

only some childish ailment, and he was soon about again.

Those two months seemed the longest I had ever known, but they came to an end at last, and I resumed my old duties. Though he said but little, I could see my master was as glad to have me back again as I was to be there, and as for little Cyril, he took no pains to conceal his joyous satisfaction.

I remained with Colonel Bowater many years after that. A wiser, kinder friend and master no man could have. He was one of whom it might well be said:—

'No truer Time himself can prove you, Though he make you evermore nearer and dearer.'

And if the world contains another man deserving of similar praise, it is his son, Lieutenant Bowater, the little Cyril of my story.

Why One Boy Could Be Trusted.

The lady of the house was standing in the vestibule, casting an anxious eye down the street.

'Are there no boys in sight?' asked a voice from within.

'Yes, plenty of boys on the street, but you know how particular I am about Pet. I should like to be sure that the boy who rides her will not be rough with her.'

Just then a sturdy young fellow of ten came whizzing by on a bicycle. It was not his own, but one that its owner was generous enough to lend to the boys who had none, and he was taking his turn while the other boys lay on the grass and played jackstones. He was wishing as he rode along, 'My! if I only had a wheel for my trip to the farm!'

Just then he suddenly straightened himself up.

'Ting-a-ling-ling!' rang out the bell of the bicycle sharply, and as she slowed up the other boys half rose and looked wonderingly. They could see nothing to ring for.

'What was it, Dick?' they inquired.

'Oh, nothing but a sparrow. I was afraid I would run over it; the little thing stood so still right in front of the wheel.'

'Ho, ho! Rings his bell for a sparrow!' sneered the other boys as Dick dismounted.

'Mamma's itty witty baby.'

'I don't care how much you make fun of me,' he replied, good-naturedly, yet not without a red flush on his brow. 'I guess I wouldn't run over a sparrow, even, when I could help it by ringing or stopping.'

'Come here, please, Dick,' called a voice from the doorstep of one of the handsomest houses on the avenue. 'You are the very boy I want to drive a pony to the country and back. It is out on the Darlington Boulevard. Would you like to go?'

'Why, yes, ma'am,' quickly answered Dick. 'I have an errand out there, and I was just dreading the walk.'

'Then I am glad you may ride. I was wondering whether I could trust one of those boys to be kind to Pet, when I overheard about the sparrow. This made me willing to trust you.'—'Ram's Horn.'

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Saved in a Basket, or Daph and Her Charge.

CHAPTER III.

THE WATER-LILY.

At sunrise the morning after she set sail, the 'Martha Jane' was dancing over the waves, far out of sight of mainland or island.

Daph was an early riser, and in the gray dawn she bestirred herself with her usual waking thought—'This is a busy world, and Daph must be up and at work.' Her first glance around showed her that she was not in the southern kitchen, which

'But why do we go?' urged the child, by no means satisfied.

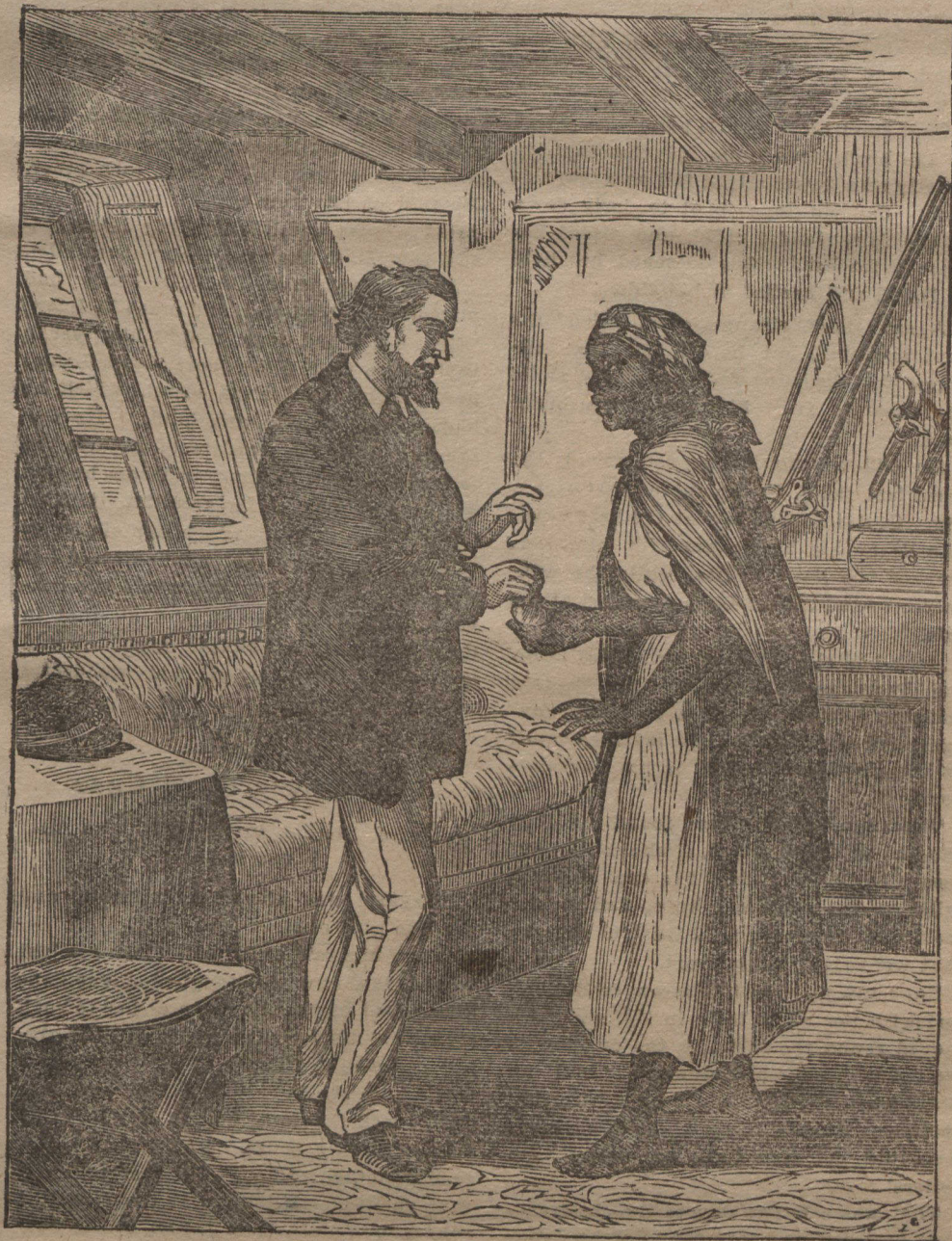
'Cause, 'cause,' said Daph, 'cause de great Lord tink it best.'

The face of little Louise instantly took a sobered and submissive expression, and she said quietly, 'Well, Daffy, Lou will try to be a good girl; where's Dinah?'

'I'se to be nurse now, Miss Lou,' answered Daph, promptly.

'Oh! How nice! No cross Dinah any more!' exclaimed the little girl, clapping her hands with very great delight.

Charlie thought proper to clap his hands, too, and to cry out boisterously, 'Caakey! caakey!'—a cry which Daph well under-



THE CAPTAIN GIVES DAPH A PURSE.

had so long been her domain, and a merry sound near her reminded her of the new duties she had undertaken.

Charlie was sitting up in the berth, his bright black eyes sparkling with delight at the new scene in which he found himself.

'Pretty! pretty little bed!' were the first words that met Daph's ear. The hearty hug with which she responded to this pleasant greeting, and the consequent laugh of the child, roused his fair sister.

Louise started up, and looked wildly around her. 'Where are we, Daffy,' she said, anxiously.

'We's just on board a beauty ship, a-going to see pretty countries over the water,' said Daph, coaxingly.

stood, and for which she was amply prepared.

She drew from one of her huge pockets some cake for the children, and then they all three began to chat as pleasantly as if they were at their favorite resort, under the old tree that grew in front of Daph's southern kitchen.

Daph found it a difficult business to dress her young master and mistress, but Louise was a helpful little creature, and was of great assistance in enabling the new nurse to select the suitable garments, from the store that had been hastily thrust into the great basket.

It was an easy matter to comb Louise's soft, straight, golden hair off her fair forehead, but it was another thing to deal with