

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## The Misses at School.

There once was a school  
Where the mistress, Miss Rule,  
Taught a number of misses that vexed her;  
Miss Chief was the lass  
At the head of the class,  
And young Miss Demeanor was next her.  
Poor little Miss Hap  
Spilled the ink in her lap,  
And Miss Fortune fell under the table.  
Miss Conduct they all  
Did a Miss Creant call,  
But Miss State declared this was a fable.  
Miss Lay lost her book,  
And Miss Lead undertook  
To show her the place where to find it;  
But upon the wrong nail  
Had Miss Place hung her veil.  
And Miss Deed hid the book safe behind it.  
They went on very well,  
As I have heard tell,  
Till Miss Take brought in Miss Understanding;  
Miss Conjecture then guessed  
Evil things of the rest,  
And Miss Counsel advised their disbanding.  
—'The Advance.'

## What It Cost.

A STORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.\*

(In Three Chapters.)

(The Rev. Edwin Green, B.A., in the 'Alliance News.')

### CHAPTER I.

'What is the matter with you, Ronald?' said Ronald Baker's father to himself, as he sat that January evening, together with his son, in the dining-room of Woodbine Villa. Mr. Baker was reading. Ronald had a book before him, but though he had been honestly trying to read it the book had evidently failed to gain his interest. Ronald seemed to have the fidgets; first he puts his elbows on the table, and leaned his head upon his hands, as if he would master the book, in spite of outside disturbance or wandering thoughts. Then he pulled out his penknife, and beat a low tattoo upon the table; then, recollecting that his father was reading, he stopped his tapping music, opened the two blades, one full and the other half-way, and using finger and table for pivots, swung the knife round and round. Lastly, the knife was shut with a click, and put back into its owner's pocket.

'Ronald, my boy!' at length exclaimed his father.

'Oh! I beg your pardon, father,' said Ronald, thus brought to himself.

'Holidays gone too quickly, Ronald, eh? Yet school seems to have had its pleasures for you, although it was only your first term.'

'Oh, yes, father. Harley is a jolly place,' said Roland, changing his seat from the chair to the rug before the fire.

'Yet, Ronald, you were frowning a minute ago, and spoiling what good looks you ever possessed. What's the matter?'

'Nothing, father. I was only thinking.'

'All your things are right?' queried his father. 'Football toggery, and all that?'

'They are A 1,' answered Ronald.

'And you have enough money, I think,' continued his father.

'Yes, quite,' said Ronald. 'I wasn't thinking about any of these things.'

'I believe, Ronald, you wish to ask me something or tell me something, and do not like to begin.'

'You are a good guesser, father; but I think I shall stop at wishing.'

'Why should you, Ronald?' said his father, capturing Ronald's hand as it lay upon his father's knee.

'Because you would think I was awfully mean to have the wish in my head,' answered Ronald, slowly.

'If it's a bad wish I am glad you feel like that; but I don't think you will make it worse now by telling. I am not likely to be very hard upon you, Ronald, and to-night, too—your last night at home.'

'Well, father, school is a jolly place; I like it immensely. The only bother is that sometimes I wish I was not a teetotaller. There, father, you would have it, and now I have shocked you.'

'No, no, Ronald,' answered his father, but looking all the while very grave. 'I am glad you told me. There must be some reason for your wish, and it can hardly be that you wish to drink beer or wine for the sake of the stuff itself. So there must be another reason.'

'Yes, father, you are right. It is all very well at home, but at school there are very few teetotallers; at my table there are only two, besides myself. And all the rest look down upon us with a sort of pity, as if we were afraid of getting drunk, and ask what Band of Hope we belong to, and so on. You hardly know, father, what it costs to be a teetotaller at school.'

'"What it costs! What it costs!"' echoed his father. 'Ah! Ronald, my boy, it's you that do not know the cost.'

'But, father, —'

'Yes, Ronald, I know I do not mean quite what you mean; but bear with me while I tell you a story of part of my life, and then you shall judge for yourself.'

### CHAPTER II.

I had not meant to tell the story to anyone, not even to you; and I ask you, as you love Uncle Bertram—and I am sure you do, and always will, although God has called him home—tell it to no one until you have at least as strong a reason as I have for narrating it now. It was I who laid the burden of secrecy upon Uncle Bertram. Last year, when he was seized with that fatal illness, he implored me that you, his favorite godson, should be told the facts, as he thought they might be useful to you. After holding out for some time, I consented, and when at last, through the rapid progress of his illness, it was evident that he would never be able to tell the story himself, I promised that you should hear it from my lips. He died comforted by my promise, holding it to be what he called the last token of forgiveness. But there he was wrong; I had nothing to forgive. I loved him too well, and pitied his self-torture too much.

I first met Bertram, you remember, at Oxford. There we were fast friends, although I was his senior by some ten years. After we went down he was called to the Bar, and I went to Italy to study painting. It was not for long that we were separated. He wished to travel for recreation, and I in pursuit of my art; so together we visited Egypt and Greece, and at last found ourselves nearer home, in Paris. This was the year of the Franco-German war. We were in Paris when war was declared, and the proud army of France marched to its defeat at Sedan. We tried to obtain permission to follow the army as war correspondents, on behalf of one of the smaller Eng-

lish newspapers to which I had been an occasional contributor, but we failed. Then, in a moment of bad impulse, eager for adventure, we enlisted in the French Army, just as France was calling out all its men to resist its invaders. Shoulder to shoulder we fought in two of the great battles which hindered, although they did not stop, the German advance. This was, if you like, a very rash undertaking, to join for excitement or amusement in such work, but it was child's play compared with what followed. The provisional Government in Paris wished a message to be taken to Colonel Hoche, who was holding a position at Versaol. The messenger would have to pass through territory practically covered by the enemy's advancing troops. Bertram and I were sounded as to our willingness to undertake this hazardous enterprise. Taking advantage of our nationality, we were to act the part of English war correspondents travelling to the army which was investing Strasburg. It was a dangerous, not to say a rash, adventure, for although we carried no written message, yet if we were suspected we were liable to be shot as spies without mercy. We never fulfilled the task we undertook. Bertram had one misfortune—he could not be abstemious. We were neither of us teetotallers; but here came the difference, whenever I had any dangerous or difficult work to do I found it best to abstain; but Bertram upon similar occasions always drank the heavier.

The crisis came sooner than we expected. We had still thirty miles to travel, when at nightfall we reached a village which we had thought would be out of the track of the German forces. The German scouts might, however, enter at any moment, so it behooved us to be watchful. Our policy was to lie quiet if possible, and yet without any appearance of hiding, so that as a last resource we might boldly claim protection from our foes as Englishmen and newspaper correspondents.

I well remember the night we came to Valpy. It had been raining all day, and we were drenched to the skin. We rode into the little village, and knocked up the innkeeper. He seemed scared when he saw us. I think at first he thought that we were Germans. However, he took us in, stabled our horses for us, and gave us a room, fire and food. It was not very comfortable to be suspected by our own friends of being German spies, but on the whole I thought it wise not to enlighten our good landlord upon the point, and warned Bertram not to be too confidential. Would that Bertram had taken my advice! I turned in early, but Bertram sat up drinking with the landlord, and when, later on, I awoke, I found him fast asleep by my side, smelling strongly of drink, and breathing heavily, like one in a drunken sleep.

It seemed but a minute afterwards, but I must have fallen asleep, and slept for some time, when we were aroused by a sharp, hasty knock at the door, which we had bolted.

'Fly, gentlemen, quickly! The Germans are here! They are knocking, and I am going to open the door.'

A loud knocking interrupted the landlord, whom Bertram had evidently let know too much. Bertram started up, and before I could stop him flung the window open.

'Come, Ronald,' he said to me; 'there is yet time!'

'No, no,' I whispered; 'our only chance is to be quite open. You are Jones, of the 'Monthly Graphic,' and I am Cooper, of the 'Mail.''

Bertram turned irresolute, dazed with the drink and excitement.

A scuffle on the stairs. With a cry of "Come

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