



"NOW I LAY ME."

TIMOTHY'S QUEST.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

SCENE XIII.—(Continued.)

At this exciting juncture there was a clatter of small feet; the door burst open, and the "unfortunate waifs" under consideration raced across the floor to the table where Miss Vilda and Samantha were seated. Gay's sun-bonnet trailed behind her, every hair on her head curled separately, and she held her rag-doll upside down with entire absence of decorum. Timothy's paleness, whatever the cause, had disappeared for the moment, and his eyes shone like stars.

"Oh, Miss Vilda!" he cried breathlessly; "dear Miss Vilda and Samantha, the gray hen did want to have chickens, and that is what made her so cross, and she is setting, and we've found her nest in the alder bushes by the pond!"

"Gay hen's nest in er buttes by er pond," sung Gay, like a Greek chorus.)

"And we sat down softly beside the pond, but Gay sat into it."

"Gay sat wite into it, an' dolly dot her dess wet, but Gay nite little dirl; Gay didn't det wet!"

"And by and by the gray hen got off to get a drink of water!"

"To det a dink o' water!"

"And we counted the eggs, and there were thirteen big ones!"

"Fir-teen drate bid ones!"

"So that the darling thing had to s-w-ell out to cover them up!"

"Darlin' fin ser-welled out an' tuvered 'em up!" said Gay, going through the same operation.

"Yes," said Miss Vilda, looking covertly at Mr. Southwick (who had an eye for beauty, notwithstanding Samantha's strictures), "that's very nice, but you mustn't stay here now; we are talkin' to the minister. Run away, both of you, and let the settin' hen alone. — Well, as I was goin' to say, Mr. Southwick, you're very kind and so's your wife, and I'm sure Timothy, that's the boy's name, would be a great help and comfort to both of you, if you're fond of children, and we should be glad to have him near by, for we feel kind of responsible for him, though he's no relation of ours. And we'll think about the matter over night, and let you know in the morning."

"Yes, exactly, I see, I see; but it was the young child, the — a — female child, that my wife desired to take into her family."

She does not care for boys, and she is particularly fond of girls, and so am I, very fond of girls — a — in reason."

Miss Vilda all at once made up her mind on one point, and only wished that Samantha wouldn't stare at her as if she had never seen her before. "I'm sorry to disappoint your wife, Mr. Southwick. It seems that Mrs. Tarbox and Jabo Slocum have been offerin' the child to every family in the village, and I s'pose bime bye they'll have the politeness to offer her to me; but, at any rate, whether they do or not, I propose to keep her myself, and I'd thank you to tell folks so, if they ask you. Mebbe you'd better give it out from the pulpit, though I can let Mis' Tarbox know, and that will answer the same purpose. This is the place the baby was brought, and this is the place she's goin' to stay."

"Vildy, you're a good woman!" cried Samantha, when the door closed on the Reverend Mr. Southwick. "I'm proud o' you, Vildy, 'n' I take back all the hard thoughts I've ben hevin' about you lately. The idee o' that shiny-eyed preacher thinkin' he was goin' to carry that child home in his buggy with hardly so much as sayin' 'Thank you, marm.' I like his Baptist impudence! His wife hed better wash his duster afore she adopts any children. If they'd carry their theories 'bout immersion 's fur as their close, 't wouldn't be no harm."

"I don't know as I'd have agreed to keep either of 'em if the whole village hadn't interfered and wanted to manage my business for me, and be so dretful charitable all of a sudden, and dictate to me and try to show me my duty. I haven't had a minute's peace for more 'n a fortnight, and now I hope they'll let me alone. I'll take the boy to the city to-morrow, if I live to see the light, and when I come back I'll tie up the gate and keep the neighbors out till this nine days' wonder gets crowded out o' their heads by something new."

"You're goin' to take Timothy to the city, are you?" asked Samantha sharply.

"That's what I'm goin' to do; and the sooner the better for everybody concerned. Timothy, shut that door and run out to the barn, and don't you let me see you again till supper-time; do you hear me?"

"And you're goin' to put him in one o' them Homes?"

"Yes, I am. You see for yourself we can't find any place for him hereabouts."

"Well, I've ben waiten' for days to see what you was goin' to do, and now I'll tell

you what I'm goin' to do, if you'd like to know. I'm goin' to keep Timothy myself; to have and to hold from this time forth and for evermore, as the Bible says. That's what I'm goin' to do!"

Miss Cummins gasped with astonishment. "I mean what I say, Vildy. I ain't so well off as some, but I ain't a pauper, not by no means. I've ben layin by a little every year for twenty years, 'n' you know well enough what for; but that's all over for ever and ever, amen, thanks be! And I ain't got chick nor child, nor blood relation in the world, and if I choose to take somebody to do for, why, it's nobody's affairs but my own."

"You can't do it, and you shan't do it!" said Miss Vilda excitedly. "You aint goin' to make a fool of yourself, if I can help it. We can't have two children clutterin' up this place and eatin' us out of house and home, and that's the end of it."

"It ain't the end of it, Vildy Cummins, not by no manner o' means! If we can't keep both of 'em, do you know what I think 'bout it? I think we'd ought to give away the one that everybody wants and keep the other that nobody does want, more fools they! That's religion, accordin' to my way o' thinkin'. I love the baby, dear knows; but see here. Who planned this thing all out? Timothy. Who took that baby up in his own arms and fetched her out o' that den o' thieves? Timothy. Who stood all the resk of gittin' that innocent lamb out o' that sink of iniquity, and hed wit enough to bring her to a place where she could grow up respectable? Timothy. And do you ketch him sayin' a word 'bout himself from fust to last? Not by no manner o' means. That ain't Timothy. And what does the lovin', gen'rous, faithful little soul git? He gits his labor for his pains. He hears folks say right to his face that nobody wants him and everybody wants Gay. And if he didn't have a disposition like a cherubim-an-seraphim he'd be sour and bitter, 'stid o' bein' good as an angel in a picture-book from sun-up to sun-down!"

Miss Vilda was crushed by the overpowering weight of this argument, and did not even try to stem the resistless tide of Samantha's eloquence.

"And now folks is all of a high to take in the baby for a spell, jest for a plaything, because her hair curls, 'n' she's han'some, 'n' light complected, 'n' cunning, 'n' a girl (whatever that amounts to is more 'n' I know!), and that blessed boy is tread under foot as if he warn't no better 'n' an angle-worm! And do you mean to tell me you don't see the Lord's hand in this hull business, Vildy Cummins? There's other kinds o' miracles besides buddin' rods 'n' burnin' bushes 'n' loaves 'n' fishes. What do you s'pose guided that boy to pass all the other houses in this village 'n' turn in at the White Farm? Don't you s'pose he was led? Well, I don't need a Bible nor yet a concordance to tell me ho was. He didn't know there was plenty 'n' to spare inside this gate; a great, empty house 'n' full cellar, 'n' hay 'n' stock in the barn, and cow-pens in the back, 'n' two lone, mis'able women inside, with nothin' to do but keep flies out in summer-time, 'n' pile wood on in winter-time, till they got so withered up 'n' gnarly they warn't hardly wuth getherin' int' the everlastin' harvest! He didn't know it, I say, but the Lord did; 'n' the Lord's intention was to give us a chance to make our callin' 'n' election sure, 'n' we can't do that by turnin' our backs on his messenger, and puttin' of him out doors! The Lord intended them children should stay together or he wouldn't 'a' started 'em out that way; now that's as plain as the nose on my face, 'n' that's consid'able plain as I've ben told afore now, 'n' can see for myself in the glass without any help from anybody, thanks be!"

"Everybody'll laugh at us for a couple o' soft-hearted fools," said Miss Vilda feebly, after a long pause. "We'll be a spectacle for the whole village."

"What if we be? Let's be a spectacle, then!" said Samantha stoutly. "We'll be a spectacle for the angels as well as the village, when you come to that! When they look down 'n' see us gittin' outside this door-yard 'n' doin' one o' the Lord's chores for the first time in ten or fifteen years, I guess they'll be consid'able excited! But there's no use in talkin', I've made up my mind, Vildy. We've lived together for thirty years 'n' ain't hardly hed an ugly

word ('n' dretful dull it hez ben for both of us!), 'n' I shan't live nowheres else without you tell me to go; but I've got lots o' good work in me yit, 'n' I'm goin' to take that boy up 'n' give him a chance, 'n' let him stay alongside o' the thing he loves best in the world. And if there ain't room for all of us in the fourteen rooms o' this part o' the house, Timothy 'n' I can live in the L, as you've allers intended I should if I got married. And I guess this is 'bout as near to gittin' married as either of us ever 'll git now, 'n' consid'able nearer 'n' I've expected to git, lately. And I'll tell Timothy this very night, when he goes to bed, for he's grievin' himself into a fit o' sickness, as anybody can tell that's got a glass eye in their heads!"

(To be Continued.)

UNEXPECTED.

A member of the Salvation Army in India writes to an Ontario paper. I have just had a bit of new experience in this Indian war which I must tell you. A few mornings ago I was wiping a glass with a tea towel, which I had taken from a nail where it is always kept. Just as I was finishing the glass I felt something prick my thumb and at the moment I shook my hand thinking an ant had bitten it, but the next moment I saw the cause and knew it was a scorpion. I called my husband who was in an adjoining room, telling him what had happened. He at once tied a string tightly around my wrist and went to the doctor for medicine. Although he was only gone a few minutes, by the time he returned my hand was so sore and swollen that I could scarcely bear to have it touched, and in a short time the pain was almost unbearable, and it continued so for about five hours when it eased a little, and by ten p. m. was easy enough to allow of my going to bed and I slept pretty well. In the meantime Amiet, my native help, killed the scorpion, which was in the folds of the towel. I cannot describe the pain; it was not like anything I ever felt before; it went up my arm and at times made me feel sick all over; I could neither stand, sit, nor lie still for the time and it was quite long enough I assure you. On the second day afterwards, however, all traces of the injury both in feeling and appearance had vanished. It was a young scorpion, about half grown. Had it been an old one the injury would likely have been worse and if it had been a black one, death would almost certainly have been the result. Amiet began to cry as soon as she found I was stung and would have cried a good deal more if we had not kept saying things to make her laugh. She says she never saw people like us, for when we have pain then we laugh. I tell her she is a real helper, for she does my crying for me.

TO MAKE A MISSIONARY MAP.

Missionary committees that cannot afford to buy missionary maps may make their own very cheaply, by following these directions, given by a writer in the *Lower Endeavour*: "I went to the dry-goods store and bought three yards of nine-quarter unbleached muslin; to a drug store and bought a quarter of a pound of white glue, a four-inch varnish brush, and a one-pound tin of each of the following colors: black, Turkey umber, raw sienna and ultramarine blue—all ground in oil. Spread newspapers on the carpet and stretch the muslin over them. Make a thin sizing of the glue, adding a gallon of water to the four pounds, and thoroughly paint the muslin with the broad brush. Take up the muslin, remove the papers, and tack the cloth down again. Let it dry (four hours will do it), then take the map which you wish to transfer, and divide it up into squares, and sketch the outline with a piece of charcoal. Use blue for the coast line and the rivers and lakes; raw sienna for the mountains; burnt umber for the division lines, for the lettering of States and districts; black for the double-lined border and for the lettering of towns. In this way you can make a map you could not duplicate at a store for less than five dollars, and the color will make a dozen maps. It can be folded up in a small compass; does not crack or set off. Use a small, short bristle brush, and thin the color with turpentine."