

A FLIGHT WITH THE SWALLOWS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

(Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER VIII.—DOROTHY'S LESSONS.

Every child who reads my story must have felt how quickly strange things begin to grow familiar, and before we are reconciled to what is new it becomes almost old. So it was with Dorothy, and in a less degree with Irene.

It was New Year's Day, and Dorothy was seated at the table in the school-room at Villa Lucia, writing to her Uncle Cranstone.

She wrote a very nice round hand, between lines, thanks to the patient teaching which Irene bestowed on her. To be sure, the thin foreign paper was rather a trial, as the pen was apt to stick when a thin up-stroke followed a firm down-stroke; but still, the letter, when finished, was a very creditable performance to both mistress and pupil.

Lady Burnside had wisely decreed that Irene should have no lessons while she was at San Remo, for she was very forward for her age, having gone through the regular routine of school, and writing at ten years old almost a formed hand, while Dorothy had only printed words when Irene took her up as a pupil.

"It will be a nice occupation for Irene to help Dorothy with her lessons," Lady Burnside said; and Dorothy felt the importance of going to school, when, every morning at ten o'clock, she was escorted by Ingleby to the Villa Lucia, and joined the party in the school-room.

Dorothy had a great deal to learn besides reading and writing and arithmetic, and as she had never had any one to give up to, she found that part of her daily lessons rather hard.

Baby Bob, in whom Irene delighted, tried Dorothy's patience sorely, and indeed he was a young person who required to be repressed.

Dorothy had just finished her letter to her uncle, and with aching fingers had written her name at the bottom of the second sheet, when Baby Bob appeared, followed by Ella.

"We are to have a holiday, because it is New Year's Day, and go on donkeys to La Colla."

"Yes," said Willy, "I have been to order Marietta's donkeys—the big brown one for me, the little white one for Dorothy, the little gray one for Ella, and the old spotted one for Irene. It's such fun going to La Colla, and we'll put Ingleby and Crawley on as we come down and—"

But Willy was interrupted by a cry from Dorothy—

"He's got my letter! Oh, my letter!" and a smart slap was administered to Baby Bob, who, I am sorry to say, clenched his fat fist, and bit Dorothy in the mouth.

"Put the letter down at once, you naughty child," Crawley said. "How dare you touch Miss Dorothy!"

The letter was with difficulty rescued from Baby Bob, in a sadly crumpled condition, and Irene smoothed the sheet with her hand and put it into a fresh envelope.

"I was only going to the post," Baby Bob said. "Grannie lets me drop her letters in the post, o' course."

"Well, wait till you are asked another time, Bob, then you won't get into trouble; but I don't think you deserved the hard slap," Ella said.

Dorothy, who was still crying and holding her apron up to her mouth, now drew herself up and said, "I shall go home to mother, I shall. I shan't stay here to be ill-treated. Mother says Bob is the naughtiest spoiled boy she ever knew."

"She has known a girl as much spoiled, anyhow," said Willy.

"Come, Dorothy, forget and forgive," said Irene; "and let us go and get ready for our donkey ride."

"I shan't go," persisted Dorothy; "I don't want to go; and just look!"

There was undoubtedly a tiny crimson

spot on Dorothy's apron, and she began to sob again at the sight, and say she must go home that minute to Ingleby.

"Go along, then," said Willy, roughly; "we don't want a cry-baby with us. Look at Bob; he has quite forgotten the thump you gave him, and wants to kiss you."

I am sorry to say Dorothy turned a very unwilling cheek towards Baby Bob, who said—

"I'll never take your letters no more, Dolly."

Dorothy had, as we know, several nicknames from her uncle, but she had a particular aversion to that of "Dolly," and just touching Baby Bob with her lips, she said, "I hate to be called Dolly."

"Well," Willy said, "here come the donkeys, and Marietta and Francesco, and no one is ready. Come, make haste, girls."

"Come, Dorothy," Irene said, "let me

"Do come, Dorothy dear. We have got three baskets full of nice things to eat at La Colla, and the sun is so bright, and—"

"Go away," said Dorothy; adding, "Goodbye; I hope you'll enjoy jogging down over those hard rough stones on the donkeys."

A little girl, the daughter of a friend of Lady Burnside, came with her brother to join the party, and Dorothy watched them all setting off; Crawley holding Bob before her on the sturdy old brown donkey; Willy and Jack Meredith riding off with Francesco running at their heels, with his bare brown feet and bright scarlet cap; then Ella and Irene under Marietta's guidance; Ella looking back and kissing her hand to as much as she could see of Dorothy's hair, as she sat by the window under the verandah.

Then Dorothy was alone; it was no punishment to her, and she fell into one of her

slowly, first one, then the other, and then, with something very like a yawn, which ended in "Oh, dear!" her eyes fell on the letter which had been put into the envelope by Irene. It had a stamp on it, but was not addressed.

So Dorothy thought she would address it herself, and taking the pen, made a great blot to begin with, which was not ornamental; then she made a very wide C, which quite overshadowed the "anon" for "Canon." "Percival" would by no means allow itself to be put on the same line, and had to go beneath it. As to "Coldchester," it was so cramped up in the corner that it was hardly legible, but imitating a letter which she had seen Mr. Martyn address one day, she made up for it by a big "England" at the top. The envelope was not fastened down, and Dorothy remembered Irene said she had seen some dear little "Happy New Year" cards at a shop in the street, and that she would ask Ingleby to take her with Dorothy to buy one, and put it in the letter before it was posted.

"I'll go and get a card," Dorothy thought, "and post my own letter, and then come back, or go home to mother. I'll go and get ready directly."

(To be Continued.)

HIS EYES DECEIVED HIM.

John Burroughs, in his entertaining article, "The Halcyon in Canada," tells how he was deceived in judging of distances before the cliffs between which the Saguenay River flows. These rocks rise sheer from the water to a height of eighteen hundred feet. Such unusual proportions dwarf ordinary measurements, and the visitor is apt to get very far out of the way in his guessing as to distances. The fact in itself will interest many readers, and Burroughs' manner of telling it is delightful.

The pilot took us close around the base of the precipice, that we might fully inspect it. And here my eyes played me a trick, the like of which they had never done before. One of the boys of the steamer brought to the forward deck his hands full of stones, that the curious ones among the passengers might try how easy it was to throw one ashore.

"Any girl ought to do it," I said to myself, after a man had tried and had failed to clear half the distance. Seizing a stone, I cast it with vigor and confidence, and as much expected to see it smite the rock as I expected to live.

"It is a good while getting there," I mused, as I watched its course. Down, down it went; there, it will ring upon the granite in half a breath; no, down—into the water, a little more than half-way! "Has my arm lost its cunning?" I said, and tried again and again, but with like result.

The eye was completely at fault. There was a new standard of size before it to which it failed to adjust itself. The rock is so enormous, and towers so above you, that you get the impression it is much nearer than it actually is.

When the eye is full, it says, "Here we are," and the hand is ready to prove the fact; but in this case there is an astonishing discrepancy between what the eye reports and what the hand finds out.—*Youth's Companion.*

DR. RICHARDSON gives the following advice to cyclists:—"As to drink, of course you require something to quench your thirst when on the road. I think pure water is best, whenever you can obtain it. The best work on wheels is done by temperance men. First-class riders may sometimes joke about teetotalism, but in their hearts they know it is best for them, and whenever they have to do special work they put my views into practice. Furnivall, the best all round bicyclist at the present time, is extremely abstemious, if not a professed abstainer; Mariott is a teetotaler, and often does 200 miles a day."



THE DONKEY EXPEDITION TO LA COLLA.

put on your skirt" For the children had each a neat little blue serge skirt which they wore for their donkey expeditions. "Come, Dorothy," Irene pleaded. But Dorothy said she should stay with Lady Burnside till Ingleby came for her.

"You can't stay with grannie—she is very busy with business; and Constance has one of her headaches, and is in bed."

"Then I'll wait here till Jingle comes."

There was a wonderful amount of obstinacy expressed in that pretty, fair little face; and then Crawley came in to say the donkeys must not be kept waiting. Irene, finding it useless to say more, went to get ready as Ella had already done, and left Dorothy in the sitting-room playing a tattoo on the window as she curled herself up in a circular straw chair.

Ella made one more attempt when she was dressed for the ride.

old meditations to all appearance not pleased.

The chirp and twitter of swallows were heard, for, as we know, Dorothy had taken flight from England with them. And as one perched for a moment on the big aloe which grew just outside the verandah, Dorothy said, "I wonder if that's my old mother swallow; it looks just like her."

Presently another joined her, and the two twittered and chirped and wagged their restless forked tails, and turned their little heads from side to side, and then darted off in the warm sunshine. Glancing at the little time-piece which stood on the table, Dorothy saw it was not yet eleven, and Ingleby never came till twelve o'clock.

After all it was rather dull, and there was no need for her to wait for Ingleby, who often did not come till half-past twelve. A little more meditation, and then Dorothy uncurled herself and put down her legs