

A FLIGHT WITH THE SWALLOWS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

(Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER X.—IN THE SHADOWS.

At first Dorothy was scarcely conscious of what had happened to her, and when she really recovered herself, she found she was in a dark, low room, where she could hardly see.

There was a great chatter going on around her, of which she could not make out a word. As her eyes got accustomed to the dim light, she saw the figures of two women, a boy, and an old crone sitting by a wood fire. The room seemed very full, and was very hot; a smell of smoke, and dried fish, and of tar, made Dorothy gasp for breath. She was lying on what seemed to her a wooden shelf, but was in reality a bed, and she felt something cold on her head. She put up her hand, and found her forehead was bandaged with a wet cloth.

"I want to go home," she said, struggling to get down from the bed; but she was seized by a pair of strong arms, and a great many words were addressed to her, as she was almost forced again to lie down.

But Dorothy now began to cry and scream, and presently the narrow doorway was filled with inquiring faces, and the strife of tongues became more and more loud and noisy.

Not one word could Dorothy understand, except, perhaps, "signorina," with which she had become familiar, and a few words which she had caught up from Stefano.

The brown hands which held her down were firm, if gentle, and, though she fought and struggled, she could not regain her feet. Presently she felt something warm trickling down her cheek, and then there were fresh exclamations, and Dorothy, putting up her finger, saw it was stained with crimson blood.

She gave herself up for lost—poor little girl—and began to sob and cry most bitterly; then, to her surprise, the pair of strong arms lifted her gently from the bed, and carried her to the smoking embers on the hearth; and, looking up, she saw a kindly face bending over her, and she was rocked gently to and fro, just as Ingleby had often rocked her by the nursery fire at Coldchester. More wet bandages were put to her forehead, and the boy, drawing near, touched the long, silky hair, and said—

"Bella e bella."

"Oh! do let me go home—take me home—please—please—"

But no one knew what she said, and the woman only began to sing as she rocked, in the soft Italian language, while the rest talked and chattered, and raised their hands in wonder, and gazed down at the child with large dark eyes; and if Dorothy could have understood them, she would have known they only intended to be kind.

To be sure, they told Giulia that the little signorina must belong to rich English, and she would get a reward; and that she ought to go down to the town and inquire at the hotels and the villas.

A good deal passed through Dorothy's mind as she lay in the arms of the rough, though kindly Italian woman. How long it seemed since the morning, since she had been angry with Baby Bob, and had refused to go to Colla. Oh, how she wished she had gone now. How she longed to say she was sorry, to kiss Baby Bob, to throw her arms round Irene, and to tell mother she would never, never be naughty again! Convulsive sobs shook her, and she clung to the kind woman's neck, praying and entreating to be taken home.

But where was home? No one knew, and no one could understand her; and at last worn out with crying, Dorothy fell fast asleep.

Neighbors came in and out, and looked curiously at the little golden-haired signorina, whose head seemed to make a spot of light in the dark dwelling.

"They will miss her, and search for her," the neighbors said, "and then you will get a reward, Giulia. She is like an angel with

the light round her head in the window in the church."

"She is like a sorrowful little lost kid bleating for its mother," said Giulia.

So the hours went on, and the sunset gleamed from behind the old church, and brightened the grey walls of the houses in the square, and made the windows glitter and shine like stars.

But Dorothy did not wake, and still Giulia sat patiently with her in her strong brown arms, and crooned over her the words of a hush-a-bye with which the dark-eyed boy, who stood notching a stick by the open fireplace, had been lulled to sleep in his turn—

"Ninni, ninni, nanna,
Allegrezza di la mamma!
Addormentati, addormentati,
Oh, mia bella!"

This answered to the "Hush-a-bye, Baby" which we all know, and really meant—

tongue, which she could not understand, and so could not heed.

It was nearly dark when at last Dorothy opened her eyes; and sat up, with a prolonged yawn. The sleep had refreshed her, and she had been so quieted by it, that she did not resist or cry when Giulia put her down on a low wooden stool; and throwing another bit of wood on the fire, a flame leaped up, which was pleasant and cheerful, and made the red petticoat which the old crone by the fire wore look bright and warm.

Then Giulia lighted a small lamp, which was hung to a hook on the ceiling, and putting a big iron pipkin on the fire, began to prepare some broth for the little signorina.

Dorothy watched her as if she were still dreaming, and saw how the big gold earrings bobbed up and down, and wondered why Giulia had such a very wide waist, and why any one who had such a shabby petticoat should wear earrings, and have shin-

Presently a familiar voice at the door made Dorothy stop eating the orange, and she turned her eyes anxiously towards the new-comer.

It was Francesco himself, who began to tell what grief there was in Villa Firenze, and how a little signorina was lost, and he held up a crumpled wisp of paper, and said he had picked it up in the Market Square.

"Oh, it is mine, it is mine, Francesco. Don't you know me, Francesco? It is my letter to Uncle Crannie. Francesco! Francesco!"

The boy began a series of jumps of joy and springs of delight, and clapped his hands.

"Trovata! trovata!—e la piccola signorina. Found! found! the little lady is found," he said.

"Let me go with him! he knows where I live. Oh, tell them—tell them to let me go with you."

(To be Continued.)

A DANGER

Cigarette smoking is growing to be one of the monster evils of the day. Within the past ten years the habit has increased so rapidly that the use of tobacco in its other forms has very materially decreased. This has been brought about partly from a desire to economize, and partly because of the convenience it offers of "a few whiffs" in leisure moments, as well as because the inhaling of the smoke gratifies a taste not to be satisfied in any other way. The vicious habit has grown up entirely within the past ten years, when but a single brand, the Cuban, was known to New York dealers. Now there are upwards of 500 different brands in the market, most of which are manufactured here.

Several prominent physicians unite in declaring that cigarette smoking is much more injurious than cigar smoking, because the smoke is generally inhaled and often ejected through the nose. Hence it has a particularly harmful effect on the mucous membrane of the nasal passage. People who use cigarettes are more liable than others to be afflicted with local irritations that produce catarrh. In those of nervous temperaments especially, it always produces constitutional effects. The pulse is increased in frequency, becomes smaller than is natural, and irregular. Such persons are said to have a "tobacco pulse" and a "tobacco heart." Persons who habitually smoke cigarettes are said by physicians to be easily excited, and to have a tendency to vertigo, and dimness of vision, besides being troubled by dyspepsia.

Bronchial and throat diseases are much more rapidly caused by cigarette smoking than cigar smoking, and during the past six or seven years a large increase of diseases of the air passages, traceable solely to this pernicious habit, has been observed by physicians. It has been demonstrated that there is not one-fiftieth as much of the mucous surface covered by cigar smoke as by the inhaled smoke of a cigarette. Excessive indulgence in any form of tobacco smoking may produce general paralysis, while, by enfeebling the circulation, lowering the vitality of the system, and interfering with assimilation of food, it tends to produce *anemia*, which is one of the first steps toward softening of the brain. Vertigo, when resulting from smoking strong cigars, or from the inhaling of cigarette smoke, is due to *anemia*, or in other words to a diminished supply of blood to the brain.—*Christian at Work.*

It is said that the heathen have not learned how to avoid contributing to the cause of religion. They know no better than to carry money with them to the place of worship, and to cast it in liberally even without solicitation. It is said that no heathen ever hides his face by a hymn or prayer book while the baskets are being passed, or closes his eyes in pious meditation; nor while others are giving is he "dodging"—*Baptist Missionary Magazine.*



"Dorothy fell fast asleep."

"Joy of thy mother, sleep, sleep!
My pretty one, sleep."

The sunset faded from the sky, and the smoldering wood ashes and embers on the hearth now shone with only a dim red eye in the middle; and still Dorothy slept, and still Giulia swayed her body to and fro, and sang on in a low, soft voice.

It was really very kind of Giulia, for a heap of brown net and a ball of stout twine, into which a huge bone netting-needle was thrust, lay by the rough wooden bench near the small window. And Giulia did very much want to finish that net, and send her boy down to the quay with it to the master fisherman who had given her the order to make it.

But Giulia could not find it in her kind, motherly heart to risk waking the child by laying her down on the bed again, and she dreaded to hear the cries in the English

ing gold pins in the handkerchief which was bound round her head.

Dorothy did not like the smell of the soup at all, and when Giulia crumbled into it some dark bread, and finally offered it to her, with a large wooden spoon, she turned away in disgust.

But Giulia persisted, and Dorothy, having tasted nothing since breakfast, was really hungry, and swallowed a few spoonfuls.

An orange which a neighbor brought in hanging on the bough, with its dark green leaves, was much more tempting, and when she took it from the woman who offered it to her, she said "Grazia"—she knew that meant "Thank you"—for Francesco always said "Grazia" when he took the little copper pieces of money, that seemed so many, and were worth so little, from her hand or Irene's when they had dismounted from the donkeys.