

Saunders, from Australia, were studying the language at Ku-cheng.

On the morning of this massacre, Mr. Stewart's three children, Mildred, Kathleen, aged eleven, and Herbert, aged six, were out gathering flowers in honor of Herbert, it being his birthday. Seeing a procession coming, they stopped and watched. As it came near one of the foremost caught Kathleen by the hair. Seeing this the other two fled to the house, and Kathleen, freeing herself, ran also. The Chinese rushed into the house and, in fear, Kathleen crept under a bed, and Mildred under the quilt on top of the bed. The house was full of cries and pleading voices. At last they heard no voices but Chinese shouts. Then the sounds died away and Kathleen crept out of her hiding place, only to find that the house was on fire. She herself was hurt and bruised, and the younger of the two, but she carried Mildred, faint and bleeding, from a sword-cut in her knee, and placed her at a distance outside. She ran back to the burning house three times for her two brothers, and the baby, all injured and moaning. Then she carried them into a house, near by, and soon the lady missionary, who had escaped, returned. Before night Herbert died.

Directly the news of this outrage reached England, Great Britain demanded satisfaction for it, with a promise of safety for her subjects, and punishment of the guilty Chinese. The Pekin Foreign Office agreed at once to these conditions, and ordered the punishment of the offenders.

Uncle Nelson.

(New York 'Observer.')

'I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.'

It was a quavering old voice from an upstairs room. Grand-uncle Nelson sat there alone by the window. He and Aunt Martha had often sung the sweet old hymn together in the years when they wished that their pilgrimage might be a long one. She had reached the City of which 'her Redeemer, her Redeemer was the light,' and ever since her going he had been glad that he, too, could tarry but a night.

In the hammock under the elm trees a girlish voice hummed somewhat abstractedly the refrain. He leaned his white head from the window.

'That you, Barbie?'

'Yes, Uncle.'

She looked up for a moment, then down again at the book in her lap. Its printed pages suddenly acquired new charms, for she was afraid that he was in a conversational mood, and she did not feel like listening to him just then. The day was hot, and she was tired. There had been so many things to look after—what a difference it did make when mamma was gone, if only for a day. Uncle Nelson was sometimes tiresome, especially in his reminiscent moments, and his memory was poor. He told the same thing over and over again. So she kept her eyes fastened on her book.

How pretty her brown head looked resting on the cushion of the hammock, Uncle Nelson thought, and her little slippered foot, too, as it touched the ground now and then, to keep up a gentle swaying motion. There was a soft play of light and shadow on her face, made by the thick, stirring branches of the elm trees.

'That's a snug little place you've got.'

He wanted to get her to talking, he loved to watch her bright young face; somehow it rested his old eyes.

'How are your posies getting along, Barbie?' he asked.

'Pretty well, Uncle Nelson. I weeded my garden this morning.'

'Did you? I used to be a great hand to fuss about a garden myself. Your Aunt Marthy and I always had a nice posy bed.' He adjusted his glasses and leaned a little further from the window. 'You've got your sweet pea vines all trained, ain't you? Did it all yourself, Barbie?'

'Yes, all myself.'

'They'll be in blow soon, won't they? Sweet peas always put me in mind of the bunch I took your Aunt Marthy one time when I was a-courting her, Barbie. I can see this minute how pretty she blushed when I said she was sweeter than the whole bunch of 'em put together.'

He was quiet for a minute, with a far-away smile on his lips, then he began again.

'That's a nice little hammock you've got, isn't it, Barbie?'

'Yes, and this is such a good place for it. I got a headache from being out in the sun, and it's so cool here.'

'So it is. If I didn't feel kind of weak myself, I'd come down and sit with you a while, Barbie. My head aches, too.'

'Does it Uncle?' and now Barbara looked up quickly. 'I'll come up and sit with you in a few moments if you'd like to have me. I just want to finish this story first. It's a German story, you know, and I make it a rule to read something in German every day, so that I won't forget what little I know. Some of the girls come back in the fall with their tongues all out of practice and half the words they knew before forgotten. I'll come up and see you just as soon as I get through.'

'I'd be real glad to have you, Barbie.'

Uncle Nelson withdrew his head from the window, and sat back in his cushioned chair, an expectant smile upon his face. The German story was not quite finished, when the gate opened and Gail Wetherall came hurrying up the walk.

'Barbara, put on your hat just as quick as you can. Sue Merrill's home. She astonished all her family by walking in on them to-day. She said she got so homesick she couldn't stay away another hour. Esther is over there, and I promised to come and get you. She is wild to see you.'

Barbara sprang from the hammock.

'Wait for a minute, Gail, till I get my hat.'

Half-way to the door, Barbara stopped short, a thought of Uncle Nelson and her promise to him entering her head. There was a moment's decision, then she turned resolutely to Gail.

'I'm just as sorry as I can be, Gail, but there's something I forgot, something I've promised to do. I can't go to Sue's till I've done it.'

'Oh, Barbara, can't you put it off?'

'Really, I oughtn't to, Gail, but I'll come over the moment I can. You'd better not wait. She will be so anxious for you to get back, and you can tell her I'm coming just as fast as I can.'

Up the stairs to Uncle Nelson's room she hurried as soon as Gail was out of the gate. There was a bright little smile on her face. Uncle Nelson must not know how much she would rather be somewhere else. The faded old eyes answered quickly to the smile in the bright young ones.

'You're a good little girl, Barbie. Bring your chair up here to the window, where we can talk easier. There—that's right. Didn't I hear somebody talking to you a minute ago?'

'Yes, Uncle, Gail Wetherall was here just for a minute, but she's gone.'

'Oh, then, I ain't a-keeping you from any of your friends. I was afraid mebbe I was, and I wouldn't want to do that, Barbie. I'm glad I ain't, because somehow I wanted to see you more than common.'

'And I'm glad to be with you, Uncle Nelson. How is your head feeling now?'

'Just aches a little, Barbie, nothing much.'

His trembling hand had wandered to her hair, and rested there for a moment in the thick, wavy masses. She put up her own hand to meet it. Something in Uncle Nelson's face touched her strangely. How very old he looked, and what was that vaguely floating through her mind: 'Neither shall his place know him any more?' Would that be true soon, of Uncle Nelson? His voice broke in on her thoughts.

'You look a bit like your Aunt Marthy, Barbie, every now and then; the way she looked sixty years ago.'

'Do I, Uncle?'

Her 'Aunt Marthy!' No other topic of conversation was quite so sweet to him, Barbara knew.

'May I get out her daguerreotypes, Uncle, and look at them again?'

'Certainly, certainly,' with pleased promptness, 'you know where to find 'em, Barbie? In the little blue box in the top drawer of that stand.'

Barbara could have found that blue box in the dark—she had taken it out so often for Uncle Nelson to inspect the precious contents.

'Her face is very sweet, isn't it, Uncle? Her eyes look so bright and pretty.'

'Bright—I should say so! They were just like stars, Barbie, when that first one was taken. She wa'n't more than seventeen then. She was the prettiest girl in Springville.'

'I wonder what there is about my face that looks like her face,' Barbara said, scrutinizing the quaint portrait gravely.

'I guess it's your whole expression, Barbie, a kind of pleasant, bright look.'

The examination of the daguerreotypes and the reminiscences suggested by them occupied a half-hour at least.

'Would you like to have me read to you, Uncle Nelson?' Barbara asked, when the little blue box was at last put away.

'Thank you, Barbie, I don't care if you do. You might read a piece from John if you feel like it. The Bible's there on that little stand. My eyes didn't feel quite equal to it myself. You might read my favorite chapter, Barbie, the fourteenth.'

'Yes, Uncle Nelson.'

He listened with a dreamy, contented look on his face as the girlish voice read the beautiful chapter. His loud regular breathing made her look up just as she reached the closing verses. He had fallen asleep, soothed by her voice, and she laid the big Bible back on the stand, and stole noiselessly from the room.

There was kissing and embracing a half-hour later when Barbara made her appearance at her friend's house.

'Put yourself in that chair,' Sue commanded, 'and let me look at you, Barbara. You can't think how I've missed you. I feel as if I had been gone a year at least.'

'It seems an age to me, too,' and Barbara pressed her pretty lips again to Sue's cheek.

'It was queer the way I happened to come over here to-day,' said Esther, 'I was just passing by when it occurred to me that I would run in and ask Mrs. Merrill if she had any idea when Sue was coming back, for she hadn't said a word about the time