



LAZY LADS.

Sing a song of summer,
Sunflowers and all,
Sing a song of lazy lads
Lounging on a wall
Lounging and laughing,
Drawing lots to see
Which shall wheel the weeds away
Before they go to tea.

Sing a song of summer,
Sunflowers and all,
Sing a song of frightened lads
Skurrying down the wall.
"Father! Father's coming!
Hurry quick, for ho
Said if they weren't wheeled away
We needn't come to tea.

—Laura E. Richards in *Youth's Companion*.

BREAKFAST FOR TWO.

(By Joanna H. Matthews.)

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

But, at this moment, and before the boy could either deny or confess any share in or knowledge of their disappearance, a loud, glad shout was heard, a shout of unmistakable relief, which plainly told that the lost were found; and the next moment Frank Winston's tall figure appeared upon the ledge of the rock on the farther side of the stream, waving his hat, and shouting aloud that it was "all right!"

And, in a very few moments now, the two little girls, the one sulky, the other enraged, and both wearing the appearance of being at war with themselves, each other, and all the rest of the world, were landed safely among us.

They had been found, it seemed, by Mr. Winston and some of the other gentlemen, locked up in the little shanty left by the ice-men; but how they had come to be in there was still a mystery, for the key had been found upon the outside of the door; and, as yet, they had given no account of themselves. It was some time before they could be induced to tell what had befallen them; but, at last, Louisa, related between tears and sobs, how she and her sister had wandered off, wading the brook, and then

climbing the opposite bank, and going farther and farther on among the trees and bushes, until they came to the ice-men's hut. Here, curious to see what was within, they entered—the door being partly open, and nobody in sight—and were, to use their own words, "just poking about," in the little hut, when the door was suddenly closed, and they heard the key turned in the lock on the outside, leaving them prisoners, with only such a faint light as came through the chinks between the logs of the hut. They called and screamed and kicked and pounded, but all in vain; no one heard for a long time, until, at last, some of the searching party, coming within a short distance, heard their cries, and came instantly to the rescue. There was no doubt that some one had played a trick upon them; the door was securely locked upon the outside, and no blast of wind, or sudden jar, could have shot the bolt, which was by no means easy to turn.

Milly and I knew too well who was the guilty person; but we should both of us have held our peace until we were at home, had not the suspicions of the rest of the guests fallen upon him. His desire to avenge Allie's wrongs had shown itself so plainly that this was but natural. Moreover, he was observed to be at this moment in a wildly exultant state, having withdrawn a little to one side, and being en-

gaged in a species of Indian scalp-dance, probably expressive of his feelings of satisfaction and triumph at the result of his punishment; for punished severely these two young damsels had certainly been, if one might judge by their tear-stained faces, and generally woe-begone aspect. I fear, however, that the sympathies of most of the party were with the avenger, and that no one would have been disposed to be very hard with him. The punishment was considered well-deserved, even if it had been administered by hands which had no title to do so.

But he must not be suffered to go unquestioned and un-reproved, if he had been really guilty of such a trick; and Milly went to him to ask if this were so.

"Jim," she said, gravely, as his gymnastics came to an abrupt end at her approach, and as he caught sight of her sober face, "Jim, did you lock those young ladies up in the hut?"

Jim's face grew sullen and dogged, taking on more of its old expression than it had worn for a long time; but he made no answer, beyond

what was conveyed by his looks. "Jim," said Milly, again, "did you do it? I am afraid you did." "Taint no inore nor serves 'em right if I did," said Jim, sulkily; "they'd got to be paid off for duckin' of our Miss Allie."

"It was not your place to do it, Jim," said Milly, taking this as acknowledgment he had done the deed.

"Now, Miss Milly," said the boy, with less of disrespect than he had shown before, "you ain't got me to be that pious that I've come to be forgivin' of my enemies."

"The Misses Ainslie are not your enemies, Jim," answered Milly, "and they have never done you any harm."

"They did to Miss Allie, then," said the boy, "an' to that lady, too, Miss Du Barri; they sassed her awful. I wouldn't go for to do it, an' they call theirselves ladies, too—an' they are my enemies. I'm goin' to tako 'em fur enemies, anyhow. An' yer ain't got no call to take sides with them gals agen your own little sister, Miss Milly. An' yer needn't trouble to son' me home, 'cause I'm a-goin' anyhow."

With which, and before Milly could interfere, or say that she had no such fell intention, he was off like a shot, down the glen and out of sight in two minutes.

We were miles away from home—this part of the country was entirely new ground

to Jim—and Milly could not but feel anxiety on his account, as she feared he might be lost. However, when she communicated her apprehensions to the rest of the family, they told her she need have no fears on that score, as he could not go very far in any direction without coming to some habitation, where he might be set upon the homeward road; and, although the walk was a long one, it would be no killing matter for a strong, active boy of Jim's age. There was those among us, however, who thought it more than probable that, feeling himself to be in disgrace, Jim might not go home, but would wander off for a while, and, perhaps, even return to his old vagabond life. Not so St. Milly; she staunchly maintained that Jim would, at least, endeavor to go directly home, and triumphantly instanced Bill's faithfulness to his trust on the Fourth of July, as a proof that her proteges were not at all inclined to return to their old ways. Nevertheless, Milly's pleasure was quite spoiled for the remainder of the day.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE RESCUE.

This was, it seemed, destined to be a day of contretemps, which was an unusual thing at Mrs. Prescott's entertainments, for they generally passed over without a flaw of any kind.

The Ainslie children, not receiving the full amount of sympathy to which they thought themselves entitled, by virtue of their late misfortunes and their own merits, resented it by refusing to remain longer, and declared that they would go home, and that Miss Du Barri should go with them. Mrs. Prescott and others among the ladies strove to combat this whim, on account of their governess, who had little pleasure in her life; but in vain. They insisted upon going at once, and on having Miss Du Barri go with them. She was "hired to wait upon them," they said, was "not any better than another servant," was "so poor that she had to teach," while they had "lots of money, more than anyone there, grown up or little;" and delivered themselves of various other amenities more forcible than gratifying, and which caused our ears to tingle and our blood to boil. But poor Miss Du Barri, driven past her patience at last consented to go; at the same time confiding to Mrs. Prescott her resolution, that this should not only be the last time she would accompany her unruly charges to any merry-making, but her intention to resign her position without further delay. This was always the fate, after a short interval, of each and every lady who had the hardihood to assume the care of these young persons.

"I must have some ferns before I go home," said Milly, later in the afternoon; "there are such lovely ones all through this glen, prettier than any I can find near home."

"O, there are such beauties on the other side of the hill, there!" I said, remembering those I had noticed in my scramble with Frank Winston. "Let us go and find some."

Three or four others said that they would go also; and presently half-a-dozen were scrambling up the rugged path which Frank and I had already traversed once that day. He was with us again, and, as little Daisy had begged to be permitted to go, he was helping her on. Mother had raised some objections to having Daisy go, as she feared it was hardly safe for her; but as the pet assured her that the "grown-ups" would take very good care of her, and we made like promises on her behalf, she was allowed to accompany us.

Arrived at the summit, however, where the view was even more beautiful in the declining rays of the sun than it had been in the morning, if that were possible, the "grown-ups," I am sorry to say, with the exception of Milly, allowed themselves to be diverted from all thoughts of care for Daisy, and went rambling and scrambling hither and thither, in search of ferns, mosses, clematis, and other woodland delights.

Milly alone remained faithful to the trust, and, taking our little sister under her special charge, kept her from venturing into any dangerous place, and helped her to gather such treasures as took the child's fancy. The two were presently left to themselves, for we were all out of their sight, although not out of hearing.

(To be Continued.)