

"Why," said Budge, "you *do* like it awful, don't you? All right, then, Tod an' me don't care for brothers an' hurts then, do we, Tod?"

"No, indeedy," said Toddie. "Not when we can ride like shotted soldiers, an' get home to get breksup an' lunch togevvver."

"Neither of you shall have any more trouble about getting home," said Mrs. Burton. "Just sit here quietly while I go and send a carriage for you!"

"My!" said Budge. "That'll be lovely—won't it, Tod? Ain't you glad you got hurt? But say, Aunt Alice, haven't you got any crackers in your pockets?"

"Why, no—certainly not," exclaimed the lady, temporarily losing her tenderness.

"Oh," said Budge. "I thought you might have. Papa always does when he goes out to look for us when we stay away from home a good while."

Suddenly a horse's hoofs were heard on the road below.

"I shouldn't wonder if that was Mike," said Mrs. Burton. "He has been out on horseback looking for you!"

"I shouldn't wonder if 'twas papa," said Budge. "He's the funniest man for always comin' anywhere just when we need him most."

"An' wif crackers," remarked Toddie.

The clattering hoofs came nearer, though slower, and finally, true to the children's intuitions, around the bend of the road came Tom Lawrence on horseback, an old army haversack and canteen slung over his shoulder.

"Pa-pa!" shouted both boys; "hooray!"

Tom Lawrence waved his hat, and Toddie shrieked, "He's got the crackers—I see the bag!"

The father reined up suddenly and dismounted.

Budge rushed to his arms, and Toddie exclaimed:

"Papa, guesh it's a long time since you's seen a shotted soldier, ain't it?"

Then Toddie was placed in the saddle, and Budge behind him, and the precious haversack was opened and found to contain sandwiches, and both boys tried to drink out of the canteen and poured a great deal of water in their bosoms, and Tom led the horse carefully, and Mrs. Burton walked upon one side, with a hand under Toddie's lame leg to keep the bruised ankle from touching the saddle, and she did not swerve from the middle of the dusty road, even when carriages full of stylish acquaintances were met, and both little heroes, like men of larger growth, forgot at once that they had ever been heroic, and they prattled as inconsequently as any couple of silly children could have done, and the horse was led by a roundabout road so that no one might see the party and apprise Mrs. Lawrence that anything unusual had happened, and the boys were heavily bribed to tell their mother nothing until their father had first explained, and they were carried in, each in his father's arms to kiss their mamma, and when they undressed and went to bed, the sister-baby

was by special dispensation of the nurse allowed to lie between them for a few moments, and the evening ceremonies were prolonged indefinitely by the combined acts of boys and parent, and then Budge knelt and prayed:

"Dear Lord, we're awful glad to get back home again, 'cause nobody can be like papa and mamma to us, an' I'm so thankful I don't know what to do for bein' made so strong when I wanted to break that limb off of the tree, an' bless dear Aunt Alice for findin' us, and bless poor Mike *more*, 'cause he tried to find us an' was disappointed, an' make every little boy's papa just like ours, to come to 'em just when they need him, just like—You. Amen."

And Toddie shut his eyes in bed, and said: "Dec Lord, I went up the mountain fyst—don't forget *that*. Amen."

NICHOLAS MINTURN. By J. G. Holland. Scribner & Co: New York.

This is a novel in which the dark problem of pauperism, in large cities, and especially in New York, is intelligently discussed. The hero—a wealthy young man—is represented as experimenting in various ways for the good of the pauper population in general, and in particular for the good of those who tried to impose upon him by begging stories. The following extracts will give an idea of Dr. Holland's views on this important subject:—

"The Larkin Bureau" was in session again. It was the habit of this little group, consisting of the young people with whom our story has made the reader familiar, and others with whose personalities the story does not need to be burdened, to relate their experiences and to discuss "ways and means." Their interest in these meetings surpassed that with which they regarded any of the other of the social assemblages of the winter.

Already hints of some of the fresh experiences of Nicholas had been gathered by different members of the company, and all were desirous to hear the complete story from his own lips. They listened with the profoundest interest, and with much laughter, to the recital of the incidents connected with his encounter with, and capture of, the three rogues he had undertaken to reform. Quite unconsciously to himself, he revealed his own gifts and his own character in his narrative, as vividly as he did those of the rogues. Miss Larkin and Glezen exchanged significant glances, which meant: "He is even better and brighter than we thought him to be."

"Now, Mr. Minturn, what are you going to do with these men?" inquired Miss Larkin.

"That is the question you are to help me to answer," he replied.

"But you have your own idea?"