

MARGERY'S FALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE "YOUNG CANADIAN," BY BLANCHETTE,
A VERY YOUNG CANADIAN.

"Do hurry Bill, please do, Jake's cart is nearly out of sight, and you know he won't wait, what shall we do? and all because you stopped to get your skates!"

The speaker was a girl of about fifteen summers; she and her brother were starting for the village school, where a scholarship had been offered in the Christmas examinations. Margery had been studying very hard, and as this was *the* day, she did not want to be late for school.

Bill rushed out with his skates over his arm, but it was too late; Jake and the summer cart on runners had wholly disappeared.

"What shall we do?" and Margery looked the picture of woe and despair.

"Yes indeed," said her mother, "what *shall* you do?"

Bill had been thinking, and just as his mother finished speaking he said,—

"I've got it; we can get there all right if mother doesn't mind you going down the mountain with me on my new toboggan, if we do we will get there before Jake even." Margery looked anxiously at her mother as Mrs. Cameron finished her work and took off the clean checked apron in which it had been done, and turning slowly around she said—

"I suppose if Margery wants to try for the scholarship that is the only way to do, but Bill," she added, turning to him, "be very careful of your sister; your father would never forgive me if her little finger got hurt," and Mrs. Cameron smiled as she patted her little daughter's curly head.

In a few more moments they were both seated on the toboggan at the top of the sloping road, and after seeing that all Margery's things were carefully tucked up they started off and were soon lost to sight in the many windings and turnings of the long road.

Margery bent her head to one side and Bill steered carefully, for there were sudden bends and twists in the narrow path that were very dangerous. They were nearly half-way down the mountain, and going at lightening speed when Margery said—

"Call out quickly Bill there is some one on in front." Bill called again and again, but the man walked steadily on, not moving off the path into the pine woods at either side.

"Oh Bill!" cried Margery in dismay—"That is Mr. Macpherson and he is deaf and dumb."

There was not a moment to lose, they were coming down to a sharp turn in the road, at one side thick impenetrable pine woods, at the other a fall of about twelve feet over rocks. All this flashed in a second through Margery's mind, and she had come to a hasty conclusion when Bill's voice broke the silence—

"Say Marge, old girl, which shall it be, knocking over Macpherson and perhaps killing him or going over the rocks, for going against those pines would be simple madness."

"Over the rocks Bill of course," cried Margery quickly.

Neither spoke now, Bill was watching with anxious eyes to see if they could possibly escape reaching the old man before he passed the bend. One moment more, and just as the children went over the rock, Mr. Macpherson turned the bend and went on his way in perfect safety, unconscious that two young lives had been risked, for one old one.

Margery being in front got badly shaken and frightened, though the deep snow broke the fall, but Bill was not hurt at all except a slight scratch on his face. After he had anxiously examined Margery he said,

"Do you think that you can walk to the back of the rock and wait there till I get a sleigh from the village, or will you get right home now?"

"Do you think I am going to lose my chance of the scholarship?" was the only answer he got, then changing her voice to one of pleading she added—

"Please Bill take me, really I am not hurt one bit" she affirmed, anxiously, trying to persuade him as well as herself at the same time.

So Bill yielded, and seating themselves on the toboggan again, they arrived quite safely and in good time for school.

The competitors were to know who had won the scholarship three days before the holidays ended, and as Margery got no word she came to the conclusion that she was among the ones who failed. The blow was a hard one but she bore her disappointment well and worked away with all her might, for her mother had taken a fancy to do two week's baking in one day.

As soon as the tea things had been cleared away that night Mrs. Cameron said to Margery,

"Run dear, and put on your new dress to let your father see it, I am sure he would like to see it, wouldn't you father?"

"Yes, yes Margie, run and put your bravery on," replied Mr. Cameron, with a merry twinkle in his kindly grey eyes that made Margery wonder what was up, as she ran lightly upstairs.

In a quarter of an hour Margery had put on her new dress and brushed her hair, and looking very nice indeed, she ran downstairs.

Judge of her astonishment, when on going in to the drawing room she found it full of people, all in their best. There was Mr. Macpherson and the minister, there were all her school-mates and yes, even the teachers and board of the school.

Margery stood confused at the door, but the minister came forward, and said,—

"We want to give a young lady and her brother who saved Mr. Macpherson's life at the risk of their own, a present, and if you will except these little gifts we will be very much pleased," and he placed in astonished Margery's hands a large official looking envelope and a little red morocco case. No need to tell happy Margery what the envelope contained, and when Margery opened the little case her heart gave a great bound for there reposing on its velvet bed lay a tiny gold watch and on the back these words were engraved—

"MARGERY'S FALL,"

and underneath was the date—December 19th, 1886. When Margery looked towards Bill she found that he was fondling a pair of silver-plated skates.

Oh, what an evening that was, Margery's feet and heart seemed to vie with each other to see which could be the lighter. When, after having had the pies and cakes that had been cooked that day, the guests departed, Bill came and said with a droll smile, "Well aren't you going to thank me for telling," and the only answer he got was a kiss.

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