

"Were the curtains up or down on the night of the 14th of December?"

"The curtain near me was up, sir."

"How was that?"

"I had put it up to look at the moon on the snow."

"Then if Rusheen was outside, he could have seen you and Mr. Elmsdale, and could have witnessed the production of the revolver?"

"Yes, sir; he broke in at once, when Mr. Elmsdale took it out."

"That will do now."

*(To be Concluded in our next.)*

## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

### CHILDREN'S GIFT.

Homeward ran the happy children,  
Laughing through the shadows grey—  
Homeward from the flowery forest,  
Where they played the live-long day.  
Flowers were in their rosy fingers,  
Rosy faces shone in glee,  
Flowers that many a home would gladden—  
Fisher homes beside the sea,

Came the children to the churchyard:  
Sank their songs to silence there,  
For they stood where slept the playmate  
Who was with them yesteryear,  
Then they twined their flowers together,  
Gazed and kissed them o'er and o'er,  
Laid them on the little headstone,  
Saying "We can gather more."

### WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BOYS WHO PLAYED ROBINSON CRUSOE.

"ALL hands to the pump! Cut away that rope! Steady, men, steady!" shouted the captain, as he grasped the mast to prevent himself from being thrown overboard.

The waves were dashing on the frail craft, which groaned and creaked as though it would soon go to pieces.

It was no wonder that the boat pitched about so fearfully, for up in the prow stood Tommy Jones doing his best to wreck it, and as the boat was small, and Tommy a large boy, nearly succeeded in capsizing it.

The captain, Willie Smith, again called out in as hoarse a voice as possible, "Stand by there; larboard your helm, you lubber!"

The lubber, Jimmy Evans, put the helm to the larboard and starboard, and

shouted and assisted Tommy in giving as much motion to the boat as he could.

"Land, ho!" shouted the captain, "land on the weather beam; steady, men!"

The men were anything, but steady, though they shouted and pulled ropes as though their lives depended on it.

Not a sail was on the masts; but they had not been carried away by the wind; in fact the boat had never any sails, yet she glided through the shallow water as fast as Johnny Read, with the help of a pole, could push her.

"Will she reach the land?" anxiously asked Jimmy Evans of the captain.

"If you lubbers do your duty and obey orders," was the answer.

"Take a reef in your topsail!" "Let go there!" "Stand ready!" were the orders that followed each other in rapid succession.

The rocking and pushing continued, and volleys of orders were shouted by the captain, as the boat rushed quickly towards the shore. A moment after she stuck hard and fast in the mud, and Tommy fell into the water, which was almost up to his knees.

The captain and all hands shouted, and threw planks and ropes over to their comrade, who meanwhile was quietly walking ashore.

The captain now glanced (through his paste spy glass) anxiously around. What was to be done?—The worst danger was evidently passed, for since Tommy Jones had fallen overboard, the boat was perfectly quiet.

In the midst of such excitement, boards were taken from the boat, where they had been put expressly for this purpose, and a raft was built; the captain then ordered Jimmy to take some of the provisions and try and reach the shore.

A basket neatly packed by Willie's mother a short time before, was put upon the raft, and off Jimmy started, the captain giving him strict injunctions to be careful of the provisions, and to report if there were any cannibals on the island.

It was a breathless moment of suspense (at least they said it was) to those on board as they watched their comrade, as he pushed the frail raft towards the