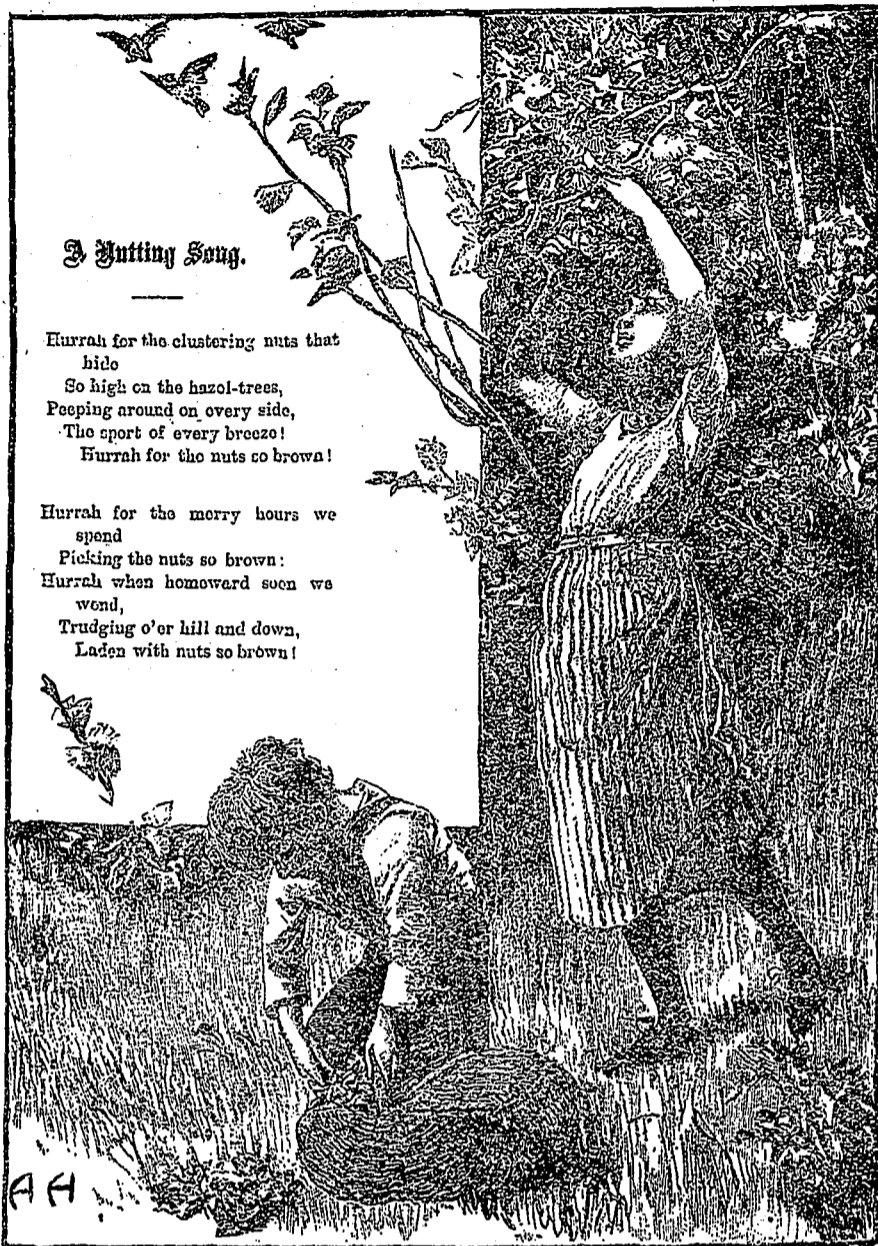


The Nutting Song.

Hurrah for the clustering nuts that
hide
So high on the hazel-trees,
Peeping around on every side,
The sport of every breeze!
Hurrah for the nuts so brown!

Hurrah for the merry hours we
spend
Picking the nuts so brown:
Hurrah when homeward seen we
wend,
Trudging o'er hill and down,
Laden with nuts so brown!



MARJORIE'S MIRACLE.

BY JULIA M. LIPPMANN.

"Will we have to wait until all these folks have been 'taken'?" asked Marjorie, looking from the crowd of people who thronged the fashionable photograph gallery to her mother, who was threading her way slowly through the press to the cashier's desk.

"Yes, dear, I'm afraid so; but we must be patient and not fret, else we shall not get a pleasant picture; and that would never do."

While she paid the clerk for the photographs and made her arrangements with him as to the desired size and style, Marjorie busied herself with looking around and scanning the different faces she saw.

"There!" she thought; "what for, do you s'pose, have I got to wait for that baby to have its picture taken? Nothing but an ugly mite of a thing, anyway. I shouldn't guess it was more than a day old from the way it wiggles its eyes about. I wonder if its mother thinks it's a nice baby. Anyhow, I should think I might have my picture taken first. And that hump-backed boy! Guess I have a right to go in before him; he's not pretty one bit—What a lovely frock that young lady has on—all fluffy and white, with lace and things. She keeps looking in the glass all the time, so I guess she knows she's pretty. When I'm a young lady I'll be prettier than she is, though; for my hair is goldener than hers and my eyes are brown, and hers are nothing but plain blue. I heard a gentleman say the other day I had 'a rare style of beauty'; he didn't know I heard (he was talking to mamma, and he thought I had gone away; but I hadn't). I'm glad I have 'a rare style of beauty,' and I'm glad my father's rich, so I can have lovely clothes and—Seems to me any one ought to see that I'm prettier than that old lady over there; she's all bent over and wrinkled, and when she talks her voice is all kind of trembly, and her eyes are as dim—But she'll go in before me just the same; and I'll get tired and tired until I—Mamma, won't you come over to that sofa, and put your arm around me so I can rest?"

I'm as sleepy as I can be; and by the time all these folks get done being 'taken' I'll be dead, I s'pose. Do come."

Her mother permitted herself to be led to the opposite side of the room where a large lounge stood; and, seating herself upon it, took her little daughter within the circle of her arm; whereupon Marjorie commenced complaining of the injustice of these 'homely people' being given the advantage over her pretty self.

"Oh, Marjorie, Marjorie!" whispered her mother, "what a very foolish little girl you are. I think it would take a miracle to make you see aright. Don't you know that that dear baby is very, very sick? and that, probably, its sad little mother has brought it here to have its picture taken, so that if it should be called away from her, she might have something to gaze at that looked like her precious little one? And that poor crippled boy! He has a lovely face, with its large, patient eyes and sensitive mouth. How much better he is to look at than that young woman you admire so much, whose beauty does not come from her soul at all, and will disappear as soon as her rosy cheeks fade and her hair grows gray. Now that sweet old lady over there is just a picture of goodness; and her dear old eyes have a look of love in them that is more beautiful than any shimmer or shine you could show me in those of your friend, Miss Peacock."

"Why do you call her 'Miss Peacock'?" You don't know her, do you?" queried Marjorie.

"No, I don't know her in one sense, but in another I do. She is vain and proud, and the reason I called her Miss Peacock was because of the way in which she struts back and forth before that pier-glass; just like the silly bird itself. But I should not have called her names. It was not a kind thing to do even though she is so foolish, and I beg her pardon and yours, little daughter."

Marjorie did not ask why her mother apologized to her. She had a dim sort of an idea that it was because she had set her an example that she would be sorry to have her follow. Instead, she inquired suddenly:

"How do they take pictures, mamma? I mean, what does the man do when he goes behind that queer machine thing and sticks his head under the cloth and then, after a while, claps in something that looks like my tracing-slate and then pops it out again? What makes the picture?"

"The sun makes the picture. It is so strong and clear that though it is such a long distance away it shines down upon the object that is to be photographed and reflects its image through a lens in the camera upon a plate which is sensitized (that is, coated with a sort of gelatin that is so sensitive that it holds the impression cast upon it until, by the aid of certain acids and processes, it can be made permanent, that is, lasting). I am afraid I have not succeeded in explaining so you can understand very clearly; have I, sweetheart?"

Marjorie nodded her head.

"Yee-es," she replied, listlessly. "I guess I know now. You said—the sun—did—it; the sun took our pictures. It's very strange—to think—the sun—does—it."

"Come Marjorie! Want to go traveling?" asked a voice.

"No, thank you. Not just now," replied Marjorie, slowly. "I am going to have my photograph taken in a little while—just as soon as all these stupid folks get theirs done. I shouldn't have time to go anywhere hardly, and besides it'd tire me and I want to look all fresh and pretty so the picture will be nice."

"But suppose we promised, honor bright?"

"Begging your pardon," broke in another voice; "that's understood in any case—a foregone conclusion, you know. Our honor would have to be bright."

"Suppose we promised faithfully," continued the first voice, pretending not to notice the interruption "to bring you back in time to go in when your turn comes? Shouldn't you rather take a journey with us and see any number of wonderful things than just to sit here leaning against your mother's arm and watching these people that you think so 'stupid'?"

"Of course," assented Marjorie at once. "It's awful tiresome—this. It makes me feel just as sleepy as I can be. But what's the use of talking? I can't leave here or else I'd lose my chance, and besides mamma never lets me go out with strangers."

"We're not strangers," asserted the voice, calmly; "we are as familiar to you as your shadow; in fact, more so, come to think of it. You have always known us and so has your mother. She'd trust you to us never fear. Will you come?"

Marjorie considered a moment, and said: "Well, if you're perfectly sure you'll take care of me, and that you'll bring me back in time, I guess I will."

No sooner had she spoken than she felt herself raised from her place and borne away out of the crowded room in which she was—out, out into the world; as free as the air itself, and being carried along as though she was a piece of light thistle-down on the back of a summer breeze.

That she was travelling very fast, she could see by the way in which she outstripped the clouds hurrying noiselessly across the sky. One thing she knew, whatever progress she was making was due, not to herself (for she was making absolutely no effort at all, seeming to be merely reclining at ease), but was the result of some other exertion than her own. She was not frightened in the least, but, as she grew accustomed to the peculiar mode of locomotion, became more and more curious to discover the source of it.

She looked about her, but nothing was visible, save the azure sky above her and the green earth beneath. She seemed to be quite alone. The sense of her solicitude began to fill her with a deep awe; and she grew strangely uneasy as she thought of herself, a frail little girl, amid the vastness of the big world.

How weak and helpless she was; scarcely more important than one of the wild flowers she had used to tread on when she wasn't being hurried through space by the means of—she knew not what. To be sure she was pretty; but then, they had been pretty, too, and she had stepped on them, and they had died, and she had gone away and no one had ever known.

"Oh, dear," she thought, "it would be the easiest thing in the world for me to be

killed (even if I am pretty), and no one would know it at all. I wonder what is going to happen? I wish I hadn't come."

"Don't be afraid," said the familiar voice, suddenly. "We promised to take care of you. We are truth itself. Don't be afraid."

"But I am afraid," insisted Marjorie, in a petulant way. "And I'm getting afraid every minute. I don't know where I'm going nor how I'm being taken there, and I don't like it one bit. Who are you, anyway?"

For a moment she received no reply; but then the voice said:

"Hush, don't speak so irreverently. You are talking to the emissaries of a great sovereign; his Majesty the Sun."

"Is he carrying me along?" inquired Marjorie presently, with deep respect.

"Oh dear, no," responded the voice; "we are doing that. We are his vassals (you call us beams). It is a very magnificent thing to be a kind!"

"Of course," interrupted Marjorie, "one can wear such elegant clothes that shine and sparkle like everything with gold and jewels, and have lots of servants and"—

"No, no," corrected the beam warmly.

"Where did you get such a wrong idea of things? That is not at all where the splendor of being a king exists. It does not lie in the mere fact of one's being born to a title and able to command. That would be very little if that were all. It is not in the gold and jewels and precious stuffs that go to adorn a king that his grandeur lies; but in the things which these things represent. We give a king the rarest and most costly because it is fitting that the king should have the best—that he is worthy of the best; that only the best will serve one who is so great and glorious. They mean nothing in themselves; they only describe his greatness. The things that one sees are not of importance; it is the things that they are put there to represent. Do you understand? I don't believe you do. I'll try to make it more clear to you, like a true sunbeam. Look at one of your earthkings, for instance. He is nothing but a man just like the rest of you, but what makes him great is that he is supposed to have more truth, more wisdom, more justice and power. If he has not these things, then he had better never have been a king, for that only places him where every one can see how unworthy he is; makes his lack only more conspicuous. Your word king comes from another word, *Konning*, which comes from still another word, *Canning*—that means Ableman. If he is not really an Ableman it were better he had never worn ermine. And there too; ermine is only a fur, you know. It is nothing in itself but fur; but you have come to think of it as an emblem of royalty, because kings use it. So you see, Marjorie, a thing is not of any worth really except as it represents something that is great and noble—something true."

(To be Continued.)

SIMPLE AND DEVOTED.

It is difficult to retain simplicity of life and devotion to religious duty when burdened with business, fortune and honor; but it can be done, for it has been done.

Lord Hatherly was an eminent lawyer and a learned Lord Chancellor, but for forty years he was a Sunday-school teacher among the poor of Westminster. Even while Lord Chancellor of England, he was to be found every Sunday, seated among the poor working-men's children reading and explaining to them the Scriptures.

But the great man's life was as wonderful in its simplicity as in its devotion to duty. Once, by special invitation of Queen Victoria, he visited her at Windsor Castle, and remained over night. On the morning of his departure, the Queen said she wished he would stay another night at the Castle. Seeing that he seemed perplexed, she said:

"Why do you hesitate, my Lord?"

"Your Majesty," answered the Lord Chancellor, "I have never, since I was married, been parted for four and twenty hours from my wife before."

"Oh, I won't keep you, then!" exclaimed the Queen, with that ready sympathy which is one of her traits.

Lord Hatherly returned home, and when again the Queen invited him to Windsor, she was careful to ask him to bring Lady Hatherly.