



"PATSY MINDING THE KENNETT BABY."

THE STORY OF PATSY.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

CHAPTER V.—I SEEK PATSY, AND MEET THE DUCHESS OF ANNA STREET.

"Tis pride, rank pride and haughtiness of soul."

I made my way through the streets, drinking in the glorious air, breathing the perfume of the countless fruit stands and the fragrances that floated out from the open doors of the little flower stores in every block, till I left all that was pleasant behind me and turned into Anna street.

I soon found Number 32, a dirty, tumble-down, one-story hovel, the blinds tied together with selvages of red flannel, and a rickety bell that gave a certain style to the door, though it had long ceased to ring. A knock brought a black-haired, beetle-browed person to the window.

"Does Mrs. Kennett live here?"

"No, she don't. I live here."

"Oh! then you are not Mrs. Kennett?"

"Wall, I ruther guess not!" This in a tone of such royal superiority and disdain that I saw in an instant I had mistaken blue blood for red.

"I must have been misinformed, then. This is Number 32?"

"Can't yer see it on the door?"

"Yes," meekly. "I thought perhaps Anna street had been numbered over."

"What made yer think Mis' Kennett lived here?"

"A little girl brought me her name written on a card,—Mrs. Kennett, 32 Anna street."

"There!" triumphantly, "I might 'a knowed that woman'd play some common trick like that! Now do you want ter know where Mis' Kennett re'ly doos live? Wall, she lives in the rear! Her number's 32 $\frac{1}{2}$, 'n I vow she gits more credit o' livin' in the front house 'n I do, 'n I pay four dollars more rent! Ever see her? I thought not! I guess 'f you hed you wouldn't think of her livin' in a house like this!"

"Excuse me. I didn't expect to make any trouble"—

"Oh, I've nothin' agin you, but just let me ketch her puttin' on airs 'n pertendin' to live like her betters, that's all! She's done it before, but I couldn't never ketch her at it. The idee of her keepin' up a house like this!" and with a superb sniff like that of a battle-horse, she disappeared from the front window of her ancestral mansion and sought one at the back which might command a view of my meeting with her rival.

I slid meekly through a side gate, every picket of which was decorated with a small child, stumbled up a dark narrow passage, and found myself in a square sort of court out of which rose the rear houses so objectionable to my Duchess in the front row.

It was not plain sailing, by any means, owing to the collection of tin cans and bottles through which I had to pick my way, but I climbed some frail wooden steps, and stood at length on the landing of Number 32 $\frac{1}{2}$.

The door was open, and there sat Patsy "minding" the Kennett baby, a dull little lump of humanity, whose brain registered impressions so slowly that it would play all day long with an old shoe without exhausting its possibilities.

Patsy himself was dirtier than ever, and much more sullen and gloomy. The traces of tears on his cheeks made my heart leap into my throat. "Oh, Patsy," I exclaimed, "I am so glad to find you! We expected you all day, and were afraid you weren't well."

Not a word of response.

"We have a chair all ready for you; it is standing right under one of the plant-shelves, and there are three roses in bloom to-day!"

Still not a word.

"And I had to tell the dog story without you!"

The effect of this simple statement was very different from what I had anticipated. I thought I knew what a child was likely to do under every conceivable set of circumstances, but Patsy was destined to be more than once a revelation to me.

He dashed a book of colored advertisements that he held into the farthest corner of the room, threw himself on the floor at full length and beat it with his hands, while he burst into a passion of tears. "There! there!" he cried between his sobs, "I told 'em you'd tell it! I told 'em you'd tell it! I told 'em you'd—but oh, I thought maybe you wouldn't!" His wails brought Mrs. Kennett from a back piazza where she was washing.

"Are you the teacher o' the Kids Guards, 'm?"

"Yes." It did not strike me at the time, in my anxiety, what a sympathetic rendering of the German word this was; but we afterwards found that "Kindergarten" was thus translated in Anna street.

"Patsy couldn't go to-day, 'm, on account of him hev'in' no good boots, 'm, Jim not bein' paid off till Wednesday, 'n me hev'in' no notice he hed no clean shirt, 'm, this not bein' his clean-shirt week, 'm. He takes it awful hard about that there story, 'm. I told him as how you'd be after tellin' another one next week, but it seems nothin' will comfort him."

"Ev'rybuddy's allers lyin' to me," he moaned; "there warn't another dog picture like that in the hull room!"

"Don't take no notice of him, 'm, an' he'll git over it; he's subjick to these spells of takin' on like. Set up, Pat, an' act decent! Tell the lady you'll come when you git your boots."

"Patsy, boy, stop crying a minute and listen to me," I said. "If Mrs. Kennett is willing, I have some things that will fit you; you shall come right back with me now,—all the children have gone,—and you and I will be alone with the sunshine and the birds and the fishes, as we were the other day, and I will tell you the dog story just as I told it to the other children this morning."

He got up slowly, rubbed his tattered

sleeve across his wet cheek, and looked at me searchingly to see if I might be trusted; then he limped to the sink, treated his face and hands to a hasty but energetic scrub, seized his fragment of a hat, gave his brief trousers a hitch which had the air of being the last exquisite touch to a faultless toilet, and sat down on the landing to mend his twine shoe-lace.

"Who is your neighbor in Number 32, Mrs. Kennett?" I asked as I rose to go.

"I went there to find you."

"Did you, indeed, 'm? Well, I hope she treated you civil, 'm, though it don't be much in her line. She's a Mis' Mooney, 'm. I know her, but she don't know me anny more sence sho's riz in the wurld. She moved out of this house whin I moved into it, but none of us ladies here is good enough for her to 'sociate with now, 'm! You see her husband was in the rag, sack, and bottle business, 'm, 'n a wealthy gentleman friend set him up in a fish-cart, an' it's kind of unsettled her, 'm! Some folks can't stan' prosperity. If 't hed bin gradjoal like, she might have took it more natcheral; but it come all of a sudden, an' she's that purse-proud now, 'm, that she'll be movin' up on Nob Hill of she don't hev no stroke o' bad luck to show 'er her place! Good day, 'm!"

I threaded my way through the tin cans and bottles again under the haughty eye of my Duchess of the fish-cart, and in a few minutes Patsy and I were again in Silver street.

When we entered the room he looked about with an expression of entire content. "It's all here!" he said with a sigh, as if he had feared to find it a dream.

The chair with its red cushion pleased him greatly; then, after a few moments' talk to make him feel a little at home, we drew up to the picture, and I took his cleanest hand in mine, and told him the story of Victor, the brave St. Bernard dog.

It was an experience never to be repeated and never to be forgotten!

As you sit at twilight in the "sweet safe corner of the household fire," the sound of the raindrops on the window-pane mingling with the laughing treble of childish voices in some distant room, you see certain pictures in the dying flame,—pictures unspeakably precious to every one who has lived, or loved, or suffered.

I have my memory-pictures, too; and from the fairest frame of all shines Patsy's radiant face as it looked into mine long ago when I told him the story of Victor.

(To be Continued.)

KWANG-SU.

The young emperor of China can scarcely be called happy in his exalted position.

The emperor is never alone, and, as we are told by a traveller, in "From Peking to Calais by Land," there is always a retinue following him, to remind him what to do;

to tell him, for example, at four o'clock, when he is enjoying his favorite pastime of fishing, that at four-fifteen he must take a walk, or go deer-hunting.

The emperor knows very little about the state of his capital, for, when he is taken to drive, enormous sums of money are spent, in advance, to prepare the city for his eyes. The streets are cleaned, rich silks and tapestries are hung upon the house walls, and every offensive object is carefully removed to a distance.

European residents are warned to remain within doors, as it is a point of Chinese custom that no man, European or native, may look upon the face of his august sovereign. The doors and windows of all the houses are accordingly closed, and the royal retinue moves slowly along through the deserted streets.

His studies consume about nine hours a day, and at one time, it was his constant pleasure to beg his tutors to allow him a sight of their watches. No sooner were the articles produced than Kwang-Su dashed them upon the ground, and stamped on them, arguing that the tutors would not know, next day, at what time to come.

The Queen Regent, an ambitious and arbitrary woman, has succeeded in making the life of her nephew even more cut-and-dried than that of most sovereigns, and one can scarcely wonder that Kwang-Su is subject to fits of passion, during which he declares that he will not be an emperor, but will escape from Peking, if necessary, and work in the fields.

SHELLAC.

Shellac is a substance produced by a little insect called coccus lacca, and is deposited on the small branches of the Indian fig-tree, for the protection of its eggs. It discharges the gum from its own body, and forms it into cells, in each of which is placed an egg. When the eggs are hatched the young grub pierces through this substance which enclosed it, and flies away; and the material provided for a little insect's well-being becomes a valuable article of commerce. The lac is sold on the sticks, when it is called stick lac; but after it has been purified and formed into thin sheets or cakes, it is called shellac. Its color varies from orange to dark reddish brown, and has a shining lustre.

Before the discovery of the cochineal dye shellac was much used by the dyers of Prussia and Holland in forming their celebrated crimson dyes.

It is the principal ingredient in sealing wax, and varnish, and is employed in japanning. Its usefulness arises from its being fusible, soluble, and adhesive.

I love Thee, O my God, and still
I ever will love Thee,
Solely because my God Thou art
Who first hast loved me.

—St. Francois-Xavier.



"THE STORY OF VICTOR."