

it. Not his heart throbbed with a bounding sense of a wholly new happiness, as he clasped the little creature to his breast and looked down into the glorious eyes that met his with a trusting smile.

"My darling!" he said, his soft voice trembling, "my precious pet! you must come with me. Will you come, Cecil?"

Would she come? She threw her arms round his neck, her young face one sunbeam.

"Papa gone?" she said, in delight, yet half fearful, too, that he might, after all, spring from some dark corner and lay hold of her.

"Yes, my pet, he is gone. You must come home with me now."

"Oh, yes, yes!—come—quick!—quick!" said the child, eagerly, and glancing round.

She was in a fever to be off; she would not feel safe until she was well beyond the possibility of papa returning for her.

Eriksen smiled at her childlike terror. Poor little mite! There was not much danger of a man who had intentionally left her to the chance of a stranger's kindness returning to claim her. The young man kissed the child, and rose.

"I wonder," he said to himself, as he went towards the gangway, "what Mrs. Bramwell will say to this last and greatest escapade of mine. She will say it beats record; but what else, in Heaven's name! could I have done?"

He took the child up, carrying her on his right arm, and his valise in his left hand, and so he went off the boat, across the wharf, and out into the narrow street.

"That swell chap's taken charge of the kid," said the steward to the stewardess; seems her father's left her—a rum go ain't it? He was a gentleman, and the kid a lady born, if ever there was one."

The few cabs there had been about were all gone, so Eriksen walked on, across Trinity Square, and up the Minories; he would be able to get a cab in Leadenhall Street, if not before.

Cecil did not seem tired at all now, but very wide awake, but she did not talk much; she seemed too happy as yet, with an amazed kind of happiness, to give audible expression to her feeling, but often as her tall protector strode onwards, she pressed her rosy lips to his cheek, and caressed his face or hair with her little hand.

It was strange, Eriksen thought, that though the child had said "Mamma loved her," she had not once afterwards alluded to her mother, or in any way fretted after her. He would try and get at the root of this.

"*Carissima*," he said, presently, "don't you want to go home to mamma?"

"I love you," said Cecil, rather irrelevantly, it might seem, dropping her curly head on his shoulder.

"But don't you love mamma, too, Cecil?"

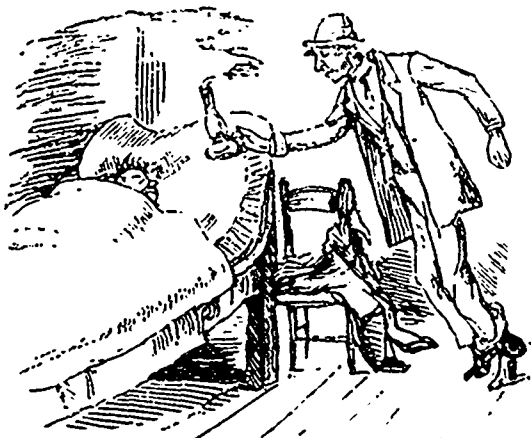
"You said I go with you," said the child, nervously.

"And you shall come with me, my pet."

It was pitiable to find that a creature so lovable seemed not much loved by those who should have been her world, and yet, in one sense, it gave Eriksen a thrill of pleasure to hear this, the child would be more entirely his own; but stay! was he not in duty bound to try and discover this mother, or was she not a consenting party to the child's abandonment? Most likely the latter. He could relegate such reflections, to a more convenient season.

Here was Leadenhall Street, and a hansom cab on its way to the stable; but the driver was willing to turn back towards the Strand for the promise of an extra fare, so in another minute Eugene Eriksen was sitting in the cab, with his new-found treasure in his arms, and little dreaming of the terrible drama in which he, through Fairy Cecil, was to play a leading part.

[To be continued.]



IN A NEW BOARDING HOUSE.

If this ish my room, and dat ish my bed and dat ish me in my bed. Who the D—ish carrying round dish lamp dat's what I want'er know.

REVISION.

[From the *Oil City Derrick*.]

Mr. Robert Johnson, who lives on the Fisher farm, has a little boy Dave, who is just old enough to be taught to say his prayers. The other evening his mother was teaching him the Lord's Prayer, and got along very well until they reached the line "Give us this day our daily bread."

The mother repeated it twice, but the child made no attempt to follow her.

"Why don't you say it?" urged the mother.

"Cause I don't want bread," said the boy; "I want pie."

THE CLASS IN SCRIPTURES.

[From *Chamber's Journal*.]

A lady asked one of the children in her Sunday-School class: "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, ma'am," was the reply. The little girl had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels." "In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" questioned a teacher of the stolid-looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," was the quiet response. "What is the outward and visible sign in baptism?" asked a lady of her Sunday-School class. There were silence for some seconds, and then a girl broke in triumphantly with: "The baby, please, ma'am."

Boy—Oh, ma, does that passenger train carry Anarchists? Ma—Why, no, of course not. Boy—But it's got a red flag on behind. Ma—That is simply a danger signal. Boy—Oh! I s'pose the cars have stoves in 'em.—*Omaha World*.

THE BAFFLING BABY.

This simple but amusing trick never fails to be effective. Procure a fine silk thread, and during the temporary absence of the nurse tie it tightly around baby's leg in one of the creases caused by the fat; then cut the ends close to the knot and it will be invisible. After a few minutes you will notice various emotions stealing into the household, and the excitement may last all night.

KEEPING BABY QUIET.

[From the *Savannah News*.]

A lady in Pensacola, temporarily deprived of the service of a nurse, has adopted a novel mode of keeping baby out of mischief and in content at the same time. Placing all of his playthings in a large wash-tub, she puts the little fellow in with them, and there he plays, unable to get out, and perfectly happy until he gets sleepy or hungry. The father calls the boy Diogenes.

"There is a little four-year-old niece of mine who was almost a babe in arms when we were living side by side on Swampscott Highlands. She had been prepared for bed one night, and was asked to say her prayers, when she replied—

"I shan't say them any more; God knows them well enough by this time!"

"And afterwards, when her mother was about to turn off the gas and leave the room, the child said—

"I don't want to be left alone in the dark."

"You won't be alone, dear; God will be with you," said her mother.

"Well, I don't care for him; I'd rather have one of my own family?"

AN ORIGINAL THEORY.

[From a *World Correspondent*.]

A little four-year-old boy was standing at the window watching the rain, which much to his disgust, kept him in the house. Turning to his mother, with puckered brows, he said: "I guess God took a drink and forgot to turn the water off."

JOHNNY SPOKE BOSTONESE.

[From the *Chicago Tribune*.]

Little Johnny (Boston boy who has been permitted to see his new baby brother)—Are we going to keep it, mamma?

Mamma—Yes, Johnny: won't you be glad?

Johnny (wiping his spectacles dubiously)—I fear, mamma, I cannot welcome it with the affection of a brother so long as it has that absurdly florid complexion. I have heard almond-meat recommended. Have we none about the premises?