

HOME AND SCHOOL

Dick Whittington.*

THE story of Whittington and his Cat almost every one has thought to be but a nursery tale. But the authors of the book mentioned in the footnote, have shown that it is sober history—cat and all. They give a very interesting account of the Old London of the 14th century, of the trades and companies, of prentice life, and all the incidents of the poverty, thrift, and good-fortune of the famous Lord Mayor of London. All children, young and old, from seven to seventy, will find both instruction and amusement in this book.

Sir Richard Whittington, the hero of this famous old story, was a younger son of a good family of Gloucestershire, England, and was born about the year 1350. In early life, on account of poverty at home, he was obliged to seek his own living, and walked all the way to London, where he apprenticed himself to a merchant. For a time he was greatly dissatisfied with his new life, and finally made up his mind to run away. Packing up what little clothing he had, he started off. At Highgate Hill, a few miles out of what was then the city, he turned for a moment and looked back. Just then the chimes of Bow Bells began to ring. These chimes seemed to say to him—

Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London.

So strong an impression was made on his mind that he immediately returned to the merchant's house. Here he applied himself to business, married, after awhile, Alice Fitzwarren, the daughter of his employer, became one of London's wealthiest merchants, was made, three times, Lord Mayor of the town, and received the honour of knighthood for the various public services he had rendered.

A Pillow of Thorns.

THERE was a great scarcity of good servant-girls in Elmdale, and Mrs.

* Sir Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor of London. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE. New Plutarch Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.

Warren awoke one morning, after a disturbed night's rest, with the thought that a heavy day's work awaited her one pair of hands.

"I hardly know where to begin, John," she confessed to her husband

"he's cutting teeth, and they probably pain him more than we have any idea of."

"You must keep Katy out of school to help you," replied her husband; "she is twelve years old, and surely

although I do feel a severe headache coming on."

After breakfast Mr. Warren hurried to the store, kissing his wife first, however, and saying, "I'm very sorry for you, dear," then looking at Katy, who sat by the window with her history, he added pleasantly, "Come, Katy, child, put up your book and help mother,—willing little hands can do big work."

But the trouble with Katy just then was that her hands were not willing. As the door closed after her father she said, without rising from her chair, "You don't need me very much,—do you, mamma? I haven't learned my history lesson, and we recite it the first hour."

"Why didn't you learn it last evening? You had a long, quiet evening, with nothing else to do."

"Yes, I know I did, but I had an interesting library book to finish, and after that it was too late."

"Another time you must learn your lessons first before you amuse yourself with story-books. You can study your lesson now; I will get along without you," Mrs. Warren said.

Noon came. There was a nice dinner upon the table. Upon the bars the smoothly ironed clothes hung, and on the kitchen table there was a row of glass jars, filled with delicious hot fruit. But it was a very flushed and wearied face that looked over the coffee-urn. It was only half-past twelve when the family finished their dinner, and Mrs. Warren said, "Katy, dear, you have half-an-hour before school; supposing you tie on a big apron and help me get some of these dishes put away."

"Oh, dear! I don't see how I can, mamma; I missed my practice hour this morning, and you know I have to take my music lesson to-morrow. But I'll let it go if you say so," Katy said fretfully.

"Go and practice." That was all Katy's tired mother said, as she gathered up the many dishes preparatory to removing them to the hot kitchen. Katy's conscience troubled her some as she practiced her scales in the pleasant parlor. Two or three times, in place of the musical notes, she saw a tired



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as she hurriedly dressed herself. "I have some cunning that must be done, and the ironing is not anywhere near finished, and there's no denying that the baby is very troublesome—can't wonder that he is, though, dear little thing!" she added, as she bent over the cradle where the baby lay sleeping;

ought to be able to save you a great many steps."

"Oh, I couldn't think of keeping her out of school just now, she would get behind in her classes. She can help me before school and at noon—yes, and after school, and perhaps I can get through the day all right,