

on!" Bertram started, sprang on to the window sill, and prepared to drop into the garden. Never shall I forget the next minute.

"Looking out of the window, I saw some moving shadows on the green sward beneath. The house had been surrounded. Bertram dropped straight into the hands of his foes. Before I could speak or move the door of the room had been burst open, and four or five German soldiers rushed in.

"You are a prisoner, sir," said the foremost. "You had better yield quietly. Resistance is useless. We are thirty, and you are two."

"Now or never was the time to act.

"I beg your pardon, sir," I said in German. "What do you mean? We are not Frenchmen. You have made some mistake. We are English. Here is my card, and my friend is Mr. Jones, of the 'Monthly Graphic.'"

"The soldier hesitated, but only momentarily.

"I am very sorry, sir, but you will doubtless be able to prove your words. Meanwhile you must remain my prisoner. It is war, sir. You must excuse my precautions."

"The sergeant—for such he was—turned round to give a command, then, suddenly facing me, he asked—

"Why were you hiding, sir? The landlord denied that you were in the house, and what is this?" He pointed to the open window. "You were trying to escape."

"I endeavored to explain that my companion was drunk, and had been startled. As for the landlord, I could only suggest that he perhaps counted the Germans enemies to all men. A moment later things looked blacker than ever. The landlord, in the confusion, tried to escape. Vain effort! A figure sneaking into the shadows of the dark night.

"Halt! Halt, there."

"A sharp crack of a Snider—a heavy fall—and the Frenchman lay shot through the head. The only witness who would wish to speak for us was dead, and in dying he had spoken but against us.

(To be continued.)

The Gold Seeker.

A German prospector who had spent years in the fruitless search for gold at last struck a rich vein of the precious metal.

It seemed like a dream that had haunted his sleep for years, only to fade into the grim realities of the morning, leaving him faint with deferred hope and the sense of defeat and disappointment. And yet—that was gold tracing the quartz in great, dull veins. He knew that. Gold, rich as the wonderland had given to any daring miner for his faith and courage. Hans Mundson rubbed his eyes with his hard, bronzed hand, and looked to see his find more clearly in the light of the Alaska dawning.

Well, he had won at last, as he had promised his mother he would win, away back, a score of years gone by, in the little village on the Rhine. He sat down beside his claim, and curiously enough, the glow of the future which his Midas touch should make a glittering holiday, faded before his eyes, and he was again the little, fair-haired boy, standing beside his mother's knee in the German cottage, building great plans for the day when he should cross the seas.

He saw the sunlight filter through the diamond-shaped window-panes and fall upon the white-sanded floor. The spinning-wheel was whirling swiftly, its dark circle showing against the light, and his mother, in her short gown of blue, bending her smiling, rosy face toward him as he dreamed, saying softly:

"Eines tag, kleiner knabe, eines tag."—"One day, little boy, one day."

And now the day had come; but he felt on his brow the soft air of the German summer—not the bleak and gusty breezes of the ice-bound gold fields. He seemed to see again the square of the oaken half-door framing a patch of sky, all white and azure; the swaying, green-leaved branches of a tree, the sudden scurry of the chimney swallows. The odor of the lilac and the sweet, old-fashioned flowers swept upon them and he could see them all ranged in prim, unbending state each side the spotless pavement of the walk. The birds hopped, friendly and secure, over the warm and fragrant grass, chirping each to each; and then far from the distant spire that just caught a filmy cloud upon its peak, like a white flag of peace, came the deep, tuneful measures of the 'matin bells.

A mist of homesick tears hung the colors of the dear old boyhood home around him. He rose to his feet and turned his gaze eastward. Snow glittered on a thousand hills—the hand of winter had already sealed each stream and pass. But the man looked at his gold mine and said:

"The first thing that this money can do for me, to make me know it comes with blessing, is to take me back for a little while to that old German home."—Selected.

How Girls can Help Their Mothers.

Every girl, if she be not thoroughly selfish, is anxious to lift some of the burden of the household management from her mother's shoulders on to her own; but, unfortunately, many girls wait to be asked to do things instead of being constantly on the lookout for little duties which they are capable of doing.

If you would be of any real use in the home, you must be quick to notice what is wanted—the room that needs dusting, the flowers that need rearranging, the curtain which has lost a ring, and is therefore drooping. And then you must not only be willing to do what is needed, but willing to do it pleasantly, without making people feel that you are being martyred.

It is almost useless to take up any household duties unless you do them regularly. If you do a thing one day and not the next, you can never be depended on, and if some one else has to be constantly reminding you of and supervising your work, it probably gives that person more trouble than doing it herself would cause.

Have a definite day and a definite time for all you do. The flower vases will need attention every other day, the silver must be cleaned once a week, and there should be one day kept for mending and putting away household linen. Begin directly after breakfast and keep on steadily till your work is done.

If you begin by sitting down 'just for a minute' with a book, or think you will 'just arrange the trimming' on your new hat, the morning will be half over before you know where you are.

A girl who has brothers may spare her mother all those little jobs which boys are always requesting to have done for them, if she will only do them kindly. But a boy will not come and ask his sister to repair frayed-out buttonholes, and to make paste for his photograph album, if she snaps and says he is always bothering. It is not easy work, but it is quite possible for the daughter at home to make sunshine.—Philadelphia 'Ledger.'

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Resolved.

(Sidney Dayre, in the 'Standard.')

"Girls!—you never did. You never could!—"

Emily Danvers stood at the door of a room in which several of her companions turned to her excited face.

"Never did" what? "Never could" what?

"Don't be tantalizing, Em."

"If you have anything worth saying—"

"She looks as if she thought she had."

"—Say it out."

Emily came slowly in and seated herself, as she did so shaking her head in a way which might have meant anything or everything.

"Go on, Emily. What have you got to tell?"

"I've been over to the Day girls' room."

"You didn't get in, did you? Nobody ever did it yet, that I know of."

"They always keep it locked, and always make some excuse for letting nobody in."

"No wonder," said Emily, gloomily. "Girls!"

"Respect her feelings," came mockingly.

"There's no joke about it," Emily resumed the sincere expression natural to her as she gazed from one to another of her friends. "Didn't some one hear something about these girls?"

"I did," said Helen Barnes. "I have a cousin who lives not far from them and she says they're a nice lot but supposed to be having hard tugs. A big family and their father, a good doctor, and no end of a scholar, but in poor health and can't do much. And the whole family are supposed to be scratching and grinding to give these two an education, because it is supposed that once accomplished the two can help all the others to an education—boys younger. So, they're here—"

"Yes, they're here—"

"Now, plain talk, Emily. Don't go into heroics again."

"Well, I've been to their room—"

"So you said."

"I lent them one of my dictionaries. I just thought I shouldn't want it, but I did—imperatively and in a hurry. I ran down to their building but no one answered my knock. Half involuntarily—I'm afraid it wasn't just the thing but I did want it so and it occurred to me it might just be lying in sight—I turned the handle of the door and it opened. And—girls!"

"Go on, Em," came now with respect for the real feeling in her face and voice.

"A tug for an education—I should say so! That's the barest room I ever saw in my life. No carpet. A single bed for two. Pine boxes—I suppose they're the ones in which their bedding and their few books and other poor stuff came—made into a dresser with a sheet in front for a curtain. Another box for a washstand. The—most—comfortless!—"

Emily paused as a murmur went around.

"Nice girls, too."

"Bright."

"And jolly."

"I can imagine just how they look at it," said Helen. "This academy course is the beginning of the thing to be tugged for, hustled for, and fought for. It's likely they like the accessories," with a wave of her hand towards the surrounding comforts of the room, "as much as we do, but they set their teeth to do without them. They'll forge ahead and come out at the top."

"But it doesn't seem fair."

"What doesn't?"

"That there should be such a difference in girls. I don't mean in girls, but in what they have. Now, we're none of us wealthy bondholders—plenty of the girls here have their more or less of a struggle, but there are not