

The Metals

By Laura E. Richards
Illustrated by Chas. Cooper

1
In the earth's dark bosom
Long I slumbered deep,
Till the hardy miners
Woke me from my sleep.
Now I flash and glitter,
Now I'm bought and sold,
Everyone for me doth run,
For my name is **GOLD**

In jewels and money
I shine, I shine,
The great world of riches
Is mine, is mine,
Yet he who would live
For my sake alone
Is poorer, more wretched
Than he who has none.

2
I, your sister **SILVER**
Pure and fair and white,
I was made like you, to give
Pleasure and delight.
Mines in Colorado,
And in far Peru,
Yield my shining, whiteness up
To be a mate for you.

The forks and spoons,
And the baby's cup,
The plates that are set
Where the Queen doth sup,
The coffee and teapots,
The cream pitcher too,
The money to buy them,
All show my hue.

3
I am Father **IRON!**
I am not a beauty
But when called upon, you'll find
I will do my duty.
Melted in the furnace,
I am wrought and cast,
Making now a tiny tack,
Now an engine vast.

The horseshoes, the boilers,
The stoves, the sinks,
The cable that holds
The good ship with its links,
The tongs and the poker,
The wire so fine,
The pickaxe and shovel,
Are mine, are mine.

4
Hail, my Father Iron!
I, your son, am **STEEL**.
Heating and then cooling,
Men did me anneal.
With the silver's brightness
With the strength of iron
Here I stand, a metal
All men may rely on.

I flash in the sword,
In the dagger keen,
In rails and in engines
My glint is seen.
The scissors the needle,
The knife and the pen,
And many more things,
I have given to men.

5
So, ever and ever, hand in hand,
We circle the earth with a fourfold band.
The servants of man so leal and true,
By day and by night his work we do.

SWEET WILLIAM,
OR THE CASTLE OF MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.

By Marguerite Bouvet.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

The time came, however, when Sweet William's dreams were in part realized; but, like all of our dreams, it came about so differently from what he had fancied that it scarcely seemed to him like the thing he had been wishing for so long. A little less than a month after my lord's departure from Mount St. Michael, there was one bright morning great sport going on at the castle, in the shape of a splendid hunt to the great forest. Hounds and horses, young men and ladies, among whom the little Lady Constance was by no means the least conspicuous, were gather-

ing for a day of merry frolic; and the whole air about Mount St. Michael trembled with the sound of their mingled voices.

By some strange hazard the hunters had taken a lonely, narrow road from the fortress that wound around the foot of the Great Tower, and thence led miles away into the very heart of the forest. It was a road seldom taken by my lord himself in his chase, and it was almost untravelled by any human being. It was the road that led across that vast stretch of country overlooked by one of William's tower windows. That day the little boy sat beside this window, which he himself had named "Sweet William's Bower," because it was there he loved to sit alone and think about all the great things he would do

when he grew to be a man. It was there he dreamed all his young dreams, and wondered silently at the mystery that hung over his young life. It was there he sat at dusk and watched the little stars come peeping through the darkness, and breathed the crisp salt-breeze that wafted from the sea.

He loved this outlook best, even though it was barren and unlovely—perhaps because it was more in harmony with his dreary little life. But he did not know this; he only knew that it was the place he loved best in his quietest moods; and he felt, rather than thought, that the lonely country which no one ever crossed was his childhood, and the deep, mysterious forest beyond it the great Some Day which Mathilde said held something hidden for him. If he sat there through the day,

Guilbert never made so bold as to disturb his reveries, not even to propose the rescuing of an imaginary fair cousin from the jaws of some no less imaginary dragon, which was a favorite amusement with them both when little William felt heroically inclined. He had often said to his nurse that he knew some time he would look out of his Bower window and see something pleasant. He did not know exactly when or what, but he felt it would be something that would make him happy. He begged Mathilde not to laugh at him, nor call it one of his odd little fancies; and he was so earnest in his belief that the good nurse never did.

And truly enough, on that same bright morning, when the warm sunlight streamed down from heaven like a flood, making even that desolate landscape beautiful, Sweet William from his Bower beheld the fairest vision of his dreams.

A troop of hunters were riding gaily down the road, with their hounds barking and chasing after them in great glee, their falcons perched upon their shoulders, and their cross-bows slung at their sides. Shouts of merry laughter came up from the happy throng, and the sound of the hunting-horns filled the air, and echoed loudly against the wall of the Great Tower.

Sweet William heard and saw it all. But from amid the whole company he singled out one little figure sitting erect upon a horse of spotless white. Golden ripples of hair fell all over her shoulders like a veil and her wide-awake blue eyes sparkled with life and happiness. A cry of admiration burst from his childish lips.

"It is Constance!" he exclaimed, starting and clasping his little hands tightly. "Look, look, Mathilde, how beautiful she is!"

It was Constance, and she was beautiful indeed. The bloom of morning and of youth was upon her cheek, and the ring of her clear voice was like the chiming of silver bells. She looked like a nodding rose upon a bed of snow, as she sat upon the great white Roncesvalles. And he, too, was beautiful; for my lady had, with her own loving hands, decked him out with garlands of marguerites that hung in stately grace around his arched neck.

"Holy Mother!" cried Mathilde, "it is the little lady herself. How did you know, sweet, that it was Constance?"

"Because she is like the Constance you have so often told me of, only a thousand times more fair. Oh, nurse, she looks like a goodly little maid, and loving; for see how she leans over the noble horse, and seems to jest with him, and sends smiles and kisses to him withal!"

"Roncesvalles is my lady's best comrade," said nurse.

"I would, then, that Roncesvalles and I were friends. I think, Mathilde, that angels can scarce be lovelier than my cousin Constance. Oh, tell me more of her, dear nurse. You have not told me half enough. We should have spoken of nothing else if I had known she was so beautiful. What is she doing in this great company? and why are they riding away, away so far? Soon I shall see her no more."

Mathilde drew near to her darling, and folded her arms about him tenderly; for a sudden fear sprang up in her heart at the sight of his agitation. She tried to soothe him with kind words, and to make light of his surprise; but his dark eyes had a wistful look in them, and his fair cheeks were flushed, and he spoke in a hurried, excited little voice, which she had never heard before.

"They are off to the chase, I fancy—to hunt all day in the wild woods, and come home weary and faint with their day's sport. Come sit upon my knee, sweet-heart, and I will tell you what wild frolic is in a chase; and at nightfall we will watch again for them and see them bringing back their game."

But William lingered a moment longer at his window, not seeming to hear his good nurse, his eyes fixed on the galloping white steed, and his thoughts with its fair rider. In that same moment, Constance, as if drawn by the power of that earnest look, turned back. Her eyes rested on the distant tower, searching for something; then they wandered higher and higher, till they fell at last on Sweet William's Bower and the face that looked down from it.

And that face, as Constance saw it, was the face of a little boy—a sweet, earnest