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My last thought will be of mother, whom I shall have rejoined; of you, my dear father, who are so brave; of my poor little sweetheart; but I wish my last breath to whisper, "Vive la France!"—Your son,  
CAMILLE VIOLAND.

Lieutenant Violand, who was twenty-three years old, was killed some days later before Mesnil-les-Hurlus.

## EMPRESS OF RUSSIA UP A LADDER

The Tsarina's popularity in Russia has been enormously increased since the war on account of the noble work that she has been doing for the Russian Red Cross.

At the present time it is interesting to recall that Her Majesty once had an extraordinary experience for a Royal personage whilst on a visit to Germany. She was out shopping one day, attended only by one lady companion, and she had hoped to remain unrecognized by the people. While she was making some purchases in a jeweller's shop, however, the news of her identity got abroad, and in a very few moments there was a large crowd outside the premises.

Exit through the front door was out of the question, so the Tsarina asked the jeweller to let herself and her

companion out at the back of the shop.

The jeweller replied that it was impossible as the backyard was inclosed by a very high boarding which would effectually cut off their retreat.

"That does not matter," said the Empress. "Get us a ladder, and we will climb over it."

A ladder was brought, and the Tsarina and her companion rushed up it, climbed over the boarding, jumped into a quiet street, and made their escape as quickly as they could.

A minute later, the jeweller's shop window was smashed to atoms by the surging and excitable crowd.

"If German chivalry compels an Empress to run up a ladder," said her Majesty to her companion afterwards, "I do not think much of it!"

## MAMIE'S BOAT RIDE

By Margaret Whitney.

"Mother, father said that I could go fishing after I had finished my work in the garden," said Scott Harding one warm afternoon in June as he came to the side porch where his mother sat with her sewing. "Bert promised to meet me at the pond, and as soon as I get my pole and some bait I am ready to go."

"When you boys have both learned to swim a little better I shall feel much happier while you are around the pond," said mother. "I wish the men were working at the hay this afternoon, for there will be no one near if one of you should fall into the water. You had better stay only about two hours, for we are to have an early supper and then go to town. Be careful not to go near the side where the water is so deep, but fish along this side of the pond."

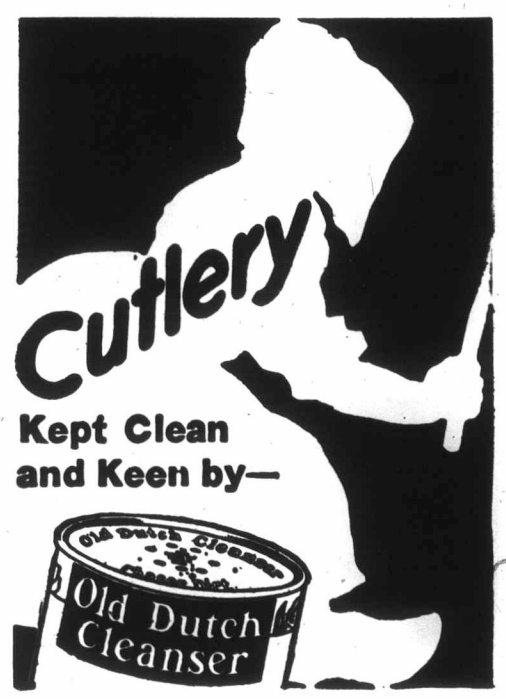
"All right, mother," said Scott. "I'll not be gone long." Then calling to Tramp, his dog, he was soon down the road on his way to the pond. This pond was on Scott's father's farm, and lay close to the road that ran along one side of the place and connected the main road with another several miles away. Bert's home was a short distance beyond this pond on the same road.

Scott was eleven years old, and Bert almost twelve. They were good friends. Scott had no brothers or sisters, but Bert had a little sister about five years old. Scott was always kind to Mamie, the little sister, and she liked him almost as much as she liked her brother.

Scott could not see the pond as he was walking down the road, for it lay in a hollow back of a large hay barn that stood near the road; but he supposed Bert was there waiting for him. There was a boat on the pond, but the boys were not allowed to go out in it, as their parents had forbidden this until both had learned to swim. Scott, as soon as he started around the hay barn, saw that this boat was not in its place, and when he got a full view of the pond he saw, not Bert, but Mamie sitting in the boat in the middle of the pond! She did not seem to be afraid, for she called to Scott, "Mamie is having a ride. Mamie is having a ride."


Scott was frightened when he saw her danger. There was no one near to help him get the little girl back to the shore, and he did not dare go away and look for help. So he called to Mamie to sit still in the boat, and all the time he was trying to think of some plan to get it back to shore. Just then he saw, in the hay barn which was near, the long rope with which the men had been pulling up the loads of hay into the mow. He was sure this rope was long enough to reach to the boat, and thought that if he could get Tramp to swim out to it with one end in his mouth he could get Mamie to hold it fast while he held the other end and drew the boat gently to the shore. So he quickly ran to the barn, cut the rope from the fork to which it was fastened, and hastened back.

"Now, Mamie," he called to the little girl, "when Tramp comes alongside the boat with this rope you take hold of it very carefully and I will draw you to the shore. Sit quietly, and don't be afraid." Then, whistling to the dog, he said, "Here, Tramp, take this out to Mamie," and he held out the end of the rope toward him. "Call the dog, Mamie, and he'll come to you."



Mamie called to Tramp, and he was soon close beside the boat with the rope in his mouth. Scott called to her again, telling her to reach for the end and hold it fast. She caught the rope the second time she reached for it, and then the boy began to draw the boat gently to the shore.

Scott soon had the boat close enough to the shore to reach it and pull it up on the bank. He lifted the little girl safely to the ground, and they started for home. When they reached the house they found Mamie's mother hunting for her everywhere. Do you think she was glad when she saw Scott bringing Mamie into the house? When she heard of the danger from which her little girl had been rescued she almost cried; but how she did thank Scott through her tears! Just then Bert and his father drove into the yard. They had been delayed in getting home. When they heard the story they both thanked Scott, too, over and over; and Mr. Ashley told the boys that the next week he would teach them both to swim, so that they would be in no danger when around the water. It was not four o'clock by the time this had all happened, so the two boys decided that they could fish for an hour at least; and they were soon sitting on the bank of the pond watching for a bite.  
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