

'N' mother sits me by her side,  
While Lina pours the tea,  
'N' when the beans are helped, she brings  
The cake around to me,  
'N' leaves it where its near, so's I  
Can reach it when I want;  
'N' lets me eat her chocolates  
'N' never says I can't;

'N' when they asks me things, 'n' I  
Jes' tell 'em what I think,  
The fellers laugh ter kill themselves,  
Tho' some of 'em gets pink.  
Sometimes they calls me up, besides,  
When no one sees, yer know,  
'N' slips into my hand er coat  
Jes' fifty cents er so.

Oh! don't I think its nice, 'n' won't  
I call when I'm a man  
On all the girls I knows around,  
Ez often ez I can?  
I'll praise their pets, 'n' take their small  
Nice brothers off ter shows;  
'N' do the things up brown, jes' like  
My sister Lina's beans!!

'N' ef there's enny feller 'round  
That wants a jolly fight,  
Jes let 'em whisper ter themselves  
My sister ain't true 'white.'  
I'll wipe 'em round our back yard, 'till  
They won't know up from down;  
'Cause, let me tell you, she's the very  
Best girl in this town!

CLARA MILLER.

## DONALD CAMPBELL,—FICTION.

## CHAPTER II.

Weeks elapsed before the legal authorities received any tidings of the whereabouts of Donald Campbell. Warrants for his arrest were issued, but his hiding-place remained unknown. Yet the lad had not wandered far. He was in the very next fishing village. His days were spent either with the fishing snacks or mending nets in the loft of Jem Slocum's barn. But he sometimes worked all night, and then he slept by day. His night work, when he did any, was neither more nor less than what we have known it to have been on at least one former occasion. Even before he fell under the ban of the law his training and environment had been such, that, when he aided those who were breaking their country's laws and cheating the government he was scarcely conscious of doing anything wrong. It is true that he *knew*, in a general way, that such deeds were not *right*; but his mind had never clearly grasped the idea that stealing is stealing, whether it be from a private individual or from the government, and that law-breaking is law-breaking, whether the act be done with the approval and co-operation of one's neighbors or in the face of public opinion and with the certainty of incurring the odium and punishment deserved.

Several times one long, dark November night Donald had helped to pull a boat from a single dim light on the shore to a single dim light or a schooner hovering a mile or so out; and a good many heavy packages had to be handled between trips.

Just before the dawn of day, utterly wearied, he staggered to his place in the barn loft, and before he had quite finished his frugal meal of bread and milk he was fast asleep.

The ominously calm night was succeeded by a dark and wintry morning, and the white-capped waves outside the cove chased each other angrily.

A boat containing four men was seen coasting along the shore. One and sometimes two of the men landed at different points and seemed to be searching for something. At last they landed directly below the fishing village in which Donald had found a home for six weeks or more, and in which he was at that moment asleep. Two remained with the boat, and two climbed the short steep hill leading to the row of small whitewashed houses, which, with their various appurtenances, made up the village.

Two of the men were our friends the constable and the revenue officer, and a third was an assistant constable. A hint had been received by the authorities in which not only the village, but the particular barn in which our hero might be found, was indicated.

About the centre of the village the constables passed a group of women (the men were out in their fishing boats), who were eagerly, not to say anxiously, speculating as to the errand of the visitors. "Can any of you good women," asked constable McDonald, "tell me where I might find that young rascal Donald Campbell?" "Indeed we cannot, sir. We haven't seen the poor lad for many a day."

The two constables passed on to the barn. They entered, McDonald leading the way, and quietly ascended the ladder. There fast asleep on some old sails and nets, covered with a single woolen rug, beside his unfinished supper lay the boy. An expression of sympathy—of sadness—crept over McDonald's countenance as he gazed upon the youthful sleeper, on whose fresh young face were marks of strength and also of weakness. But duty must be done. So with an inaudible sigh he produced his revolver, feeling that it was kinder to the lad to prevent a hopeless struggle, and gently kicked his foot. But it required a second and even a third kick to arouse him from the sound, dreamless sleep of youth and weariness.

On opening his eyes Donald gave a violent start. Then, as he realized his situation, he slowly turned his face away, with a rather sickly smile, and held up his wrists. At a motion from McDonald, Constable Lynch snapped a pair of handcuffs upon them, and Donald rose to his feet. Not a word was spoken. They marched down and out in single file, McDonald leading and Lynch behind. The group of women, with shawls about their heads, was still there. By looks and words they expressed their indignation at seeing Donald led away a prisoner. They taunted McDonald bitterly, but he preserved his good nature, only remarking with a laugh, "I've read that King David of old said in his haste 'that all men were liars;' but if he lived in our times, he could just sit down at his leisure and remark that all women are in the same boat."

When the fisherman who had been rowing the officers saw them approaching he sprang from the boat with an imprecation, observing as he strode off homeward, "Had I a-knownd that was the game ye was after, ye'd a-come alone for me."

McDonald went up to the village again in search of a team to take his prisoner to Halifax; but no amount of pleading would induce any of the women whose husbands owned teams to let him have one. While he was in this perplexity a farmer who lived at a considerable distance drove along. After a few minutes spent in explaining and bargaining, the farmer agreed to drive Constable Lynch and the prisoner to the city.