



Tailor, tailor, tell me true,
Where did you get my jacket of blue?
I bought the cloth, little Master mine,
From the merchant who sells it, coarse and fine,
I cut it out with my shears so bright,
And with needle and thread I sewed it tight."



Merchant, merchant, tell me true,
Where did you get the cloth so blue?
The cloth was made, little Master mine,
Of woolen threads so soft and fine,
The weaver wove them together for me,
With loom and shuttle his trade plies he."



Weaver, weaver, speak me sooth,
Where got you the threads so soft and smooth?
From wool they're spun, little Master mine,
The spinner carded the wool so fine,
She spun it in threads, and brought to me,
Where my spinning loom-whirrs cheerily."



Spinner, spinner, tell me true,
Where got you the wool such things to do?
From the old sheep's back, little Master dear,
The farmer he cut it and washed it clear,
The dyer dyed it so bright and blue,
And brought it to me to spin for you."



Now tailor and merchant and weaver too,
And spinner and farmer, my thanks to you!
But the best of my thanks I still will keep
For you, my good old woolly-backed sheep."

some soon. It's his ugly mouth."

"I wonder you didn't insist on our bringing Uncle Rupert and his dog to complete the party," said the master of the house.

The notion tickled Leonard, and he laughed so heartily that the puppy's legs got loose, and required to be tucked in afresh. Then both remained quiet for several seconds, during which the puppy looked as anxious as ever: but Leonard's face wore a smile of dreamy content that doubled its loveliness.

But as the carriage passed the windows of the library a sudden thought struck him, and dispersed his repose.

Gripping his puppy firmly under his arm, he sprang to his feet—regardless of other people's—and waving his cap and feather above his head he cried aloud, "Good-by, Uncle Rupert! Can you hear me! Uncle Rupert, I say! I am *lectus—sorte—mea!*"

All the camp was astir.

Men and bugles awoke with the dawn and the birds, and now the women and children of all ranks were on the alert. (Nowhere does so large and enthusiastic a crowd collect "to see the pretty soldiers go by," as in those places where pretty soldiers live.)

Soon after gun-fire O'Reilly made his way from his own quarters to those of the barrack-master, opened the back door by some process best known to himself, and had been busy for half an hour in the drawing-room before his proceedings woke the colonel. They had been as noiseless as possible; but the colonel's dressing-room opened into the drawing-room, his bed-room into that, and all the doors and windows were open to court the air.

"Who's there?" said the colonel from his pillow.

"Tis O'Reilly, sir. I ask your pardon, sir; but I heard that the mistress was not well.

"She'll be apt to want the reclining chair, sir; and 'twas damaged in the unpacking. I got the screws last night, but I was busy soldiering* till too late: so I come in this morning, for Smith's no good at a job of the kind, at all. He's a butcher to his trade."

"Mrs Jones is much obliged to you for thinking of it, O'Reilly."

"Tis an honor to oblige her, sir. I done it sound and secure. 'Tis as safe as a rock; but I'd like to nail a bit of canvas on from the porch to the other side of the hut, for shelter, in case she'd be sitting out to taste the air and see the troops go by. 'Twill not take me five minutes, if the hammering wouldn't be too much for the mistress. 'Tis a hot day, sir, for certain, till the guns bring the rain down."

"Put it up, if you've time."

"I will, sir. I left your sword and gloves on the kitchen table, sir; and I told Smith to water the rose before the sun's on to it."

With which O'Reilly adjusted the cushions of the invalid-chairs and having nailed

* "Soldiering"—a barrack term for the furbishing up of accoutrements, etc.

up the bit of canvas outside, so as to form an impromptu veranda, he ran back to his quarters to put himself into marching order for the field-day.

The field-day broke into smiles of sunshine too early to be lasting. By breakfast-time the rain came down without waiting for the guns; but those most concerned took the changes of weather cheerfully, as soldiers should. Rain damages uniforms, but it lays dust; and the dust of the Sandy Slopes was dust indeed!

After a pelting shower the sun broke forth again, and from that time onwards the weather was "queen's weather," and Asholt was at its best. The sandy camp lay girdled by a zone of the verdure of early summer, which passed by miles of distance, through exquisite gradations of many blues, to meet the soft threatenings of the changeable sky. Those lowering and yet tender rain-clouds which hover over the British Isles, guardian spirits of that scantily recognized blessing—a temperate climate; Naiads of the water over the earth, whose caprices betwixt storm and sunshine fling such beauty upon a landscape as has no parallel except in the common simile of a fair face quivering between tears and smiles.

Smiles were in the ascendant as the regiments began to leave their parade-grounds and the surface of the camp (usually quiet, even to dulness) sparkled with movement. Along every principal road the color and glitter of marching troops rippled like streams, and as the band of one regiment died away another broke upon the excited ear.

Lady Jane's visitors had expressed themselves as anxious not to miss anything, and troops were still pouring out of the camp when the master of the house brought his skittish horses to where a "block" had just occurred at the turn to the Sandy Slopes.

What the shins and toes of the visitors endured whilst that knot of troops of all arms disentangled itself and streamed away in gay and glittering lines, could only have been concealed by the supreme powers of endurance latent in the weaker sex; for with the sight of every fresh regiment, Leonard changed his plans for his own future career, and with every change he forgot a fresh promise to keep quiet, and took by storm that corner of the carriage which for the moment offered the best point of view.

Suddenly, through the noise and dust, and above the dying away of conflicting bands into the distance, there came another sound,—a sound unlike any other,—the skirling of the pipes; and Lady Jane sprang up and put her arms about her son, and bade him watch for the Highlanders, and if Cousin Alan looked up as he went past to cry, "Hurrah for bonnie Scotland!"

For this sound and this sight—the bagpipes and the Highlanders—a sandy-faced Scotch lad on the tramp to Southampton had waited for an hour past, frowning and freckling his face in the sun, and exasperating a naturally *dour* temper by reflecting on the probable pride and heartlessness of folk who wore such soft complexions and pretty clothes as the ladies and the little boy in the carriage on the other side of the road.

But when the skirling of the pipes cleft the air his cold eyes softened as he caught sight of Leonard's face, and the echo that he made to Leonard's cheer was caught up by the good-humored crowd, who gave the Scotch regiment a willing ovation as it swung proudly by. After which the carriage moved on, and for a time Leonard sat very still. He was thinking of Cousin Alan and his comrades; of the tossing plumes that shade their fierce eyes; of the swing of kilt and sporran with their unfettered limbs; of the rhythmic tread of their white feet and the fluttering ribbons on the bagpipes; and of Alan's handsome face looking out of his most becoming bravery.

The result of his meditations Leonard announced with his usual lucidity:

"I am Scotch, not Irish, though O'Reilly is the nicest man I ever knew. But I must tell him that I really cannot grow up into an owd soldier, because I mean to be a young Highland officer, and look at ladies with my eyes like *this*—and carry my sword so!"

(To be Continued.)

THE STORY OF A SHORT LIFE.

BY JULIANA HORATIA EWING.
CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

With one consent the grown-up people turned to look at him.

Even the intoxicating delight that color gives can hardly exceed the satisfying pleasure in which beautiful proportions steep the sense of sight; and one is often at fault to find the law that has been so exquisitely fulfilled, when the eye has no doubt of its own satisfaction.

The shallow stone steps, on the top of which Leonard stood, and the old doorway that framed him, had this mysterious grace, and, truth to say, the boy's beauty was a jewel not unworthy of its setting.

A holiday dress of crimson velvet, with collar and ruffles of old lace, became him very quaintly; and as he laid a cheek like a rose-leaf against the sooty head of his pet, and they both gazed piteously at the carriage, even Lady Jane's conscience was stifled by motherly pride. He was her only child, but as he had said of the orderly, "a very splendid sort of one." The master of the house stamped his

foot with an impatience that was partly real and partly, perhaps, affected.

"Well, get in somehow, if you mean to. The horses can't wait all day for you."

No ruby-throated humming-bird could have darted more swiftly from one point to another than Leonard from the old gray steps into the carriage. Little boys can be very careful when they choose, and he trode on no toes and crumpled no finery in his flitting.

To those who know dogs, it is needless to say that the puppy showed an even superior discretion. It bore throttling without a struggle. Instinctively conscious of the alternative of being shut up in a stable for the day, and left there to bark its heart out, it shrank patiently into Leonard's grasp, and betrayed no sign of life except in the strained and pleading anxiety which a puppy's eyes so often wear.

"Your dog is a very good dog, Leonard, I must say," said Louisa Mainwaring; "but he's very ugly. I never saw such legs!"

Leonard tucked the lank black legs under his velvet and ruffles. "Oh, he's all right," he said. "He'll be very hand-