



Dolly at the organ. — Page 47.

DOCTOR DICK.

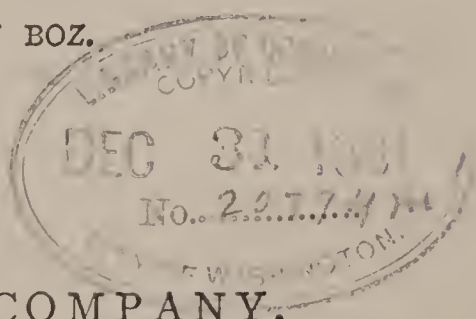
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12-40146

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BOSTON:
D. LOTHROP & COMPANY,
FRANKLIN STREET.

1851

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TO MY OWN DEAR BOYS
DOCTOR DICK.
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY
THEIR MOTHER.

A PREFATORY CHAT.

THIS is not a preface, my dear young friends. I do not believe in them, and I know at least a score of young people who say "Oh, skip that, and begin the story!" Do not skip this. I want to thank you one and all for your cordial reception of *The Six Little Rebels*, and answer here the numerous letters concerning them.

The "college girl" who was just crazy to read Doctor Dick, can now read the following pages and be restored to reason; and "the boys of Riverbank School" will find something to interest them, although we cannot gratify their desire to hear about "some famous battles."

The "Georgia school-girl" who is in love with Dolly Warrington, and the academy boy "who likes them all, but Reggie a little the best," will now have an opportunity to become better acquainted with our dear friends. No one save the writer can know the mischief and goodness of each character, or the impossibility of describing them fully in one small book. Even now, when the chapters are ready for the printer, the Rebels themselves come trooping in.

One cries: "Why didn't you tell about the race on Charles River?"

Another says: "Did you forget Doctor Dick's famous dissection of a cat?"

A third asks: "Why did you leave out the account of our trip to General Gresham's tobacco factory?" And Miss Lucinda, always kind and considerate hitherto, says gently:

"It would have been kind of nice to have told 'em about the 'Lobster class,' and Dick's 'Sermon on a Clam.'"

In utter despair I put down the chapters and ask as sternly as possible, if they suppose that any sensible publisher desires to issue a juvenile the size of a *Webster's Unabridged*?

Before any one has answered, or can answer, the door opens, and a tall, broad-shouldered young man, with brown hair and a silky moustache, enters. He holds in his hand a cane with an owl's head upon it, and the great eyes glare at us as the young man speaks:

"Oh, rash and cruel friend! why did you leave me standing alone before the public in the attitude of a conceited fop? Why did you tell all the world that I objected to Dolly's course of study?"

"You did! you did! you did!" calls a chorus of voices from the next room, and instantly the cane is brandished in that direction, and sounds issue therefrom which denote a playful struggle; then a clear soprano voice is heard saying: "Don't, Wally! don't, Charl! you will hurt my dear Doctor Dick." Little Bertie is paying us a visit, and the boys have a short vacation.

Presently Dick comes back to us uninjured: the owl, however, has lost an eye in the contest. Dick throws the stick on the sofa, and seats himself, saying, in his own half-mischievous, half-tender fashion: "Do write another book, and let the world see my angelic side; confess, now, it does exist: and you must help me show it to poor Dolly."

"Ah, Dick," I say, "it does exist in all of God's children; and the true historian is the man or woman who can reveal it without the slightest taint of cant or hypocrisy."

As I look at Dick I think of the power he will exercise in the world. Strong of purpose, joyous, active, happy, generous, true, and, as he opens his arms to receive his little playmate, or "shipmate," as he loves to call Bertie, I add *tender*. Surely the dear God has work for all such in this beautiful world.

K. T. W.

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DOCTOR DICK.

CHAPTER I.

MISS LUCINDA IS MOVED TO WRITE A LETTER.



MY DEAR MISS DOLLY:

It's not often I feel moved to take up a pen, but sence I came back here I have done considerable thinking, and it ain't all on my own account neither.

“ When your pa wrote me such a kind letter and sent me a check for fifty dollars for ‘ extra wear and tear ’ as he said ‘ of my cottage ’ I was as near mad as I ever was in my life, and it don't do for fleshy folks like me to get riled up, it tends to heart trouble:

they say. Well I didn't keep angry long, it ain't my way; but I couldn't help saying that I was mor'n paid for all I did. I don't hold to old folks livin' alone, they get crusty, and selfish, and spiteful, and I don't want to be neither one nor tother. You young folks did me good and I shall always maintain till I die that considerin' all things you are just about as nice a lot as ever grew. About that fifty dollars I have fixed it all right. You see the other day I made what you call a little tower up to Cambridge. I wanted some new gloves and Josiah's folks was all needin' flannels and so I made a day of it and went to the stores in the mornin' early and then took a car over to Cambridge.

“ I knowed just where to find our boys cause Mister Dick had put it down on a card for me. I didn't ask more'n six times anyway — well, the woman who boards them she found out what I was after so she was kind of polite, though I don't see the sense of her dressin' up in a black silk in the

mornin' when she ought to be attendin' to her cookin'. Well, I waited a considerable spell and nobody asked me to take my things off; by-and-bye I heard a whistle and land sake, I should have knowed it was Mister Dick if I had heard it in Goshen. He was going right up the stairs to his room and I stepped out into the hall. 'Mister Dick,' I said, 'don't be in such a hurry.'

“‘Oh Miss Lucinda,’ he shouted, ‘bless your dear old heart,’ and then he come down from those stairs quick as a flash and kissed me right then and there. Mister Dick always did have a masterful sort of a way. Then we talked and talked and he wanted me to stop to lunch and I told him he would be ashamed to introduce such an old-fashioned cretur to his fine friends, and then he says just as natural as could be, the very way he used to talk in the old house.

“‘Miss Lucinda, when Dick Miller is ashamed of any true good friend you may hang him like Jeff Davis to a sour apple

tree. Clothes can be bought anywhere, friends grow; so off with the bonnet and wait for dear old Reg.' Of course I was obliged to, so to speak, and when Reg did come I just sot there between those two handsome young fellows and looked from one to tother.

"It was the greatest day I ever saw. The lunch was just what you might expect when the housekeeper dresses up in silk early in the mornin'. Dick said he was starvin' for some of my good cookin', and Reggie looked as if he only ate once a week an' then it most killed him. 'Boys', says I, holdin' out a hand to each of 'em, 'how would you like to have me come right up here and make a kind of little home place for you? I hain't no special call to stay with Miss Dolly now that the boys are all gone off to school but Bertie, and it seems to me if you could kind of tolerate my old-fashionness and so on we might be cosy?' Then Mister Dick cut up I tell you, he danced and shook my hand,

and whirled Reggie about, and said: 'The very thing we want. Budd's folks are in Europe, he'll come too, and there's Hawley from Connecticut, and three or four of our class, we will just fill up all your rooms and you are a jewel Miss Lucinda.' Well Reggie he seemed pleased too, and somehow I felt so sorry for him, he looked so peaked and sad; he needs *motherin'*, that's what he wants, and I have considerable of it in me if I am an old maid. Well those boys just flew round and almost before we knew it the house was hired and nearly every room taken by their friends. Dick he named it 'The Woodbox Annex,' and next Monday we begin housekeepin' in Old Cambridge.

"I have Josiah's wife's sister to do the roughest work an' his oldest boy to do chores. The boys will really have a home of their own, for I shall only keep things sort of slicked up for 'em and let 'em do as they please, besides I hold it's always best to set folks to work and Melissy, Josiah's wife's

sister, is kind of low down sence the shoe shops turned off some of their hands and the boy is a clear Dodge and wants to be earning some money.

“So on the whole I’ll keep the fifty dollars and use it to fix up the boys’ room, and if you an’ Miss Cora feel moved to send on any pin cushions or such like to make things kind of tidy, why I shall be glad to see ’em.

“Mrs. Miller has sent me an awful nice letter, she says she feels happy about the boys now, for she could do so little for them tied up in New York with her invalid aunt.

“When we are all settled I want you and your pa to come on and see us. No more for the present. From yours, most true and kind,

LUCINDA DODGE.”

It was a blue day at the “Woodbox” when this letter reached it. Like all young house-keepers Dolly had her trials. Smith the well-trained servant sent by Col. Brentford had acquired a taste for drink, and Dolly no longer dared trust her dear father with him.

Aunt Axy was getting old and was unwilling to acknowledge it, and little by little Dolly took new duties on her own young shoulders. Bertie was the same lovable, loving child, away every day at school now, because the Doctor was sure he required the companionship of other children.

Ned was with his cousins, Charlie and Walter, at a good but somewhat expensive school on the Hudson. In order to meet all these bills economy must be practised in the household, for no tidings had yet been received from Richmond, and the reports from Mrs. Neville were not very encouraging. Dolly found ample opportunity for outside work but little leisure for it. Her music could not be neglected; she had an idea that some day it would be a means of support, for this Dolly of ours had long since determined to devote her small inheritance from her mother to Reggie's education. "If I help him he can aid the rest," she said to her father, "and you see I could not

leave you to attend college as Cora does." Miss Lucinda was one of those unostentatious good souls whose chief business in life is to do something for others as if it were a matter of course. She could never enjoy her own knitting in her own quiet corner while some motherless child needed care. Her visit to Cambridge was the result of much thought, many sleepless nights, and earnest prayer; the beautiful self sacrifice which others might see in this step was all covered in her simple and generous soul by the one word *duty*.

Dolly's tiresome day had nearly closed; she had listened to Bertie's account of school affairs, heard his spelling lesson, planned the housework for the following morning, and was now too weary to practice while she waited for her father's return from the Medical Director's office. Aunt Axy brought in the letter and found her young mistress sitting in her father's chair, looking sad and lonely.

“Deed Mis Dolly,” said the old servant tenderly, “you is mopin, you is; we mus just git de young gemmen back, it aint de same place without ’em.”

“Yes, I do miss them” said the girl wearily, “we shall have some of them at Christmas, aunty, and after all it’s not very long to wait, since October is nearly half gone.”

“Well, here’s a letter honey, and it’s big ’nough to be chock full of news, maybe it’ll chirk you up a bit.”

Dolly seized it eagerly, letters were her chief delight now. She read it through rapidly, and then went to her desk which now occupied a corner of the study. “I shall answer her at once, bless her; dear me! how pleased papa will be; he has worried so much about not having her here this winter on my account, but we really could not afford it, and now the boys will have a home. On the whole” said Dolly, throwing down her pen “I will wait until papa comes, and I have talked it over with him.”

CHAPTER II.

HARVARD BUDD SHOWS HIS HAND AND CONSIDERABLE HEART.

WOODBEX. OCT, 18,—



DEAR MISS LUCINDA:

I don't know where to begin or end, I am so pleased with your new plan, and papa is so happy about it, that we have talked it over for hours. What a woman you are!

“Not one in a thousand would think of changing all their mode of life just to care for some boys who are only strangers to you, or were, when the war began. You are a dear, noble, unselfish, soul. Of course we will make pin cushions or anything else for the “Annex,” only don't tell the boys one word of it, please.”

“ I shall write Cora at once ; you know she is in Vassar College now and promises to be a fine scholar. I wanted to go dreadfully. I cried over it many a night when dear papa thought I was sound asleep, but you see it was not right. Even you, kind and good as you are, could not make papa’s life all I can, and he *shall* miss as little as possible. He said I might go, and wrote a letter asking you to come and help me get ready, but the letter was never sent, for I found him one day sitting in his chair looking at my picture and dear mamma’s, and he said aloud little dreaming I was near: ‘ My little woman, it will make the old man desolate to lose you too, even for a short time.’ Do you think I would let honors and books drag me from him after that? No, I had a little fight all by myself, and then one day I made him talk about the boys and I found we too had lost money by the war, and my darling was troubled about educating his wards for said he, ‘ Little woman, I shall do

by them as if they were indeed my own.' Then I made him promise that I should do my share and he has consented, so you see it is all for the best, dear Miss Lucinda, and perhaps I shall be loved, and do just as much good in the world as if I went to college.

"Now comes the tug of war, and it is for you to settle *this* worry also. Will you take under your motherly wing Ned, Walter, and Charlie? The big boys can be of great service to them and I know it will do Reggie good to look after them a little. Papa will pay you liberal board for them and they can attend the excellent public schools there. When Reggie and Dick first entered Harvard papa wished some way would open for the boys to be together. If your rooms are all full I don't know what you can do, but I am sure you will see *how* as you always have done. Now if we could be there would it not be charming? Here we must stay for the present. Papa goes to the Medical Di-

rectors' office every day on some Government duty; he says he likes it, but I am very sure he gets too tired; nearly every evening he falls asleep on the lounge.

“ Will Jack Montgomery give up Columbia and enter Harvard? Mrs. Miller wrote me that he thought of it. And now you dear good soul, when shall we send the boys, or better yet, when can Reggie come for them? Not until you are settled. Please send us a line yourself for Reggie says so little, and Dick capers so even on paper that we are uncertain what to do.

Your ever loving

DOLLY WARRINGTON.”

Letters now multiplied. Reggie wrote that the plan was perfect, as everything was which originated in the “ Woodbox;” Dick filled two sheets of foolscap with “ remarks ” on the situation; and practical Miss Lucinda set down business matters in good round figures. “ Of course she could have the twins, and Mister Ned; strangers would

not have the first chance if she knew it. Reggie and Dick had two beds in their room, the twins could have one and Mister Ned could occupy the little hall-room close by, she had counted on it for a kind of sewing room, but accordin' to present doings she shouldn't need much room to sew in. Yes, Jack Montgomery had turned his back on Columbia and would share Harvard Budd's room for the present. The house looked very well considerin'; was rather barn-like at first, but come to get in some furnitoor and fixins' it was a little more ship-shape. Dick and Reggie had worked like beavers and the lambrequins Miss Dolly sent was up in their room. Reggie couldn't leave without missing many valuable lectures, but I suppose he wrote you and those three boys can travel alone just as well. I'd trust Mister Charlie anywhere."

The tidings ran swiftly round the little circle. Cora wrote from Vassar that every moment was crowded, but thank fortune

papa kept her purse full; she wanted to send her donation direct to Dolly in the shape of a twenty dollar bill and Dolly the brave must see to it that every one of our boys had some little reminder of C. B. in the "Annex." Then Mrs. Miller always happy even in her great sorrow to brighten some face with pleasure, packed with her own hands the trunks of the boys and put in many a needed article, for said she in her note to the Doctor at Georgetown "I could not have those motherless lads go through New York without a bit of vacation." The "bit" lasted a week and the trio resolved that Mrs. Miller knew all about boys, and was just the cheeriest, brightest lady in the world. Then came the meeting in Boston.

Reggie, Dick, and Jack Montgomery went to the station to meet them. Every one in the house knew they were coming and Dick had related various stories of each, which inclined the young gentlemen favorably towards the boys. At the station Harvard

Budd was seen walking about to the surprise of all, and in response to Dick's queries as to "what was up" he quietly said: "Why you know our horses haven't been out much for a week and needed exercise and I thought you fellows wouldn't mind driving over."

"Oh I see, I see," said Dick, "a surprise as it were; well we are agreeable aren't we, boys? Luxury suits my style, Budd, and you're a trump for thinking of the little chaps."

"You couldn't well forget any of your party," said Budd politely. This same Mr. Budd was frequently considered a prig, a dandy, or as the boys have it "a swell." Like many another he was misjudged. It is true his clothes were made at a fashionable tailor's, and the number of his suits were almost legion, his gloves were faultless, his boots of the finest, and as to canes — well — some one once said that Budd senior was noted for canes, not brains. We must however do him the justice to say that he was neither

proud in a mean sense, or selfish, and considering the atmosphere in which he lived, he was singularly unspoiled. Doctor Warrington who never failed to detect latent qualities spoke of young Budd as a capital fellow who only needed the spur of adversity to make him a fine man. At all events, Budd made no display of wealth and generally offered some treat to his chosen friends with the air of one who would be indebted to them if they accepted. To him our boys owed many a favor. Sometimes a day's outing in the family carriage, sometimes the opera or a fine play, and always the use of his large library while the family remained abroad. It was growing cool when the train at last thundered into the station, and our young travellers were wondering if New England did not get up colder weather for October than any other section; they had little time for speculation before the cars stopped and they were at once surrounded by their friends.

“Gracious! how you have grown,” exclaimed Dick. “I say, fellows, these two rascals were in knee pants last year.”

“No, we weren’t,” said Charlie; “you’re thinking of Bertie.”

Ned Gresham had crept close to his brother in a shy half bashful fashion, not daring to make much outward exhibition of feeling lest Reggie might not like it, but very proud when Reggie held his hand tightly and said “This is my brother, gentlemen, and my cousins, I think you have all met before.”

“And these are all my adopted brothers, gentlemen,” chimed in Dick, “and the best I ever had.”

Then came the pairing off, and the getting into the carriage, while Reggie in his cool methodical way looked after the trunks.

“Now, boys,” said Dick, when they were all seated, “you must tell us about home. What did my dear sweetheart say and what do? Did Dolly join you in New York? Did the

doctor say he would place you under my special charge? Come out with it, news, news, I am starving for news."

"Charlie must answer," said Ned Gresham. "He has acted as spokesman since we left home and — Dick Miller?"

"Very good, Ned, very good, now Charlie —"

"Your mother was very kind to us, she took us everywhere, showed us New York in good shape, and I think fitted us out in order to save Miss Lucinda some trouble."

"Bless her," exclaimed Dick, "she's the dearest mother in the world."

"Except mine," said Jack Montgomery.

"I take off my hat to yours, Jack; she is worthy of a better son, but *my* mother is simply perfection." Reggie was looking sadly at him as he pronounced the last word, and the warm hearted Dick hastened to add: "She has mother-love in her nature enough for a regiment; she adopted every one of the boys at the 'Woodbox,' and this

rascal," pointing to Reggie, "calls her his other mother.' "


"She has been a comfort to us all since the day we first saw her," said Reggie earnestly. "I never feel like checking Dick when he talks of her; he could not praise her too warmly."

Dick's hat was off in a moment. He had never during his brief college days, felt so proud as at the time of her visit to him; a short hurried stay, but long enough to have the fellows see her and admire her in honest, gentlemanly fashion.

Evidently Harvard Budd had given secret orders to his coachman, for the drive was extended, and the fresh air revived the travellers before they reached their new home.

CHAPTER III.

DICK AS GUARDIAN.

 am tickled enough to see you," said Miss Lucinda, as she welcomed the bony, "and land sakes, how you've growed! who can keep you in clothes? Mister Charlie, you must have a stone put on your head, it ain't becomin' in you to get so much above your twin. Well Mister Walter, what's your head full of now? machinery I'll be bound; and here's Mister Ned, handsome as ever; well, well, boys, you are all to home now, and must make yourselves happy. I must go, for these late dinners keep a body busy."

And away went Miss Lucinda panting to the basement.

Who can picture the scene in the upper front room of the Annex that night? It was one to make a mother's heart leap for joy. The trunks were unpacked, and one by one the elder boys handled each article with tender care and loving comments on "dear Mother Miller."

Jack Montgomery was not forgotten by his mother, and Harvard Budd, who had lounged up stairs from his elegant room below, was surprised to find himself remembered also. Mrs. Miller had not forgotten his courteous attentions the summer previous at Beverly Farms, and her little gift was the very thing to please a fastidious young man, a beautiful ivory tablet with his name carved upon it. Reggie looked again and again at the law books which he had so long coveted, and lively Dick danced about in a new dressing gown with a case of surgical instruments under his arm. Of course he was envied by all his class, and laughed at not a little for the gift in season. "I ordered

them for you, my dear Rattlebrain, when our friend Doctor Weiner went abroad; he returned only last week, and I cannot wait until you come out a full fledged M. D., before presenting them. Your father will laugh at me of course."

This was written on a slip of paper attached to the case.

The confusion of tongues increased on the upper floor as the trunks were emptied, and at last, when beds, tables, lounge, and chairs were all covered, Miss Lucinda appeared.

"Well, I never," was her characteristic salutation, as she opened the door and the following tableau presented itself: Walter was carefully stowing away some models in the bottom of his trunk; Charlie sat between two piles of dry goods trying to discover some night shirts; and Ned was leaning lovingly on his brother's shoulder, while Reggie eagerly turned over page after page of his new treasures. The younger boy could not

understand a word of all he saw but it was enough for him that dear old Reggie was smiling and happy. On one bed lounged, gracefully of course, "Budd the magnificent," as the boys called him, and on the other Jack Montgomery's sharp eyes peered over the top of various articles, such as shoes, school-books, hat-boxes, towels, soap, skates, dumb-bells and the usual property of boys. Dick, the witty, wise and mischievous, known everywhere as "Doctor Dick," sat prone on the floor as near the centre as he could get, considering the presence of three trunks, and the condition of the room. On his head he had perched a new skating cap, his elegant dressing gown was literally thrown on, his eyes were sparkling, his cheeks rosy, and for once he was speechless; among the treasures he had discovered a box of confectionery, and at the moment of Miss Lucinda's entrance he was laboring with that adhesive sweetmeat, known as "Butter Scotch."

“Well, I never,” repeated Miss Lucinda, “how do you expect to get into your beds this night?”

Reggie sprang up to offer her a chair; Dick rose also, after many attempts, and presented the box of confections, while he made frantic efforts to exercise his jaws, much to the amusement of the rest.

Walter and Charlie began a vigorous hunt for certain articles, marked Lucinda Dodge, and the good woman seated herself with a look of dismay on her benign countenance. Suddenly her eyes rested on Dick who was still making absurd grimaces, as he vainly tried to free his handsome teeth and imprisoned tongue.

Even aunt Lucinda forgot her Puritan grimness and chuckled audibly; every one joined in the chorus; when tired of laughing, they sat to work with a will, and wardrobe and closet soon concealed all the garments which the the trunks had discarded; then came the arrangements for sleeping, after

which "Miss Dodge," as all the young gentlemen called her, went below, bearing her own share of gifts, while she said to herself, "Was there ever such folks? As aunt Axy used to say, 'They make a little bit of Kingdom Come right here on earth.'"

It was one of the fine points in Dick's character that so much strength and nobility was hidden beneath his sportive manner; when occasion offered he was as dignified and thoughtful as any college Don.

When the guests had left, Dick's manner became that of a business man. He had found out the proper schools, had investigated the subject of text-books, and knew exactly when, how, and where, the boys should enter on their duties. He had done all this while Reggie fully intended to, but was absorbed in his studies.

Dick's quickness aided him everywhere; where Reg plodded on faithfully, Dick sailed easily. Both young men were favorites with their professors, both stood well

in their classes, and the only matter of regret between them was Dick's devotion to medicine, and Reggie's decided preference for the law.

In society, Dick was a universal favorite while Reggie's quiet manner and natural reserve led some to question his reputed fine scholarship. Dick knew every pretty girl worth knowing, and owned a small photographic gallery of his own, wherein were displayed his numerous friends. His collection of pen wipers, slippers, cushions, and nick nacks, furnished much amusement for his friends in college. He exchanged rings, borrowed charms, wrote dainty notes, and rivaled "Budd the magnificent" in the number of his invitations, and yet, he was clear-headed, sure of himself, and determined to stand well.

"I think I have the elements in me which might lead to fastness," he said one day to Jack. "Oh, no, you haven't Dick," said Jack remorsefully, "you are so cool. You

know just when to say *no*, and stick to it; now I say no again and again, and then hate myself for giving in."

Poor Jack had been beguiled into attending a card party without ladies and his head was now dazed and painful owing to the champagne he had taken.

"You don't know," said Dick eagerly, "you don't know half the old Adam there is in us all, Monte, and the question is, shall it govern, or shall we? You see when I am tempted I think of that mother of mine; she said once, 'Never do anything, my boy, which you will regret when you are a man; he is most manly who is most pure.' Now Monte, if you would think of that little woman in New York who loves you as she does her eyes, you would stop short, and not get into scrapes, and then Monte, old boy, if you didn't pretend to be an infidel I might say that strength comes for the asking."

"I am not an infidel, Dick, I assure you,

but so much cant and nonsense disgusts me.

“I know, Monte, but who ever heard of counterfeit coin without the genuine? Good-by, I must cram now, before the little shavers come in; you know we fellows are sort of guardians to them, and Charl already declares you to be the prince of good fellows.”

“Confound it, Dick, I mean to be. Say I have a bad nervous head-ache, will you? but don't let the boys know the rest.”

Jack Montgomery had reached the point where he scorned himself, and every one knows it is a dangerous one in any young man's career.

CHAPTER IV.

CORA BINNEY HAS A WORD TO SAY AND SAYS IT.



DEAR REGINALD, AND DOCTOR DICK:
“Of course you have little leisure to think of old friends now, but it is best to write you as I agreed to. I am worried about our Dolly. How does she write to you? In good spirits I dare say, for she thinks you need cheering. *I* don't think any such thing. You have heaps of pleasure, little care, and if your tailor does not fit your coat to please, you growl (?) a little at him, and he makes another, whereas we poor girls dare not complain of bias, or gore, lest we be assailed as 'fussy,' 'over particular,' and 'hard to please;' you can if you will, give

all your thoughts to study and throw away clothes that require mending, we girls must plan, repair, and *despair*. However, about Dolly; mamma was in Washington last week, and of course she visited her "other daughter." She wrote me that it made her heart ache to see her so sad, so lonely, so patient. The Doctor seems quite nervous and unlike himself, but he *will* work; this worries Dolly constantly. Then she does not go out enough. She is 'too tired' she says, when her home duties are done, and she will study and practice just so much every day. Bertie grows finely; and aunt Axy flourishes; but my precious Dolly is lonely and sad. How could she help it, all alone. Even Mrs. Thorpe, who used to run away from her sick soldiers to sit an hour with her has deserted her now, for she has gone to the front on duty for the Sanitary Commission. Do think of something we can do for our kind, good friend, who has always done so much for others. Mrs. Miller would rejoice

to have her with her in New York, but her father says he will not leave his post for pleasure. Mamma urged him to spare Dolly to her until after Christmas, but the child would not leave him. Smith, I fancy is proving troublesome, and yet they dare not discharge him as he is now so well trained, and it is so difficult to find any one able to move Doctor Warrington.

“Do write me soon, and devise some means to brighten up the ‘Woodbox.’ One of the surgeons told mamma that Doctor Warrington would not live to see the close of the war if his friends did not restrain him; he was wearing himself out rapidly, and still contending with his old physical injuries. Dear man, we cannot spare him, even to our country. Your friend, CORA B.”

“Just like her,” said Dick, as he finished reading the letter.

“Who?” asked Reggie.

“Dolly; she’s not made of gutta-percha if she does think so. I have half a mind to

scold her well, for not telling us how matters were. Cora's a trump."

"Dolly needs love, kindness and care, rather than scolding, poor girl," said Reggie, with a rising flush on his pale face.

Dick smiled; not one of the "Rebels" would ever admit that Dolly could by any possibility be in error.

It was late that night before the two friends returned, and many plans were discussed; at last they determined to consult "Miss Dodge" as Mother Miller was too far away.

"What's become of his classmate, that funny doctor who was so kind to him?" said practical, far-seeing Miss Lucinda.

"We visited him not long ago," said Reggie.

"You might do worse than ask his opinion," said the good woman, "it's just possible that the Doctor could be coaxed to leave the 'Woodbox' durin' the winter as well as in the summer."

“I take, I take,” shouted Dick. “Reggie, let’s call on him early to-morrow.”

The call was duly made. Dr. H — was at home to the young gentlemen, and entered into their plans eagerly.

“You must have him with you,” said he, “bring him here; here in old Cambridge he will find his friends, and comfort his boys; bless me, it is dreadful to think of that poor child there so much alone. I shall write Warrington myself; we will get up a conspiracy, young gentlemen; we will storm the ‘Woodbox,’ and my good friend must surrender.”

Back went our boys to the Annex, where Miss Dodge had already held a conference with Jack Montgomery and Mr. Budd; both gentlemen consented to give up their rooms on the first floor to the invalid Doctor, and Jack at once decided to be coached by him, and keep away from card parties.

Thus it was settled. Budd took a room next door, and Jack who did not dare trust

himself far from his good friend, willingly climbed another pair of stairs to a small room which was hastily prepared for him.

Dr. H —— called himself, to say that the sooner the change was made the better, and his letter was already on its way. Reggie wrote a long pleading letter to his guardian, addressing him as a son might an indulgent father; Dick wrote as only Dick could write, mixing jest with earnest, and the younger boys wrote also, saying they never could get along well in their studies without him, and last of all, Miss Lucinda covered a full sheet with “reasons why.”

No sooner had the letters been deposited in the mail box than Dick had a new inspiration. He would be excused from lessons and run on after them; he could kill two birds with one stone. His father would be in Washington for a few days, and he was anxious to see him. He would pick up his mother in New York, and take her on. Both would help make ready at the “Woodbox,” and

Aunt Axy's coming would be a blessing to Miss Lucinda. Of course Reggie ought to go, but he could look after the youngsters better and "you know," added Dick with a merry twinkle of his eye, "that Dolly always would mind me."

Reggie knew only too well that Dick could better afford the expense, and also that his friend's active habits would make him a more useful companion.

"You must go, Dick, by all means," he said, "and do manage to send Smith away; my blood boils when I think of that miserable fellow making them all uncomfortable."

"The Doctor won't need any one here," said Walter. "We fellows can roll his chair and help him into a carriage, so that much will be saved."

"Wally is getting tremendously economical since he found out from Aunt Axy that Dolly saved all her spending money for us," said Ned.

"Who said so?" asked Reggie, suddenly

rousing. "Who dared to? I have been afraid of something of the sort; and that is the reason she's so sad." Reggie sat down and put his head on his hands.

Dick shook his head at the younger ones, and replied quickly:

"Why, of course she would, you silly fellows. Dolly looks on you as so many brothers, and I would not give much for either brother or sister who couldn't share a few pennies. Wait until we get Dolly here and you will see how little time she will have for sadness."

Reggie was comforted but not convinced. The feeling that he was a burden to his guardian constantly haunted him, and he could never get a satisfactory answer when he questioned the Doctor about their bank account.

Aunt Axy had one day hinted to the boys something about Miss Dolly's money which her ma left her, and how Miss Dolly said to her pa that "she would not use a penny

of it as long as her dear boys needed books or clothing." As to Bertie no one but Aunt Axy and Miss Lucinda knew that the little fellow's clothes were all made by Miss Dolly's own fingers out of some the other boys outgrew. It was a little hard at first to get the patterns which she always purchased nicely cut, to fit the limited amount of cloth, but Miss Lucinda had done wonders in that way for Josiah's boys and her hints were invaluable to the young seamstress.

"Papa and Reggie never even guess," she said one day to her counsellors. "You see Reggie is so proud he would leave his studies at once, and he shall not if I can help it."

Dolly had on this occasion, with the aid of her machine and Miss Lucinda made an entire sailor suit out of garments which Ned and Reggie had discarded. When they were fitted the Doctor and elder brother admired the selection, and

neither suspected the handiwork. Dolly knew that the money given her for the purchase of the suit supplied Walter with some coveted tools.

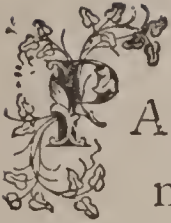
The long hours of patient labor, the weariness of body and the loss of time for her own studies, were all hid in Dolly's own kind heart. She was a brave little woman in all save years, and indeed, her years had been crowded full until she felt as old as dear Mrs. Thorpe.

That she never complained was due to her womanliness, but many a sad and lonely hour the dear girl spent in the old church, at the organ while Smith the unsteady, acted as bellows boy. She played her own troubles away as she practiced.

Sometimes she forgot herself, and Smith would be compelled to remind her that it was growing late; then she would rise wearily, close and lock the organ, and go home to prepare some dainty for her father whose appetite was poor indeed.

CHAPTER V.

LIFTED UP ABOVE THE CLOUDS.



“PAPA dear,” said Dolly one Saturday morning, “I think I shall spend most of my time at the church this afternoon; that new anthem is quite difficult, and I must practice it thoroughly before our choir meets.”

“As you think best, dear; only keep your wraps on for a time, the old church has a dampness about it which is to be feared at this season.”

“I will take Bertie too papa, he enjoys listening to me so much, and it is not so dreary as staying here alone with Aunt Axy.”

“And I,” said the Doctor, “will ask Baxter to drive me home so you need not be troubled if I am late.”

“No papa, Dr. Baxter has kept you out too many times for that.”

It was growing dusk in the old church, and still Dolly sat at the organ. Bertie had long since tired of piling the music books up for a fort, and was now lying fast asleep with his head on a pile of them, while his beautiful hair fell over his shoulders.

Smith at the bellows had exhausted the supply of apples which he had brought with him, and he was now pumping away with a deep scowl on his face, wondering “if Miss Dolly remembered that de choir meetin’ was comin’ in de evenin’.”

Dolly had indeed forgotten; her music had lifted her above all her surroundings. She had conquered the new anthem, and then gone through the psalms and hymns; now she had drifted into her favorite compositions. She felt like singing; the week

had been a trying one, she had more than once found her courage failing, but the end had come — to-morrow, the sweet, restful, delightful Sabbath would be here, and despite the horrid war, the presence of blue coats and bright buttons, and the prayers for victory she would find peace and quiet in the old church where the once beautiful mother had played the organ as she did now. Dolly always thought of her mother in church; she thought of her now as she sang in full clear tones the well-known words of Keble :

“ Let storm and darkness do their worst ;
For the lost dream the heart may ache,
The heart may ache, but may not burst ;
Heaven will not leave thee nor forsake.”

Through each verse the sweet voice soared up and up, until at last came those closing lines which have comforted so many hearts of young and old.

“Heaven’s light is poured on high and low;
To high and low Heaven’s Angel spake:
‘Resign thee to thy weal or woe,
I ne’er will leave thee nor forsake.’”

As the last words died on her lips, Dolly leaned forward and rested her head on the music-rack. Tears stole slowly down her cheeks, and her fingers still touched the keys.

“No one knows,” said Dolly to herself “no one can know but Him; it is so lonely sometimes; no mother, no brother, no sister, and poor dear precious papa growing every day less able to think of others. I miss the boys every hour; I miss Cora, Mrs. Miller, every one; but I *will* be patient, I *will* be resigned.”

She had not heard a step on the gallery stairs, she did not know that near her stood one whose own eyes were moist, and whose will was good to run away from the spot

although he had anticipated so much pleasure in seeing her.

“Dolly, cousin Dolly,” said the intruder, “have you only tears for a fellow when he has nearly broken his neck climbing up here to find you?”

Dolly turned quickly.

“Oh Dick,” she said, “I am so glad — is any one ill? where did you come from? I am so thankful.”

“Thankful for what Dolly?” said Dick, holding both her hands in his.

The old cheery Dolly came back as he held her there, and she answered lightly, with the tears still on her lashes.

“Thankful that you did not break your neck, Dick, and that you came to remind me of Bertie; the dear child may have taken his death while I have been mooning over my music.”

“*Mooning*, is it? I thought it sounded more like *moaning* when I came in.”

“Yes, Dick; I always think of mother

here, and sometimes I—well—where is your mother Dick?”

“When I have roused my little friend I will tell you,” said Dick. “Come Bertie, little ship-mate, how are you?”

“Oh, Dick, Dick!” exclaimed the child when his eyes were fairly open, and he saw who held him in his arms. “Oh, Dick, you darling, darling Dick! I dreamed I was in Heaven; and now it’s true, isn’t it?”

“Did you ever see an angel with a moustache, Bertie?”

“Never,” said the child soberly. “But yours isn’t a very old one is it, now?”

Dick was somewhat proud of the new adornment, and in his secret heart he was curious to know what his friend Dolly would think of it. Her laugh at the child’s remark vexed him, and he hastened to say:

“No, but would you believe it, I was so changed by it that Cousin Dolly hardly knew me; she was not half as glad to see me as you are, shipmate.”

“Let us go now,” said Dolly, hurriedly, “you know I must be here at my post this evening, and I shall find work at home.”

“Yes, let us go,” said Dick. “I never did fancy organ lofts as a place of residence. Smith, how are you?” he added as the black boy emerged from his place.

“Right smart Massa Dick, thank ye.”

“Then oblige me by opening a door down there, while I carry Bertie over the stairs.”

“I’ll tote him, Massa Dick.”

“Not if I know it,” replied Dick picking the boy up as he had done many times in the past. “No one can have my little brother while I am here.”

“’Cept Dolly, Dick. I love you and Reggie, and Wally, and Ned, and Charlie, and Miss Lucinda and Uncle Doctor, and papa, and poor sick Auntie, but Dolly *best of all*.”

“Oh, ho!” said Dick aloud, but in the boy’s ear he whispered, “That’s right, you

young rascal; she is your best friend."

Dolly heard the first words only, and her sensitive nature detected a little derision in them, but she bravely locked the organ, and followed Dick and his burden down stairs. Out in the air and light she forgot herself, and once more asked for Dick's mother.

"When did you see her last? I think it must be ten years since last summer."

"Really?" said Dick; "why the time runs away with us."

"You forget that Bertie, papa, and I, are alone here."

"Three people alone; quite a mistake I assure you. Let me see, when *did* I see my beloved mother last?" Bertie was now walking by Dick's side; the latter deliberately drew out his watch and gazed at it.

"Let me see; five minutes for the walk, five minutes for tumbling up-stairs, ten at the weeping scene, and ten more greeting your friends. Yes, I am right; it is about

thirty-five minutes in all, Miss Dolly, since I left my mother sitting on the sofa in your library, and — ”

“ Oh Dick, how could you ? ” exclaimed Dolly, as she darted away up the street, leaving Bertie and his companion far behind.

“ Richard, you’re a fool ! ” was Dick’s comment as he saw her disappearing around the corner. “ Now for your blundering you will miss seeing her when she greets your mother, a little picture you have thought of several times.”

“ Hasn’t Dolly grown pretty, Dick ? ” asked Bertie, as he looked confidently in his friend’s face.

“ Very,” answered Dick shortly.

“ Mr. Upshur who sings in the choir says she is the prettiest girl in Washington or Georgetown.”

“ Fool,” muttered Dick, “ did he tell her so ? ”

“ No, he only said so to the short man

who sings bass. Mr. Upshur is the tenor, you know? ”

“ No, I didn't know; wonder if I shall be permitted to attend the choir meeting this evening? ”

“ Course you will. Dolly makes Smith come home with her now, but pretty soon I'll be big enough and then she won't need him. Dolly says she misses you boys, dreadfully.”

“ Poor girl, she must,” said Dick, freely showing his tenderness to the child, which he concealed in the presence of Dolly herself.

“ And Dick, would it be wrong for me to tell you something about Dolly.”

“ Is it something she would not wish you to tell, shipmate? ”

“ I don't know Dick, only Uncle Doctor does not talk with us as much as he used to, he gets tired and goes to sleep all the evening, and Dolly cries ever so much all by herself.”

“That will all end pretty soon, Bertie dear; we won't worry about it.”

“No Dick, everything seems easy when you and Reggie are here.”

“It will be easier for us all in a little while, Bertie. Has Cousin Dolly said anything about taking you to Boston, my boy?”

“No, not once. Can she, will she, dear, dear Dick?”

“Hush, here we are, and now we will see my mamma!”

CHAPTER VI.

DICK MAKES A STUDY OF PLANTS AND HEARS
SOME REMARKS.



WHEN Dick and Bertie entered the library Dolly was not visible, and his mother, too, was absent, although her work-bag, a fanciful creation of Dolly's, had fallen to the floor in her haste to leave. Dick was again disappointed.

"I know where they are," said Bertie, "they are in Dolly's room; I'll find them," and away went the little fellow as fast as he could walk.

Yes, they were in Dolly's room, and Mrs. Miller was in Dolly's low chair with the girl's head in her lap.

“Are you so glad to get me back again, my darling girl?” asked Mrs. Miller as she stroked Dolly’s beautiful hair.

“So glad I must not speak,” said Dolly, “or I shall cry again, and I don’t care to have Dick laughing at me as he did in the church.”

“Just like him,” replied Dick’s mother, “but Dolly, dear, you really do not mind Dick’s teasing now. I think he made at least a dozen pictures of the meeting for my benefit during our journey, and I dare say not one of them was correct.”

It was easy to talk with Mrs. Miller, she was so kind, gentle and thoughtful. Dolly could speak to her freely, and it was well she could, since her father was growing reticent and more occupied than formerly. Dolly described the meeting in the church, and laughed over it with Mrs. Miller’s hand in hers, and then the door opened softly and Bertie entered.

“I knocked twice but you did not hear me

cousin Dolly, you were so noisy," he said.

"No, pet; come to dear Mrs. Miller, and help me tell her how happy we are to have her with us."

The boy nestled lovingly in the lady's arms and said, "Now cousin Dolly will laugh and sing again, so I am glad you came."

"I *will* be good, I *will* be good, only let me come in!" shouted Dick in the hall.

"Come in, then," said his mother, "but banishment will soon be your portion, for you remember we ladies must dress for dinner."

"I will go in the twinkling of an eye," said Dick, looking all around to note any changes which had taken place, "if you will tell me what Dolly thinks of our conspiracy."

"Yes dear, our cool imperturbable Doctor Dick is burning with curiosity. What does your papa say to our plan?"

"Conspiracy! plan?" questioned Dolly, looking from one to the other.

"Is it possible that your papa has not given you the letters?" asked Mrs. Miller.

“ You are talking in riddles,” said Dolly ; “ but there is the carriage now ; Dick, I wonder if you remember the old way of helping papa into the house ? ”

Dick ran down stairs and speedily rolled the Doctor’s chair to the door, then with the assistance of Doctor Baxter the invalid was moved before he had time to express his surprise at seeing his favorite.

Once within doors, smiles brightened his handsome face and he exclaimed : “ Dick, my boy, this is better than dinner ; does Dolly know ? ”

“ Yes, sir, Dolly knows, and she is closeted with my mother ; you see we feared that our letter might not do all the work and we determined to capture you.”

The Doctor looked astonished. “ We have not had our usual letters this week Dick, and I was feeling a little anxious.”

“ Not had your letters ! Why we sent a bundle of them to say nothing of the one your good friend, Doctor H — wrote be-

fore our plans were quite complete. Who brings your mail now Doctor?"

"Smith usually; if you will ring my bell Dick, we will look into this matter."

Smith was called and stoutly maintained that he knew nothing of the missing letters.

"Go to the office at once," said the Doctor, "and bring me the contents of my box; stay, you may take a note to our postmaster—some important documents of mine should have reached me several days since."

In a short time Smith returned with a paper or two and no letters.

"You are sure you have not mislaid my mail," said Doctor Warrington sternly, "quite sure, Smith?"

"Yes, sir, I bring yer all there was, Massa Doctor."

"No he did'nt, de good-for-nothin' limb o' Satan, no he didn't," said Aunt Axy, who now appeared wiping her hands on her large apron. "I'se jus' found out 'bout it; ye see I was so busy gettin' de ducks ready for din-

ner, I didn't min' much what was goin' on till Massa Dick he com jus' now and 'quired 'bout things. Ye see Massa Doctor and Massa Dick, dis yere good-for-nothin' was overcome he was, and he come home singin' and bawlin' with a soldier leadin' him an' I jus' said you and Miss Dolly shouldn't be fretted by him, so I toted him to bed. He had on his outside coat an' I hung it up and jes now when Massa Dick spoke I clumb up stairs and got dat are coat, an' in de pocket was dese yere mails, all on em." Aunt Axy produced from her own capacious pocket the missing letters.

"Dere dey is, Massa Doctor, an' if I was 'lowed to speak he'd nebber bring no more mail to dis yere house, nebber."

"Thank you, Axy. Smith, you may go now; I will speak with you later in the evening; and now my dear Dick let me have a good look at you and tell me all about my boys. Bless them, I find it hard work to get on without them."

“Do you, Doctor? that is good,” said Dick, as he deftly arranged the chair in a comfortable position. “There how is that, comfortable now?”

“Very, boy; I fancied I was tired but the sight of your face rests me. Where is my little woman who never fails to meet me?”

“Here papa. I thought Dick would feel more at home if I gave him something to do; and it is such a treat to have Mrs. Miller once more.”

“Mrs. Miller too! We are fortunate indeed; I hope your commissary department is in good order — little woman, we must do honor to such welcome guests.”

“Indeed we will papa, and Doctor Miller himself will soon be here for a brief stay. Won't it be charming to have them once more with us? Dick, please be considerate and keep all your talk about our boys until we are together at table; you see papa has a ponderous mail to-night, and while he reads it you can tell me about the conspiracy, all

that your mother has left to be told.”

“All right, I am under marching orders Doctor, but I promise you cousin Dolly that your papa will learn more of the conspiracy from the ponderous mail than you are likely to hear before dinner.”

“Then I shall go out and assist Aunt Axy. You know my time is limited; at eight o'clock I must be in my organ seat. Good-bye until the bell rings.”

Dick waved his hand as she disappeared, thinking not of the dinner or the choir but of the sensation she would create in old Cambridge.

His restlessness mastered him in a few moments, and as the Doctor was still absorbed in his reading and his mother was up stairs dressing, he stole softly across the hall and examined the dining room, fully intending to remain there until it was time to assist the Doctor. A few changes had been made, some of Dolly's views of the sea were framed and hung about, and the bay window

was bright with the young girl's plants.

"What a little bower it is," exclaimed Dick. "I declare Dolly would brighten up a shanty and put more into it than some fine ladies ever get in their elegant mansions."

Dick entered the little alcove and began a botanical examination, running over the names of the collection and admiring their arrangement; while he was hidden from sight Dolly entered with some dishes for the table; her pretty dinner dress with its trimmings of pale blue, was just visible above and below the huge cooking apron which she wore.

"Dick must sit here to-night next papa, and I will take Bertie under my wing."

"Massa Dick has growed powerful, Miss Dolly and hansum too," said Aunt Axy, as she trotted in to deposit a side dish.

"Yes," said Dolly absently, while the wicked listener was longing to hear more.

"I'se 'mazin' glad dey come honey; it 'ill chirk you up so. Seems like you ain't

seemed so happy sence de boys left us."

"I hope I haven't been stupid and dull," said Dolly, standing back to get a better view of her table.

"Law bless ye no honey; only quiet like, an' too old for a young lady. Is ye all ready now, Miss Dolly?"

"Yes, Axy; no, let me see, I think I will put Mrs. Miller here. I must have her where I can see her sweet face every moment. Now Axy, we are all right, and even the fastidious Doctor Dick cannot find anything to sneer at or make fun of about our modest table."

"I never sneered at anything you did in my life," said the accused, suddenly appearing under the vine-covered arch.

"Listeners never hear, etc.," said Dolly, putting her hands together.

"I was not intending to listen; you compelled me to, and now as you have charged me with another offence, I shall appeal to Aunt Axy. Did you ever hear me sneer

or find fault with your young mistress?"

"'Deed I don' remember, Massa Dick. Ye see, mos' of de young men is apraisin' her, an' if you don't, p'raps you don't keer to. Miss Dolly knows best."

"A poor-referee for you, sir," said Dolly, laughing. "Now Axy, ring the bell, and Doctor Dick, have the kindness please, to assist papa. I am not a bit sorry you heard my little stab."

"I'll forgive it on one condition," said Dick.

"Name it

"That you will let me attend the choir-meeting with you."

"Won't you carp and criticise and turn up your aristocratic nose?"

"By all the ghosts of my ancestors, no."

"Then you may go, only you must tell me all you know about my dear Reggie and the rest as we walk."

"Cool, upon my word. The young ladies.

in Boston are not in the habit of defining my topics of conversation."

"No, I suppose not. The young ladies of Boston are too wise to make such a tremendous draft on your good nature."

Dick looked at her for a moment keenly. "Upon my word, Cousin Dolly, I do believe you are getting to be a fine young lady, and if you do there is more good material spoiled."

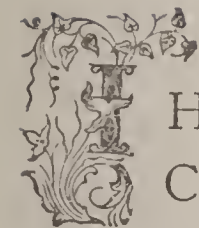
"De dinner 'ill spile, Miss Dolly," said Axy, putting her head in the half-open door.

"Doctor Richard Miller, vanish; no more fine speeches, I am hungry," said Dolly, with a stamp of her little foot and eyes sparkling with fun.

CHAPTER VII.

DOLLY WRITES CORA A LETTER.

“CAMBRIDGE, MASS., NOV. 18—



HAVE found you out, my dearest Cora. My boys have confessed all; and I am so happy here. It was impossible to send you a full account until this moment; my postals told you of our safe arrival, and now I must give you a ‘bill of particulars,’ as Dick says.

“Well, when the plan came upon me that Saturday night, I was dazed for a little while; the objections were mountain high, and yet all the while something said, ‘go, go, go.’ Papa grew more cheerful every

mile during the journey, and Mrs. Miller and Dick were jewels. We wanted nothing and all the arrangements were the same as we usually make when we flit for the summer, only this time we took good care to leave things in order, in case Col. Gresham, Col. Brentford, or any of our old friends should arrive. Some of our books we brought, and a few things papa cannot live without; but my lovely plants and pets were loaned until we return. When will it be? When will the war cease, and our families be re-united? I mustn't moralize. I must write as hard as I can in order to tell you the news.

“Papa has the back parlor and a small room leading from it. The small room is his sleeping-room, and by day we have an elaborate sideboard in the large room which at night is suddenly transformed into a luxurious bed for yours truly.

“Already papa has six students under his care, and he enjoys it very much. Jack

is one, of course. I say of course, because I suppose you know he is not *very* studious. Nearly every evening the young gentlemen gather in our room to study, after which we roll back the folding doors, and have some music. Reggie plays the violin finely; it seems to speak for him sometimes, he is so silent and grave. I wish you would write to him Cora, your letters are so cheery and 'the Deacon' (the boys all call him 'the Deacon,' now) never talks so well as on paper; and as I am here and can't write, won't you for me? Just think how sad it is for him, cut off from friends and home, uncertain about his father or aunt, and very proud and sensitive. He seems like a dear kind brother to me, and I do want to make him happy if I can.

"Walter is in his glory here. Doctor H. (you know we always quarrel over his poems. I declare they are genuine poems still, however much you may insist that they are 'good verses,') has taken a fancy

to our young inventor, and suggests sending him to the 'School of Technology.' Papa thinks of doing so another year

"Charl and Ned are doing well. The latter still hankers for the sea, and I should not be surprised if he entered the Navy some day. Charl does not show any special fondness for anything unless it be for odd stones and specimens.

"Bertie, my precious baby, is growing so fast I shall lose him all too soon. It is such a trial for him to meet strangers, we have decided to let him recite at home for the present. Reggie has taken him in hand.

"The entire family are determined to make me indolent. I have no organ to play in church, no soldiers to visit; only a very little care.

"Miss Lucinda rules the house, and does it well. She has a young table-girl, Melissy, to assist her, and once more Aunt Axy has a 'good roun' family' to cook for.

“Every day I take a long walk in the fresh air, and this week I shall begin my music lessons, under a superior teacher of Doctor H.’s selection. This, with my painting, and French and German will keep me busy and happy. I cannot begin to tell you how kind the young gentlemen are to me. I am sometimes afraid that I may become selfish and exacting. I said so to papa the other day and the dear man replied — with one of his sweet smiles — ‘Never fear little woman, the spirit of meanness does not dwell in you.’

“Only the other day I said ‘they are to have the ‘Bohemian Girl’ in town, I wonder if it will be good?’ Harvard Budd happened to be somewhere within hearing, and before I knew it he had secured seats for us all, including his aunt and cousin lest I should feel embarrassed in the society of so many young men. Wasn’t he kind? His parents and sisters are still abroad, and he makes this house his home. Papa enjoys

him very much but I have not conquered my hatred of finikin young men. Dick dubbed him 'Budd, The Magnificent,' and the name sticks, as nicknames seem to here.

"Almost Thanksgiving, and you will probably spend it in New York, or will you go on to Philadelphia? Jack thinks he will remain here, and Miss Lucinda promises him a genuine Yankee Thanksgiving if he does. I am to make one of my famous plum puddings and some cake; all other preparations fall on the busy trio in the basement.

"There is one thing which I insist on doing, and that is, mending for our boys; you have no idea how much time it takes, and Dick is simply terrible in this respect. I accused him of borrowing gloves for me to mend, but Reggie says, 'No, Dick's restlessness crops out at the ends of his fingers, if his tongue is restrained.' He is a wide awake, progressive young American without doubt.

“ Never were two devoted friends more unlike. ‘The Deacon’ is fond of quiet hours absorbed in his books, and, as you know, bashful enough to make himself uncomfortable; he needs some one to draw out his best thought, some one to drive away his blues, and yet he is so patient under his troubles, so faithful to every little duty, so thoughtful for papa, and so kind to every one, no one could help loving Reginald Gresham.

“ It is quite a study to contrast the different temperaments and peculiarities of ‘our boys.’

“ Harvard Budd still takes his meals here and is counted in, as Dick says, and Jack is one of us; he told me yesterday that home was the best place for him, he was forever getting into scrapes when he ventured far away.

“ Bertie enjoys himself amazingly; Josiah’s boy is neither handsome or brilliant, only stupidly good; but we find him

quite a help to Bertie when the boys are busy.

“There is a large laundry in the basement, where we permit them to sail boats in the tubs, and play wild Indians; it is astonishing to see our pensive, delicate Bertie growing into a lad whose chief delight is warlike plays. Papa says he has known only war and tumult since he could remember anything. He talks less of his dead mother now although I try to keep her face constantly before him; and as to poor Mrs. Neville, I am so sorry for her, I try every expedient to have her remembered by him. Dick said the other day that it would be a very hard thing for Bertie to be taken from me now, and I am sure it would, for he clings to me more and more.

“He even thinks I am beautiful, and grew quite furious when Ned said a Miss Huntley who called here was the prettiest girl he ever saw.

“‘She is not,’ said poor Bertie, ‘she is not,

and you're a naughty, wicked boy. Cousin Dolly is the bewtifullest girl in the whole world.'

"I thought you admired Miss Cora, said Ned teasing him a bit.

"I do, too; Miss Cora is nice and pretty next to Cousin Dolly.'

"You would be an ungrateful boy if you did not think Cousin Dolly the bewtifullest girl in the world,' said Dick.

"I ain't ongrateful, and she is, and Harvard Budd said so too, coz I asked him,' said my baby nearly ready to cry. Fancy the situation, my dear Cora, when in walked Harvard Budd, and before we could stop him, Bertie ran toward him almost screaming, 'Didn't you, Mr. Budd, didn't you say our Cousin Dolly was the bewtifullest girl in the world?'

"Cora, my dear, it is a pity that our house is a strong one; I wanted to go down through the floor or out at the window, or anywhere in the wide world out of sight. Mr. Budd

colored too, and that provoking Dick Miller rubbed his hands in delight.

“Harvard Budd showed himself a gentleman; he never even looked at me, but took Bertie in his arms and said quietly, ‘I think it will be quite wise and safe to agree with you Bertie, in any praise which your kind little heart leads you to utter concerning your devoted friend; but you must not repeat all our words in public, otherwise you will be running over to Professor Brown’s to tell him that Doctor Dick called him ‘a mutton head’ the other day.’

“Wasn’t it neatly done? Bertie was satisfied, and Dick punished as he deserved to be, and I had courage enough to explain the outburst. Dick, you must know, is a great admirer of Marion Huntley; she is one of the Professor’s daughters, is very accomplished, and I think quite handsome, although Reggie insists upon it that she is affected in speech and manner. Dr. H. brought her to see me, and I returned the

visit. She is very much interested in the Union soldiers; her brother, a married man much older than Marion, is in the Mass. 23d Reg., and of course we find plenty to talk about. Dr. H., must have chattered concerning us, for she wished to know all about the Hospital Club, and has invited me to a young woman's circle, where every one works for the Sanitary Commission. We do not hear a word concerning Colonel Gresham — is it not sad? Mrs. Neville is better, and will return to America as soon as the war is over, although her friends write that she will never again be strong or quite herself.

“Now, my dear Cora, you know all about us; we are as usual a happy, busy household, and I think it was wise for us to come here. Write us about yourself; Jack complains because you write so seldom; don't neglect him Cora dear. I think we girls have more influence over our friends and relatives than most people give us credit for;

even our harum-scarum Dick says that my letters have helped him, and Jack is — well, he is too generous for his own good; you know it as well as I, and perhaps we can strengthen the weak points in his character; he is so kind, and so honest about his faults, I do not think it will be a hard task.

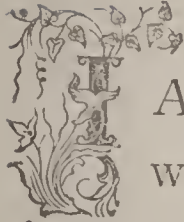
“Time for my music lesson and I must run.

“Your faithful

“DOLLY WARRINGTON.”

CHAPTER VIII.

MISS LUCINDA HAS AN ADVENTURE.

 I AM pestered near about to death with that grocer man," said Miss Lucinda, one day, to Dolly, when the latter was in the kitchen making a birthday cake for Reggie. "That frosting sugar was put down on his book, for I saw him do it with my own eyes, and here he has brought us every blessed thing but just that. I must say, men are tejus."

Miss Lucinda uttered her words in a calm, deliberate fashion; not at all after the usual manner of scolding women; and yet she was much vexed by the frequent blunders of the boy who took orders daily at the kitchen door.

“Never mind,” said Dolly, cheerfully, “I need not frost it until to-morrow, you know, and indeed, I like it better when it is quite fresh.” Miss Lucinda looked at her and smiled. “Miss Dolly,” said she, “you do grow a sight like your pa, taking things cool-like and all that. I don’t believe it’s more than two hours since I heard you say you wanted to get the cake all done to-day, for you and the boys were going out to buy some flowers in the morning.”

“Time enough,” said Dolly, beating away as she replied, “but don’t you see, we can order our flowers this evening and Reggie will not suspect us, we so often take a little run to the square.”

“And if you wouldn’t mind, I might go with you and speak to that man myself and we could save a good two hours of time if Siah junior went along to bring the sugar home.”

“Nothing could be better,” Dolly declared, for a little after-dark trip was the

thing of all others she liked best, unless it might be, a good tramp with the rain pelting down.

It was Friday, and the following day would be a general holiday with the boys at the Annex; it would also be the birthday of Reggie, and Dolly had secretly planned a little celebration. Charlie, Ned and Walter were all consulted, but the "young gentlemen," as Miss Lucinda called the college boys were left in ignorance, partly to increase the fun, partly for the sake of teasing Dick, who was so fond of teasing others.

In this emergency Marion Huntley proved an admirable aid. The flowers were to be her care until the proper time arrived for displaying, and sundry mysterious packages had already found a resting place on Miss Marion's piano. Both girls enjoyed the fun of preparation, and even Professor Huntley entered into the plan with boyish zeal, after hearing from his daughter an account of Mr. Reginald, which increased his regard

for so studious and gentlemanly a pupil.

Night came at last, although Charl declared it would never grow dark, and Walter was nervous lest Dick should mistrust

“Reggie, would you mind reading a little with papa?” asked Dolly, when the late dinner was over. “I am going out with Miss Lucinda and the boys for a short walk?”

“I will read with him with pleasure,” replied Reggie, “and Jack will join me, I know.”

“Not without a promise of music when Miss Dolly returns,” said Jack.

“You shall have it, and I wish you would try that duett again to-night, we might soon play it passably,” said Dolly. Jack had recently developed a fondness for the violin, and Dolly, who was anxious to keep him from outside associates, encouraged it. Occasionally the young people gave a parlor concert with Doctor Warrington and his friend, Doctor H., as audience; the latter insisted on a larger assembly, and quietly

informed Dolly that a few friends would call upon her some evening for a musical treat.

Music in the family circle has kept many a young man from low associates and vice. Doctor Warrington encouraged it in every possible manner; Reggie, as we know, played the violin, Dick showed a fondness for the flute, Charl, during his recovery from illness had learned the zither, Walter mastered the cornet admirably for one so young, and since the advent of the soldiers little Bertie had learned to handle the drumsticks like a veteran. For many months Ned protested that he had neither ear or taste, but at last surprised himself by performing wonderful tricks with a whistle. Doctor H. often declared that the "Annex Band" surpassed many a much praised travelling troupe, and he it was who coaxed Marion Huntley to join them with her fine soprano voice.

Under such circumstances Jack might well resign himself to an evening's practice.

“Where is Dick?” asked Dolly, as she put on her gloves, after arranging everything for her father’s comfort.

“He ran up stairs I think,” answered Reggie.

“Come boys, we will go,” said Dolly, secretly glad that her tormenter was not at hand with a series of questions. Miss Lucinda and “Siah Junior,” as her nephew was invariably called, were quite ready, and our young friends set out.

“You might step into the florist’s Miss Dolly, while I go on to the store,” said Miss Lucinda, “and then if you get through first you can come after us, or if we get through we will just walk down and meet you; Siah junior has got the basket and it won’t take us very long.” Dolly and her boys consented, although Siah junior sighed and wished he could see the inside of a green house in Cambridge, in order to compare it with those near his old home. Neither Dolly or his aunt could read his thoughts,

however, and the boy trudged on after his corpulent relative.

There is something fascinating about a green-house, even to those who are ignorant of the names or habits of the plants, and our little party were not wholly so. Dolly had been well trained by her father in this respect and the boys had not quite forgotten the beautiful conservatory at their home in Richmond.

A genuine lover of plants is the gardener's best friend, and although the good German florist had never seen the young lady or her attendants before, he became interested at once when he saw her pass from flower to flower expressing her delight at meeting old favorites.

He conducted her to room after room, explained the habits of some rare tropical specimens which he had recently received, and then, with a gallantry quite usual with his countrymen, he presented her with a fine bouquet, after telling her that her order should be faithfully attended to.

How long our little party might have remained in that damp, close and almost intoxicating atmosphere it is impossible to say, had not an unmistakable cry for help reached their ears. The gardener, his assistant, Miss Dolly, and the boys, all hurried out as rapidly as possible, and ran quickly to the little walk which led to the street. Here they saw Miss Lucinda panting and puffing, while she clung closely to the long market basket, and Siah junior stood near by with dilated eyes.

“Oh, Miss Dolly, Miss Dolly.”

“What is it? Are you hurt? Tell us,” eagerly questioned Dolly.

Miss Lucinda was, as we have before stated, a portly personage, and somewhat afflicted with asthma; on this occasion her indignation combined with her natural difficulties nearly deprived her of speech. She rallied, however, when Ned brought her a glass of water from the greenhouse and

although she still clung to the fence for support she managed to say :

“ All your frosting sugar, Miss Dolly; every mite and speck ! ”

“ Stolen ? ” asked Dolly.

“ Stolen right out of this basket and me with it snug on my arm as you see it now ! ”

“ Was it a man ? Did he touch you, or speak to you ? ” asked the gardener, eager to secure information and inform the police, if such an officer could be found.

“ Yes, it was a man, ” said Miss Lucinda “ and there was four pounds of it. ”

“ I see him plain as could be, ” said Siah junior. “ He was awful tall and had on a high hat, and he walked right close up alongside, and aunty didn't see him first. ” Siah junior began to consider himself an important member of the human family.

“ He was quicker than a flash, ” said Miss Lucinda dolefully. “ And now I 'spose we must go back again, or Miss Dolly can't get her cake done in time. ”

Miss Lucinda recovered speedily, and good-naturedly offered to return and secure more sugar, a proceeding Dolly at once objected to.

“Indeed, you must not,” said she; “you are already tired and we will walk home at once. My beautiful bouquet is worth more than the sugar, and Siah junior can easily purchase all we need in the morning.”

Miss Lucinda did not like to give up. She had come out for the sole purpose of chiding the grocer and procuring the material for Miss Dolly’s cake. She was not willing to return without it.

At last it was arranged to the satisfaction of all. The market-basket was given to Charl, and Miss Lucinda consented to trudge home with her nephew, while Dolly and her trio made a second visit to the grocer’s.

No sooner had this been settled and the gardener returned to his greenhouse before a low and familiar whistle greeted the ears



“ Bless your dear old heart ! ” — Page 90.

of our young friends who had already taken a few steps toward the store.

“What’s that?” exclaimed Charl.

“Our whistle, sure enough,” said Ned.

“Answer it,” exclaimed Dolly.

All the boys did so in concert, and to their amazement a man crossed the street and stood before them.

“Would you like some sugar?” said a mocking voice.

“Oh Dick, how could you?” said Dolly. Whereupon the new comer raised the hat which had been partly pulled over his face, and all the party saw by the flare of the street-light, the handsome, laughing face of Dr. Dick.

CHAPTER IX.

THAT DREADFUL MAN.



WHEN Miss Lucinda Dodge reached her own establishment she went at once to the kitchen, and related her adventure to her faithful assistant.

“Lor bress ye,” said Aunt Axy, “ye must n’t go out in de night, it ain’t no ways safe, and dese yere Norfern poor folks is mighty bad I’ve heard ’em say down home.”

“Northern poor folks, indeed,” said Miss Lucinda with a scornful toss of her head, “we ain’t called upon to steal in this part of the United States, and as to the thief why I dare say he was some tramp come up here on account of the war.”

“Too bad he should skeer you so,” said Aunt Axy meekly.

“’Twant a scare exactly, it was kind of flusterin’ though, and very mean to lose the sugar Miss Dolly was so anxious for.”

Bertie as a special delight had been permitted to spend a short time with Aunt Axy in the kitchen, while Dolly was absent on her secret mission. The family had long since learned the importance of keeping certain facts from the little fellow, for it was impossible to make him understand the art of concealment.

Bertie’s propensity to tell tales out of school was marvellous. In his innocent fashion he repeated and reported various little speeches which frequently mortified the parties interested; while his powerful imagination led him to give each report a new coloring. His efforts to be strictly correct in speech were quite amusing to the boys who did not understand the conscientious struggle which the child was making.

Grown people are so often unjust to children in this respect; they do not tell the child where the fiction ends and the true story begins, and many a poor youngster has been whipped for telling a falsehood when evil thoughts were far from him.

Dr. Warrington and Dolly soon discovered this trait in Bertie, and both were often amused when the little fellow would weave a dozen different stories concerning one simple fact. A keen look from the Doctor, or a quiet word from Dolly would recall the little romancer, and he would say innocently, "That's the 'play story' Cousin Dolly," and his look of distress if he found himself again giving way to his imagination was almost pitiful to see.

Dr. Warrington called it a dangerous gift if perverted, and he used every means in his power to aid the child.

When Miss Lucinda returned, Bertie was making a fort on the kitchen table with muffin-rings, but the fort was soon forgotten



“I felt the basket give a little twitch.” — Page 95.

as he listened to the story of the wicked man.

“He stole up soft and easy,” said Miss Lucinda. Bertie’s eyes opened wide. “Siah junior, saw him first, and says, ‘There’s a man coming, auntie.’” Bertie’s eyes opened wider.

“And he was taller than any man in our house,” said Siah junior.

“I couldn’t tell how short or tall he was,” said Miss Lucinda, “but he came up and I thought he was going to pass when he put his hand on my shoulder, and it most scared the life out of me it was so sudden, and then I felt the basket give a little twitch, and that bundle of sugar, man and all was gone.”

Bertie did not wait to hear any more, he sprang from his seat, ran through the hall, up the basement stairs, and rushed into the Doctor’s room where Reggie was reading aloud to his guardian, Jack Montgomery and Harvard Budd:

“Oh Uncle Doctor, oh Reggie, that

dreadful man!" he exclaimed, as he hid his face on the Doctor's shoulder.

"What is it, my boy?" said the Doctor cheerily.

"Speak out, Bertie, nothing can harm you here," said Reggie,

"That dreadful man," sobbed the child, "he stole the things from Miss Lucinda's basket, and I know he's got my Dolly."

"Got your Dolly!" exclaimed the young men in a breath.

"Is Miss Dolly out, Doctor?" asked Harvard Budd.

"Yes, she went with the boys to do an errand or two. Come Bertie, my man, tell us the whole story," said his guardian kindly.

Bertie could only sob, "Oh Dolly, Dolly," and "that dreadful man."

The child's quick fancy had seized upon the fact that Dolly did not return with Miss Lucinda and he was sure the thief was responsible for it.

“Don’t cry, Bertie,” said Jack, in bluff, hearty tones, “that’s a duck; why no one could carry off Miss Dolly, she’s too smart for it, and then she has three big boys with her; why Charl, Walt and Ned would fight half a dozen men if they should dare to touch her.”

Bertie looked up and tried to smile through his tears. Meantime Reginald, calm and considerate as usual, went down to the kitchen where he heard the facts as known to Miss Lucinda and her nephew, duly set forth. These he hastened to report, and the little group were making merry over the loss of the sugar when a latch-key rattled in the door, and the missing young lady walked in with four attendants instead of three, Dr. Dick having a package under his arm.

The whole story was simply told, and Bertie joined with the rest when they all laughed at Dick who pulled his soft hat over his eyes, turned up his coat-collar, and

really appeared to be "taller than any man in the house."

Dr. Warrington was half-inclined to read Dick a solemn lecture on his thoughtless prank, but he decided to refrain when a few moments later the rogue appeared with Miss Lucinda on his arm, and said with a profound bow:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this good woman has forgiven that dreadful man, and promises to spare him the shame of arrest; in fact, she thanks him for relieving her of such a sweet burden—and she quite agrees with me in thinking that Miss Dolly doesn't know how to keep a secret."

"There, there, Mr. Dick," said Miss Lucinda, giving him a good-natured little push, "you said I was to come up and show the Doctor that I was all right; and if I was Miss Dolly I would just pay you off for your impudence."

"Go treacherous friend," said Dick, with a majestic wave of his hand. "Dr. War-

rington, consider my extreme youth and spare me; Miss Dolly, pay me off or up if you can; we had a glorious walk, you have a lovely bouquet, and the sugar is safe. Bertie boy, come sit in my lap and tell me how you like the play of that Dreadful Man?"

Bertie nestled in his arms and soon forgot all his troubles.

Saturday evening came and with it Marion Huntley, her father and Dr. H—. Reggie received them, all unconscious of anything unusual in their visit, until later, when three or four of his classmates entered and brought with them an Encyclopedia he had long coveted.

"At last," he said, "I understand the mysterious ways of our family. Even my brother has puzzled me of late, and why Cousin Dolly should suddenly find so many errands out of hours I could not see."

Prof. Huntley seldom went out of his study in the evening, but Dr. H— was a

classmate of his brother's, and he soon found Dr. Warrington also a classmate and most genial and accomplished companion. He brought with him a present in the form of a request that Mr. Reginald Gresham should assist him in arranging a new work for publication; as this suggested a means of paying term bills and other expenses Reggie grew light-hearted and even jolly. Marion Huntley told her friend Dr. H — that “Young Gresham looked positively handsome when he came out of his shell and talked like other people.”

Happiness is a great beautifier. Reggie was indeed quite happy for the first time since the war broke out, and the chief source of his pleasure lay in an envelope which Dr. H — gave him early in the evening:

“Don't tell me hereafter that a young lady cannot keep a secret,” said he. “Miss Warrington has kept this securely locked up for three days at my request; I couldn't

think of a more delightful birthday gift."

It was indeed tidings from Col. Gresham, through a series of hands, it is true, but he still lived, was wounded in the right arm, could not write, send, or get away, and his old colored boy and faithful body-servant sent the message through the lines.

"Now," said Reggie, "I can breathe easier, Doctor H—, and I don't know where to begin with my thanks."

"Dolly first," said Bertie. "Dolly's the best, 'cause she made it all up alone, and she frosted the big cake."

Everybody laughed and Dick declared that Miss Dolly had bewitched the child.

That night when pretty Marion Huntley had kissed Dolly good-night, and all the guests had gone away, Reggie sat down with Dolly and talked over the affairs of the evening.

"To feel worthy of assisting so good a man as Professor Huntley is quite impossible; but to know that I am to earn

money and study too, makes me as proud as a king."

"True to your name, Reggie," said Dolly laughing, "and I am so glad for you. I don't believe there ever was a girl with such a lovely houseful of brothers as I have."

"And where in the wide world did lonely, forsaken, poverty-stricken rebels find such a cousin' sister, and such a guardian?" asked Reggie.

He was never demonstrative, but the evening had been full of supreme pleasure; he was quite another being. Taking Dolly's hands in his he kissed her, saying, "Good-night, bravest of girls and truest of sisters. I shall never forget all you have done for me and mine."

"Reg Gresham, are you ever coming upstairs?" called Dick from the hall.

"Yes, at once. Good-night, Doctor," he said to his guardian who was leaning back in his chair, examining one of Reggie's gifts.

“Good-night, my son. Let us pray for other birthdays as pleasant as this has been. I am afraid I cannot give you up even to your father, Reggie, although I could sing for joy over our tidings.”

“And I feel too wide awake for sleep, although Dick is calling me to bed,” said Reggie.

Reggie had taken one flight of stairs before he realized that some one was calling him, and there in the half-darkness of the lower hall stood Aunt Axy.

“Hope you’ll not be ’fended Massa Reginald; but you see dis yer kind o’ looked like you, an’ I didn’t keer to see it long of all de fine things, but it’s for you, that’s a true gempleman and never made a step of trouble to an old woman if she is brack.” Aunt Axy held out to him a little pencil-case of jet and gold.

“Oh, aunty, how handsome!” exclaimed Reg. “It is too much for you to give, and it’s the very thing I wanted, too.”

Aunt Axy's eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"Did de coffee suit dis evenin'?" she said, trying to hide her confusion.

"It always suits when you make it," said Reggie. "Really, I must go back and show this to Miss Dolly."

"Ye needn't mine, honey; she seed it fust. You see, she jes toted me over to de jeweller's, and we bought him our own selves. Miss Dolly she jes knows all that's agoing, Massa Reggie."

"Gresham, why don't you come on. How can I go to bed with all your presents about?" shouted Dick.

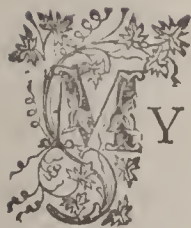
"Good-night, aunty; I am so happy I shall sleep late to-morrow. Your pretty gift shall be used every day. Good-night."

"Good-night, Massa Reggie."

CHAPTER X.

A LETTER FROM MRS. MILLER.

“NEW YORK, FEB’Y —



MY DEAR DOLLY:

“We are a roving people, we followers of Uncle Sam.

“What do you think has happened? Dr. Miller has again been ordered to Washington and my aunt has taken a fancy to go there, some one having convinced her that the climate is milder and better for her.

“Do you think your papa and yourself would or could allow us the use of the ‘Woodbox’ for a few months. I cannot say how long we may desire it, but I prom-

ise you it shall have good care, and I know it will be far better for my aunt and my husband than a boarding-house. If you are quite willing, write me at once. [The next house I own I shall mount on a locomotive and get Walter to arrange some patent trucks by which it can be run to any part of the habitable globe. Think of sitting in your sewing-room darning socks while you are whirled from New York to St. Louis. Seriously, I quite despair of settling down in genuine good order.”

A prompt reply was sent assuring Mrs. Miller that the “Woodbox” was entirely at her service, and a short enclosure from Dick stated his pleasure in the following terms:

“Good, sweetheart. I like it. You can rouse auntie and show her strange sights. You can visit all your old friends and mine, too. The move is a wise one, and receives my approbation. Uncle Sam does a sensible thing now and then. Let him hurry

up and put an end to this war if he desires further praise from DICK MILLER.”

The end was nearer than Dick supposed. The winter sped rapidly away bringing the mild days of April, a month never to be forgotten by loyal American boys and girls. Every day was crowded with events, although the people at the Capitol enjoyed their social pleasures, received and entertained as quietly as they had done when all was peace and prosperity.

Mrs. Miller's letters at this time were full of interest and much enjoyed by the family at the “Annex.”

“To-morrow,” she once wrote, “Mrs. Dana and myself are invited to pass the day at the Headquarters of the Reserve Corps near the Navy-yard. Dr. Miller will call for us at night.”

A few days later a letter reached them headed —

“AT LAST! PEACE!”

“We went as I wrote you we should,

Gen. ——— kindly sending an ambulance for us — Mrs. Dana, little May and myself. We had a very pleasant, social time ; then came dinner when we all assembled in the cheerless dining-room where faithful colored servants gave us excellent dishes, and we pretended not to miss our home surroundings, although every other plate was cracked and our after-dinner coffee was served in mugs. While we were dining, Dr. S — remarked that the latest news from the front was very cheering.

“ ‘ Yes,’ responded another officer, ‘ I should not be surprised if Richmond was ours within a week.’

“ ‘ Nonsense !’ replied an old veteran, ‘ an army cannot be handled like this wine-glass.’

“ Of course I had devoured the latest printed despatches, but rumors said that the War Department had in its possession secret information.

“ After much pleasant joking, although

we were serious enough at heart, the ladies agreed to entertain the gentlemen present with an oyster supper if Richmond was taken within a week.

“We left the table in great good humor, feeling quite sure that our purses were safe, and soon after went about the camp paying a visit to the hospital with the surgeons.

“We had just returned to the officers’ quarters and seated ourselves in a comfortable rocking-chair when Dr. — entered and said in a matter-of-fact tone, ‘Ladies, we will take the oysters; Richmond is ours.’ Not one in the room believed him; in fact he is noted for his practical jokes.

“‘It is too good to be true,’ said I, thinking of Col. Gresham and our other friends.

“‘What will convince you of its truth?’ asked the Doctor.

“‘Nothing less than an official despatch duly signed,’ I said: ‘remember Doctor, we have been fed on bogus news for many months.’

“He left the room and soon returned with General Issino and several of the staff, and I then and there saw with my own eyes the glorious news. We did not know what to say or do.

“‘We are to obey orders and fire a salute, ladies, and I trust we may see you at dress parade,’ said the general.

“We remained of course, and witnessed it from an upper window. The men were drawn up in line as usual, and the formalities of parade conducted with due decorum. Before dismissing them general order No. steen was read, and although we could not hear it from our post of observation, we appreciated its effect and knew its import.

“Never shall I forget the faces of those men as with one prolonged cheer they broke ranks, and the profound stillness of the camp-ground which preceded it. The cheer did I say? They cheered until they were hoarse, caps were thrown into the

air, men hugged one another, and above all, the guns in and around Washington thundered and roared, and the smoke rolled up and up over the city and the river. It was a scene which I frankly own surpasses my descriptive powers. The officers were fairly dumb with joy; the surgeons hurried away to the hospital to prevent any injury to their patients from undue excitement, but sick and well were alike rejoicing.

“ One private who had not seen his family in three years, went deliberately to the top of a hill and shouted ‘ Glory, Hallelujah ’! until he was too hoarse to speak. Another actually tore his cap into shreds he was so excited; while others gathered in groups, and talked over the prospect of getting home or hearing from brothers, sisters or friends, in the confederacy.

“ Doctor Miller came for us at a late hour. It was almost impossible, he said, to get away, the city was in such a state

of excitement, and we must hurry as fast as possible, for friends were waiting for us at Mayor W——'s. We drove there and found a goodly company assembled, discussing the news. Of course a few were extremely anxious about friends in Richmond, but the majority gave themselves up to rejoicing, and about ten o'clock a band struck up before our door the well-known strains of The Star Spangled Banner.

“It was very late when we reached the ‘Woodbox,’ where aunt was anxiously awaiting our arrival, quite sure that the rebels had attacked Washington, although her maid had explained the situation to her.


“I shall write again in a day or two if I can find a moment. Meantime jot down in your book of events all you can concerning April, 1865.

“Your faithful

“‘MOTHER’ MILLER.’”

CHAPTER XI.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S DEATH.

LL over the land the good news spread rapidly "Richmond was ours" and the war was virtually ended.

President Lincoln visited Richmond at once although his friends considered it dangerous. No household in the land was more interested in the good tidings than that of our friends. The excitement all around had a double meaning to them, and yet they rejoiced heartily, and Reginald flung to the breeze the flag which Col. Brentford had given Dolly.

Those who were fortunate enough to

be in Washington at that time, crowded a week of life into a day. Mrs. Miller was induced to leave the "Woodbox" for a few days and join some friends in Washington. A great illumination was decided upon and her skill in decorating was well known. Doctor Miller was constantly at the White House, and Aunt Follansbee consented to the absence of her niece until after the celebration. Everywhere ladies were busy buying red, white, and blue; officers were seen carrying boxes of candles, and tin candle-holders increased in value suddenly. In a large house on Louisiana Avenue several ladies were at work trimming flags with gay streamers. Our friend, Mrs. Miller, was one of the group. A servant entered saying:

"Can't get a bit, ladies, deed I can't, no one got no red an, blue but Massa ——, an, he's Secesh wus kind."

"What shall we do?" asked the ladies.

"Let us go in person," said Mrs. Miller.

The ladies found the store closed.

“Can't get in dere, Missis,” called a friendly negro, “he says dere ain't a yard of his goods goin' up for dis yere Union.”

On their return, while the ladies are stating the case two officers enter.

“Do you mean —— who keeps a store at 972 on the Avenue?” asked one of them.

“Yes, the same,” replied the ladies.

“Bless me,” said the officer, “he has narrowly escaped the Old Capitol Prison for attempting to run the blockade. Come on, Major, let us try a little authority.”

It was not long before the gentlemen returned with the desired cambric. The cowardly trader feared confiscation and treated the officers with great respect; in fact, he made haste to avow himself a “Union man.”

Many laughable conversions occurred. One, in a newspaper office where the ladies went to secure the names of Grant, Sheri-

dan, and Sherman, in large type. At first they were rudely refused; but one of the ladies referred to the husband of her companion, a well-known officer and a friend of the President, whereupon the manager changed his tone and manner abruptly, and at once ordered the printing done.

Mrs. Miller's letters to the young people at this time were full of interest, indeed they were shared by many outside. Prof. Huntley and his daughter were always glad to hear Dolly or one of the boys say: "We have had another letter from Washington."

Nothing escaped Mrs. Miller's keen eyes. She had many friends in the various hospitals, and the poor wounded men mourned for her if she failed to make them a daily call, and yet she made time for social visits. Her letter describing the death of President Lincoln we give entire for the benefit of our young readers, to whom the story of our terrible Civil War is little more than a dream.

“MY DEAR ONES :

“Where shall I begin my long story? Black darkness has followed our rejoicings, and you do not wish me to repeat the sad tidings. Even as I write I find it hard to believe that our beloved President Lincoln was shot at half past ten on the evening of April 14th, at Ford's Theatre.

“And it seems also difficult to think of J. Wilkes Booth as his murderer. Only the other day we were calling on some friends at the National, and Booth came in. We were introduced when he made haste to say, ‘I have had the honor of dancing with Mrs. Miller.’ I recognized him then, although he looked dissipated, and I could not agree with my friends in calling him a very handsome man. When I saw him next — but I must not anticipate.

“On the evening of the illumination your father arranged everything for our comfort,

as his services were required at the White House. We lighted our own candles, took every precaution against fire, and about ten o'clock entered the carriage, taking with us the gallant Colonel B., whose one leg constantly reminded us of the horrors of war. The poor man had not left the house before, as the stump has caused him great pain and uneasiness. The officers in the house assisted him into the carriage, where he was supported with pillows. Surely he had earned the right to join in our rejoicing. By special request we drove at once to the White House, where Dr. Miller had preceded us. A small bit of paste-board gained us the desired permission to enter, and soon our carriage drove to the porch, where several officers joined us. The poor Colonel could not endure the pain of being moved more than was necessary, and although we were entreated to enter, we 'received' in the carriage. Nearly over our heads

stood Mr. Lincoln, addressing the crowd.

“‘How worn and tired he looks,’ said I to Senator ——.

“‘Yes, his Richmond trip did not make him look younger as some of our people said.’

“‘Bless his great brave heart,’ ejaculated the Col., and just then a huge bouquet dropped on the Col.’s pillow.

“‘That is for you, sir,’ I said, handing it to him.

“‘Then I must be permitted to share it with you,’ said the Col., and to gratify him we ladies added one rose-bud to our breast knots.

“It was a gay scene. I shut my eyes and opened them again, in order to see more clearly. Everywhere, hundreds of lights were flashing, the famous Marine band was playing bewildering airs, and as the President ceased speaking, shouts of joy and pride filled the air. Even the horses seemed to enjoy it as the mounted

officers trotted them about the bonfires in the streets. A messenger came out urging us to join the Presidential party, but we all declined as we would not leave the Col., and Dr. Miller forbade his leaving the carriage until he returned to his room. The Government buildings were a blaze of glory, and nearly all the private residences in the city were brilliantly illuminated and decorated with bunting and mottoes.

“Our own decorations, which, thanks to the assistance of a young naval officer, were quite elaborate, seemed simple indeed as we rode about the city.

“Ladies in full evening dress appeared at the open windows and waved handkerchiefs at us as we passed, and the wounded Col.’s presence caused us to be literally pelted with bouquets. He was not known, but everywhere loyal hearts saw in him one of the suffering defenders of the Union.

“It was very late when we reached home,

and the following day a headache was my portion. Then came the terrible tidings and all our joy was turned into mourning.

“ Doctor Miller desired us to join the theatre party, as our good friend Mr. Colfax was intending to do so, but my head was rebellious, and I preferred a quiet evening at home. My husband was suddenly called for about half past ten, and left the room without speaking, thinking me asleep. He had just thrown down his pen when this summons came. A physician's wife expects such visits, and consequently I was not alarmed until I heard some one say in the hall: ‘ Oh, it cannot be true, it cannot.’ Just then a servant entered to lower the gas and I said:

“ ‘ Do you know who called the doctor out?’

“ ‘ The Surgeon General sent for him, Miss.’

“ ‘ Why are people running about so, has anything happened?’

“ Before she could reply Colonel B—’s wife ran in and threw herself on my bed, sobbing violently.

“ ‘ Do tell me what it is,’ I said. ‘ The Colonel has not — ’ I hesitated; we had serious fears concerning his leg, as he had bled profusely several times.

“ ‘ Oh, no, no, it is Mr. Lincoln. He was shot just now at Ford’s Theatre.’

“ ‘ By whom?’

“ ‘ J. Wilkes Booth; and they say that the Swards are all murdered, and the cabinet officers. Vice-President Johnson only escaped.’ I rose hastily and staggered into the dressing room, and had just succeeded in getting on a wrapper when a note came from my husband. He said:

“ ‘ I am at Mr. Lincoln’s bedside; he is evidently sinking; there is no hope. If you cannot ride to the Swards’ send my servant up; they are in sore trouble. Give him your own card or he will not be permitted to enter.’

“ Yes, it was all true, and men and women wept like children.

“ I was unable to leave the room that night, but messengers went and came constantly. Among other friends came Mr. S— who sat so near the stage he nearly struck the assassin with his cane. Doctor Miller wrote that Mrs. Lincoln's cries were heart-rending.

“ At twenty-two minutes past seven our beloved President breathed his last, on the morning of April 15th, 1865, and his murderer had escaped.

“ Doctor M— says that the entire scene seems to him like a dreadful dream which he tries in vain to shake off.

“ On the nineteenth the funeral ceremonies took place at the White House, after which thousands viewed the remains as they lay in the rotunda of the Capitol.

“ Colonel Baker and others immediately started in pursuit of Booth and his accomplices. You have heard the result through

telegrams, but you do not know that it was my painful duty to try and recognize the body. You remember he was shot in the neck, and died in about four hours after being shot. There was of course great excitement, and numerous rumors about the city.

“One evening an officer said: ‘There is still some doubt about the man who was shot; some do not think it was Booth.’

“‘That is singular. His full brow and heavy moustache would make him marked even in death,’ I said.

“To my surprise a few days after, Mrs. — and myself were requested to make a trip to an iron-clad in the harbor, and we must not mention the circumstance to others. We went, escorted by a surgeon or two, and when the gun-boat was reached we were led up on deck, where lay the body of a man covered with sail-cloth.

“Then we were asked ‘if we could take oath that the man before us was J. Wilkes

Booth?' It was impossible, the unshaven face, the closely cropped hair, the sharpened features, bore no resemblance to the man who only a few days before was smiling and chatting in the parlor at the National. Mrs. ——— could not identify him, and we turned away saddened as we thought of his gifts and prospects, and the horrible deed he had committed. The sail-cloth was again thrown over his face, and it is said that none can tell where President Lincoln's murderer was buried.

“As we were requested to keep our expedition secret, I now mention it when it is too late to trouble any one.

“During the progress of the funeral procession cannon were fired and bells tolled. To our great regret some large pieces were placed in Judiciary Square, and the excitement made by their noise and the death of the President caused some poor fellows in the hospital to bleed to death. We think it a great mistake, and

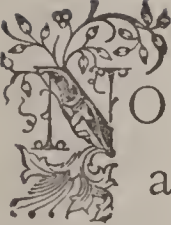
the faithful surgeons have had increased care and anxiety in consequence. Doctor Dick sent in to us for extra assistance, and it was hard indeed to see the poor wounded men weeping like children. In the midst of all this grief and the booming of the guns, came little Hattie, the surgeon's daughter, asking why we wept for dear good Mr. Lincoln when he had gone to heaven and was happy?

“Why indeed, when we think of him and not of our country, and our personal loss? Yours ever faithfully,

MOTHER MILLER.”

CHAPTER XII.

LEX AND BERTIE.

 NOT long after the funeral ceremonies at Washington, Mrs. Miller returned to the little cottage in Georgetown where the invalid aunt had remained, under the kind care of a mutual friend.

“There has been a black fellow hanging round here for two or three days,” said the housekeeper, “and he says ‘he’s a friend ob de family.’ I sent him away about an hour since to the market, and I told him he would probably see you to-day.”

“Some of the doctor’s old friends, I presume,” said Mrs. Miller as she went to

her aunt's room, where it was necessary to repeat and report all that had occurred during her absence. She had nearly finished telling for the third time how Mr. Lincoln looked and acted when she last saw him, when some one knocked at the door.

Mrs. Miller opened it, and saw before her a tall negro lad with a set of very white teeth and enormous eyes.

“Don ye know me, Miss Miller, I is Lex, I is.”

“Why Lex, how you have grown!”

“Yes Miss, I been gone a right smart spell, you see.”

“Whom have you there, Mary? Bring them in right away, you don't consider the draft right across my feet,” said the invalid aunt,

“All right, aunt; walk in, Lex. This is the boy who came from Richmond with the children so long ago; he was a short round-faced rogue then, now he is nearly as tall as Charlie Neville.”



“Stop twisting your thumbs, boy!” — Page 129.

“Well, make him sit down, Mary, do; and stop twisting your thumbs, boy — it makes me nervous.”

Lex took a seat and put one hand on each side of his chair.

“Now Lex,” said Mrs. Miller kindly, “you must tell me when you left Colonel Brentford, and how you came to be in Washington.”

“Yes, and keep your feet still while you talk,” said the invalid who was secretly anxious to hear his story.

Lex rolled his eyes about, looked up and down, and finally said:

“I specs Mass Kunnel is in de city ob Richmond now, Miss.”

“And why are you not with him, Lex?”

“Well, you see, Miss, I specs I run away a little too soon; peared like dey was goin’ to have more fightin’ and General McIntosh’s boy was comin’ Norf ’cause he wasn’t goin’ down Souf to be a slave agin, and so I come too.”

“Didn’t you want to go on and find your old master, Lex?”

“No, Missis; ye see I saw some of our folks and dey said it’s mighty bad, awful poor times down thar, and I jis thought I’d come find the young gentlemen and the doctor. I likes Doctor Warrenton mighty well, Miss.”

“Was Colonel Brentford well when you saw him last?”

“He ain’t nebber gwine to be well, Miss. Ye see he’s all shot up like; his arm is stiff, jes like dis yer chair, and he’s got two bullets in his foot.

“Poor fellow,” said Mrs. Miller, “he has gone on bravely to the end.”

“Dey calls him ‘Grit’ ’mong the men; s’pose you know what that means, Missis, I don’t eggactly know it myself.”

“Yes, Lex, tell us why they gave him that name.”

“Well, ye see, Miss, his arm was hurt and he nebber waited for it to get well, he

just went back as quick as ever he could, and then pretty soon we had another battle and his horse was shot under him, and de Kunel he jes' took another one and went right on, and de second one was killed too, and he went on foot, and none of 'em knowed his foot was shot, and he was draggin' it until it was all over, and de men all called him "*Grit*;" dat is all I know, cept when he had to be in de tent and de doctors tole me not to leave him night nor day."

"And where is that man now?" asked the aunt sharply.

"Spec he is in Richmond, now Miss, I heard him say he should nebber rest till he found ole Massa and could tell him 'bout Massa Reg, and all of de friends up heah."

"I hope he will come here," said Mrs. Miller, "before he goes West again" "I should think your hands were full enough of wounded folks now," said the aunt tartly.

"Always room for such brave ones as

Colonel Brentford," replied Mrs. Miller, pleasantly.

Before Lex left the invalid's room he had made a friend without knowing it.

"Well, Lex, what would you like to do?" asked Mrs. Miller.

"I should like to stay heah and work until my young gentlemen wants me," said the boy, "and den if Massa comes out all safe he'll find me sure."

"The doctor has a good boy now Lex, and I don't know how our friends in Cambridge will feel about your coming there; I will talk with my husband, and see what he thinks about it."

That evening when Mrs. Miller had made her aunt comfortable for the night the old lady surprised her by saying abruptly — "Mary, I want that boy."

"What boy, aunt, our Dick?"

"Goodness gracious! no. Do I want to upset all his plans? of course not; I mean the darkey Lex. Why can't I have him to wait

on me and roll my chair and do a hundred things I never can get done.”

“ I try to do all that is possible, aunt dear,” said long suffering Mrs. Miller, “ and Sarah is very faithful.”

“ Who said she wasn't? Who cares about that? I want a servant of my own, and I have money enough to pay for it; I don't ask any odds of you or your husband.”

“ No aunt, we only want to make you comfortable and happy.”

“ Comfortable and happy indeed; that is just like you Mary, you were always unreasonable from a child.”

“ Shall I tell Lex you would like to engage him? ” asked Mrs. Miller in her calm even tones but with a look in her eyes which sometimes made her son call her “ Mary the martyr.”

“ Why of course; I don't want the boy to work for nothing, and he must have some decent clothes too; I'll warrant he will steal everything he can put his hands on. Do

give me my powder Mary, you know I can't sleep without it."

"You had your powder aunt a few moments since; see, here is the paper." The fretful old lady was convinced at last, and consented to try and sleep. Mrs. Miller left her to arrange some domestic affairs. She had just reached the dining-room, when her aunt's bell rang furiously. Mrs. Miller hurried back, well knowing that the presence of the servant would not be tolerated. "Well, aunt," she said on opening the door.

"Well, there's no well about it; that blind is slapping so I can't rest and I want to know what Dick wrote; I don't know what I have done that I can't hear the boys' letters; he's bad enough, and noisy enough, goodness knows, but one wants to know what one's own flesh and blood are doing."

"You shall hear every letter aunt, you know your head ached when I proposed reading them."

Mrs. Miller drew from her pocket the

latest bulletin from Doctor Dick, and began to read; her aunt interrupting every few moments.

It was very vexatious, but Mrs. Miller endured the trial with great sweetness and patience. Dick wrote:

“MY PRECIOUS MOTHERDY: The Annex and its inhabitants are in a salubrious condition. - Reg says that is not proper — salubrious.”

“Of course it is not proper” said the aunt, “I do wish Richard could learn to talk and write simple English.”

Mrs. Miller read on — “I mean well, I don't know exactly *what* I mean, but we are all well.

“We too, have tolled our bells, draped our buildings, and mourned for dear, honest old Abe. Bertie says, ‘Oh dear, he kissed me and told me to be good to my mother, and now he will see her in heaven and know all about it.’ Reg says little; in fact, the ‘Deacon’ is not a great talker, but I fancy he is thinking about his father; I don't wonder —

just imagine how I should behave if it were my paternal? Bless him. I wish we could have one of our old fencing matches.”

“Ridiculous stuff and nonsense,” said the aunt. The letter went on:

“Tell him I am getting up muscle every day, think I shall be called Hercules some time in the near future. Matters are getting on much as usual here. Dolly improves rapidly in music, and we have some creditable home concerts. If I had a family of boys and girls —”

“Well, I *do* think that boy is demented,” said the aunt.

Mrs. Miller resumed reading: “I should train every one to play some musical instrument; it adds so much to home entertainments, and is such a rest when one is tired.”

“Fiddle dee dee!” said the aunt.

“Sometimes when I get wrought up to the point of desperation over my books, I seize my flute, play a little, and then go back ready for hard work.”

“Humph,” ejaculated Dick’s aunt.

“We have had a little excitement since my last bulletin.”

Sarah here tapped at the door to ask a question.

“Never mind now, never mind, she is reading me a letter Sarah, and you should manage your work better.”

“I only wished to ask Mrs. Miller if I should send the corn-bread down to the Hospital by the little boy Lex?”

“Of course you will Sarah, of course, he is my servant now and we must keep him busy.”

Mrs. Miller smiled, but had not time to resume her reading before her aunt exclaimed in a fretful tone:

“Why don’t you go on Mary? it is very aggravating to have you read over things to yourself!”

Poor little mother, even her dear boys, letters were stolen pleasures.

“We have had a little excitement.”

“Dear me, you read that before, Mary.”

Dolly liked a face in it, and while we were discussing its good and bad points Bertie slipped away.'

“ ‘ He has not wandered far ’ I said, and as we walked along looking on every side I heard some one say in a half whisper, ‘ Dick, oh Dick, ’ and there was Dolly with her finger on her lips standing near the corner of Hamilton Place, while she pointed to a little figure on the curb stone at the extreme end of the court. It was Bertie. The Conservatory of Music as you know makes a solid wall there, and the boy attracted by the sounds had wandered down and seated himself to listen. Even the man at the corner with the chestnut roaster was watching him. Cool as it was, he had removed his Scotch cap and sat with his eyes intently fastened on the grim walls whence the sounds came. He was very pale and his dark eyes sparkled with excitement; but I shall never forget the peculiar expression on his little face; half sadness, half joy. ‘ He

is thinking of his mother, poor darling!’ said Dolly.

“ ‘It is the face of an angel in one of those engravings papa has,’ said Marion.

“ ‘Wait, I will speak to him,’ said Dolly, ‘as soon as the song is finished, and Dick, please don’t scold him, he could not help it; the dreams will turn to something hard and practical soon enough.’ I verily believe Dolly thinks I am a bear.”

“And no wonder,” said the petulant aunt, whose intense interest had kept her silent for some time.

“We were amused to see the boy’s face when Dolly spoke to him.

“She said quietly, ‘Come darling, I think we must go home now,’ when the child rose, put his hand in hers and came toward us with a smile. He was not surprised to see me, did not know he had been lost, and on the way home amused us all by saying that ‘Boston was very nice, specially in the little street where the music was.’”

CHAPTER XIII.

“COLONEL GRIT.”



HE family at the “Annex” knew nothing of the lost child until the party returned. Reg was inclined to reprove the boy for his carelessness, but the Doctor, with his usual kindness, urged him to overlook it lest the sensitive child should suffer from his visit to the city, which he had enjoyed so much. The Doctor however had a quiet talk with Bertie about lost children, and the little fellow was at last convinced that it was never prudent to forget himself in a strange place.

In Washington the wheels of Govern-

ment went on although the President was no more. Andrew Johnson, the former Vice President, was at the head of the Nation. In public life he was much abused, in private he was genial, kind, and very faithful to his friends. One of his sons had attended school with Dr. Miller in early boyhood, and it was not unusual for the President to walk quietly in upon the family without “nonsense or parade,” as the old aunt said. On one well-remembered occasion he sat on the steps with the family, chatting of home-life, of his dead wife and his invalid daughter, with a tenderness familiar only to those who knew him best. Suddenly he turned about facing his friends and said with twinkling eyes — “Don’t be surprised if you see horrible accounts of my drunkenness in the papers to-morrow.”

“Why, pray?”

“Oh the Doctor and I shocked the proprieties last night. You see he gave me

a prescription for—— and I thought I would like to take a quiet stroll, so I took his arm and went to the druggist's and had the medicine put up; the bottle was large, and I refused to have it sent, so we walked the length of the avenue with the bottle under my arm, and I said with a chuckle: 'Now won't the gossips and slanderers find business brisk.'"

His friends remonstrated with him for giving his bitter enemies an opportunity to charge him with indiscretion, but the President laughed good naturedly and said:

"I have a little of the boy in me yet," and then added, "and you know while I'm being abused some one else escapes."

True enough the story of the gross intemperance of the President spread, and he was openly accused of being seen reeling down the avenue with a bottle of whiskey under his arm, while his friend, Doctor ——, supported him. Thus do we make or mar history.

This little incident reminded Mrs. Miller of another fact which she reported to her dear young friends at the “Annex.”

“You have all seen,” she wrote, “the picture of Mr. Lincoln with Tad. I chanced to be in Brady’s Gallery that day, and saw Mr. Lincoln looking over the large album with which that artist amused his waiting patrons. The President conversed pleasantly as usual, and called my attention to the picture of a prominent public man who ‘looked as if he were contemplating murder.’ Tad, a pet with us all, stood looking on, and the artist with a happy thought seized upon the pose as most favorable to a good picture. I afterwards heard Mr. Lincoln say as he gave me a copy which I now prize highly, that he considered it the best he had ever had taken.

“All stories have an amusing side. Judge C—— dined here the other day, and on seeing it said: ‘I heard the superintendent of our Sunday School in New

England telling the boys about this,' — he held up a copy — 'saying: 'We see the influence of a good father. Here sits our lamented chief magistrate reading the Bible to his little son.'

"As I thought of our cozy talk at Brady's, I could not help laughing, although the great loss of our excellent and sincere friend is such a bitter thing to us and to the country. You see, my dears, that a 'made up story' is not half as good as a true one.

"I am looking almost daily for some tidings from Col. Brentford. I am quite sure he will come here as soon as possible, and yet the poor man must feel anxious to see his mother and his Western home."

In two weeks after writing the above Mrs. Miller greeted the gentleman, and with him another pale, thin man with gray hair.

Lex announced their arrival

"Dey has come, Miss Miller; dey is here;

an’ Massa Kunnel say he ain’t got no kurds.”

Mrs. Miller hurried down to the little library where Col. Brentford had first seen Dolly’s father.

“I am very glad,” she said extending both hands. “I do not think we can give ‘Colonel Grit’ a welcome quite warm enough after hearing an account of his brave deeds.”

“He will accept the welcome even without deserving it, Mrs. Miller,” said the gallant Colonel, “and now let me introduce my travelling companion, General Gresham of Richmond.”

“And you, too, shall have right cordial welcome,” said Mrs. Miller, feeling at once how painful it must be to appear as a conquered foe in the house of his old friend, and knowing as women do know, how much harder it must be to bear defeat or success without the kindly sympathy of faithful friends.

General Gresham looked prematurely

old, but his fine bearing and manner impressed Mrs. Miller even while she pitied him.

“Your boys almost belong to me,” said she, “and as they call me ‘Mother Miller’ I shall make haste to tell you that they are all well, and looking eagerly for the arrival of letters from Richmond.”

“And I,” said the General, “feel like a wreck tossed and buffeted about. I shall not recognize my own remains until I have my children once more about me”

“What rejoicing there will be, and how much you will be obliged to rehearse for them, and the boys for you. I am selfish enough to desire a share in it.”

“Then you must hear my plan,” said Colonel Brentford.

“But permit me to say first,” said General Gresham, “that my presence here is due to this gentleman. But for his kindness I could not see my children at present.”

“Let that pass, General. You see, Mrs.

Miller, I was so much pleased with Reggie that I determined to find his father, and when I saw that my good fortune would take me not only on to Richmond, but into it, I determined to bring the young man a present, and I refused to leave Richmond until he came with me.”

“And I am sure we shall never cease to thank you; how I wish we might have our merry group all here. I miss them constantly.”

“Why can you not join us and visit Cambridge with us? That was part of my plan, as I felt sure we would require your presence to make the rejoicing complete to Miss Warrington,” said Colonel Brentford.

“You are very kind, Colonel, but my aged aunt seldom permits me to leave her, and I have been a truant this season. I am hungry to see my boy and dear Dolly, to say nothing of the others and the good Doctor.”

“When your husband comes we must arrange it,” said the Colonel. “It is quite folly to be riddled with bullets and then come home to have one’s little plans for universal happiness upset by trifles. I shall make you my prisoner, Mrs. Miller, and with your permission will convince your aunt that it is important.”

“You see the Colonel assumes the bearing of a conqueror,” said General Gresham.

When Doctor Miller returned he was pleased and surprised to see his guests, and at once insisted that his wife should accompany the returned warriors to Boston.

“Aunt never exacts such service from any one else,” said he. “She looks upon my wife as her particular property, and consequently when Mary is away Aunt has fewer wants and is quite tractable, with all due allowance for age and infirmities. The old lady has been very anxious

to see you, Colonel, since Lex has entertained her with accounts of your deeds.”

“I am afraid he has drawn on his imagination largely. It is a trick of the rogues, and I am surprised to find him so much pleased to see me since he calmly turned his back upon me and left for Washington.”

“What did he say to you, General?” asked Doctor Miller.

“His first remark was not seasoned with gratitude,” said the General smiling, “he exclaimed, ‘I isn’t your boy no mo massa, kase we’s all free and I’s gwine to stay Norf where de money’s plenty.’”

The gentlemen laughed merrily, while the object of their mirth appeared upon the scene, grinning with delight, “Massa Doctor an all of ye, my Missis says as how you would please cum up to her room cause she’s in de chair now, and she wants to see de man with bullets in him and de Rebel General.”

“Lex,” said Mrs. Miller reprov-
ingly, “when you have messages to deliver I
have told you to ask me to step out.
Gentlemen, excuse me one moment, I dare
say my aunt has sent her compliments
and would like to see you. She seldom
goes out, and her interest in the war has
been very great.”

“Yes,” said the Doctor, “the poor old
lady has spent her money freely for sick
and wounded soldiers, and it would afford
her sincere pleasure to see you.”

In a few moments the entire party were
seated in the invalid’s room, where she
greeted them quietly, and was so gentle
in her manner that Mrs. Miller wondered
if it were not possible for her to over-
come her usual petulance.

Colonel Brentford related stories to her
intense delight, and General Gresham
promised her an entire set of views of
Richmond during the war. Mrs. Miller
had thought it impossible for her to leave

home, but the gallant Colonel laid seige to the old lady's heart when he represented his pleasure in looking forward to the Boston visit, and knew it would all be spoiled if Mrs. Miller did not join them.

“She can go as well as not,” said the old lady. “Lex is quite handy now, and I suppose you won't keep her long.”

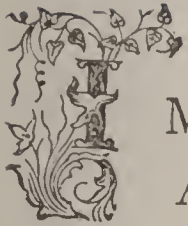
“No, indeed,” replied the Colonel, “I have business here in Washington in a week, and I will promise to return her safely with a budget of pleasant things to tell you.”

Thus the brave soldier showed his skill in winning victories, for, had Mrs. Miller proposed it, the aunt's objections would have been innumerable. Doctor Miller knew only too well that his dear wife suffered from the needless exactions of his relative, and he urged her departure with zeal, promising the invalid several treats during her absence.

While the preparations were going on in the old lady's room, Lex, the ungrateful and unreasonable, was turning somersaults in the hall, saying to himself: "Won't I plague de old one good when de young missis is gone, and won't she jis give me heeps of money to buy taffy." Army life had not improved Lex. He was fond of Mrs. Miller and afraid of the Doctor, but his woolly head was full of mischief if not downright wickedness.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOY BELLS AT "THE ANNEX."



MAILED my usual letter to the Annex this morning," said Mrs. Miller, "and I think it would be quite nice to surprise our friends there."

"Capital," said the Colonel, "I should like to know if the stories the General has been telling me are quite correct, eh General? Suppose we try the boys and see if they are wise enough to know their own father?"

"I will consent to anything you may arrange," said the General, "but I am quite sure that my boy Reginald would peer through all disguises."

The next day when the party left Washington, Dr. Miller begged them to enjoy for him, while he attended to stern duties, and above all he hoped they would return to the Woodbox. The Doctor was not surprised at the friendship between his friend Dr. Warrington and General Gresham when he came to know the beautiful nature of the latter, and, like his wife, Dr. Miller knew that the situation must be extremely trying to a proud and cultivated man. His large estates were useless, his property gone, his family broken up, his health shattered, and yet no word of complaint passed his lips. He had been drawn into the war on his return from Europe, and the very fact that his fondness for the old flag was not concealed, made his position still more trying. Unlike his former slave, Lex, he was not ungrateful, and yet it seemed impossible for him to repay his relatives and his Northern friends for their kindness to his

children. He hoped soon to see his way through the darkness and once more bring his beloved sister and his children together. How this could be done he did not know, all was confusion and uncertainty, and yet he bore himself grandly, and received with courtly grace the attention of his travelling companions.

The train had nearly reached Boston before Mrs. Miller's plans were quite complete. On reaching Cambridge the party went at once to the house of Professor Huntley, where Miss Marion was found at home and much pleased to see the "dear Mrs. Miller," of whom she had heard much. The plan was briefly told, and a note was sent to Dolly.

"She is at home, I know," said Marion. "I promised to rehearse a duet with her this evening, and as it is quite usual for us to find our little plans interrupted, I will write a hurried note which will bring her speedily."

When the messenger called, Dolly was engaged in her old-time occupation of brushing her father's hair.

"It is a note from Marion, papa. She says — 'Dear Dolly, please come to me at once. I will not detain you long.'"

"Then go, my daughter; for the secrets of young girls are quite as important as hair dressing," and Dolly went.

"Come right in, dear," said Marion as Dolly ran in flushed and rosy. "I have a new trio, come and tell me what you think of it," and before Dolly knew what had happened, she was ushered into the presence of Mrs. Miller and the gentlemen. She saw only her friend however for a few moments. "Dear, dear Mrs. Miller, how came you here?"

"These old friends brought me, Dolly. Haven't you a word for Colonel Brentford and General Gresham?"

Dolly extended a hand to each while she glanced shyly at the tall gentleman

she had known as "cousin Gresham."

"Dolly, my dear relative and brave little woman, how am I to address you?" said the General, drawing her toward him, "bless me, how you have grown."

"Hasn't she?" said Mrs. Miller, "ah me, we are all so fond of our one girl."

"When did you come? Where from? How came you here? Do tell me all," said Dolly eagerly.

"Colonel Brentford brought General Gresham to us, and we at once resolved to make a raid on old Cambridge, and as I did not know just the condition of your father's nerves now, and dared not carry out a surprise without consulting you, I had the audacity to present myself to Miss Huntley and ask her co-operation."

"For which she devoutly thanks you," said that young lady.

"You must come home with me at once," said Dolly, "think of Reggie's face

when he sees his father once more. I think he is in his room now, and the rest will soon come trooping in as it is our usual dinner hour in about forty minutes."

"Sit down and hear my plan first," said Mrs. Miller, taking the girl's trembling hand in hers. Dolly obeyed.

"I can improve on it a little, I think," said Dolly when her friend concluded. "I will return home and see if the coast is clear, if so, I will smuggle you into papa's room and close the folding doors; then we will tell the boys that papa has guests, and suddenly open the doors upon you."

"Only, if you will allow me to suggest," said Colonel Brentford, "we would like to test the truth of Reggie's oft-repeated assertion that he should know his father anywhere, in any dress, under any disguises."

"And will you disguise yourself?" asked Dolly, turning her blushing face toward General Gresham.

"Sickness, trouble and war have made that unnecessary. When I last saw my children, my dark locks and moustache were untouched by time; now, you see, my child, they are snowy enough for a man of eighty, and many of my old friends fail to recognize me."

To gratify his friends, General Gresham consented to wear his coat buttoned tightly and also to brush his hair over his full brow.

"He can study them all quietly for a time," said Mrs. Miller, "and see the wonderful improvement his children have made; the only eyes I dread are those of Doctor Warrington."

"Oh, papa and General Gresham can arrange all that before the doors are opened," said Dolly.

Dolly ran away and encountered Dick in the hall of the Annex.

"Bless me, what a color she has," he said teasingly. "Cousin Dolly, if you are

very discreet and careful of your complexion you will be quite good looking when you are forty years old."

Dolly was too happy to be vexed, and she only answered cheerily, "Never mind my looks Dick, it is nearly dinner time and your 'sweet maid Marion' is coming in this evening with an old friend of her father's."

"A don is he?"

"No, an army officer; do run up and warn the boys. The last time she was here with a stranger Wally had on a frowsy necktie, and poor old Charl wore soiled cuffs. They don't mean to, bless them, but you know I want them to look their best."

"Precisely," said Dick; "'she had so many children she didn't know what to do.' Your motherly anxiety is charming. I say, Dolly, give up your plan of being an old-maid music teacher, and try for a position as matron of a foundling asylum; your past

experience, fondness for children, etc., etc., etc., all render you eminently fitted for it."

"I will consider it," called back Dolly, whose hand was on the door of her father's room. She found Bertie with her father, and he must be disposed of.

"Go to Reggie's room, dear, and put on a clean collar. Cousin Dolly will fasten the bow for you when you come down."

Bertie ran away pleased to think himself old enough to put on his collar alone.

"Now papa," said Dolly closing the folding-doors; "you are to have guests, dear old friends. They have just arrived, and we do not want the boys to know. I will smuggle them in here, and you are to be as much pleased to see them as you like, only, one of them mind is called General *Graham*. You have heard Professor Huntley and Marion speak of him, have you not?"

"Oh yes, frequently; and a fine old gentleman he must be."

“Well, papa, if you see a dear old friend when you look in the General’s face, you will be very discreet, won’t you, and not call him by any other name?”

“Unfold your riddle, my child.”

“Not now papa, as they are waiting.”

Away flew Dolly to summon her guests, and soon they were all snugly settled in the Doctor’s room. For a few moments his excitement and pleasure in receiving Mrs. Miller and Colonel Brentford, led him to simply greet with his usual kindness Marion and her friend.

“I did not like to come so soon again, Doctor,” said she “but Dolly and Mrs. Miller insisted.

“You are always welcome my dear girl,” said he, “and General Graham will soon learn—” He glanced at his guest as he spoke, and shaded his eyes with his hand,

“Will soon learn that the homeless and unfortunate, as well as the happy, are ever

welcome under your roof," said Colonel Brentford, speaking for his friend, who was endeavoring to control his feelings in the presence of his more than brother.

"I hope so," replied the Doctor. "General, when did you leave your command?"

"About a week since."

"And you are not sorry to return to the pleasures of home life are you?"

For some reason the simple question caused the veteran to hesitate, and when he spoke again it was in another key.

"Some of us have neither homes nor friends, Doctor."

Doctor Warrington moved uneasily in his chair.

"Do take this seat, General," said Mrs. Miller, "now that the young ladies have left us, we older people will be as cozy as possible. It is an old custom of ours to rally about the Doctor."

The General took the seat designated, where the light shone full on his face.

For one moment Doctor Warrington gazed at him keenly, and then exclaimed, "Gresham! Heaven be praised, you are with us once more!"

Mrs. Miller and Colonel Brentford turned away with moist eyes, as the two old friends embraced each other after such serious and sad changes. Dolly had gone to the dining-room to make the already generous table larger, and Marion had kindly undertaken the care of Bertie in the parlor, where she played the piano with unusual vigor. Below stairs Miss Lucinda was assisting Dolly about the table, and saying over and over again: "Back safe and sound at last; well, well, to be sure."

Aunt Axy, kind, faithful and busy, heard the news while holding a large potato masher in her hand, with which she was beating to a creamy whiteness that excellent vegetable. "De Lord is merciful, deed he is," exclaimed she, as she brought

the masher down with such force that particles of potato flew like snow-flakes upon her cooking table.

"Siah junior was at once sent to the nearest store to procure certain dainties for the guests, as Miss Lucinda said "it was a burning shame not to have a splendid dinner." As the bill of fare for that day consisted of soup, fish and roast beef, Dolly was not in the least alarmed on that score. Seats for the entire party were soon arranged, and the happy girl flew up stairs to join Marion.

Dick was already down chatting merrily with that young lady, quite unconscious of the presence of his mother on the other side of the door, and in a few moments the family were all gathered in the front parlor, wondering why dinner was so late, and why they were not permitted to run in and greet the Doctor as usual.

"Papa has friends with him," said Dolly meekly, not daring to look at Marion. "I

will go in and see if they are ready for dinner."

In a moment more the folding-doors rolled back and disclosed Mrs. Miller sitting by the Doctor's chair, Colonel Brentford looking eager and expectant, and General *Graham* upon the sofa nervously twirling the ends of his long gray moustache. Marion, as the friend of the latter gentleman, introduced him as soon as she could make herself heard. Doctor Dick seized his mother at once, and Colonel Brentford was surrounded by the boys who were eager to shake him by the hand.

Strange to say, Jack Montgomery was the first to say a word to the General, who retained his position on the sofa, and responded to Jack in a remarkably gruff tone of voice. When the first confusion was over, Dolly urged the boys to leave fragments of Colonel Brentford, as the dinner-bell sounded some moments before.

Owing to the stairs which were narrow and somewhat crooked, the Doctor had not dined with the family regularly since their residence in Cambridge. Now, the boys insisted that he must do so, and in a twinkling Walter had arranged the rollers expressly prepared by him for the purpose, and the beloved guardian of the household sat once more at the table, with his handsome face lighted with joy. Mrs. Miller sat on his right hand, the General on his left, while Dolly looked after Colonel Brentford and Marion. Miss Lucinda and Dolly had seated Reggie next the General, while Dick was directly opposite radiant and handsome, by the side of "the dearest woman in the world." Every one knows how very awkward it is to look in the face of a stranger seated next you at table, especially when the plates are of necessity near together.

Reggie was unconsciously drawn to the General, who without saying much to any

one but the Doctor, seemed to be somewhat nervous.

Miss Lucinda at the sideboard kept her keen eyes fastened on the General, and yet managed to issue her orders to Siah junior and the maid.

“Will you take pepper, General?” asked Reggie politely.

“Yes,” the General took pepper. It was a simple thing, and yet it created a sensation, for, no sooner did the guest take the pepper box from his hand and give it a light twirl over his fish, than Reggie looked at him, and for a second did not remove his eyes.

This the General did not notice as he was replying to a question of the Doctor's, but Mrs. Miller glancing across saw the act and smiled. Her look encouraged Reggie, and again he glanced at the stranger, who, unguardedly dropped the assumed gruffness of voice, and said in his natural tone, “You are quite right

as usual." Dick was engaged in putting food on his mother's plate.

"Now, sweetheart," said he, "eat away; fortify yourself; no bed to-night until you have talked us literally blind."

"But Dick, I told you we dined at the Parker House."

"Nonsense! they never gave a repast equal to this. Repast sounds better than dinner or lunch, you know. Now try some of Aunt Axy's bread; good as ever, you see. Now a shake of pepper sauce on your fish. No? Well, she shall eat it as she pleases, but she must eat; no fine lady, delicate airs here, Mrs. Miller. Our ambrosia can be cut in slices. Reggie, what are you looking at? One might fancy you had seen the ghost of an ancestor."

All eyes were turned on Reggie. He had put down his knife and fork and his face was deadly pale.

"If I mistake not I see my ancestor here by my side." And the poor fellow could

say no more. General Gresham held him in his arms and was instantly surrounded by the entire group. Ned, Charlie and Walter fairly pulled him about while at Dick's suggestion the dining-room rang with "three cheers for the veterans." This gave every one something to do, and the General, who was indeed much overcome, time to recover his composure.

"How did you know or suspect?" asked Dolly, when all were seated once more.

"I knew him the moment he twirled the pepper-box," said Reggie. "It was a little trick of his when I was quite small, and I used to spend my time in trying to do it."

"Do show us once more," said Mrs. Miller, whose eyes were moist, and had been since she saw the tired, suffering, anxious soldier hold his children in his arms.

General Gresham went through the performance again, which simply consisted of holding the box firmly between thumb

and finger and then quickly turning the wrist.

If General Gresham had been lonely and homeless for long dreary years, he was now the lion of the hour. Every one at the table wished to show him some attention.

Reggie could not eat. Again and again he tried to keep up appearances but it was impossible. He thought of his dear, dead mother, of his aunt, of the once beautiful home, and then as he looked at his father and saw him so much older and evidently so worn and weary, his heart was full. Doctor Warrington understood him, and said, when Dick began to tease. "Never mind, my boy, your appetite will come by-and-by; when you fully realize that the war is indeed over, and your father is safe."

"I seem to be waking up from a bad dream," said Reggie.

"I should have known papa if he had

worn his hair as he used to," said Ned.

"I shouldn't," said Charlie. "Uncle is thinner than he used to be, and the white whiskers change him so."

"Can't you dye them?" asked Walter.

"Certainly," exclaimed Dick. "Get out another patent for that, Wally. Your inventive genius never fails, you know."

"I shall not resort to any deception," said the General, "and I only regret that I look older for your sakes. We will not forget the many frolics we have had," he added, "and perhaps many are yet to come. We were all boys together, Mrs. Miller, and now you see they are inclined to look upon me as a patriarch."

"I shall not, General," said Miss Marion. "Whenever your white locks are abused, call on me to defend them. I quite long to have soft gray hair."

The boys laughed. They were very fond of this bright young girl who ran in and out and aided them in all their plans.

"You might wear a wig," suggested Dick.

"No, thanks to you Doctor, I prefer natural colors; in short, nature always." And then she added in a lower tone to Colonel Brentford and Dolly, "You know papa's hair turned snowy white the night mamma died, and I was a silly little thing and quite afraid of him. I often think now, how much he must have suffered."

"Will he join us this evening?" asked Jack Montgomery.

"I think so. I left a note on his table telling him the good news."

"And I," said Dolly, "sent a despatch to our good Dr. H——. How surprised he will be."

"I don't think he could be surprised," said Harvard Budd. "He is a philosopher, and ready for anything."


It was very late when the family left the dining-room. As Dr. Warrington would not use wine at his table, the guests

were pledged in a cup of Aunt Axy's coffee, and Dr. Dick distinguished himself once more as an orator.

The door-bell rang twice before the Doctor was carried up-stairs and found there his friends the Professor and jovial Dr. H——.

CHAPTER XV.

JACK MONTGOMERY.

RESHAM old boy, and wicked sinner, how are you?" exclaimed Doctor H——.

"Do you mean to intimate that I came from the regions of darkness?" asked the General, shaking his hand warmly.

"Never mind, it was hot enough I dare say; why bless you, I have not seen you since — when was it, the flood, or an Alumni dinner?"

"You see him now after the fire, not flood, sir," said Dolly.

"Hear the child, she gives me some sort of impertinence whenever I come here.

Dolly, my dear, you were right to send me word, it does me good to see Gresham once more in the flesh. Does he know Professor Huntley? No, well, we must see to that. Professor, let me introduce you to General Gresham, the rebel of our class; he was a capital young man, and is a handsome old one."

"Speak for yourself, Doctor," said the General, taking Professor Huntley's offered hand, "and remember, sir, I am your junior."

"Yes, you are correct. You were always shamefully exact in figures, but he is a young old boy, Huntley, after all."

Colonel Brentford, who was seated by Doctor Warrington, was introduced to the guests, and Doctor H——, after looking at him for a few moments, said,

"Did the boys call you 'Grit,' sir?"

"I think so," said the Colonel, blushing like a school-boy.

"Do you remember taking care of a

Massachusetts boy belonging to the —— Regiment, and after nursing him for several days sending him home at your own expense? ”

“ I may have done so, sir.”

“ I know you did. Well sir,” said the Doctor, with a certain huskiness of voice, “ that sick boy was my youngest son, and you will believe me when I tell you that I am proud and glad to take your hand.”

“ Sisters and aunts, and hosts of cousins, — but heroes, why bless me, they come in dozens,” said Dick, who was flying about the room, now here, now there, with Bertie’s hand in his.

Bertie, poor child, had talked constantly of his uncle, but the pictures in the family album were totally unlike the face of the gentleman the boys were so glad to see.

“ Put your arms about his neck and hug him tight, Bertie dear,” said Dolly, when the General first opened his arms to the family pet. Bertie obeyed directions,

but soon crept away and kept close to either Dick or Dolly. His large eyes were constantly drawn to the face once so dear to him in baby days, but the little fellow had an imaginary uncle in mind, and as he said to Dick, "He must wait a little to get acquainted with this new one." Mrs. Miller was in her element. She was at her best in a room full of young people, and the young gentlemen who were her devoted friends at the seashore renewed their acquaintance with zeal.

In some mysterious fashion Howard Budd ordered a superb bouquet, which was sent in during the evening addressed to "Mrs. Miller with compliments of the Hospital club," and not to be outdone, Jack Montgomery ordered another directed "to Mrs. Miller, the little woman who thinks of everybody and whom everybody loves."

"Look here fellows," said Doctor Dick, "this is getting to be serious, three ladies

present, and two bouquets for one. My dear mother, allow me to relieve you, such burdens at your time of life are overpowering." The saucy rogue placed the flowers on the piano, after taking from each bouquet a bit of color which he gallantly pinned in the lace at his mother's throat. "Your other lovers may present the flowers," he said mockingly, "I alone can decorate you with them."

"Isn't it charming to see them together?" asked Marion as she stood by Dolly's side.

"Yes, one of the prettiest pictures in the wide world, and the best of it is, Marion dear, Dick is not spasmodically kind, he is always thinking of her and watching over her; no matter how many pretty girls are about him, Doctor Dick's mother comes first."

"And she should," said Marion warmly; "she is worthy of all devotion one can easily see; if she were not, his care and reverence should be the same."

“Dick’s wife will find a powerful rival to contend with,” said Colonel Brentford.

“I cannot believe it,” said Marion. “Your grand women like Mrs. Miller never give themselves up to small jealousies, and I fully believe that Doctor Dick’s wife will be a fortunate and happy woman. Don’t you think so, Dolly?”

“I have never thought anything about it,” said Dolly innocently. “I only know that dear Mrs. Miller is a mother to us all, young as she is, and everything moves on properly and every one is happy with her.”

Dolly crossed the room as she spoke and placed her hand on her friend’s arm. Mrs. Miller took it in hers, and went on chatting with Doctor H—— about Cambridge society, the famous Radical gatherings in Boston, and kindred topics. When Dolly excused herself to put Bertie in bed, General Gresham followed her with his eyes, and said to his old friend,

“She has grown very like her mother, and is yet like you; no wonder my boys worship her.”

“They are a happy family, Gresham, and if they must be separated I hope you will postpone the evil day as long as possible.”

“We will not think of it to-night at least,” said the General with a sigh.

It was eleven o'clock when Doctor H——, the Professor and Marion at last left for home. Colonel Brentford was tormented with questions, General Gresham explained many things concerning the Confederacy, and Mrs. Miller amused them by recounting some of the antics of Lex since his return to the Woodbox.

As Mrs. Miller could remain but a short time and Colonel Brentford had business at the War Department in Washington, the friends agreed to meet again the following evening, when the young people promised them some music. Just before parting Dolly seated herself at the piano,

and all the family joined in singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

General Gresham and Colonel Brentford wished to spend the night at a hotel lest the Annex should be overcrowded, but the boys were determined to take the General up to their den, as Dick declared himself promised to Harvard Budd, and Colonel Brentford had accepted Jack Montgomery's invitation to share his quarters. "Small and plain enough," said honest Jack, "but rather better than the ground for a mattress and the sky for a roof."

Not one of the party could forget Doctor Warrington's prayer that night. His kind heart was full of thanksgiving, and as Jack said to Howard Budd, "There is no cant or nonsense about him, he felt every word he said, and made us feel it too."

"Since I knew Doctor Warrington," said Mr. Budd, "I have had a change in my

views on many subjects, especially on religious matters. His faith is a vital thing, not a theory."

"Dick and Reggie have the same," said Jack, "only Reggie inherits a somewhat morbid temperament. Did I ever tell you, Budd, about my last little scrape?"

"No never."

"Is it anything private?" asked Colonel Brentford, joining them.

It was the morning after the arrival of the guests, and the three were in Jack's quarters preparing for a walk.

"Oh, no, nothing secret," said Jack. "When a fellow has made a fool of himself, it is common honesty to say so, and please Heaven, it shall not occur again.

"I had been going out a good deal to parties, having what some of our fellows call 'a good time.'"

"Yes," said Colonel Brentford, "we all know what it means, Montgomery. It means liquor in the stomach and head,

cigar-smoke, poor jokes, loud talking, nonsense, and then disgrace; it means neglected lessons, broken rules, an abused body, headache and remorse, in fact, doing the things you would be ashamed to do in the presence of a woman like Mrs. Miller, or a young girl like Miss Dolly."

"How well you know," said Jack looking from the Colonel to his friend Budd.

"Yes," said the Colonel, "only too well. Just such things robbed me of a kind brother, a good, affectionate boy who went down under it and lies buried here in New England; but tell us the story, Montgomery. I always thought Charlie might have been saved if he had enjoyed the quiet restrictions of a good home, instead of knocking about in a boarding-house.

"It is the home-life which hundreds of young men need," said Budd.

"Well," said Jack, "I was a fool; no one was to blame but myself. However, I was out one night very late, and Dolly missed

me. I think she suspected some of my wildness. At all events, about two in the morning she went up to the boys' room and told Dick. He and Reggie went out at once, and they found me, I shall never know how I came there, in a low saloon in the rear of a building. My watch was gone, all my money, and I was stupidly drunk. That word is ugly, but true.

“How they managed, I do not know; but they brought me home and put me to bed. I had been drugged without doubt, and was pretty sick for a few days. I remember Dolly coming to me with a cup of coffee and then nothing more until Dick and Reggie took turns staying with me. As soon as I could talk, I made a clean breast of things as far as I knew them, and then I wish you might have heard Dick Miller.

“‘Jackey,’ he said, ‘we must put down the foot fair and square. It may answer for some to take an occasional glass of

wine, but it will not for you and me. We need clear heads and strong bodies, and these vile decoctions called wine will injure both; beside, a thousand good times or sprees could never make us suffer half as much as it would two dear, good women we know.'

"I can't tell you half he said, or say it half as well, but I was conquered. I knew he was right and I was wrong. I asked him what he would do if he were on a ship where guests were entertained and all drank to them.

"Do as I have done before. Fill my glass with water and make myself understood as acting on principle. Men never assail each other's principles, only cowards do that. You would not fear being laughed at if you said you admired Tom Paine or disliked him. You would not fear sneers if you were a devout Catholic or a strict believer in the Trinity; now why on earth does a young man fear to

say I don't believe in drinking. It cannot do me any good, it may and does do great harm, and I will not drink.'

"Then Dolly came. Bless that girl, she is worth a dozen fashionable flirts."

"A thousand," said Harvard Budd.

"Make it a million," said the Colonel.

"Well, Dolly petted me, and nursed me up, but never once said I am ashamed of you for your weakness, although I have heard her say that she could not trust a man who would allow himself to be intoxicated more than once. He may be deceived the first time, the second he deceives himself.

"I told her all about it at last, and she actually cried, but her only sermon was: 'Well, Jack, we all have our weak points. Now you know yours, and therefore it is easily conquered. I think you will never put yourself in the power of such doubtful friends again.'"

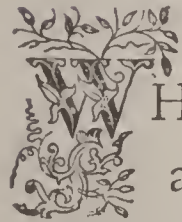
"And you never have," said Harvard

with a friendly clap of the hand on Jack's shoulder.

“Never, thank God,” said Jack; “but come, gentlemen, the boys will be waiting for us.”

CHAPTER XVI.

SIAH JUNIOR MAKES AN EXPERIMENT.



WHILE our young friends were busy and happy with their guests, the housekeepers at the "Annex" were also occupied.

"Now Miss Dolly," said Miss Lucinda when the former ran down to inspect the table on the following morning, "don't you stop to do a mite of work while Mrs. Miller is here; you see she can't stay long anyway, and I'll look after things. Do you just see to your pa and Bertie, and what Axy and Melissy and me can't do, we'll leave undone."

“ I’ll look after the boys’ rooms a little,” said Dolly. “ You know the General must be made comfortable, and their books and traps are all over the third story.”

“ Well it stands to reason that you know their ways better than any one, but you just take Siah up with you, and make him dust and so on; he knows how as well as any girl in Massachusetts, I’ll be bound, for I trained him myself.”

“ All right,” replied Dolly, “ after prayers I will leave the visitors with papa while I arrange matters ‘ up aloft ’ as Dick says.”

Very pretty was our Dolly in her dainty sweeping cap with its blue bows, as she ran through the halls after breakfast. She had excused herself to Mrs. Miller, and now as she mounted the stairs armed with a feather duster, a whisk broom, and a little dust-pan, she was indeed a picture. So thought Harvard Budd as he caught a glimpse of her while putting on his gloves in the lower hall; so also thought Colonel Brentford who

was going out with Budd and Jack Montgomery, and "up aloft," so thought Doctor Dick and Reggie who were putting some books in order on their study table.

"Hang it, Dolly, why do you do this sort of thing?" exclaimed Dick.

"What sort of thing, your highness?" asked Dolly.

"Why, the maid's work."

"Oh, because I am a maid."

The boys laughed.

"Well I should think," said Dick with a frown, "that servants could be found to do the necessary drudgery of the family without Miss Warrington's being obliged to do it."

"Indeed!" said Dolly with a courtesy.

"You forget," said Reggie, "that cousin Dolly performs all these duties in order to make us more comfortable. What havoc a servant would make among your valuables on the table there by the window. I consider it extremely kind in her to care so much for us."

“That is all true,” said Dick, “but she does not care for herself. Think how dusty it is, and how it will spoil her hands, and exhaust her strength. I say, Cousin Dolly, if you sweep these rooms after all our messes and tramps, I shall vacate at once.”

“Oh, leave me not in sorrow,” sang Dolly as she brushed bits of paper, cigar ashes, and dust, into the little pan.

“No, but I will leave downright cross,” said Dick, laughing in spite of himself. “You see I have ideas of my own about these things; if ever *I* marry, my wife shall not perform any such menial service.”

“Hear, hear,” cried Dolly and the boys.

“I want her for a companion, not an upper servant,” said Dick.

“When found make a note on,” said Charlie, quoting Captain Cuttle.

“Now I understand sweet maid Marion’s remark,” said Dolly.

“What remark?” asked Dick. “She is

sensible ; you don't find her grubbing in the dirt."

"What was the remark, Cousin?" asked Reg, who was almost angry with Dick.

"She said 'Doctor Dick's wife would be a fortunate and happy woman.'"

The boys fairly shouted. The idea of Dick being married struck them as highly absurd, and yet he was constantly telling what his wife should be and do. Dolly bent her head low over some spots on the carpet which she was trying to remove, and no one saw the mischief in her eyes.

"Well, you must admit," said Dick when the laughter had subsided, "that I respect women, and therefore do not wish to see them overburdened. I think there is a heap of nonsense about housekeeping, anyway, and plenty of dirty work ; you may laugh as much as you like, but the future Mrs. Miller *shall not* do a servant's work if I can help it."

"Wait until she appears Doctor Dick,"

said Dolly rising from her duty of cleaning the carpet. "I do not think any young girl chooses the dirty work, but there is real pleasure in dusting and arranging; a quiet satisfaction in seeing things neat and tidy, and a certain sense of self respect which a woman cannot have if she is ignorant of little home duties. It pleases me to make home pleasant, and if I did not sometimes do such work myself, I should not know how to direct others. One is always in danger of expecting too much when they know nothing of the time it requires to do little things. In a family like ours, two, or even three servants could not do all the work, and I think it is better for my health, conscience, and pocket to do something which requires a little taste, skill, and patience to perform."

"And you are quite right," said Reggie. "I am sure we are all your debtors; I only wish I knew something of housework myself, and I should insist on helping you."

"Your corner is always in order," said Dolly, "and that is your way of helping, Reggie; if Wally and dear old Bismarck were equally careful, my duties on this floor would be light."

"I know it, Cousin Dolly," said Charley with a rueful face, "you see I mean to pick up things, and for a week or two I can."

"So you do, dear, but I would a thousand times rather clear up after you than not have you about, dirt and all," said Dolly, kissing Charl whose hand rested on her arm.

"Do you think there is danger of our going away?" asked Ned in alarm.

"I don't know dear; if there is, I shall be a miserable Cousin Dolly."

"You shall go with us, Dolly; go with us to Richmond," said Charlie eagerly, "and never leave us."

"We can't tell what may happen," said Dolly dusting the various nick-nicks on the mantle.

“And what, pray, is to become of me,” asked Dick, “when you and Dolly go to Richmond?”

“Oh, you will graduate, marry the paragon who will not work, and be happy,” said Dolly.

“Thank you for your fortune telling,” said Dick in a snappish tone, “it is agreeable to know that you will all find a pleasant world of your own.”

“Don’t be foolish Dick,” said Reg in a quiet tone, “you are very fond of teasing others, but will not bear it yourself.”

“‘Beloved children,’ as Aunt Axy says,” remarked Dolly turning about to face her audience, duster in hand, “as you are to have a special holiday, suppose you improve it by going down stairs, while Siah, under my directions performs certain duties here, then we are to make plans for to-morrow. The truth is, I am in a hurry to finish my ‘*drudgery*’ this morning, and feel anxious to spend every moment with Mrs. Miller.”

“Let it go,” said Dick, “don’t do another thing.”

“Dust won’t hurt anything,” said Walter, “unless it’s machinery.”

“That is like you, Wally, now go down and let me reign supreme. In one hour even the fastidious Doctor Dick will admit that I am neither frowsy or coarse after my exercise.”

Siah Junior was a peculiar boy. He was lank and lean, with large gray eyes, and a mouth always open owing to some projecting teeth. His step-mother could not manage him, and Aunt Lucinda could, in fact, the boy was almost afraid of the latter, remembering certain shakings he had received for impertinence. He loved his aunt, it is true, but it was a love mingled with awe. When he spoke he drawled out his words and elevated first one shoulder and then the other. He seemed to be thinking of some important subject most of the time. It was always necessary to call him several

times before he was aware that you had spoken.

On this particular morning Dolly was quite willing to take him into her service, as the young maid servant had extra duties to perform.

“Now Siah,” said Dolly when the boys had left them, “I want you to dust the other things. Do not touch the books or tables, especially Doctor Dick’s table by the window, where he tries experiments.”

“No Miss,” drawled Siah, and after a few moments Dolly left him.

The guests with the children were all assembled in the parlor with the folding doors closed, thus leaving Dolly free to arrange her father’s private rooms. She had just slipped on a little dressing sacque and was preparing to curl her fine hair when a terrible scream rang through the house. Every one ran into the hall, but Dolly flew by them and mounted the stairs closely followed by Dick and Reggie.

“I feared mischief when Aunt Lucinda urged me to bring him here,” said Dolly, bursting into the room occupied by the larger boys.

Siah junior was stretched upon the floor, screaming lustily, while he covered his eyes with his hands. “What is it, tell us?” urged Dolly and Reginald, while Dick held on his sides and laughed.

“You cruel fellow,” said Dolly, quite provoked; “the poor child’s eyes may be put out.”

“Not a bit of it,” said Dick, “he has been trying to blow soap bubbles. Here, you young rascal, stop your noise, you are not hurt, but you may be next time; if you had touched the bottle on the left, you would have had your head taken off.”

“Reggie, please run down and say there is nothing serious, papa might —” Reggie was gone before she finished her sentence.

Dick raised the boy to his feet and then

laughed again as he saw his face. It was covered with black spots. "Go wash your face," said Dick, "and don't put any soap on it. He is all right, Dolly; I am not as cruel as you think. The fact is, I was making a kind of ink which appears white and colorless as water until exposed to the action of heat. I left this glass syphon in it this morning while explaining it to the boys and General Gresham; there is nothing in it to injure the little meddler, but I presume it flew suddenly in his face and caused a slight smarting sensation." Siah crept mournfully down-stairs, without speaking a word.

"Really, Dick," said Dolly, when the boy had left them, "don't you think it is a little dangerous to experiment so much here? You know I never dare trust Bertie up here alone, and the younger boys are curious?"

"They are gentlemen," said Dick, "and would not be guilty of meddling with the property of others."

"We had an accident, or almost one, the

other day," said Dolly, "and poor Melissy dreads to sweep here since."

"What was it?"

"Come down and let us explain the little scare, and I will tell you."

"See here fellows," said Dick, after Siah's experiment had been explained to the household, "Cousin Dolly says our room is a sort of perpetual Gunpowder Plot, and I want to hear about it."

"It was last sweeping day," said Dolly, quite unconscious that her curls were yet hanging about her shoulders, and the fright had called her out in a becoming dressing sacque, "Melissy went up and cleaned the 'upper deck' as usual, and also as usual brought down the dirt to burn in the kitchen stove. I was arranging the parlor, when I heard scream after scream. Miss Lucinda had gone to market, and I hurried down as quickly as possible; poor Melissy was holding on to the table; some glass chimneys and dishes were shattered on the

floor, and the red hot stove, or range covers, were burning holes on the opposite side of the room. I picked them up and found that Melissy had deposited the dust, and put on the covers; before she could turn about the top of the range flew in different directions, one portion just escaping the girl's head; the kitchen lamps were shattered, dishes broken, and poor Melissy nearly frightened out of her wits."

"What did she say?" asked Dick.

"Ah, shure Miss Dolly, it's not safe to be touching their room Miss, with all their murderin' things around; I thought I was killed dead intirely."

"Dick, you must be more careful," said his mother.

"I think" said Reggie, "that Dicks' chemicals were not to blame. I remember seeing the boys playing with a box of percussion caps.

"Oh yes," said Charlie, "we spilled them,

didn't we Ned, and we only found about half of them."


"I wonder, Doctor Warrington, that you are alive, and cheerful," said Colonel Brentford.

"Not only that," said the Doctor, "but so happy with my boys that I do not want to spare them."

"That subject will not disturb us for the present," said General Gresham.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN EXCURSION TO WEST BEACH.

HE next evening when the family were gathered about in the parlor once more, Harvard Budd surprised the party by saying that it would give him great pleasure if his friends would accept an invitation to a winter picnic.

“Delightful,” exclaimed Dolly.

“Where? where? where?” asked the boys.

“We have shown our friends about Cambridge and Boston,” said Mr. Budd, “and now I am quite sure that General Gresham and the Colonel would like to see our sum-

mer home, where we have enjoyed so much for two or three seasons, and without waiting for permission I wrote to our man and wife to be in readiness for a party at ten o'clock to-morrow. If you have more agreeable plans do not hesitate to say so."

Every one thought it would be delightful if the day was warm, and it promised well for early spring. Doctor Warrington urged General Gresham to go by all means, or he would be unable to understand the numerous allusions he was sure to hear in the future.

"I should enjoy it no doubt, but I dislike to leave you, Warrington."

"Never mind that; you have given me work enough to last every moment of your absence, since you insist on having a long bill of expenses."

Much to the delight of Reggie, his father had requested the Doctor to prepare a complete list of expenditures since the boys were entrusted to him. Reggie himself had

a partial record in his own account book, but the poor fellow was quite sure it did not represent more than half of the actual amount.

So it was arranged that the doctor should spend a quiet day under the care of Aunt Axy, while the family, including Miss Lucinda and Siah junior, visited Beverly Farms. Professor Huntley winked hard when invited, said something about missing lessons and lectures, but finally agreed that the boys deserved to be excused, and although he could not join them, Marion should do so and represent the family. Doctor H. consented to join them provided he should be permitted to return before dark.

As the plans were already made for the return trip by the five P. M. train, all entered heartily into it.

“We must provide a substantial lunch,” said the practical Dolly, well knowing the appetites of her boys.

“Certainly,” said Marion, “I will make a raid on the cook.”

“Don’t burden yourselves with anything,” said Mr. Budd. “Our people will attend to that, in fact, they are rather fond of this sort of thing.” The story of the excursion we find recorded in two places. Dolly wrote a long letter to her friend Cora Birney in Vassar, describing it; and Doctor Dick who corresponded regularly with Mrs. Van Cleve, Jack’s mother, told that lady in his own fashion. Both letters seem necessary to us. Let Dolly tell her story first.

“MY DEAREST CORA :

“While you are puzzling your brain over problems concerning the earth or the heavens above, we rebels have enjoyed a holiday. Of course you know all about the return of Colonel Brentford, and General Gresham — stop a moment — no, you do not. We have been too busy to write. Well it was a great surprise and joy to us all. Mrs. Miller came with them, and Reg-

gie knew nothing of it until he was seated by his father's side at the dinner table. The first day after their arrival the gentlemen spent in visiting the colleges, and calling on friends. You know General Gresham is a Harvard graduate, a classmate of several leading men. Colonel Brentford is a Michigan University man, and of course found much to interest him. Mrs. Miller and I went into Boston to see some of her friends, and in the evenings we were all together at our house. You don't know how thoughtful and kind Mr. Budd is; he is an unspoiled man of wealth. I know we both were disposed to laugh at him at first, but he grows better every day.

“‘Budd the magnificent,’ will make a fine man I think if Dick does tease him unmercifully. No one else would have thought anything about General Gresham's interest in our seaside home but Mr. Budd, and he arranged quietly the loveliest little spring time excursion you ever knew. His family are in

Europe still, his brother being obliged to give up study on account of some trouble with his eyes; and his sisters being anxious to see 'dear, delightful Paris.' I am afraid Harvard Budd does not find much pleasure in the society of his sisters. Good-natured, fashionable girls, they 'adore the German,' 'dote on music,' and think strong-minded girls who study science, or go to college, 'absurdly booky.'

"I was not sorry when they went to Europe, although I am sorry for the boys; a good sister can do so much for a brother. Do you know I am sometimes afraid that I am not doing enough for our boys; it is a great responsibility to be the only girl among so many, but when one is honest, true, kind, and thoughtful, one has done about all one can for them.

"Now for our picnic. When Mr. Budd announced it, or rather invited us, I was eager to go. You see I never can forget our happy days down there; how you en-

joyed it last year! Papa insisted on our going, and when I proposed taking a lunch Mr. Budd said, 'No; their people expected us.' You remember Bixby and his wife who live in a little cottage and look after Mr. Budd's place? At ten o'clock we all left the Eastern station in Boston, and to our surprise we had the car to ourselves. Mr. Budd senior is a director of the road, and of course it was easily arranged. Doctor H. was full of fun and jokes, as usual, and Dick was very attentive to Marion Huntley. She is very interesting, as I have told you, and like myself, motherless. At Salem the boys remembered the Peace sisters, and Mrs. Miller wished we had time to see them. It was a charming day; Dr. H. said that 'Budd had sent a private message to the Weather Bureau, requesting them to grind out an unusual supply of sunshine.' It really seemed brighter than usual, and all along the shore we saw the promises of pleasant days to come.

“ At the little station which you know so well, Bixby met us, and immediately proceeded to put two large hampers into his ‘ team,’ while Mr. Budd assisted us all into a large covered wagon or ‘ barge,’ as they are called here. It was a little muddy there, and we were glad to save our tramp to the house.

“ Once there we were surprised to find the large diningroom thrown open, a huge fire burning on the hearth, and the sea outside tempting us as it did last year.

“ Miss Lucinda hurried away to see her brother’s family, and arrange for a call at the cottage, which Mr. Budd said we might make after lunch. ‘ I wanted you to come here first, sir,’ said he to General Gresham, ‘ and get the view from our windows. It is very good also from the cottage, but quite unlike this.’ Then the boys began to talk. Reggie said, ‘ Father, there is the boat-house.’ ‘ And there is our island,’ cried Bertie. ‘ And Josiah walking up the beach

just as he used to do,' said Ned. 'And that is the Rebel's Roost, General,' added Dick. 'And over here, uncle, is the very spot where Lex fell in the water.' 'And there is Baker's Island.'

"'In mercy spare the poor man,' said Mrs. Miller. We were noisy and happy. The house, of course, was not yet open, but Mr. Budd lighted up the darkened parlors, and showed his guests the pretty library, while Mrs. Miller, Marion and I strolled down on the shore, followed by the boys.

"'Budd says you must wait until after lunch before you go over to the cottage,' said Dick, who joined Marion soon after leaving the house. Mrs. Miller and I crept out on a rock, where we used to perch last season, and sat down for a quiet talk.

"Do you suppose we can all come here again this season?" I asked.

"'I don't know, dear,' she said in that tender fashion of hers, taking my hand in her own. 'Our lives seem to be strangely

unfolded to us. When the war began we had never met, now I fancy it would be hard to find our world the same without each other.'

“‘ I will not think of it without you, dear Mrs. Miller,’ I said. ‘ I used to be so lonely, now it is all different. I am never alone when I know you are living somewhere.’

“‘ That is the test of friendship, Dolly dear. We feel sure of our friends whether we see them or hear from them; they are ours when we call.’

“‘ Now tell me what you think of papa; is he weaker, or am I growing nervous and fanciful?’

“ She hesitated a moment, and then said: ‘ Dear child, only God knows. Sometimes I think he suffers more than he cares to have us see, and yet he is even more cheerful than ever.’

“‘ That is part of his religion,’ I said; ‘ it is hopeful and helpful, but mine, oh Mrs.

Miller, I must tell you as I told dear Cora so long ago, I dare not trust myself or my faith, when I think of the world without papa.'

"Don't anticipate sorrow, dear; your father's God will give you strength to bear what is before you; and remember, Dolly, that you are mine, my own dear loving girl, and so never alone. I have told your father so, and it pleased him, dear; tell me that you consent to be adopted, and then let us cheer up, or poor Mr. Budd will not thank me for spoiling your day.'

"Do you wonder, Cora, that my eyes were red when we went back to the dining-room? No one seemed to notice it but Reggie, and he looked so anxious I was somewhat amused. The lunch proved to be a capital dinner. The hampers contained fish, flesh and fowl, and our appetites were sharpened by the sea air. Harvard Budd whispered to the General something concerning some rare wine in the cellar,

but the General promptly declined. 'I would not order without your permission,' said Mr. Budd, 'for I know the Doctor's views on the subject.'

"While we were at dinner Miss Lucinda returned in time to make the coffee, and Siah junior fairly beamed with delight. We soon learned that the cause of it was the appearance of a new baby in his father's house. Bertie heard the tidings first, and immediately ran away to see what he called 'a fresh baby.' Josiah senior, our old friend and your admirer, Cora, received our congratulations in the drollest manner, and when Dick took up a collection, amounting to some ten dollars, the papa startled us all by saying he had named it Dolly Gresham."

"'Why Gresham?' asked Dick laughing.

"'Why, you see, sir, had it have been a boy I was thinking to call it Warrington, for his honor, the Doctor, but its being a girl I kind of put the two names together, of the young lady and her cousins. She's been

mighty kind to my woman, and that there young gentleman,' pointing to Reggie, 'has been about as kind spoken and clever as you ever see.'

"'Good for you, Josiah,' shouted Dick. 'Now, Dolly, you and Reggie can trot out a silver cup.'

"'I propose that the party be permitted to donate the cup as a double compliment,' said Harvard Budd. I thought he wished to make it easier for Reggie and myself, but I was vexed nevertheless. One can't help feeling a little proud, you know. I said, 'oh, no, since my cousin and I are thus honored we must do the proper thing, although I am no believer in silver cups where they would only prove troublesome. I should prefer, if Reggie consents, to make Josiah's wife à present of a new carriage for the little one, for I remember the last one was well worn out.'

"'A carriage it shall be,' said Reggie.

"'And my funds,' said Dick, 'shall be

deposited in the bank unless otherwise ordered, eh, Josiah ? ’

“ ‘As the ladies and gentlemen please,’ answered he, touching his hat. ‘I have had the best of luck ever since they first came here.’

“ Then we went down to the cottage and showed General Gresham our rooms, the railway prepared by Wally, our home-made side-board, and papa’s cheerful quarters. Doctor H. teased Miss Lucinda about selling the cottage to him, and Colonel Brentford was so charmed with the surroundings that he promised to come on and spend a fortnight during the summer. Marion Huntley’s father has a little house on Cape Cod where he studies sea wonders and experiments the livelong summer, but Marion declares she will not go down there alone. We returned to town at five o’clock, having had a delightful day, neither too cold or too warm.

“ Harvard Budd called it a winter picnic,

because the house was yet in its winter dress, but we voted him wrong and sang, 'I love the spring,' and other cheering songs, while Doctor H. wrote an impromptu '*owed to spring,*' which we were obliged to promise should not be reported for the papers, before he would read it. When he alluded to the 'sniffles and snuffles we owed the dear, and were always anxious to pay,' our car rang with laughter, for Dick and Marion, to say nothing of Charlie and Walter were victims of severe colds, and enjoyed it very much.

"Charlie's cold was so bad papa had grave doubts about his going on the excursion, but Doctor H. said 'Let him go; an old doctor and a young one can either cure or finish him.' Well, the bright day ended, and I liked it all the better because Josiah's family were richer for our visit, and Bixby's children had a treat.

"General Gresham was pleased with everything. He seems very sad, poor


man. I do hope he will not take our boys from us at present.

“Write soon, Cora, and don’t become too learned and deep for your loving

“DOLLY.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

DICKSIANA.

S Doctor Dick's letter was written some time after Dolly's it properly belongs here. Mrs. Van Cleve had learned to regard Dick as a young man worthy of love and honor.

Her own son, Jack Montgomery, had never fancied his step-father, and his mother tried in vain to overcome the young man's aversion. Like Mrs. Miller she did not live for herself. Her wealth gave her grand opportunities, and her anxiety for young men about Jack's age, led her to regard all her son's friends as her own. While "the boys," as both mothers called

them, were attending school in New York, Mrs. Van Cleve was constantly planning something for their pleasure or profit. Now, while they were under Doctor Warrington's care, she felt, as she said, "quite easy about them all."

After the pleasant summer at Beverly Shore, she corresponded regularly with the young people, chiefly, however, with Dick, who rattled off letters as he did words; and found his large correspondence pleasing and profitable. Sometimes Jack and Dick would send a joint letter to New York; sometimes all the young people would write a few lines and send a journal of doings similar to the one kept for General Gresham.

"Will you write home to-day, Jack," asked Doctor Dick, about a week after the picnic at Beverly.

"No, I think not. This Greek is too many for me. You write and let me add a P. S."

“All right,” said Dick; and long before Jack had mastered his lesson Dick had written the following letter:

“DEAR MRS. VAN CLEVE:—Have you heard the glorious news? Reggie’s father, once Colonel, now General Gresham, has been here!!!! Mrs. Miller and Cora’s friend Colonel Brentford came with him, and of course we had a merry time. I think you know Mrs. Miller, a distant relative of mine, and a great favorite with this family.

“The whole thing was a surprise. Miss Dolly managed it well, and we were all seated at table when Reggie suddenly discovered a long-lost sire in his next door neighbor, who had been introduced to him as ‘General Graham.’ I never saw the dear old doctor so overcome. He has kept his feelings pent up so long, when good news arrived, they nearly upset him. As soon as the General’s hair was brushed from his brow and his coat unbuttoned

as he usually wore it before the war, the boys rushed at him; I wanted to myself.

“The Doctor had found him out upstairs, and my sly boots maternal had entertained him at the Woodbox before coming on. We had nearly devoured Colonel Brentford when we first saw him, and he seemed unusually talkative at table; but as soon as General Gresham was discovered, our gallant Colonel ‘Grit’ was quite neglected. Here we had not only a long-lost, much-worried-about father, but a real, live Rebel General, who knew the inside of Richmond and the doings of the Confederates as we know our primers.

“The Huntleys came in to help us rejoice, Dolly summoned her great friend, the author, Doctor H——, who was a classmate, and we jubilated in fine style until a late hour.

“The gentlemen went sight-seeing the following day, while the ladies ‘visited,’ I

believe. The next day our entire party accepted Budd's invitation to visit our old haunts at Beverly Farms.

"Budd is magnificent, truly munificent also. The whole thing was gotten up in fine style. His old family servants prepared a fine dinner which we did complete justice to, and thus prepared ourselves for explorations.

"Such good appetites! Do you know, my dear friend, that I intend to urge eating as a duty when I begin to practice? How can people do good solid work on a diet of cobwebs and air?

"That is one of Dolly's strong points. She has not one silly finikin notion of daintiness. When we came here Miss Huntley had; she had heard much said about 'coarse appetites,' and nearly all the women of her acquaintance thought it genteel 'to be small eaters.' I have had some quiet fun watching the process of conversion in her case. She is a down-

right good girl, you understand, but all these things have been part of her training, or want of training, poor girl. You know she is motherless, and the Professor loves her dearly, but never knows what is going on among his women-kind. Dolly's strong but quiet assertion that 'her heart beats were much too weak if she did not give her body fuel enough to get up the requisite amount of steam,' rather surprised Marion. When we went for a walk, she invariably came in exhausted, while Dolly was fresh and rosy. Now, she enjoys a substantial meal of nourishing food, and has entirely given up her lunches of cocoa-nut cakes and macaroons, with now and then a bit of angel cake. All this is Dolly's work, and she does not know it.

"At the Farms that day it was Marion who requested Budd to send her a slice of turkey for the second time, and I felt much like laughing, but didn't dare. Only

a short time ago, she thought it 'vulgar to have a gross appetite.'

"General Gresham was much pleased with our old quarters, and he has promised to permit us all to enjoy them again this year if possible.

"Your friend Joshua inquired for you; his wife has presented him with a daughter named Dolly Gresham. I am quite troubled about the slight to the Miller family; however, Dolly comforts me by saying if the little imp is *very* naughty, she will call it 'Dicksiana.'

"It was fun to watch Miss Lucinda on that occasion. Fleshy as she is, she trotted about over to Josiah's to see to the baby and the mother, then to the cottage to make sure that the windows were all secure, then to the boat-house, and at last puffing and panting to the Budd mansion, where she reluctantly consented to dine.

"We disliked to pass through Salem

without seeing the Peace sisters; but spring is here, summer will soon follow, and then we will visit the dear old ladies and Salem, wickedly called by some 'the city of the unburied dead.'

"I say wickedly, for I have been looking up her past history and present good works, and I think the Essex Institute is about as lively and useful a body of scientists as we have in America. As Doctor Warrington says, 'Salem makes little stir within her borders, but her sons and daughters are prominent members of society wherever they may go.' Next summer we will 'do' Salem, also the quaint old settlement of Marblehead.

"We returned safely from our trip, gave our friends a concert in our home parlors, and at last bade them good bye reluctantly.

"General Gresham has gone to Richmond to arrange some business matters, and Colonel Brentford will remain in Washington for some time, previous to starting

West. He has already been requested to join a leading law firm in W——, and may do so. A prominent man from Michigan told Jack yesterday that he was considered the best criminal lawyer in the State, when the war broke out.

“Jack is doing well, better than last term, and you will be delighted to hear that he has joined our young men’s society. We forbid drinking and all habits which will tend to make us less than manly men.

“Dolly is very busy; gets on famously with her music and painting, takes care of the doctor and Bertie, and also keeps us in order. She is very happy; she would be anywhere, in fact; yet I fancy she misses her organ practice in the old church at Georgetown.

“Bertie is still far from strong, although General Gresham was much pleased with his robust appearance. He goes to a little school now and is not quite as

dreamy and dull as last year. He is much interested in General Scott, who is becoming quite an infirm cat. In fact, Bertie chops his meat for him now, as he has lost some of his teeth. Miss Lucinda loves her pet as fondly as ever, although 'Siah junior' is a care and trial to her in these days.

"Of course you know that Lex is in Georgetown, the hired servant of Mrs. Follansbee, my aunt. Wonders will never cease. The black rogue will soon perform some antic which will cause his discharge, although his presence saves my darling mother many a step.

"I hope you are busy and happy this season; I am sure you made it delightful for us all in New York. Our 'Doctor' who is not much given to speech-making, remarked the other day that we fellows would be doubly responsible if we went wrong, for we were favored with such superior women in our own families. He


is right too. I must close, dear Mrs. Van Cleve. Reggie, Jack, Budd and myself are working now to make up lost recitations during the visit of our friends.

“Your sincere friend,

“DICK MILLER.”

CHAPTER XIX.

PRESIDENT LEX.

RS. MILLER was very anxious to reach home after her Cambridge visit ; knowing Aunt Follansbee's peculiarities, and the mischievous tendencies of Lex, she was quite sure the household machinery would not work well in her absence.

As soon as possible General Gresham left for Richmond, while Colonel Brentford took a room at Willard's. His evenings were frequently spent at the Woodbox and he it was who first discovered the tricks of his old or young servant Lex.

Aunt Follansbee was a devoted friend of Colonel Grit ; she would not call him by any

other name, and whenever his card was sent up she immediately exclaimed, "Show him up at once, Lex." It must be confessed that the old lady was sometimes rather tedious, but Colonel Brentford was a gentleman in every respect, and seldom considered himself when he could make a fellow creature happy. He enjoyed his long talks with Mrs. Miller and the Doctor, and often wished to remain in the library with them, but he argued, "I am strong and well compared with this poor old lady who spends all her time in her room; I should be happy to give her a moment's pleasure." Evening after evening he repeated the same stories or answered the same questions, until Doctor Miller would interfere and say pleasantly, "Now, Aunt, you must not have any more conversation to-night, or you will not sleep; come, Colonel, I have a little business for you." The old lady secretly feared the Doctor, although she persistently worried and found fault with his devoted wife. "It is one of the strangest

phases we encounter," said the Doctor to his wife, "and yet it is so common it should not be strange, that childishness in old people generally shows itself in a system of petty and harassing annoyances toward those who are nearest and most faithful in their ministrations."

"I should not mind the fretfulness," said Mrs. Miller, "nor the constant demands on time and strength, if she did not greet every one else amiably and invariably represent herself as neglected and underfed. Yesterday, I found a box of cake and other food which she had hidden away, and her sole excuse to me, was that 'we starved her.'"

Doctor Miller laughed. "Never mind, my darling," said he, taking his wife's sweet sad face between his hands for a kiss, "you are a brave little woman to bear it as you do, and some day you and I may require just such attentions. I only wish you would tell me more frequently about her exactions and let me put an end to her tyranny. Auntie is at

her best when she thinks I am near."

One of Mrs. Follansbee's pet fancies was spending money on Lex, and as the little hypocrite told her plausible stories, he was never without extra pocket money.

The old lady firmly believed that the boy had saved up nearly ten dollars which he proposed putting in the bank, consequently she would frequently present him with a little change. It required a great many gifts to make up the desired sum. When Lex was requested to bring in the tin can which he said contained his hoard, he made various excuses; sometimes, "Mrs. Miller had tole him to go an errand jis as quick as his own missis could spare him;" sometimes "he had broke into the sum to lend Jimmy Daily a little, 'caus his folks were sick."

Now Jimmy Daily was the sexton of the church; his family was large, his children always sick, and his needs many, consequently this story touched Mrs. Follansbee and she urged Lex to take two dollars with

her compliments to Jimmy, but the gift must be kept a profound secret from Mrs. Miller."

"It is not best to tell people every time you feel disposed to give away a little money, Lex," said the old lady.

"Dat's so, Missis; de good book say don't tell your left hand when your right one gives your poor friends a little money."

"It's something like that, Lex, but I don't think it reads just that way," said the invalid, knitting her brows, as she tried to recall the once familiar words.

This conversation took place one day when Mrs. Miller was busy with a seamstress preparing a new dressing-gown for the old lady, who was much exercised when she found the facings of one she wore a little frayed; and no argument of her niece could induce her to wear any of the numerous garments in her wardrobe. She wished for a new one; it must be bright and gay; as for the expense, she didn't care, only let it be of the best quality. Mrs. Miller little dreamed that Lex

had grown wicked as he grew long; his polite, respectful answers to her, and his obsequiousness to her aunt, led her to trust him not only in household matters, but with the keys, in her absence.

“I met Lex on the avenue just now,” said Colonel Brentford, one evening, after greeting the ladies.

“On the avenue?” exclaimed Mrs. Miller; “I thought he had gone to prayer-meeting. Lex is quite a singer, you know, and is considered an important member of the choir at the colored church.”

“The colored church here in Georgetown?” asked the colonel.

“Certainly.”

“It is now long after the usual hour for service,” replied the colonel, “and I met him on Pennsylvania Avenue as I came over.”

Mrs. Follansbee was evidently surprised, but did not mean to betray it to her niece.

“I dare say he has gone to buy me some

white grapes," said she; "I mentioned it to-day."

"Why Aunt, dear," said Mrs. Miller, "you had white grapes at luncheon, and you know I always select them for you myself."

"It doesn't signify," said the old lady; "if I choose to have my own servant go out, I suppose he can do so."

Mrs. Miller did not reply, while Colonel Brentford ventured to remark that Lex was neither truthful nor honest, and he should regret to see her imposed upon.

The Colonel's soothing words quieted the invalid, and she ventured to confess her efforts in behalf of Lex. Mrs. Miller looked pained but did not speak, while the Colonel drew from Mrs. Follansbee numerous facts about money she had given him.

"I strongly mistrust," said he, "that Lex is now plotting some mischief, and he well knows that I understand all his tricks."

The Colonel left quite early, promising to keep an eye on the boy; in the meantime, he

urged the ladies to avoid asking Lex any question, let him tell what he might, concerning his absence.

Lex let himself in with his latch-key, after the family had retired. The next morning he was very attentive to his mistress, and she had quite forgotten the mistrust of the evening before. Not so, Mrs. Miller.

“I was later’n usual las’ night, Miss,” said he, as he stood at her chair near the breakfast table, waiting for her to prepare her aunt’s breakfast. “You see, our church folks is gwine to give a concert, and me an’ the ’sp’rano has got to sing a duet.”

Mrs. Miller replied simply with a questioning “Ah?”

“Yes, Miss; you see de books in dat libr’y is mighty bad, and de concert is ter buy some new ones.”

“You may take this up now and remain with Mrs. Follansbee until I come,” said Mrs. Miller.

Lex was remarkably good that day; he an-

anticipated the old lady's wishes, urged Mrs. Miller to let him perform some of her duties, and was so extremely careful in little things, that Doctor Miller expressed his surprise.

"I think," said Mrs. Miller, "that the remarkable and unusual goodness portends a storm."

"How so?"

"Colonel Brentford may be able to explain when he arrives."

"If Colonel Grit has the matter in charge," said the doctor, "I shall feel quite secure. "I am constantly in terror lest those wild eyes may suddenly cease to flash on us, or flash in a disastrous manner. Only yesterday our milk woman stopped me in the street, and said: 'Massa Doctor, you has been mighty good to us, and so's de Missis, now I jis want to ask you to keep yer eyes wide open, 'caus dat little nigger you'as got up dar, aint no 'count, 'deed he isn't, massa.'

"Speak out Jane," said I, "if he has troubled

you in any way, I will attend to it at once.”

“ ‘ Law sakes, Massa Doctor, pears like you don’t understan’, he ain’t a gwine to notis common black folks like us, laws no, he ’spises us; but you keep your eyes open, Massa Doctor, ’caus dere’s plenty o’ kashun for it, dat’s all I kin say.’ ”

“ I am so sorry aunt has taken such a fancy to him,” said Mrs. Miller.

That evening Lex again asked permission to go to rehearsal, and Mrs. Follansbee consented.

About eight in the evening Colonel Brentford appeared and found the Doctor in his study.

“ Can you come with me for an hour or two ? ” said he.

“ I think so,” said the Doctor, “ if you will let me say good-bye to my wife. We were anticipating a fine time reading this number of the *Atlantic*, after aunt falls asleep.”

“ Say good-bye, certainly,” laughed the Colonel, “ but do not report me for duty up

stairs; you and I must look after Lex to-night."

"Ah, ha! we hunt, do we? What new evil has he been engaged in?"

"Say farewell, and I will tell you as we ride, for I have a carriage at the door."

The gentlemen drove rapidly away in the direction of Washington. After some time the carriage stopped, and a gentleman entered who was introduced as Mr. Long.

"This gentleman has been engaged in watching a certain friend of ours for several days. When I saw Lex purchasing a showy watch and chain the other day, I mistrusted mischief, and you will soon find that I was correct."

"Here we are," said Mr. Long. "Now, gentlemen, walk this way; step as easy as you can, this house is supposed to be closed; the lady who owns it said she never wanted to come to America again, if the South was defeated. She is not likely to return. Hist, now! Doctor, lean on this brick facing, and

look in at the star in the wooden shutter ; Colonel, come this way please, here is your post of observation. Queer sight in a deserted house, is it not ? ”

The gentlemen could not answer. Both were busily engaged in watching the group within. Some six or eight colored boys and girls from thirteen to twenty years of age were seated around a table on which candles were burning. It was a back basement room, and the paper which had been pasted over the small openings in the solid wooden shutters had been removed. Mr. Long, the detective, knew how and why.

“ Now, gentlemen,” said Mr. Long, in a whisper, “ they are making too much noise over that whiskey punch to hear us, and I want to know if you identify any of the party.

“ Yes,” said both.

“ The slim boy with the scarlet necktie, I presume ? ”

“ Yes,” said Doctor Miller, “ he is employed in my house.”

“Lex, as large as life,” said the Colonel.

“If you will wait patiently,” said the detective, “you will hear some remarkable speech-making, after the gentleman at the head of the table has told his story and taken punch enough.”

“Poor Dolly,” said the Doctor, softly, “how much it would grieve her to see her pupil now.”

The party now deposited on the table several mysterious packages which Lex, as master of ceremonies, examined and commented on. One girl produced a handsome cameo head, set in pearls. She told her story to the company, little dreaming that a detective’s ear was hearing all, through a small aperture in the window-sash.

“Ye see, I was mindin’ the baby, an’ I heard Missis tell Mis Fanny dat dis pin cost over a hundred dollars; well, I jis takes a look at it when de ladies was at lunch, an’ I fixed de pin so t’would drop out. Well, Missis she put it on, and when she was play-

in' wid de baby it fell on de carpet, but she didn't see it; so I jis pick it up and put it in my stockin' kinder quick; den Missis went out fer a walk, an' she fastened up her shawl and nebber looked in de glass once; she ain't vain, ye know; he, he, he!" — Here all the company laughed long, and quite too loud for a secret club. — "Well, when she come back she missed it, and she felt awful. She said her pa sent it from way off — Flowers, or some such place, and —"

"Florence," suggested Lex, with a pompous look; "my young gentleman talk a heap 'bout Florence."

"Well, I jis look every place for dat pin, but I couldn't find it, an here it's foun' now, ye see, — he, he, he!"

"Yer is mighty sharp, Mis' Carline, deed you is," said Lex in a patronizing tone. "Dat pin is lost fo' shure."

One after another these vagabonds displayed their treasures, all taken from master or mistress. Not one of the company looked

upon their acts as sinful; indeed, Carline expressed the sentiments of the group when she said:

“It’s right to tote ’em off, deed ’tis; Missis has got heaps of mighty nice things and it ’taint no stealin’ for me to have some too.”

“Now, ladies and gentlemen, I’s your president, ye know, and it’s proper an’ right for me to do de hansum thing. My place is mighty soft, ye see; no dirty work, good cloes, plenty to eat, and money always roun’ loose. Well, ye see de ole woman she tink a heap o’ me, and she says, soft like, ‘Lex, bring me the little red trunk under the bureau; and I brings it, and then sez she ‘Lex, has yer got most ’nough to put in de bank?’ And says I ‘No, Missus; had to lend some to Jim Daily.’” At this the company tittered and laughed behind their hands.

“Yer done gone forgot that a kounterbushun was took up for Jim,” said a young negro.

“Nebber you min’ dat kounterbushun; de

ole woman don't go ter colered meetin', an' don't you be a stoppin' my speech, Duffy, wid your remarks; I is de president here, ain't dat so, ladies and gentlemen?" Where-upon the company cried "Go on; hole yer talk, Duffy."

"Well, I will perceed onward. When I said so, de ole woman, sez she, 'I am very anxious to have yer get some money in the bank, Lex, an' here's two dollars more.' Well, she took it out of a big pile and I said I thanked her and seed her lock up de trunk, and she gave me de key to put in her bag. I dropped in a key, one I had, and I kep' hern right safe. When I fix de fire — she always will have a fire, you see, hot or cold — she had on her night-cap an' she couldn't hear, an' her ole eyes was shut an' she couldn't see, and — well, ladies and gentlemen, you jis know dat trunk walked right out long side o' me, and dat two-dollar-bill growed mighty quick; thar he is." As Lex finished speaking, he threw a twenty-dollar



“That two-dollar bill growed mighty quick; thar he is!” — Page 248.

note on the table. His friends cheered and clapped in a subdued manner, while the observers outside longed to seize upon him at once.

“Are you satisfied, gentlemen?” said Mr. Long.

“We shall be, when these young sinners are arrested in their career of crime,” said Doctor Miller.

“Wait one moment, gentlemen. Duffy is going to speak. He is a miserable fellow, sixteen, and quite able to work, yet his poor old mother finds him in tobacco.”

“Gemmen,” said Duffy, rising, “dis yere is a great okashen, a’n’ I fer one tink we kullered folks is a gwine to be de bosses now. I ain’t a gwine to work any mo’; it’s no sense; dis yere guvment has freed dis nigger, and dis guvment has got to pervide fer him; no mo’ slaves for me. My ole woman she sez to me, sez she, ‘Duff, you jis come long here an’ tote dese yer cloes’; and sez I, ‘No, yer don’t, ole woman, I’s

a *counterband* now, and de workin' days is over. Uncle Sam has got to keer for me, now.' ”

“That is the creed of these rascals,” said Mr. Long.

“Missionaries are required here in Washington,” said Dr. Miller.

Duff was about to resume his remarks when Mr. Long gave a low whistle, and the door was suddenly thrown open by his assistants, already concealed in the dark hall.

Confusion reigned, but the entire party was captured, and President Lex spent the night in a prison cell.

All the honest and faithful colored people, who knew nothing of the truth, were indignant when it was reported that a large company of young people were arrested for playing a simple game of cards.

It is never wise to condemn either public officers, or private individuals, without a full knowledge of the facts, and when it was at last known that a prominent govern-

ment officer, like Dr. Miller, had been present, and was, to a certain extent, a victim of the rogues, public opinion changed and all the worthy colored people rejoiced to know such wickedness was punished.

Mrs. Follansbee was quite overcome when Dr. Miller gave her a full account of the proceedings, and the sentence of the criminals. In a few days her feeble mind had wandered away from Lex and his theft, for the kind doctor procured an odd little servant for her. The child, like Lex, was black and bright, but unlike him, she was not wicked. When very young she had fallen down a long flight of stairs and injured her spine, leaving her badly deformed; although fourteen, she seemed only ten years of age. This child was, indeed, a blessing in the house. Dr. Warrington had been her faithful attendant through all her suffering, and Miss Dolly had taught her the use of her fingers; she could write and sew neatly, and although her

reading was somewhat peculiar, she managed to amuse Mrs. Follansbee.

“Here is your new servant, aunt,” said Mrs. Miller, as she ushered the small child into the room a few days after the departure of Lex.

Mrs. Follansbee raised her head a little to discover her. She was so short and dark, it was a difficult matter; for the old lady would not have much light in her room.

“Come where I can see you better,” said the invalid. The child advanced, and stood by the lady’s chair, while she snapped her eyes rapidly, and twisted the corners of her check apron.

“What’s your name?”

“Dode, Missis.”

“Are you strong?”

“No, Missis.

“Can you go up and down stairs?”

“Reckon so, Missis.”

“Can you read?”

“Miss Dolly teached me.”

“What do you know?”

“Verses, Missis; heaps of 'em.”

“Let me hear you; what kind of verses?”

“Goody verses, Missis.”

Mrs. Miller was leaning on her aunt's chair, watching the little dwarf with an amused smile. It pleased the old lady to question the child, and although Dode had been regularly hired, and a bargain made with her mother concerning wages, it would not injure any one to humor the old lady's fancy, and let her think she was engaging a new servant.

Dode was pleased to show her accomplishments. She took a position directly opposite her mistress, and began to repeat in a sing-song tone, with many peculiar gestures, and rolling of the eyes, something which sounded like this:

“Bress de Lawd de little chile
Knowsshshure of luv,
'Cause de bressed farther,
Libein Heven 'tbove

Lunely, pore, and suffrem
Jesus keers fer me,
Totes me in's kind arms
All his lub is free."

Dode paused, and made a low bow, which shook her woolly hair all over her face, until she looked like a black fuzzy ball with legs, and a blue-check apron. Suddenly, she drew her head up with a jerk, pushed the wool from her brow, and grinned with delight.

"Know heaps more," said she.

"You're as good as Punch and Judy," said the old lady, who was smiling. "I shall keep you, child, and my niece will arrange the sleeping for you."

"Have you a copy of the verses you just recited?" asked Mrs. Miller.

"Yes, Missis; got 'em in a book Miss Dolly giv' me; I'll fetch 'em."

Before any one could speak, Dode whisked from the room, and returned with a greasy and much-worn primer. The child pointed triumphantly to the verses,

that are so simple we repeat them, lest some of our readers fail to understand Dode's oratory:

“Bless the Lord, each little child,
Knows he's sure of love,
For his Heavenly Father
Reigns in Heaven above.

“Lonely, poor and suffering,
Jesus cares for me,
Takes me in his kindly arms,
And all his love is free.”

When Mrs. Miller described Dode and her doings to the family at the Annex Dolly surprised them by producing a picture of her, which the child's mother had given her before she left home.

“She is real pretty, only her neck is too short,” said Bertie; and although the child did not understand the deformity, he had read correctly the little black face. Dode was pretty, for her goodness shone out. She was honest, truthful, and generally obedient, but troubled with occasional fits of temper.

CHAPTER XX.

REST FOR THE WEARY.



WHEN General Gresham returned to Richmond, he found little to encourage him; his most intimate friends were as poor as himself. It would require some capital to repair and rebuild either his sister's house or his own. For some weeks he was tempted to reverse his decision, and go North once more, but patient effort soon brought a promised reward.

He was surprised one evening to find on his desk two letters from Boston, directed to him. The handwriting was not familiar. One proved to be from a Boston merchant, a friend of Dr. H — — 's, who offered to loan

him a sum sufficient to rebuild the tobacco factory, which belonged to Judge Neville and himself, and the other letter was from two young friends of ours.

General Gresham's first impulse was, to refuse in polite terms the merchant's offer; "For," said he, "I might be unfortunate, and all my own personal losses would be as nothing compared with the disgrace of impoverishing another."

After reading the other letter or letters which were sent in one envelope, the general changed his views.

"Friends in need," said he, "and they are friends indeed. Bless that dear girl! she is one of ten thousand."

The dear girl referred to, wrote as follows:

"DEAR COUSIN GRESHAM:

"Papa desires me to enclose the following accounts, which you insisted upon. He says you must not permit them to trouble you, for he has a little sum secured to

him for life, and will not require any money for several years.

“And now permit me to trouble you with some personal matters. You know that my dear mother left me six thousand dollars; it is now invested in government bonds, and my dear papa insists on my using principal and interest as I think best. Will you oblige me by investing four thousand at least, in your business, giving me your note at the usual rate of interest? Please do this at your earliest convenience, as neither papa or myself are willing to keep the bonds in the house, and for the present, we do not have any bank account here.

Your cousin,
DOLLY WARRINGTON.”

The second letter read as follows :

“DEAR GENERAL :

“I am not much given to business matters, and in fact, feel thankful that it has been spared me. Just now, I have a little

matter on hand which I wish you would manage. When I entered Harvard, my mother's aunt presented me with a check for two thousand dollars; this money has been untouched, thanks to the generosity of my parents. Will you accept it as a loan for the sake of my regard for Reg? I never had a brother, and yet he is one to me. I know he has seen some dark hours, because he is both proud and sensitive, and yet I would gladly share my last dollar with him.

"You will be pleased to know that the service he has rendered Professor Huntley has won for him high praise, and already other gentlemen have requested him to aid them; in fact, our dear Reg will pay his own expenses through college, and I believe I am more proud of it than he.

"Please consider this business confidential, and do not hesitate to take my modest sum on your own terms.

Your friend,

DICK MILLER."

General Gresham read and re-read these letters and more than once dashed away a tear as he penned his replies.

Doctor Warrington urged him to accept all the offers thus generously given ; to send at once for Mrs. Neville, and begin life anew. "Your old law practice may be gone," wrote the Doctor, "but my dear Gresham, your talent will win it back again. My advice is, to take these young people of mine into partnership, until our boys — you see I still say *our* — are grown, and then you may retire, and watch their progress."

This advice was taken ; the old tobacco factory was put in operation, Mrs. Neville was sent for as soon as her brother's house was in order, and although she was not considered strong enough to take charge of Bertie, she made a long visit to the family in Cambridge, and went to her home, thankful to be once more on American soil.

In the course of a few weeks Colonel Brentford wrote that his decision for the

future was made, so far as business matters were concerned. An old friend in Washington had persuaded him to enter into partnership with him, and the firm of Stewart & Brentford were now ready for active work, either in selling real estate, negotiating loans, or attending to business in the courts. A postscript addressed to Reggie, gave sincere pleasure to all the young people. He wrote: "Finish your studies, my dear Reg, and come in with us, unless you prefer to assist your father in Richmond."

Thus our friends were once more united, and when the summer came Mrs. Follansbee insisted on going to Beverly Farms, where she engaged a large house for the season, and scolded her niece, while she spent her money freely on the young people. When Dick told her about the two thousand loaned to General Gresham she pretended to be very angry; but at last told him he might have done worse, and if her house in New York would be worth anything to him she

would present him with a deed of it when he graduated. A few weeks after, her body grew feeble, and her memory seemed better. Then she said in touching tones: "Mary dear, I am afraid I have troubled you a great deal all these years, and you have been so good to me; I didn't seem to know it until now — never mind, my dear, all I have is yours and Richard's, and as soon as I am laid by my husband, you must take Richard and go to Europe for a rest. I want him to see the world before he settles down."

"I have tried to be patient, aunt dear," said Mrs. Miller; "I feel so sorry to see such an active woman as you grow helpless, and if I have failed in anything you must forgive me."

"There's nothing for me to forgive, child, but you will find it easier when I am gone; and you won't let Richard, or Richard's children forget me I hope."

"Never, auntie; his home will always be his because you loved him."

“And there’s that poor child Dolly Warrington, I think of her so much; her father won’t be here long, and she will need comforting. I wish you would look after her, Mary; she’s the only girl I ever saw that I should like to have for my own.”

“We will all care for Dolly, aunt. You know General Gresham and Mrs. Neville are anxious to have them spend next winter in Richmond, but the Doctor prefers to remain in Cambridge with the boys, for the present.”

“There’s Dode too,” said the old lady, whose mind flew from one thing to another with great rapidity. “I wish you would educate Dode, Mary; she’s very bright, and may be she will turn out a fine singer. Mr. Budd says her voice is remarkable.”

“I will do all you wish, aunt,” said Mrs. Miller.

“That’s a good girl, Mary; you always were good, and you and your husband have done nobly by me; I see it all now; the true

sight comes at last; call Richard, Mary, I want to speak to him."

Dick came promptly.

"What is it, auntie; shall I raise you up a little?"

"Yes, Richard, put my head on your shoulder, as you did yesterday; there, that is it; you will make a nice doctor, boy, and I am sorry I have been so fretty and cross to you."

"Nonsense, auntie, wait until I am as old as you, and I will torment every one."

"Ah, I've been a kind of chestnut burr, Dick, and I know it, but I've loved you all through, all of you, all of you," repeated the old lady.

"We know it, auntie, and I am sorry father is not here to do something for you. Don't talk any more, dear, you are tired now."

The old lady closed her tired eyes, and said feebly, "Yes, I'm tired; sing, Dick, sing 'There is rest for the weary,' you and your

mother, as you did in the old days. Ask Dolly — ”

“ Do you want to see her, auntie ? ”

“ Yes.”

Dode was sent away to summon her from the cottage, and she soon came in.

“ There you are, dear ; kiss me,” said Mrs. Follansbee.

Dolly bent over and kissed the thin wrinkled face.

“ Thank you, dear ; now sing.”

“ Aunt wants us to sing ‘ There is rest for the weary,’ ” said Mrs. Miller, as she took her aunt’s hand in her own.

Tears were stealing down Dolly’s cheeks as she sang. Mrs. Miller lost a word now and then in her struggles to be calm, and Doctor Dick’s rich bass voice was husky. As they finished the refrain, “ There is sweet rest in heaven,” the head resting on Dick’s shoulder fell one side, and the tired heart stopped beating.

“ She has found the sweet rest at last,”

said Dick, as he gently laid her back upon the pillows, and her wish had been granted; she simply "fell asleep."

The death of Mrs. Follansbee saddened the little party at the beach, and yet not one could wish her back to lead a life of suffering.

Mrs. Miller and Dick returned to New York where the funeral services were held, and the remains of the once beautiful and active woman laid in the resting-place of her old and honored family.

It was touching to witness the kindness of the summer sojourners to Mrs. Miller and her son during their trouble, and their welcome was most cordial when they returned, bringing with them Mrs. Thorpe.

Mrs. Miller, ever thoughtful and kind, had written to her friend, who was in Georgetown much broken in health after her arduous labors for the soldiers, and Mrs. Thorpe gladly responded, accepting

the kind invitation to rest and recruit at West Beach.

General Gresham was also induced to rest from his severe duties, and spend a few weeks with his children by the sea.

He entered into all their sports with the eagerness of a boy, and spent many happy quiet hours with Doctor Warrington.

One morning after Dick's return, the boys planned a trip to Baker's island in a pretty yacht which Harvard Budd placed at their disposal. Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Thorpe remained with the doctor, while Dolly, Cora, Mrs. Van Cleve, Marion and Nina Moore accompanied the young gentlemen.

It was a bright, beautiful day, and cheer after cheer rang out as they sailed away, while the party on shore waved their handkerchiefs as long as they could be seen.

Doctor Dick was, naturally, more quiet than usual, and Dolly exerted herself to entertain him, while Reginald who invari-

ably saw things as they were, aided her in every possible manner.

“Let us take the dory and go out for some fish,” said Ned; “we will catch them and be ready to land as soon as you are, if you are obliged to tack so much.”

“True,” said Charlie; “come, uncle, go with us.”

“Any bait on board?” asked Dick.

“Yes, plenty; Josiah attended to that,” replied Reggie.

“May I go?” asked Marion, whose success with the hook and line had been remarkable for several weeks, considering her inexperience.

“Yes, indeed; and you too, cousin Dolly,” said Ned.

“I must decline this morning,” said she; “these white wings possess great attraction for me, and I frankly own that I am too lazy to fish just now.”

Miss Marion was seated in the stern, Charlie and Ned took the oars, while

General Gresham in the bow baited hooks and prepared, as he said, "for business."

"Go down between the islands," shouted Dick, as the little boat danced over the breakers.

"No, thank you," returned Marion; "we don't care to go down anywhere."

"They can pull in some rock cod just off the point yonder," said Mr. Budd's skipper.

"If there is a fish within ten miles Ned will find it," said Dolly, "and as to Marion, she has fairly bewitched the whole finny tribe."

"In fishing the green hands are always most successful," said a sailor who was watching the little boat.

"Don't you think Marion has bewitched some of the human species?" asked Dick, with a touch of his old-time mischief in his tone.

"Yes, she could not help it," said Dolly warmly, "Marion is so genuine she draws people to her like a magnet."

“Loyal Dolly,” said Dick in a teasing tone, “nothing could induce her to speak a derogatory word of any one in their absence. Now I am not one of the virtuous ones, and I boldly say that Charlie and Ned are rowing that boat like two green-horns.”

“And I say they are doing just as they should,” said Dolly; “can’t you see the white caps, and feel the wind out there?”

“No,” said Dick, “I cannot feel the wind there. I can only discover a slight breeze here. Mrs. Van Cleve, if you want to see Cousin Dolly vexed, just attempt for one brief moment a few reproachful remarks concerning some of her friends.”

“I shall not try it,” said Mrs. Van Cleve, coming forward to Dolly’s station near the cabin door. “Miss Dolly is right; your true-hearted lady speaks only of the good, and is wisely silent concerning defects. If there is a more disagreeable feature than the backbiting so prevalent

in fashionable society, I have failed to see it. Your average summer resort is a perfect hot-bed of such vile plants, and I have raged internally when I have listened to the untrue, unkind, and unnecessary remarks of women who consider themselves ladies. A young girl on the piazza at Saratoga or a mountain house is petted and praised until she enters the door, then her dissection begins, and I assure you that it is far more cruel than your scientific investigations, Doctor Dick."

"Young girls are not the only victims," said Cora; "I have seen mamma annoyed beyond measure by the midges of society, and one is so completely at their mercy. The simplest truth, the lightest word is misconstrued or misrepresented. We are spared all this in college; we are too busy to create mischief, and —"

"Too true and generous to pick flaws with your neighbors," said Dolly, putting her arm about her friend. "I have some-

times regretted my solitary studious life with papa, but the longer I live the more do I congratulate myself that I have escaped the annoyances of fashionable life."

"I would not be a fashionable woman for all this beautiful earth," said Cora eagerly.

"You couldn't, dear," said Mrs. Van Cleve, "your position compels you to see the best of fashionable society, but you will never find your happiness in dressing for hops, or growing jealous over favors in the German."

"Miss Cora will be a spectacled professor," said Dick with a laugh, "and we will all attend her lectures in the sweet by and bye."

"All right," said Cora, "I will write a ticket free of course, with the inscription, 'Admit the bearer for purposes of dissection.'"

"Come, come, what is all this?" asked jovial Doctor H——, who had joined the

party by special request, and until the present time found himself happy in examining some specimens which Marion's father had procured while dredging.

"Nothing," said Dolly, who was always sure of herself and perfectly at ease with him; "nothing, Doctor, only charges preferred against fashionable society, and I am not a witness in the case; only an interested spectator."

"Fashionable society, forsooth! what have we to do with it, except to laugh at its absurd follies and deplore its vices? Give me a dozen good friends tried and true, plenty of books, loves of children, and money enough to enjoy the grand world we live in, and you are heartily welcome to your dress, your jealousies, and pettiness."

"Dolly, my dear, come aft while I show you Huntley's latest treasure; if Marion does not return to check him he will dredge and investigate all day."

"Indeed he will not," said Dolly, as she

walked firmly across the deck, "he has promised us a cup of French chocolate when we land, and I shall remind him of it continually."

Mr. Budd's fleet yacht came to anchor just off the Island, and the entire party were landed in good order, but nothing could be seen of the small boat, although a powerful glass was used by every one, from the captain down to the cabin boy.

CHAPTER XXI.

DANGER.



HE chowder is all ready, sir," said the colored steward to Mr. Budd in an undertone, "and we can't see anything of the lady and the young gentlemen."

Harvard Budd looked troubled. His nice sense of propriety led him to desire everything at its best.

For several months he had found Dolly his best counsellor, and he now went to her where she was seated with Cora far out on a point of rocks jutting into the ocean.

"What shall we do, Miss Warrington," he

asked when he had found secure footing near them. "Our steward is a minute man; the dinner is ready, and our friends are not in sight."

"I suppose we must dine without them," said Dolly, "much as I dislike to, but Marion, Ned, and Charlie might consult their watches if they chose."

"I am in a starving condition," said Cora, "and I am not sure that I can leave anything for them."

"Let me assist you back to the main land, then, Miss Birney, and I will prove to you that our dinner does not depend on the fish to be caught."

Cora gave her hand to the young man, who assisted her in springing from rock to rock, while Dolly tripped along unaided like a chamois. Her long practice made her sure footed, and until she saw Dick coming down to meet her she did not realize that she was being left far behind.

"Are you worried about Marion," asked

he as he extended his hand for a good jump over a chasm.

“No · indeed,” she replied cheerfully, “I dare say they are all having such rare sports that it is hard to leave.”

“Siah and one of the deck-hands saw a lady and gentleman on the outer edge of that small island over there, and Siah thinks the boys have gone outside, where it is hardly safe for the dory — I don’t want to alarm you,” said Dick, as Dolly’s large eyes grew larger, “but we propose to eat our dinner and then put up sail and look after them.”

“Mr. Budd does not seem anxious,” said Dolly.

“It is part of his magnificence to seem cool,” said Dick.

“A very excellent thing,” said Dolly, whose heart was beating rapidly. “I don’t understand why General Gresham and Marion should land unless they wanted to fish from the shore,” she added, after she had

shaded her eyes and taken one more look seaward.

“ I think they will not be quite miserable,” said Dick with a sly twinkle of his roguish eyes.

“ What do you mean ? ”

“ I mean nothing ; certain self-evident truths impress themselves upon me. I told you this morning that the fair maid Marion had bewitched some of the human species.”

“ Don't be absurd, Dick.”

“ Not in the least, if I can help it, but the gallant General certainly admires our friend, and has done so since last spring.”

“ We all admire her,” said Dolly ; “ why you have been devoted to her yourself, and I am sure — ”

“ Sure of what ? Cousin Dolly, you forget that Miss Marion is my senior and your own ; you also forget that Cora and all your friends are favorites of mine.”

“ Because they richly deserve to be,” said Dolly with her usual directness, “ and I am

sure you have paid dear Marion most marked attention, and I respect General Gresham for understanding and appreciating her."

"So do I," said Dick, "but I wish his love-making could be deferred until our company had dined; a practical man would never propose on an empty stomach."

"A heartless man thinks only of his stomach," retorted Dolly.

"True hearts are troublesome organs; look out for yours, Cousin Dolly, Harvard Budd is continually throwing out bait for it."

"I wish, Dick, you would not try to vex me," said Dolly, stopping short in her walk and once more turning to the sea; "I don't know why you should. Mr. Budd is very kind to us all, and very, very considerate. I don't think he would say a word to hurt the feelings of any human being, and he planned this excursion for General Gresham's sake, when he saw him so tired and worn. I accused him of it this morning, and he did not deny it, but blushed like a school-boy be-

cause he was detected in his secret kindness. I wish, Dick, you would not always see some selfish motive in the acts of our friends."

"I wish I didn't, you dear bit of condensed innocence and unselfishness. I say, Dolly, do you know your little lectures are an excellent tonic. I shouldn't wonder if you quite reformed me in time; I have told you so frequently."

"Come, children, come to dinner," called Mrs. Van Cleve; "and Doctor Dick, I wish you would find Jack; when last seen he was escorting Marion's pretty cousin over on the cliff. You young people manage to make me a small world of trouble."

Mrs. Van Cleve's merry face contradicted her words, and when Jack returned with Nina Moore blushing and rosy after her vigorous walk in the wind, Dolly heard Jack's mother say to her boy: "We were all young once, dear, but it is wise to remember our dinners on such pleasure parties."

Dr. H — kept the party in great good humor, although it was well understood that the absence of the small boat gave each one great uneasiness.

Reginald found it almost impossible to keep quiet. Professor Huntley left his seat at least three times to sweep the sea with his glass, and each time returned saying: "Oh well, they are all right, of course; such an experienced soldier as Gresham, and such a salt-water duck as Master Ned, must of necessity turn up all right."

At last the dinner was finished, and the yacht got under way, but an unfavorable wind gave the sailors much to complain of and caused the guests on board to consult their watches frequently.

Dolly had seated herself in the extreme bow where Harvard Budd watched over her and constantly urged her to hold firmly to the railing, as a sudden flaw of wind might send her overboard.

Dolly feared nothing, but at last consented

to change her seat a little, while she still watched the waves before them.

The pilot fumed and chewed tobacco with a reckless disregard of quantity; indeed, his right cheek seemed to suffer from distention, and his temper from anxiety. In reply to Dick's question about the small boat he gruffly answered that "you might as well go to sea in a peanut shell with the wind in that quarter, and if he had known what they were about he should have talked pretty plain."

Professor Huntley paced the deck and would not listen to the marvellous story of a mermaid which Dr. H —— prepared for the occasion.

"I can see Marion," screamed Dolly, "I know I can; they are on that rocky point, and she is waving something." In her joy Dolly quite forgot herself, and sprang suddenly to her feet as the yacht lurched. Thanks to Harvard Budd's watchfulness she was safe, and his strong arms drew her

safely back to a sheltered position. Dick who was deliberately swinging his feet from an elevated position on the cabin, saw the movement and also saw Budd's pale face. He could not hear the words uttered, but he saw Dolly's face as she turned it toward her preserver, and expressed her thanks, and in another moment Dick stood by her side.

"Miss Warrington, let me compliment you on being so near and yet so far," he said.

"Wasn't it careless?" asked Dolly. "I am ashamed of it, for Mr. Budd and the Captain had both warned me, but I was so glad to catch even a faint glimpse of Marion, that I forgot everything else."

"It is fortunate for us that Budd did not," said Dick calmly.

"And fortunate for me, at least, that his gymnasium practice has developed his strong right arm. Mr. Budd has promised to watch over me all day, lest I perform some other mad act; you told me once that I needed a guardian."

“Perhaps your father will prefer to select one for you,” said Dick, in a tone so utterly unlike his usual cheerful one, that Dolly involuntarily looked up. Dick stood unmoved watching the point where Marion and General Gresham were now plainly seen.

“I am fortunate in having kind, watchful friends everywhere,” said Dolly, “and I think you will be generous enough not to mention this to papa; you know, Doctor Dick, how nervous he is of late, and it would make him uneasy on all our future trips.”

“Not a word from me, Cousin Dolly,” said Dick, “but you must caution Jack, for he is apt to forget himself and repeat the entire proceedings of the day as part of our general report to your father.”

“I will go to him,” said Dolly, “and pledge him to silence.”

“Let your guardian escort you, then,” said Budd, offering his arm.

Dick turned on his heel and looked for Cora. That lovely young lady was seated

in a deck chair chatting merrily with Dr. H——, who knew Miss Mitchell of Vassar, and other friends of the college. They were no longer anxious about the wanderers, for a fair breeze was fast bringing them nearer and nearer their friends on the Point.

Jack Montgomery, his mother, and pretty Nina Moore were interested in tying and untying knots in some bits of rope which Walter was puzzling them with. They were too much occupied to notice any unusual commotion forward, and Dolly's narrow escape had not been observed by any one save the Captain, Dr. Dick, Professor Huntley, and the young lady's newly appointed guardian.

Professor Huntley was restless and yet happy. His darling child was safe and he could see her lithe figure as she waved her handkerchief toward the yacht.

"Where can the small boat be," asked the Captain of Doctor Dick, as the latter was crossing the deck to join Cora's party.

“Somewhere under the lee of the rocks, perhaps,” said Dick.

“I am afraid not,” said the Captain.

Dick turned upon him suddenly. “Do you mean, —” said he, and then paused.

“I mean,” said the Captain in a calm, even drawling tone, “that those boys are just as likely to be swamped as any other way.”

“Good Heavens!” exclaimed Dick; “it cannot be possible.”

“Perhaps not, but I haven’t been in and out of this harbor for thirty years without learning a little something about it, and if there is a mean, treacherous spot on the coast it lies just off there. You needn’t scare the women folks about it, though.”

“Do you think Budd is aware of the danger,” asked Dick, as he saw that gentleman wrapping a large shawl about Dolly, who was now seated near Mrs. Van Cleve.

“There isn’t much going on here that he doesn’t know; he is a cool one, as I can tell, after working for him five years.”

Dick went forward alone. The yacht had changed her course and seemed to be sailing away from the figures on the point, but in reality she was simply tacking, in order to make a safe approach.

Nothing could be seen on the water as far as the eye could reach. Dick's anxiety was now terrible, if those boys were drowned what could be said or done? In his terror he thought of Budd, and beckoned him forward. The young man answered promptly.

"I know the worst, Budd, the Captain has told me; shall we take one boat and look for them while your men rescue General Gresham and Miss Huntley?"

"Yes, it is all arranged; I knew I could rely on you, Miller, and Jack must keep the ladies in order. We shall need all our strength in this sea, and my skipper thinks we had better not risk our lives, but let the men go. I tell him that no sailor in my employ shall take a chance for his life while I can pull an oar for my friends.

“You are a trump, Budd,” said Dick warmly, “and I am with you. See! Miss Huntley is pointing somewhere, and General Gresham beckons with both hands: he tries to hurry us.”

Budd hurried away to confer with the Captain, and in a few moments the yacht was anchored, and two boats left her.

One contained Captain Norris and a sailor, while the other was pulled by Harvard Budd and Doctor Dick. Both young men had thrown aside all superfluous clothing, and were bending to the oars with a will.

On board the yacht every eye was turned toward the point of rocks, while Professor Huntley gave vent to his feelings in sighs and half-uttered ejaculations.

“Dear Marion is safe,” said Dolly; “see! she is in the Captain’s boat, and General Gresham is coming too; I wonder why he hesitates and looks back? There must be something behind the ledge which he is pointing to.”

“A huge string of fish which he does not care to leave,” said Jack.

“Or a remarkable rock formation,” said Doctor H——, “our good friend never wearies of these boulders about here. I tell him he has missed his vocation, and should hereafter devote himself to science.”

Mrs. Van Cleve said nothing. She intuitively felt that something was wrong, and her keen eyes had seen a bottle and a blanket put in the boat which Dick and Mr. Budd had charge of. When the Captain's boat reached the yacht a dozen hands were offered to Marion, whose face was deadly pale. While her friends were bidding her welcome, the Captain pulled away again, with General Gresham still on board.

“What is it, Marion dear?” said her father, holding her in his arms. “Our young friends are safe, I trust.”

“I hope so, papa.”

“Then why do you tremble so, and why are you so distressed?”

“The rudder broke; and they are such brave, good boys, I only feared help might come too late, and —”

Evidently it had been eagerly prayed for, and Miss Marion's strength had been overtaxed in attempting to signal the yacht, for her head sank on her father's shoulder, and a severe nervous chill was followed by complete prostration. Dolly hurried to the cabin for restoratives, while Mrs. Van Cleve, Cora, and Nina Moore did all in their power to relieve their friend. In the cabin Jack and Dolly found some ammonia, and the cook offered a cup of hot coffee, which he had made especially for the wanderers.

Marion soon recovered, and inquired for the boys, but no satisfactory reply could yet be given, as all the boats were out of sight.

“There is our signal,” said Dolly at last. “Dick has not forgotten it. They are safe, safe!” and in her excitement and gratitude Dolly knelt upon the deck and thanked God for his goodness.

The Captain's boat was the first to arrive, and in it sat Ned, wrapped in a sailor's jacket, with his eyes just visible above the collar. He was assisted on board and taken at once to the cabin, while his father briefly explained in passing that Charlie was also safe, and would soon appear in the other boat.

"Is Charlie ill?" asked Dolly, with white, set lips.

"Nothing serious, I trust," replied the General; "you know his head has been a little troublesome for some time."

"May I go to Ned?" asked Dolly.

"Certainly, my dear girl; who, pray, can care for any of them as you can?"

Mrs. Van Cleve joined Dolly.

Ned was not alarmed; he was only tired, cold and hungry. He knew they would come out all right, only it seemed ten years after the rudder broke and they lost their oar.

General Gresham saw his son made comfortable, and then returned to the deck in time to receive Charlie, who was unconscious,

and evidently very weak. Harvard Budd and Dick bore him to the cabin, and General Gresham, although very anxious himself, comforted the ladies.

“Dolly understands him perfectly,” said he, “and indeed her care pulled him through after his injuries so long ago. I am not surprised at the dizziness, and I only wonder that they have escaped; for two long hours they have been whirled about at the mercy of the waves, while Miss Huntley and myself have suffered all the agony of helpless lookers-on.”

“How did it happen, when both boys are such good sailors?” asked Cora Birney.

“There’s no accounting for the freaks of the sea,” said Captain Norris. “I have passed through that narrow channel between the ledges fifty times, and never struck, and yet only last summer I should have gone down there if it hadn’t been for some fishermen who heard me call for help.

“I can see how it was, plain enough: a

sudden wave struck them on the ledge and broke their rudder ; then they pulled hard to get out of the eddy, and the oar snapped ; so you see while we were snug and ship-shape, them two boys were just whirling round and round in that pool, and nothin' but a special Providence could have saved 'em."

Professor Huntley bent over his daughter and kissed her cheek, to conceal his emotion. Dr. H —— had forgotten all his jokes, and the ladies clasped their hands firmly, but did not speak.

At Harvard Budd's desire a table was spread for the travellers, and "sweet maid Marion" was overwhelmed with attention.

Ned soon recovered, and told his story with a simple directness which won the hearts of his hearers and brought tears to their eyes, while Charlie fell asleep under the influence of a powder which Dr. H —— prescribed and administered. Death had been so near, and yet passed them by ; therefore thanksgiving and rejoicing were in order ; but none

of the party could forget, and all Dick's roguish tricks, and the music and mirth which followed, were subdued and softened by constant thoughts of the "might have been."

A good nap restored Charlie, and before the moon appeared the entire party assembled on deck, and sang many of the well-known airs so familiar to the "Annex Band."

As the evening wore away Dick found much amusement in watching General Gresham and Miss Marion, Jack Montgomery and Miss Nina, while Cora and Dolly sat side by side under one shawl, with Harvard Budd still acting the watchful guardian.

Before ten o'clock in the evening the *Ripple* was at her moorings, and Dr. Warrington was listening to the story of the day. Not a word was said of the shadow which passed them by, and poor Charl's dizziness was a common thing after a day of merry making.

When Harvard Budd walked away from the cottage he saw before him not the pale, frightened face of Miss Marion, the haggard


one of General Gresham, or poor Charl in his unconscious condition, but a bright, blushing girl, with masses of curling hair flying about certain large speaking eyes; and he heard a voice saying over and over again,

“ Oh ! Mr. Budd, what should I have done without your strong arms ? ”

Even as he thought about it, that face was hidden in two small hands, and the patient, long-suffering invalid was thanking God for the safe return of his precious ones. Little did Dr. Warrington dream that death had been so near.

CHAPTER XXII.

“SIAH JUNIOR” AS “JOE.”

NE morning soon after the sailing party Bertie surprised the young people by saying he must go to Salem. Siah junior was going to Salem with Miss Lucinda and he was invited, and he wanted to see Miss Priscilla.

“Let us all go,” said Dick; “we can take the train home in season for dinner, and I have promised Miss Polly a picture of the Woodbox.”

“The Peace sisters would think their castle taken by storm,” said Dolly.

“Papa should go at all events,” said Ned,

"for Miss Lucinda says the Warringtons and Greshams are connected with their family, and I told her that we would call upon her this summer."

All excursions originated at the cottage, for there the young people gathered each day, and there they usually found some fleet messenger to carry the tidings to Mrs. Miller, the Budds, and Mrs. Van Cleve.

Our young people were too large-hearted, and too refined to consider the married ladies in their way; indeed, they used every possible means to have them with them daily. Mrs. Miller was unable to join them as often as she had done the previous summer, and Dolly missed her sadly, but Mrs. Van Cleve was as lively as the youngest, and she was always ready to enter into their sports.

When Harvard Budd was told of the proposed visit, he objected to the cars, and at once offered his own large carriage with two smaller ones. This arrangement

would virtually separate the party, and objections were numerous. Dr. H ——— was spending a few days at Manchester-by-the-sea; Prof. Huntley had gone to Swampscott for a week, and therefore General Gresham was the only one to be consulted. He appealed to the ladies and found little assistance, for one and all were ready to do "as the rest did."

At last Doctor Dick and Harvard Budd agreed to act for the party, and two carriage loads were made ready. Thanks to Dick's superior strategy, Miss Marion was seated by the General, Harvard Budd had Miss Cora for a companion, Jack was permitted to enjoy Nina Moore's society, the boys were cuddled near Mrs. Van Cleve, while Mrs. Miller, Dolly, and Bertie sat together. It was a merry party, and as the carriages rolled away, more than one child wished they were rich and could ride in such fine style.

Bertie was never happier; he was with

his dear cousin Dolly, and her hand was held firmly in his. Miss Lucinda and Siah junior had gone over in the train, and there was nothing to regret save the absence “of dear uncle doctor and auntie Neville.”

Bertie was growing rapidly now—too rapidly, the doctor thought—for his active brain was still active, and his strength did not equal his proportions.

The drive along the shore is quite too short for happy people, and long before they desired it, the square roof of Miss Priscilla’s home was in sight. Miss Priscilla was spending the day with the Peace sisters, and there our friends found her.

Nothing had changed. The three maidens sat with their knitting as before, and Reggie thought even the yarn was the same. Miss Betty was still very, very deaf, and her sisters, Miss Sally and Miss Polly, still echoed the words of all their guests, while she nodded and smiled. General Gresham was looked upon as a curiosity, and treated

as a distinguished guest. The sisters buzzed about him like bees, and asked him all manner of questions about the war, and his Southern home.

Doctor Dick found his old place on the sofa, and produced his sketches of the Woodbox, while the other members of the party visited "Sirs'" chamber, and examined the wonderful keepsakes which had been cherished for so many years.

Bertie amused himself with the cats, and had followed one dainty malta to an adjoining room, when he was suddenly alarmed by a hoarse cry of "Get out!"

Bertie looked everywhere, but failed to see any one; accordingly he sat down upon a low stool, and began to stroke pussy.

"Get out, you rascal!" called the voice in an angry tone, and then added: "Shame on you! shame! shame!"

The child was now thoroughly frightened and ran to Dolly, who listened to his whispered tale of woe.

"Go anywhere you like in the house, dear child," said Miss Polly; "it stands to reason that a little fellow like you isn't interested in relics."

Dolly allowed herself to be ushered into the next room to find "the cross man."

"There is no one here, dear," said she, looking about; "the ladies will not have a man in the house since their brother died."

"What a yarn, oh my!" exclaimed a voice, and Dolly laughed merrily, for in a large cage, half-concealed by some curtains, was a parrot with his head perched on one side, as he eyed the intruders.

"Oh Poll, you are a rogue!" said Dolly.

"Never, no, never, say die," sang Poll.

Bertie was now as much delighted as he had been alarmed before, and his merry peals of laughter soon brought his father and Miss Polly to the dining-room, where the parrot reigned supreme.

"He belongs to a friend of ours," said Miss Polly, "and as they have all gone to

the mountains, we are keeping him for them. He says very funny things sometimes. Now, Polly, welcome our friends."

"How do you do? good-by! come again! so glad! so glad! good-morning!" screamed Polly, while Bertie clapped his hands.

"His salutations are rather confused," said Dick.

"Oh you horrid thing!" screamed Poll, whereupon all laughed at Doctor Dick.

Miss Polly brought a small violin to the boys, and begged them to play Yankee Doodle. Dick complied, and at once Poll set up a series of shrill notes which nearly deafened his hearers.

"The violin," explained Miss Polly, "belongs to the little son of the parrot's owner, and he left it here when he went away."

"Do make him talk some more," said Bertie.

"Are you a good Poll?" asked Miss Cora.

"Good boy, good Poll! be good, and you'll,

you’ll — oh dear! oh dear! oh yes — you’ll be happy; Yankee Doodle.”

The boys were much pleased with this accomplished bird, and Bertie was anxious to buy him.

“Captain Carter’s little boy would not sell him,” said Miss Polly; “he expects to see Polly as soon as he opens his eyes in the morning, and he writes me funny little letters about his pet.”

“I know a queer parrot story,” said Cora. “Two friends of mine were named Kate, and they were very fond of each other. When they were little girls, they were permitted to spend one day each week at their respective homes. Kate Deems’ father was a clergyman, and usually said a long grace at table. One day Katie Brown was dining there, and the good pastor was late. He began as usual to say grace, when Polly, who was always fed with a boiled potato as soon as the blessing was concluded, became impatient, and screamed out:

“ ‘ Now say amen ; now say amen. Polly wants a potato.’

“ The good minister said amen, and gave the bird his dinner.”

“ And I know a parrot story too,” said Marion. “ We once had a very excellent and portly colored woman for a cook ; on her way to church she was compelled to pass a sailors’ boarding-house where a parrot was kept, and the moment he saw her he would cry out, ‘ Halloo ! there goes a black cloud !’ One day cook’s sister visited her, and she also was very black and very portly. ‘ Now, Hannah,’ said our cook, as they were about starting for church, ‘ before you gets to de sailors’ boardin’-house you jest put yer head down, or that sassy parrot will make remarks.’

“ ‘ All right,’ replied Hannah, and as soon as they turned the corner of the street where Polly lived, both women pulled their poke-bonnets further over their faces and held down their heads.

“‘The rascal didn’t see us this time,’ said cook, but she spoke too soon, for suddenly Poll cried out in a loud key, ‘Halloo! halloo! there goes two black clouds!’”

“Aha!” said Dick, “then parrots can count as well as crows.”

After the sisters had shown all their treasures, the party visited the Peabody Academy of Science, and the rooms of the Essex Institute. The latter organization General Gresham knew all about, for previous to the war he had interested himself in exchanging rare specimens. His boys were familiar with such subjects before leaving him, and he now felt it a sincere pleasure to show them many objects of interest which he had forwarded to Salem in days long since past.

The entire party drove about the quiet old city, and visited every historic point. Reggie and Dick wished they could buy Hawthorne’s birthplace, and keep it forever in repair, while Harvard Budd rejoiced that

the Institute had secured the First Church in the colony and kept its precious old timbers under lock and key. After a long and tiresome trip to the very top of Gallows' Hill, where the witches were hung, both drivers turned their horses' heads homeward, and the young people separated, well pleased with their excursion.

When Dolly entered the cottage she found Miss Lucinda there before her, and expressed her surprise.

“Land sake!” said the good woman, “you don't suppose it takes forever to do a little shopping; why, I make those Salem clerks stand round, I can tell you.”

Dolly was sure of it.

“You see it's a good time to buy what I call the *solids* for a family; it's just betwixt and between seasons, and I laid in some towels and napkins, and hose for the children, and two suits with extra pants for Siah, and a lot of trip-traps; it's astonishin' how easy the money goes, Miss Dolly.”

"And it's beautiful to see how you make it go for others," said Dolly warmly. "I do think you forget yourself utterly."

"Never worry about me, Miss Dolly; when a woman reaches my age she needn't hanker after ribbons and gewgaws; it's time to be givin' the young folks a chance, and that reminds me, Miss Dolly, that I want to have a little talk with you about Siah junior, but you needn't expect it now, for you are all tired out sight-seein', and you better follow Miss Cora's example and lie down a spell."

Dolly was only too glad to rest, and both girls were soon fast asleep in Dolly's pretty room, for Marion had driven home with Mrs. Miller and her friend, Mrs. Thorpe.

That evening when all the guests had retired, Dolly stole away into Miss Lucinda's room, and sat down for a little chat while she brushed out her beautiful hair.

"Now what is it about Siah?" asked Dolly.

"Well, you see," said Miss Lucinda as she

seated herself in a low chair, "he's a puzzle to me. There was a spell when I thought he wasn't over bright, but a change seems to have come over him; he wants to see into things, and he's grown softer like, and several times lately he has said 'Auntie, if I could go to school now, I most think I should like to study.'"

"I am delighted," said Dolly; "we must give him a chance, musn't we?"

"Well, so it begins to seem to me," said Miss Lucinda slowly; "if he wants to have learning, why shouldn't he? His mother was a great reader, and although she didn't live long and come of a sickly family, she had a quiet sort of goodness about her that made you love her. It was always a puzzle to me how she came to take up with a roguish sort of man like my brother, although he is kind-hearted as a woman."

"Indeed he is," said Dolly, "and I dare say his wife saw only his kind heart and his good qualities."

"Well, the second mother will be dead set against much schooling for Siah; she isn't that kind of a woman; she can read some, write a little, and count pennies as fast as you or I, but when you have said that, you have said all as far as learning is concerned. It won't do to have Siah here, for he won't get a chance to do anything but mind babies, and I was wondering if we could send him to some good public school next fall and let him chore round for his board."

"Of course we can," said Dolly; "it can be managed easily. I will consult papa about it."

"You understand, Miss Dolly," said Miss Lucinda, bringing down the forefinger of her right hand on the outstretched fingers of the left, "you understand plainly that I don't expect him to go to college unless he sees something beyond its doors that he is aiming after; I am only a plain old woman, but I can see without glasses that a great many young men come out of college unfit for the

real sensible work of life, and I'd rather have Siah dig clams and go a-fishing than see him a useless creature with his head crammed so full he couldn't make use of his knowledge. I have seen men whose college education was like a grave-stone and kind of mark to remind you of the past, but no sort of earthly use about getting a living."

"You dear, quaint old soul," said Dolly laughing; "well, we will give Siah a good fair chance: if he wishes to study he shall do so, and to-morrow we will consult papa about it."

The next day Dolly found "Siah junior" sitting in his father's boat reading a book while two of his brothers waded in the water near by. It was plain to be seen that the chief business of his life would be tending children. He was never permitted to go out without one or more, and any mishap which befell the younger one was at once charged to Siah.

Dolly sat down on the side of the boat and began to converse with him.

"What book are you reading, Siah?"

"*Tom Brown*, Miss Dolly; it is one Mr. Reginald let me take, and it's very good too."

"I am very glad you enjoy it, Siah, but you cannot understand some portions of it as you will when you are older."

Siah confessed that he skipped certain portions, and yet he never could get over the idea that our Doctor Dick reminded him of Tom, or Tom of Doctor Dick, "only I don't think Mr. Dick would ever forget to send the letter home to his mother, would he, now?"

"Perhaps not," said Dolly, "but Tom wrote a second one, you know, and put in some forget-me-nots."

"Yes," responded Siah with a slow deliberate drawl, "but I think Doctor Dick is a forget-me-not himself; you see I notice more, Miss Dolly, cause I haven't any own mother and most of us, except Mr. Jack and the Doctor, is alike about that."

“Never mind, Siah, you have good friends, and your aunt loves you dearly; why, even now she is planning something which will make a man of you, if you only half try yourself.”

“If trying would do it, Miss Dolly, I could pull as hearty as any one; but you see I must always stay right here and do as I am told and mind these here little minnows until I’m of age, unless father gives me my time.”

“Minnows, Tom?”

“Why, the little ones; you know I’ve kind of got in the way of calling them that.”

Dolly smiled and proceeded to tell the boy of the good things in store for him, concluding her chat with, “your future all depends on yourself, Siah.”

The boy was silent for a time. The book which he had been reading was now turned upon its face and his eyes were fixed on something far over the sea. Dolly wondered

what he was thinking of, but she did not disturb him. At length he spoke :

" I was thinking, Miss Dolly," he said, still looking at the water, " that it can't all quite depend on me after all ; you see some folks keeps knocking into you all the way along and slapping at you just as those white caps are striking that yacht out yonder."

" But the yacht comes steadily on, Siah."

" Yes, Miss Dolly, and she could come a sight easier and quicker if the wind and the water didn't pull against the stearin' of the man inside."

" And yet the man inside is so strong and so sure that he is right, and he so well understands the wind and waves, that the yacht will come safely to her moorings."

" Perhaps so," said the boy, " but when the water pours over the scuppers, I guess he will wish he could tack or put his feet safe on shore ; now it may not seem so plain to you, Miss Dolly, as it does to me, but I know those slappin' waves would make

me awful mad, and I should bring her round on the wrong tack; in fact, I am almost sure that the fellows would rile me up worse than the wind, if they should twit me about fishin' and all that; you may not believe it, Miss Dolly, but I'm as proud as Auntie and just as quick to feel a slight. I don't believe I could steer a straight course all by myself."

"You forget who helps us when we most need help," said Dolly. "You will never steer all by yourself, Siah. I wish I had known before how you felt about this, and I might have helped you sooner; why didn't you speak to me?"

"Well, you see, Miss Dolly, I couldn't. I've tried lots of times, and once when you was sitting out there on the rocks painting, I tried four or five times to tell you what I had been thinking of for so long, and although you've been so kind and good, I couldn't. I can't help thinking of the day up to school when I spoke a piece. I had

said it over and over, down there on the rocks, and when the master called on me I was almost scared to death, but after a little while I didn't see the heads of the scholars, I only saw the sea and the waves, and I talked to them, and when I got through the master said, 'Dodge, you have given us the best thing yet; you will make a fine speaker some day.' I was so glad I trembled, Miss Dolly; I couldn't help it, and I hadn't a soul to be glad with. Auntie was at your house then, and father don't care much, and when I came out of school the fellows all shouted, 'Here comes the eloquent Squire Fishflakes!' I've never tried to do my best since then, Miss Dolly; it don't pay to get the ill-will of everybody, so now when I learn some of the nice pieces in your books, I always say them to the sea, and that doesn't hurt anybody."

Was there a little moisture in the motherless boy's eyes as he finished speaking, or did Dolly imagine it? It mattered not to

her, the boy's hidden nature had come to light, and her tenderness hastened to meet it, and never again permit him to feel any success a pain. With the genuine womanliness which governed her at all times, she moved nearer the boy, and put her arm about him.

“You good, brave boy,” said she; “hereafter you must tell me all about your hopes and plans and fears, and let me be proud of you. The winds and waves can never touch you while you have such a stout heart, and I must have you recite every one of the pieces you have learned. Why, Siah, your teacher was right, of course, and one of these days we shall hear of you.”

The boy's eyes glistened, but he said sadly, still overpowered by a sense of his classmates' unkindness:

“I could never amount to much, Miss Dolly; there would always be some one to twit me about the fish.”

It was like our Dolly to grow eloquent

with such a text; the very atmosphere in which her father lived made narrowness impossible. With flashing eyes she said:

"You foolish boy! don't you know the grandest men the world has ever known were once poor and humble? The story of the dear Christ himself forever ends the sneers of coarse people. They cannot hurt you, Siah; if they do, it will only be for a moment — until you 'make a tack,' as you say, and bring yourself up grandly and bravely to battle with wind and waves. The world is neither cruel nor as cold as some would have us think. Your talent is God's gift, and men must everywhere feel his power."

"Yes, Miss Dolly," said the boy, more hopeful and yet not fully assured, "but you are a young lady with heaps of friends and an educated father and all your people are ladies and gentlemen; you can't know how it feels to have people jealous and say mean things when you are trying hard and there is no one to help you."

Poor Dolly ! she thought of her own lonely hours, of the bitterness which she had overcome when Dick found her at the organ, and her womanly instinct led her straight to the boy's trouble.

“Siah,” she said gently — so gently that the boy turned his eyes upon her, awed by her voice — “I don't think you can ever understand all I have had to suffer ; not exactly as you have done, perhaps, and yet a hurt is a hurt, whether we cut our fingers or step on sharp rocks. When I was at school I endured taunts and sneers too ; it was my fate to get the highest marks for reading, music, and composition, and I had a nickname given me by jealous girls who were not so fortunate ; I can't tell you how I used to mourn over it and even cry, but now I look back and smile as I think of it : just as you will some day. Why, once, Siah, I was so sore and wounded by the stabs I had that I exchanged my composition with the most stupid girl in the class, and I heard her

praised while mine, or the one I read, was said to be an inferior production.”

Siah began to look hopeful.

“Now I know,” said Dolly, “that I should not have done it; my work was my own and one should always be just, even to one’s self; but I was more anxious then to win friends than to show myself brave and true. When I told papa about it he said, ‘Always remember this, my child: you can never change the envious, uncharitable or jealous people in the world, by pandering to their tastes; stand firmly and squarely for the right, if you stand alone, and the end will be peace.’”

“Thank you, Miss Dolly,” said Siah as he closed *Tom Brown* and prepared to go home; “if I ever do get beyond the fish-flakes, you and your folks will be more help than the fairest wind; and after all, the waves can’t do much hurt slapping on the outside.”

“Not a bit, Siah, if the boat is snug and ship-shape inside.”

Siah heard his step-mother's shrill voice calling him to dinner, so he made the "minnows" leave their play and hurried away over the beach. Dolly still sat upon the old boat thinking of the boy. She had not time to mature any plans concerning him when she heard his voice again close by her side.

"I just run back to say, Miss Dolly, that I wish you and the rest of them would please call me Joe, if it don't make any difference to you. You see," said the boy digging the toe of his right shoe in the sand, "Siah junior seems to be a piece of father, and I would rather be a piece by myself; and Joe is more handy."

"Joe it shall be, then," said Dolly, "and I confess I like it better myself."

"I hope it won't seem silly to you," said the boy with blushes peeping through the tanned cheek, "but you might just give the rest a hint, and after a while it will come easy. I've thought about it a good deal and I don't see why a man or a boy should

carry about a name all his life that he don't like, and call it his, just because somebody gave it to him when he couldn't help himself.”

“A capital idea,” said Dolly. “Why, Joe, if you have been thinking to such purpose all these years, when we supposed you were stupid or indifferent, you will make us all ashamed of ourselves; however, I am to be your god-mother, you know, and you must come to me with all your troubles.”

“Thank you, Miss Dolly; I think I could talk to you after this and you'll please tell me when I am steering wrong, won't you. I could tack easier, you see, with your hand on the rudder.”

Homely, freckled-faced Joe ran away again, and not long after Dolly heard the step-mother saying:

“For land sakes! *Siah junior*, do mind this baby a little; you don't do enough to earn your salt.”

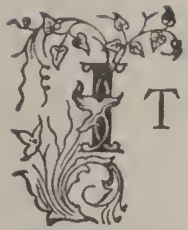
That night in Doctor Warrington's study

the chief topic of conversation was Siah junior, for Dolly told his story in such a sweet, pathetic manner, that each one felt a little condemned.

“So it ever is,” said the Doctor; “we are always overlooking gems; we need the microscopic power of the Everlasting Love to see the goodness in each human soul.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

A BACK SEAT.



It must not be supposed for one moment that our young people were always together and constantly planning pleasure excursions; far from it. Mrs. Miller still retained the house which her aunt had taken for the season, and there Mrs. Thorpe found a quiet, restful home after her hard service in hospitals.

Mrs. Birney went back to Philadelphia early in the season, leaving Cora with Dolly.

Mrs. Budd on her return from Europe exerted herself to entertain the young people, and in various ways she succeeded; but

the dearest hours were spent in the Doctor's room overlooking the sea. There, as the days grew cooler and shorter, our friends gathered about, while the Doctor sat before the open fire in the early morning and evening, or was rolled in the chair upon the veranda when the sun shone brightly. It would be impossible to mention all the books which were either discussed or read, all the bright, nonsensical and witty speeches made during those pleasant days; and as to the laughter and noise, who can ever tell the precise thing which excited mirth?

A few days before the merry group broke up, a little affair occurred which created much amusement when it was found that no serious results followed.

Doctor Dick proposed that the young people should take a drive about Cape Ann in a generous open wagon, and return by moonlight. The proposition met with favor and Josiah was sent to prepare for the occasion.

Harvard Budd begged the young people to make use of a more elegant vehicle, but Dick and the younger boys were firm; it was to be a genuine frolic, and they wished to see the country.

A long wagon was accordingly fitted up with seats, and the gay party left home after an early dinner. The back seat was given Dolly and Cora; maid Marion was sandwiched between Charley and Ned. Mrs. Miller rode on the middle seat, because it was easier, and Reggie sat with her, "to preserve order," he said. Mrs. Thorpe did not feel equal to the occasion, consequently Dick, Harvard Budd, Walter, little Bertie and Budd's brother filled up the remaining seats, leaving only room enough for the driver, an experienced whip, well known in that locality as "Jehu John."

The drive, as every one knows, is fine beyond description, for the pine woods venture down to the sea, and one enjoys that rare combination of odors, seldom experi-

enced elsewhere: the sweet pitchy smell of the pines, and the bracing saltness of the sea.

The openings are so charming too! All along the way one can see the summer homes of men and women known to fame, and over the hill-tops the tower study of that genuine lover of the pure and good in God and man — Rev. Doctor Bartol.

As the horses danced and pranced along their way, the young people greeted every one, whether strangers or friends, with waving kerchiefs and sometimes even cheers. How they sang in the woods, and rambled on the shore! How they joked and laughed, and at last sat down to eat a hearty supper at the hotel in Rockport, we can only mention, for as the stars came out and the moon rose Mrs. Miller called them to order and insisted on returning to their homes.

The witchery of that moonlight drive could not possibly be described. Dick tried in vain to change the order of their going,

and prepare for himself a cosy position near the girls; but even his strategy failed, and the seats were arranged as before.

For some distance on their way the girls sang song after song with a fearlessness and earnestness unknown to any parlor performer; and then jokes and stories were told on the front seats, which were only faintly heard by Cora and Dolly.

“Drive fast in the dark places, and go slow in the moonlight,” said Bertie, whose nervous fears were aroused by the dense darkness of some portions of the road.

Jehu John heard and obeyed; and thus it came to pass that an accident occurred which might have been terrible in its consequences. As they were driving rapidly on and the young men were engaged in singing a college glee, Dick interrupted himself to call out: “Sing, girls, unless you are tired out!” and Marion on turning about to repeat the order, found not only the girls missing, but the entire back seat. Terror immediately

seized on the party, and Reggie, with a smothered cry, sprang from his seat into the roadway, quickly followed by Doctor Dick and Harvard Budd. Jack was about to follow them, but remained at Mrs. Miller's request; and Jehu John turned his horses as quickly as possible.

Never did Reginald Gresham run faster than that night through the dust and darkness; never did Doctor Dick call more tenderly the name of Dolly; and as for Harvard Budd, he strode away like a young madman, muttering to himself.

Dolly was found first, curled up by the roadside, a little stunned, but otherwise unharmed. A short distance from her Cora lay senseless, her head upon the exposed root of a large tree.

Dolly soon recovered herself and said she felt the seat slipping away under them, but there was no time to call; and they drove away so rapidly she could not make them hear.

Jehu John now came up with the party and expressed his indignation when he learned that a sliding seat had been put on the rear end of the wagon without anything to secure it.

Dolly with the aid of the boys brushed her dusty garments and found her missing hat, while the young gentlemen lifted Cora tenderly into the wagon, and placed her head in Mrs. Miller's lap. It was only a short distance to the nearest house, where Harvard Budd had already betaken himself to ask for restoratives, and by the time our party reached it the kind ladies were on the porch with bottles of ammonia, cologne, camphor, bay rum and various other compounds; enough, Dick afterwards said, "to drown Cora in at once."

To the joy of all she soon rallied, and attempted to laugh over the affair; but even her gay spirits and strong will could not conceal the fact that she was suffering severe pain, and all were anxious to reach the cot-

tage as soon as possible, although at Cora's request they still sang and enjoyed the beautiful evening as much as possible under the circumstances.

As the party drove up to the porch, a cheerful voice called out: "Aha! this is the way you mourn my absence, is it?" and there before them stood Doctor Miller.

Never was unexpected guest more welcome. Dick explained the case in a few brief words, and in a twinkling the good doctor had Cora in his arms and would not relinquish his burden until she was safely deposited on the bed in Dolly's room.

"Please don't make a great fuss over me," said Cora pleadingly; "it is only my back, Doctor Miller, and I shall be all right to-morrow."

Doctor Miller smiled and hoped she would; he should do his best to have her all right; meantime Mrs. Miller and Miss Dolly might put the young lady in proper costume

for the night, and he would return when called for.

Before the family retired the doctor informed them that the blow on the head was very slight, but the injury to the spine he feared might prove more serious, consequently Miss Cora must consent to remain in a reclining posture for a few days, or she would not be able to continue her studies at Vassar. This intelligence was a sad thing to Dolly, for every hour was provided for while Cora remained; and as to the invalid herself, she hid a few rebellious tears and then resolved to make herself and others as happy as possible.

Cora's door stood open all day and many offerings of flowers and fruit were showered upon her by the boys. Doctor Miller devoted himself to her service, and even Doctor Warrington wrote comical little notes or bits of rhyme, which Bertie delighted to deliver.

It was not thought best to notify Mrs.

Birney, as Cora was rapidly gaining, and with Mrs. Thorpe, Mrs. Miller, Dolly and Miss Lucinda as nurses, what more could be desired?

In a few days she was among them, looking a trifle pale, but still unwilling to admit that she was not quite herself. Doctor Miller, however, informed his friends that Miss Cora would suffer for many months, and thus the memory of their pleasant moonlight drive was tinged with sadness.

During Cora's captivity our young friend Siah junior, or, as we must now call him, "Joe" came out in a new character, much to the surprise of the household, with the single exception of Dolly.

Every day he read the papers carefully and made a condensed report of important affairs, which he furnished for the use of Cora in the form of a bulletin.

These bulletins were Miss Cora's delight, and as the shy, homely boy was permitted to pin them on the wall before her, his

pleasure fairly transfigured his face. His devotion to Miss Cora was the outcome of his regard for Dolly; in his eyes the latter was simply perfect. The poor boy's moments of leisure were few indeed, but very precious. At night, when those distracting children known as the "minnows" were asleep, the boy would steal away and perch himself on the railing of the little balcony near Miss Dolly's window, where he could hear the reading, now so pleasant to his ears.

"If I trouble you, Miss Dolly, I will go away," he said when first she found him there; "I only stay while you read or sing; and it makes all to-morrow a little easier, you see."

"Come every evening, Joe," said Dolly kindly, "you must be tired out with the children all day and every day; you are very welcome to such crumbs of pleasure as you get here."

Sometimes Joe ventured to ask a question,

sometimes he gave utterance to a comment so quaint and original that Cora would insist on writing it down.

“Well, Joe,” said Dolly one mild evening when Cora had joined the family down stairs, “you must still find a seat near us, for soon we shall be scattered abroad.”

Joe’s face was unusually sad.

“We shall not be scattered much,” said Walter, “if Joe goes with us; and that is your latest plan, cousin Dolly.”

It was indeed the plan of plans, poor Joe thought, for he would spend the winter again in Cambridge, and attend school. No more would he wait upon the “minnows,” or rock the baby when he was longing to read or copy some of the beautiful pieces which so interested him in the books which he found about the house. This mania for copying became one of the boy’s chief delights, and Dolly soon found that the thing he copied he never forgot; beside, he improved rapidly in penmanship.

When the boys returned to Cambridge Joe was, in a certain sense, the ward of the family. His aunt fashioned for him suitable garments out of the many donated by the young gentlemen, and Joe's teachers at school pronounced him a boy of promise.

Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Thorpe did not forget him, and even Cora sent him cheering little gifts from time to time.

In all the world's work one little grain of good grows like a seed and branches out and reaches up until none can tell of its power.

The effort for Joe made people in their summer homes think of others as they had never done before. Mrs. Budd found another family where a timid, pretty girl was longing for an education, and was reaching after it in an uncertain way; her case once relieved other boys and girls were found, and the sweet spirit of universal help grew until a Union was formed and a library was gathered slowly, but surely, bringing with it

the endless uplifting which good books must ever do. Then came simple lectures and object teaching, and no room was left for evil, for it was driven out in such a busy place.

No one dreamed that all this work sprang from the seed sown in that modest cottage; and yet such was the truth.

The people at the cottage hardly knew it themselves; for it often happens that the designer and original mover in a grand work is wholly unknown. This is God's way of saying that persons are mere instruments in his hands, and when no longer needed they are put aside.

Mrs. Neville wrote to the boys when they were once more settled at their studies that it would give her great pleasure to spend a few weeks with them, but the doctors still ordered quiet for her and prophesied evil if she tried the New England climate.

Ned and Walter entered the School of Technology, while Charlie, owing to the in-

jury which still caused terrible headaches, kept pace with his twin by reciting to Reggie and the Doctor.

General Gresham returned to his duties, convinced that his boys were in excellent hands, and it was wise to let them remain there until the elder ones might graduate.

Bertie could not bear the thought of leaving his dear Dolly or the merry group at the "Annex," and the physicians agreed that it was far better for him to be surrounded by brothers and cousins, lest he might grow more dreamy if not morbid.

Dolly was very busy, as usual, in various ways. Her father required more care as the cold weather advanced, and although he was still patient and gentle, it was plain to see that little things disturbed him.

Dolly's music was her chief delight, as it had ever been, and every opportunity to enjoy a fine concert or a choice opera was eagerly embraced.

All the long winter our young people

were as busy as bees and very merry.


Miss Lucinda declared it was the shortest season she ever knew, and Aunt Axy, who was growing gray and feeble, thought a poor old soul didn't need any better spot on de wide earth than livin' wid our young folks.

At Christmas time General Gresham joined the family and dear Mrs. Miller surprised them by appearing with her husband and hosts of presents when all the party were wishing for them.

“If I could have my way,” said Mrs. Miller, “I would appoint universal family gatherings at Christmas time and furnish each and all with money enough to have a good rejoicing.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

LITTLE DODE.

 RUE to her promise to her aunt, Mrs. Miller began teaching Dode. It was by no means an easy task. Dode was fond of music, learned verses readily, and would sing either prose or poetry to music of her own composing, but she declined to write, saying she "wrote well 'nough now;" and as to "figgerin,'" Dode thought it "jis like crazy folks. 'Spose nine does go into twenty-eight free times, and one moah, who keers?" said Dode.

"But look, Dode, see how we arrange it: if I give you twenty-eight cents and you

wish to divide it equally between three people, don't you see —”

“ Yes, Missis, I sees ; but when you gives me twenty any cents, I wants to keep 'em my own self.”

After struggling with the queer child for three months, Mrs. Miller consulted Dick and Dolly. The former said :

“ Send her to school at once. When she finds that other children study she may like it better.”

Dolly said :

“ I understand Dode. All the time, money, and patience in the world, would not make her a scholar. Music is her gift. I should cultivate her voice, and in doing that she will find it necessary to study other things.”

Dode was then taken to an excellent teacher of vocal music, and, as Dolly predicted, soon felt ashamed of her ignorance.

Mrs. Miller was now occupying her former home in New York ; the doctor was

still in the service of the government, but the settlement of Mrs. Follansbee's estate made her presence necessary in New York. She made numerous flying visits to Boston and Cambridge with Mrs. Van Cleve, and during one of these she related her experience with Dode at the music master's.

“I had arranged matters with Professor Score the day previous and told him he would have a peculiar pupil. When we entered, Dode espied the professor's grand piano in the reception room, and before I could forbid it she was drumming away.

“Professor Score had never had a colored pupil before, and indeed I think he secretly wished he had not consented to take her; but he soon appeared in the doorway, with his finger on his lips, wishing me to let her play as she pleased. Dode does not play well, as you know, but somehow or somewhere she has picked up some knowledge of the key-board, and she at once began to sing, drumming her accompaniment, now

loud, now soft, according to her song. This was her song:—I never heard it before and I mistrust Dode never did. When she began Professor Score was shaking with laughter; when she finished he said, ‘Ah madam, ah, I see nature has laid de foundation-stone.’”

DODE’S SONG.

Does yer know what de birds is a-saying
In de tree tops all ob de day,
Does yer know how de wind is a-talkin’,
Or de words what de little bees say?

Does yer know whar de flower gits its sweetness
Which yer smells on de bright summer day?
Does yer know why I sings and is happy,
Or why de little cats lub to play?

“‘Dode,’ I said, as she paused, ‘this is your music-master. If you will try to learn I am sure he will help you, and perhaps you can some day sing in church.’

“Dode wheeled about on the music

stool, and turned her bright eyes on the professor.

“‘Yes, Mess,’ said he with a polite bow, ‘I will make you work hard but ze recompense shall come.’

“‘What is that?’ asked Dode.

“‘Ze reward, Mess. Ze fine voice; ze grand power to make people listen; ze immense compass and ze love of music.’

“‘Oh,’ said Dode complacently, ‘I allers wants folks to listen when I sing.’

“‘I see, madam, ze young lady have confidence. It is good.’

“‘I hope Dode will work,’ I said. ‘If she does not, you must let me know and her lessons will be discontinued.’

“‘I’ll work,’ said Dode; ‘singing ain’t work; singin’ is talkin’ to de angels, and de mammy she wants me to sing cause den dey won’t call me Dumpy Dode no moah; dey won’t ’spise me, cause my back is crooked, and I is poor, and little and black. I kin work, and I kin dream, cause

yer see when yer sings somthin' fine and sweet, de dream runs all froo and froo it and yer don't keer for lickings nor de sassy boys on de street.'

"Professor Score looked pleased. Dode was talking to him, with her large eyes fixed on his face and her woolly head shaking. I think the child almost forgot me, she was so delighted to find herself in the presence of one who could teach her how to 'sing to the angels.'

"When I left them she was singing the *Gloria in Excelsis*, as he requested her to sing some church music.

"'I kin sing de Glory Excellencis what Miss Dolly teached me,' said she, and as she reached the upper notes I saw him rub his hands with delight, and I stole away."

"And she is really doing well, is she?" asked Dolly.

"Oh yes, and the desire of her heart is to sing in Miss Dolly's choir some day."

“Cousin Dolly can’t have a choir,” said Bertie, “she is going to Richmond when I go, and always live there with me.”

“We cannot tell anything about it now, dear,” said Dolly kindly; “when the big boys are out of college we can think of our travels. Until then we are fixtures.”

“But Dode said she should sing in Miss Dolly’s choir some day,” said Bertie.

“Yes, I dare say it would be a proud moment for her, poor child,” said Dolly thoughtfully; “but I fear it will be a long time before she is ready, and perhaps no one will want me to play the organ then.”

“Colonel Brentford thinks you should go abroad and devote yourself to your musical studies,” said Mrs. Miller.

“That is simply impossible,” said Dolly briefly.

Not many days after Mrs. Miller’s return Dolly received a note from her former pupil. Dode had evidently taken great

care in preparing it, and yet the blots outnumbered the lines.

At the request of the family, Dolly read it aloud to them.

It was addressed to "Miss Dolly Warrington, Cambridge, State of Mass., North America," and was enclosed in a letter from Mrs. Miller. The entire production read as follows:

"DEAR LADY MISS DOLLY:

"I write this to tell you I kan sing an annthem kalled 'Jesus Luver of my soul,' and I like to sing it every day.

"Mr. Score is funny, he snaps his fingers when he is pleezed and pulls my ear when I sing wrong. I don't mind, cause my ears is like one of de mules on dat hill in Georgetown, dey is long and tuff.

"I shall sing in your church some day. Mr. Score says I kan, an' I hope your pa will be there to hear me, an' Miss Miller an' all our folks an' de ole mammy.

"Yer ought to see mammy when she

heard me sing one day; she jist laffed and cried and laffed. Mammy's terrible weepy, she's so fat she kan't help it.

“Miss Miller gives me real nice close an' when de girl who sings before me is late I like to show 'em to her, cause she seems to think she has all der is in dis world and a white skin too.

“I tell you I was awful tickled, Miss Dolly, when Mr. Score says one day ‘come here, Miss Dode, and sing dis strain for Miss Wentirmeyer,’ an' I sung it loud and clear, an' Mr. Score he snapped his fingers and said it was ‘verra goot,’ and that spiteful white girl made a face at me. I wanted to make one back, but I remembered what you had told me about such things, an' so I jist puckered my nose a little easy to let her know I didn't care for her white skin one bit; but I didn't sass back, Miss Dolly, I never does now, only I jist showd 'em dey never need try to onpose on me.

“I was glad you had de parlor concert, Miss Miller told me about, and I ’low you played best of ’em all. I told Mr. Score heaps of things about you, and he says you are ‘verra fine mess,’ an’ I told him he would open his eyes wide to hear you make de organ talk on Sunday in de ole church at home.

“Pleez speak kind to all the young gentlemen for me, and exkuse all mistakes, cause writin’ is harder than singing.”

“Yours in kind love,
DODE.”

“I call that a good letter,” said Dolly, as she folded the paper, “and I am quite proud of my pupil.”

“No wonder,” said Reggie; “when you first pointed her out to me she seemed the most stupid child I ever saw.”

“Kindness and care will make unloveliness lovely,” said the doctor. “Poor little Dode has found a new world.”

“And the drollest part of it all is,”

said Dr. Dick, "that the little imp persistently refuses to call the professor anything but Mr. At first he was quite indignant, but he smiles now and lets her do as she pleases. 'Never mind how I speaks, sir,' said she, 'long as I sings all right.'"

So little Dode went on her way improving daily in her music, and surprising all who heard her with her wonderful voice. She grew to be fond of dress, and Mrs. Miller was obliged to check her fondness for display, but her singing was simplicity and sweetness itself; she forgot her deformed body, the cruel sneers of old playmates, the lofty scorn of her associate pupils, and all the miseries of her small world. Her voice was Heaven's own gift, and with it she did indeed "sing to the angels."

Mrs. Miller found it a hard task to instruct Dode in the English branches, and it was not until she assured her that she would never be able to sing the beautiful

French and Italian music which she had heard Miss Dolly and Miss Cora practice, unless she first mastered the English, that the girl's ambition was roused, and she consented to spend several hours each day in the library poring over books.

Professor Score grew to be quite fond of his strange pupil, and sometimes when the long evenings brought him a little leisure, he would stroll in the direction of Mrs. Miller's residence with a book under his arm containing a sketch of Mozart, Beethoven, or one of the many masters in his profession. Mrs. Miller always gave the lonely foreigner cordial greeting, and as she read aloud he would rub his hand in delight, and occasionally interrupt the reader with "Ah, there was inspiration, Miss Dode," or, "you see ze work now, Miss Dode, ze patient, long, hard work which makes ze success possible."

Thus Dode grew to be a lover of artists as well as art, and when Christmas came and brought her from Miss Dolly

and the young gentlemen a fine picture of Beethoven, the girl danced before it like an Indian and fairly cried with joy.

Dode's peculiar temper was a trial to her kind friend. For several days she would seem sunny and bright, and then a wave of temper would control her, or as Dode herself said, she had "a tearing tantrum."

Every one knows that tantrums are unpleasant things to have in the house, and poor Dode not only suffered herself but made everyone else suffer.

One morning while Doctor Miller was absent Dode rose in a rebellious mood. It had been snowing a little outside, and the sidewalks were very wet and sloppy.

As Dode came down dressed for her walk to the music rooms, Mrs. Miller discovered that the only covering for her feet was a pair of rather thin boots.

"You must put on rubbers to-day, Dode," said Mrs. Miller kindly.

"Reckon not," replied the girl in an ungracious tone.

"You must be careful about taking cold, or you will lose your voice," responded Mrs. Miller, "and your light overshoes are just the thing to-day."

Dode tossed her head and re-arranged her hat, but did not get the rubbers.

Mrs. Miller waited patiently in the hall while Dode pulled her hat now this way, now that. At last the obstinate girl approached the door and began to open it.

"Dode," said Mrs. Miller firmly, "you must obey me, and put on your overshoes."

"Takes two to say must and keep it," said Dode in a defiant tone, as she threw the door back with a jerk and descended the steps.

Mrs. Miller watched her from the window for a moment, and her heart sank within her. If Dode could not respect her wishes for love, would it be wise to use force, or must she wait and shame the girl?

It was a difficult question to decide. Mrs. Miller did not believe in whipping goodness in or badness out; "beside," she argued, "Dode is quite too old for such punishment. I wish Dick or my husband could advise me." Neither were at hand, however, and Mrs. Miller resolved to talk with Dode on her return, and show her the sinfulness of her conduct.

It was late when the girl again opened the door and put her cloak and hat in the hall. Mrs. Miller heard her step on the stairs, and wondered if she would ask pardon for her fault.

The sewing-room door was ajar when Dode knocked and heard a pleasant "Come in!"

Mrs. Miller glanced down at the girl's feet, and saw that they were wet and soiled.

"Had an awful lesson this morning," said Dode in an injured tone. "Mr. Score was cross as two sticks."

“He is usually very pleasant,” said Mrs. Miller.

“Wasn’t dis time,” said Dode; “pulled my ears twice.”

“And you did nothing to vex him?” asked Mrs. Miller.

“Nothin’ oncommon; how was I to sing low and soft, when I was hollerin inside like Seth Jones’ old mule Billy. Folks can’t git de sweet out, if de sweet ain’t in em?”

Whenever Dode grew earnest or was a little cross she forgot her language lessons, and talked just like “de ole mammy.”

“Suppose you prove to me that you respect sweetness in others by removing those wet shoes. They are soiling the carpet, you see.”

Dode rose hurriedly and flounced out of the room.

In an hour she returned with a peculiar look on her odd face, and her white teeth showing.

“Miss Miller,” she began.

“Mrs. Miller, Dode.”

“Well, *Mrs.* Miller, if I gets sick on count of dis tantrum, you jist let me alone, will ye, and serve me off good?”

“I shall not let you suffer, Dode, while you are in my house; but I much fear you may be ill. Do you remember the hoarse cold you had in the autumn, and the soreness in your lungs?”

“Don’t forget only when I is mad; couldn’t sing then.”

“No, Dode; and with your constitution great care is needed, or you will utterly lose from abuse the fine voice which God has given you.”

“I’ll mind next time, shure,” said Dode, puckering her face in the drollest manner. “You see, Miss, no, *Mrs.* Miller, nothin’ does for me but the stick when I am ugly. Mammy knowed it, and mammy could lay it on good, I can tell you. I use to hate her and fight awful, but after de

smartin' was done so was de ugly, — clean gone out. Now ye see I haint got use to de soft way yet, an it don't tingle jist at de time like de strap, but I tell you it keeps a tingling. I was jist miserable, deed I was, and Mr. Score he knowed it, only he was cross too. When I sang one ob de scales I yelled awful, couldn't help it, yer know, and he jist stared at me first, and de next time he pulled my ear. It kind ob makes you realize dat you aint all alone in de world when you gets your ear pulled, but somehow I didn't keer half so much for it as I did for your lookin' so sad and sorrowful by de window. Your face was right before me de whole time, and I reckon you better jist give me up an' let me go back to de ole shanty an' be licked, and swore at, an' pounded. Folks ain't fit to live if they can't appreciate kindness, and makes their friends sick with their tantrums."

Dode's eyes looked suspiciously moist

when she ceased speaking, and Mrs. Miller knew that the storm had spent itself, and the girl was really penitent.

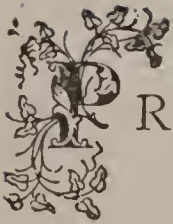
How sweetly she reasoned with her, how gently she warned her, and tenderly she pointed her to the Great Helper who gives us the victory over ourselves, if we will but ask his aid, all our readers will understand.

The next day and the next Dode could not sing a note, for her throat was very sore, and as Mrs. Miller nursed her the poor girl was quite overwhelmed.

After that, whenever Dode's fitful temper began to master her, Mrs. Miller would simply whisper in an undertone, "Rubbers, Dode, rubbers," and in a few moments the roguish, almost elfish smile would return and Dode would gain the victory.

CHAPTER XXV.

CUPID'S CAPTIVES.



PROBABLY no one outside of the immediate family at the "Annex" ever dreamed that its members were tried and tempted like other young people, either in their own natures, or by outside influences.

Of all the number Jack Montgomery suffered most. His own father had been known as a gay man of the world, and Jack inherited from him a jovial disposition. His genuine kindness of heart frequently led him into trouble; but deep in his nature was a stubborn hatred of shams and all deceptions, and

an utter contempt for wrong-doing, even in himself.

“If I am naturally weak,” said Jack one day to Doctor Dick, “then I must grow strong and conquer the weak points.”

“You have done grandly, old fellow,” said Dick warmly, “and the ‘Jolly and Gay’ boys have at last given you up.”

The “Jolly and Gay” boys alluded to were members of a small club organized for the ostensible purpose of reading essays, but in reality wholly given over to games and wine-suppers.

During Jack's first year in Cambridge he had been a member, but after his sorry experience, which we have related, he declined to meet with them or join in their orgies. Had Jack been quite alone, without the precious home influences which so many kind-hearted boys need, we fear he might have yielded to the persuasive tongues of his former companions; but Dolly with her sweet womanly trust, his mother with her faith and love, and

the dear invalid Doctor's silent sermons, all combined to render Jack strong and, as Dick said, "fire-proof."

Dick and Reggie were powerful helpers, for they knew better than the family how Jack was tempted and how eagerly his wit and money were sought for by reckless, careless students.

During the summer at the shore a new world had opened to Jack, and quiet Nina Moore had hitherto unconsciously held the key. She had merely completed the good work already begun, but her influence would only end with her life.

"Dolly, cousin Dolly," shouted Dick one evening as he came in from a walk, "I have glorious news to tell."

Dolly was in her room reading aloud, but she quickly ran out, asking with a roguish smile if Mrs. Miller was coming to spend the Sabbath with them.

Dick looked disgusted, or at least pretended to, and wished to know if she consid-

ered such a common-place event glorious news.

“The very best I can hear,” said Dolly; “and it is to you, sir, if you would confess the truth.”

“Come into the parlor, cousin Dolly,” said Dick, “and let me tell it as it should be told.”

Dolly laughingly seated herself on the music stool and said: “Proceed, oh, learned youth!”

Dick produced a handkerchief from his pocket and began to spread it leisurely out on his knees.

“Great news, cousin Dolly!”

“So you told me.”

“Effects one of our number seriously!”

“Happily, I trust.”

Dolly was accustomed to Dick's teasing, and therefore did not seem anxious.

“That depends,” said Dick. “I think it is a good thing; what do you think?”

“Of course it is good, if your highness thinks so.”

“Don’t be saucy, Cousin Dolly.”

“On no account; but permit me to remind you that you interrupted my reading.”

“I beg pardon, so I did; well, the long and short of it is, literally long and short in this case — he being long, she being short — ”

Dick paused and folded the handkerchief in a fanciful shape, while he watched Dolly quietly.

“I trust he and she will appreciate your announcement.”

“I cannot say; you see I am in his confidence.”

“He has chosen a safe person,” said Dolly quietly.

“So I thought; and he fairly bubbled over with delight as he told me.”

“The expression is not new,” said Dolly; “I can’t say that it is quite beautiful.”

“I must request you once more, Miss Warrington, not to be saucy.”

“And I must remind you once more,

Doctor Dick, that my reading is neglected.”

“ True, alas ! too true,” retorted Dick ; “ therefore, Miss Warrington, allow me to inform you that our jovial and happy friend, Jack Montgomery, is engaged to Miss Nina Moore, and that young lady now wears a fetter in the shape of an engagement ring.”

Dolly remained perfectly silent with her eyes cast down.

“ Think of it ! our Jack regularly settled in life and anchored fast ; can't you say something to express your astonishment, or are you utterly breathless ? ”

“ I am not astonished,” said Dolly ; “ Jack and Nina told me about it last week, and I have already seen the engagement ring.”

Dick sprang to his feet : “ Well, Miss Warrington, I must say I like your audacity,” said he, half in earnest, half in jest ; “ when a body tries to tell you a little cheerful news, you squelch them with a triumphant ‘ Oh, I know all about it ! ’ ”

“ And when a young gentleman tells me

he has something glorious to relate, I want him to relate it," retorted Dolly.

"Seriously," said Dick as he seated himself again, "don't you think it a capital thing?"

"That remains to be proved," said Dolly.

"I thought both parties were particular friends of yours."

"So they are," said Dolly; "or at least Jack is; Nina is a very pleasant acquaintance, and I think a very noble girl."

"But she has not yet been admitted into the sacred circle of Miss Warrington's friends," said Dick in a sarcastic tone.

"We have never proved each other," said Dolly quietly; "she is Marion's friend rather than mine, and I think, as I said before, she is a noble girl, but you know papa's test; if a man or woman does not love you well enough to suffer for or with you, and despite all your failings, he or she cannot be a true friend; the high meaning of that sacred word friend is unknown to them."

“And you think Jack Montgomery is your true friend?” asked Dick.

“I know it,” said Dolly confidently; “he has given us all abundant proof of his respect and love. When he suffered we suffered too — you as well as I; and when Jack gained such a wonderful victory over himself and his naturally indolent habits last term as to merit special praise, I was as proud of him as I should be of a brother. He is coming out grandly, and I hope to see him a very useful man.”

“Won't Nina help him?” asked Dick.

“I sincerely hope so; but Nina does not yet know Jack as we know him, and she must be firm and strong if she intends to keep him up to his present ideal of true manhood.”

What Dick Miller thought of the girl before him who discussed this new engagement with him in such grave fashion, she did not know; what he said was:

“It seems to me our Cousin Dolly is won-

derfully wise in such matters, and Jack must see to it that his pretty Nina is not drilled into exacting shrewishness by such an expert teacher."

Dick's propensity for teasing did not lessen with his years, but Dolly was less sensitive now and had learned to speak honestly and fearlessly despite his roguish eyes and mocking tone.

"I am not wise in any sense," replied Dolly earnestly, "but you and I know that young people are engaged without the slightest thought of their fitness for each other. Thanks to my precious father, I have been brought to think it a sacred and solemn thing, and to me an engagement should be the result of a long and intimate acquaintance, where both parties understand each other fully, and are well acquainted with each other's views, faults, and wishes."

"How long has Jack known Miss Nina?" asked Dick.

"About five months," replied Dolly; "but

circumstances have thus far been in their favor."

"And what will dear Mrs. Van Cleve say?" queried Dick.

"She will say as Jack has chosen for himself, she will assist him in making his happiness complete; I think she will be a charming mamma-in-law, and Nina will be loved and cared for as she has never been."

"Do tell me something of her history," said Dick. "I only know that she is connected in some way with the Huntleys and is a music teacher."

"I only know it in brief," said Dolly. "Her mother was a cousin of the Professor's; the father belonged to an excellent family, but his dissipated habits brought him to an early grave, and his wife soon followed. Since then Nina has taught music, and is now educating her little brother, a boy about the age of our Joe.

"Her patrons are very kind to her, and the Huntleys have offered to give her a home

with them. She is too proud to accept and lives independently, helping Arthur with his studies when she is not engaged in teaching music.

“Professor Huntley told me she was not quite fifteen when she began to teach, and now she is obliged to decline pupils; so you see our dear old Jack will have a proud and gifted little woman, and I hope they will be the happiest of the happy.”

“So do I,” said Dick with emphasis; “but how does our friend Budd prosper?”

“I refer you to him for information,” said Dolly haughtily, as she rose and returned to her room.

Dick smiled and vaulted up-stairs in his usual fashion.

Jack Montgomery’s engagement was a matter of rejoicing among his friends in New York.

“He is quite too young for that sort of thing,” said his step-father, “but it will steady

him down, and the boy has a good bank-account of his own."

Jack's mother regarded it much as Dolly surmised, and, like a sensible, loving little woman said "Well, it must come sooner or later, and I always hoped my Jack would select some good girl who needed love and happiness. Little Nina shall be made royally welcome, but the children must not be in a hurry."

Jack wrote his mother a letter full of his sweetheart's praises, and then added, "The worst of it is, mother, she declares she won't marry me until I have taken the promised trip abroad with you and have shown myself capable of supporting a family if I should lose my fortune. I wish you would reason with her, and we could then be married immediately after I graduate, and make a merry, happy party on our foreign tour."

Mrs. Van Cleve in response to her son's entreaty made a little trip to Cambridge, and passed a delightful week with Nina and

little Arthur, in their modest rooms, but Jack was doomed to disappointment, for his mother insisted that Nina was right, and as fortunes were unstable things, a man should show himself capable of earning as well as spending one; consequently Jack returned to his studies and registered a solemn vow that a little young woman like Miss Nina Moore should not shame him or be ashamed of him.

As to Miss Marion and Dolly they made much of their friend, whose fate seemed to be settled, and many were the musicals given for the purpose of showing Nina's skill to admiring friends.

Jack never worked harder than during his last year, for a pair of hazel eyes were constantly before him, urging him on, and after study hours it was so delightful to take a walk with Nina or find her at the house chatting or singing with Dolly.

Of course Doctor Dick teased him unmercifully, and the younger boys made

rhymes to pin on his book-table, but honest, warm-hearted Jack cared not a feather, and his only regret was that the shy little maiden who held his heart in her keeping, would not permit him to lavish all manner of elegant presents on her. As to Arthur, he was secretly waylaid on his walks to and from school, and made happy with all sorts of notions dear to a boy's heart. His opinion of his prospective brother-in-law was summed up in one emphatic boyish word, too expressive to be considered slang, and yet we fear it is so classed.

“ Well, Artie, what do you think of Jack ? ” asked Doctor Dick as he saw the boy opening a new knife which the former had just presented him ; and Arthur with a beaming face and much force merely said “ *Boss !* ”

CHAPTER XXVI.

A BREAK IN THE CHAIN.



THE winter passed rapidly and spring found our young people still united.

“ Oh dear,” said Charlie one day when they had all gathered in the parlor for a little rehearsal, “ what shall we do when all you big fellows graduate ? ”

“ Make a grand spread and invite us in,” said Doctor Dick.

“ Send us all to Europe and pay our bills,” said Reggie.

“ Set us up in business and make the business pay,” said Jack Montgomery.

“ No, sir,” exclaimed Bertie ; “ we will all

live with my papa, in Richmond, won't we, Miss Marion?"

Miss Marion blushed and the boys smiled. Bertie's quick eyes had detected his father's fondness for the young lady, and consequently she was included in his plans.

"I was thinking," said Charlie, "that your commencement would soon be here, and that would make the first break in our chain, I hate it; I wish we could all keep together for twenty years, at least."

"I don't hate it," said Dick; "I long to be at work in good earnest, and in a few short months my beloved sweetheart and I will be en route to Europe."

"Which sweetheart?" asked Ned with a sly twinkle.

"I have but one, young man," said Dick; "and the worst of it is, every fellow loves her nearly as well as I do."

"And every girl too," said Dolly; "we all claim a share in Dick's mother."

"And yet, Miss Dolly Warrington re-

fuses to go abroad with her," said Dick.

"Because Miss Warrington insists on doing the duty next her hand," said Harvard Budd promptly.

"My turn will come," said Dolly cheerfully; "you know Cora and I have a trip planned when she leaves Vassar, and dear Mrs. Miller has promised to pet papa while we are gone."

"Mrs. Thorpe will matronize you," said Reggie, "and I may have money enough to run over by that time."

"Oh yes, it is all arranged," said Dolly; "the boys will join us somewhere in France, and when we are short of funds we will give musical entertainments."

"I should hope not," said Mr. Budd with a serious face.

"Of course we will," said Dolly, "and you must bring all your friends and buy any quantity of tickets."

Mr. Budd did not like the plan; his sense of propriety was shocked, and

Doctor Dick was not slow to perceive it.

“Oh yes,” said Dick, “that was settled long ago at the Woodbox, and when the funds are especially low, Dolly will put on a wig and cap and sing on the streets to the music of a tambourine.”

Harvard Budd’s face grew dark, and Reggie made haste to say, “Better add a monkey to the troupe, Dick; don’t spoil a good story.”

“Certainly not,” said Dick; “but seriously, those girls did say something about teaching music, and the English branches, didn’t you, cousin Dolly?”

“Oh yes, we have varied our plans each year, and perhaps it is well that we cannot see the coming years; as Charlie says, I dread the breaking up; but since it must come we will have a good farewell feast, and make the parting anything but dreary.”

“Now that pleases me,” said the Doctor; “the bright side is the best side, and the evening shadows are never dreaded if we

use the sunshine of the day as we should."

The young people turned involuntarily to look at him, and more than one felt the power of his sweet, untroubled spirit.

He talked less every year, and yet his dear young people hovered about him and loved him more than ever.

Mrs. Miller saw a change in him whenever she came, but the family were so accustomed to his presence they did not observe the little things left undone.

Even Dolly was blinded. She knew that he rose later in the morning and did not visit as much as formerly, but the winter had been trying, and after the boys graduated they would flit once more to the sea, and go in the autumn to his beloved library at the Woodbox.

Dolly was sure of this, and already some preparations and improvements were taking place in Georgetown, which she desired to keep a profound secret until her darling invalid reached home.



“You are a brave little secretary.” — Page 377.

“ Daughter,” he said one day when she had been writing on the medical work which he had been preparing since his injuries, “ better rest eyes and hands now ; you are a brave little secretary, and you may yet be compelled to finish your old father’s work alone.”

“ Oh no, papa,” replied Dolly cheerfully ; “ we will finish it together and spend your receipts in refitting your study.”

“ I sometimes fear not, my darling ; but we need not talk of it now : you will see by the dedication that my faithful little pen-woman has been remembered.”

Dolly turned to the opening pages of the manuscript and read :

“ To my beloved daughter, who has been eyes, hands, and feet to me for so many years, this work is dedicated by her loving father.”

Dolly’s eyes filled with tears as she read it. “ I never expected such an honor, papa,” said she.

“ You have earned far more, little woman,” he replied.

The father and daughter were growing nearer and nearer together as the years rolled on ; all Dolly’s gay companions never drew her from him ; in all her plans or pleasures he came first.

As the time approached for the commencement exercises great preparations went on at the “ Annex,” and no one entered more heartily into them than the Doctor. Marion and Dolly were very busy preparing their new dresses, and the boys were in high spirits.

Miss Nina Moore was already provided for, as Mrs. Van Cleve insisted on sending her a suitable dress for the occasion, and better than all, both Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Van Cleve would be present ; while General Gresham had written from Richmond that he would not miss the exercises for a small farm, and Colonel Brentford invited himself in a droll note two weeks before the boys sent out their invitations, where his name stood high on the list.

Never did dear old Cambridge look better, never did prettier girls appear in faultless dresses, and never did one roof cover three happier young men than were to be found at the "Annex."

Jack Montgomery's step-father aided him to a place in life by offering him a share in his office, where, as banker and broker, rumor said the old gentleman had made himself immensely wealthy.

Doctor Miller informed his son that he might become his partner in New York, if he would promise to return from Europe free from all the snobbish airs so common to young Americans; and Reggie was gladly welcomed by Colonel Brentford, who declared an empty desk in his office had been waiting for him ever since the Colonel settled in Washington.

Harvard Budd thought a run across would not be a bad thing, as his brother Hal needed a change.

So it was settled. Jack with his mother,

Doctor Dick and his "sweetheart," Miss Marion and the Professor, all sailed away one day in a Cunard steamer, and fond friends sent hundreds of good wishes after them.

Then came the yearly flitting to the sea, where the absent ones were much missed, and their letters read eagerly.

Charlie and Walter tried to cheer the girls, and even Joe proved a tolerable gallant; but who could take the place of the rollicking, happy Doctor Dick; the quiet, thoughtful Reggie, or Jack and Budd the magnificent? Surely not four young boys, try as they might. Ned was too much occupied to try, for at last he had received a notice from the Department at Washington, and in the early autumn he must hurry away and endure all the horrors of a competitive examination.

He was nervous and fanciful, but still pored over his books, trying in vain to find out his weak points. Sometimes he was sure he should fail on the physical examina-

tion, although Doctor Warrington told him he was "as sound as a nut," and sometimes he tortured himself, lest he might forget some simple question in geography. It was a busy, wearing summer to the boy, although his guardian insisted on a certain amount of exercise, both on horseback and in his boat. His perseverance was rewarded, however, for he passed all dangers safely, and sent flying over the wires the cheering words, "All right!" His bright dream was realized at last, and he was duly enrolled as a student at the Naval Academy where, like all his comrades, he soon found that keeping in was much more difficult than getting in.

Meantime the travellers were well and happy. Nina took a brief vacation with Arthur in Dolly's home, where she read the foreign letters with many blushes, and when asked by the boys what dear old Jack was up to, and what he wrote, would answer simply, "He seems very happy."

The family letters were a source of de-

light; evidently Doctor Dick was making good use of his eyes and ears, and he was also determined to give Reggie the full benefit of his travels. The two mothers enjoyed every moment with their big boys and quietly directed their movements and arranged the numerous trips designed to instruct and improve. Sometimes the four young men went away alone, leaving the ladies time for a quiet rest; but more frequently they were all enjoying to the full new scenes and historic places.

General Gresham continued his admiration for Boston schools, and therefore Walter and Charlie remained with Miss Lucinda at the "Annex," which was speedily filled up with bright young friends of theirs; and at Dolly's request, Nina Moore and Arthur made it their home. Both Walter and Charlie were homesick at first, but the feeling soon wore away as they became more and more interested in their studies, and Dolly's letters never flagged.

In October the good Doctor desired to return to the Woodbox, and his friend Doctor Miller kindly arranged for the journey.

It was a lonely place without the many faces of the young men, but Dolly and Bertie were faithful attendants, and many were the plans made for the winter.

Reggie and Colonel Brentford gave Dolly all possible assistance; the former occupying his old room, and the latter coming back and forth with news of the outside world to cheer the invalid.

“I think we shall have a delightful winter after all,” said Dolly to her father; “Cora and Mrs. Birney will come at Christmas. General Gresham will join us and we will send for Wally, and Bismarck — dear old boy! I am so glad his head troubles him but little now.”

“If we cannot have the entire group, we will enjoy a portion of it,” said Doctor Warrington with a smile; “that is true philosophy, little woman, and we have much

to be thankful for ; did ever a plain, unpretentious little home turn out braver, purer young men ? ”

“ And the sweetest part of it to me is, papa, that you guided and directed them all ; even Mr. Budd says ‘ we owe our success largely to the good Doctor. ’ ”

“ Oh yes ! my children may be over-fond of their crippled teacher, but it rests me to think that, wander as they may over the world, the ever-watchful Father will in his own time re-unite them. ”

“ And how delighted we shall be to welcome them, ” said Dolly ; “ who will be most rejoiced papa, you or I ? ”

“ The dear God knows, my darling, ” replied the Doctor, as he stroked the girl’s curls precisely as he used to do in her younger days.

“ We will decorate your study, papa, and make the welcome home party a perfect ovation ; and then you know Jack and Nina will soon give a grand wedding, and you are already invited.

“Has she consented to marry before he is established in business?” asked the Doctor.

“Oh no, he is to work hard for a year, and prove to Nina that he can earn as well as spend, before she will become his wife; but a year soon runs away, and then you are to give away the bride—for little Nina insists on that—and Jack says ‘Oh yes!’ to everything his betrothed utters.”

“And what does my little woman think of Cousin Gresham’s wooing?” asked the Doctor with a twinkle of fun; “is she too, horrified because the sad-eyed soldier chooses a young bride?”

“Not a bit, papa; Marion seems so much older than she is, and they are suited to each other admirably; even Reggie thinks so, and the other boys all love her. I used to wish she was not my senior, but I am thankful for it now, and the poor man will have a happy home once more.”

“I hope so; daughter, and yet I am sur-

prised that Miss Marion should be attracted to him, for so few see his real character.

“Our Marion is too womanly to be conquered by externals,” said Dolly, warmly; “but, papa, I often smile when I think of the love-letters now passing to and fro. How devoted the General is, and as to Jack, why, Nina admitted receiving two letters per week.”

“Well, well, my darling, it is all very beautiful, and I, for one, can never laugh at young lovers; there is something too sacred and beautiful about it.”

“But you must confess, papa, that some lovers are very silly, and deserve to be made fun of.”


“Wait until your own turn comes, little woman,” replied her father smiling.

“It will never come, papa dear, for you and I are to be always together, and I am to be the good old maid of the party, and keep a home place for the rest.”

“Dear little woman,” said the Doctor tenderly; “we shall be always together, in one sense, I am sure, and Heaven grant you may never be lonely in a world full of true and kind hearts.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

DOLLY'S GREAT SORROW.

CHRISTMAS came once more, and again the friends gathered about the Doctor at the Woodbox.

General Gresham and Mrs. Neville, from Richmond; Mrs. Birney and Cora, Nina, Arthur, and the boys from Cambridge, and last, but not least, Joe, with eyes wide open, to see the sights in Washington. Miss Lucinda wrote that her shortness of breath made her feel a little wheezy and uncomfortable, and Dolly could not miss her when she had so many about.

It would be impossible to tell the entire story of that happy fortnight in one book,

for Nina, Arthur, and Joe visited all the famous places in and around the city during the day, and at night when Reggie and the Colonel joined them, fun and merriment reigned supreme.

“I never saw your father brighter or happier,” said General Gresham to Dolly one evening; “he grows younger instead of older.”

Dolly glanced at the beloved figure in the chair, and answered eagerly, “I know it; he seems superior to any external annoyance; the irritation which affected him during the war has entirely disappeared, and he enjoys everything. Mrs. Thorpe thinks him less able to endure effort of any kind, but I do not observe it.”

“I think he is not as strong,” said the General sadly, “but we must all admit that his soul rules his body. I wish we could induce him to spend the spring months in Richmond.”

“Reggie has talked with him about it,”

said Dolly, "but he says he cannot think of another journey, and you know Reggie is like a dear son to him. I don't know what we should do without him. Papa depends on him for matters outside precisely as he does on me for the affairs within."

"And what shall we do with that small boy of mine?" said the General, as he saw Bertie leaning on the Doctor's shoulder.

"I hope you won't take him from me," said Dolly in a pleading tone; "no one understands him as I do, and I am afraid it would be a great trial to papa; and yet it is your right."

"Nonsense, little woman," said the General; "you alone have any rights in the matter; he owes all he is to you, and you shall not be separated until you grow weary of your charge. You can see how unfit my poor sister is for care or responsibility."

Mrs. Neville was indeed the wreck of a once beautiful woman; quiet and subdued, but always ladylike and courteous, she took

little interest in the active pursuits of the young people, and chose to pass her time in silent contemplation. Her brother anticipated all her wants and kept from her anything which might depress her or recall the past.

Dolly experienced a sense of loneliness when her guests had departed to their several homes, but her many duties kept her fully occupied. Every morning she wrote for her father and then devoted herself to her organ practice while he slept. Soon after her return she had been urged to accept her old position as organist, and many of her father's old friends were proud of her talent and skill.

True to her theory, that no education is ever finished until life ceases, she faithfully kept up her studies with Reggie and her father, and yet found time for many little works of love outside.

Dode's mother came to the assistance of Aunt Axy, and Mrs. Thorpe found her chief

happiness in relieving Dolly of numerous household cares.

“We are very cosy,” Dolly wrote to Mrs. Miller. “Every one has something to do, and every one does it; consequently all goes well; but I miss you terribly, and Reggie often says I would give half of my last dollar to see Doctor Dick to-night.”

Dolly little dreamed of coming sorrow, and day after day she chatted of the pleasant things to be done when the travellers returned.

One evening in February when the family were gathered in the doctor's study for prayers, Reginald read the psalm as usual and waited for the doctor's petition. After a pause, his sweet, even voice said, “Thy will be done, oh Father,” and the listeners heard no more.

Dolly, who was kneeling by his chair as she had knelt since a child, raised her head quickly and saw the clasped hands, the closed eyes, and the dear face crowned with a smile.

She sprang up exclaiming, "Papa, papa, are you ill?"

The family gathered about the Doctor and Bertie at once ran for a physician, but his words only confirmed those of Colonel Brentford: "He is resting at last."

Poor Dolly was overcome with grief, and for many hours Mrs. Thorpe and Reggie watched over her as she struggled with her sudden sorrow.

It was a fit ending to a beautiful life, but the orphan girl could not realize that henceforth she must live without him.

Doctor Miller came promptly from New York and General Gresham hurried from Richmond, but all their kindness and tenderness could not console her.

"I do not want to live without him," said Dolly, as Doctor Miller held her close to his heart, and begged her to think of the work he had left her to do. "If I could only go too, it would be well."

"Poor child," said the Doctor to Reggie

the evening after the Doctor's death, "she does not shed a tear, and we are powerless to help her; I wonder if Cora could come to her for a little while."

Reggie wrote Cora at once, but she was then ill with pneumonia and could not leave her bed, consequently she was not told of her friend's great sorrow.

After the funeral had taken place, Dolly went into the study and began her work on the book with a drawn, pale face, and deep-set eyes.

For several days Doctor Miller and Reggie sat with her and assisted her, thinking it best to indulge her until her bitter grief might find some outlet, but Dolly worked on with the same calm face and compressed lips. Her whole life seemed centred in the work he had given her to do.

Bertie missed her loving caresses, and even Aunt Axy followed her about with a wistful look. No duty was neglected. Her plants were daily cared for, the little house-

hold duties faithfully performed, and yet she could not meet the people who called or venture beyond her own door.

“If she would only play,” said Reggie; “even one strain of music would help; but how can we suggest it?”

“Thank you for the thought,” said Doctor Miller; “music must be our remedy. I could not return to New York and leave our dear girl in this condition.”

Sunday passed, and yet Dolly made no complaint, but went about with the hopeless look still on her face. She had requested Reggie to see the chorister and arrange for an organist; beyond that the day was passed quietly at home.

“Dolly, my child,” said Doctor Miller one evening, “I wish you would go out with me for a few moments. I know you do not wish to, but it is many years since you have put your wishes before the happiness of others, and I need you now; will you trust me?”

“Perfectly,” said Dolly; “we will go when it is darker, but not now.”

The Doctor humored her.

“All right, my dear; I will not weary you, and when we return Mrs. Thorpe must give us a glass of her excellent milk punch to refresh us.”

Mrs. Thorpe understood the suggestion, for Dolly had eaten but little since her trouble came, and her friends were giving her nourishment in liquid form. It was pitiful to see her take all they offered with a sad, wistful look, followed by a never-failing “Thank you.”

When the shadows had deepened, Mrs. Thorpe brought Dolly’s hat and wrap, which she put on mechanically, without one glance toward a mirror, or any thought of her personal appearance.

As she left the house leaning on the Doctor’s arm, Reggie threw himself into a chair, and buried his face in his hands.

“If this does not rouse her, she will die,”

said he, bitterly. "I wish Mrs. Miller would come home; she might help her."

"I have sent them word," said General Gresham, "but we cannot hear for several days, and you know their present locality is quite uncertain."

"It is this dumb sorrow which wears on one," said Colonel Brentford. "I hoped she would be roused out of this alarming condition when Bertie brought her those letters from her father's old classmates, but the poor girl read them all with dry, hard eyes."

Doctor Miller directed his steps toward the church, and still Dolly did not speak except to reply to all questions in the briefest possible manner.

She did not see that the stairway was lighted; she did not notice that the gas burner by the music-rack shone on a piece of music until the Doctor in his tenderest tones said: "We are alone here, my child, and it would give me great pleasure if you would try this for me; nothing but an

organ can do justice to these chords."

The music before her simply presented to her a duty to be performed, and she played the prelude half through before she felt the old power returning to her; then, as the key changed and the Doctor turned the page, she saw before her the sweet, sacred words last uttered by her beloved dead.

Doctor Miller watched her with moist eyes. He saw the strong effort to still maintain the calm exterior; he observed the tremulous motion of the slender fingers on the keys, and then when the soprano solo began and the pale lips tried to move, his practiced eye detected the first symptoms of reaction.

Twice did the brave girl repeat the strain so sweetly sad, and then, with a cry of despair, she bowed her head on the organ and wept aloud. Doctor Miller uttered a half-audible "Thank God!" and sat down beside her.

When at last she said in her bitterness :

“ I cannot live without him, and Heaven is not just,” the stout-hearted physician joined his tears with hers and led her to speak freely, as she had not done since the death of her father.

Doctor Miller wisely refrained from all attempts to comfort her, and simply said: “ My darling, my heart aches for you, and it is indeed hard to bear, but healing will come in time. Sit here for a few moments while I give you the tenor solo in my clumsy fashion. Music will do our souls good, and you must make it your friend hereafter, as it has ever been.”

The Doctor had a fine tenor voice and was already familiar with his score, for he had stolen away during the afternoon and, with the aid of the sexton, had prepared for Dolly's visit.

In the words, “ In all our sorrows, Thou art near,” Dolly felt the first gleam of comfort, and as the Doctor closed with the refrain, “ Thy will be done,” she found her-

self thinking of her father as she had not yet been able to think.

“Observe this chord,” said the Doctor, as he repeated a measure. “Is it not fine? Sometime we will sing it together, my child, and your skillful fingers will not blunder as mine are now doing.”

“Let me play it for you,” said Dolly.

The Doctor gladly made way for her; his heart was full of thanksgiving, and he well knew that the healing art finds medicine only one agent.

Dolly did not attempt to sing one note, but her fingers no longer trembled; and as the Doctor's rich voice resounded through the empty church, she said softly to herself: “Papa seems nearer to me here, and I must come here to-morrow.”

When the music was finished to the Doctor's satisfaction, he went down stairs with his charge, nodded to the sexton who was sitting on the steps, and went back to the Woodbox with a lighter heart, for he remem-

bered a solemn promise given to his friend long before that Dolly should be cherished as his own daughter if he was called home.

“Now, Mrs. Thorpe,” said he cheerfully, as he entered the house, “let us have the milk punch for my patient, and then she must retire early, for to-morrow she and I have some business matters to arrange and on the following day I must return to New York.”

That night Mrs. Thorpe found Dolly sleeping peacefully, and the next morning she presented herself in the breakfast-room at the usual hour with a sad look, touching to see, but the Comforter had been with her, and danger was now past.

Mrs. Neville and General Gresham were anxious to have Dolly and Bertie join them in Richmond, but Dolly found it impossible to leave.

Beside the necessary duties connected with settling her father's estate, she desired to complete his literary work as rapidly as

possible, and the publishers were already making demands on her time.

Reginald was doing excellent work in his profession, and in every possible manner he devoted himself to Dolly and her work of love. It was a sincere pleasure to do something for those who had done so much for him.

Doctor Warrington's well-known methodical habits left little to cause annoyance to his sole executor, and only child, and if it had been otherwise, both Reginald and Colonel Brentford were ever ready to aid her.

"I shall feel better when I hear from Mrs. Miller," said Dolly one day when she had read the copy of a letter sent by her father to that dear friend, in which he desired Mrs. Miller to be a mother to his darling.

"We shall all feel better," said Reggie, "and I fancy Dick will start for home as soon as the news reaches him."

"I hope not," said Dolly. "Much as I long to see them, it would be a pity to spoil

their trip; and, after all, you know they could not be with us, and nothing can ever make it like the old days."

"The days to come will be richer and fuller for those old days," said Reggie. "We have been a happy family, have we not?"

"So happy that I dare not trust myself to think about it. Do you know, Reggie, that I have never answered Miss Lucinda's kind letter which she wrote me when she heard the sad news. I know it is wrong, but she knew us all so well, and loved him so much, I cannot write."

"I wrote her," said Reggie quietly; "indeed, I ventured to spare you all I could and if you would like to listen, I will read you a little note which I received yesterday."

"Do, please. I have so much to thank you for, Reggie, when I can."

"Miss Lucinda writes from the boys' room," said Reginald, "and although her writing is cramped, there is not a kink in her sweet, faithful soul."

“MY DEAR MR. REGINALD:

“I feel in my heart a thousand things which I might write out if I had your learning. I think almost every hour in the day of Miss Dolly; she seems almost like my own flesh and blood, and no one knows better than me how she was bound up in her pa. It was beautiful to see them together all their lives, and often and often he would say: ‘Well, Lucinda, when my little girl is settled in life, I shall be content to die.’ That’s what troubles me; she ain’t settled, and the last person she will think of will be Dolly Warrington. She’s shown that spirit since she was a little mite, and now I want to ask you just how she is going to be left for money. You see I know it cost our family considerable to live and the Doctor had some heavy losses; if all who owed him paid their just dues, his child would be an heiress. I write to you particular as a business lawyer to see to this. As I look at it that book will be an expense, and she would

carry it through if it took her last penny. What I want to come at, only it isn't easy on paper, is this: I have made some money out of my boarders, and have sold two building lots down to the shore, and if that dear girl isn't going to have plenty of means I want you to let me send this right away to you, and you must buy some government bonds and never let her know but her papa left them. You see I don't mind telling you now that the interest money her mother left she spent the most of on our boys. Please attend to this right away and take good care of that blessed girl. I miss her constant every day. Yours respectful,

LUCINDA DODGE."

"P. S. The boys are all doing well every way."

"I must write her at once," said Dolly, with tears in her eyes; "she must know that papa's stocks were at last successful, and we must tell her about the life insurance also. What generous, noble friends I have, Reg-

gie, and yet a few weeks since I thought I had nothing to live for."

"You must get Miss Lucinda to join you somewhere at the mountains next summer," said Reggie; "it will help you both, and I think we will not care to visit the shore."

"Oh no," said Dolly; "we must not see too many places made sacred by his presence."

"The world will always be full of him for us," said Reggie, reverently. "I miss him everywhere, and I am constantly wishing I could imitate his cheerfulness."

"Did you hear what Colonel Brentford said of his bravery?" asked Dolly.

"No, but the gallant Colonel knows the full meaning of the word."

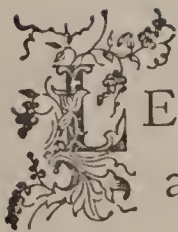
"When the Colonel was wounded he said he did not permit himself to think of the pain, but only of papa's face and words as he bade him good-by. Papa said to him: 'If you are wounded, my dear fellow, as I pray you may not be, think of your crippled

friend, and remember that it requires greater courage to live and endure, than to die and be free.' Surely *I* should be brave for such a father's sake."

Poor Dolly! It was hard to be brave and endure, even with hosts of dear friends, but her father's God was her comforter.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DOCTOR DICK'S RIVAL.



LET us go home," said Dick, as soon as his father's message reached him.

"I am quite ready," replied his mother. "My heart aches when I think of Dolly."

Mrs. Van Cleve and the party decided to remain longer, although they were much saddened by the news of the doctor's death, and all thought of and sympathized with Dolly.

"I would rush on to-morrow," said Jack, "if I could help the poor girl; and yet I shouldn't be able to say a word, I know."

"One would be dumb indeed, before

his empty chair," said Harvard Budd.

"I always feel like running out of a sick-room," said Jack. "I can't bear the sight of pain or suffering; cowardly, I know. And here is Doctor Dick who would conceal his own feelings to help any one in sorrow."

It was a sad journey home. Mrs. Miller felt anxious about Dolly; for Mrs. Thrope, although excellent and kind, was so saddened by her own losses she could not cheer the orphan girl.

Doctor Miller met his wife and son at the steamer, and the first question asked was:

"How is Dolly?"

"Bearing her trouble bravely," said the doctor, "but it wears upon her. Don't be surprised to see her pale and thin."

"Shall we go there at once?"

"Yes, she expects you. I am quite sure, Mary, that you will prove the tonic she needs."

“I am so thankful Reggie is with her, and Bertie too,” said Mrs. Miller.

“Yes; Colonel Brentford also has been most devoted. You know he wished to marry Dolly, and although her father admired him, he refused to influence her in any manner.”

“Wanted to marry our Dolly!” said Mrs. Miller in surprise.

“Certainly, my love; you were married at her age.”

“True,” said Mrs. Miller, “but somehow I never thought of her as anything save a very womanly girl, and I don’t think the thought of marriage has entered her head.”

“It seems not,” said the doctor laughing, “for she sent the poor Colonel to the right about, and told him she had resolved to devote her life to her father.”

“And still Colonel Grit is devoted?” said Mrs. Miller.

“Oh, yes; your manly man could not

stand aloof and see a woman he cared for suffer."

"And how does she occupy herself? what is she doing?"

"Working now on the index of her father's book; it is nearly complete and she deserves great credit for it."

All this Doctor Dick heard in silence. At last, as the train neared Washington, his father said:

"Dick, my boy, our friend left you a small fortune in books, provided his daughter does not desire to make use of them. They are rare and valuable medical works, but I fancy Dolly will use them herself some day. Several of her father's friends are quite anxious to have her study medicine, and indeed he wished it himself, but the coming of the Rebels changed their plans."

"I hope I shall never see her practicing medicine," said Dick with a frown.

"I hope I shall," said his mother. "I remember how valuable her services were

in the hospital, and the surgeons urged her then to devote herself to the healing art."

"Well, if Dolly Warrington sets herself up for an M. D. I will quit practice," said Dick hotly.

"Tut, tut," said the doctor, "don't be too sure, my boy. I shall offer to take her into partnership myself. Remember, she is up with you in most branches, and will prove a powerful rival."

"Don't talk about it, father," replied Dick impatiently.

"Dick's fretfulness was forgotten when he saw his friend's sad face, and it was Dolly who comforted him, for brave as he tried to be, the sight of the doctor's empty chair overcame him as well as his mother.

"It is such a change," said Dolly sadly, "and it can never be better, that is the worst of it; but, Dick, he talked of you only a little while before prayers that night, and said:

“‘Mark me, Dolly, I expect great things of Dick. Tell him I said so.’”

“‘You can tell him yourself, papa, when we have a welcome home-party,’ I said. “He only smiled, and patted my hand. He knew that the end was near, and he would not grieve us.”

“My darling, it is hard indeed for you to live without him,” said Mrs. Miller, folding the girl in her arms; “remember our old compact, you are my daughter now.”

“And I am so glad to be; you will never know how glad, for you will help me to do all he wished, and that is my one happiness now.”

Mrs. Miller was surprised to see the calmness and strength of this young girl whose entire affection had been lavished on her invalid father. She said as much to her that night, as they sat together in Dolly's room, while the gentlemen talked below.

“God sends the strength as we need it,”

said Dolly simply, "but you do not see the bitter, weary hours, or know the ever crying want."

"I do know, darling, for I have borne it all, and therefore I can say with a full heart, be my own child, as nearly as possible, tell me all your troubles, your hopes, your fears."

"Dear mamma," said Dolly, "your coming has given me new courage, and you must not mind if I am sometimes sad, even when you are kindest."

"I shall not mind anything save an interruption to our mutual love."

"Can I come in?" called Dick as of old from the hall.

"Yes," replied Dolly. "We are having our twilight chat, you see."

"And I am not interrupting?" asked Dick.

"Oh, no; we were going down shortly."

"Before you go let me ask a question?"

"A dozen, if you wish."

“Can it be true that you are going to college as soon as your work on your father’s book is complete?”

“It is quite true. I shall enter Boston University, and the Huntleys have invited me to share their home,—every one is so kind to me!”

“It is folly. Don’t do it,” exclaimed Dick. “Mother, persuade her to give up this plan.”

“It was a cherished wish of my father’s, Dick,” said Dolly with trembling lips, “and therefore sacred. I do not wish Reggie to know it, but my entire course was laid out by my father, and only changed because the boys came to us.”

“But you do not need a profession; leave it to the women who must work,” said Dick. “You are independent as it is, do be reasonable, Dolly.”

“I am quite so, I hope,” said Dolly, responding to the slight pressure of Mrs. Miller’s hand. “The dearest friends I have left on earth approve, and I must do it.”

“Can’t you reason with her, mother?” said Dick. “She needs rest, quiet, care, not a severe course of study.”

“She will rest before she enters on her course,” said Mrs. Miller, “and I quite agree with her. She inherits her father’s taste and skill; your father and her own father’s friends all approve, and her own heart tells her she can do a good work in the world; much as I love her, I could not utter one selfish word.”

“Thank you, mamma dear,” said Dolly, kissing the hand she held.

Dick left the room hurriedly. It was useless to address his father; he too agreed with Dolly: he would try Colonel Brentford. The Colonel and Reggie were engaged in sealing some packages which Dolly had ready for the publisher.

“Colonel,” said Dick abruptly, “do you think it wise or sensible for Miss Warrington to go away alone to study medicine?”

“Miss Warrington has not asked my ad-

vice on the subject," said the Colonel calmly."

"What do you think of it?"

"If *you* want my opinion, I will give it. I am not a conservative in all things. I believe devoutly in working out what God has worked in, and Miss Warrington, by inheritance, observation, and study, is eminently fitted to be a superior physician; women need physicians of their own sex, and I am not sure, Doctor Dick, that it would be quite as agreeable to have you bandage this troublesome arm of mine, as it would Miss Warrington."

The Colonel smiled, but Dick was vexed.

"What do you say, Reg?"

"I say now as I have always said, that Dolly will do the best thing, and I should act as she is doing. My dear guardian frequently told me that Dolly was designed for a physician, and I shall make it as easy for her as I can."

Poor Dick was in trouble! no one agreed

with him on this important subject, and in his despair he sat down and wrote a long letter to Doctor H——. “He will think as I do,” said Dick to his mother; “think of Dolly making midnight calls, and going out in storms!”

“She has played the organ in church and braved all storms,” said Mrs. Miller, “besides, my dear boy, you forget that this wise generation sees the folly of the past, and midnight calls are not as common now.”

“Well, Doctor H—— will not encourage it,” said Dick in a positive tone.

Four days later came the Doctor’s letter.

“MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND: — No use, the world moves. My granddaughter will be a ‘pill pedlar’ in spite of me, and Dolly Warrington will be an ornament to the profession.

“We have some brave women doing good work here in Boston as doctors, and you may be sure when the child of my old and

beloved friend takes her degree, one of the first to welcome her will be your conservative, but sincere friend

H——.”

Dick went to New York with his father to fit up his office and make active preparations for business soon after the arrival of the note from Doctor H——. He said little to Dolly at parting, but his mother saw that her boy was trying to overcome a prejudice which now made him uncomfortable.

Meantime our little friend Dode was lodged with Mrs. Miller's housekeeper, where she busied herself in various ways beside singing, and she it was who aided the gentlemen in arranging the rooms devoted to Doctor Dick and his patients.

Mrs. Miller remained a few weeks with Dolly, and then went with her to Richmond, where Bertie was left with his father. Soon after, the Woodbox was left in the care of Reggie and Colonel Brentford, who gladly

hastened there after tiresome days in their office.

Charlie and Walter were delighted to have Dolly near them once more, and Marion Huntley regarded her as a sister.

How Dolly succeeded in her studies, how Doctor Dick changed his views, how Reggie grew famous, and General Gresham wealthy once more, and dear fleshy Miss Lucinda loved and petted Dolly, would require a volume to tell. We must, however, take time and room to add that, during a recent visit to New York we heard our good friend Mrs. Van Cleve mention a young man of our acquaintance.

“Oh,” said she, “the Woodbox and the Annex have turned out some rare young persons. When I want something done for my poor people, I am always sure of help from that clear-headed, warm-hearted Doctor Dick.”

THE END.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE YOUNG FOLKS' BIBLE HISTORY. By Charlotte M. Yonge. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50. The present volume is not only important in itself, but it is an additional proof of the wonderful versatility of the author. The same hand that so successfully set before young readers the stories of the growth and development of the different countries of Europe, here puts the grand old Bible story into a form which the youngest readers can easily comprehend. The language is simple and the facts are told in modern style; one great stumbling-block to the understanding being thus removed. Beginning with the account of the creation, succeeding chapters carry along the Scriptural record to the time of the prophets, and from their day down to the appearance of the Saviour upon the earth. The life and teachings of Jesus are especially dwelt upon. The volume is profusely illustrated with drawings by English artists. We cannot too cordially commend the plan of this work, nor the excellent manner in which it is carried out. It will be found not only valuable for home teaching, but for use in the infant classes of Sunday-schools.

The New York *Tribune* in a notice of Amanda B. Harris's "How We Went Birds'-nesting" says: "It is written with charming simplicity of style, and its ornithology is taken directly from nature and not from books. There is something of the spirit of adventure in the book, and as the youthful reader of dime novels is filled with a desire to go out West and hunt Indians, so the boys and girls who read this little volume will be prompted to visit the haunts of the birds and will have their powers of observation directed and sharpened."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Egypt* occupied the geographical centre of the ancient world. It was fertile and attractive. Its inhabitants were polished, cultivated, and warlike. Its great cities were centres of wealth and civilization, and from the most distant countries came scholars and travellers to learn wisdom under Egyptian masters and study the arts, sciences and governmental policy of the country. While surrounding nations were sunk in primitive barbarism Egypt shone as the patron of arts and acquirements. With a natural thirst for conquest she introduced a system of military tactics which made her armies almost invincible. Her wisdom was a proverb among the surrounding nations. "If a philosopher," says Wilkinson, "sought knowledge, Egypt was the school; if a prince required a physician it was to Egypt that he applied: if any material point perplexed the decision of Kings or councils, to Egypt it was referred, and the arms of a Pharaoh were the hope and frequently the protection, even at a late period, of a less powerful ally. It would surprise many readers to know how much in customs, social and religious, has come down to us from this ancient people. Placing the ring on the bride's finger at marriage is an instance. The Egyptian gold pieces were in the form of rings, and the husband placed one on the finger of his wife as an emblem of the fact that he entrusted her henceforth with all his property. The celebration of Twelfth Day and Candlemas are Egyptian festivals under different names. The Catholic priest shaves his head because the Egyptian priests did the same ages before; the English clergyman reads the liturgy in a linen dress because linen was the dress of the Egyptians, and more than two thousand years before the bishop of the Church of Rome pretended to hold the keys of heaven and hell there was a priest in Egypt whose title was the Appointed Keeper of the Two Doors of Heaven.

It is not strange that the story of this people and country should be so fascinating. There is an element of the mysterious in it which attracts even the reader who does not care for historical reading in general. In the preparation of her work Mrs. Clement has not only had the advantage of extensive reading upon the subject, but of personal travel and knowledge. She has skilfully condensed the vast amount of material at her command, and presents to the reading public a volume which needs only to be examined to become a standard.

* Egypt. By Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement. Lothrop's Library of **Enter-**
aining History. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50.

EXCELLENT BOOKS.

SIX MONTHS AT MRS. PRIOR'S. By Emily Adams. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 1.25.

"In this fresh little story, which is addressed especially to young girls, the author tries to impress the lesson that the disagreeable and annoying duties of life may be made pleasant by accepting them as inevitable, and asking help from above. Mrs. Prior is the widow of a clergyman, and has been left with five little ones to support. She discharges her servant, and divides the lighter duties of the household between herself and the two eldest of her children, Minnie and Helen. Unaccustomed to any thing but study and play, the girls find it very hard to have their old time appointments for enjoyment circumscribed, and complain bitterly at first. The book gives a history of their experience, and shows how the work that was so irksome at first became in the end a source of pleasure and means of healthful discipline.

"Six Months at Mrs. Prior's" is a sweet story of womanly tact combined with christian trust. A widow, with scanty means, makes a home happy for a group of children, restless, wayward and aspiring, like many American children of our day. The mother's love holds them, her thrift cares for them, her firmness restrains, and her christian words and life win them to noble aims and living. The influence of the christian household is widely felt, and the quiet transforming leaven works in many homes. We can't have too many books of this kind in the family or Sunday-school."

MISS PRICILLA HUNTER, by Pansy, opens a new view for that charming writer, but one eminently popular at the present time. It deals with the payment of a church debt, and shows how an humble woman, with a Christian character which gave power to her words, raised the money to pay off a debt which had long been a hindrance to church growth and to Christian benevolence. Why she did it, and how she did it, is told in Pansy's best fashion: her encounters with crabbed folks, and stingy folks, and folks determined not to give to the church debt, are highly amusing, as well as her devices to get something from everybody.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

POOR PAPA. By Mary W. Porter. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Paper covers, 50 cents. Of all the lately published books in which children bear a principal part, one of the most natural and charming is *Poor Papa*. It breathes the very spirit of childhood, and one is inclined to believe that the author must have drawn her characters from living models. Few writers have the faculty of describing children as they are, and many of the so-called "juvenile" books published are dreary failures simply because their writers have no sympathy with their subjects. The children whom Miss Porter describes are genuine children and not make-believe. They have all the indescribable ways and peculiarities that make little people oftentimes riddles to their elders. Their journey abroad with "Poor Papa," who comes all the way over the ocean for them, their adventures, their quaint observations on what they see and hear, their thorough enjoyment of everything, the comical surprises they are continually giving those around them, are delightfully set forth, and will be as fascinating reading for the older as for the younger ones.

"Poor Papa" is sure to be a favorite. It is a graphic story of the perplexities of a father, left a widower, to care for two children. The father is an artist, absorbed in painting, and having no knowledge of child-nature; while his two children, loving and true, are like young colts, with irrepressible life and spirits, and perpetually in trouble. They have many amusing adventures in Italy, from their rollicking love of freedom and fun, and barely escape with life from a governess, whose martinet habits transform her into an ogre, delighting in torture. But the troubles of papa and children find a happy solution in the advent of a new mamma, the sister of a brother artist, whose fine womanly instincts have helped the children already over many a hard place. Summer travellers will have many a hearty laugh over the volume, and enjoy equally the humor of the children and the perplexities of "Papa."

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BOOKS FOR CLERGYMEN.

Prof. Austin Phelps, of Andover, says of the late Rev. Nehemiah Adams: "It is the charm of Dr. Adams's style and method in preaching, that truth fitted by its profoundness to the most thoughtful hearers, is made clear to the most illiterate. Few men have adorned the American pulpit with a broader reach in adaptation to different classes of mind."—We cannot commend too warmly the volumes which contain the selected discourses of Dr. Adams. They are full of meat, and will be invaluable to clergymen as models of style and thought. *At Eventide*, published two or three years since, has won its way to a steady demand. *Walks to Emmaus*, the first volume of a proposed series of six, embraces two sermons for each Sabbath of the entire year, and is adapted for the pulpit, the sick room or the library. Each of the six volumes now in preparation, to be issued every year or two, will be complete in itself, although forming a part of this work designed as "one year's discourses." Every evangelical minister, theological student, and household should possess this crowning work of this eminent divine, and standard religious writer.

Of other works of Dr. Adams which claim a place in every Christian household there is *Agnes; or, The Little Key*, a book which the *Congregationalist* says: "We believe it will, go down the ages in company with Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living*, and Baxter's *Saint's Rest*;"—*The Communion Sabbath*, *The Friends of Christ* and a companion volume, *Christ a Friend*. *Broadcast* is a collection of choice original thoughts admirably expressed. An edition of Dr. Adams's work in 11 volumes has been issued by the Messrs. Lothrop at \$1.00 per volume. It includes in addition to those already mentioned, *Catherine*, *Endless Punishment*, *Bertha and her Baptism* and *The Cross in the Cell*.

Akin in aim and interest to Dr. Adams's works are Dr. Wayland's volume of University sermons, *Salvation by Christ*; the Bremen Lectures on *Fundamental Religious Questions*, a new and enlarged edition; Rev. J. Chaplin's *Memorial Hour*; Tholuck's *Hour's of Christian Devotion*; Prof. Austin Phelps' *Still Hour* and *New Birth*; *The Seven Words from the Cross*, by Rev. W. H. Adams, and Butterworth's *Notable Prayers of Christian History*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CHIPS FROM THE WHITE HOUSE.—12 mo. 486 pp. \$1.50
What the press says of it:

In this handsome volume of five hundred pages have been brought together some of the most important utterances of our twenty presidents, carefully selected from speeches and addresses, public documents and private correspondence, and touching upon a large variety of subjects.—*Golden Rule, Boston.*

Most of the extracts are dated and accompanied by brief explanations of the circumstances under which they were written, and the volume, therefore, if judiciously read, will give a clearer idea of the character of the men than can be gathered elsewhere by reading a small library through.—*New York Graphic.*

The selections are made with judgment and taste, and represent not only the political status of the distinguished writers, but also their social and domestic characteristics. The book is interesting in itself, and specially valuable as a convenient book of reference for students of American history. Its mechanical presentation is all that can be asked.—*Providence Journal.*

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