42278 Maggie Ferrier	13
42279 Susie Bell	14
42280 H. Montgomerie	13
42281 Maggie J. Duncan	13
42282 Isabella McIntyre	12
42283 Annie Wilson	13
42284 Janet Wilson	11
42285 Annie Duncan	12
42286 Lizzie Clunas	7
42287 Kate Sharp	12
42288 B. S. S. Morrison	11
42289 Christina Waugh	12
42290 Bella Mitchell	12
42291 Agnes A. Black	11
42292 Alexander Black	10
42293 K. D. Macdougall	11

42294 I. D. Macdougall	8
42295 Maggie E. Philip	8
42296 Gracie Gray	10
42297 Elizab. J. Heron	14
42298 Helen Heron	13
42299 Elizabth. L. Smith	10
42300 Lily McMillan	13
42301 Mary McKinnon	12
42302 Maggie Hunter	12
42303 Flora Hunter	14
42304 Louisa Donald	13
42305 M. Paterson	10
42306 Jane Clark	11
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42307 Frank H. Barber	14
42308 K. Bennett	13
42309 GEO. A. GRAVESON, Bolton	12
42310 Ada A. Fletcher	9
42311 Jane Fenton	7
42312 Nellie Evans	13
42313 Lizzie Hall	12
42314 Annie Rosbottom	12
42315 Arabella Taylor	10
42316 Arthur M. Evans	7
42317 Robert Evans	6
42318 S. J. Graveson	16
42319 F. M. Fletcher	4
42320 Elizabeth F. Mee	10
42321 Mary Mee	8
42322 Jessie Harper	11
42323 Mabel Tibsey	7
42324 Albert Orrell	7
42325 Nancy Schooles	7
42326 George Rostron	6
43327 Bertha Schools	9
42328 E. Birtinshaw	14

42329 Chas. Birtinshaw	9
42330 Beatrice Rostron	11
42331 Edith Rostron	15
42332 Harry Rostron	14
42333 B. Birtinshaw	7
42334 F. M. Greenhalgh	6
42335 A. F. Greenhalgh	7
42336 C. E. Greenhalgh	11
42337 Ellen Colinson	15
42338 Jane Colinson	17
42339 Prudence Corner	12
42340 Lily Corner	11
42341 Tily Orrell	12
42342 Fred Orrell	12
42343 Willie Orrell	13
42344 Fred Davis	13
42345 Lenard Hesketh	13
42346 Harry Moors	13
42347 William Tomison	13
42348 Edwin Almond	13
42349 Harry Haworth	12
42350 Fredk. Wilcock	12
42351 James Horrocks	13
42352 Samuel Rigby	13
42353 William Batter	13
42354 George Moors	13
42355 Samuel Lomax	13
42356 Harry Gastle	13
42357 James Shaw	13
42358 Fred Shaw	14
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42361 K. L. Mackenzie	11
42362 W. F. Mackenzie	9
42363 H. D. Mackenzie	7

42364 E. V. Hensley	10
42365 Percy W. Smith	7
42366 James H. Smith	7
42367 B. E. Harris	9
42368 Beryl Montague	17
42369 Coral Montague	14
42370 Bessie J. Ellis	11
42371 Ethel Freund	12
42372 George J. Freund	9
42373 H. M. Vaughan	11
42374 Bryan W. Bulman	13
42375 C. E. Bulman	10
42376 E. M. Mackenzie	10
42377 G. P. Bulman	6
42378 Arthur G. Foxon	9
42379 Annie L. Foxon	14
42380 John H. Foxon	17
42381 Wm. E. Foxon	12
42382 James Watson	6
42383 E. M. C. Standen	10
42384 CYRIL H. TODD, Skipton	9
42385 Margt. Bradley	14
42386 Edith W. Fox	11
42387 H. W. Hargrove	12
42388 Sissy Haycroft	10
42389 Charles E. Hirst	20
42390 Ben W. Clayton	17
42391 Thomas Pickles	20
42302 Daniel Verity	19
42393 Jany Hirst	19
42394 Geo. Thornton	7
42395 T. Whiteoak	9
42396 Sarah Loblely	13
42397 Hannah Swire	17
42398 Agnes Whiteoak	7
42399 Caroline Butter	8

42400 Syrenna Oldfield	16
42401 Ellen M. Wynn	12
42402 M. A. Thornton	14
42403 C. E. Whiteoak	11
42404 Ethel E. Williams	9
42405 Geo. R. Williams	13
42406 V. E. Wynn	14
42407 Ethel G. Wynn	10
42408 Cyril E. Wynn	16
42409 Julia Williams	19
42410 Mabel B. Wynn	8
42411 Smith Brown	7
42412 Adina Garnett	8
42413 Sarah E. Bradley	7
42414 D. Coulthard	13
42415 Thos. Mawson	15
42416 Eliza Fountain	12
42417 Arthur Garnett	10
42418 A. A. Hargrave	15
42419 Sarah J. Geldard	8
42420 Mary E. Maud	14
42421 Reena A. Hirst	12
42422 Sykes Hirst	17
42423 Fanny Haycroft	14
42424 Mary H. Fox	14
42425 Alice Shaw	10
42426 George Simpson	8
42427 Eva Bradley	6
42428 Willie Craven	12
42429 Edith Windle	7
42430 Lucy Fox	9
42431 Oscar Craven	7
42432 John E. Bradley	8
42433 Ainée Hargrave	10
42434 James Whiteoak	11
42435 Geo. Mainprize	12

42436 Mabel H. Plant	10
42437 Lucy J. Clarke	12
42438 Laura M. Lloyd	12
42439 ERNEST BREARLEY, Bedford	14
42440 George Gowing	15
42441 Arthur Swinton	15
42442 Sidney Mence	14
42443 Bertie Mannell	13
42444 A. Leadbeater	14
42445 Percy Talbot	13
42446 Hettie Henville	14
42447 Fred Ellis	15
42448 Edwd. G. Neame	14
42449 Alfred J. Mant	11
42450 Herbert Droive	12
42451 C. F. Waterman	15
42452 James Platts	12
42453 William Droive	13
42454 Edith Platts	10
42455 Charles Purcell	13
42456 John Wilson	13
42457 Hilda Bentham	15
42458 Willie Whitlock	10
42459 John Cawley	16
42460 Henry Heap	12
42461 William Dotchin	15
42462 Godfrey Droive	8
42463 Wm. H. Hare	11
42464 Annie Kelley	13
42465 Fred Rainsford	17
42466 Fanny Sheldon	7
42467 George Sheffield	15
42468 R. Locke	15
42469 J. Crook	17
42470 Herbert Russell	17

42471 L. Short	15
42472 Violet Sheffield	14
42473 William Mitchell	13
42474 J. Lloyd	16
42475 Cecil Mitchell	10
42476 W. Brien	11
42477 Thomas Sheffield	13
42478 John Everard	15
42479 Hugh Watson	11
42480 Willie Homes	9
42481 Hedley Brasier	14
42482 Ralph Sheldon	10
42483 Osborne Parr	13
42484 R. Matthews	9
42485 A. S. Soung	16
42486 George C. Brand	16
42487 Emma Bell	12
42488 Graham Gosling	13
42489 ELIZ. HARKER, Chesterfield	18
42490 C. M. Parker	18
42491 John Hawken	12
42492 Wm. H. Parker	14
42493 M. Z. Tomlinson	13
42494 Helena Hayman	14
42495 Edith Platt	14
42496 Joseph M. Benson	6
42497 Arthur J. Benson	7
42498 Edith A. King	13
42499 Serena Burdon	13
42500 Alfred J. Harker	8
42501 Frank Sampson	12
42502 B. Sampson	11
42503 Annie Stray	13
42504 J. M. Sampson	6
42505 M. J. Caparn	16
42506 Harold Caparn	18

42507 E. R. Caparn	11
42508 A. S. Caparn	13
42509 Annie B. Whiles	14
42510 Mabel A. Whiles	5
42511 Florrie A. Whiles	13
42512 Kate M. Whiles	15
42513 A. O. Harrison	8
42514 Rowland Smith	11
42515 Ethel Bright	12
42516 Arthur A. Smith	14
42517 Dora Greaves	14
42518 M. Hollingworth	18
42519 Amy Deeley	10
42520 D. R. Handley	12
42521 E. B. Brown	11
42522 C. E. Stevenson	13
42523 Elizabeth Oliver	13
42524 Sarah Ward	17
42525 Mary Smith	17
42526 C. E. Drabble	18
42527 E. Hollingworth	15
42528 Edith Walker	11
42529 E. P. Huggins	16
42530 F. J. Wheatcroft	13
42531 Ernest A. King	9
42532 Lizzie Davenport	18
42533 G. M. Drabble	15
42534 Edgar C. Benson	11
42535 Annie E. Fox	16
42536 E. M. Knowles	19
42537 L. Woodward	16
42538 A. M. Webster	6
42539 Mary Harker	16
42540 HERBT. R. HEYHOE, Swaffham	12
42541 Grace E. Heyh	14
42542 H. Heyhoe	12

42543 Harry Ward	8
42544 Sarah J. Wilson	13
42545 H. E. Warnes	7
42546 Gertrude Warnes	10
42547 H. Thurgood	11
42548 Bathsheba Scarf	15
42549 E. Spencer	9
42550 Horace Smith	10
42551 Stanley Smith	8
42552 Sydney Smith	9
42553 Robert Smith	13
42554 Ernest Rolfe	10
42555 William Rolfe	13
42556 John Rose	10
42557 Amy Pheasant	16
42558 Ethel Pheasant	14
42559 Ernest Pheasant	11
42560 Ernest Powley	14
42561 Ada Payne	12
42562 Guy Matthews	9
42563 Lilian Nuthall	9
42564 Ernest Nuthall	13
42565 Fredk. Johnson	13
42566 Edgar C. Johnson	11
42567 Willie Johnson	7
42568 Frances Kew	14
42569 Charles Kew	12
42570 Posseen Hill	16
42571 Edmund Green	12
42572 Chas. Durrant	10
42573 John Cross	13
42574 Herbert Cross	11
42575 Walter Clark	16
42576 Ernest Copland	13
42577 Emily Cooke	14
42578 Ernest Carter	12

42579 Edgar Carter	12
42580 Emma Burton	18
42581 T. Bunting	8
42582 Olive Blomfield	16
42583 G. Blomfield	13
42584 Fredk. Alpe	11
42585 R. E. Alpe	13
42586 Ernest Alpe	9
42587 Horace Alpe	6
42588 Harry Alpe	12
42589 Alice M. Alpe	13
<hr/>	
42590 Alice Grieve	10
42591 Janet Bell	10
42592 Cath. Redshaw	11
42593 Elizabeth Cook	9
42594 H. W. Turner	9
42595 Robert Ainslie	13
42596 Agnes Ainslie	17
42597 John Shiel	12
42598 Clara Peden	10
42599 John Elliot	9
42600 Janet Renwick	12
42601 Mary Renwick	10
42602 Agnes Elliot	11
42603 James Ridshaw	9
42604 Jane Wilson	12
42605 Jessie Hall	9
42606 A. M. MacLeod	19
42607 Elsie F. Boulton	12
42608 Henrietta L. May	14
42609 Marion Hill	13
42610 Ada Fish	14
42611 M. E. van Gelder	13
42612 Annie I. Boydell	10
42613 Isabel Hill	14

42614 Mary L. Jones	14
42615 A. E. B. Jones	13
42616 W. L. Darbyshire	7
42617 C. A. Darbyshire	13
42618 L. M. Darbyshire	12
42619 Henry C. Harris	6
42620 A. M. Twining	7
42621 EDITH SEALY, Weybridge	13
42622 Rachel E. Spyers	14
42623 Annie Wilson	13
42624 Tiny Garvice	8
42625 Edith Sherwood	19
42626 Wm. Gammon	12
42627 Nellie Atherstone	14
42628 Percy Rose	18
42629 Florie Armstrong	10
42630 G. Waters	13
42631 Alice Castle	14
42632 Montie Castle	9
42633 Maud Castle	11
42634 Bessie Era	16
42635 E. Thomas	16
42636 Henry Laity	4
42637 John Beckerleg	7
42638 E. A. Boase	16
42639 John Angove	10
42640 Abigail Jago	8
42641 H. Short	8
42642 Elizabeth Beare	9
42643 Bessie Botterill	17
42644 Adela Sealy	10
42645 Minnie Groves	20
42646 Janie Jeffery	13
42647 Amy Castle	17
42648 Susan Light	10
42649 Joseph Light	11

42650 George Smith	10
42651 W. H. Spyers	13
42652 Ellie Marks	9
42653 Maude Sealy	16

TRUE STORIES ABOUT PETS, ANECDOTES, &c.

QUEER DOINGS OF A HEN.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am writing to tell you of a hen who had a good memory. She had some ducks' eggs put under her, which she sat on and hatched; she was very proud of her brood, and accordingly she took them out into the yard. In the yard was a pond, which the young ducks immediately ran to, and in they went. She was in a great fright, and flew from the shore to an island there was in the middle of the pond incessantly, and ran round and round, and called them, but in vain. After a time they came out of the pond, and she brought them up quite safely.



Again she was set on duck's eggs, and again they went into the pond and put her in a terrible fright. These she reared as before. After this she was set upon hen's eggs, and she hatched them all. Then she took the chickens into the yard, expecting them to go into the pond as the ducklings had; but they would not go near. So she called to them, and flew backwards and forwards from the island; and when they would not go in she actually took each one and tipped it over into the water! Thus she drowned all her brood—a very queer thing for a hen to do.

FLORENCE J. MEDDLYCOT.
(Aged 12 $\frac{3}{4}$.)

Hill Vicarage, Falfield, R. S. O., Gloucestershire.

A STRANGE NURSLING.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—A friend of mine many years ago was walking with her brothers and sisters, when she found a young rabbit which had been slightly hurt. She picked it up and resolved to take it home and keep it. But now the question arose, How was she to feed it? Suddenly a bright idea seized her. The cat at home had lately had kittens, and some of them being drowned, she (the girl) determined to put the rabbit with the survivors. She did so, and to her delight the cat brought it up as one of her own.

SIDNEY H. DUXBURY.
(Aged 13¾.)

Locksley, Southborne-on-Sea, near Christchurch, Hants.

WHO HID THE BRUSHES?

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—My mother had a horse which she used to drive called "Jacky," who disliked being groomed. The stable-men kept their brushes in a little cupboard near his stall; but sometimes when they came to groom him they could not find them. So one day they watched him, and saw him slip his halter and go to the cupboard and knock with his nose until he got it open. Then he took out the brushes and hid them under his straw!

ADELAIDE BENTINCK.
(Aged 11.)

Froyle House, Alton, Hants.

A CURIOUS FRIENDSHIP.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Last year, when we were staying at Amiens, I was very much struck by a great friendship between a duck and a heron, both of which were in the hotel garden. The heron looked very ill and weak, and used to remain in the same spot for a long time, standing first on one leg and then the other, the duck lying a little distance off. When the heron wished to walk about it gave a feeble croak, and the duck would immediately join it, and the two commenced walking round the garden. When the heron was tired, it gave another croak, and the two companions stopped their walk. The only time that the duck left the heron entirely was for its meals, as the two birds were fed at different times. The heron had a great aversion to rain, and at the least drop would shiver, and shake its feathers. So, when it began to rain, the duck hurried its companion on until they reached the little shed where they slept. Sometimes the heron would begin walking without giving its croak for the duck to accompany it. This annoyed the duck dreadfully, and it used to waddle after the heron, quacking very angrily. If the heron appeared more unwell than usual, the duck redoubled its attention. It was most curious and interesting to watch them.

MURIEL NASH.
(Aged 14¼.)

Tudor House, Belvedere Road, Upper Norwood, S. E.

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

OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN CORNER.

ANSWER TO "PICTURE STORY WANTING WORDS" (Vol. XIX., p. 320).

SECOND PRIZE ANSWER.

LITTLE Freddie Mayton's father lived in America, but Freddie did not live with him, for he was very delicate, and his father's home was among the rice plantations, and it was not at all healthy; so Freddie went away and lived with his mother, about seven miles from his father.

Not being very strong he was allowed to run about as he liked, and he got fond of the negro servants who worked about his home, but one especially, whom he called "Uncle Sam."

Uncle Sam was a powerful-looking old man, but he was now getting past work, and he could not get his liberty, so he was obliged to work on.

He was as fond of Freddie as Freddie was of him, and he was always ready to do anything for the little boy, from carrying him on his back (for Freddie was only six years old) to picking oranges for him to eat as he sat on the grass beneath the cool shade of a tree. Freddie's seventh birthday had come round, and his father had sent him a kind little letter saying that if he wanted almost anything he could get him he should have it.

Freddie was delighted, and began to think what he should ask for. He had everything a reasonable boy could wish for. At last he thought of something. It was this he would ask for—Uncle Sam's freedom.

He sat down at once and wrote a note to his father saying the thing he most wished for was Uncle Sam's freedom, and he should be very pleased if his father would grant it to him. Then he sealed it up, and running out told a servant to ride with it to his father.

He did not tell Uncle Sam anything about it, for fear his father would not grant his request.

When his birthday came, he had a present from his mother and some little things from nearly all the servants of the household (for they all liked him), but there was no letter.

After breakfast, he wandered out into the garden, and walked towards some high ground to see whether he could see anything of a messenger. Yes! there sure enough was a horseman riding towards the house, and by the time Freddie had got to the door the man had reached it. He handed Freddie a letter, which he eagerly tore open.

When he had read it, he ran quickly to Uncle Sam's hut, for his father had said that though it was rather a surprising request he would grant it, for Uncle Sam had served him for more than forty years.

When Freddie reached the hut Uncle Sam was sitting on a stone outside the cottage door, smoking his pipe. Freddie leaned against his knee and read him the letter, and when Uncle Sam heard it he thanked his little benefactor so much that Freddie declared he had never enjoyed a birthday present so much.

EDITH E. LUCY.
(Aged 12.)

Thornleigh, 50, Woodstock Road, Oxford.
Certified by ALICE LUCY (Mother).

LIST OF HONOUR.

First Prize (Divided):—Half-Guinea Book, with Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour, to C. MAUDE BATTERSBY (15), Cromlyn, Rathowen, Co. West Meath, Ireland; and Half-Guinea Book with Officer's Medal to MARY JOHNSON (15³/₄), Boldmere Road, Chester Road, near Birmingham. Second Prize (Seven-Shilling-and-Sixpenny Book), with Officer's Medal:—EDITH E. LUCY (12), Thornleigh, 50, Woodstock Road,

Oxford. *Honourable Mention, with Member's Medal*:—KATE S. WILLIAMS (15), 96, Oakfield Road, Penge; GERTRUDE E. BUTLER (12½), 34, Lorne Street, Fairfield, Liverpool; LOUIE W. SMITH (15), 11, Woodstock Terrace, Glasgow; MARGARET SIMPSON (12), Elmhurst, near Garstang, N. Lancashire; MARY WELSH (14), 1, Barton Terrace, Dawlish; Winifred L. Coventry (11¾), Severn Stoke Rectory, near Worcester; KATE CHANDLER (14), 1, The Terrace, Champion Hill; WILLIAM R. BURNETT (15), Scotby Vicarage, Carlisle.

**ANSWERS TO OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PUZZLES (*Vol. XIX,*
page 377).**

METAGRAMS.

1. Pin. Tin. Gin. Fin. Bin. Sin.
2. Red. Bed. Wed. Fed. Led.

MENTAL HISTORICAL SCENE.

Iphigenia, daughter of Agamemnon, King of Argos, in Greece.

WHEEL PUZZLE.—LINCOLN.

1. L ion. 2. I ron. 3. N oon. 4. C hin. 5. O wen.
6. L ean. 7. N oun.

MISSING LETTER PUZZLE.

"Tell me not, in mournful
numbers,

'Life is but an empty dream!'
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they
seem."

LONGFELLOW, *A*
Psalm of Life.

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. **C**ogna **C**. 2. **O** mag **H**. 3. **T** ripol **I**. 4. **S** unda **L**.
5. **W** illemstad **T**. 6. **O** us **E**. 7. **L** eiceste **R**. 8. **D** evo **N**.

HIDDEN PROVERB.

"The least said, the soonest mended."

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—LIVERPOOL.

1. **L**. 2. **T I** n. 3. **Da V** id. 4. **App E** ars. 5. **LIVERPOOL**.
6. **Tem P** lar. 7. **Sc O** ne. 8. **D O** g. 9. **L**.

DOUBLETS.

1. Book, boot, blot, plot, plat. 2. Fire, fare, care, cart, cast. 3. Tub, tun, tan,
pan.
4. Fare, fame, lame, lamp. 5. Bad, bid, bin, fin. 6. Soap, soar, sour, four,
foul, foal.

A BIRD VIGNETTE.

Head of a Rook.

Our Music Page.

Three Little Squirrels.

Humorously. ♩ = 100.

Words and Music by CHARLES BASSETT.

VOICE.

mf 1. Oh! three lit - tle squirrels lived in a big wood—Three naugh-ty young fel - lows, who
 2. One day they were mer - ry as mer - ry could be, No time then for work had these
 3. The win - ter came quick-ly, and made them feel sad, For some-times there scarce was a

PIANO.

mf

called themselves good, And thought it not wrong to play all day long, In - stead of hunt-ing for
 i - dle young three; So, want - ing a meal, they thought they would steal The nuts stored up in the
 meal to be had; Then vowed they no more to steal from the store, But hard to work would be

food. Their fa - ther and mo-ther worked hard ev - 'ry day, Pro - vid - ing for win - ter—while
 tree. When lad - en and wea - ry at set - ting of sun, Their fa - ther came home and saw
 glad. So let me this piece of ad - vice give to you, "Don't steal from the cup-board or

they were at play—With care add-ing more each day to the store Of a-corns and nuts hid a - way.
 what they had done, He scolded them roundly, and whipp'd them all soundly, And soon put an end to their fun,
 that you'll soon rue; Waste not, for 'tis wrong, and want brings ere long: You can't eat and have your cake too!"

Three Little Squirrels.

Humorously.

Words and Music by CHARLES BASSETT.

1. Oh! three little squirrels lived in a big wood—Three naughty young fellows, who called themselves good, And thought it not wrong to play all day long, Instead of hunting for food. Their father and mother worked hard ev'ry day, Providing for winter—while they were at play—With care adding more each day to the store Of acorns and nuts hid away.

2. One day they were merry as merry could be, No time then for work had these idle young three; So, wanting a meal, they thought they would steal The nuts stored up in the tree. When laden and weary at setting of sun, Their father came home and saw what they had done, He scolded them roundly, and whipp'd them all soundly, And soon put an end to their fun.

3. The winter came quickly, and made them feel sad, For sometimes there scarce was a meal to be had; Then vowed they no more to steal from the store, But hard to work would be glad. So let me this piece of advice give to you, "Don't steal from the cupboard or that you'll soon rue; Waste not, for 'tis wrong, and want brings ere long: You can't *eat* and *have* your cake too!"

OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PUZZLES.

RIDDLE-ME-REE.

MY first is in vase, but not in glass.
My second is in iron, but not in brass.
My third is in goodness, but not in sin.
My fourth is in coal, but not in tin.
My fifth is in sleet, but not in snow.
My sixth is in hit, but not in blow.
My whole is a flower that most people know.

GERTIE HEAVER.
(Aged 13.)

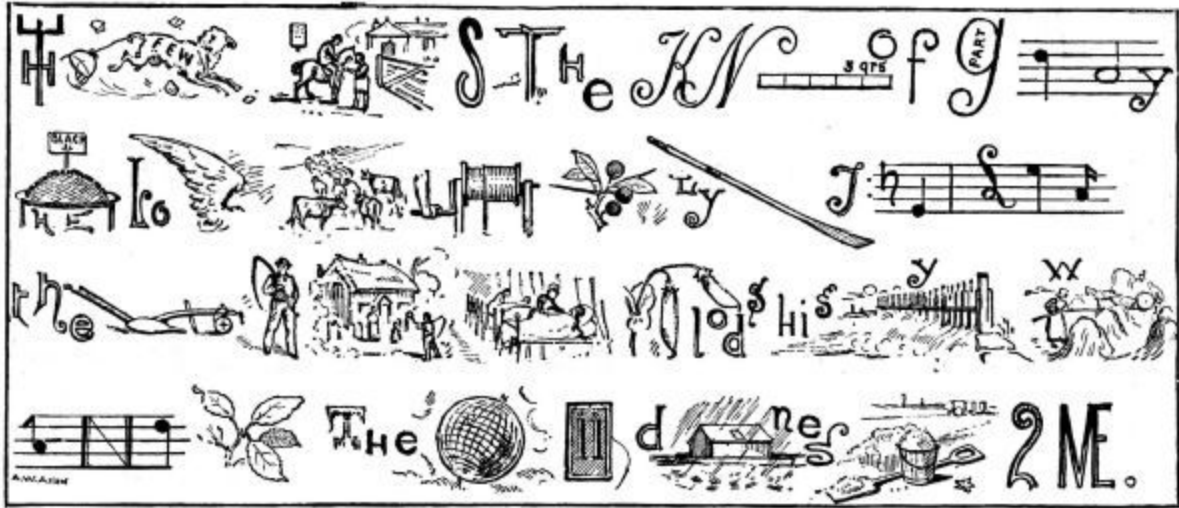
164, Dereham Road, Norwich.

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials form the name of a man or boy.
1. A girl's name.
2. A lair.
3. That which fishes live in.
4. Part of the body.
5. A contest.
6. A water bird.

M. E. DANSEY.
(Aged 9¾.)

Ampney Park, Cirencester.



POETICAL REBUS.

The Answer is a verse from a well-known Poem.

TRANSPOSED LETTER PUZZLE.

PLACE these letters aright, and you will see three proverbs come to view.

1. Aadegghiilllnoorsstttt.
2. Aaadeefhiilllprvw.
3. Aaaddeeehhhimmmnooossstt.

MILSON R. RHODES.
(Aged 12¾.)

Crefeld Villa, Withington, near Manchester.

HIDDEN PROVERB.

I HAVE lost every one of my shells.
That cloud prophesies a storm.
He has just received your note.
George, let us go for a walk.
James has given me a silver pencil.
I have torn the lining of my coat.

EDWIN POTTER.
(Aged 10½)

Price Street, York.


ARITHMOREM.

57 + EGNOSNT = an explorer.
150 + 50 + PAEA = a mathematician.
1051 + ONT = a poet.
1101 + AREA = a continent.
1100 + NAUNHUS = a composer.
550 + NOON = a city.

ALICE MOSSMAN.
(Aged 13.)

Daisy Hilly Bradford, Yorks.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

 HE second letter of each word, and the last letter but one of each word, read downwards form the names of two fishes.

1. Asserts.
2. An exclamation.
3. A vehicle.
4. Oxen.
5. Something that points.
6. To stick.
7. To handle.
8. One of the parts of speech.

BESSIE NICHOLSON.
(Aged 10¼.)

202, Evering Road, U. Clapton.

MISSING LETTER PUZZLE.

A verse by Coleridge.

I × e × r × h × e × n × i × n × m × r × n × r!
× f × a × t × y × k × n × y × a × d!
× n × t × o × a × t × o × g × n × l × n × a × d × r × w ×,
a × i × t × e × i × b × d × e × s × n ×.

CHRISTABEL G. MARSHALL.
(Aged 12¼).

10, Worcester Terrace, Clifton.

SQUARE WORD.

1. A girl's name. 2. An open space. 3. The back part. 4. Spun wool.

LILY WALPOLE.
(Aged 13½.)

James Road, Stornoway, N.B.

PRIZE PUZZLE COMPETITION.

DURING the next six months we propose to make a variation in our Prize Competitions which will, we think, prove an additional attraction to our readers both at home and abroad. In the place of Two Quarterly Competitions there will be Three Competitions, each extending over two months, as below:—

I. THE SUMMER COMPETITION, consisting of Puzzles appearing in the present (July) and the August Numbers.

II. THE HOME AND FOREIGN COMPETITION, specially introduced for the purpose of giving readers residing abroad an opportunity of competing on favourable terms. Particulars of this will appear in the September Number.

III. THE WINTER COMPETITION, consisting of Puzzles appearing in the November and December Parts.

PRIZES.

I. In the SUMMER COMPETITION there will be a First Prize of a Guinea Volume; a Second Prize of a Half-Guinea Volume; a Third Prize of a Five-Shilling Volume, awarded in EACH DIVISION, viz., the SENIOR DIVISION for girls and boys between the ages of 14 and 16 (*inclusive*), and the JUNIOR DIVISION for those *under* 14 years of age. There will also be awards of Bronze Medals, of the LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour to the three next highest of the Competitors following the Prize-winners in *each* Division.

II. In the HOME AND FOREIGN COMPETITION Special and Additional Prizes will be offered, of which full particulars will be given in the September Number.

III. A List of Prizes in the WINTER COMPETITION will appear in the November and December Numbers.

REGULATIONS.

Solutions of the Puzzles published in this number must reach the Editor not later than July 8th (July 12th for Competitors residing abroad), addressed as under:—

*The Editor of "Little Folks,"
La Belle Sauvage Yard,
Ludgate Hill,
London, E. C.
Answers to Puzzles.
Junior [or Senior] Division.*


Solutions to Puzzles must be accompanied by certificates from a Parent, Teacher, or other responsible person, stating that they *are the sole and unaided work* of the competitor. No assistance must be given by any other person.

Competitors can be credited only under their own name.

The decision of the Editor of LITTLE FOLKS on all matters must be considered final.

The names and addresses of Prize and Medal winners will be duly published in LITTLE FOLKS.

GAME PUZZLE FOR JULY.

UR Game Puzzle for this month will be in the form of a little story. Four children were one bright summer afternoon standing together in an old-fashioned garden. There was Millicent, aged fourteen, upon whom sat a weight of care, for it was her task to look after and amuse the other three, viz., her two brothers Harry and Arthur, aged ten and eight respectively, and little Beatrice, aged five. The children seemed altogether out of sorts, they were cross, petulant, teasing, and would settle to nothing. At last Milly thought of the toys indoors, and said, "Now we will go and have a good game in the nursery."

"No," said Bee, stoutly, "me don't want to do and play wiz dolly to-day. I 'ike ze darden best."

In this fashion answered the others.

Then, said Milly, an idea dawning on her, "shall we try a new game out of doors?"

"A new game out of doors—just the thing," the boys chimed in.

"Let us all stand," said Milly, "together by this bower, and in turn think of some flower. I will begin, and so show you the way. I think of a polyanthus,

and I say, 'Who will first touch a poly?' Then I count three, and if any of you can guess the word during that time we shall all start together for the nearest polyanthus, and when we reach it call 'polyanthus.' Who reaches the flower first scores a mark. Do you understand?"

Yes, they all thought that would do, and so they tried it quite successfully. Such shouts of "Fuchsia," "Dahlia," "Geranium," "Snapdragon," &c. &c.; but when it came to Beatrice's turn they thought she wasn't old enough to think of a flower on her own account, and so suggested all kinds of words.

"No, me tell one myself," she said, and then grandly pronounced "Wo."

"What's that?" they all exclaimed, and whilst Bee counted three they all puzzled to find it out.

Then little Bee ran a few yards and stopped at the nearest Rose-bush. "Why, that's a *Rose*," said Harry.

"Tourse it is, silly boy, didn't I say 'Wo?' and isn't it a 'Wosy Posy?'"

And so they all played on, and their little faces brightened into smiles, and fretfulness was forgotten in a good game as it always is; and by tea-time they were all thoroughly tired, and ready to go indoors when mamma called them.

There's the game, now for the Puzzle. You will find below a quantity of syllables in squares. Those syllables, if sorted out correctly, will make a certain number of wild and garden flowers, briefly described below, and all you have to do is to pick them out and place them in their proper order.

SENIOR DIVISION.

tau	e	ach	clem	a	ber
mim	be	y	im	a	ris
eschs	ant	cen	u	ge	tis
i	val	ir	an	rhi	pol
zi	ra	cholt	ri	thus	num
nes	tum	an	a	lus	ry

The following flowers can be made from the above syllables:--1. A small pink wild flower, bitter to taste, found in dry pastures--June to September. 2. Many flowers on one stem. 3. Its name is derived from a Latin word meaning mimic or ape. 4. A small but important order, including the poppy and many poisonous plants. 5. With open mouth behold this favourite flower. 6. Erect flowering-stems, found in damp hedgerows, moist woods, edges of streams--June to August. 7. Its name is derived from a word meaning sensitive to cold. 8. A beautiful purple or white flower, seen on the walls of many homes. 9. "A plant ever young." 10. Touch the stamens with the point of a pin, and they all spring forward and touch the pistil.

JUNIOR DIVISION.

cel o cor pim e beg
 a sue an di nem el
 di cam op dine an y
 ag sis per pan o cory
 jas ne ri thus u mo
 nel nia tra la ny mine

The following flowers can be made from the above syllables:—1. A pretty yellow flower, found in damp fields, meadows, and brooks. 2. A white or yellow flower found on houses. 3. A pretty little yellow flower, on high flowering-stems, sweet in scent. 4. A "divine" flower. 5. Bell-shaped—blue, purple, or white. 6. Purple, red, and yellow, sometimes white. The fruit is a pod containing many seeds. 7. Sometimes eaten as salads, the leaves and stems being flavoured with oxalic acid. 8. Named from the resemblance of its seed to a small beetle. 9. A beautiful little crimson flower, covering the fields in summer. 10. A beautiful white spring flower, found in copses and hedgerows. 11. A beautiful pale blue flower, found especially on sand or chalk.

The flowers must be named in the order given in the two lists.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE NO. 17.

SENIOR DIVISION.

1. Christopher Sly. 2. Carolina Skeggs, Wilhemina. 3. Shallow, 4. René 5. Prester John. 6. Nahum Tate. 7. St. Loy. 8. Petronel Flash.

CLASS I.—Consisting of those who have gained eight marks:—F. G. Callcott.

CLASS II.—Consisting of those who have gained seven marks or less:—M. Bradbury, N. Besley, C. Burne, H. Blunt, A. Bradbury, G. Clayton, J. Cooper, M. Cooper, H. Coombes, Ellen Corke, A. Chappell, G. Dundas, E. B. Forman. C. Gilbert, E. Griffiths, H. Gill, A. Garnham, M. Heddle, C. Hart, D. von Hacht, E. Hobson, H. Leake, B. Law, E. Lloyd, A. M. Lynch, H. Leah, J. Lewenz, C. Morin, M. More, C. Mather, E. Maynard, E. McCaul, E. Prate, M. Addison-Scott, K. Stanton, A. Solomon, M. Somerville. M. Trollope, Una Tracy, B. Tomlinson, Harold Watson, W. Wilson, E. Woolf, E. Wedgewood, K. Williams, A. Wilson.

JUNIOR DIVISION.

1. Sir Torre. 2. Pip. 3. Humphrey Clinker. 4. Zem. 5. Bore. 6. Cæsar. 7. Troilus. 8. Duergar.

CLASS I.—Eight marks:—D. Blunt, M. McCalman Turpie.

CLASS II.—Consisting of those who have gained seven marks or less:—A. Allsebrook, R. G. Bell, E. E. Borchard, L. Besley, C. Burne, E. Blackbourne, E. Burdett, F. Boreham, E. Brake, F. Burne, L. Biddle, F. Cooper, M. Cooper, A. Coombs, C. Crawford, E. Coombes, M. Callcott, E. Carrington, F. Clayton, H. Chappell, J. Chapman, S. Coventry, V. Coombes, C. D'Almeida, R. Dutton, E. Elston, E. Evans, C. Fullford, M. Foreman, M. Frisby, L. Forrest, A. Gilbert, L. Gill, G. Griffith, E. Gruning, A. Howard, F. Howard, P. Hale, E. Hanlon, K. Hawkins, W. Hobson, W. Johnson, A. Kino, A. King, A. McKelly, A. Leah, K. Lynch, J. Laneum, W. Lewenz, E. Morgan, H. Mayer, J. Moore, M. Meredith, G. Morris, C. Moody, N. Maxwell, F. Medlycott, E. Nicholson, G. Neame, E. Neame, F. Newman, E. Quilter, S. Rolfe, M. Crompton-Roberts, E. Stanton, K. Simson, L. Stibbs, E. Stanley, G. Stallybrass, H. M. Smith, M. Wood-Smith, F. Todd, M. Wiper, K. Wedgwood, F. Woolf, L. Walpole, W. Wigram, J. Williamson.

Note.—The following Competitors were credited in our Register with Solutions to Puzzle No. 16, but by an oversight their names were omitted from the list published in the May Number:—SENIORS. W. Besley, H. Cornfield, G. H. Dundas, E. M. G. Gill, C. G. Hill, H. Leah, C. J. Mather, C. G. Rees, H. R. Stanton, M. C. Welland, B. Wright, E. L. Wilkinson, E. H. Wilkinson. JUNIORS. E. Elston, L. L. Gill, W. Goligher, M. A. Howard, F. S. Howard, M. Jenkins, A. Leah, F. J. Medleycott, E. L. Metcalf, H. J. Nix, E. A. Neame, G. Price, C. Roberts, E. Stanton, M. W. Smith, M. C. Tonge, M. Turpie (K. Lynch should have been in Class I. instead of Class II.)

The "Little Folks" Special Prize Competitions for 1884.

THE following is a Complete List of the SEVEN SPECIAL COMPETITIONS for the present year in which—with the view of giving younger readers the same opportunities of success as older ones—there are Senior Divisions for those of the age of *Fourteen* and *under Seventeen*, and Junior Divisions for those *under Fourteen*:—

NO. I.—PLAIN NEEDLEWORK, as shown in Night-dresses and Cotton and Print Frocks for Children and Infants in Hospitals.

[N. B.—In this Competition machine sewing is not allowed, and no article is to be washed.]

NO. II.—ILLUMINATED TEXTS, suitable for hanging in the wards of Children's Hospitals and kindred Institutions.

[N. B.—The Texts are to be limited to from three to nine words. The *designs* are not to be *necessarily* original, but *printed outlines* will not be allowable.]

NO. III.—SINGLE DOLLS IN COSTUME.—Historical, Military, Naval, representing Nationalities, &c.

[N. B.—The clothes should be made to take off and put on.]

NO. IV.—SCRAP-ALBUMS.

[In this Competition the Albums may include not only ordinary Scraps and Coloured and Plain Pictures, but also Pressed Flowers, Ferns, Seaweed, Christmas, New Year, Easter, and Birthday Cards, &c. &c. The Albums themselves may either be bought or made by the Competitors.]

NO. V.—SINGLE DOLLS (including BABY DOLLS), in Ordinary Clothes.

[N. B.—The clothes should be made to take off and put on.]

NO. VI.—TOYS, MADE OF ANY MATERIAL, AND WOOL PLAYTHINGS as shown in Wool Balls, Knitted and Crocheted Reins, &c. &c.

In *each* of these Six Competitions (I. to VI.) Two Prizes in Books of the respective values of TWO GUINEAS and ONE GUINEA will be awarded in the Senior Division, and Two Prizes of the respective values of ONE GUINEA and HALF A GUINEA will also be awarded in the Junior Division; making in all Four Prizes in *each* Competition of the value of FOUR AND A HALF GUINEAS.

NO. VII.—THE "LITTLE FOLKS" SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED STORY COMPETITION FOR 1884.

[In this Competition (No. VII.) Prizes in Books and Medals of *exactly the same value and number* are offered in *each Division* to those who shall send in the BEST ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATED STORIES, account being also taken of the neatness of the writing

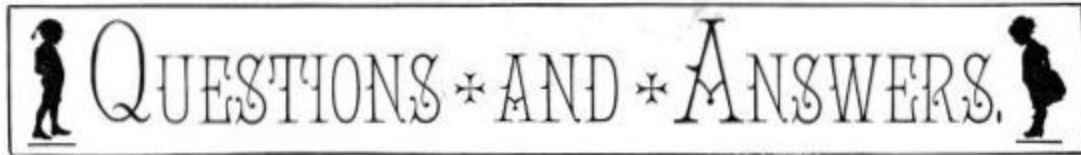
and the arrangement of the Pictures. The following is the list (*in each Division*):—A FIRST PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA AND A HALF in Books for the BEST STORY; a SECOND PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA in Books for the SECOND BEST STORY; a THIRD PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA in Books for the THIRD BEST STORY; and TWELVE PRIZES OF HALF-CROWN BOOKS to the NEXT TWELVE BEST of the Competitors following the winner of the Third Prize; thus making in all, in the Two Divisions, THIRTY PRIZES. Further particulars and the Regulations were given in the January, 1884, Number of LITTLE FOLKS.]

All Prize-winners in the SEVEN COMPETITIONS will receive Bronze Medals constituting them Officers of the LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour; and in addition to the Prizes and Medals offered, some of the most deserving Competitors will be included in a Special List of Honour, and will be awarded Members' Medals of the Legion. All readers of LITTLE FOLKS (if within the stipulated ages), whether Girls or Boys, may compete in *any or all* of the above Competitions, and the Regulations (which were given in full in the January Number) are, briefly, as follow:—

All work of every kind (including, of course, the Stories) to be certified by a Parent, Magistrate, Minister of Religion, Teacher, or other person in a responsible position, as the sender's *own unaided* work. In the case of the Stories (for Competition VII.) a Certificate must be given that they are *original*; and the printed conditions must be strictly observed. The age of *every* Competitor must also be attested.—All work to be carefully marked with the Competitor's name, age, and full address, and to be sent, accompanied by the Certificate, carefully packed and *carriage paid*, addressed to "The Editor of LITTLE FOLKS, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C."—All the Competitions will *finally close* on SATURDAY, THE 30TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1884.

The whole of the work of every kind in the SEVEN COMPETITIONS will be distributed among the little inmates of the principal CHILDREN'S HOSPITALS and KINDRED INSTITUTIONS throughout the United Kingdom.

The foregoing are in addition to the regular "Picture Page" and Puzzle Competitions, &c. (see pages 61 and 64).



[*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.

A FOREIGN COMPETITOR.—[An announcement of a Prize Puzzle Competition, in addition to a "Picture Page Wanting Words" Competition, in both of which Extra Prizes will be given, and much longer time than usual allowed for sending in Answers, will appear in the September number of LITTLE FOLKS. These two Competitions have been arranged, in response to repeated requests, in order that Competitors residing on the Continent, and in the United States, Canada, &c., (in addition to those living in Great Britain), may take part in them in much greater numbers than they are generally able to do.—ED.]

LITERATURE.

A CROCODILE writes in answer to MARY HODGE, that the line—

"When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war,"

was written by Nathaniel Lee, and is to be found in his tragedy of *Alexander the Great*, act iv., scene 2. Answers also received from KITT, THISTLE, CHLOE, A YOUNG FIDDLER, and POP-A-TOP.

FLURUMPUS FLUMP asks in what poem

"A boy's will is the wind's will"

is to be found, and what is the first verse.

COOKERY.

ARIEL writes, in reply to PRINCESS IDA, that the way to make jumbles is to rasp on some good sugar the rinds of two lemons; dry, reduce it to powder, and sift it with as much more as will make up a pound in weight; mix with it one pound of flour, four well-beaten eggs, and six ounces of warm butter; drop the mixture on buttered tins, and bake the jumbles in a very slow oven from twenty to thirty minutes. They should be pale, but perfectly crisp. Answer also received from NORA F.

MAID OF ATHENS wishes to have a recipe for oat-cakes.

PEPPER AND BLOSSOM would like to know how to make cocoa-nut ice.

GENERAL.

WHITE ANEMONE writes, in answer to BLUEBELL, who wishes to know when and by whom organs were invented: "Jubal is mentioned in Gen. iv. 21, as 'the father of all such as handle the harp and organ;' but neither the century of its invention nor the name of the inventor can be given. Hero and Vitruvius speak of a water-organ, invented or made by Ctesibius, of Alexandria, about 180 or 200 B.C., so that it may be inferred that other kinds of organs were then in existence. Aldhelm, an Anglo-Saxon writer, mentions that organs were used in England at the end of the seventh and the beginning of the eighth century. The Byzantine emperor, Constantine VI., sent an organ to Pepin, the father of Charlemagne, about the year 757. In 812, Charlemagne had another one built in the same way. This is related by Eginhard, who was Charlemagne's secretary. In 880, Pope John VIII. had an organ from Germany, and an expert player was sent with it. It is supposed that this organ was the first ever used in Rome. Of the quality of these early organs little is known."—Answers also received from F. CROPPER, GAMBA, CHERUB, and CLAUDIA.

THE DUKE OF OMNIUM writes, in answer to SISTER SNOUT, that a window-box may be very prettily arranged with nasturtiums (climbing ones) at each corner, and *Lobelia speciosa*. Mignonette would make a border, or violets and sweet alyssum placed alternately. Red geraniums should be placed

behind the smaller plants, and thus a very pretty box may be made with good, hardy plants.—Answers also received from IOLANTHE, CHERUB, H. B. BODINGTON, DEAR DUMPS, and CUPID.

THE BLACK PRINCE wishes to have directions for making a cardboard model. [An article on this subject appeared in LITTLE FOLKS, Vol. XVII., page 205.—ED.]

M. H. S. would be glad to know if maidenhair ferns need much water, and how often they ought to be watered.

THE DUKE OF OMNIUM writes, in answer to QUEEN MAB, that if her myrtle suffers from scale, the following is an excellent cure for it:—"Make some size or jelly glue water of moderate thickness. Dip the head of the plant in such water, or syringe it well all over. After this, the plant should be placed in a shady place for about two days, and then, after rubbing the dry head of the plant through your fingers so as to cause the insects and glue to fall off, syringe heavily with clear water at 120°."

ELAINE.—[The meaning of "A E I" was given in LITTLE FOLKS, Vol. XVIII., page 63.—ED.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

A GENTLEMAN OF COLOUR would be glad to know if Indian meal is good for rabbits. [It can be used in turn with other dry food, but is too fattening to suit any animals kept in confinement for a permanency, unless they are to be fattened up.]

SNOUT and M. S. R. wish to know what is the best food for goldfinches, and whether hemp-seed is injurious to them.—[A very little hemp-seed occasionally is good, and much is very bad, for nearly all birds. The best food is a mixture of canary, millet, oat-grits, and rape or maw-seed, putting about a dozen grains of hemp-seed on the top every day. The bird soon learns the plan, and leaves off scattering the other seed to get at the hemp, as he will otherwise do.]

QUEEN MAB wants to know how to tame her goldfinch. It is a last year's bird, and she has not had it long. It is fed on canary-seed and a little hemp.—[For food, see above, a little more variety being well. As to taming, it will

soon get tame if you spend time often by it and *keep still*, and always feed it yourself. Some children are too impatient—to be *quiet* near birds and animals is the main thing.]

Picture Story Wanting Words.

A GUINEA BOOK and an Officer's Medal of the LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour will be given for the best Story having special reference to the Picture below. A smaller Book and an Officer's Medal will be given, in addition, for the best Story (on the same subject) *relatively to the age of the Competitor*; so that no Competitor is too young to try for this second Prize.



The Story must not exceed 500 words in length, and must be certified as the unaided work of the Competitor by a Minister, Teacher, Parent, or some

other responsible person. All the Competitors must be under the age of Sixteen years. Stories from Competitors residing in Great Britain and Ireland must reach the Editor on or before the 10th of July next; in the case of Stories sent from the English Colonies or from Foreign Countries an extension of time to the 15th of July will be allowed. In addition to the Two Prizes and Officers' Medals, some of the most deserving Competitors will be included in a special List of Honour, and will be awarded Members' Medals of the LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour. The Editor particularly requests that each envelope which contains a Story having reference to this Picture should have the words "Picture Story Wanting Words" plainly written on the left-hand top corner of it. Competitors are referred to a notice respecting the Silver Medal, which was printed on page 115 of the last Volume.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK LITTLE FOLKS
(JULY 1884) ***

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