

A FLIGHT WITH THE SWALLOWS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

(Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

As it happened, Dorothy's hat and pretty velvet jacket, trimmed with lovely soft fur, were kept in a little closet, with a window in it, behind the schoolroom. They were put there when she came to the Villa Lucia every morning by Ingleby, who never failed to send her in to see Lady Burnside, drawing secret comparisons between the appearance of her darling and that of Miss Packingham or little Miss Ella Montague.

Dorothy had some difficulty in getting herself into her jacket, and her hair notched into the elastic of her hat, which, springing back, caught her in the eyes, and made them water. Then, when she thought she was ready, she remembered she had not taken off the apron which was stained with the little crimson spot. A little rim of white showed under the jacket between the fur and the edge of her frock, but she pushed it up under the band, and then went softly down the hall to the glass door, and lifting the portiere, or thick curtain, which hung over the outer door, she found herself in the road. For the Villa Lucia did not open into the garden which lay between the Villa and sloping ground and the blue sea, but from the back, into a road which led towards the old town of San Remo.

Dorothy held the letter firmly in her hand, and walked on with some dignity. It was rather nice to go to the post by herself, and she measured the distance in her own mind, as she had often been there with Ingleby and Crawley.

The shop where the New Year's cards were sold was near the post-office, and she had two shillings in her little leather purse at the bottom of her pocket.

Several Italian women, carrying heavy burdens on their heads, passed her and smiled, and said in a pleasant voice,—

"Buon giorno!" and one young woman, with a patient baby tightly swathed and fastened to her back, called out—

"Ah, la piccola bella!"

Somehow Dorothy was so lost in meditation upon herself and her own cleverness in finding the way to the post, that she missed the first turning which would have led her down to the English part of the town. She took the next, but that brought her out beyond the shops and the post-office.

She did not at first notice this, and when she found she was much further from home than she expected, she began to run, but still she did not get any nearer the shops and the post-office. Now the street of the English part of San Remo runs almost parallel with the sea, and there are several narrow lanes between the houses, which lead down to the quay, where all the boats sail from the pier, and where a great many women are mending the holes in the brown nets.

There are streets also leading up to the old town—that quaint old town, which was built on the steep sides of the hill, long, long before any English people thought of erecting their new houses and villas below it.

The streets of the old town are so steep that they are climbed by steps, or rather ridges, of pavement, which are set at rather long intervals. These streets are very narrow, and there are arches across them, like little bridges, from one house to another.

The houses in old Italian towns are built with these arches or little bridges, because they formed a support to the tall houses, which were sometimes shaken by earthquakes.

Now it happened that as Dorothy was wondering how it could be that she had missed the post-office, she caught sight of a little white fluffy dog, with brown ears, running up towards the opening of one of these narrow streets.

"My Nino! my Nino!" she exclaimed. "It must be Nino." She did not stop to consider that he was old, and could never

have run so fast up hill as this little dog could run. She turned out of the broad street into one of the narrow ones, and chased the little white dog till she was out of breath.

There were not many people about, and no one took much notice of her; and she never stopped till she found herself in the market square of the old town, where, out of breath and exhausted, she sat down on a flight of steps, hopeless of catching the dog, who had now quite disappeared.

An old and dirty-looking church was before her, and several peasant women, with their baskets on their heads, were passing in and out. Red and yellow handkerchiefs were bound round their dark hair, and some of them wore pretty beads round their necks. One or two stopped to look at Dorothy, and talked and made signs to her; but she could not understand what they said,

her now a heavy punishment. While Ella and Willy and Baby Bob, with their two little friends, were enjoying the contents of the luncheon basket at La Colla, Dorothy was lying all alone amongst strangers in the old town of San Remo!

CHAPTER IX.—Lost.

Ingleby arrived at the Villa Lucia at the usual time, and went, as was her custom, to the school-room door, and knocked.

She was generally answered by a rush to the door by Ella and Dorothy, and a cry of—"Grannie says she is to stay to luncheon to-day," or, "Don't take her away yet."

But to day silence reigned, and when Ingleby looked in, the schoolroom was empty. She turned away, and met the maid who waited on Constance, with a tray in her hand and a cup of cocoa, which she was taking up-stairs.

"Ah! that is why you have not gone to Colla with the party. But I am sure Crawley will take care of Miss Dorothy, and Miss Irene is quite to be trusted."

"I knew nothing of the party going to Colla, my lady. I hope it is not one of those break-neck roads, like going up the side of a house."

"It is very steep in some parts, but the donkeys are well used to climbing. Give my love to Mrs. Acheson, and say I will come and see her to-morrow."

Ingleby walked back rather sadly. She wished she had known of the expedition, for there was safety for her darling when she could walk behind the donkey going up hill, and by its head coming down again. What did it matter that the fatigue was great, and that she panted for breath as she tried to keep up? She held Dorothy's safety before her own, and all personal fatigue was as nothing to secure that.

If any little girls who read this story have kind, faithful nurses like Ingleby, I hope they will never forget to be grateful to them for their patience and kindness in their childish days, when childhood has passed away, and they no longer need their watchful care. Ingleby's love was not, perhaps, wise love, but it was very true and real, and had very deep roots in the attachment she felt for her mistress, whom she had served so faithfully for many years.

(To be Continued.)

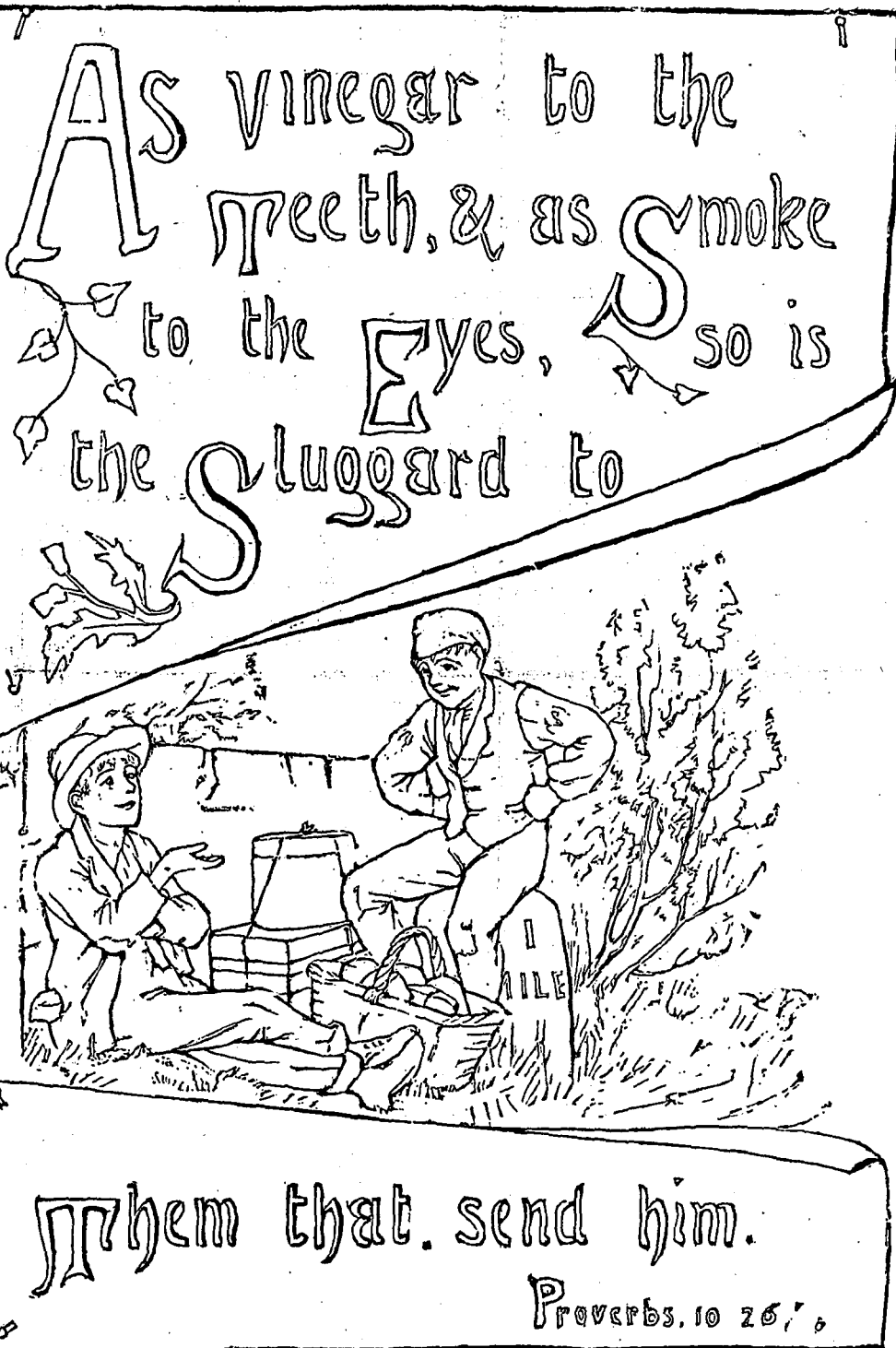
NORWEGIAN HORSES.

The little horses, almost universally of a dun color and having their manes cropped short, are wiry and full of life and courage, dashing down the hills at a seemingly reckless pace, which carries the vehicle half-way up the next rising ground by the mere impetus of the descent. It was particularly gratifying to observe the physical condition of the horses both inland and in the streets of Christiania, all being in good flesh. Not a lame or poor animal was to be found among them, either in hack, dray, or country-produce cart. They are mostly pony-shaped, rather short in the legs, few standing over fourteen hands, and generally even less; but yet, strong, tough, and round. It was pleasing to observe the drivers, who seemed also to be the owners. When they came from the house or establishment where their business called them, they would often take some trifle from their pockets—an apple, a lump of sugar, or bit of bread—and tender it to the waiting horse, who was evidently on the look-out for such a favor. The good fellowship established between animal and master was complete, and both worked more effectively together. If the whip is used at all upon these faithful animals it must be very uncommon, since my watchfulness in regard to the matter did not discover a single instance. When a driver has occasion to stop before a house and leave his horse, he takes one turn of the rein about the animal's near fore-foot and secures the long end loosely to the shaft. Custom has taught the horses that this process ties them

to the spot, and they do not attempt to move away. Insects during the brief but intense heat of summer are very troublesome to animals exposed to their bite, and so the Norwegian horses are all wisely permitted to wear long tails as a partial defence against flies and gnats. A nicely-matched pair, quite sound, young, and well broken for pleasure driving, can be purchased for three hundred dollars or less.—"Duc North," by M. M. Ballou.

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.

Just to let thy Father do, what he will;
Just to know that he is true, and be still.
Just to follow hour by hour, as he leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power, as it needeth.
Just to trust him, that is all!
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatso'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.
—Selected.



and they smiled at her and passed on. The streets leading up from the market square looked very dim and very steep, and Dorothy began to feel lonely and frightened—especially when an old woman, who might have been a hundred years old, so wrinkled was her face and so bowed her back, stopped before her as she sat on the steps, and began to mumble and make grimaces, and open her mouth, where no teeth were to be seen, and point at Dorothy with her lean, bony, brown fingers.

Dorothy got up and began to run down towards the town again as quickly as she had come up, when, alas! her foot caught against the corner of a rough stone step, before one of the tall houses, and she fell with some violence on the uneven, rugged pavement, hitting her head a sharp blow.

Poor little Dorothy! getting her own way, and doing exactly as she wished, had brought

"Where is Miss Dorothy, and where are the children?"

"All gone out on donkeys to Colla," was the answer. "Her ladyship was glad to get the house quiet, for Miss Constance has had a very bad night."

"Talk of bad nights," exclaimed Ingleby, "my mistress has done nothing but cough since four o'clock this morning. Well, I hope Miss Dorothy was well wrapped up for the wind is cold enough out of the sun, though Stefano is angry if I say so. I wish we were back in England. I know, what with the nasty wood fires, and the 'squitoes, and the draughts, and—"

Ingleby was interrupted here by Lady Burnside, who came out of the drawing-room. "Good morning, Ingleby; how is Mrs. Acheson?"

"But very poorly, my lady; she has had a bad night."