

THE STORY OF PATSY.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

CHAPTER III.—TWO 'PRENTICE HANDS AT PHILANTHROPY.

"With aching hands and bleeding feet,
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of night return
All we have built do we discern."



Patsy had scarcely gone when the door opened again the least bit, and a sunny face looked in, that of my friend and helper.

"Not gone yet, Kate?"

"No, but I thought I sent you away long ago."

"Yes, I know, but I've been to

see Danny Kern's mother: there is nothing to be done; we must do our best and leave it there. Was that a boy I met on the stairs?"

"Yes,—that is, he is a boy in the sense that he is not a girl. Oh, Helen, such a story! We must take him!"

She sank helplessly on one of the children's tables. "Now, my dear guide, philosopher, and friend, did you happen to notice my babies this morning? They were legion! Our mothers must have heard that the flower mission intended giving us some Thanksgiving dinners, for there were our five inevitable little cat's paws,—the identical five that applied just before the Christmas tree, disappeared in vacation, turned up the day before we went to the Mechanics' Fair, were lost to sight the day after, presented themselves previous to the Woodward's Garden expedition, and then went into retirement till to-day. Where am I going to 'sit' another child, pray? They were two in a seat and a dozen on the floor this morning. It isn't fair to them, in one sense, for they don't get half enough attention."

"You are right, dear; work half done is worse than wasted; but it isn't fair to this child to leave him where he is."

"Oh, I know. I feel Fridayish, to tell the truth. I shall love humanity again by Monday. Have we money for more chairs or benches?"

"Certainly not."

"You'll have to print an appeal for chairs; and the children may wear out the floor sitting on it before the right people read it!"

"Yes; and oh, Helen, a printed appeal is such a dead thing, after all. If I could only fix on a printed page Danny Kern's smile when he conquered his temper yesterday, put into type that hand clasp of Mrs. Finnigan's that sent such a thrill of promise to our hearts, show a subscriber Mrs. Guineo's quivering lips when she thanked us for the change in Joe,—why, we shouldn't need money very long."

"That is true. What a week we have had, Kate,—like a little piece of the millennium!"

"You must not be disappointed if next week isn't as good; that could hardly be. Let's see,—Mrs. Daniels began it on Monday morning, didn't she, by giving the caps for the boys?"

"Yes," groaned Helen dismally, "a generous but misguided benefactress! Forty-three caps precisely alike save as to size! What scenes of carnage we shall witness when we distribute them three times a day!"

"We must remedy that by sewing labels into the crowns, each marked with the child's name in indelible ink."

"Exactly,—what a charming task! I shall have to write my cherubs' names, I suppose,—most of them will take a yard of tape apiece. I already recall Paulina Strozynski, Mercedes McGafferty, and Sigismund Braunschweiger."

"And I, Maria Virginia de Rejas Perkins, Halfdan Christiansen, and Americo Vespucci Garibaldi."

"This is our greatest misfortune since the donation of the thirty-seven little red plaid shawls. Well, good-night. By the way, what's his name?"

"Patsy Dennis. I shall take him. I'll

tell you more on Monday. Please step in to Gilbert's and buy a comfortable little cane-seated armchair, larger than these, and ask one of your good Samaritans to make a soft cushion for it. We'll give him the table that we made for Johnny Cass. Poor Johnny! I am sorry he has a successor so soon."

In five minutes I was taking my homeward walk, mind and heart full of my elfish visitor, with his strange and ancient thoughts, his sharp speeches and queer fancies. Would he ever come back, or would one of those terrible spasms end his life before I was permitted to help and ease his crooked body, or pour a bit of mother-love into his starved little heart?

(To be Continued.)

"NIPPED IN THE BUD."

"Very forward," was the criticism said to have been made by Her Majesty, the Queen of England, on the occasion of the presentation of one of our most beautiful American girls.

Said a distinguished English gentleman, a few years ago, "Her Majesty seems to attend very strictly to the matter in hand, but there is not a trick of manner or a detail of dress that escapes her notice. Her intuitions are so keen, and the value that she sets on modesty is so great, her interest in the young so sincere, that she has become a famous reader of character."

"The Queen detests a flirt; and she can detect one of these specimens almost at a glance. Neither velvet, nor satin, nor precious stones can cast sufficient glamor over a tendency of this kind to hide it from these truly motherly eyes."

It is said that one day when Her Majesty was present in her carriage at a military review, the Princess Royal, then about fourteen, seemed disposed to be a little familiar and possibly, slightly coquettish, in thoughtless, girlish fashion, with the young officers of the guard. The Queen tried to catch her daughter's eye, but the gay uniforms were too attractive, and the little princess paid no attention to the silent endeavors of her mother.

At last, in a spirit of fun, she capped the climax of her misdemeanors by dropping her handkerchief over the side of the carriage, and the Queen saw that it was not an accident. Immediately two or three gentlemen sprang from their horses to return it to her, but the hand of royalty waved them off.

"Thank you, but it is not necessary," said Her Majesty. "Leave it just where it lies," and then turning to her daughter, she said, "Now I must ask you to get down and pick up your handkerchief."

"But, mamma—"

The little princess's face was scarlet, and her lip quivered with shame.

"Yes, immediately," said the Queen. The royal footman had opened the door and stood waiting by the side of the carriage, and the poor, mortified little girl was obliged to step down and rescue her own handkerchief.

This was hard, but it was salutary, and probably nipped in the bud the girl's first impulse toward coquetry. American mothers would do well to follow so meritorious and notable an example.

Her Majesty has spoken very plain and sensible words to the British nobility in regard to the education and management of their girls, and on the subjects of flirtation and immodest dressing she is eloquent.

"I had no idea that the Queen observed my harmless coquetry," said a young lady whose mother had been spoken to by Her Majesty.

"I have no doubt it was harmless," replied the Princess Alice, who was the embodiment of kindness and sympathy, and yet who never hesitated to speak the truth, "but it was certainly thoughtless and unbecoming. It would

not be safe for any of us to be coquettish," she added, with a smile.

"But I was not aware that Her Majesty ever looked at me after the first formality was over," the young English girl responded, dubiously.

The princess's smile deepened into a laugh, as she said, "Let me tell you just one thing, my dear: the Queen of England has not one pair of eyes, but fifty, and those in the back of her head are marvels."

—Exchange.

THE WAKE-UP STORY.

The sun was up and the breeze was blowing, and the five chicks and four geese and three rabbits and two kitties and one little dog were just as noisy and lively as they knew how to be.

They were all watching for Baby Ray to appear at the window, but he was still fast asleep in his little white bed, while mamma was making ready the things he would need when he should wake up.

First she went along the orchard path as far as the old wooden pump, and said, "Good Pump, will you give me some nice, clear water for the baby's bath?"

And the pump was willing. The good old pump by the orchard path gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.

Then she went a little further on the path, and stopped at the woodpile, and said, "Good Chips, the pump has given me nice, clear water for dear little Ray; will you come and warm the water and cook his food?"

And the chips were willing. The good old pump by the orchard path gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath, and the clean, white chips from the pile of wood were glad to warm it and to cook his food.

So mamma went on till she came to the barn, and then said, "Good Cow, the pump has given me nice, clear water, and the woodpile has given me clean, white chips for dear little Ray; will you give me warm, rich milk?"

And the cow was willing. Then she said to the top-knot hen that was scratching in the straw, "Good Biddy, the pump has given me nice, clear water, and the woodpile has given me clean, white chips, and the cow has given me warm, rich milk for dear little Ray; will you give me a new-laid egg?"

And the hen was willing. The good old pump by the orchard path gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath, the clean, white chips from the pile of wood were glad to warm it and to cook his food, the cow gave milk in the milk-pail bright, and the top-knot biddy an egg new and white.

Then mamma went on till she came to

the orchard, and said to a Red-June apple-tree, "Good Tree, the pump has given me nice, clear water, and the woodpile has given me clean, white chips, and the cow has given me warm, rich milk, and the hen has given me a new-laid egg for dear little Ray; will you give me a pretty red apple?"

And the tree was willing. So mamma took the apple and the egg and the milk and the chips and the water to the house, and there was baby Ray in his night-gown looking out of the window.

And she kissed him and bathed him and dressed him, and while she brushed and curled his soft, brown hair she told him the Wake-up story that I am telling you.

The good old pump by the orchard path gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath, the clean, white chips from the pile of wood were glad to warm it and to cook his food, the cow gave milk in the milk-pail bright, the top-knot biddy an egg new and white, and the tree gave an apple so round and so red, for dear little Ray who was just out of bed.

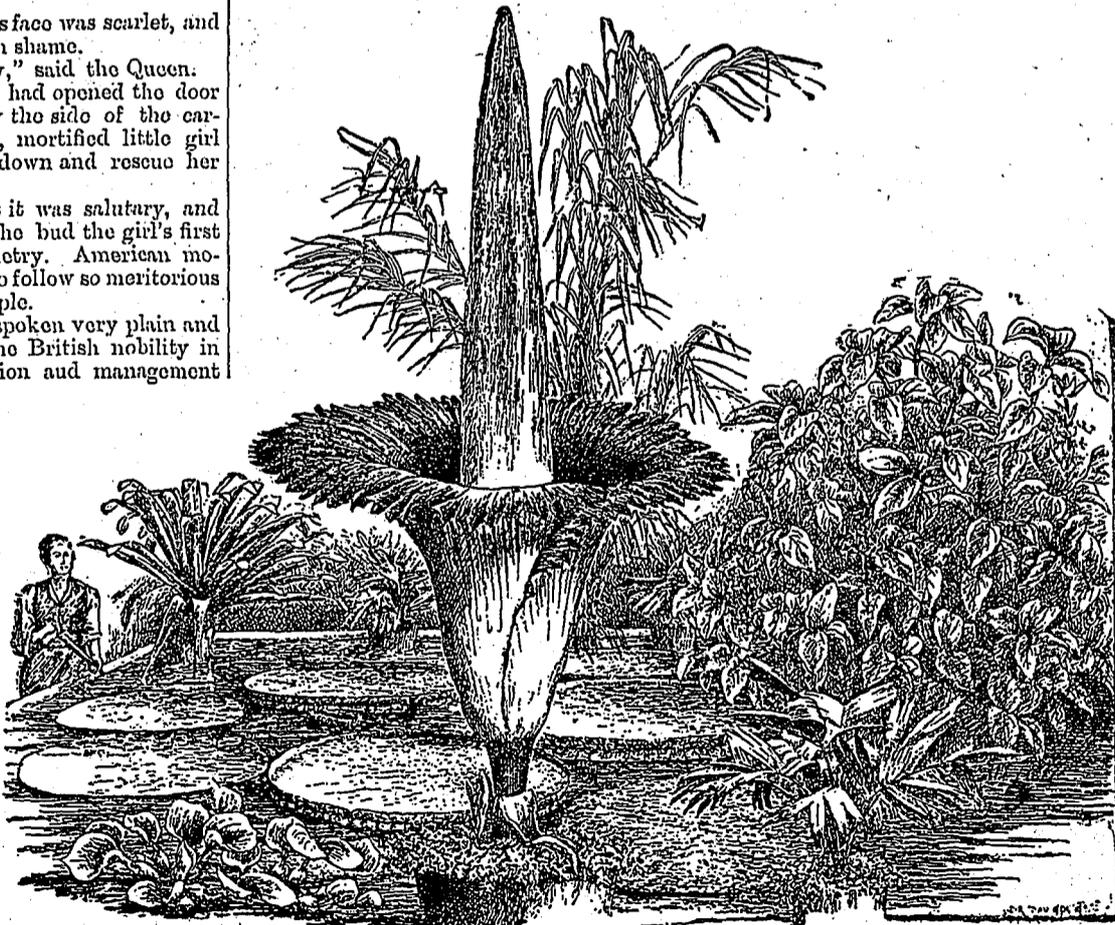
—Youth's Companion.

A GIANT LILY.

Scientific botanists have watched with interest the flowering of this gigantic aroid in the Water-Lily Tank at Kew Gardens, where it occupies a place beside the Victoria Regia, under the care of Mr. Watson, the Assistant-Curator. This extraordinary plant was discovered in 1878 by Dr. O. Beccari, the Italian botanist, in Sumatra. Seeds of it were raised by him in the Botanical Garden at Florence, and a little seedling was forwarded to Kew, in a three-inch pot. It has made a leaf annually, and has grown to imposing dimensions, though not equal to its full stature in Sumatra, where the leaf-stalk measured 10 ft. high and 3 ft. in circumference, while the size of the leaf-blade was 45 ft. in circumference. The leaf-stalk, or stem, is of a green color mottled with white or yellowish spots, bearing at the summit a huge leaf-blade, divided primarily into three main branches, and subsequently into a mass of smaller ones, the ultimate subdivisions being ovate-lanceolate. The spathe is thrown up from the tuber at a different period, and its shape, also named "Conophallus," has given a distinguishing name to the plant. It made its appearance, at half-past eight in the evening, on Friday, June 21, and has since been viewed with curiosity by many visitors to the Gardens. The flower stands nearly 6 ft. high. Our illustration is from a drawing by Mr. J. Allen.—Illustrated London News.

For God has marked each sorrowing day
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long ago of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

—William Cullen Bryant



THE AMORPHOPHALLUS TITANUM IN FLOWER IN KEW GARDENS.