

Grandpa's Crazy Quilt.

BY HARRIET FRANCENE CROCKER.

That's what I call grandpa's farm.
Here's a red patch, that's the barn;
Here's a white one, that's the house;
Here's one, gray, just like a mouse;
That's the granary, big and old;
Yonder is a patch of gold—
Grandpa's wheatfield, bright and yellow
Rippling in the sunshine mellow.

'Way up there a patch of green
On the hillside steep is seen
Stitched all round with barbed-wire
fence,—

That's where grandpa's woods commence.
Dark green patches,—that's the pines;
Strips of light between, sometimes;
Squares of dark, rich, golden brown,—
That's where grandpa's ploughed the
ground.

Mamma's crazy quilt is pretty,
But somehow it seems a pity
Hours and hours to sit and sew
On that sort of thing, you know.
When it's done it's far too nice
To use, they say, at any price.
So I think that grandpa's quilt
Is better than one made of silk
And satin pieces, 'cause, you see,
His is useful as can be.

DRIFTED AWAY.*

By Edward William Thomson.

CHAPTER I.—Lost.

About five o'clock in the afternoon of a raw March day, the report ran about Toronto that two boys in a skiff, without oars, paddles, or sail, were being blown out in the open lake. This alarm originated with a butcher who had driven into town along the shore of Ontario from the mouth of the Humber River, some four miles westward of Toronto Bay.

A keen though not a great wind prevailed that afternoon. Navigation had scarcely begun, hence it was almost certain that no incoming vessel would pick the boys up. The probability that they could be found before nightfall by a tug seemed small. Only one Toronto tug had steam up, and that little vessel would not return till nightfall from its work at a long distance from the wharves.

Scarcely had the report begun to travel by word of mouth, before an evening paper distributed it broadcast. Home-going business men, leaving their offices to shoulder through the evening throng, heard newsboys calling, "All about the boys adrift!"

The gas-lamps just then being lighted seemed to accentuate King Street's cheerful bustle, and so impress people more distinctly with a sense of the quick spread of night over the face of the waters on which the two lads were helplessly floating away. Toronto people are so familiar with the lake that thousands had instantly grasped the full significance of the rumour.

In a few minutes it roused something like a panic. Groups formed round men who talked loudly of the chances of rescue; women hysterically inquired the names of the boys; cries of sympathy went up from persons who, on coming out of stores, suddenly learned of the case. The imminence of darkness forbade confidence that the boys could be found alive, and the meagreness of information left a multitude of parents to fear for sons they had not seen during the day.

By six o'clock a great crowd had formed on and about Brown's wharf, where the tug A. G. Nixon was almost ready to start. As she whistled, a cheer went up, which was understood by the people farther back, caught, passed on, and echoed to and fro and sidelong and far away up many an avenue. At that, factory operatives pouring into the streets and homesteaders who had not yet heard of the thing stopped, or rushed out to question what was the matter.

Just as the Nixon was about to leave, a man running down the middle of Yonge Street into the crowd, cried:

"Stand aside and let me pass! One of them is my little boy!"

So quickly did the people push aside to give Mr. Lancelly room that three men were thrust off the slip into the water. At this the scared crowd struggled to get back off the wharf to firm land, and the general attention was distracted from the boat till the three men were pulled out. By this time the Nixon, with Mr. Lancelly aboard, had started.

* From a new volume, "Walter Gibbs, the Young Boss, and Other Stories." Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.25. Illustrated.

Before she left the slip he had explained from her deck that his son, nine years old, and his servant-boy, perhaps seventeen, were certainly those adrift.

"He's the only child we have left," said the gentleman. "I want somebody to go out to my house. Take a cab and hurry. Tell my wife that I've started with the tug, and we're sure to catch the skiff soon. Say sure to, mind that, sure to, or she'll die of anxiety."

"All right, Lancelly. I'll go myself!" cried an acquaintance. "Keep your heart up. You'll find Charley all right, poor little chap!"

At that there was a cheer from the people, and the throngs began to break up; but many persons remained on the wharf to see the Nixon make her way out through the floating ice-cakes that still swung to and fro in the harbour. As the tug passed beyond the western gap a cloud of snow drove forth from the land, blotting her out at a breath.

"God help the poor boys! God help them!" said some man in an earnest tone, and the prayer and the emotion went up, repeated from many lips. Meantime the captain of the tug was questioning the anxious father.

"Will they have plenty of clothes on, Mr. Lancelly?" asked the Nixon's skipper.

"I don't know. All I know is in this

"What about the servant-boy? Would he likely be well covered?"

"No, poor fellow. He has a big, warm old overcoat of mine, but he's almost too proud of it to wear it. He never had a whole coat before, and it's altogether likely he went to the boat-house without it on."

"Pretty bad, pretty bad, sir. I'll see and have some blankets put over the boiler to heat, and they'll be ready in case we find 'em."

"In case! Surely, you don't doubt that, captain?"

"Oh, we're bound to find them, bound to find them. But when? There's no telling how the currents will act round this part of the lake. Hey! No finding 'em if we can't see the surface of the water! Consume it all, here's what I was afraid of!"

At the word a coming cloud of snow hid the land and the lights ashore.

When the snow had cleared away, the tug, steaming slowly with the wind, was far from land. Soon afterwards the straggling clouds blew away, leaving over the sullen expanse of Ontario a moonless, starlit vault. Low on the north horizon the light-house dwindled. Nothing but the sighing wind, not gale enough to rouse a tumbling sea, could be heard responding to the long shrieks of steam with which the Nixon strove

After the tug had run out to about where the captain thought the boat should be, he headed due east, kept that course for some two miles, and then went back and forth, east and west, steaming south or with the wind a few minutes upon each turn. Thus the little steamer described many long, narrow parallelograms on the surface of the lake, but the skiff of the lost boys was not seen.

Soon the evening past, and the depths of darkness drew on. It was after midnight when the skipper, pointing to the north, shouted with joy.

"Where? Show me!" cried Mr. Lancelly. "I can't see them! Where? Do you see the skiff?"

"No, sir, I didn't mean that. But see! Yonder! There's more help coming!"

Away off toward Toronto a light gleamed, then another and another, five in all.

"Five more tugs! Good boys!" cried the captain. "Hurray, now we can do something!"

Across the intervening league a dull bass note came with the wind.

"It's the commodore's steam yacht," said the skipper. "Soon the little vessels were all within hail."

"Lancelly!" shouted the bluff old commodore of the Yacht Club. "When we left, there was word from your house that your wife was bearing up well."

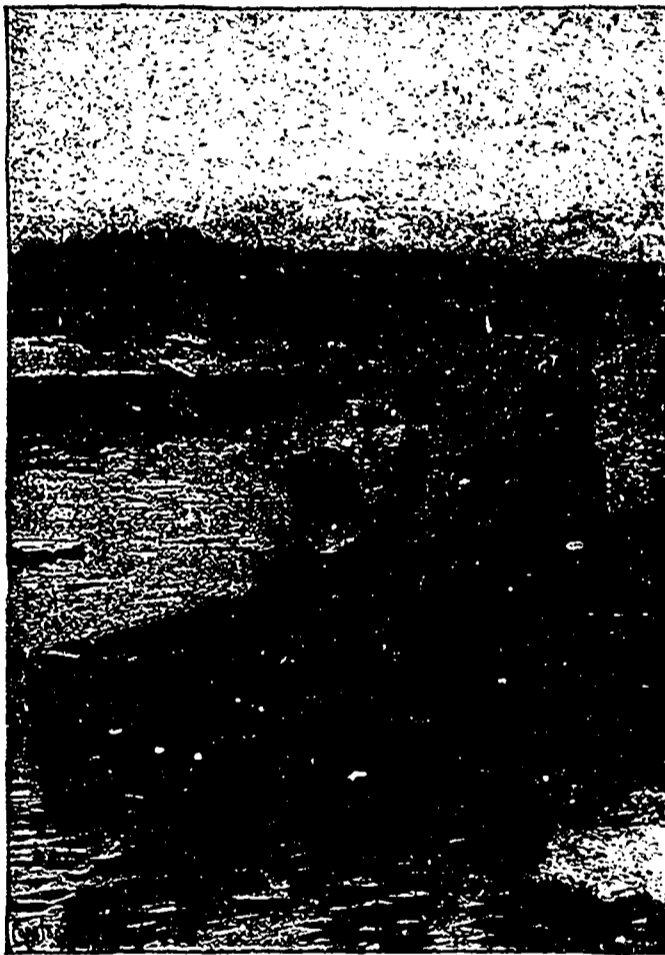
"Thank heaven for that!"

"I thought you'd be anxious, old man, and so I telegraphed for news of her while steam was getting up. Now, we're going to find Charley pretty soon, I hope," and he rapidly explained his plan to the Nixon's skipper.

Soon the little steamers were systematically ranging to and fro, passing and repassing, over a tract some five miles wide, whistling in unison every fifth minute by the watch, that the hoped-for replies of the boys might be heard in still intervals.

But the night seemed to thicken till far toward morning, when a thin moon came up over the waste. The constellation of the Great Bear wheeled high and far past the pole, the wind slowly fell, and the solemnity of the face of the waters deepened in the hush, while still the searching father gazed from the bow, praying dumbly to see again the flaxen head and bold blue eyes of his little son.

(To be continued.)



DRIFTING AWAY.

telegram that a district telegraph boy handed to me just as I was preparing to go home:

"Charlie and Isidore are adrift in the skiff without oars. I can see them floating out half-way between the island and the Humber. Act quickly. No one here can suggest anything except to send out a tug."

"That's from my wife," said Mr. Lancelly. "I instantly ran down and found your boat starting. No, I can't imagine how they got adrift, though this morning I told Isidore—he's my servant-boy—to loosen a strip of carpet that runs the length of the skiff. It got frozen down at the stern last fall because I forgot to bail her out. Isidore is very fond of my little boy, so I suppose they went together to the boat-house and somehow got afloat and were blown out. How long before we shall catch up to them, captain?"

The skipper looked gravely at him, glanced at the northern sky, and replied, "Well, sir, we will likely make out to reach them if the wind don't change or something worse happen."

"Surely the wind won't change!"

"No, I don't say it will. I'll do my best, you may lay to that, sir. What I'm most afraid of is that the little fellow will be done out with cold. Would he likely have his overcoat on?"

"I'm afraid not. He's fond of going round without it, no matter what we say."

"Boys is all like that, sir."

"Still he may have had it with him, for Isidore is very careful of Charley. If not, he'll be half-frozen, and have a frightful cold."

to let the boys know she was seeking them.

"That will hearten them up, anyhow," said the captain.

As the tug "teetered" up and down the scarcely broken swell, Mr. Lancelly in the bow gazed steadily forward, around and down. Often he thought he saw the skiff rising upon some shouldering billow, but ever the lapse of the roller renewed his increasing fear. Once the bow struck some heavy thing. His heart fell at the sudden contact. He sprang to look over, expecting to see the skiff; but before he had fairly peered down, the grinding sound betokened a cake of ice.

Once, after abandoning the idea that he had darkly seen the skiff on a wave, a thought that it had perhaps been there grew to an overpowering fear that they were leaving Charley astern. The pitying captain backed up then, and ran to and fro over the adjacent water. Then the wretched father groaned with self-reproach for having caused the loss of time.

"Could the skiff swamp in this sea?"

"No, that's not likely. There's scarcely a break of water anywhere, and she'd drift easy. Do you suppose that servant-boy of yours would know enough to rig up any kind of a sail? But I forgot, they'd nothing to rig one with. So I reckon we're all right."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that we'll be more likely to find her than we would if she were drifting instead of just drifting. She can only go straight ahead and we'd ought to find her."

THE EMPEROR AT THE FORGE.

Boys often resent being called upon to do a piece of work which they think beneath them, especially if it is a task which properly belongs to some one else. But every one should cultivate an obliging disposition, and be able to help in any emergency to the extent of his ability.

Emperor Joseph set a good example in this respect one day when travelling in Italy. A wheel of his carriage broke down, and he repaired to the shop of a blacksmith in a little village, and desired him to mend it without delay.

"I would," said the smith, "but this being a holiday, all my men are away at church; even the boy who blows the bellows is away."

"Now I have an excellent chance to warm myself," said the unknown emperor. So, taking his place at the bellows, instead of calling an attendant to do so, he followed the smith's directions and worked as if for wages. The work was finished, and instead of the little sum which he was charged, the sovereign handed out six gold ducats.

"You have made a mistake," said the astonished blacksmith, "and given me six gold pieces, which nobody in this village can change."

"Change them when you can," said the laughing emperor, as he entered his carriage. "An emperor should pay for such a pleasure as blowing the bellows."

I have known some shop boys who would have waited long, and sent far for help, before they would have "come down" to blowing a blacksmith's bellows. It is not boys with the best sense who thus stand upon their dignity. A readiness to oblige, and to take hold of unaccustomed work when necessary, has often been excellent business capital for a young man.—Youth's World.

"Can you tell me where I will get the Lancaster Avenue car?" inquired a middle-aged fussy woman, who was standing in the middle of the car-track, of a man who was in a great hurry. "Yes, you'll get it right in the middle of your back, if you stand there," he replied, and then passed on.