

Happy Days

AT SUNSET.

WHEN the low sun's
light on the village
gleams over the
little church spire,
And the leaves on the
trees and the
hedges
twinkle in its bright
golden fire.

Then my beautiful
little maiden,
With her long black
silk hair,
Will come tripping
through the mead-
ows,
With a pretty,
thoughtful air.

Out to her pet lambs
she is going
before they are still
for the night,
A dish of sweet new
milk to bring them,
And to see that all
is right.



AT SUNSET.

A VISIT TO A QUEEN'S PALACE.

THE State of Kohlapur, India, is ruled by natives, though there is an English political agent living in Kohlapur City. There are four queens, or rani, as they are called, one of whom is the wife of the present Rajah. This little wife is only eleven years old. The queens, like all women of high caste, are closely secluded, and no man can see them. One day we were calling on an English lady who is often at the palace, and teaches the queens, and one of the queens was visiting her. When she went away a cloth was held up so the

were shown into the room where the queen and other women and children were. We were first introduced to the queen's mother-in-law. The dresses were very fine, of silk and satin, beautifully embroidered often with silver and gold.

The little queen interested me most for I had never seen a real live queen before. She wore her hair in a long braid, and all along the braid were silver ornaments as large as fifty cent pieces. At the end of the braid were three silver balls. Then she had necklaces, a girdle set with diamonds, earrings, and a nose-ring with fifteen pearls in it, and rings on her toes.

Some of the English ladies had prepared tableaux, and we saw those first. After the tableaux we all went into the room where the Christmas tree was. It had been prepared by some of the English people, and was covered with toys for the foreign and native children. There were dolls, wagons, and all sorts of European toys—so many that the little natives hardly knew what to do with them.

The little queen distributed all the presents, and each child bowed to the floor, and said, 'Salaam'—*Good Evening!*

coachman and other men around could not see her as she got into the carriage. When we first arrived at the palace, we were invited to take tea, and afterward

Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.