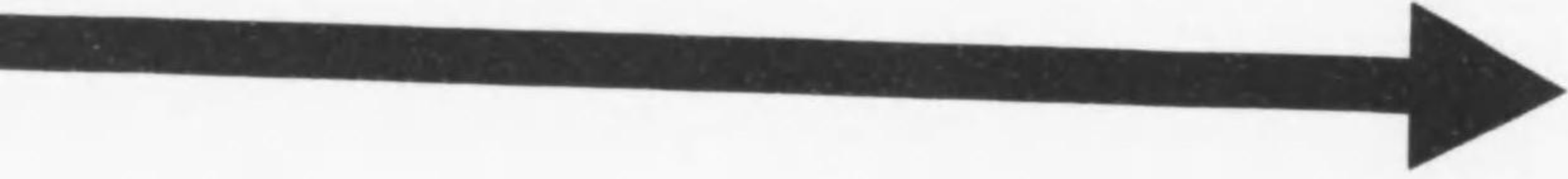


始



~~D. 206~~
209

COVENTRY PUBLISHING SERIES
SELECT
TALES AND STORIES
GIRLS



STUDENTS' ENGLISH SERIES

No. XI

SELECT
TALES AND STORIES
FOR
GIRLS

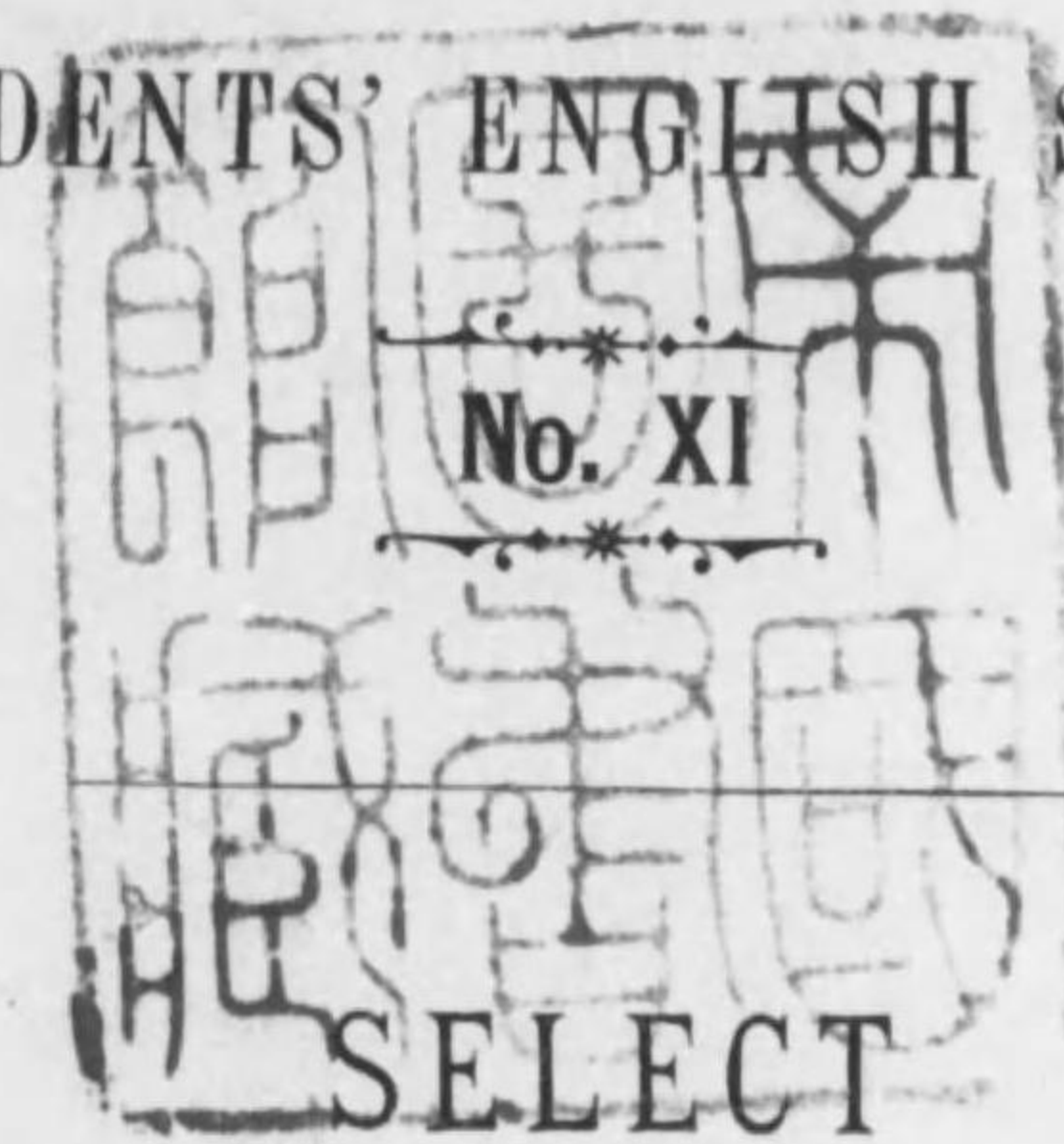
TOKYO

Dai-Nippon-Tosho-Kaisha

特48

167

STUDENTS' ENGLISH SERIES



TALES AND STORIES

FOR

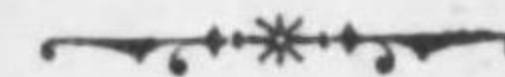
GIRLS



TOKYO

Dai-Nippon-Tosho-Kaisha

CONTENTS.



I.


	PAGE
Was it a Ghost? E.M.W.	1
The Little Beacon Keeper .. JULIA K. HILDRETH ..	15
The Sankaty Branch Road .. SOPHIE SWETT ..	29
Fire! Fire!! Fire!!! F.M. HOLMES ..	40

II.

Little Gladys and her Sunbeam Ride	
.. .. . FANNY LOUISE WEAVER ..	53
Joan's Adventures ALICE CORKRAN ..	66

III.

Aunt Meredith	
.. .. . WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE ..	97
The White Chrysanthemums .. L.C. MOULTON ..	100



WAS IT A GHOST?

It was my first birthday at school.

I was an only child, and just fifteen years old when I was sent to Madame Bignon's to be "finished." It was a grand old house, situated in one of England's loveliest counties, but oh, the misery of the first fortnight!

Being small for my age, and childish in manners, I was put into the second class, amongst girls of from fourteen to sixteen years; but in a day or two I found myself frowned upon by every single member of that section. Being fond of study, for its own sake, and not a little ambitious, I managed to ruffle the tempers of my fellow pupils by constantly answering questions in which they had failed, and with a fatal certainty working my way from the bottom to the top of nearly every class, whether it were history, geography, or arithmetic.

I had unfortunately entered Manor House at Midsummer, and as the prizes were only given at Christmas, it must have been doubly annoying to my rivals, for, as they angrily observed, I could not do myself any good, yet at the same time could alter the result of the past six months' struggle between the most successful candidates. Ere long a series of persecutions fell on my unfortunate head; my sums were rubbed out just five minutes before we were called upon to show them; my exercise books were blotted and smeared; my lesson books were hidden in unheard-of places; in short, nothing was omitted that a girl's fertile brain could devise wherewith to punish my bad behaviour.

Matters came to a climax about a fortnight after my arrival at Manor House.

I had done a slateful of most horribly difficult sums, which had cost me hours of real hard work, and on going to my shelf the next morning, I found them completely effaced! I stamped my foot for once in downright anger, as I remembered that I had helped two girls the evening before with the very same sums, and allowed two others to copy mine.

A good natured child, standing near, saw my blank face and slate, and not being in awe of the girls, as she was only a day scholar, walked straight up to the arithmetic master and stated what had happened. There was a great commotion as you may imagine, and that evening as we sat at tea, Madame Bignon placed her hand on my shoulder, and told me I should go into the first class the next day.

My delight was inexpressible, and it was wonderful how soon my former enemies became staunch allies, and how often they came with soft compliments to be helped over some "pons asinorum" which threatened to be insurmountable.

At last my birthday arrived, and I determined to enjoy myself. It was the custom of the school to make much of such events, celebrating them by a grand supper in the bed-room in which the happy heroine slept.

My birthday arrived at the beginning of October, when leaves are thinking of returning to their mother earth, and evenings are dark by eight o'clock.

At half-past eight the junior governess came into our room, and finding us comfortably in

bed, the gas was turned out and we were left in peace. We were soon engaged discussing the tempting viands. When all had disappeared, and a shiver or two began to give evidence that the October night air, in a charming state of undress, was not so warm as our beds were, we put out the gas and crept between the sheets once more.

"Now, Tiny, let's have a jolly ghost story."

Being somewhat sleepy I pleaded, that as I was the queen, one of my subjects should hold forth and give some rest to my over-taxed brain. A tumultuous chorus of discontent soon conquered my reluctance, and I began to weave a yarn containing more than the usual complement of blood and bones.

At length story-telling was over for that night, and we proceeded to indulge in short anecdotes of thrilling dangers and hair-breadth escapes, all of course "founded on fact."

"Who would go into the box-room now alone?" suddenly asked one girl.

"Why, I would, to be sure, if it were not for meeting some one, and getting punished," said one.

"And I," "And I," echoed others.

"Oh, that is easy enough," said Violet; "but who would go round the garden after eleven o'clock? I'm not afraid of much myself, but there's a weird look about that back garden, with its thick dark shrubbery and pond beyond, which makes me creep whenever the sun is not shining. I always fancy there must have been a murder committed there years ago, and that the ghost, if he took to walking, would pace up and down between the pond and the shrubbery."

"I'll go, if you like," I answered, "and bring you a leaf from the hedge and some water from the pond."

I had scarcely said the foolish words when I was sorry for them, but my pride would not let me retract; and as one after another exclaimed, "You daren't, Tiny," my spirit rose, and I determined that I would do it, whatever it cost me.

The gas was lighted once more to ascertain the time, and finding it was past eleven o'clock, when all the inmates of the house would be settled for the night, I began to put on my shoes and stockings.

"Of course you would go to-night," Constance suddenly remarked. "It is bright moonlight, and there is no more in walking to the pond now than in the daytime. You would not go on a dark night, I know."

The words irritated me. Constance had always been my enemy, and I had good reason to believe she had given me many a blank slate and blotted exercise book, and now she gave the finishing touch to my madness, by suggesting that it was the moonlight which made me brave.

"Very well," I said coldly, "I will wait until to-morrow. Perhaps in the meantime you will make a special arrangement with the moon to hide her face."

"Whether it is light or dark you can go to-morrow, if you dare, but you have kept me awake long enough to-night with your frightful stories," was the cutting reply, and after that we heard no more of our disagreeable companion.

One by one the girls fell into peaceful slumbers, but I lay awake for a long while, half repenting my rashness and half rejoicing in the

opportunity of taking down Miss Constance's conceit, which I hoped the next night would afford me.

Various were the opinions expressed in the morning as to the coming feat, but for my own part I went calmly about my lessons, determined that nothing in my manner should betray the qualms which I felt within.

Constance said little to any of our room that day, devoting herself most assiduously to the little patch of ground which had been allotted to her, as to all of us, for the training of her horticultural talents.

How the time did fly, to be sure! Never did prosy Mr. Brown's lecture on chemistry seem so short and entertaining; never did Monsieur Montaigne's tedious dissertation on French politics occupy so short a time.

All too soon darkness fell over the scene, and I stood pressing my face against the window pane, and trying in the fading light to make sure of the bearings for my midnight excursion, till I am sure the shrubbery must have been photographed on the retina of my poor strained eyes.

"Why, Tiny," whispered Constance close to my ear, "any one would think you were afraid, you haven't taken your eyes off the garden for the last twenty minutes. It is nearly eight o'clock, and you have not looked at your lessons yet; you will lose your places to-morrow, I suspect. You had better give it up at once; we all know you are trembling inwardly."

The words were cleverly chosen, and no surer means could have been devised to make me rush headlong into any danger. "You judge others by yourself, I suppose," was my answer as I moved to my desk, little thinking those were the last words I should ever exchange with my enemy.

Of course I did not attempt to undress when bedtime came, but crept between the sheets just as I was.

Ten o'clock struck, and one by one we heard the governesses and servants troop up to bed, followed by Madame; half an hour after, a dead silence reigned throughout the house.

Eleven o'clock! and a gentle reminder from several girls, who were wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, called upon me to get up.

I put on my hat and jacket quickly, and then walked to the window and looked out.

A weird enough night it seemed; the moon was struggling to shine, but was every few minutes shadowed by fleeting black clouds, so that the fitful, shimmering light did but serve to make the darkness more palpable. A tolerably high wind sighed through the tree as they swayed from side to side, humbly bowing before it.

"Now, Tiny," said Violet presently, "I'll tell you what we will do. I'll go with you, then we shall be a match for any number of ghosts, I guess."

"No, no, that is not fair," was the exclamation from two or three girls, and so the friendly hand stretched out to save me was thrust aside, and I went forth alone on my madcap expedition. The school was one of those old-fashioned houses so often seen in the country, only two stories high, and a window opened from our room on a flight of steps leading into the garden.

Taking a tumbler in my hand, I quietly opened the window, paused for a moment to

listen to the laughing "good-byes," and then sped on my errand.

I rather ran than walked, keeping carefully to the grass borders lest my footsteps should disturb some wakefull person; trembling, I paused for a moment as I turned the corner round the thickest hedge and fancied I heard a rustle among the leaves. The moon coming out brightly for a moment cheered me on; I hastily snatched at a branch, broke off a leaf, and then turned to the pond. In order to reach the water I had to kneel down, and I shall never forget my feelings when the thought came across my mind, how easy it would be for some one to come behind and topple me over.

But my glass was half full; already my heart began to beat more regularly, and fear was replaced with joy at the thought that I had done what I promised.

I rose to my feet, turned to retrace my steps, when, oh, horror of horrors! I saw a white figure some dozen paces off barring my progress.

Twice I screamed, powerless to move hand or foot, when as the figure held up a warning

hand and took another step towards me, I uttered another shriek and fell senseless on the ground.

* * * * *

When I came to myself, I was lying in bed, with my mother and Violet by my side. It was broad daylight, and on my inquiring what time it was, I was told "three o'clock," then cautioned not to talk and to go to sleep again.

It was some time before I was told all that had occurred, and then it appeared that Violet in her kindness of heart had stood half out of the window waiting for my return, when she and the other girls heard my screams. At first they remained trembling, uncertain as to the wisest course, thinking perhaps it was some trick of mine, and fearing to get me into disgrace. The third scream settled the matter, and Violet and Alice Short rushed to Madame's room, telling her all that they knew.

There were no men-servants in the house, but the gardener lived in a cottage close at hand, and one or two pulls at the alarm bell brought him to the school.

On proceeding to the pond they found me

lying insensible. The doctor was summoned, but I only recovered from that fainting fit to fall into a perilous brain fever. My mother arrived the next day, and she nursed me incessantly till all danger passed, and I awoke to consciousness to find that ten days had slipped away, and I was so weak I could not feed myself.

It was almost worth being ill to be loaded with kindness as I was; each girl so anxious to come and sit with me in recreation time as I grew stronger.

The old gardener was admitted one day, and brought me a lovely little bouquet from his own garden. He seemed rather in trouble himself, for he said his son was not at all well; he could neither eat nor sleep, and yet would not own to being ill.

Now Jem Brookes was a great favourite with us all, he was always civil, and always ready to find a lost ball or run on any errand, and we were vexed to hear such bad accounts of him.

"Send him up here, Mr. Brookes," said my mother. "I want some things fetched from Castleford, and the ride there may do him good."

By-and-bye Jem was announced, and at my request, admitted into the little room where I was sitting in a cosy arm-chair.

To our utter astonishment, after standing twisting his cap about for a few moments, he suddenly burst into tears, and exclaiming, "I didn't mean to hurt you, Miss, indeed I didn't," proceeded to tell us how that one of the young ladies had given him a shilling to act the ghost by the pond. When he saw that I was really frightened, he meant to tell me who he was, then seeing me fall, had been terribly frightened himself and rushed away. His father being summoned to the school, gave him an opportunity of getting into bed unobserved; but the serious consequences of his foolish trick had been preying on the boy's mind, and the sight of my thin white face forced the confession from him.

It will not need a word from me to tell the reader who it was that could condescend to such a dangerous practical joke, and before twenty-four hours were over Constance Burton had been sent to her home.

My conduct was by no means considered blameless, but happily for me, my long illness

was thought a sufficient punishment. So ended the whole affair, yet not without teaching us all a lesson, and henceforth all recitals of murders, ghosts, and similar horrors were banished from Manor House.

THE LITTLE BEACON KEEPER.



The Mississippi River is a dangerous and disagreeable river to navigate, owing to its muddy, uneven banks and shallow water. Even in broad daylight, unless piloted with great care, large steamers often run aground, and then all the crew, and even some of the passengers, will work hard to free themselves from their unpleasant and perilous position. At night this river in some places would be perfectly impassable, and not even the boldest or most foolhardy captain would venture to carry his vessel through the yellow water, if it were not for the lanterns hung upon poles driven into the mud at short intervals apart. These lanterns are kept burning by people hired by the government for a small sum of money.

In a wild and almost uninhabited place in Tennessee, called Kennesaw, close by the banks of the Mississippi River, lived a boy named Hugh

Davis. Although he was but fifteen years old, he supported his mother and little sister by keeping the beacon, and also by the sale of vegetables from a small garden which he cultivated with great care. Three years before my story begins, his father, who was a sailor, had left his family for a six months' voyage. At the end of that time, while they were still hopefully expecting his return, news came that the vessel he sailed in had been wrecked and all on board lost. His wife felt his loss so keenly that she fell ill, and for a long time was unable to leave her room. So Hugh applied for the post of beacon keeper, and when his mother grew a little better they moved to the small cottage they now occupied.

One evening, when the great black clouds flying across the sky and a high wind told that a storm was near, Hugh said to his little sister Margery: "I am going to light the beacon now, Margery. Would you like to come with me?"

"Yes, indeed, Hugh," answered Margery; "only wait one moment until I tie my bonnet on tight, because the wind blows so hard that it will switch my hair all over my eyes and blind me."

"Take care of her, Hugh," said their mother, anxiously, as she peered out of the window at the fast darkening sky. "It must be very rough on the river to-night."

"Yes, mother dear," replied Hugh; "we will be very careful."

Then Hugh put his tin box of matches in his pocket, and, taking his sister's hand, left the house.

Close by the river was a steep stony hill which must be crossed before coming to the bank of the river, where Hugh's heavy old boat lay.

It was almost dark when they reached this hill, and as Hugh hurried Margery along the rough path, he said; "I am afraid we are late to-night, or else those black clouds make it look so. What a gust of wind!" he exclaimed, as a blast struck them and blew his hat from his head. He turned quickly to recover it. As he did so his foot slipped, and he fell among the jagged rocks. Hugh sprang to his feet at once, but sank directly down again with a groan.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Margery, wistfully.

"I am afraid I have sprained my ankle," answered Hugh, trying to rise once more. But

he soon found that he could not rest his foot upon the ground without great agony.

"Oh, Hugh, Hugh, do not try to walk," cried Margery, anxiously watching his painful movements.

"But, Margery, it is so very late," replied Hugh; "and in this mist and darkness there will surely be some accident if the light is not up. Then I should lose my place, and what will become of you and mother? I *must* reach the beacon if I have to crawl on my hands and knees. It seems to me as though I can hear the boat coming now. And only to think, Margery, the place where my beacon is hung is one of the worst on the river. The rock extends yards beyond it, just under the surface of the water. Should anything happen to a steamer there, it would be dreadful. So you see I *must* light the beacon."

After Hugh had moved on a few steps he discovered that his match-box was missing, so Margery returned to look for it. After searching around for a short time she found the box on the spot where Hugh had fallen. As she stooped to pick it up a thought flew through her mind,

and she said to herself,—

"I could light the lantern, if only Hugh would let me. I know how to row a little—enough to reach the post, and I am sure I could let down the beacon, for I have often done it."

So Margery ran back quickly to Hugh, who was still slowly and painfully moving forward, and said coaxingly, "Let me go this once, Hugh. You will never reach the river in time with your hurt foot."

"No, no," answered Hugh, hastily; "you are too small, and might be swept away by the wind."

"Why, Hugh," replied Margery, indignantly, "I am not so very small. I am ten and a half, and ever so tall for my age. Do, please, let me go."

"I will tell you what you may do," said Hugh, after a moment's pause: "run on ahead and get everything ready; untie the boat and put in the oars. But keep the boat close to the shore until I reach her."

"Very well," replied Margery, as she sprang forward, delighted at being trusted even this far. Very soon she had left Hugh far behind. The boat was easily unfastened, and the oars slipped

into their places. Margery kept them in her hands as she seated herself in the centre of the boat to wait for Hugh. After sitting there a short time, looking first at the black, stormy sky and then at the misty dark river beneath her, she thought she heard Hugh approaching.

"How heavily he steps!" thought Margery, turning toward the land. "Poor fellow! how his sprained ankle must hurt!"

The sound kept on, but Hugh did not appear.

"It is the boat!" cried Margery at last, springing up and looking down the river. "He will never come in time."

Not more than half a mile away she saw the head-light of one of the largest steamers approaching. It appeared to be steering directly towards the rock where the lantern usually hung. The mist was heavy and thick, and the wind blew in violent gusts; even little Margery knew the terrible danger the boat ran in grounding on such a night as this; so without wasting a moment she seized one of the oars in both hands, and pressing it against the bank with all her might, sent the boat out into the water. Then seating herself again, she grasped both oars firmly in her

hands, and began struggling against the wind. At first Margery thought her boat did not move at all, but presently, to her great joy, she found that little by little she was nearing the beacon pole.

The sky was very black now, and when Margery looked at the dark water, and heard the regular beat of the paddles of the swiftly approaching steamer, she grew dreadfully frightened, and would have liked to be back on shore again if it had not been for the unlighted lantern and the great boat's peril. So, trying to forget her own danger, she rowed bravely on.

As it was only a short distance in reality to the rock, Margery soon found herself abreast of it. She secured her boat hastily by throwing the rope attached to it around the pole.

The beacon, or lantern, was drawn up and down by means of a slender rope run through a pulley at the top of the pole, and it was secured in its place by winding the rope around a button at the lower end of the pole.

It was the work of a moment to unfasten the rope and lower the lantern, but it was not so easy to light the lamp inside, for each time

Margery struck a match the wind blew it out, and, besides, the boat rocking up and down made her very unsteady. Once she glanced over her shoulder at the steamer. How near it seemed! It had passed the beacon just below, and was now bearing down directly toward her; she knew this by the position of the lights on board that shone through the thick mist like stars.

"If I don't light the lamp soon," said Margery to herself, "they will run right upon the rock. They are coming so fast, and Hugh says this is the most dangerous part of the river." As she struck another match, the lantern on the seat beside her toppled over, and the lamp rolled into the bottom of the boat. She picked it up quickly, but was horrified to find that it had fallen into a pool of water, and that the wick was soaking wet. All the matches in the box would not light it now until it had been dried.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried Margery, covering her eyes with her hands. "I cannot think what to do now. If I only had something to make a bonfire of, I might perhaps save the steamer yet. But there is nothing dry anywhere around, not even a scrap of paper." At that moment a fierce

gust of wind tore her sun-bonnet from her head, and as she threw out her arm to catch it, her hand struck the lamp, and a thought came into her mind, and springing to her feet, she cried, "I *can* make a torch, if only there is time."

Then without one glance at the steamer, she tore off her apron, which was a large one with long sleeves, and wound it and her sun-bonnet around the handle of one of the oars. Then opening the lamp, she poured the oil it contained over this great wad of cotton cloth until it was completely soaked through. Seizing a handful of matches, she struck them all together upon the inner part of the lantern, and, before the wind had time to blow them out, applied the flame to the strange torch. In a moment there was a glorious blaze, and Margery sprang upon the gunwale of the boat, waving the oar over her head. The instant she did so the whistle of the steamer gave such a loud, sharp shriek that Margery almost fell into the water.

Recovering herself quickly, she balanced herself more firmly, and continued to move the torch backward and forward. The flame lit up the water on all sides, and shone brightly over little

Margery herself. Her head was uncovered, and her long hair streamed out behind her like a yellow veil. Her face was pale, and her eyes fixed earnestly on the steamboat. Margery's heart now began to beat loud and fast, for she was afraid that her beacon had been lighted too late to save the huge boat. But after a great many loud whistles and shrieks, she saw that it moved much slower. Those on board had discovered their danger just in time, and were doing all in their power to send the vessel into the stream again, for the pilot had been steering directly for the rock where the beacon usually hung. In two minutes more he would have struck upon it, and in the panic this would have caused many lives might have been lost.

As the vessel moved slowly forward, and finally stopped within a few feet of her, Margery saw that the Captain and several men were leaning over the side, shading their eyes with their hands, and endeavouring to see who it was that held the torch. Presently the Captain cried out,—

“Why, it is little Margery Davis. Where is Hugh, Margery?”

“Hugh hurt himself as he was coming to light the lantern, so I came in his place,” answered Margery.

“All alone?” inquired the Captain, wonderingly. “But how did you come by the torch?”

“The lamp fell in the water, and so I made this out of my sun-bonnet and apron soaked in oil,” said Margery, in rather a frightened voice, for while she was speaking a great many people came and stood by the rail to listen and hear what she was saying. When she had finished, one of the men cried out,—

“Three cheers for little Margery Davis, the girl who saved our boat!”

Then they all shouted “Hurrah for Margery!” so loudly and heartily that little Margery laughed.

All at once there seemed to be some kind of commotion on deck, and a large man, with a sunburned face and big light beard, pushed the people right and left as he forced his way to the front.

“Margery Davis, did you say?” cried he. “Let me see the little girl, mates.”

After looking at her for a moment he began to climb over the side of the vessel. Margery

was terribly frightened when he sprang lightly into her boat, and taking the torch from her hand, held it so that the light fell full upon her face. Then lifting her in his arms, he said, in a trembling voice, "How came you here all alone? Where are your mother and Hugh?"

Margery thought he was angry, because he looked so strangely, and the tears came to her eyes as she answered,—

"Mother is at home, and really and truly Hugh would have come and lit the beacon only he fell and hurt his foot. I ran on first, and when I saw the boat I knew he would never be in time. Please do not scold him."

The strange man did not answer Margery, but turning to the crowd on the steamboat he said, "This is my little girl, mates. I have been from home three years. She does not remember me, but I am proud of her."

At this the men gave three more cheers, and the Captain said, "Welcome home, Davis." Then he let down a lighted lantern to replace the old one, and, turning to Margery, said,—

"Thank you, Margery. You have done a grand thing for so small a girl, and I shall

not forget it." He then gave orders for the boat to move on.

As soon as they were alone, Margery looked earnestly into the face of the man who held her hand, and said, "Are you really my father?"

"Yes," answered he softly, "and are you glad to see me?"

"Oh yes, indeed," replied Margery, kissing him. "But mother will be almost too glad, for she has been crying about you ever and ever so long."

After Margery's father had swung the lantern, he rowed the boat to shore, where they found Hugh in a dreadful fright about Margery.

As he was so much older than the little girl, he remembered his father at once, and welcomed him with delight. His ankle was still painful, so his father assisted him to walk home. And Margery ran before to bear the good news to her mother.

On the whole length of the Mississippi River's banks there was no happier family to be found that stormy night than the Davis family.

The next day Margery's father received a letter from the Captain of the vessel she had saved, telling him there was a good position

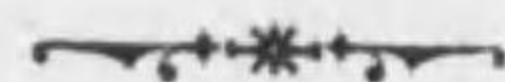
awaiting him on board his boat.

Then in a few weeks the family left the small shabby house they had lived in, and moved to a much larger and pleasanter home.

Hugh, who had long since recovered from his injury, gave up his post of beacon tender, and now goes to one of the finest schools in the place.

Mr. Davis is at home very often, for he only makes short trips now. Little Margery sometimes accompanies him on these trips, and then she is so petted by the Captain and all the crew that her father declares he is afraid she will be spoiled. But this has not happened yet, for she is still the same kind and thoughtful girl she was when she lit the torch to save the vessel from grounding on the beacon rock.

THE SANKATY BRANCH ROAD.



It seemed very strange to have the Sankaty Branch express train whizzing and shrieking through their huckleberry pasture and south meadow, and almost running into their potato patch.

Neb was afraid that a spark from the engine would set the buildings on fire, or that some of his poultry, or even his spotted calf, would be run over, and his mother was afraid the engine would get off the track and run into the wood-shed.

The cows and oxen and pigs and ducks and geese didn't know what to make of it, and Bucephalus, the old horse, kicked up his heels every time he saw it coming—a thing which he hadn't been known to do before for fifteen years. The warlike old gobbler seemed to feel that here at last was “a foeman worthy of his steel,”

and strutted bravely up to it, but retired in great confusion when a cloud of smoke blinded him, and a shrill shriek from the whistle drowned his furious gobblings.

The lame duck, that had been brought up very tenderly in a basket of cotton batting, and was a great pet, was killed on the track, and then Neb felt obliged to shut the poultry up.

It was undeniably a great inconvenience to have a railroad track laid across a quiet little farm, and Neb and his mother, who owned the farm and lived alone upon it, had almost gone down upon their knees to Mr. Fenton, the president of the road—who lived about half a mile from them in a fine mansion surrounded by stately grounds, upon which scarcely an impudent frog dared hop—begging that the track might be laid a little to the eastward, upon some unused pasture land where it would annoy nobody. But it was a little more convenient to build a bridge across the Sankaty River at this point, and Mr. Fenton thought it was of very little consequence that the Pennymans, who lived on a little farm that was hardly worth a thousand dollars, stock and all, should be annoyed.

He was not a polite man, and he dismissed them with a sneer that made Neb's blood boil.

But what could he do? He was only fifteen, and small of his age, and one of his legs was twisted, the result of a disease he had suffered from in babyhood, so that he walked with great difficulty. He was the only protector his mother had, and for her sake he must make the best of things. He was the man of the family, and not only the manager of the farm, but the only workman, except in haying time, when he had to hire a helper. The farm was all they had, and they must still get their living from it, even though the railroad had taken its way through it "by right of eminent domain"—a phrase which awed Neb and his mother, but which simply meant that the law requires private persons to part with their property when it is wanted for public uses.

Neb resolved to sleep with one eye open until after the midnight train had passed, but he found he could not do that; and after a few weeks, when they had become accustomed to the noise, and no calamity had occurred except the untimely death of the lame duck, Neb began

to think the railroad might not be so bad after all, and his mother said the trains were "kind of company for her in the night when she couldn't sleep."

But when haying time came Neb was constantly anxious lest a spark from the engine should chance to alight upon one of his haystacks. The hay in the south meadow, his best and largest crop, was always a weight on Neb's mind from the time it was cut until it was safely stored in the barn. He watched every cloud in the sky, and walked every night to the corner to see, in the daily paper, Old Probabilities' weather prophecies. And when the south meadow hay was all down he dreamed that Old Prob was raking it up with a fiery-tailed serpent for a rake, and the serpent had a bald head and spectacles just like Mr. Fenton!

Neb thought such a dream as that must mean something, but his mother said it came of eating cold cabbage for supper. Neb's mother was a very sensible woman. The very next day Old Prob predicted rain, but Zeb Higbee, the tin pedlar, came along, and said he "forgot more weather larnin' every night when he went to

bed than Old Prob ever knew, and it wa'n't a-goin' to rain."

Neb wanted to believe that, because that south meadow hay needed to stay out longer, and he could see no signs of rain, except a tiny black cloud away over in the west, that seemed likely to be swallowed up by a huge white cloud soon. And so he did not get the hay in. But, lo and behold! when he went out after supper, the little black cloud had swallowed the big white one, and its appetite having apparently increased in that way, it was now swallowing every other cloud in the sky.

Neb hurried to the barn just as fast as his crooked leg would let him, pulled out the haycart, drew poor Bucephalus, surprised and unwilling, away from his well-earned supper, had him harnessed, and was rattling away to the south meadow, in, as he would have said, less time than it takes to say "Jack Robinson." Roy Fenton, a boy of about his own age, coming up from the river, stopped him.

"Have you seen anything of my little sister Daisy?" he asked. "She ran away from her nurse and followed me down the river, and I

said I'd look after her, but the fish were biting splendidly, and I forgot her, and she strayed away. It's getting dark awfully fast, and they're almost crazy about her at home."

Neb chirruped to Bucephalus, and the old horse tore along as if he understood that Neb wanted to get his hay in quick, and join in the search for Daisy. She was a flaxen-haired mite, not four years old. If Neb didn't like her father, he wanted to find Daisy. "Now, 'Ceph, old fellow, if we are not lively, this hay will all be spoiled, and your old ribs will be rattling next winter."

Neb worked with a will, but he couldn't help pausing occasionally to look around in search of Daisy. He knew there must be many people seeking her, but still he felt as if he were selfish to be attending to his hay when she might be wandering round the fields and woods, frightened in the fast-gathering darkness, or perhaps falling down the river's high, steep banks.

The distant whistle of the train struck on his ear: the 6.55 express was coming. It was not seven o'clock yet, but it was almost as dark as night. Neb was on the bank of the river

now, and his hay-cart was full and running over. As he turned Bucephalus homeward, the flutter of something white on the other side of the railroad bridge caught his eyes. It might be—yes, it *was* Daisy's white dress. She had spilled her basket of berries on the track, and was sitting composedly down picking them up.

For an instant Neb stood motionless with terror. Then he rushed toward her. But the railroad bridge over the river lay between them, and the space between its planks was so wide that Neb, with his twisted leg, could not cross. He might possibly crawl over on his hands and knees, but that would take too long.

He shouted to the child to get off the track, but the wind carried his voice away from her. He cried, in an agony, "Help! help!" but there was no answer.

How could he stop the train, whose rush and roar he could already hear? It was too dark for him to make himself seen if he should rush before it. If he only had a lantern! But there was not time to get one from the house. A sudden thought struck Neb like an inspiration. He might have—he *had*—a match in his pocket!

It had been there for two or three weeks, since he burned the brush heaps behind the barn. He backed Bucephalus up to the track, and tipped up the cart. The whole load of hay lay upon the track, and when Neb touched a lighted match to it, instantly it blazed up.

He had not ceased to shout for help—the train might not be stopped in time—and Roy Fenton came running up, with his father not far behind, panting and breathless.

“She’s over there on the track—*Daisy!*” cried Neb, his face deathly white in the glare of the fire.

The train came whizzing on—it all happened in so much less time than it takes to tell it!—through the pine grove into the huckleberry pasture.

“What on earth does it mean—that fire on the track?” cried the engineer, and whistled for “down brakes.” Within a few rods of the fire, so near that the smoke of the engine mingled with its smoke, the train came to a stop. Roy Fenton, who had stood as if petrified with horror, ran to the bridge, and made his way over. The fire lighted up every timber and rail of the

bridge, and Roy was lithe and agile, and he was soon back again with Daisy in his arms—Daisy, who was mourning for her lost berries, but delighted with the “pretty fire,” and perfectly unconscious of the great peril from which she had been rescued.

The people had come thronging out of the cars, and the story of what had happened spreading rapidly, they crowded around the little flaxen-haired girl, now safe in her brother’s arms, and were loud in the praise of Neb, who hadn’t the least idea that he was a hero.

Mr. Fenton, hard and proud man as he was, burst into tears when he tried to thank Neb, and could only put a trembling hand on his shoulder.

The people on the train insisted upon making up a purse to pay Neb for the load of hay he had burned, and for the cart, which had also taken fire, and was almost ruined. Bucephalus had kicked up his heels to such purpose at the first sound of the train as to clear himself from the cart, and had departed for parts unknown, not returning until the next morning.

Mr. Fenton declared that it was his privilege

to make good Neb's losses, and Neb said he didn't want any pay, but nevertheless the money was collected and thrust into his hands as the train started on again—more money than the whole harvest of Neb's little farm would amount to; so there was no danger that Bucephalus's bones would rattle, even though the hay had been burned up.

Mr. Fenton discovered that farm work was not suitable for Neb, on account of his lameness, and that the railroad company was in need of a trustworthy lad for a responsible position in its office at Sankaty.

Sankaty being only five miles away, Neb is not obliged to leave home, but goes up and down on the train every day. And he is able to hire a strong and capable man to manage the farm, so the crops are twice as large as they used to be. But there never has been a crop that did so much good as that south meadow hay, although all that was not burned was spoiled by rain that night.

Mr. Fenton's opinion as to the feelings of the Pennymans had now changed so much that if the railroad had not already been built, and

they had repeated their desire to have it change its noisy course so as to run over the unused pastures, where it would be almost out of hearing, it is possible that he might have used his influence to gratify their wish. But there the iron track was, and there it must stay; and, after all, it had brought good luck to the poor widow's family.

The Pennymans are so prosperous now that they can build a new house and barn at a distance from the track if they choose, but they have grown accustomed to the trains. Mrs. Pennyman says she should be lonesome away from it. The old gobbler turns his back upon the engine with calm disdain; the ducks and hens have learned better than to go near it. Only old Bucephalus, although he has grown very fat and lazy, by reason of living high and having a younger horse to do the farm work, has so long a memory that he still kicks up his heels at it.

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!



"Big fire at the London Docks; number 10 warehouse well alight."

In some such words came a startling message to the district head-quarters of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade one November night in 1892; and the superintendent was all alive at once.

"Telegraph steamers from neighbouring stations," was the order.

Instantly six steam fire-engines were sent on, and he hurried away himself to direct the fight. He did not wait shilly-shallying and making-up-his-mind, as some boys are too apt to do in presence of difficulties.

But an alarm had been given even before this message, though communication by special telephone existed between the docks and the district head-quarters. Nine minutes earlier, a little after half-past nine at night, the electric

fire-alarm rang furiously at the Shadwell Station of the Fire Brigade.

As usual, the tablet in connection with the alarm fell and revealed the name of the place whence the alarm was sounded. It was from a spot called the Greenbank at Wapping, and instantly a steam fire-engine was sent on from the station, and one also from the neighbouring station at Poplar.

Little knew the firemen what a huge task was before them! They found smoke pouring from one of the warehouses in the London Docks, and a policeman and two other men were endeavouring to save some books and papers.

"Here you are," cried these men; "the fire is on the third floor," and they were guiding the firemen to this spot where the conflagration had suddenly appeared, when some sacks on the ground burst suddenly, and the most suffocating fumes filled the place.

"Run! Run!" was the watchword then, and well for the men that they did run. The hose they held was dropped, and there being no time to find the staircase they dashed for the windows. Happily a fire-escape was leaning against

one, and down this the men slid to the ground ; while the others had to use the hose after all, not to discharge water at the fire, which was thus beating them in the first skirmish, but, fastening the tube to the window, the men slipped down it to the earth, all narrowly escaping suffocation.

Meantime, reinforcements had come up. Buffled in their first encounter with their terrible foe, the firemen were by no means beaten. A dozen streams of water were poured into that third floor, but still huge masses of smoke rolled away from the immense building. Not a tongue of flame was to be seen, and no lurid red light overspread the sky.

Sixteen minutes after the pulling of the first fire-alarm, viz., at six minutes to ten, the message was circulated through the brigade that the three top floors of a large warehouse in the London Docks were fully on fire ; and Captain Simonds, the chief officer at the head-quarters of the whole brigade at Southwark, seeing that a very big affair was before them, sent on more steam fire-engines, extension ladders, vans of coal to keep the steamers at work, and, with his second officer, Mr. Gamble, and a thousand more feet

of hose, went on himself to the scene of battle.

Captain Simonds also sent on a " water tower," a piece of apparatus which is largely used in America. It consists of a tall upright iron pipe placed on a carriage, and capable of being increased in height to reach to the top, or very nearly the top, of any building. Underneath, the pipe is connected with the supply of water, which rushes to the top, where it is discharged in a thick stream through a nozzle projecting like an arm at right angles to a tube, right on the fire, and at close quarters.

The aspect of the fight remained as before. Spite of all the men could do vast volumes of black smoke poured out of the building as fast as ever, though more and more water was thrown on to the structure every minute.

"Hard pounding, gentlemen," the Duke of Wellington is reported to have said to some of his soldiers at Waterloo, and Captain Simonds might have said the same to his men at this big fire. It was hard pounding indeed. Streams of water were continuously thrown on the burning building, and yet no good result seemed forthcoming.

But this fighting as it were in the dark did

not suit the chief officer. He wanted to know what was going on beneath these volumes of dense smoke, and where the efforts of his men could be best directed. So we find him with some of his brave assistants entering the huge warehouse.

And they had a very narrow escape. They mounted the staircase to the floor where the fire seemed chiefly raging when they were suddenly surrounded by thick smoke—so thick that they could not find their way out. Suffocation was imminent, when happily one of the men stumbled over some hose which had been put down by some officials of the dockyard earlier in the fire, and this led them out. So great was the quantity of water poured into the building, that it was dashing down the staircase in torrents as they went along it.

Foiled though it may be said the firemen were, a second time, they still worked on, and then at a quarter to twelve, midnight, just, when they thought they were reducing their enemy, the flames suddenly burst out through the roof. Great tongues of fire also leaped out from the windows, and where before was the blackness of

smoke and of night, now blazed the lurid redness of the fire.

Fire-alarms rang all over the metropolis. Captain Simonds himself telephoned for more help, and engines came dashing along from distant Chelsea and Kensington, Paddington, and Kentish Town. Persons seeing the huge blaze and fearfully illumined sky thought a big fire must be near to them, and pulled the alarm. Alarm after alarm sounded in the fire-stations that night. More than twenty engines turned out to these honestly mistaken calls, which greatly increased the strain on the resources of the Brigade. It was a night long to be remembered by the Metropolitan Fire Brigade.

Many were genuinely called down to the docks, however, and by half-past twelve thirty steam-engines and nearly two hundred men were concentrated round the huge building. All the river floats were at work on the warehouse also, as well as six hydrants, so that tons of water were poured on the sea of fire.

By a quarter to three in the early morning, the men had worked their way all round the immense building, and they also took every

precaution to prevent the fire from spreading to adjoining property. Thus they localised the conflagration and attacked it on every side.

And an immense fire it was. Imagine the flames roaring in a vast structure six floors high, four hundred feet long, and one hundred and twenty feet wide! On, on went the water, poured into it from every side.

And at length the steady work began to tell, and the fire was gradually reduced. Happily also those huge greedy tongues of flames were kept from licking up other buildings near. Finally the big fire was practically swamped out with water, but firemen were still in attendance by the smouldering ruins right on through Sunday. The fire having begun late on Friday night, it was thus some forty-eight or fifty hours—two whole days and nights—before it was entirely subdued.

The great danger from which the men suffered on this historic occasion was the dense and suffocating smoke—owing no doubt to the smouldering and burning of some of the goods stored in the warehouse. One man suffered from a cause unusual for firemen; he accidentally fell into the

dock basin and was nearly drowned. But he could swim, and was helped out by his comrades. Yet another suffered from a sprained hip. But the suffocation was the greatest danger, though happily none succumbed.

Indeed, this is one of the worst dangers with which firemen have to contend. While this very fire was raging, a brave fellow lost his life at another conflagration through this very cause.

It was at Agar Street, Strand, right away from the exciting scene at the docks. Shortly before two o'clock, early on the Saturday morning, a fire burst out in this thoroughfare, and spreading upward from the ground floor, enveloped the whole house and caught the staircase in its fiery embrace.

The fire-alarm communicated with the Scotland Yard station, and engine and fire-escape were soon on the scene. The escape was speedily placed against the blazing building, and Fireman Fielder mounted. But the volumes of dense smoke pouring forth overpowered him. He must have lost consciousness, and fell headlong on the pavement, with a horrible thud. He was taken up unconscious, and at once conveyed to Charing Cross

Hospital, which is near, but there he died. In this case the fire was so fierce and had gained such a hold that it burnt out the premises, but the firemen by their efforts prevented it from spreading further.

This plan of localising fires and preventing them from extending is frequently adopted. The case of the great City fire, when Messrs. Judd's printing works were completely burned out, in the spring of 1893, affords a remarkable illustration. The locality is not far from Blackfriars Bridge, and is difficult of access by reason of the narrowness of the streets about the building.

The conflagration appears to have begun in the engineroom, but the fire must have been smouldering a long time before the police constable who gave the alarm saw the fire and summoned the brigade.

Several engines dashed down in rapid succession, but the building was burning fiercely, and the men could not reduce it.

More engines were sent for, but, owing to the great hold the fire had gained, and owing perhaps also to the difficulty of getting near it because of the narrowness of the approaches, the

firemen had the vexation of seeing the flames spread with great rapidity. In fact, only St. Andrew's Hill and Carter Lane were wide enough for the engines to approach, and for some engines two hundred yards of hose had to be used.

When, therefore, it became evident that the building could not be saved, the order went forth to the men to turn their attention to the surrounding property. But bravely though they worked at this task, and though water was poured upon the buildings from almost all points, several houses suffered.

At one terrible moment it seemed as if nothing would stop the fire. Excitement rose high, for it was rumoured abroad that many people were in these neighbouring houses, and the good folk began to leave their beds and hurry away in the fearful glare, taking such valuables as they could. One woman was bedridden, and a policeman pressed his way upstairs through the blinding smoke and carried her out, while very soon afterwards the house from which she was brought took fire. Indeed, so great was the danger, that notice was sent out to all the occupants of premises near to leave their dwellings.

Crash! Crash! The walls of the burning buildings fell in with loud noise, the flames roared high as if in demoniac triumph, and in the fearful heat the brave men toiled and slaved at the engines, fighting their enemy. Strong iron girders supporting tons of machinery were glowing with white heat in that terrible furnace, and became bent and twisted into all kinds of grotesque shapes.

Neighbouring buildings appear to have caught fire by reason of the immense flames shooting out and leaping over streets and enwrapping the houses in their fearful grip, and also by reason of the intense heat of the immense conflagration. Thus Nos. 37, 38, and 39, St. Andrew's Hill seem to have caught fire in this way.

But the vigorous efforts of the firemen to localise the conflagration began at length to have some effect, and shortly after seven o' clock in the morning the fire was begun to be subdued. Then with a terrible crash a big block of masonry fell bodily, completely blocking one part of a place called Ireland Yard, and from this particular event, which, under the circumstances, cannot be called a catastrophe, the firemen gained steadily. business in the City was in full swing, the "stop"

message and at eleven o'clock in the morning, when was circulated through the brigade. But the engines on the spot continued to pour water on the smouldering ruins for some hours.

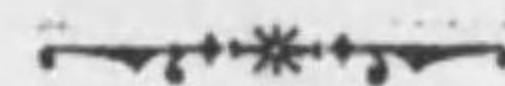
In this terrible fire the greatest danger seems to have occurred from falling walls and bits of ruin. Heat, suffocation, and fiery rain of this alarming description are some of the very real dangers to which firemen are exposed. It is to defend them from this terrible hail that they protect their shoulders with metal epaulets and their heads with those shining brass helmets that form so striking a feature of the dress of the Brigade.

Their skill and courage in entering buildings to direct streams of water from the hose more effectually, or to save life and property, deserve high praise; and that the work is often no child's play is testified by the sadly significant Roll of Honour at the head-quarters of the organisation at Southwark. There, on a large, slightly ornamented, oaken board, are affixed a number of brass tablets bearing the names of the men who have lost their lives in the hazardous service. But happily, bravery is not eliminated from our

vocabulary, and daring heroism is not dead.



LITTLE GLADYS AND HER SUNBEAM RIDE.



Little Gladys lived at the lower end of the town, where the streets were narrow and crooked, and the houses stood at all sorts of odd angles. She lived in a little white cottage behind the "Old Trinity Church." Her father was the sexton.

Saturday was the best day of the week to Gladys, as her father had to be at work in the church all the morning, and she always went in with him, and played in the high-backed, old-fashioned pews. She liked to open and shut the pew doors, and fasten herself in, and let herself out. She liked to walk up and down the aisles and climb the pulpit stairs. She liked to sing, and hear her little voice echo throughout the great wide space and go floating up to the arched roof above.

Saturday afternoons the organist always came to practise an hour or two; and Gladys was allowed to sit quietly in one of the pews and listen to the music, with her dolls, all dressed in their finest clothes, in a row beside her, as if they were at a grand concert.

One afternoon there she will never forget. Mr. Howard had been playing some time, when he struck into a low, soothing melody, one of the tenderest of lullabies. Through the upper pane of a stained glass window that faced the west the sun streamed in, its dazzling rays making one broad, slanting path down to the pew where Gladys was curled up in the corner, with her little family of dolls sitting in a prim, straight row. "Lady Montague," the grandest and most stylishly dressed of the dolls, had a steel buckle on her bonnet, which caught the attention of the sunbeams; and they stopped and danced a queer little zigzag dance upon it.

Presently, a funny little mite of a woman, in a red cloak, with a staff in her hand, stood upon the top moulding of the pew directly in front of them. The hood of the cloak was drawn over her head, and stood up in a sharp

peak behind. Her wee, wizened face was cheery and beaming with goodnature. Gladys stared at her in amazement. She wondered if she could be the fairy godmother, whom she had read about in her story-books, who could do all sorts of wonderful things. As the little creature continued to smile pleasantly at her, and to bob her little red hood up and down in greeting, Gladys found courage to speak.

"Oh, tell me, are you the fairy godmother, or what are you and how did you get in here?" she asked.

"I can answer your first and last questions, my dear; but the middle one is beyond my power. Yes, I am the fairy godmother; and I came in here on the sunbeams. We were out taking our afternoon ride, when we heard some one playing a fairies' dance in here; and some of us thought we would slide down and enjoy it for a few moments."

"Us!" repeated Gladys, in a surprised tone. "Are there more of you, then?"

"Oh no, childie. By 'us' I meant the fairies who came with me. Look around, and see how prettily they dance."

Gladys sat up in the pew, and turned toward the western window where the sunshine came in; and, sure enough, there were twenty or more of the tiniest, most exquisite little creatures, with shining wings, tripping up and down the long slanting sunbeams, sometimes in groups with arms entwined, and sometimes singly or in pairs, all keeping time with the music. Then she noticed for the first time that the music had changed, that Mr. Howard had finished the cradle-song and was playing the most bewitching little dance one could imagine; so exquisitely delicate and sweet its melody, so entrancing its gracefull, swinging movement, that it was not strange the fairies wanted to stop and dance to it. To and fro they lightly skipped on the tips of their tiny toes, the sunbeams flashing back bright rays from their wings and shining hair. Oh, it was perfectly fascinating to watch them!

But soon the organ stopped, and the fairy godmother said they must go. Gladys' heart sank. Probably she would never see any real fairies again, she thought.

"I am so sorry," she said sadly. "I wish

you could stay ever so much longer."

"We can't, little girl. We must be off on our sunbeam ride. They only stepped in to dance a few moments. We couldn't stay here. We like the open air and the sunshine. Perhaps, though, I can take you with us for a little while. How would you like to go? You shall be back here all safe before nightfall. I promise that."

"Oh!" cried Gladys, her heart beating fast with joy. "Can you really take me? I should like so much to go, but you know I am a great big girl."

"It doesn't matter about your being big, I can manage that." And the little, red-cloaked fairy began to wave her staff slowly over Gladys' head. Instantly, she felt herself becoming smaller and smaller, till she was just the size of the fairies, and had shining wings and glistening hair like theirs.

"Now, we will go," said the little godmother; and, taking her hand, they jumped upon the sunbeams dancing about on Lady Montague's bonnet, and, quick as a flash, they were with the other fairies, and all riding out of the

church window.

How high up in the air they were! Gladys was wild with delight. She could look down upon the tops of great tall trees and the roofs of houses. Above, the deep blue sky seemed very near them. They rode so fast it seemed as if they must be going ever so many miles a minute.

Once in a while they would slide down the sunbeams right in through the windows of houses, some of them rich and elegant, and some of them poor. They went into the nursery of one beautiful mansion, and found themselves in the midst of a children's party. Ten rosy, curly-haired, chubby little boys and girls sat around the tea-table, all of them in high chairs. There was considerable silver upon the table; and the fairies had a grand time dancing about on the spoons and forks, sugar-bowl and cream-pitcher. The children shouted with glee to see the bright rays flashing. They thought they were only sunbeams. They could not see the fairies, as they were invisible.

Gladys, who was flitting about just as if she had always been a fairy, poised herself upon

the top of the teapot, and looked about the room. Such lovely pictures, such beautiful ornaments, and such a profusion of picture books, dolls, and toys of all kinds, she had never seen before. She thought of poor Lady Montague sitting there in the church, and wondered what she would think of these dolls, all in satin, velvet, and lace.

Just then the fairies called her to come and play "hide-and-seek" among the children's curls, so Gladys jumped off the teapot and joined in the merry game. They chased each other in and out, and hid themselves in the sunny hair of the different little heads whose owners were having a happy time over their candies and ice-cream.

By-and-by, the fairy godmother, who had been sitting upon the top of a silver clock on the mantel, tapped with her staff, and, pointing to the hands of the clock, said it was time to go.

"But, first, we will bestow a gift on each of these little ones, they seem so good and sweet," she said, and took a bag from under her cloak, which Gladys had not seen before.

The fairies gathered about her, and, opening the bag, she told ten of them to draw out a gift. They all took out what looked to Gladys like tiny diamond stars. Each fairy placed a star upon the forehead of a child, and then kissed it. The instant the fairy lips touched the child's forehead, the star disappeared.

"How very wonderful!" Gladys could not help saying aloud.

The little godmother turned to her with a smile, and then explained the meaning of it.

"The star represents a blessing, either wealth or health, a contented mind, a happy heart, a cheerful disposition, or something of that kind, which shall follow the child through life. The fairy's kiss seals it; that is, makes the gift the child's very own, unless he chooses to throw it away."

Then all the fairies jumped upon the sunbeams, and away they rode with lightning speed out into the clear, bright air again.

The next stopped to look in at a garret window in the poorest and most crowded part of the city, where a little boy lay sick. The room was bare and cheerless. A little scrap of a

geranium in a flower-pot on the window-sill was the only bit of brightness. The little white face on the pillows was turned toward the window, and lightened up very perceptibly as the sun's warm rays streamed in upon the counterpane and flooded the whole room.

"Let us go in and dance for him," said one of the fairies. So they glided in, and stood before him upon the bed.

"Can he see us?" asked Gladys, in surprise, remembering that the rosy children in the grand house could not see them as they danced upon the silver tea-things.

"Not yet. Watch, and you shall see what happens," answered a fairy.

The wee, red-cloaked mother had seated herself upon the pillow, and now began to wave her staff slowly over the boy's head. His eyelids closed, and soon he seemed to be asleep.

"You see it is only in his dreams that he can really see us," said one of the fairies to the wondering Gladys.

"But I wasn't asleep," said she, earnestly. "I wasn't dreaming. I was sitting in church, listening to the organ, you know."

"Yes, I know. But hush! There's the music! He sees us now, and we must dance our very best."

The fairy godmother had drawn a queer little knotted reed from somewhere underneath her cloak, and was playing the most enchanting dance music upon it. Back and forth the fairies tripped on the tips of their tiny toes, just as Gladys had seen them in the church, only now she was one of them. The little sick boy laughed aloud, and clapped his little, thin, transparent hands, and reached them out to touch their shining wings and bright hair as they danced up close to him. They stayed a long while, as he enjoyed it so much; but, at last the little godmother put up her sweet musical instrument, and said they must go.

"But isn't he going to have a star out of your bag, too?" asked Gladys, anxiously, as they all bade him a loving good-night, and turned to ride away on the sunbeams.

"No, dear child," said she, taking her hand tenderly in hers. "He does not need our gifts. The angels are coming soon to lead him away into a beautiful, beautiful country, where he will

never suffer again, and where he will be wonderfully happy for evermore."

Very fast now the fairies travelled through the air; for the sun was going down, and there would be no way to get Gladys in through the church window if the sunbeams were all gone from there.

"We will look in here just a moment," said the little fairy godmother; and they rode down the slanting rays right into an elegant chamber where a beautiful bride stood in her bridal robes. Loving hands were arranging her dress and clasping diamonds around her neck and arms.

"Let us make a crown for her," said the fairies; and they clustered around the wonderful bag of gifts, and each took out a star. Then they formed a circle around the bride's head, each fairy placing a star upon her soft hair and then kissing it. Peace, happiness, and all blessings to follow her through life.

Out of the window they quickly went, and no one knew that the best of all the wedding gifts was the bride's crown of virtues and blessings bestowed by the fairies.

There was just one straggling sunbeam left

looking in at the church window for Gladys to slide down upon. As soon as she was fairly in the pew where Lady Montague and the other dolls still sat, what was her amazement to find the church quite dark, and her father's voice calling,—

“Gladys, my little Gladys, where are you?”

“Here I am, father,” she cried, running to him and nestling in his arms. “What is the matter?”

“Matter? Why, nothing, little one, only you've been fast asleep, and I hunting for you everywhere. Mr. Howard got through and went home; and, as I didn't see my little girl anywhere, I locked up and went up town on an errand. I came back to supper, and found mother in a great fright, and no little Gladys. I happened to think all of a sudden that perhaps you might be taking a nap in one of the pews, and that was why I did not see you on locking up.”

“Oh, no, dear father: I've not been asleep at all, but off on a sunbeam ride with some fairies who came in to dance, and who——”

“And who carried you straight off to

Dreamland,” laughed her father.

All Gladys' efforts were of no avail. She could not make her father believe that she had not been asleep, and finally she began to wonder whether it was not all a dream. Suddenly a thought occurred to her, and she said,—

“Father, I want you to promise me something. I want you to be sure and ask Mr. Howard to play that ‘Fairies’ Dance’ again next Saturday afternoon, and see if it will bring them again. Then I shall know whether it was a dream or not.”

JOAN'S ADVENTURES.



BY THE FIRE.

"I don't like poor people," said Joan, crossly, sitting down and beginning to knit.

Nurse had called her in from the garden, where she had been having high games with her little terrier, Spot, to finish knitting a comforter, which was intended as a present for a little lad with a pale face, and legs as thin as broomsticks.

"I don't like poor people," repeated Joan, jerking her knitting needles in an aggrieved fashion—now pulling the worsted so tight that it was all in a knot, then so loosely that the stitches hung like holes.

"Oh! naughty!" said nurse, putting up a finger. "Good people like the poor."

"I don't *care* what good people like," replied Joan. "I don't like the poor."

Joan's nursery was such a pretty room. It

was a pink room; its walls were pink; its curtains rose colour; her little bed was pink and white. Over it hung a plaster angel with wings stretched out; a scroll on which was written, in illuminated letters, "Suffer little children to come unto Me;" the portraits of her father and mother in silver frames.

There were pictures hung all round the room—of birds, beasts, and fishes—of little boys and girls, and pretty landscapes. Joan's favourite picture was that of a knight in armour, riding on a war-horse. In his mailed hand he held a white banner, on which a red cross was displayed; riding on a graceful palfrey by his side, was a pale and drooping lady, looking as if she were going to die. The knight's protecting arm was round her; Joan knew he was leading her home. Joan's mother used to tell her many stories about this knight, whom she called the Red Cross Knight. He was the knight of pity, succouring and rescuing those in need and danger. Joan sometimes made stories "out of her own head" about him; but to-day she did not feel inclined to look at the Red Cross Knight.

She looked at Punch instead. Perhaps be-

cause she was an only child, without brothers or sisters to talk to, this little girl used to take queer notions into her head about her toys. But her strangest ideas were about Punch. She thought that although he looked like a toy, this appearance was deceptive, and that he was really a genius or an elf, under a spell—forced for some reason to wear this ugly form. She felt sure that if he could talk he would tell the most wonderful stories.

“Oh, Punch! I wish you would speak,” she said, looking down at him, and giving him a little shake. Punch continued to smile that grim smile of his; but not a word did he say.

Joan lay back in her chair and looked at the fire. She had a fancy for looking into the fire when she felt lonely. She had found out that a thousand delightful things happen in the red coals.

A crowd of tiny figures might always be seen there, coming and going, hurrying, loitering, growing bigger, smaller, continually altering and disappearing. And there was under the cinders a voice always singing—a pure, limpid, little voice. Was it the spirit of the hearth singing to itself—making stories to itself about the fire-

pictures in the cinders?

To-day Joan found the fire as interesting as ever. Here was a little girl with flying hair; she had a basket on her arm; was she going to school? And here was a small boy, so thin, with legs like broomsticks, running. A big man was running after him; he flourished a stick; he had a cruel face; he was going to beat the boy. The lad's thin legs ran fast; but the cruel man ran faster. Ah! he had just caught the child, when, lo! a spark fell—and a beautiful angel, with outstretched wings, stood between the child and the man who would hurt him. All the time the pure voice was singing to itself. Was it that of the fairy of the embers?

Something stirred. A tiny figure in a smoke-coloured garment, with a kind, shining face, was standing before Joan. In her hand she held a blazing wand.

“I am the spirit of the hearth,” she said, and her voice was the voice she had heard singing under the ashes. “I shall grant you one wish—just one. What will it be?”

“Make Punch talk,” cried Joan, without hesitation.

WHAT PUNCH SAYS.

"Well, you *are* silly!" said a cracked voice. Joan jumped up, her eyes wide open with surprise, her hands clasped.

It was Punch who was talking.

Punch, no longer lying in her lap, but Punch, large as a grown man, sitting in the chair opposite to her, toasting his toes before the fire.

"Oh, Punch! I *am* glad!" said Joan, looking at him with a broad smile. He looked cleverer, kinder, funnier, than she had ever seen him. His eyes shone so bright. His face was creased all over with lines like crumpled paper. His clothes were spic-and-span. Joan thought he was delightful to look at.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" groaned Punch, "Come along, *come* along, COME along," he cried, getting up and taking hold of Joan's hand.

He led her to the fire.

"Do as I do," he said.

"Yes," replied Joan, meekly.

Punch stooped and stuck his head into the flames.

"Oh!" said Joan, drawing back.

But, willy-nilly, she had to do it. She bent her head and stuck it into the flames. A million candles seemed to dance about her—blue, green, yellow, red, upside-down, topsy-turvy, bobbing, bouncing, tumbling, flaring, on every side, like candles in a rage. Then came a buzzing, whistling, sighing, shrieking in the ears. It grew into a roar. Could it be the gentle voice of the spirit of the hearth, lamenting and denouncing this intrusion into her territory? In Joan had to go, notwithstanding; first her head, then her shoulders, then her whole body, and Joan was

IN THE FIRE.

It was not at all hot; it was cold, piercingly cold; a thousand knives seemed to be cutting her. It was not a world of dancing flames; it was a white, quiet world. The bushes in it were gigantic snowballs, the trees like vast candelabra with icicles for pendants.

Sometimes a red light touched the sky and spread like a rosy banner across it. The icicles shone like rubies, and the snow-fields glowed

with a thousand scarlet fields glowed with a thousand scarlet flowers.

"Where are we?" asked Joan, taking a long breath. She had not recovered from the surprise of not being burnt to a cinder.

"Where are we? Why, in Frost Land, to be sure. Anyone would know *that*," replied Punch.

"Oh, who would ever have thought of finding Frost Land in the fire!" cried Joan, laughing, and beginning to dance to keep herself warm. It was frightfully cold.

"Where else could it be? Can you tell me that?" said Punch, wagging his head.

Then he, too, began to dance. Higher and higher, who would jump the higher, and as he jumped, Punch's eyes twinkled, his face glowed, he laughed, and his laugh was like the crow of a young cock.

All at once he stopped and put up a long brown forefinger. A low wailing noise was filling the white land. It was not the sound of the wind, for nothing stirred. What could it be?

"Come!" exclaimed Punch, testily, "you *do* waste your time," and he set off walking with

such long strides that Joan could scarcely keep up with him.

What a beautiful white world it was! Every nook in it was decked with dainty frail blossoms. Joan had seen before those delicate, transparent ferns and flowers of ice. Many a wintry morning she had found a handful, fresh culled from the ice-meadows, thrown against her window panes by some mischievous frost elf. They melted when she touched them then. Perhaps they were fairy blossoms. But here, in their native land, Joan felt sure they would not melt. She would have liked to have made a large nosegay of those plummy sprays, those tender cooling ice tendrils and humble mosses, those million-leaved frosted branches and lace-like ferns, but Punch was a great deal too impatient to dally. He strode along; he seemed to know his way quite well about Frost Land.

They passed through a wood where the trees rose on every side; their branches drooped under their burden of snow, and formed glistening arches. The ground was white, patterned over with shining silver plants. It was like going through a white cathedral, through which the

tender-voiced angels might sing. Punch's figure looked almost black against those pearly tints. He appeared so grim, that Joan thought he looked like a gigantic imp.

If Frost Land was a beautiful place, the folk, big and little, who lived in it were very much the reverse. They all appeared to have very bad colds in their heads. They all had red noses and red eyes, pinched cheeks and swollen lips. They were all dressed in rags, and the children's legs were all like broomsticks.

"Why don't the children skip and play about?" asked Joan, impatiently.

"Play!" repeated Punch, as he pointed with his lank brown finger. Joan saw that a chain was fastened to every child's foot. Those poor, red-nosed little children were all captives in the snow.

"Where do they all live? I do not see any houses," said Joan, looking about.

Punch laid a hand on her shoulder, and gripped it like a vice. "Look," he cried; "is that a pretty place for the children to come to?"

Joan followed the direction of his outstretched finger. She saw a dark castle, with barred blank

windows, and walls that appeared thick and cruel, as those of a dungeon. At its base, thick vapours lay piled like sluggish smoke. She could not see the place on which the castle was built. It looked like a castle up in black clouds.

"What place is that?" she whispered.

"It is Giant Want's Castle!" he answered.

"Oh, Punch! don't go! don't go!" cried Joan, running after him, for he had set off towards the castle. He did not take any heed of her. He stalked on. Joan laid hold of his coat-tails, and they both disappeared into the darkness.

How dark it was! She lost her footing. She seemed walking on darkness. It pressed upon her eyes; upon her ears; it got into her hair; it clung about her neck and coiled about her feet. Joan thought she discerned shapes moving through it. She held on to Punch with all her might; although she could not see him, she grasped him tight as they plunged on through that moving, clinging darkness, blacker than the blackest night.

"Here we are, and here is old Ignoramus," cried Punch's friendly voice at last, and Joan opened her eyes, for she had closed them in her

fear. She perceived that they had stepped out of the darkness into the twilight.

She could just see that they were before a vast door, and that on its threshold was a giant.

"Don't be frightened!" said Punch, encouragingly. "He's the guardian of the castle. He does not mind any one going into it; it is those who want to get out he fights."

My conscience! he was a monster of a giant. There seemed no end to him. He lay sprawling on his stomach on the ground, kicking his heels up in the air, his chin propped in his hands, his elbows wide apart—yet, his head, as he lay stretched there, reached higher than the ceiling of Joan's nursery at home.

The giant had a dirty, satisfied, foolish face, and you may judge how big it was by the fact that all Joan was not the size of his nose, and she could have walked into his mouth. His black unbrushed hair fell all over his forehead.

Joan dropped a curtsey, just because he was so big. Notwithstanding Punch's admonition, she was frightened.

The giant laughed, "Ho! ho! ho!" which sounded like the boom of three cannon balls let

off close to her ear.

"Well, old stoopid, there you are, still in the dark!" said Punch.

"Comfortable darkness!" answered the giant, in an easy-going bellow. "Silly people like the teasing light. I prefer to lie on the ground in the comfortable dark. Did you ever hear me snore? Ho! ho! ho! You like the dark?" he suddenly said to Joan.

"I like a little light, just enough to see by, you know," suggested Joan, timidly. Then she gave a start, and said, in a squeaky voice, "Are you hungry, giant?" For the giant had opened his mouth. She thought it was to swallow her; but it was only to yawn.

He went on with the conversation in a sleepy satisfied roar,—

"See! Why I see better than they do with their spectacles and their telescopes." He kicked his heels as he said this. His feet were so big, you might have taken a ride round them on a bicycle.

"What do you see?" asked Joan, just to go on with the conversation.

"I see darkness. There's nothing but dark-

ness; they'll find that out." He winked one eye at Joan; it was as big as a wheel. "Nothing like Giant Ignoramus. He's the cleverest giant. Ho! ho! ho!"

"Well, he *is* conceited," thought Joan; but she did not say it aloud.

"Show us a bit of your writing, Mr. Self-Satisfied," said Punch, in his brisk voice.

"I will. Practising to write my name. No name like it," said the giant, sitting up. Gracious; it might have been a mountain moving. He stretched out his hand and drew something towards him. Joan thought it was a tub; it was an ink-bottle. He pulled out what looked like the mast of a ship; it was a pen. He took out some paper; it was a sheet big enough to cover one side of Joan's nursery; it looked no bigger than a sheet of foolscap, stretched out on his knees.

Giant Ignoramus dipped his pen into the ink-bottle; he took it out and dropped a blot, large as a tea-tray, on the paper. He drew in his breath; Joan felt sucked towards his mouth. He knit his forehead in a frown deep as a rut in the road-side, and he began slowly to move his pen.

"Is it X or M?" he asked, in a mutter like low thunder. He had forgotten the first letter of his name.

It was so droll to see this vast monster doubled up over his task, looking so satisfied, that Joan burst out laughing. Her laugh went circling up. Another sound answered it; but it was no laugh. It was a wailing and sobbing.

INSIDE GIANT WANT'S CASTLE.

Joan looked around her in dismay. The place Punch had brought her to was not at all like a castle; it was more like a series of hovels—a labyrinth of hovels. The ground was slippery with mud; the wind blew through gaps and gashes in the roof and walls. What between the howl of the wind and the dismal sounds, the place was like a great wind instrument, playing a mournful tune; shrieking, sighing, sobbing.

Little Joan's heart froze within her with fear.

"It is too bad of you, Punch, to have brought me here," she said, with a sneeze.

But Punch wagged his head. Through the gloom he appeared, Joan thought, more than ever

like a gigantic imp.

"You should not have said it," he replied, in his cracked voice.

"What *did* I say, Punch? Tell me what dreadful thing did I say?" implored Joan.

"You said you did not like the poor," Punch answered, striding off on his long legs.

Joan hung her head. She hesitated a moment. Should she follow Punch, or should she stay behind with Giant Ignoramus? She glanced back and saw what she had not observed before, that the giant had a mighty club, and that the ground around him was strewn with bones, doubtless of those he had slain when they attempted to escape. At this sight Joan turned and followed Punch.

Ugh! it was a more doleful place than she could have imagined. Lean cats ran about, that looked as if they had never lapped a saucer of milk; their green eyes seemed to dream of mice. Dogs were there with bones almost sticking out of their skin, and faithful eyes grown wolfish; black beetles that seemed to have nothing inside their shining scales; spiders that were all legs and no bodies. She pitied the very rats, they were all moustachios and tail.

Louder and louder grew that sound of weeping; Joan saw on every side of her men and women and children huddled together in rags, pale and thin. They were all looking at her as she passed; and continually there rose in her little heart the thought of what she had said, "I do not like the poor." All these unhappy eyes were fixed upon her, seeming to say reproachfully, "Who are you, who are so rosy and plump, who have come to tell us this?"

Joan wished she could run away where she would not see them; but Punch was walking on, and she must follow or be left alone.

Suddenly there came a blast so chill it was like a blast of ice, and Punch stopped.

"It is Giant Want on his rounds. Hide! He will freeze you, if he sees you," he whispered.

Joan crept behind Punch. She was trembling with fright; but she was curious to see Giant Want, and she peeped. She beheld a shadowy grey figure advancing, with two grey dogs, like wolves, sniffing the air, at its heels. The figure was, if possible, taller than Giant Ignoramus, but it was thin, like a skeleton; it wore a dress of rags, and a crown of lead on its wild, grey

hair. For all his thinness the giant had a commanding aspect, as if he were accustomed to rule. What was terrible to behold were his wild, roving eyes, his long bony arms, his skeleton hands and fingers, that moved restlessly about, as if seeking to grasp something; but it was air only they could grasp. His wretched eyes wandered hungrily, as if looking for something to satisfy him.

A terror seized Joan, that those wild eyes would see her, these unquiet hands seize her. She forgot Giant Ignoramus, guarding the castle; she forgot that Punch was her guide; she turned and ran. Through a twisting, turning labyrinth of hovels, she ran, where she could see nothing but the gleam of miserable eyes, looking at her in reproach; where the only sound she heard was that of weeping. Still on she ran, for she was afraid to stop. But pity came to her little heart for all these prisoners in Giant Want's Castle, and with a sob she cried out, "I am so sorry for you! I am so sorry for you!"

That moment Joan heard a sound, distant, but yet clear; it was that of a bugle. She stopped to listen; it seemed a blessed sound, holding the promise of a rescue. If she could but hear it

again she would follow. She listened; but the only sound she heard was that of weeping. She ran on. Then again—yes—again, she heard it. The sound of a silver horn. From whence did it come? She thought it sounded on the right; she ran that way. It came again; but now it sounded on the left. She turned back on her steps; and then again she heard it behind her. Whichever way she went, that sound seemed to come from another quarter.

It was like a tricky elf mocking Joan. She shut her ears not to hear it; and she went down upon her knees. She closed her eyes and crossed her hands. She tried to pray to God to guide her out of this fearful place, but she could not remember her prayers. Only one line of the little hymn she used to say at her mother's knee every night, came back to her. "Through the darkness be Thou near me." She said it over and over again—"Through the darkness be Thou near me"—and her little heart grew lighter.

Did some one call her? She opened her eyes. Yes; a few steps off Joan saw a small girl beckoning to her. The child's clothes hung in tatters about her. She had a pale, pinched,

patient face, and in her arms she carried another child almost as big as herself. Joan jumped up, and ran with all the speed of her feet towards the ragged figure. As she felt her hand taken in its feeble grasp, the lonely feeling left her heart. She had never had a little sister of her own; but all at once there came a new feeling of love for that tattered child with the heavy baby in her arms, who had come to her help.

The children smiled at each other.

"We must go up those stairs," said the ragged child.

Joan looked up and saw some narrow, circling stairs. As they began to climb, the bugle sounded.

"They are coming," said the pale child, nodding.

"Who are coming?" asked Joan.

"I don't know who they are," answered the little girl, "but they carry a white banner, with a red cross. They are coming to take us away."

"Hurry! hurry!" said Joan, pulling the child along.

She staggered under the weight of the baby.

"Go on; I shall follow," she said.

"No, I won't go on without you," said Joan, sturdily, slackening her steps.

"To arms! to arms!" sounded the silver bugle.

Hand in hand, Joan and her ragged comrade toiled up the stairs. Once Joan offered to carry the baby, but the girl shook her head. She looked like a little mother.

"I like you," said Joan.

"I thought you said you did not like the poor," said the pale child.

"I shall never say that again," cried Joan.

THE COMBAT.

Then came a great burst from the trumpet, and a cry, "To arms! to arms!" How spirited it sounded! They had reached the top of the stairs, and Joan saw they had come to where crowds of children were gathered about the barred windows of the castle.

They pressed against each other; they got up upon each other's shoulders; they climbed the bars of the windows. Crippled children, unkind-looking children, stupid children, kind,

gentle children—all were there, gazing out with eager faces. Floating in, like a voice of promise, came the sound of the silver horn. "To arms! to arms!"

What did it mean? What were the children looking at? Joan pushed forward. She had a glimpse of a fierce battle raging about the castle. A great host was approaching, carrying white banners embroidered with a red cross. The sun shone upon the standards; the wind spread their folds. It was the army of the Red Cross Knight. Joan saw their armour gleaming. But the army was not composed of knights only; women and children were in it. Some advanced with the soldiers to the combat; others remained praying and watching from afar. Their tender hands also held white banners aloft; their pure voices sang; over all floated the sound of that silver clarion.

Who were that mighty army fighting? Joan saw out of the black vapours round the castle spirits of evil rising; fearful shapes were encamped about it. No longer sluggards, as when she had passed into the castle; they moved actively about, defending it from the besiegers. It was a pitiless

battle between the knights and these ghostly guardians—how fiercely it raged! The dark forms coiled around the assailants, seeking to strangle them with their loathsome arms; they hung about their eyes like black cobwebs; they breathed upon them with their poisonous breath; they spread their vast bat-like wings, hissing, shrieking, clamouring. But the army of the Red Cross Knight dashed on undaunted. Hand to hand raged that fight.

The children watched it from above. Now the besiegers were hidden from sight, lost in the darkness, and the hope of the battle seemed gone; then again their good swords flashed through the darkness, and the gloomy shapes recoiled.

Backwards, forwards; victory now on one side, now on the other, the mighty battle raged.

Suddenly there came a shout and a crash—the knights had scaled the castle; they had climbed to the windows; they were battering down the bars of the dungeon. Strong arms were held out to the children; kind voices called out to them to be no longer afraid. A goodly multitude was pouring in to the rescue. Shapes

of evil were gathering in also. But the knights of pity could not be beaten now. They gathered the little captives into their arms, and dashed with them through the serried ranks of the enemy.

Again and again Joan pressed forward, crying, "Save me! save me!" but she was always thrust back by the evil shapes who hid her in their darkness. The fight was nearly over. One knight only remained; he was the leader of the host; he had been the first to come; he was the last to leave. Children were in his arms; they clung about his neck. He was preparing to leap with them out among the evil spirits gathered outside, when Joan rushed with outstretched arms towards him, crying, "Save me! save me!"

He turned, and smiled, "Just room for one more!" he said and he lifted her in his arms.

Resting against this brave and gentle heart Joan felt safe. Just at that moment she heard a sob; she turned to look—one little figure with a baby in its arms was left behind. It was the ragged girl who had led Joan there.

"Take her also!" said Joan.

"I can take one only," said the knight.

A great struggle passed in Joan's heart. Would she or that other child be saved? Must she be left alone in that fearful castle? But must she leave behind the child who had been like a sister to her?

"No! no! take her instead, and the baby too," Joan cried, disengaging herself from the arms of the Red Cross Knight; and she pushed the pale girl towards him.

In a moment he had done what she asked, and taking the other child and the baby he vaulted through the window. Joan heard the peal of the silver clarion, the cry of triumph of the knights echoed by that of the watching women and children; and then the darkness around her grew deep and deeper, and with a sob she fell on her knees.

THE ESCAPE.

Some one laid a hand on her shoulder. Was it Giant Want who had found her out? Was she going to see his roving wild eyes fixed upon her, and feel his icy breath, and the clasp of his skeleton hands? No; the hand was quiet;

its grasp was kind. Joan looked up, and gave a cry of joy. It was Punch. Punch looking friendlier than she had ever seen him look. His creased face was lit up with a smile that gave it a most comical expression of pleasure.

"Oh, Punch! I thought I should never see you again!" sobbed Joan, stroking his sleeve with her hand.

"Come along; we'll find some way out yet!" he said, cheerily, in his pleasant cracked voice.

Joan grasped his hand, holding it very tight with her own. They went a long way, but Joan did not mind this; through the twilight she could see the tip of Punch's nose and the tassel of his cap, and that glimpse had a most comforting and reassuring effect.

"Here we are!" said Punch at last, throwing open a door.

Joan found herself in a bustling scene. She was once more in the midst of children. Children pale and dressed in rags, but busy children—plucky children, who do not look up, so absorbed were they in work.

Some were making ladders out of bits of rope; others were making ropes out of bits of

straw; some were filing away with rusty nails at the bars of the grated windows. One who had got up on a ladder was making a hole in the ceiling. The plaster fell like snow as he worked. He jumped down when Joan entered.

"Will you mend the umbrella? If you help we'll get out before Dame Cruel comes. She makes her rounds at sunset, you know!"

"What umbrella?" asked Joan, eagerly.

The boy had a plain, honest face, surmounted by a shock of red hair. He stumped about on one leg. Joan thought she had seen him before. He was just like the cripple who blacked the boots at the corner of the street.

Stump! stump! went off the busy foot with its uneven tread, and stump! stump! it came back again. "There's the umbrella; mend it quick," said the boy.

It was the craziest, raggedest umbrella Joan had ever seen. It had half a stick; the silk hung all about in tatters; the bones stuck out like skeleton claws. "That is to be our balloon," explained the boy.

"That!" cried Joan, holding the umbrella at arm's length.

But the boy had not time to stop and talk. Stump! stump! away went his heavy tread; then stump! stump! back again it came, and the boy brought Joan a rusty darning needle, some odds and ends of thread, twine, and straw.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" he said; "we'll get out before Dame Cruel comes," and he was off again, climbing his ladder, and working away at the ceiling.

Joan stood looking at the umbrella. How could she ever mend it?

"Hurrah!" cried the boy, from his perch on the ladder.

Joan felt ashamed. Some of his courageous spirit passed into her heart. She sat down. She threaded her needle. She set to work. Pull! pull! How clumsy her stiff fingers felt; how hard to manage that rusty needle. Then the holes. Oh the holes! the holes! There was a slit between each protruding claw; a gash at the top, where the stick came out. In and out she pushed and pulled her needle. Her fingers bled. The thread grew crimson as it passed through her little hands.

"Is it nearly mended? Dame Gruel will soon be here," said the boy. Having finished

making the hole in the ceiling, he now set to mending a hamper, the bottom of which was out, and the sides crushed out of shape.

"We are to sit in that. It will be our boat, we shall fasten it to the umbrella," he explained, as he busily wove wisps of straw.

Punch was blowing with all his might into a bag, made out of old paper. Blow! blow! His cheeks swelled out on either sides of his eyes were hidden. The bag swelled out like an enormous plum pudding. What was that bag for?

Pull in, pull out, went Joan's needle. Her fingers trembled.

In and out, in and out, the boy wove his wisps of straw, making a bottom for the hamper.

The sun was setting behind the clouds as the umbrella, patched and darned, spread itself like a vast speckled mushroom; the hamper presented a sufficiently respectable appearance, when a step was heard outside.

"She is coming," said Punch.

The boy nodded. The other children hid away every trace of their work—all their bits of rope and nails—and slunk into corners.

Nearer sounded the footsteps.

Joan's fingers trembled so much she could scarcely hold the umbrella steady enough for the boy to fasten the hamper to the stump of the handle.

"Steady! Steady!" said Punch.

Ah! the steps are coming nearer and nearer. They are at the door; a hand is on the lock.

"Jump in," says Punch. In a minute the children are in the hamper. Punch, with the paper bag under one arm, leaps up and clings to the handle with the other. The umbrella rocks from side to side, and the balloon begins to rise just as the door opens.

Joan hears a howl of triumph; Dame Cruel's hands are upon her; they are dragging her out when Punch strikes the old woman on the knuckles, and the iron fingers loose their grip. The boy holds Joan by the hand. Punch is up again, clinging to the handle; with a mighty thump he thumps the bag, and out of it escapes a breeze that bears the umbrella up—up—as on a strong wind.

Joan shuts her eyes. She hears another howl of rage, she feels a lash of a whip reaching the hamper like the whisk of a furious animal's tail.

"Hurrah!" shouts the boy's shrill voice.

"Hurrah!" shouts Punch.

Then Joan opens her eyes. They are out of the roof of Castle Want. Punch is holding tight by one hand to the handle of the umbrella, with the other he waves his pointed cap in the air.

Up, up, goes the balloon—higher and higher. Is it going up to the golden gates of heaven? for a light is all round Joan. A voice is singing—a happy voice, that seems to have all summer in its throat. Is it a lark singing the praise of the fruitful earth, of the golden cornfields in autumn, of the blossoming fruit trees in spring? Joan thinks of the children shut up in Castle Want, away from the loveliness and plenty of God's world. Does she lean too much forward over the side of the hamper to catch a glimpse of that sorrowful prison, that now from this height looks no bigger than an ugly toy below? Does the balloon make a plunge, a somersault in the air? Joan is jerked out of the hamper, and is falling—falling—falling!

* * * * *

There is a whirring sound in her ears, some-

thing cold and damp touches her cheek. Joan starts up, she is sitting in her Spot is sticking his cold, trembling nose in her face.

"Rouse up, missy," says nurse. "It is time to dress to go down for dessert."

"Oh, nurse?" cries Joan, jumping up; "I've been in the fire."

"In the fire!" shrieks nurse, twisting Joan round and round like a teetotum. "Bless you, missy, you have given me such a turn. But there is not so much as a singe on you."

"I have been in it all the same," says Joan. "Punch took me in."

"Punch! I wonder you talk such nonsense, missy," said nurse, who felt huffy after her fright.

"It is *not* nonsense," said Joan, tenderly picking up Punch, who had fallen on the floor as she started up, yet feeling a little afraid as she put him back in the cupboard.



AUNT MEREDITH.



"That was the saddest mistake I ever made."

From my lounge in the corner of Aunt Meredith's room I watch her with half-closed eyes as she draws her low chair before the fire, and takes her knitting from the workbasket at her side. She is always busy, it seems to me; and when I think of it we six are enough to make work constant with her.

First, there is Uncle Clay, Aunt Meredith's brother, full of hobbies that require her constant attention.

"If I can only prove its worthlessness before he mounts it, I can save him a good deal of trouble," she says, when a new hobby is presented; and often she succeeds.

And there is Robert, just starting out for himself under Aunt Meredith's special guidance. There is Frank, another nephew, generous and

impulsive,—a regular tinder-box in temper,—with May, his sister, always ready, in her love for teasing, to put the match to the tinder-box.

And there is Richard—happy, rollicking Richard, of whom Aunt Meredith is never quite sure until she has herself tucked him in bed and sung him to sleep.

Then here am I; a cripple, dependent upon Aunt Meredith for every ray of sunshine that has crept into my poor maimed existence since the day I opened my eyes to the life which, but for her, might indeed have proved a curse to me.

So there are six of us, all under her care.

She thinks I am asleep, or else she would not have spoken of that fatal mistake which affected the current of so many lives.

The firelight plays upon her needles as she patiently plies them. The blaze rises higher, and forms, as she sits outlined against it, a sort of halo about her grey head.

She is thinking of the past, I know, and that "mistake," while she sits there waiting.

Robert is doing some extra bookkeeping, and will not be in until ten o'clock. May and Frank are busy with their lessons in the sitting-room.

Uncle Clay rode over to Richland to-day, and did not return until late. Richard is asleep, for I heard Aunt Meredith singing "Rock of Ages" in the boys' room more than half an hour before she went down to give Uncle Clay his supper.

While she sits waiting for the last one of the household to come in, I am lying here thinking over that mistake she made.

Indeed, I often think of it. We cripples have so little else to do except to study books and people, and all these tedious years I have studied her until I think I know her great soul by heart. And I know all about that "sad mistake," although she does not dream that it is known to me. If I were to tell her that I learned from her own lips to call it a "mistake," I am sure that she would think the affliction that has dwarfed and tortured my body for almost forty years has attacked my mind as well, for she does not really look upon it as a blunder.

If she ever allows herself to think of it as such, it is only when she is troubled and tired, and her thoughts go crowding back, to fasten themselves upon the brightest spot in the past.

Such moments come to the bravest and best

of us. But I heard Aunt Meredith tell Uncle Clay only last night that "there can be no blunders in God's plan"; and if she can stand up so grandly amid the ruins of youth's promises and testify to the perfection of the eternal plan, few indeed have the right to sit in judgment on it.

I feel the warm tears trickling down my cheeks as I watch the figure in the firelight. I can remember the day when this white-haired woman, knitting stockings in the chimneycorner, was the merriest girl in our village.

"And the handsomest one," people said. "And the best one," John Eastman declared, when he asked her to be his wife. "And the happiest one," I heard her tell herself when John was gone, and with him her pledge.

I was child then, but I remember it. I am a child now, for that matter: a child in body, a man in years; but I remember it all as plainly as if it had been yesterday. I think we crippled ones have keener memories than those who share the mind's work with the body.

Aunt Meredith was an orphan, and had been reared and cared for by my mother, her

only sister, and Uncle George, her oldest brother.

The brother and sister tenderly discharged their duty towards her, and Aunt Meredith, always keenly conscientious, felt that an immense debt was accumulating against her; so that, when my dying mother placed my hand in hers, and with her last breath said, "As I have dealt with you, Merry," there was but one thing for Aunt Meredith to do. She accepted the charge of the little cripple committed to her care.

She was young then—just twenty—and was soon to have been John Eastman's wife. When she had accepted the new charge, she sent for her lover to tell him that the marriage must be postponed.

He protested, but Aunt Merry was firm. "Just one year, John," she insisted. "Then we shall be better able to accept the new—charge."

She would not say "burden," but it was a burden to lay upon her young shoulders—a cruel sacrifice to ask of one who, having never known a home of her own, was about to step into that sweet peace which is found nowhere but about the family fireside.

But she did not hesitate. "I am only paying interest upon the debt I owe his mother, John; I can never hope to pay the principal," she urged.

John Eastman smothered his disappointment, and said, "It shall be as you wish, Merry; but it will be a very long year to me."

Before the year ended Uncle George's wife died, and her two children, Robert and Annie, were added to Aunt Merry's charge.

She hesitated when Uncle George came to ask her to come over and take charge of his house.

"No, George," she said, "I cannot."

"Just a little while, Merry," he begged; "until we can get things in working order—just one year."

"But there is John!" she insisted. "I owe something to John."

"And to no one else, Merry?" asked Uncle George. "What if Eunice and I had not cared for you when you were left alone?"

She turned pale when Uncle George reminded her of her obligation. After all, more would be expected of her than the mere interest upon her

debt. Like many other debts whether of money, of gratitude, or of affection, hers had come to face her at the moment when she was the least prepared for it.

Her lips trembled when she attempted to speak; she put out her hand as if seeking some support, and rested it heavily upon the back of a chair.

I can never forget that scene. Boy as I was, I realised that it was the sacrifice of a life. I lifted my poor twisted body upon my pillows, and from my corner watched the struggle my aunt was making.

Uncle George stood leaning against the low mantel, looking heavy-eyed and weary. Aunt Merry stood before him, with her hand upon the tall chair. The young face was growing grave—the girl had given place to the woman.

While I watched, the sunlight crept through the open window, and crowned the brown braids of hair with a kind of halo, just as the firelight touches the silver ones to-night. Then Aunt Merry lifted her head and said softly, "I will come, George."

So John Eastman was asked to wait a

second time. "Just one year yet, John," Aunt Merry begged. "Let me feel that I have at least paid my debt in part."

But at the end of the year she said, "There is so much to do, John; let us give the children one more year. We can spare so much time to them. Just one! I promise not to ask another, John."

With a heavy heart he answered for the third time, "It shall be as you wish, Merry."

I think Aunt Merry began to feel then that an unseen Power was shaping her life in a strange uncomprehended mould.

Strange indeed! Before the year ended a scourge passed over the city. The Angel of Death hung his black banner on almost every door. Uncle George was among the first to fall.

"God bless you, Merry," he said; "don't forget the children. God bless you!" With the blessing still on his lips, he left us.

Then she was glad that she had stayed with him; the sacrifice was fully repaid in that last blessing.

But the next day little Annie laid her hot

cheek against Aunt Merry's, and cried out that the fever was burning her throat. For eight days the little life swung in the balance; but on the ninth she crept into Aunt Merry's arms and whispered, "Good auntie!" just once before death set a seal upon the childish lips.

The black banner floated again from our door, and met an answering signal through all the stricken town.

Death played upon many heart-strings; but none, I think, were so entirely swept as was Aunt Merry's. She had scarcely seen the clay heaped upon the grave of little Annie before a messenger came for her. John—honest, patient John Eastman—was dying.

Poor Aunt Merry! The blows fell so fast that she had scarcely time to consider the magnitude of one before a heavier sunk it out of sight.

This was the last; when the light left John Eastman's eyes, hope left Aunt Merry's heart, to follow into and fix itself upon that unknown land into which his soul had drifted.

"Don't reproach yourself," he had said at the last; "you did your duty, Merry. God bless you!"

We never called her "Aunt Merry" after that—never but once. It was the day they buried John Eastman; and she turned to me with a look of hopeless sorrow upon her pale, sweet face, and said, "Call me 'Aunt Meredith,' child."

The years have crowded fast in spite of crippled bodies and hearts that give back echoless answers. Thirty and five; I have notched them upon my crutches; ten upon two, the last one fifteen. For the twisted body is well-nigh spent, and the last crutch is as good as new, save for the notches where my knife has recorded the years.

I have borne my burden tolerably, with Aunt Meredith's help. She has borne hers grandly without help.

Without help, did I say? Then I spoke too quickly; for one evening I found her sitting alone on the west piazza, among the honeysuckles and jasmine vines, watching the sombre cloud-banks piling across the sunset, or forming into a purple bridge to span the crimson cloud-lakes.

She did not hear my crutch upon the soft

sward, and her voice was scarcely more than the hum of the bees in the yellow jasmine.

"No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of God."

Every step of my life, the clouded and the cloudless, has been blessed and brightened by her. She has paid her debt, interest and principal, and is now herself the lender; for when Uncle Clay's wife died ten years ago, four others were admitted to her household—Uncle Clay himself, Frank, May, and Richard.

Frank and May have both been in to say good-night since I have been lying here thinking about Aunt Meredith's mistake. May hugged her with both arms, and said softly, "The blessedest, best auntie;" while Frank stood a moment behind her chair, and softly stroked the silver braids and recounted the day's trials and its pleasures.

"I shall be a man soon and take care of you, Aunt Meredith," was his good-night.

Aunt Meredith nodded and smiled, and went to open the door for Robert, pausing as she

passed my lounge to draw the covers more closely about my shoulders, while I lay here as if asleep.

Then for half an hour she and Robert sat there before the fire, while Robert told her everything.

First, he had thought he might take still another set of books to keep. By staying an hour later every night he could accomplish it. But Aunt Meredith said, "No, dear, it is not right to stay out so very late;" and the books were given up.

Then the clock struck half-past ten. Robert rose and lighted Aunt Meredith's candle; and again the halo seemed to form around the silver braids, and showed me the smile upon her pale face as Robert bent his head to kiss her cheek.

Now she is gone, and it is Robert who bends over my pillow and whispers, "Poor Clarence!" as he draws the covers ever so lightly over my chest.

And now he, too, is asleep; but his bed is so near that I can touch him if I choose. A little silver call-bell is in reach on the other side.

"You may want water, dear," Aunt Meredith said, when she put the bell there; as if I did not know what it is Aunt Meredith fears. It is the black banner on the door-knob.

But I am not thinking of that to-night. I am thinking of Aunt Meredith; and thinking of her life, so full of promise and so barren of fulfilment, and of my life so devoid of promise and yet so full of peace.

I am thinking, too, of the lives of the children asleep in their beds; of the young man about to enter the world—pure of heart and strong of purpose; of the graves of the two men who blessed Aunt Meredith with their last breath; of the dying pillows made easy by her promises; of the little child who only left the shelter of her arms to slip away to God's.

When I remember these, I bless Aunt Meredith's mistake.

THE WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.



Marian Grey's heart was full of bitterness. Two years ago she had gathered these very white chrysanthemums, of the first week in November, to lay on her mother's coffin. There had been plenty of the usual funeral flowers—japonicas, and tube-roses, and white heath, and the rest; but Marian had stolen out and gathered the chrysanthemums because her mother loved them, and because they grew in the old garden at home. "She will not care for the others," she had said to herself; "she always loved our own flowers best, and she shall take them with her." Marian was fourteen then—old enough to mourn for her mother passionately—old enough, too, to understand and feel deeply what her mother said to her just at the last. "You must care for papa and the boys, Marian. You will be mistress now, I think, young as you are. At least, you

can be, if you are so careful of papa's comfort that he doesn't feel the need of getting any one to keep house; and I trust the boys to *you*. You must be the elder sister and mother too, and never let them miss me more than you can help." And then Marian remembered how her mother's sad eyes had searched her face, and how she had kissed her at the end, and said, "It's a hard lesson for you to learn when you are so young, but you must always think of yourself last, and by-and-by you will see that that brings its own exceeding great reward."

Mrs. Grey had lived several hours after that, and had kissed Marian, again, and kissed the boys also, and blessed them, and then gone to sleep, like a child, on her husband's shoulder, with a child's smile on her lips, and a beauty, as of long passed youth, at which the children wondered, on her face. But Marian always felt that her true parting with her mother was in those few moments when they were all alone, and mamma had charged her to be her father's comfort and the boys' mother.

And she had tried faithfully. She looked back now over the two years that had

passed, and she said, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, "Yes, mother, I have been faithful!" She had left school, and devoted herself to making her mother's place good. She had kept the same servant her mother had; and the woman, touched by the unconscious pathos of the young girl's efforts to make good that vacant place, had helped her silently in a thousand ways. And Marian thought she had succeeded. She could not see that any comfort had been lacking in her father's home; and, as for the boys—Hal and Geordie—they almost worshipped her. "But of what use had it all been?" she thought, bitterly, for now her father was going to bring home another wife in her mother's stead. He had told her very tenderly, to be sure. He said that he felt she was too young for so much care. She ought to be in school; and in bringing home to her for mother the only woman he knew, who seemed worthy to fill her own mother's place, he felt that he was securing as great a blessing to her as to himself; and then he said, as he kissed her good-bye:

"Make the house look as pretty as you can, won't you, Marian? Elizabeth loves beauty. I

don't think there are many flowers left, except those white chrysanthemums; but I wish you'd put some of those in her room."

Marian thought she could have borne it all, if it hadn't been for that last request. The white flowers that she had gathered, just two years ago, for her mother's funeral, to do duty now, as bridal flowers, for the usurper! It seemed to her this was the one drop too much. She did not consider that her father could not have thought of this, that, indeed, he probably never knew that she had made the wreath of them for her mother's coffin at all! Her passionate girl's heart swelled almost to bursting with the bitterness of the thought that she was to use the flowers she had always held sacred to her mother for this new bride's pleasure.

"Oh! she shall have them all," she cried, passionately; "and much good may they do her! They are funeral flowers. It is a bad omen."

Then she went out and gathered them every one. She made bouquets of them for the mantel; she put knots of them in the looping of the window curtains, and a glassful upon the bureau. Everywhere in her new mother's room gleamed

their whiteness, fit alike for bridal or for burial. In the parlour below she would have none of them. That was garnished with the fire-tinted leaves she had gathered in the late September, and with the pale, bleached ferns she had brought home in October—ferns that seem always like the ghost of the dead summer, holding none of its warmth or brightness, but only a hint of its vanished grace. Then she went into the kitchen, with the pretty little mistress-of-the-family air which became her so well.

“Bridget,” she said, “Mrs. Grey will be coming to-night. Let us give her a good supper; she will need it after her journey; and then,” she added, her native honesty coming to the front, “I don’t want her to think no one knew how to keep house until she came.”

Bridget understood and smiled. There was no danger but the coffee would be clear that night, and the teacakes light, and the broiled chicken done to a turn.

Then Marian went into the parlour, and sat down in her mother’s chair. Should she have to give that up too? Her eyes filled with tears, as they had so many times that day. She closed

them, and her thoughts went back to the hour when her mother had bidden her good-bye. She thought the whole scene over, as she had so often, and seemed to hear every one of the words afresh, in her mother’s low, tender voice. And, somehow, a new sense of her mother’s meaning came to her, “You must always think of yourself last,” her mother had said—Was she doing that now? Was she not thinking of herself first—of her own pain—of the wound to her self-love in being set aside where she thought she had done so well—of having someone else nearer to her father than she was—of being no longer at the head?

“No,” she cried hotly, “it’s *not* that; it’s having someone else in my own mother’s place. He has no right—no right.”

But a tender, unseen presence seemed near her, all the while, breathing gentler thoughts. Something told her that her mother, up in heaven, would not be jealous for herself; and something else asked her if she were sure she could so devote all her future to her father as to keep him from needing that companionship which is the very life and soul of living. She would not

yet confess it, but she knew, in the soul of her soul, that she had been wrong; and, as she got up to call the boys, she said to herself, "Think of myself last; yes, I can try to do that for your sake, dear mother; and for your sake I will keep the boys as happy as I can. If they are too young and unreasoning to feel it all, so much the better: you would not want their hearts to ache as mine does."

She went to the door, and called the little fellows playing outside, and they hurried in.

"Come, boys," she said; "you must go and dress. I want you to look nice when your new mother sees you for the first time."

The boys looked at her curiously. Not at all in this tone had she spoken of the new-comer before. Was *she* going over to the enemy?

"She ain't my mother, is she?" said sturdy Geordie.

"She's not your own mamma," Marian said resolutely—trying to do what her mother would have wished; "she's not the dear sweet mamma whom God gave you first, and then took home to heaven, because I do believe she was too good for this world; but she's your new mother, whom

papa thinks it best for you to have. We ought to know that papa's judgment is better than ours; and he's been too good a father to us all our lives for us to have any right to suppose he is not doing now what he truly thinks will be best for us."

The words had cost Marian a great effort, but she uttered them quietly and resolutely. The boys felt that she was in earnest, and went away to dress, with a new sense of trust in their father.

"But, mother, it is *so* hard," Marian cried out when she was left alone. "How can I? Oh, how *can* I?" And she thought, no doubt, it was her own excited fancy; but she thought she heard a voice say—a dear voice, whose tones she would know of all the world—"But the end is peace."

Night brought the new mother. The boys had been growing reconciled to the idea of her since Marian's words of an hour before, and they ran to meet her with smiling faces. Marian tried to go forward too; but it seemed to her that her feet were fastened to the floor, and it was all she could do to stand still, and keep the

tears back. "Here are the boys," she heard her father say, cheerfully. No doubt he and his bride kissed them; but she could not see, she was for a moment so very, very dizzy. "And here is Marian," in the same cheerful voice, "my own daughter and my faithful little house-keeper."

Marian looked up, struggling with herself, and saw her new mother. Her own mamma had been, perhaps not beautiful, but lovely—a woman whose sweet charm every beholder must feel. If this one should be younger, and handsomer, a flighty girl-bride, Marian felt that all the grace in the world would not keep her from hating her. But she looked, and saw that she might well have trusted her father. The new wife was a large, fair woman, not beautiful, but with a noble and serene face, where large and generous thoughts had their home. She was certainly not younger than Marian's own mother had been; and in the sober richness of her dress there was none of that flightiness that Marian had dreaded. The girl's judgment was forced to approve; but her heart was alien still. She went forward a step, and put

out her hand. No doubt Mrs. Grey understood her feeling, for she made no ardent demonstration. She only bent a little—she was a tall woman—and touched her lips to her new daughter's brow; and then she said something about the pleasantness of the house, and Marian took her up stairs to her own room. She looked around as she entered it, and saw the white chrysanthemums gleaming everywhere. Marian, who was furtively watching her, thought she grew a little pale; but she only said, very quietly,—

"My father brought me home a new mother, Marian, when I was just your age. I understand it all." Marian's heart warmed towards her a little then; but it grew hard and cold again when she went down stairs, for she found her father in the parlour, looking unmistakably happy and radiant. Had he no heart, no thought for the dead, who had lived there with him so long? In that moment she felt as if she hated the new-comer. Her father drew her towards him.

"Well, girlie, surely you like her?" he asked, eagerly.

She withdrew herself from his arm.

"I am not a man. I think I was not made

for forgetting," she answered, coldly.

Her father's face darkened. He spoke with a tone different from any she was accustomed to in his voice.

"Marian, you knew your mother well. Do you think she loved me so selfishly that, since I could not have her, she would prefer that I should live out my life alone? If that were so, she must have changed, indeed, for she always thought of herself last."

Marian could not answer, for just then the new mother came down the stairs, and took what was to be henceforth her household place. It was not in the chair that had been the dead wife's. Had she avoided that by some delicate tact? or was it only that she was another mould of woman from the first wife, and her taste was different? Marian never knew.

Time went on, Marian went back to school; and she really enjoyed her freedom from care, her opportunity to return to the books she loved. Only there was a cold, hard spot in her heart, and she would not own to herself that there could be any gain in the coming of a new mother into her own mother's place. All the

winter passed, and the spring, and the summer; Marian was perfectly respectful, perfectly obedient, always kind; and yet her father, who knew her so well, knew that she was no more like the real Marian than a stone statue is like a living woman after whose graces it is modelled. It was the one bitter drop in the sweet cup of his new domestic happiness.

With October he was taken very ill. A typhoid fever, which had been prevalent, seized him; and for a long time there was great doubt whether he would ever recover. Then, for the first time, Marian realised what their household had gained when the new mother came into it. She herself would have done all she could; but she lacked the wisdom and the experience which made Mrs. Grey the most perfect of nurses.

"Will he get better? Is there any hope?" she asked the old doctor, whom she had known all her life, one day when he was going away.

"If he does," was the answer, "his wife will have saved him. Such care I never saw."

Marian went out into the old garden. It

was the first week in November, and the white chrysanthemums were all in flower. "Would she be gathering them next to put on her father's coffin? Oh! what would the world be worth then? Had she made him happy this last year?" asked her conscience. "If he had been happy, surely he did not owe it to her. She had been thinking of herself all the time; of her own pain, and loss, and heartache. If he got well, would he ever forgive her? If he died, could she ever forgive herself?"

She stood there leaning sadly over the white flowers, which meant death to her. She did not hear any approaching footfall, and she started, in surprise, when her step-mother's hand touched hers.

"He is asleep, Marian. Oh, so calmly and sweetly! I had to come and tell you, for there is hope now."

"And *you* will have saved him!" Marian cried, her eyes shining through their sudden tears with such a light as Mrs. Grey had never seen in them before. "The doctor said it would be you, if he lived. You have saved him for me, and I have never loved you."

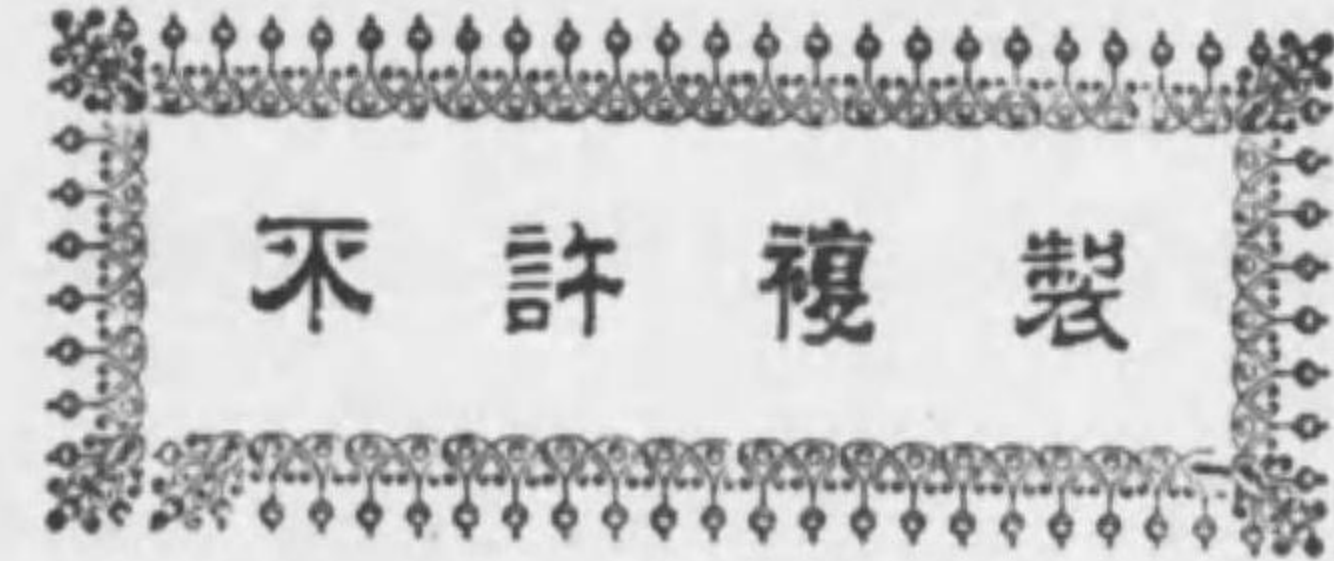
"Was not that because you thought I expected to be your mother?" Mrs. Gray asked, with a quiet tenderness in her voice and manner. "We can have but one mother, and if you call me so, it is only a matter of form. I cannot be to you in place of the dead; but I *might* be your friend, dear, just as if I were not your father's wife."

Marian drew closer, and clung to her, silently—she could not speak just then.

"Don't you know I told you that first night that *I* knew it all? When I saw those white chrysanthemums they almost broke my heart, for they brought an old pain back so keenly. I had gathered them once myself, and put them in the chamber of my father's new wife, as you had done in mine; and I had suffered just as you did. But, long afterwards, I knew that a blessing had come to me with her; and I meant to be a blessing to you if I could."

Still Marian did not speak; but she bent and gathered a little knot of white chrysanthemums—the purest and brightest she could find. She touched the little posy to her own lips when she had made it, and then fastened it in her step-

mother's bosom. The white chrysanthemums had been flowers for the burial and for the bridal; and now they were the blossoms of reconciliation!



不許複製

英文叢書 第十一編

定價金貳拾貳錢

明治三十六年七月一日印刷

明治三十六年七月四日發行

明治卅六年十一月十七日訂正印刷

明治卅六年十一月廿一日再版發行

著作者兼發行印刷者

東京市京橋區銀座壹丁目二十二番地

大日本圖書株式會社

代表者 專務取締役 宮川保全

發賣所

東京市京橋區銀座壹丁目二十二番地

大日本圖書株式會社

大阪市東區北久太郎町四丁目十七番屋敷

大日本圖書株式會社支社

各府縣下 特約販賣所

告 護

第一高等學校教授文學士柳都太郎校閱

大日本圖書株式會社編輯所撰訂

教科適用 英文叢書

Students' English Series

第一篇より第十二篇まで既刊 定價各篇金貳拾貳錢
 英文教科書の好良なるものを缺くや久し好良なる英文教科書を要するや切なり弊社茲に見る所あり各高等學校中學校專門學校及女學校の英語教授の任に在る諸氏を歴訪し中等教育界の英語科の教科用書に對する新希望の何處にあるやを察知し故人より現存の作家に至る迄のうちより最も我國の學生に適當なるものゝみを精密に選擇し且つ巧妙に案配したるもの即ち上記の學生用英文叢書是れ也從來の教科書の單調を破ると共に讀本の散漫に陥らず舊陋を蟬脱して本書獨り斯界に擅にする特色二あり三學期を標準として第一外形に於て約三種の文體若しくは文類を配し第二内容に於て趣味の調和に最も周到なる注意を拂へり每編難易同じからず從つて程度を異にすと雖も猶ほ中學三年級を以て其最低程度となせり教科書として適切なるは勿論獨學の士と雖も進んで本書を播き以て彼の趣味教育の美名の下に世上に流布して却つて學生を毒するものと混視するなからんことを望む

大日本圖書株式會社出版圖書特約販賣所

- 田、博文社、**熊本縣** 長崎、**大分縣** 甲斐、野依、梅津、**鹿兒島縣** 吉田、久永、**津縣** 豐見城、有馬
高知縣 松井、津野、谷、野崎、**香川縣** 集英堂、虎興號、**左衛門縣** 河内、牧川、**德島縣** 菊竹、石
 向井、土肥、**高知縣** 澤本、**和歌山縣** 宮井、**岐阜縣** 郁文堂、岡安、**石川縣** 近田、宇都宮、古香堂、
 大蘆、安達、**山口縣** 白銀、小原、藤川、村田、**香川縣** 宮脇、入江、筒井、**高知縣** 黒崎、**徳島縣** 品
 川、四村、**岡山縣** 武内、**廣島縣** 鈴木、原田、兒玉、**鳥取縣** 藤谷、徳岡、今井、**島根縣** 川岡、
岡山縣 中田、學海堂、**兵庫縣** 熊谷、竹内、福浦、石田、中井、**奈良縣** 木原、高橋、**徳島縣** 品
徳島縣 柳田、**香川縣** 北光社、**徳島縣** 松田、目黒、高桑、万松堂、野島書店、高橋、万松堂支店、中山、
 伊吉、浦山、今泉支店、**北海道** 小鹽、萱間、白鳥、川南、池田、魁文舎、一二堂、山本、最上谷、
山形縣 牧野、五十嵐、盛文堂、日向、**秋田縣** 成見、藤島、東海林、**青森縣** 今泉本店、
栃木縣 内山、永樂屋、**福島縣** 陽文堂、虎屋、丁子屋、**宮城縣** 藤崎、**岩手縣** 佐藤、文港堂、
 堂、盛化堂、水野、**茨城縣** 多田屋、**茨城縣** 南龍堂、宮田、寺田、川又、伊沼、大塚屋、明文堂、
長野縣 水琴堂、朝陽館、西澤、日新堂、盛文堂、小林、**群馬縣** 煥乎堂、文江堂、**埼玉縣** いろは
神奈川縣 古澤、吉見、菅沼、谷島屋、大石、**山梨縣** 柳正堂、**愛知縣** 川瀬、永東書店、**三重縣** 安屋、
 中、三宅、北村、本田、**京都府** 村上、松田、河合、若林、石敢堂、**滋賀縣** 田沼、丸屋、弘集堂、
 梅原、三木、柳原、石井、前川、丸善、石田、吉岡、岡島、金川、中村、小谷、中川、金尾、此村、田
 永館、東京堂、播磨屋、金刺、穴山、松邑、北隆館、東海堂、森江、杉村、中野、三友、**大阪府** 松村、
和歌山縣 丸善、嵩山房、青野、内田、文會堂、文林堂、大倉、林、仙鶴堂、水野、中央堂、中西屋、寶

(明治三十六年一月調)

(2)

英文叢書 既刊目次

第一編 改訂 チェックン ス 抄

ホーガーズ夫人に興ふる文其他十六編の書翰とお隣りの人等 數種の短篇と及びクリスマスカロルの抜萃とを配合せり

第二編 撰訂 米國三名家抄

アーヴィングの肥滿紳士等 數種の短篇とウェブスターの紀念碑演説とホーソーンの新舊兩年等數種の短篇を配合せり

第三編 撰訂 少年用物語抄

アスコットホープの教訓小話盜賊遊戲とウィルヘルム ハウフの神伽話二篇とデーヴィッドの生立ちとを配合せり

第四編 改訂 近世三冒險譚

コッチレーンの筆に於ける僅々二十年前の北極探險及北東通路發見の記事とイーワングが火急事の抜萃とを配合せり

第五編 改訂 チェローム、ケー、チェローム抄

行文流暢機智如湧英國現文壇無双の滑稽作家と喧傳せらるる氏の短軔三人乗及小説創作相談を撰訂改作せしものなり

第六編 改訂 マークトウェーン抄

米國印文壇無双の滑稽作家たる氏の變手古な夢等數種の短編と停車場の朝食等數種の抜萃と及び一長編とを配合せり

第七編 撰訂 少年學校物語抄

ホープ等五作家の短篇 小話を蒐む彼國學校の光景 活躍たると共に本邦學生亦鏡に對して自己の妍醜を寫すの想ひあり

第八編 撰訂 少年氣質物語抄

西洋の少年を描出せんが爲めにドーデー等七作家の 氣質物語八編を撰訂せり本邦の少年之を讀みて感興殊に深からん

第九編 撰訂 少年海陸冒險譚

能く少年の興味を惹起して 不知不識其讀書心を旺盛ならしむるもの蓋し冒險譚を第一となす所収十一篇要は茲に在り

第十編 撰訂 少女家庭及學校物語抄

泰西少女の學校及家庭の狀況を描出せんが爲めにクローツァ 等九編の物語類を蒐む希くば本邦少女の好伴侶たらんか

第十一編 撰訂 少女用物語抄

メリソン等九家の作各一編宛を撰む料理談への 家庭物語あり 光線乘りの伽話あり幽禮かの學校物語あり案配尤も妙

第十二編 改訂 通俗科學讀本抄

動植物及地文の四科を三學期に案配したるもの也 文字 通俗卑近にして解し易く最も中學程度の科學熱を醫するに足る

第十三編 以下近刊

(3)

文學博士 南條文雄校閱

文學士 加藤玄智撰

教科適用 英文東洋學名家詩文抄

Extracts From the Works of Eminent Orientalists

全二冊 定價各冊 金貳拾貳錢

邦人が英語を學修するの困難なる一は其の章句文辭の新
奇なるに由るべしと雖も一は又書中記する所の思想觀念の
全く外國的にして從來之れと毫も親み無きに坐せずんばあ
らざ加藤文學士夙にこれを憂へ思想材料を一に邦人の豫め
聞き慣れたる東洋に於ける人文史上の事實に採り是等材料
の下に歐米諸大家のものせる詩文を輯めて以て本書を成せ
り本書の原作は輒近印度支那日本等の東洋諸學に精通せる
マクスミュラー。エドウキン。アーノルド。リス。デキッ
ス。モンエル。キリアムス。サミュエル。ピール。アー
サー。リリー。ポール。ケラス。グリフィス等の彩筆に
成れる名篇にして最も教科用書に適する様其の英を撮ひ筆
を鍾めて抜抄し更に南條博士の精確なる校閱を経たる上に
巻尾には一々日英兩語に由つて難解の文字に註釋を施し以
て參考に供せり

中學及中學以上の學校特に佛教の中學高等學校大學其他佛
教青年講習會等の講本として最適當なる教科書たるを信ず

(4)

山口縣萩中學校教諭 井上要二著

Everyday English in the Class-Room

全一冊 定價金拾八錢

英語會話に熟するに最も適當なる方法は他人に對し不都合なく生意氣なる嫌なき限りは成るべく英語を用ゐるに在り著者常に此の主義に據り多年經驗に問ひたる結果先づ教室内に於ける日常の會話を蒐集し編を分ちて(第一)授業の始(第二)窓及び窓掛布(第三)教科書其他(第四)復習(第五)注意(第六)其日の課業(第七)授業の終の七篇とし更に附録として(第一)單語集(第二)格言集の二篇を添へ且つ巻尾に白紙を附して自ら必要なる用語を書き入るゝの便を圖りたるもの本書即ち是なり苟も英語を學ぶものの爲には必携の良袖珍書たること疑を容れざるべし

ヘラルド新聞主筆 トーマス、サツチエル校閲
ヘラルド新聞記者 (翻譯主任) 梅澤 壽郎著述

How to Paraphrase

全一冊 定價金貳拾七錢

英文には自ら一定の解釋法を有すること勿論なるに從來邦人の爲に其方法を説示したるものなきは英文界の大缺陷と謂ふべきか著者多年海外に留學して實地に研鑽し當時マヤパンヘラルド新聞に於て翻譯を擔任し頗る此缺陷に就き憂慮する所ありて本書を作れり
本書は卷首に例言數十則を掲げ英文は如何に解釋すべきかの方針を詳説し次に歐米諸文豪の著名なる文章數十篇を把りて(第一)全章の大意(第二)各節の意義(第三)解釋文の三項を設けて縦横無盡に解釋を與へたれば英文を學修する者の爲に麻姑を倩うて痒きを搔くの感あるべく随つて作文に講讀に良師益友たること信じて疑はざる所なり

特48-167



1200800209283

終