



Carefully, hand over hand, clinging to the bushes, and swinging himself from one point to another.

BREAKFAST FOR TWO.

(By Joanna H. Matthews.)

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

With her little skirt full of spoils, our Daisy, herself the sweetest flower among them, seated herself upon a mossy rock, the while Milly still gathered the ferns, which grew in profusion all around this spot. Peeping around a clump of bushes, she saw a quantity of maiden-hair, and, beyond this, some climbing ferns of a variety unusual in these parts.

"O! here is some beautiful maiden-hair, darling," she said to Daisy. "Sit still there, and I will bring some for you and for myself."

It was not ten feet from Daisy, and to all appearance, the child was perfectly safe where she sat; and, being the most conscientiously obedient little maiden, she was to be trusted to sit still if told to do so.

Stooping to gather the maiden-hair, Milly heard the slightest possible rustle in the clump of bushes, and, as she rose and turned her head in the direction whence the sound came, a pair of bright, saucy eyes gleamed at her from among the foliage, and, after the first moment's start of surprise, she saw herself face to face with—the ubiquitous Jim.

"Jim!" she said, "how came you here? I thought you had gone home!"

"Did start for it, Miss Milly, but I didn't jest know the way, an' though I reckon I could ha' foun' it, I wasn't goin' on jest to be nagged by the ole woman. She'd ha' said I'd been sent on in a scrape fore the others; so I came up here, an' was goin' to foller the great waggon home when it started. I reckon Mrs. Prescott's fellers an' the rest would ha' taken me home, for they didn't set no such count by them stuck-up gals, an' thought it was good enough for 'em."

Evidently he was in no penitential frame of mind; and Milly felt that the time and place had not yet arrived when she might successfully impress him with a sense of his short-comings, or with the conviction that he was not the one to take justice into his own hands.

Now if there was one failing which our Milly had, it was that of curiosity. She must know the why and the wherefore, the how and the when, of everything that concerned her. Not that she was over-prying or meddling, but she had a laudable thirst for knowledge; and, in matters like this,

she naturally "wanted to know." And here was a good opportunity; there was no one near to accuse her of encouraging the boy by manifesting too lively an interest in his pranks.

"Jim," she said, endeavoring to preserve an appearance of calm severity, "how did you happen to know those young ladies were in the ice hut?"

"Tricked 'em inter it my own self," answered Jim, with the broadest of grins.

"But how?" questioned Milly. "They said they found the door open, but saw no one. They did not suspect you, but—" reproachfully—"I did, Jim."

"Yes, Miss Milly, I seen you did," said Jim, with answering reproach in his eye, and in an *Et tu Brute?* tone of voice.

"And I was right, you see," said his young mistress, striving for that austerity which it was proper, under the circumstances, to maintain.

"Well, yer see, Miss Milly, I'd gone up there a-lookin' roun', an' I was roun' the ice house, a-pullin' a lot of that pooty vine with the star-like flowers

yer like so much, an' fust thing I see was them gals a-climbin' up the rocks. I knew it more'n likely they'd go pokin' an' pryin' where they hadn't no business to, an' all of a sudden it came to me how I could catch 'em an' keep 'em from botherin' Miss Allie an' the rest of the folks any more. I seen the key of the ice house a-hangin' alongside the door, so I jest takes it down, unlocks the door, and sets it a little way open; and, sure enough, jest as I counted on, they comes on, an' sees the door open, an' in they goes ter see what they could see, an' me a-peekin' behind the bushes roun' the corner, an' the munit they was fairly in, I claps to the door, locks it and had 'em fast all in the dark!"

This device he evidently considered as the climax of generalship, and he looked triumphantly at Milly, as if expecting admiration for his acuteness, even though she might disapprove of the object he had attained.

But before she had time to speak and express her views either way on the matter, a startling interruption drew them both from the subject.

A frightened exclamation from Daisy: "Milly, O Milly! come quick!" and closely following that, almost in the same breath, a long, despairing, agonized shriek, a cry which none of those who heard it have forgotten to this day, certainly none who loved our pet Daisy.

Milly, followed by Jim, sprang around the clump of bushes which had, for a moment, hidden the child from her sight, and saw—Oh, she did not see Daisy! The treasures of ferns and mosses which her beauty-loving eyes had spied, and her eager little hands had gathered, lay at the foot of the rock, where she had been sitting, and from there to the very edge of the precipice, which was, perhaps, some five feet distant; but Daisy was gone!

As the horrible thought of the deep waters and cruel rocks beneath flashed upon her, Milly sank faint and gasping upon the ground.

But Jim, naturally less overcome, sprang to the edge of the precipice, and, grasping a small tree to secure and steady himself, peered over the edge into the depths below.

"She's there, Miss Milly, she's there!" he exclaimed. "She's holdin' on—she ain't fell inter the water yet, an' I'll get her up, see if I don't, or else me an' her will be drowned together."

Even while he spoke he was swinging

himself over the edge of the steep by the aid of the sapling, and had disappeared from view before any of those who had been recalled to the spot by Daisy's shriek had reached the scene. We took it all in without the need of words, when we came; the child missing, Milly's white, horror-stricken face, her despairing eyes fixed upon the spot where Daisy had slipped over, the scattered ferns and mosses; and, terrible witness of what had happened, the long mark upon the mossy stone, showing where the little feet had slid.

Those who had nerve to look over the precipice, saw, some twelve feet below, our Daisy clinging to a bush, which had caught her dress, and arrested her downward progress, her little lovely face upturned with a mute, piteous appeal for help. The bush to which she clung was gradually giving way, uprooted by her weight. Would it hold until the boy reached her? Or, having reached her, could he rescue her, and bring her up again? Those who looked shuddered as they gazed, and their hearts sank within them at the slight ground there was for hope. Prudence forbade that the gentlemen who were with us should try to reach the child, fears on her account and that of the boy more than for themselves; the displacing of a stone, a bush, a weed, by their greater weight, might send both or all to destruction. There was not a shawl among us, nothing, it seemed, of which a rope might be made to assist Jim when he reached Daisy—if he ever did—when it suddenly occurred to me that we girls could take off our white skirts, and tear them into strips for that purpose.

Carefully, hand over hand, clinging to the bushes, and swinging himself from one point to another, nearing Daisy with each move, and speaking encouraging words to her, the boy went on:

"Jim's a comin', Miss Daisy, darlin'; now hold on like a good feller, and don't yer move. I'll get yer yet, an' won't let yer go, neither. Jest yer hold on."

He reached, at last, a little gnarled pine tree which had managed to thrust its roots into a crevice of the precipice, and grew nearly at right angles with it; and, creeping out upon this, he laid himself full length upon the trunk, stretched out his arm, and, while the spectators held their breath, by an almost superhuman effort of strength, clutched Daisy's clothes, and, bidding her loosen her hold of the bush, drew her up to him.

And now it was evident that the pine tree would not bear the weight of both, for as Jim had crept to the furthestmost branches, he had bent it from its line, and it was already resisting the strain, and creaking painfully with the double burden it bore.

But, with an agility and suppleness worthy of a trained acrobat, the boy made his way backwards over the swaying tree, still holding his precious charge with one arm, and bidding her cling about his neck. Relieved from the excessive strain, the tree returned to its original position, and Jim now paused for breath before he essayed the task of climbing the face of the precipice with his little burden.

Now the improvised rope came into play, and, being let down to Jim, he grasped it with his free hand, and wound it several times around his arm. Then, with only this frail strand between them and death, they were drawn upwards, Jim planting his feet as cautiously as possible, and bearing as little weight as might be upon the rope, until Frank Winston's arm grasped our little treasure, and gave her safe into mine; while Mr. Lawrence seized Jim, and fairly hugged him.

Who had any thought for Jim's short-comings or saucy tricks now? He was a hero, and had not only shown an unselfish courage of which any grown man might have been proud to boast, but also a presence of mind and forethought which were wonderful in such a crisis. No one had any mind now to punish or even reprove him for his misconduct to the Ainslie girls; that was all forgotten; and—there could be no doubt about it—Jim had made himself quite the star of the occasion. I am not sure that Frank Winston, our boys, and some others, did not think that he had added to his laurels by his treatment of those girls, and privately signified the same to him.

Nevertheless, he did not pride himself to

any great extent upon the feat he had achieved, saying:

"Why, I had to get her up; there warn't nobody but me to do it! Yer didn't s'pose I was goin' to let our Miss Daisy be drowned or killed to bits on them rocks, did yer?"

Daisy had not brought herself into such a fearful position by any temerity or willful disobedience on her own part. When she was sufficiently recovered to give an account of herself, she said that she had been sitting quite still, playing with her ferns, when a slight noise or movement, she could hardly tell which, among the bushes behind which Milly stood made her turn her head, and she saw a large snake glide out from them, and come crawling over the rocks towards her. Now a snake was an object of great terror and detestation to Daisy. She would not even look at a picture of one, but would shut a book quickly and push it from her if she came upon such.

Starting from her seat at the sight of this object of her dread, and with no thought of the great danger which threatened her, or the orders she had received not to stir, she darted forward to seek safety at Milly's side, but, taking no heed to her steps, her little feet slipped upon the treacherous mossy rock, she fell, rolled, tried to recover herself, but slipped again, this time over the edge of the precipice.

And now, as may be supposed, whatever lingering prejudices might have existed in dear mother's breast were swept away. When she heard of Daisy's peril, and the almost miraculous way in which she had been rescued, she no longer entertained any doubts as to the result of Milly's "quixotic experiment." Jim might now have asked her even to the half of her kingdom and it would not have been refused.

(To be Continued.)

KITTY'S PRESENT.

A parcel came one day lately for "Kitty," and in it—besides more necessary things—was a tiny pair of kid gloves! Such an unheard-of piece of magnificence, of course, caused great excitement in the orphans' play-room. Kitty proudly struggled into her gloves on Sunday morning, and walked off to church with the other children, feeling grand indeed. Her "partner" in the two-and-two procession looked piteously at her, and whispered:

"Oh, I wish one glove were mine, you've got two and I haven't any."

Kitty being very soft-hearted, soon dragged off one glove and bestowed it on the other child, and they arrived at church each with one elegant grey kid hand, and both with beaming faces.

These gloves are now produced every Sunday, and Kitty lends them by turns to all who can get into them, and it is still considered an immense treat to have even one of them for a while.—*Sunday-School Paper.*

TICK TOCK.

"Tick Tock! tick tock!"

Says the clock—"half-past three,"

"Tick tock! tick tock!"

"Half-past three" still we see!

It must be the hands are caught,

That is why it tells us naught,

Tho' it ticks and ticks along

As if there were nothing wrong!

"Tick tock!"

"Tick tock! tick tock!"

Many a word, many a word,—

"Tick tock! tick tock!"—

Just as useless, I have heard.

These—the folks who tell us naught—

Ah! perhaps their hands are caught!

'Tis the busy ones that know

Something worth the telling. So

"Tick tock! tick tock!"

—*Maria J. Hammond, in St. Nicholas.*

AS THE SOIL, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture; so the mind without cultivation can never produce good fruit.—*Seneca.*

MORALITY without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning—an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have to run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.—*Longfellow.*