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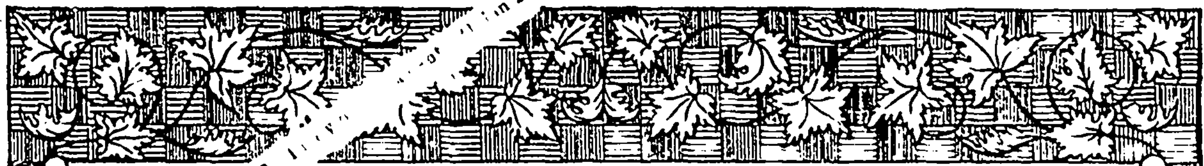

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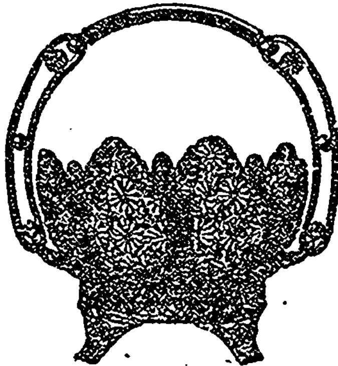

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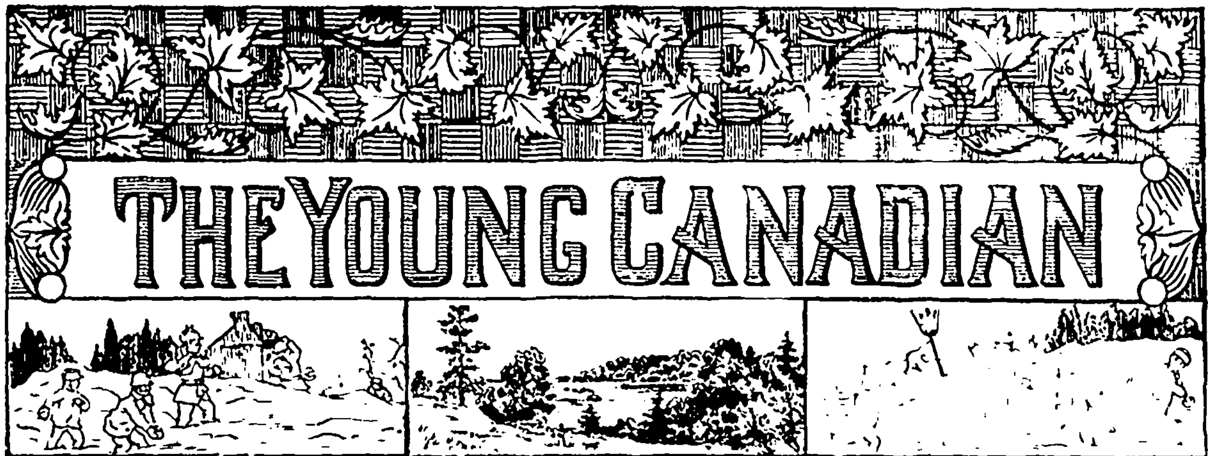

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LIFE IN THE GREAT FORESTS OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

FROM THE ALBERT NYANZA TO THE INDIAN OCEAN

With the Rear Guard of the Emin Relief Expedition

BY W. G. STAIRS, R.E., LIEUT. AND ADJUTANT.

Before I start this article in the pages of the YOUNG CANADIAN I wish to express the pleasure it gives me in thus writing something that will be laid before, and read by, Canadians.

I feel sure that it will be read in the same kindly spirit as it is written, and will be received by Canadians as coming from one who is proud to be able to number himself as one of them.

I propose now to give a short account of the journeyings of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition in its march from Lake Albert Nyanza in Central Africa to the Indian Ocean at Bagamozo opposite Zanzibar and more especially the doings of the rear guard of the Expedition, which for 1700 miles was under the direct charge of Capt. Nelson and myself on alternate days.

The term "Rear Guard" is given in its full military significance, for in each and every particular our duties were the same practically as those of a small rear guard with a military expedition. The title of rear guard which has been applied to the force left at Yambuya is erroneous and misleading. The correct appelation for such a body of men would be "rear column."

That part of the journey from the Albert Nyanza to Msalala on the Victoria Nyanza will probably prove to be the most interesting, as the countries and people seen by us were to all intents and purposes new, and I have therefore given greater attention to this than to the last six hundred and odd miles from the Victoria to the Sea.

On April 1st, 1889, after many weary weeks of waiting at our camp at Kavallis near the Albert Nyanza the first move towards the Indian Ocean and home was made. With over 200 Zanzibaris and Wazamboni natives I marched out of camp to go two days' march ahead to Majamboni's village, gather food and wait there until the 11th when the main column should reach me. To describe my own and the men's feelings as we marched out of camp surrounded by all the Pasha's men and servants, and those of our Zanzibaris who had still some days to wait before moving, would be more than I feel capable of.

At last after weeks and months of weary marching and starving, after nearly a year's work in the dark and deadly forest graveyard, after disappointments, sickness and death we found ourselves *facing towards home, and* with us was the object of our search, Emin Pasha, the Governor of Equatoria.

Around our camp fires in the forest, night after night had we talked of the day when we should be able to say "We are going home boys!" We are going towards

the ocean and friends, cheer up. Though the way ahead be long, and the sun be hot, each step will bring us nearer to the sea and our homes."

As I marched down the long lane of faces in the camp I felt as if I could have shouted for excess of joy.

We had beaten the Forest after all, and had reached and relieved the Pasha. The Zanzibaris on getting out of camp fairly ran with their loads much to the astonishment of the more sedate Wazamboni who preferred to take things more easily.

In two marches we came to Majambonis villages, made camp, and sat down to wait until the main column came up. Each day we collected food, and made a camping place for Emin's people and our own. I had with me some half dozen Egyptian and Coptic clerks, and an Egyptian major, one Hawash Effendi, who at one time commanded the 2nd Battalion of Emin's soldiers.

By this time I had found out the sort of people these yellow fellows were. I think I could not give you a better idea of their powers of begging and spongeing than to describe a piece of conversation that took place between this major and myself. First, though, let me explain that the Pasha distinctly gave this major (Hawash Effendi) to understand that he was to get ready the Pasha's huts for him against his coming to Majambonis, and that he, Hawash, was not to ask me to help him in any way.

One morning Hawash came up to me smiling and rubbing his hands and said:

"My men have already built two houses and tell me there are no poles to be got in this valley, and so I shall have to build my other houses as your Zanzibaris are doing."

Stairs.—Yes, that seems to be your best plan.

Hawash.—Now will you just kindly give me some dozen Zanzibaris to go out and cut poles and rods, as they know best where to get them and can fasten them on so much better than my men?

Stairs.—No. I cannot do that, as the Pasha distinctly ordered that you and your men were to build for him.

Hawash.—Yes I know but won't you *just lend* me the men to *fit and tie* on the poles? My own men will cut them.

Stairs.—No. I cannot even do that.

H.—Well then, will you give me six men?

Stairs.—No.

H.—Well just give me two men for a quarter of an hour and I will manage everything else?

S. (getting mad)—No. We are not your slaves. I will not do it.

H. Will you then ask Majamboni to send me some men?

S.—His men are already busy.

H.—Will you then tell me what I am to do?

S.—Build your houses yourselves.

H.—La illah illallah!!!!

They wish to make our hard worked Zanzibaris do everything for them. These people who had made slaves of the natives in their own countries were now for the first time checked and taught that they must help themselves, and very soon they became really useful, not only to themselves but to others. On the 12th April the column came into camp in full swing, but in sad disorder and greatly lacking homogeneousness. Unfortunately on the same evening Stanley was knocked over by his old illness and it was a month before he was well enough for us to move ahead again.

Majambonis' people strike one as being a very amusing and happy race. They are just like big children without one single thought of the morrow or what it may bring forth. From daylight till dark there is one constant din of barter and trade, and at night lusty and noisy dancing.

LIEUT. STAIRS, THE CANADIAN HERO OF DARKEST AFRICA.

Most of the native tribes of Central Africa are great drinkers of their home-brewed beer of matama or bananas, and Majambonis' people by no means were exceptions to the rule. In fact the whole population, male and female, would regularly once a week go on one huge combined prolonged spree and get gloriously drunk.

Do not imagine the simple native so free from guile as to deem him incapable of enjoying his "extra strong" home brew. At nights sometimes one would distinguish parties of roysterers going down the valley to their homes, simply by the loud peals of garrulous shouts which they emitted, and by this shouting trace out the different huts in the valley. The women too, dearly love their beer, or malafu as it is here called. I grieve to say that by the generally flabby condition of a certain noble and gallant chief of this district one is compelled to believe that he has been drinking over night.

It is astonishing that here amidst so much fertility more matama is not grown for beer and flour making purposes. Tons and tons of it could be raised; but it is here as elsewhere in Africa. The natives prefer a sort of hand to mouth existence to daily toil in the fields. All natives that I have met are passionately fond of beef or meat in almost any form, and, alas, any stage. The whole nation appears to go wild over the slaughter of a *whole* cow, even though the leading chief may have over 1000 head of these useful animals. The fact of the matter is that only the leading men get meat in any

quantity, the others wait till a cow dies of old age or disease. Milk is their staple article of diet.

The most vivid imagination can scarcely conceive any idea of the vast amount of confusion and fierce talking that goes on over the carcase of some newly slaughtered cow.

Would you believe it, the Wazamboni LASH their tobacco to their persons; not simply tie it on in parcels to their belts, but regularly lash with long strings their very precious and very small packets of tobacco to their shoulders or waists. It is positively marvellous that tobacco should be so valuable as to require lashing to ones person, in a country where the soil is so admirably suited for its growth, and the natives, so passionately fond of smoking.

On Wednesday, May 8th, the Expedition moved out of camp, this time to march forward for many days without sustaining a check. Just six months later we marched into Bagamozo and got our first glimpse of the sea.

Pause a moment reader, and just consider what six months marching means. Think how tired and weary your feet would be, and how utterly worn out and thin you would become under the burning rays of the Equatorial sun! But think also at the end of it how you would welcome the sight of the sea again, and the steamers resting on its bosom ready to carry you to the end of your journey! Can you not imagine our feelings, and those of our men on seeing these steamers? We who could only make perhaps 12 miles per day with immense labour would be carried this distance in an hour and without fatigue! And three weeks of marching would be done in one day's steaming!

We had 1600 miles to foot it step by step, day by day, week by week, month by month. Do you wonder that our brave black boys rushed into the sea then at Bagamozo in their *frenzy* of delight?

The rear guard of which I was in charge the first day, Capt. Nelson the next, and then I again, burnt the camp to the ground and in half an hour had caught up with the tail of the column. The march was only five and a half miles long, yet it took us the better part of the day to get all hands up to camp.

HOW WE WENT BOTANIZING.

BY KAY LIVINGSTONE.

TRIP THE SECOND.

"May Margaret stood within her bow'r,
Combing her yellow hair;
She heard a note in Elmond wood,
And wish'd that she was there.

May Margaret sat in her bow'r door,
Sewing her silken seam;
She heard a note in Elmond wood,
Amang the leaves sae green.

She let the seam fa' frae her side,
The needle to her tae;
And she's awa to Elmond wood
As fast as she cou'd gae!"

—*Scottish Ballad.*

Our first attempt having been of the marsh—marshy, we decided among ourselves that the next time we should vary the thing a little—or rather, a great deal—for the difference between high land and low land is surprising to others than the canny Scot. So by common consent we found ourselves wending our way up Mount Pleasant, in search of the delicate blossoms which gem its rocky braes in the springtime.

Our ardour had not been quenched in the least by the long and rather tiring work of pressure, classification and mounting. It was all needed, we knew, to preserve our woodland treasures, but we were not at all sure of Teddy and the dampening effect of his experience. Indeed, we were almost prepared for a pressing engagement on his part, whatever the day or hour selected. We trembled in our shoes as we thought of the fire of raillery he had gone through. What *should* we do if our guide and protector proved obdurate? Who else knew every foot of the Mountain as he did, or could guide us to the sunny slopes which the *Hepaticas* loved? Not for nothing had Teddy grown up under a shadow—the shadow of the Royal Mountain. So Louise's services were once more resorted to, and almost to our surprise with the same result as before. Our tall young brother promptly agreed to accompany us at any hour of the day or night, henceforth and for—as long as the specimen fever lasted.

This time we did not need to encumber ourselves with rubbers, otherwise the equipment was much the same as before. One important addition, however, was luncheon, for our destination was far a-field, and the botanical cases made capital picnic baskets.

Up a narrow avenue, overhung by great trees, and separated by a matted, uneven hedge from the cabbage garden beyond, we made our way. In summer this is a deliciously cool and shady place, but the little brook at the side of the road no longer babbles cheerily on its way, for it is dried up. I have been told that this avenue once led to a great, old house of the aristocracy of the town. But such is fame. The house and its gay hospitalities are remembered no more; nor are any traces of them left, except in a few musty books which nobody reads.

At the end of the avenue a little bank has to be climbed, and then a long, sloping field, brave with *Ox-eyed daisies* in the golden glow of summer. Here one always stops and turns to look at the view, and some of us think there is not such another view to be had anywhere. The trees, still only in bud; the scattered villas; the gently swelling fields; more houses in clusters; fields again; the blue waters of the noble river, with its islands and rapids plainly seen through the clearest of atmospheres; and then away in the distance the faint outline of far off mountains. Would you not have lingered, as we did, unwilling to turn our backs upon so much beauty?

Presently, however, we were reminded by Teddy that "the flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra-la" only last about three weeks or so, and perhaps we had better be getting on. So the line of march had to be resumed, up again, and away to the right, behind a screen of tall haw bushes, soon to be covered with clusters of creamy-white blossoms. Nearing the well-known little opening in the

stone fence, through which hundreds of feet turn on every summer holiday, a cry of dismay bursts from Theo's lips. Is it possible that the detested barbed wire forbids further progress?

No. Investigation relieves our minds. It is a false alarm. Our sylvan retreat is not barred here or elsewhere. Its fifty different paths intersecting each other in every direction, plainly show from how many points it can be reached. How fortunate we are to be able to wander through these silent woods which belong to us,—are ours in the best sense of the word, because we love them so much!

Have you ever read that delicious book of Alphonse Karr's—"The Tour Round my Garden?" If you have not, do, I entreat you. Get it at once, and before long you will come to this passage:—

"I remember an old wood near to the house in which I was born. What days have I passed under its thick shade, in its green alleys; what violets I have gathered in it in the month of March, and what lilies of the valley in the month of May; what strawberries, blackberries and nuts I have eaten in it; what butterflies and lizards I have chased and caught there; what nests I have discovered. How often have I gone there at the close of day, to recline upon a little knoll covered with trees, to see the glorious sun set, his oblique rays colouring with red and gold the white trunks of the birch-trees which surround me! *This wood was not mine: it belonged to an old bed ridden Marquis, who had, perhaps, never been in it in his life—and yet it belonged to him!*"

The narrow path which wound upward among the tress had already been trodden by many feet. We could make no mistake in following it, even had we not known it so well, and we were soon led to the foot of the brae we sought.

Dozens of people must have already carried away armfuls of *Trilliums*, but there seemed to be no room for more than we could see before us. If not the greatest favourites, *Trilliums* are surely the best known of all our Spring flowers. They belong to the Smilax Family, with a sub order devoted to themselves, of which the name means *in threes*. The plant consists of a stout, short stem rising from its tuberous root-stock, and bearing aloft a circle of three broad green leaves. There is a single large flower, of three petals. This flower is a very handsome one, pure white, and lasts a long time. It eventually turns pink before withering.

There are many varieties of the *Trillium*. One is the *Wake-Robin*, spoken of by English poets. Another the *Trillium erectum*, which we found during our ramble, later in the day, and in a sunnier spot. The flower in this case, however, has much narrower petals, and is of a dard red colour. It is also known as the *Purple Trillium* or *Birth-root*, and is more uncommon than the white varieties.

Among this wealth of "lilies" were still to be found a few *Blood-roots—Sanguinaria Canadensis*. We had scarcely hoped to get good specimens of this plant, the time for them being somewhat passed. And, of course, we were overjoyed to find them so easily. The wide-open, white-flower, so delicate and yet so hardy, with its great leaves cut into fingers almost like sea-weed, is too well-known to need much description. It belongs to the Poppy Family, and is named after the red, acrid juice which exudes from its broken stems. As one finds to his cost, the red-rust stain of the juice is very hard to get off hands or clothing.

Here also we found, well advanced, the pretty plant so often mistaken for *Maiden-hair* fern, the *Early Meadow Rue*. It is true there is a certain likeness between the two, in their earlier stages, so far as the shape of the leaflets and their delicate colour go, but the sub-division is entirely different, and the stems are always green. They never, in any case, assume the shining black, which distinguishes the *Maiden-hair* from all others of the Fern tribe. It cost us a great effort at length to turn away from this pretty place. We did not take much besides our boxed specimens, for it was too early in the day to pick all we meant to carry home. Our work lay much farther a-field.

One thing we were quite determined to find, if it were to be got at all, and that was the *Trailing Arbutus* so often spoken of with affection by our neighbours across the Border. It is true, we hardly expected to have much luck in our quest, for others had tried before without success. Curiously enough, this lovely blossom with its varied shading and exquisite perfume, seems to confine itself to but a few places in this province. Three Rivers and certain favoured spots about Lake Memphremagog it honours with its sweet presence. On our mountain, however, or in our neighbourhood, I think we may say with truth, it certainly is not. That, at least, was the conclusion we came to, after some hours of patient search. Having come out to find *Arbutus*, however, we did not, like Hans and Peggy, decline to find anything else. Indeed, I may say, that when the home of the *Hepaticas* burst upon our view, we forgot all our disappointment in less time than it takes to write it. The smooth rising ground before us was literally covered with the little mauve and white blossoms. In a moment we were down on our knees gathering them.

"Oh, oh!" cried Louise, from a short distance off, "look at this! oh, oh! who would have anything but this kind!"

"What is it," we all exclaimed, rushing to her.

"Just look at this—um-m!" she cried, holding out a *double* blossom—a very rare thing, by the way, of the loveliest pale pink, "and here is another—and another! Oh, go away, you Kathleen, with your trowel! I can't have you digging up these little darlings, and crushing them in your old letter-press—go away!"

"I don't want them," I said, with wavering dignity, "who wants monstrosities like that?"

"What!!"

"Monstrosities," I repeated severely. "*all* double flowers are! You're no botanist!"

"I don't care," she cried, hotly, "I'm glad I'm not! Botanists indeed! They are the monsters themselves!"

Theo tried to remind her of what had been told us at one of the lectures. How the pollen dust of the stamens falls upon the young seeds in the ovary, and how these seeds grow and grow after the pretty blossom has fallen away, until they are ripe. How they are scattered about, and lie in the ground waiting for the coming of Spring, when they will grow, blossom, scatter their seed, and perpetuate their beauty from year to year. At last she reluctantly admitted that she did remember to have heard all this before.

"Oh yes. I know," she said, "the stamens give the pollen, but if they were always changed into petals to make double flowers, it wouldn't do, I suppose. There would be no pollen, and no seeds—'nor nothin'—nor nothin' nor nothin'!' But you can't deny," she added, laughing, "that it would be a very bad botanist who didn't like these," holding up her newly acquired treasures, "and I don't want to have anything to do with him!"

After all Lou was a good deal in the right. Botanists are useful people "who's a-denying of it" but they must miss a great deal of simple pleasure that the rest of us pick up here and there. They are said to take no account of perfume and but little of color. I scarcely think you would recognize this description from the

Manual—you who know and love the little flower. "*Hepatica acutiloba*. Involucre simple and three-leaved, very close to the flower, so as to resemble a calyx; otherwise as in Anemone . . . Leaves all radical . . . Three ovate obtuse or rounded lobes; those of the involucre also obtuse . . . Achenia several, in a small, loose head . . . &c., &c." I am sure you will agree with me that that is no way of doing justice to our pretty *Hepatica*. If this is a sample of how they go on—well, we shall not be hard upon the botanists—perhaps they are not young like us!

Presently being quite tired out with our scramble, we sat down in a sunny place to eat our lunch and examine our boxes. To the general satisfaction it was found that our ramble had been not only pleasant but profitable. The boxes contained more than twenty distinct varieties of plant life, not counting Teddy's trees.

I am sure you all know many of them. There were two kinds of *Violets*, the purple and the white, the latter sending forth a faint, sweet scent, and the delicate striped *Spring Beauty* or *Claytonia Virginica*, spoken of in Hiawatha by its Iroquois name *Miskodeed*. Our Columbine, although found at that early date, was not used as a specimen. It was not fully developed, having, I suppose, ventured out into the cold world rather too soon. Only one of us was fortunate enough to find the *Dutchman's Breeches*, which resembles, as its name implies, a tiny pair of baggy unmentionables, white, tipped with cream color. It is of the same family as the well-known Bleeding-Heart of our gardens.

Investigation proved the truth of a rumor concerning the *Dog's Tooth Violet* or *Adder's Tongue* as some call it. Stripping the brown skin from its root, the bulb was found to be extremely like the sharp, white eye-tooth of our own skye terrier Tyke, who naturally formed one of the party, although not specially invited. Then came the *Bishop's Cap*, *Chickweed*, *Saxifrage*, *Anemone*, *Blackberry*, *Raspberry*, *Chokecherry*, beloved of boys, *Wild Strawberry*, *Dandelion* (*Dent-de-lion* or *Lion's Tooth*), and *Celandine* as well as the *Wild Grape*, which Theo had found like the poet,

> "Trailing o'er the elder branches
> Filling all the air with fragrance!"

Teddy's share consisted of the small but precious blossoms of the shade and wild fruit trees. *Oak*, *Elm*, *Maple* (Sugar and red varieties), *Beech*, *Birch*, *Hickory*, *Butter-nut* and *Balm-of-Gilead*, the latter a near relative of the Aspen, whose leaves tremble and flutter in a breeze which trees of stronger mind disdain to notice.

All about us was delightfully quiet, except for the clamorous cawing of the crows in the pines, for we were

> "Far from the city's guarded gate."

The sun shone through the budding branches, and made us drowsily happy. The time had not yet come to avoid his searching rays. Luncheon was of the most unpretending kind. There was no dazzling tablecloth spread out upon the short, green turf, in miniature representing the hills and dales of the landscape. The flies did not get into the cream, for the simple reason that neither cream nor flies existed just there and then, and the ants being unaccustomed to polite society were shy, and saved themselves from the atrocity of mustard on their sandwiches. Every crumb being at length consumed, Teddy was ordered to consign the papers in which the feast had been hidden, to hollow graves in the crannies of the rocks strewn about us, to bury them deep from human ken. Soon all traces of our orgy were disposed of. No evidence of human occupation remained.

The afternoon slipped slowly away, and still we lingered until the levelling beams of the sun warned us it was time to go. So we picked up our belongings, and with many a backward glance, left the charming scene to the lingering sigh of the West wind, the chirp and chatter of the bright-eyed squirrels, and the endless discourse of the crows in the mountain tree-tops.

A VERY EMINENT AND VERY OLD CANADIAN.

The pleasure we have in introducing to our young readers our Eminent Young Canadians, is equalled by that which we enjoy as we bring to their notice our Eminent Old Canadians, and all the more so when they are specially eminent and specially old. Curious, too, it is that we have again to lay the honour of birth at the feet of Nova Scotia.

The gentleman this time is so old that I had almost commenced to write about him by the "once upon a time" of the fairy stories. For it is almost fairyland to us to think of a gentleman, hale and hearty, busy and active, and one hundred years old. His age alone is an eminence which entitles him to a place in our Series. But he is more than a very old Canadian. He is a Soldier Canadian. He is a Sailor Canadian. He is a Soldier and a Sailor that all the world has heard of, and that everybody has praised. And to think that the dear old gentleman was once a Young Canadian. That "once" so long ago! His name is Sir Provo William Parry Wallis.

Since then he has been in many a sea, and fought in many a battle. I shall only tell you of one. It happened in 1813, when our war-ships were out on this side of the ocean doing duty on the American coast, Sir Provo being on the "Shannon." She lay off Boston Harbour keeping guard on two American war-ships that were inside. One of these, the "Chesapeake," had achieved some victories that made her officers a little too bold and boasting. Sir Provo, on the "Shannon," was burning to cool their boastings. He sent in messages asking the captain of the "Chesapeake" to come out. Wearied of waiting, he at length sent a formal challenge to have the fortunes of the two ships tried ship to ship. The "Chesapeake" was a larger ship than the "Shannon," and had more men and larger guns than the "Shannon." But Sir Provo did not mind that. He wanted an opportunity of proving what he could do.

At length the "Chesapeake" appeared coming out of the harbour. All the people on shore were beside themselves with excitement. They had great festivities prepared for the conquering hero of the "Chesapeake" when he should return to Boston after having thrashed the "Shannon." Our British sailors smacked their lips at the prospect of a good fight. Their ship stood in for Boston Light-house, and lay to. Seeing the "Chesapeake" come on, she filled her sails and stood out for more sea room. A few hours were spent in manœuvres with each other to get a good position, and at last when the two ships were only fifty yards apart, the "Shannon" fired her first gun. The fight was fierce and short. The ships came closer and closer. The "Shannon" boarded the "Chesapeake," and in twenty minutes from the first gun, the American flag was hauled down on the "Chesapeake," and the Union Jack hauled up in its place. We can imagine the feelings of the people on the shore as they saw their ship, with officers and crew, being towed away up to Halifax.

This is one of the battles that Sir Provo fought and won, and let every Young Canadian join with us in wishing him a very happy hundredth birthday.

As I write, there is a great fuss in Ottawa. The Parliament Buildings have all been swept and garnished. Preparations have been going on for weeks. The Departments have been busy over their Reports. Members have been writing for their "Rooms." Shops have been brightening and laying in supplies for a brisk trade. The hotels are all "remodelled," as they say, and "newly-furnished," as they say too, and everything is in readiness for the meeting of Parliament. The soldiers who are to be "on guard" have drilled and polished up their steels. Flags are shaken out. Everybody has on his best coat.

About twenty years ago, perhaps a few years before you were born, a very great event took place in Canada. All the Provinces became united into one country, and we called it the Dominion of Canada. A Capital was chosen for each Province, and it was arranged that each Province should have its own Parliaments, and manage its own affairs. Then a Capital was chosen for the whole country. Many thought that Montreal should be the Capital. Many thought that Toronto was better. Opinions were so different that at length the question was sent home to our own Queen, "Where is the Capital to be?" Her Majesty looked at Montreal on the map, and then at Toronto, but she found it hard to decide. So she thought it best to choose a place halfway between each, and that place was Ottawa. Of course we all accepted Her Majesty's decision, and Ottawa was made the Capital, with a Parliament to meet there to discuss questions about the whole country, and to decide in cases in which the various Provinces could not agree.

We began at once. Buildings were required for the Parliament, and for the work of the Government. By and by I shall tell you of the work of the Government, for you must not think it is all done by sitting in comfortable chairs in Parliament, or by standing making fine speeches. So the Buildings were commenced, and now they are completed, and for these twenty odd years have been used for the government of the country. They stand on a hill, overlooking the Ottawa River, and make a most handsome and imposing pile. The grounds around them are kept beautiful with flower beds and green sward, and the approaches are handsome and attractive. On the whole, we ought to be proud of our Ottawa Buildings. Some people say they are the finest in the world, next to those in London.

Every Province elects a certain number of members for the Parliament in Ottawa, and they all come up for the Session to learn what is being done, and to vote when it is difficult to say what ought to be done. These gentlemen are called The House of Commons. They are two hundred and fifteen in number, and as they leave their homes and their business to attend to their duties in Parliament, the country gives them an allowance for travelling expenses, and an annual salary of one thousand dollars each.

For fear The House of Commons should at any time be led to decide to do something that may not be best, or not to do something that the country requires, another body of men, called the Senate, has been created, as a check upon the Commons. The Senate is composed of seventy-eight gentlemen. They are not elected by the people as the Commons are. They are simply appointed. The difference between a Member of the Commons and a Senator in this respect is that the Member gets the votes of the people, and the number of votes decides who is to be Member; while the Senator gets no votes at all, but is simply told by the Government that he is to be a Senator, and a Senator he is. The Member, too, is Member only for the Parliament for which he has had the votes. When a new Parliament is coming he has to go back and get the votes all over again, and if he does not get them he cannot be Member any longer. The Senator, however, is a Senator for life, and his annual salary is the same as the member's, namely, one thousand dollars a year.

Now this gives us a great many men to govern us; too many indeed, and so the Parliament says, "Let us choose one man to be our head, or our leader. He will learn about the country better than we can, and he will suggest to us what is best to be done. When he has thought it over well, and has suggested to us what he thinks, we will all come up to Ottawa once a year to talk it over and decide. We will talk and decide, and talk and decide, until everything is arranged, even if it takes weeks or months." So they do. They all come up once a year, and sometimes it takes several months before everything is done.

WHERE THEY MEET IN OTTAWA.

But the head man, or leader who has been chosen, finds a great deal to do. He cannot do it all. He cannot even think of it all. He looks about, among the members who have been elected, for the men most likely to help him. He chooses a few of these, who come with the Leader and work with him. They meet a great deal oftener than the Parliament of course. Indeed they give their whole time to the country, and take charge of all the different departments. They are called the Cabinet, and sometimes the Ministers, or the Ministry, or the Queen's Privy Council for Canada. There are fourteen or fifteen of them. They meet very often to plan and carry out their work, and sometimes they have to travel around a good deal so that they may know better what is going on in the department under their charge. Each member of the Cabinet has a salary of seven thousand dollars.

We have now got, you see, the Leader, who is called the Premier, or First man in the country; his Cabinet, or Privy Council; the Senate; and the House of Com-

mons. These gentlemen are elected or appointed for the Dominion Government,—that is for the management of all matters that the Provinces cannot manage very well for themselves, for such matters in one Province that other Provinces may be interested in, and to make sure that none of the Provinces shall make laws for themselves that might be hurtful to another Province, or to the country as a whole.

Our young Canadians have not been taught to bother themselves about these things. Why, we do not know, unless it be just by custom. But it is a great mistake. We want our country to be a great nation. We want to learn all about it; to take a pride in it; and to vie with each other in what we know. No young Canadian is too young to begin. Next to our duty to the good God who has given us this happy land to live in, to our parents who love us so well, and to our sisters and brothers around us, there is no duty so sacred as that we owe to our native land. Now, how can we perform our duty to our native land, if we know little about it? How can the young Canadians in the West love those in the East if they do not care to read about them, to know what they are busy with, how they are getting on, and what they want to make of themselves.

Our grown up newspapers try to do that for our grown up people. THE YOUNG CANADIAN is going to do that for our young people. We have sent a special editor to Ottawa who will go to the Parliament Buildings and say "I come from THE YOUNG CANADIAN." A special chair will be given us. We shall go out and come in. We shall see everything and hear everything that our young readers should know. We shall call at Rideau Hall where His Excellency lives, and leave for him and for his excellent lady, two cards "THE YOUNG CANADIAN." Their Excellencies will be pleased. They will invite THE YOUNG CANADIAN to their entertainments. The citizens in Ottawa will invite THE YOUNG CANADIAN. We shall be here, there, and everywhere. When the mysterious little bell rings in Parliament to call the members to their work, we shall be there too. We shall go in with a smile on our youthful face. Sir John, (he is the Premier you know) will have his eye on us. Mr. Laurier, the Leader of the Opposition, (I must tell you about that next week) will have his eye on us. When Lady Stanley comes to her Gallery to see what is going on, she will have her eye on us. All the Members will know that we young Canadians are listening, —a million of us, to what they say; that our eyes, two million of them, are watching all that is done; that at our fire-sides, a million of them, what they say and do will be talked about. We shall clap our hands with Canadian lustiness when they are brave for what they think right, and polite to all who do not agree with them. And we shall sit in mute silence when they disappoint us,—only in mute silence. But what a silence it will be! One million young Canadians in mute silence!

EDITOR.

MAY-DAY.

How we long for it, after our snow and ice! Birds, flowers, green fields, shady trees, how delicious is the thought of them! No wonder May-Day has always been full of dance and song!

Among the old Romans the Floral Games lasted for days—a regular stampede for summer fun. In our own olden times we did our best to follow the good example. We began at break of day. We were impatient to be off. Flowers and hawthorn branches were gathered, and carried home to triumphal music of horns and tabors. Every window and door in the village was decorated. The decorations came to be called "May," and the fun was "bringing home the May" or "going a May-ing." The fairest maid was crowned "Queen of the May." Young people met, and danced, and sang, and frolicked. We can't do it now. We've grown too old and stiff. The Lords and Ladies came down to see the sport. Even the King and Queen mingled in the joy of their subjects. Alas! for the days that are no more!

They could not stop at the windows and doors, these dear old charming, simple, natural, happy folks. More flowers! More play! They got a pole, a May-pole, like the mast of a ship, and fixed it on the market-place, covered it with flower-wreaths, and danced around it till sunset. There it stood from year to year, as important a part of rural life, as our Court House or County Jail is now. By-and-bye came along our good Puritan forefathers with their dread of a laugh and their horror of sunshine, and tore up the May-poles. But the disposition of the people would out. Play they must have. The poles were brought back again. And fortunately for us, as the English people most distinctly to this day show traces of that healthful, wholesome country life that we delight ever to read about. What may our descendants say when they come to find out that we have given it up!

The "Queen of the May," however, did not join in the sunny revelries, which was a great mistake in Her Majesty. She was dressed up and placed in an arbour near the pole, where all might admire her. She was almost smothered in flowers. A crusty old bachelor friend of mine says the admiration made up for the loss of the fun. I am sure I do not think so. Pretty little maidens love fun as much as anybody else. Indeed, I find they love it more, and very often it is their love of fun that makes them look so pretty.

In our own day, in London, the memory of the good old times is kept up by some absurd imitations. The chimney-sweeps dress up very oddly, carrying with them a man hidden in an arbour of evergreens. They shout and dance to rather unmusical music, and beg for money for a feast. Until recently, the London milkmaids too used to dress up a cow in flowers and garlands, and dance through the streets early in the morning of May-Day. In Scotland the country maidens still go out at sunrise to bathe their faces in May dew. I have often seen, around Prince Arthur's seat in Edinburgh, gay and merry bands of laughing Scotch lassies in their quest of May morning beauty. If the early dew did not bestow it, something else did. A fresher, happier, lovelier spectacle I have never seen. How could we introduce May dew into Canada? The Twenty-Fourth is too late. We should have a Spring National Outing to preserve our very complexions.

ENID.

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ST. GEORGE.

There are two versions of the history of this soldier saint. According to one he has won fame by no merit of his own. He contrived to make himself popular by servile flattery to those in power. He made a contract to supply the army with bacon, and managed the affair so unscrupulously that he succeeded in piling up a fortune for himself, but had to skip the country to avoid a few unpleasant exposures. They had skippers in those days, if they had not the word "skip." He took to a new trade abroad, a kind of semi-religious, semi-something else kind of thing, in which he had an opportunity of plundering temples and inhabitants, till his conduct became unendurable. A few ups and downs of this kind led eventually to his being dragged to prison. His dupes, however, thought prison too good for him, broke open the doors, murdered him, and tossed his body into the sea. This death at the hands of Pagans seems to be all the title St. George had to martyrdom, and so to being made a saint. Romance cast a halo around him.

The other story of him is a much pleasanter one, and gives him his title to fame from bold deeds in the cause of religion, and from losing his head in the cause. At all events he has long been held in great honour in England. The festival in honour of his "day" in the Calendar was made memorable by the creation of the noble Order of St. George, or the Blue Garter. It was celebrated by a grand joist. Forty of England's best and bravest knights gave a challenge to the chivalry of Europe, and a magnificent tournament was the result.

A NEW IDEA.

It is a fact that a great deal of study is now being put upon the advertising pages of our leading periodicals. Experts write advertisements, the best artists design illustrations, and it is a matter of considerable interest, therefore, when one of the leading advertising firms of this continent announce that they have published a sample book, in which they show 200 or more different advertisements they have written and designed for their customers. Alden & Faxon, Cincinnati, Ohio, have just published a book with this title, and will send it on receipt of six cents in stamps. The collection is quite unique, and shows what versatility there is in the American mind, regarding the wants and necessities of people who read newspapers. In addition to the advertisements, information and hints are given to advertisers, whether they are old and experienced, or whether they are just starting on the road to fame and fortune, with the newspapers as their capital.

DO OUR LITTLE TOTS PAY?

Does a two-year old baby pay for itself up to the time it reaches that interesting age? Sometimes I think not. I thought so yesterday when my own baby slipped into my study and scrubbed the carpet and his best dress with my bottle of ink. He was playing in the coal-hod ten minutes after a clean dress was put on him, and later in the day he pasted fifty cents worth of postage stamps on the parlour wall, and poured a dollar's worth of the choicest white-rose perfume out of the window "to see it wain."

Then he dug out the centre of a nice baked loaf of cake, and was found in the middle of the dining-room table, with the sugar-bowl between his legs, and most of the contents in his stomach.

He has already cost more than $100 in doctor bills, and I feel that I am right in attributing my few gray hairs to the misery I endured while walking the floor with him at night during the first year of his life.

What has he ever done to pay me for that?

Ah! I hear his little feet pattering along out in the hall. I hear his little ripple of laughter because he has escaped from his mother, and has found his way up to my study at a forbidden hour. But the door is closed. The worthless little vagabond can't get in, and I won't open it for him. No I won't. I can't be disturbed when I'm writing. He can just cry, if he wants to; I won't be bothered, for—"rat, tat, tat," go his dimpled knuckles on the door. I sit in silence. "Rat, tat, tat."

I sit perfectly still.

"Papa."

No reply.

"Peeze, papa."

Grim silence.

"Baby tum in; peeze, papa."

He shall not come in.

"My papa."

I wrote on.

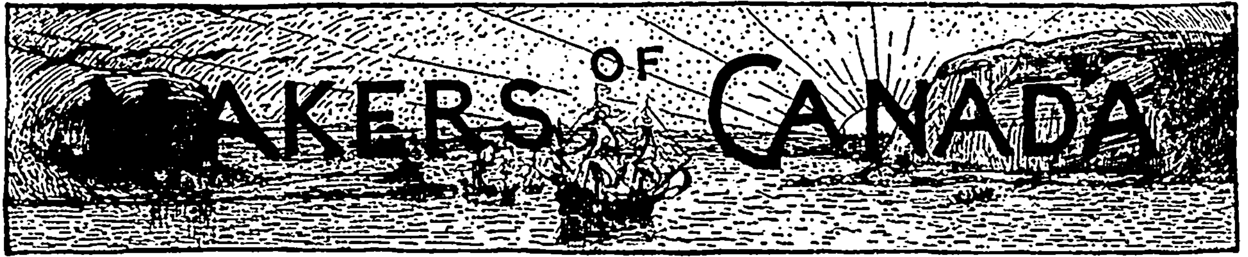
"Papa," says the little voice; "I lub my papa, peeze let baby in."

I am not quite a brute, and I throw open the door. In he comes, with out-stretched little arms and laughing face. I caught him up in my arms, and his warm, soft little arms go around my neck, they are not very clean, little cheek laid close to mine, the baby voice says sweetly, "I lub my papa."

Does he pay?

Well, I guess he does! He has cost me many anxious days and nights. He has cost me time and money and self-sacrifice. He has cost me pain and sorrow. He has cost much. But he has paid for it all again and again in whispering these three little words in my ear—"I lub papa."

Our children pay when their first feeble little cries fill our hearts with the motherly love and fatherly love that ought never to fail among all earthly passions.



OUR BOOKS AND BOOK-MAKERS.

Some day I will tell you how a book is written, though that may not be an easy matter. And some other day I will describe how it is printed a very curious process too. To-day I am going to put the cart before the horse and tell you how books are bound, and perhaps when you know all the labour and care that are expended upon them you will be less callous to their feelings. A good book, with a good binding, should be one of our very best friends, and no true-hearted young Canadian would willingly disregard the feelings of a friend.

Long ago, after an author had written his book, he handed it over, not to a printer or to a publisher, but to a transcriber a man who sat down and wrote out a copy of it. After this copy was finished he wrote another, and then another, a very slow process indeed. The book was then passed over to an artist who set his ingenuity to work to decorate it with fancy titles, and much very pretty ornamentation was sometimes indulged in. It was then sent to the man who was what we should call the binder, but he was not a binder according to our notion. He put the book on to a roller about thirteen inches long. The two ends he finished off neatly with metal or ivory knobs. As many decorations were put on outside as he could well devise, and then the whole thing, for safety, was put into a neat case of parchment or wood. The box, too, was made as pretty as it could be, and the portrait of the author was sometimes put on it. He was very proud of his work, and he had good reason. These were the days of working for the love of work, before the days of working for the love of money. Some of them were very gorgeous. The wooden cases were often richly carved, and they were occasionally made longer than the book, so that it might be easily held in the hand. They had their editions de luxe also, and vied with each other in decorations of ivory, silver, and gold. I am now looking at a cut of an old and beautiful Bible believed to have been the property of King Charles I., and to have been presented by him to one of the Bishops who attended His Royal Highness. It is bound in blue velvet, and decorated with the royal coronet in silver, precious stones, and gold.

When we first began to print our books instead of having them copied, the printing was pretty much in imitation of the copying, and the binding was also in imitation of the work of the early monks, who were the copyists and the binders. The work was gradually taken out of the hands of the good old monks, who soon found other things to do, and book making and book binding became a regular trade. It has now become almost a profession. Men who love books are as particular as to their binding as they are as to their contents. France is famous for its binding, but London holds its own against the world for the beauty, elasticity, and durability of its bindings. There are men in London who have earned for themselves as much fame in book binding as any have done in book-writing. Of one, Lewis, it is said "his books appear to move on silk hinges."

After the sheets are printed they are dried by being hung up on poles for a time. They are then made smooth by very heavy pressure. The next process is the "folding" of the sheets into the size required for the book. In a library or book-shop, there seems to us to be little rule in this matter. Every book seems to come out in a size decided either by chance, or by its own sweet will. We find, however, a law in this, as in most things. If you take a sheet and fold it once it makes a big book. Fold it twice and you have another size. Go on in this way and you get a good variety, but all according to some law. In this way we have names for the sizes derived from the number of folds. If a sheet is folded eight times, we get a volume in "octavo," and so on. It is an easy matter to fold a sheet that has not been printed. But as the pages on the sheet, eight of them in an octavo, are all printed, not after each other, but so that they will come after each other when folded,

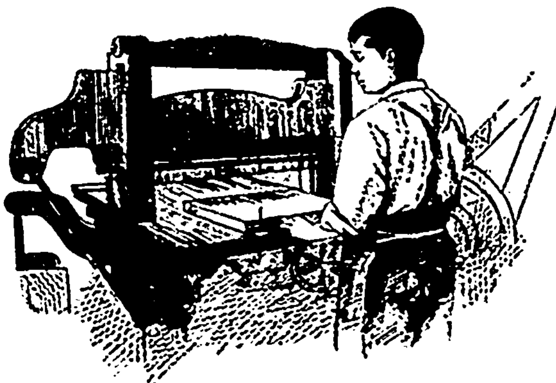
SEWING BOOKS.

the matter of folding becomes rather difficult. Upon this depends much of the beauty of the book. In these days of machinery, it has, of course, been tried to arrive at accuracy in folding by this means. But, strange to say, folding is one of the few things in which mechanical accuracy is surpassed by that of the human hand. Most of the folding is done by women.

The sheets are then "collated," or gathered together in distinct books, in quires of twenty-four sheets at a time. You may have noticed, as I have done, letters printed on the lower margin of pages in books, A, B, C, etc. And you may have wondered, as I too have done, what these were for. That is the "signature," and in collating, or gathering together the sheets, they are kept in their order, by the alphabet, A, B, C, and so on, so that the order is preserved till the end of each volume. The books in this form are now pressed to the desired solidity. Small cuts are next sawed as marks for stitching. The sheets thus "collated," or gathered in their proper order, and "sawed" and marked for stitching, are then carried to the sewing bench. They are laid in a frame and sewed, sheet on to sheet, until a whole volume is done. This is a very neat and important process, and is also confided to women. The kind of thread and the kind of sewing depends upon the destination of the book, and upon the quality of the binding to be done. You may easily imagine, for instance, that the huge books you see on bank and office desks require a treatment quite different from what is needed for a lady's boudoir table. And for school alas, we have not yet discovered anything strong enough. The sewing is the last stage in the "preparation" of the book.

The next stage is the "forwarding." The "fly leaves" are put on, pasted to the back on each side. It is then trimmed,—placed in a machine with a broad strong knife above it. The knife is brought down with slow, but sure and ruthless pace, just like a guillotine, and cuts everything that comes in its way. It made me shiver to look at it. Glue is next applied to the back, to strengthen the sewing. The books are then "backed." This is a very pretty process, and is done by machinery. A lining of paper, or cloth, or leather is put round the back, and the shape is at the same time given to the back itself, the round shape that gives such a nice comfortable feeling to the book when we open it.

Meantime in another department of the trade "cases" are being prepared, and the book now passes into the hands of the "finisher." Boards have been cut in large quantities by machinery. Two are taken for each book, each pair of boards being, of course, identical in size. Cloth is pasted on to the boards, and the space left between the two corresponds to the thickness of the book that is to be placed within their strong protection. The



TRIMMING PAPER.

GLUEING THE BACKS OF BOOKS.

back of the book and the cloth or leather between the boards are then glued together. When the cover is merely of paper, this is all that is necessary, and the thing is ready for the market. Our cheap twenty-five, fifty, or seventy-five cent books are of this kind. But cloth binding, and other more expensive sorts require much further care.

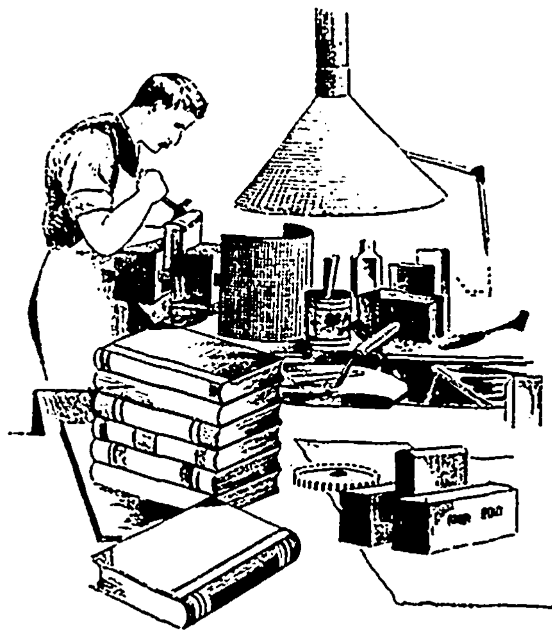
In olden times the fine work on the outside of books was done by hand. Now we have machines that do it, and do it better, and that get through as many books in half a minute as a man used to produce in a week. Look at any book you are fond of and see how it is decorated. Perhaps a ship, or a lion, or a landscape is stamped on the cover. There may be a boy perched away up on a mast head in a man-of-war, or a girl reading delightfully in a shady nook. How is all this done? We can not only see the decoration, but we can feel it with our hands standing out from the level board.

An artist first draws the design on paper. The design is then cut in steel or brass, and made into a strong metal block. The board of the book receives the impression of this block at one very quick and decided stroke, and the title on the back may be done in the same way. Sometimes the block is heated to give a very clear and distinct impression. This kind of stamping is called "blind,"—that is, the form, the impression, is made, but only in the colour of the board itself. When the letters, or scenes, or devices, are done in gold, silver, or in colours, these are added before the stamping, and the stamping fixes and finishes the effect. Rare and costly books have generally rich and expensive designs. Our common books are decorated by the thousand from one pattern, which is one reason of their cheapness. In one of our book-binderies I saw designs that had been prepared for albums and special books for our Governor-Generals, and one that was being beautifully and carefully executed for Her Majesty. It *was* a beauty, and you should have seen the face of the binder as he stroked it with the corner of his apron. I wish Her Majesty could have seen that. It would certainly have given her as much happiness as the beautiful binding could have given, for our good Queen is more pleased with a smile from an honest face than by all the pomp and style with which she is surrounded.

"All sorts of bindings you have" I ventured to remark to the honest face.

"Oh! yes, indeed: paper, straw-board, mill-board, leather, half-leather, calf, half-calf, Morocco, Russian; light and flexible, heavy and ponderous; for school, home, office, bank, library, presentation, *de luxe*, "

We might have gone on till this time, if my attention had not been arrested by a workman who was gilding the edges. When the book was "trimmed," after having passed through the guillotine, it looked like a mass of solid marble, instead of a clump of paper sheets. To my surprise he took a sharp knife and scraped the

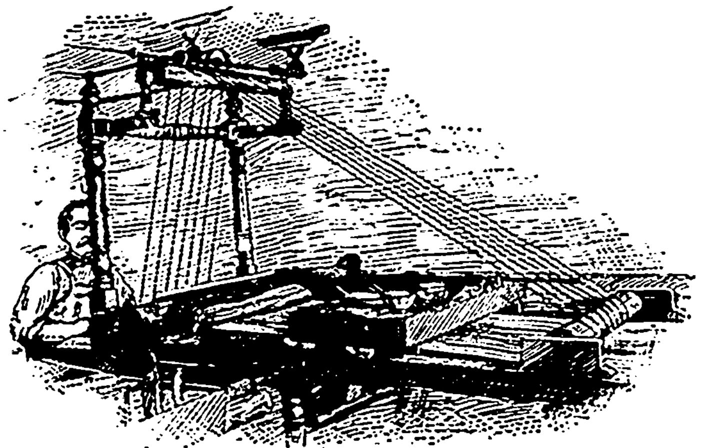


THE FINISHER.

edges very much as I have seen a cobbler do the sole of a new shoe, and the edges of the sheets seemed as solid as the shoe leather. When the scraping was done, and the fine dust of shavings had been wiped off, he put a thin coating of varnish along, and then laid on his gold leaf. Have you ever seen any one handle a paper of gold-leaf? How light it is! How brittle! You cannot touch it—you dare not breathe upon it. Hardly can you look at it without its quivering and shuddering with fear of a ruthless hand.

My interest in the gilding led my friend to shew me another decoration that I had almost passed by, but which pleased me more than anything I had seen. It is called "marbling." You have often seen it, I know, but you may not have observed it. There is a difference between seeing and observing. I had seen the marbling before, many a time. I now went to observe it. You know what I mean,—that wavy, winding, rolling, running colouring on the edges of the pages that looks like marble. It is done in this way. A basin or box is filled with a preparation of thick gum, solid enough to prevent from sinking down into it some colours that are going to be poured on to it. All around stand pots of various colours, red, blue, yellow, brown, and other gay and clear colours. Each pot has a brush of its own. The marbler takes a brush from the brown pot and sprinkles some brown colour on to the gum in the basin. The blue brush, the red, the yellow, follow in their turn. With a pen he then makes a few light streaks through the colours, mixing them only in the very slightest fashion. A comb is his next tool, which he very carefully draws from end to end of the basin, touching the colours just as if he loved them too much to disturb them, but was desirous to introduce them to each other. The teeth of the comb draws one colour through another, without mixing them, and leaves a very pretty imitation of marble lying on the top of the basin. The edges of the book, or rather the book itself, held very tight, before the cover is put on, is dipped not *in*, but *on* to this marble, unnecessary colour is washed off—and immediately the thing is done. Sometimes the colour is sprinkled on to the edges, which gives quite a different effect.

I wish I could have space to tell you about the ruling machine,—now long rows of little nimble pens, with different coloured inks, rule paper on both sides at one time, for our letters, exercise books, accounts, diaries, and everything of that sort; of the punching machines for making the holes around our postage stamps, and in our cheque-books; of the machine for putting the numbers on pages of large bank ledgers; and of the dexterous young girls I saw putting our notepaper into neat packages for the shops, but perhaps some other day I shall. Meantime, I hope my young Canadians have enjoyed my visit to a Book-bindery as much as I myself did.



RULING PAPER.

INDUSTRIA.

A BELL MUFFLED FOR 170 YEARS.

The spire of St. Helen's Church, Ryde, Isle of Wight, which was built at the beginning of the last century, was shortly after completion struck by lightning, and it was believed that a large bell was broken at the same time. This week Churchwarden Calloway went into the belfry, and out of curiosity examined the bell. Instead of a crack he found that a piece of wood which had been broken from the wheel was pressing against the bell, and stopping the vibration. On removing this, the bell, after being muffled for 170 years, rang out in a way which astonished the inhabitants.

A NEW FEATURE.

A curiosity will be seen at the World's Fair next year. The United States Navy Exhibit is to be shown in a war-ship built upon piles driven into the border of the lake. Of brick it will be, and not of wood or of steel, as old and new war-ships are made of. It is to be a perfect model of a modern war-ship—one of those huge and complete floating arsenals which cost nowadays three millions of dollars apiece, with turrets, torpedo boats, torpedo nets and booms, boats, anchors, chain cables, davits, awnings, deck fittings, and every application for efficient service, and manned throughout by officers, soldiers, and marines.

MRS. MAYBURN'S TWINS.

THE STORY OF ONE DAY.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

(By special arrangement with Messrs. T B Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.)

"Oh, did bad mamma hurt her dear little beeboy?" said mamma, dropping the comb and kissing the child; "well, she sha'n't do it any more; there," and mamma tried with her hands to put the larger tangles on whatever part of the head they rightly belonged to, fixing them in place with the wet brush.

"Come, pet, aren't you ready?" shouted a manly voice from somewhere below.

"Right away, dear," replied mamma. "Run, Freddie, and tell Bridget to hurry upstairs to baby."

"I can't find my necktie," said Fred.

Mamma stood Bobboker on the floor, snatched a ribbon from a drawer, tied it about Fred's neck, and pushed him toward the door; then she picked up Bobboker and hurried down-stairs, where papa, who was in his seat at the foot of the table, remarked:

"We're ten minutes late again, little girl. I wish we could be more punctual."

Mamma looked at the lid of the coffee-pot, and the lid did not melt, which showed what excellent metal it was made of. As soon as mamma and the three children were seated, papa asked a blessing, and all mamma knew about it was that she shut her eyes and remembered that she had not dressed her own hair, and that she had forgotten to tell Bridget not to move out the children's bed again without replacing the castor that had dropped from one of the legs, leaving the latter to stump, so to speak, across and through the matting. Papa completed his devotional exercise before mamma got through wondering whether there was or was not in the store-room a piece of matting that would replace the width ruined by the leg of the bed, but Bobboker recalled her to present scenes by pulling her sleeve and saying:

"Mamma, 'oor py'ate is 'ooked down to enough;" while papa laughed and said:

"Any time to-day will do for my coffee, little girl."

Mamma poured two cups of coffee hastily, and took a sip from one, for it did seem as if she would break in two unless she swallowed something at once. Then she served and put sugar and milk on three saucers of oatmeal, poured three cups of milk, reminded Fred that he had not put on his napkin, helped her husband from the side dishes nearest her, and began to cut a mouthful from the fragment of ham her husband had passed her, when back came Fred's saucer for more oatmeal; Bertha's saucer followed, and then Bobboker remembered the promised lump of sugar. A second cup of coffee for Mr. Mayburn consumed a minute or two; Bertha's meat had to be cut for her, because she was quite awkward with knife and fork, but finally mamma got that mouthful of meat to her lips, and was buttering a piece of bread, when Bobboker remarked:

"'Awnt mamma to wheed Bobboker."

"Mamma's beeboy feed himself, like a great big man," suggested mamma, as she bit industriously at the bread.

"Bobboker isn't big manny; Bobboker dot saw om." (Sore arm.)

This was too much for mamma, for Bobboker's right shoulder had once been dislocated, and he had been told of it so often, in sympathetic terms, that he was disposed to rate the accident at its full value. So mamma took the spoon, and fed the little fellow, and between two mouthfuls he said, "Dee mamma," which for the moment comforted mamma more than a full meal could have done. But she knew that as foundation for a busy morning a full heart could not take the place of an empty stomach, so she again attempted to get something from her plate, and succeeded to the extent of a mouthful or two of meat and a single piece of fried potato, when Bobboker protested; said he,

"Bobboker tummuk aw empaty some more."

Everybody laughed at this, but papa was thoughtful enough of the family welfare to say:

"Do see that he eats enough, won't you, dear?"

"Oh, yes!" said mamma, in such a way that papa looked up in surprise, upon which mamma looked down without being able to see distinctly for a moment. But her husband was finishing his breakfast; he would go in a moment, and not return for several hours; he was her husband—her dearest—and somehow she had hardly seen him or spoken to him that morning. She wanted to say something or hear him say something before he went, but her head was in such a tired whirl, that she could not think of anything to say—not, it seemed, as if she were to die for not doing it. At last she succeeded in asking:

"What is the news this morning?"

"Oh, nothing—yes, there is too: such a jolly row between the Mayor and the Police Commissioners. Just let me read you a bit of it." And papa read, in merry humor, a scene from the proceedings, and laughed so heartily, that mamma, like the good wife that she was, laughed too, though she wondered what there was funny or even interesting in the story.

"There!" said papa, suddenly pocketing the paper, and arising from the table, "this isn't business. I must be off—bye-bye." Papa kissed each of the children hastily, touching his lips to brow, nose, or hair according to whatever was the easiest spot to reach. He devoted a little more time to mamma, stooping over her and putting an arm about her neck; when he started to go, he found one of mamma's arms around his waist as tightly as if it intended to remain there, and mamma's head was leaning against him, as if it, too, wanted to stay.

"Bless you, pet," said papa, "you do love me, don't you?"

"Love you!" exclaimed mamma. Then she held him tighter, and he stroked her hair, and Bobboker remarked:

"Mamma mus' not 'p'ash wawtoo in her facey;" at which papa looked down for an explanation, and saw that mamma was crying. The tears were promptly kissed out of her eyes, but more came, and papa asked:

"My poor little girl, what is the matter?"

Mamma swallowed something that was not food, and answered,

"Oh, nothing—yes—a great deal. I wish we ever had any time together."

"Why, we have every evening together," said papa.

"Yes," said mamma. It was not the word, but the tone in which she said it, that made papa look at her inquiringly, tenderly, pityingly, irresolutely, and then to press her head tightly against him. Both were quiet for a moment; then papa looked at the clock, kissed his wife again, whispered, "Poor little girl," and hurried off to his business, though, as he donned his overcoat and hat in the hall, he said something in a low tone, to the man in the hat-rack mirror, about the peculiar ways of women.

Papa had hardly left the dining-room when Fred got out of his chair, and, hurrying to mamma's side, hugged her and kissed her most tenderly, though he said not a word; then he pressed his soft cheek to mamma's cheek, at which mamma's eyes broke down again; but she pushed

back her chair and dragged Fred up into her lap and gave back to him all his kisses and embraces, and said:

"Mamma's darling—mamma's friend—mamma's dear great heart."

"I don't know what you're crying about," said Fred, as soon as he was allowed breath enough to speak with; "but I'm awful sorry for you. Are you sick?"

"No, dear old fellow—only tired—oh, so tired!"

"What makes you so tired?" asked Fred.

"Oh, baby—and little children who won't dress themselves in the morning without being continually watched and scolded by mamma."

"Well, mamma," said Fred, sitting upright and looking honestly into her eyes "I didn't see that shoe this morning until I stumbled right over it."

"You weren't looking for it, little boy; that is the reason you didn't find it. If you would only keep your mind upon whatever you have to do mamma would be saved thousands of troubles."

"Well, I put my mind on things, but it comes right off again when I don't know anything about it," explained Fred.

While mamma had been caressing Fred and talking with him, she had felt one of her cheeks being kissed, and an arm about her neck which she knew was Bertha's; but she affected not to notice either while it seemed she could do something toward reforming Fred. The boy's reply, however, was more than she could answer at once, so she put an arm around Bertha, and Bertha tried to climb into her lap, and mamma worked Fred to one side and dragged Bertha up on the other side, and Bertha scrutinized the entire operation until she was satisfied that she was as completely in mamma's lap as Fred was; then both children sat there like a double-backed chair weighing a hundred pounds, and so ricketty that it took both of mamma's arms to hold it together. The proceeding did not escape the notice of another member of the family, who exclaimed:

"Bobboker 'awnts to det in mamma's 'ap too."

"Darlings," said mamma, as she rather abruptly spilled the children, one on each side, "mamma's afraid you'll have to get down; she can't hold three at a time."

"Bobboker," said Fred, with a pout, "you're a selfish, piggish little thing."

"He always wants to do what he sees any one else do," said Bertha.

"Sh—h—h!" said mamma. "Doesn't my little girl want to do whatever Fred does? And, Fred, you must never call little people bad names. Mamma might call you worse names, if she judged your character by your actions.

"But don't you see, mamma," explained Bertha, "I'm a twins, and Bobboker isn't."

"Well," said Fred, going around to Bobboker's chair and putting his arm around his little brother's neck, curls and all, "he's a ignorant 'ittle sweets, an' budder s'ant boose him."

"Ow- -ye—ngya!" screamed Bobboker.

"There!" exclaimed Fred, retiring promptly; "just see how hateful he is when I try to love him!"

"Your arm pulled his hair," said mamma.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Fred; "something's *always* doing something to that young one."

"Tell him you didn't mean to hurt him—pet him a little," said mamma; but Fred had already whisked out of the room, so mamma explained in his stead, and pacified her beeboy. Then she looked at her plate again, and did not seem particularly pleased at what she saw, for the ham was glued down by cold gravy and the slices of fried potatoes had warped, like scraps of leather that had lain in the sun. But she finished her slice of bread, and tasted the coffee to find it had grown cold and of that sickish sweetness which some sugar causes when it has been in solution for a few moments; so she poured a fresh cup, drank it in haste, took Bobboker, and went upstairs to relieve Bridget, first reminding Bertha that within half an hour she and Fred must start for school.

Reaching her own room, mamma found her bed neatly made. She disliked to disarrange neatly made beds; nevertheless she dropped down upon her couch, taking baby with her, while Bobboker climbed up on the other side, putting one elbow upon mamma's waist, and one hand in her neck, which tickled her terribly. As for The Jefful, she smacked her lips, and looked inquiringly at mamma, and put her thumb in her mouth, and took it out and smacked her lips again.

"Dear, dear!" sighed mamma, "I've forgotten to bring baby her breakfast. Will mamma's beeboy go down to Bridget and ask her for a cup of milk and some crackers for the baby?"

"I ca't," said Bobboker, who did not know how to say "can't."

"Oh, do--for poor tired mamma?"

"I ca't—Bobboker wants to lom you."

"You can love me all you like when you come back," said mamma.

"I ca't."

"Please?"

"Mus'n't say 'p'ease' to Bobboker—makes Bobboker k'y."

"Well, you shall cry all you like when you bring the baby's breakfast."

"I ca't—'awnts to k'y now."

"Well, cry—cry ever so much, and then get the baby's breakfast."

This permission rather mystified Bobboker, and he looked at mamma very sternly, but her face did not change, so the child scrambled off the bed and disappeared. Then the Jefful asked again, and more emphatically, for her breakfast, and mamma played with her so as to make her temporarily forget her physical needs. This plan succeeded for several moments, but The Jefful's monitor within suddenly prompted her, while right in the middle of a merry crow, to return to life's duties, and she did not hold her peace a second until mamma arose, took her on her shoulder, and descended to the dining-room, where she found Bobboker taking the scraps from the various plates and putting them where children imagine such things will do the most good, while Bridget was eating industriously and apparently ignoring the child's existence. Now Bobboker's digestion was anything but good, as Bridget had been told some scores of times, and ham was a little the worst thing it could attempt; so mamma exclaimed:

"Oh, Bridget! How could you let him stuff those dreadful scraps? And why didn't you send him back with the baby's breakfast?"

Bridget started as if from profound slumber, and shouted:

"Ah, ye bad little bye—fot are ye doin'? Baby's breakfast, is it, mem? How was I to know ye didn't take it up yersel'?"

"I told him to ask you for it—the baby was screaming," said mamma.

"Never a bit was he afther askin' for, barrin' a lump av sugar."

"I hope you didn't give it to him. He's already had one."

"Well, to tell ye the truth, mem," said Bridget, "he lukked that wistful that I gave him two."

"Dear, dear!" sighed mamma, and sat down to feed the baby. Mamma had just crumbled two or three crackers into the milk, and The Jefful had not made

more than six ineffectual attempts to clutch the cup, and spring out of mamma's lap, and break her precious little neck, when mamma happened to notice the clock, and to see that the time for the children to start for school was a scant quarter of an hour distant; so she shouted.

"Bertha!"

There was no response; so she called.

"Freddie!"

Then she repeated each name two or three times, startling baby each time into wonderment and a general drizzling of milk out of the corners of her pretty little mouth.

"I'll find 'em for you, mem," said Bridget, starting up from the table.

"Oh, thank you!" said mamma, continuing, as the domestic disappeared: "You're a real comfort, though sometimes you'd provoke the temper of a Job."

Within five minutes Bridget returned with Bertha, whom she had found hammering the piano.

"Are you ready for school, my child? And where is your brother?"

"I don't know."

"Find him at once. Both of you get ready, and come and show yourselves to me before you start."

Bertha disappeared, and five minutes later Fred bounced into the dining-room with:

"Mamma, have you had my spelling-book?"

"What should I want of your spelling-book, my boy?"

Fred looked rather sheepish, but said he wished he knew who had taken it.

"Where did you put it when you came home yesterday?" asked mamma.

"Nowhere."

"Where have you looked for it?"

"Everywhere."

"Where are your other books?"

"I don't know."

"Did you bring them home from school?"

"Certainly I—anyhow no, I didn't either."

"Now, hurry on your cap and overcoat and come back to me."

Shame imparted haste to Fred; he was back within five minutes, bringing Bertha with him.

"Now kiss us good bye," said Fred, hitting mamma's face all at once with his forehead, nose and chin.

"Stop a moment," said mamma. "There's a button about to drop from your overcoat. Run upstairs and get me my work basket, quick. Oh, Bertha, the toes of your shoes are almost white; go get me the bottle of polish."

While mamma had been talking, The Jefful had been springing and bouncing and climbing about at a great rate, but the absence of the other children gave the youngest an opportunity to appease her hunger, and even to give a caress or two to mamma, who was too nervous to notice them. Then Fred returned with the work-basket and Bertha with the polish, and both thrust their burdens into mamma's face, and the button was sewed on without much assistance from the baby hands that tugged at the maternal sleeve, and Bertha blacked the toes of her shoes and the tips of her fingers, so that she had to seek a basin of water; and Fred, without saying anything about it, hurried off to school alone, for fear of being late and getting a mark against him, and he left the front door open; and Bertha, while searching for him, happened to look out the door, and saw him a square away; so she returned to mamma to complain and have a good cry, and mamma unsympathetically mopped her eyes, and started her after him, after which she cuddled the baby very close, and sat for some moments with her eyes shut, trying to collect her thoughts, but not succeeding particularly well.

Of one thing she was very certain: if she did not at once wash and dress her baby, she would be late with her marketing, which meant a late dinner, which papa, who preferred dinner at midday, could not endure, for he had none too much time at noon. So she took The Jefful upstairs into her neat, warm, light, sunny room, and placed a basin of warm water on the table, and with it the soap, and sponge, and powder, and towels, and napkins, and comb and brush, and laid clean clothing upon a chair, within easy reach, and The Jefful shrieked with delight as each article was placed, for to be washed and dressed seemed to delight her almost as much as to eat. What an excitement she broke into as mamma removed her night clothing! She frantically gripped the insides of her sleeves, as the little nightgown was being taken off; she tried to unbutton her own shoes, and when mamma gave her one of the shoes to pacify her, she sucked ecstatically at the toe of it. She pinched her little stockings with her wee toes, and then kicked them vigorously, she wiggled and twisted all sorts of ways as her little shirt was being removed, and when, finally, that small garment was drawn entirely off from the little head it had obscured for a moment, and mamma said, "Peep bo!" The Jefful burst into a merry, melodious peal of laughter that broke mamma's tired face into countless smiles, and made her a hundred times lovelier to behold than the handsome girl her husband had married ten years before.

And the bath—oh! First The Jefful's face and head were washed, which she did not particularly enjoy, for water got into her eyes, and mamma firmly refused to allow her to suck the sponge, though the baby fought hard for it. But when the little face was wiped dry, and as much of the remainder of The Jefful as the basin could accommodate was placed therein—oh, bliss, bliss, bliss! She kicked, and squealed, and paddled, and crowed, and wiggled, and exulted in all the languages she knew, and twisted, and grasped the rim of the basin, and tried to drink, and tumbled forward, and began to cry, but changed to a laugh, and grinned at mamma, and turned her head to see if anyone else was enjoying the fun; and then she did it all over again, varying the order of exercises somewhat, but not omitting a single number of the programme. Once, indeed, she went into such an ecstasy that she had to throw her head back to express it all; mamma's hand was behind her, but the little back was so slippery with water, and The Jefful twitched so convulsively, that backward she went, slipping about in the water until her feet and hands and head and a frightened howl all went up into the air at the same time. But mamma rescued her and listened to her frightened explanations, and reassured her, so that back she went again, until mamma was afraid to leave her in the water any longer. Then she was laid upon a dry warm towel in mamma's lap, and another was placed over her, and she was gently pressed and rubbed until quite dry, and then she was powdered: after which mamma kissed her so thoroughly that she looked like a statue that had been pelted with roses which had forgotten to take their tints with them as they dropped away. Then she was dressed, though not without considerable remonstrance; and her flossy hair was brushed into a general fuzz of tiny curls, and she dropped a little sigh and subsided quietly into mamma's arms, and within five minutes she was fast asleep, with such a—oh! such a sweet mouth uttering gentle aspirations and delicate perfume, and mamma pronounced herself the happiest woman that had ever lived, and wondered what she had felt bad about that morning, when suddenly the hateful little clock struck half-past nine, and the noon-day roast was still at the butcher's.

Mamma made haste to don cloak and hat and start to

select the *pièce de résistance* of the noonday dinner; but, as she was about to leave the house, she remembered that she had not seen Bobboker for an hour. As she had not heard him scream as she or any one in the house was certain to do when Bobboker raised his voice —she felt assured that he had not suffered any personal harm; but Bobboker's mischief-making was not all of that sentimental variety that injures only the maker, so mamma made a hasty search of the house. In answer to a call through the dumb-waiter shaft, she was informed by Bridget that the boy was not in the kitchen; so the parlour floor was quickly inspected, and then the main chambers and the attic, but without disclosing any misdeeds or even Bobboker. Then mamma became frightened, perhaps he had found his way through the front door while the children had it open. This suspicion set mamma simply wild, for Bobboker had beautiful yellow curls, that beggars and tramps always noticed, and perhaps some of them had stolen him away so as to shear his head. And what would they do with him after they had stolen his gold? Would they be remorseful enough to bring him back? Perhaps they had found him at some distance from home, for three-year-old boys can travel very fast when none of their family is watching them. In such case, what? Would they give him to some dreadful creature in the Five Points, to be brought up as a beggar? Mamma was nearly frantic with her succession of thoughts; she actually ran from room to room, looking into closets and under beds and shouting:

"Bobboker! Mamma's beeboy!"

Suddenly, in one of the halls, she encountered Bridget with a compound grin agitating all her features.

"Wud ye come below, mem? asked Bridget.

"Is it my boy—*is* it?" asked mamma?"

"It is, mem," said Bridget, leading the way downstairs. Mamma was so happy at the sudden cessation of her fears as to be unable to say a word; as for Bridget, she emitted some terribly vocal explosives at irregular intervals until she reached the kitchen floor. Then, putting her finger to her lips and moving on tiptoe, she led mamma to the cellar, where, by the dim light of a single gas-burner, mamma saw her beeboy in the coal heap, apparently the happiest and dirtiest little scamp on the American continent. Then the laughs and exclamations which Bridget had been holding in for a moment or two burst out altogether in one terrific, volcanic guffaw that caused Bobboker to jump as nearly out of his little skin as was physiologically possible. Mamma snatched him into her arms at once, and exclaimed:

"You darling, bad, sweet, filthy, little precious, don't you know that coal heaps are not fit places for mamma's nice little beeboy to play in?"

"Coal is all lovully," said Bobboker, putting his arms around his mamma's neck; "all byack an' shiny yike papa's Sunday hat."

Mamma took the child into the kitchen, looked him over, said "Oh, my!" and asked Bridget to keep him out of mischief until she came back from the market and could change his clothing and complexion.

As she left the house she readjusted her cloak, for it seemed that lifting Bobboker had disarranged her attire in every way, and she furtively felt the button at her throat immediately after passing a lady who had seemed to scrutinize it. Mamma herself thought the button was a little bit to one side, so she twitched gently the other way; and then it seemed she must have been a little too vigorous, for the next lady she met seemed also to look closely at that same button. Then mamma grew nervous about her cloak; she looked down the line of buttons on the front, and the line seemed to deflect a little to the right—no, to the left—no, well, she could not for the life of her tell which way, but of one thing she was certain, whichever it was, it was perfectly dreadful, and other ladies, who were probably mothers and housekeepers like herself, ought to be ashamed of themselves to notice such things so closely and make her so uncomfortable. If it had been afternoon or Sunday, when she, like other ladies, took pains to appear as well as possible, she would not care how much they might look at her, she considered her taste about as correct as that of most ladies.

How long she might have gone on increasing her discomfort of mind nobody knows, had she not reached the market, where she delivered her order quite shortly, instead of waiting to make careful personal selection, as was her usual custom. Then she dropped into the confectioner's, as Bobboker always expected her to do when she went out for a few moments. But the old lady who dispensed candies also seemed attracted by that cloak button at the throat, and all of mamma's uncomfortable feelings came back in one big wave, with a gust of anger to drive it along. Then the old lady leaned across the counter, and whispered confidentially.

"There's a speck on your chin, ma'am; you'll find a mirror and basin in the ice-cream room."

Mamma disappeared abruptly between the curtains of the little saloon; the distance from the counter to the mirror was scarcely half a dozen steps, but mamma had time to imagine what each person had thought who saw her. A speck? In the little mirror she saw a black mark on lower cheek, chin, and throat: it seemed to mamma to be fully three feet long, and it really was fully three inches, and just the width of the smudgy little forefinger that Bobboker had unconsciously passed across his mamma's neck as he put his arm around her neck when taken from the coal heap. Oh! Mamma took towel and soap and washed that dreadful streak until it was replaced by a very red one; then she left the shop so quickly that she barely remembered to say "Thank you," and forgot the candy entirely. She might have known that she would not be likely to meet either of those enraging women on the block and a half between the confectioner's and her house, but do what she would, her cheeks would blaze with shame and her eyes with anger as she walked along. Worse yet, she was met by a veteran beau, who was always elegant and polite, but whom she detested, and he complimented her elaborately upon her charming complexion. She got inside her own door before the cry came on, but without a single second to spare; and then she sat right down upon the bottom step of the stairway in the hall, and forgot husband and children and even The Jefful, and wished that she had never, never, never in the world been married. She admitted that now it was too late to change; but if a daughter of hers ever wanted to marry, she would lock her up until some millionaire came along; and even he shouldn't have her until mamma herself had selected and trained a large force of servants. As for Bobboker, he was growing altogether too old to play in such dirty places, and he ought to be punished; he deserved to be slapped for going into that coal heap, and——

By this time mamma had mechanically arisen and gone to the kitchen to instruct Bridget about dinner, as she opened the door, Bobboker heard her, looked around with a smile too angelic to be affected by the dirt on his face, and said, in the most rapturous way.

"Oh, dayzh mamma!"

And mamma—heaven be devoutly praised for love's inconsistencies!—mamma caught the little scamp into her arms, and kissed him soundly without noting or caring whether her lips touched Bobboker or coal dust.

Of one thing, at any rate, she was certain: before The Jefful would wake, and the children and her husband return, she would have two full hours to give to that party dress, of which the facing had worn in holes that would persist in turning upward whenever she happened to see the end of the train in a parlour. So she left Bobboker with Bridget, and hurried upstairs and to work. She began ripping the binding from the bottom of the skirt, and was getting along nicely, considering the tediousness of the work, when, just after eleven o'clock, Bridget brought up a card, from which mamma read, "Mrs. Marston Ballamore."

Mamma thought a great many things all at once. She did wish that ladies like Mrs. Marston Ballamore, who were rich and always faultlessly dressed, would call on the afternoons of her reception-days, when mamma was sure to be well dressed herself, and could be certain that her parlour was in perfect order. But now, with the parlour probably in the disorder in which she and her husband had left it the night before, after lounging in it all evening, with the piano littered with music, and a student-lamp at one side the music-rack, with a newspaper for a mat. And she had nothing better than a rather common merino to wear down, for her handsome morning-robe —in which she thought she really looked as well as any one could in anything —had on one shoulder a stain of rhubarb syrup, which The Jefful's lips had wiped upon it a morning or two before. But repining did no good; so mamma put on the merino dress, and did what she could in a moment or two with her hair, and wiped the lint and dust of the ripping from her fingers with a damp towel, and descended to the parlour to apologize for neglecting Mrs Marston Ballamore so long. But Mrs. Marston Ballamore had not been neglected, for Bobboker was devoting himself to her. He had followed Bridget upstairs when the bell rang, and as he could not travel as fast as Bridget could, he had entered the parlour just as the domestic had reached his mamma. When mamma appeared, he was doing his very best to entertain the visitor, and the grace with which Mrs. Marston Ballamore was accepting and returning his courtesies, without allowing him to come within reach of her dress or her gloved hands, which latter seemed particularly to delight him, would have been very entertaining to mamma, had her æsthetic tastes been in that reposeful balance which is so necessary to the proper estimating of social amenities. As it was, mamma flushed deeply, banished the little fellow with great celerity, closed the door against him, and explained painfully to her visitor, while Bobboker remonstrated most vociferously through the crack of the door. Mamma thought Bridget might hear him and take him away, but Bridget was chopping the stuffing for the leg of lamb which mamma had ordered for dinner; so mamma excused herself for an instant, and called Bridget through the dining-room pipe, returned to have Mrs. Marston Ballamore tell her what a vivacious, intelligent little fellow Bobboker was, and to think that of all detestable things in the world, the attempts of society women to smooth over the things they particularly disliked was the worst. She recovered her temper and her wits, however, under the influence of the older lady's good heartedness and tact, and spent a really enjoyable quarter hour. As for Mrs. Marston Ballamore, when she finally stepped into her carriage, she exchanged her company face for a very sober one, as she wished that her own married daughter had as healthful a face, as decided a character, and as fine children as Mrs. Mayburn's. But mamma knew nothing of this, and thought only that she hoped that, when she reached Mrs. Ballamore's age, she might have only full-grown children, so that she also might be able to appear as if she never had anything to disarrange either dress or temper.

Back to that dress facing went mamma; but, before she seated herself, she heard in the adjoining room a very sweet voice remarking:

"Obboo gobboo yabby yabbee ah hoo um boo baa. Iddy, iddy, iddy, iddy."

There was no Greek or other unknown tongue to mamma about this; it was perfectly intelligible, and it meant that The Jefful was beginning to get ready to begin to want to get up. Then there was a spirited race between mamma and The Jefful, the former endeavouring to get all the braid ripped off before the latter should reach that point where she might legitimately insist upon arising. Rip, rip, rip went the blade of mamma's little knife upon the stitches.

"Bibble, bubble -ob -ob--ob -ob -ob!" said The Jefful, and again the little knife said:

"Rip, rip, rip."

"Attee pattee okky pokkey poo," remarked The Jefful, and the knife said:

"Rip, rip, rip--rip--rip."

Then The Jefful took a rest of about two minutes, and the knife gained nearly a yard before its antagonist resumed with:

"Uppee -chip--ah—wa wa wa."

"Rip, rip--r--r r--r -r -r -ip."

"Boo ga. Ommul lummy ummy moo."

This was rather discouraging to the knife, for when The Jefful got to the vowels that caused her lips to protrude it generally indicated serious business; so the knife went:

"R -r--r r r--r r r r rip ip ip."

Then The Jefful refreshed herself for a moment or two with her thumb, which gave the knife an advantage that it was not slow to improve. But there was something afrighting in The Jefful's next remark:

"Mom mom mom -mom mom *mah!*"

The knife had but two more yards to go before completing its work, and away it flew, literally snapping out, as mamma drew the braid to its full tension.

"Rip-ip ip ip ip-ip ip ip—ip."

"Ya!" said The Jefful.

"Rip, rip, rip!" replied the knife.

"Ya!" repeated The Jefful; then she jumped a whole octave and continued: "Ya a -a a a a a a a. Mom -mah!"

By this time every nerve in mamma's body had got into that little knife. Physiologists may say "pooh!" and explain that nerves cannot get into inanimate objects; but we know what we are talking about, and physiologists don't. Again The Jefful raised her voice and said:

"Ya ya ah ee -ee um um -nga—ya oobutty ubbut tub tub kupput non koo poo choo."

This stimulated mamma to the utmost; she had only a scant yard to go —then only two feet —then only one —then only eight or nine inches. Just then The Jefful started again, at which mamma gave a harder tug than usual at the braid; and crack the braid flew backward to the full length of mamma's arm, tearing a strip several inches wide of the facing and silk and taking them with it. And that train had been none too long, either.

(To be Continued.)

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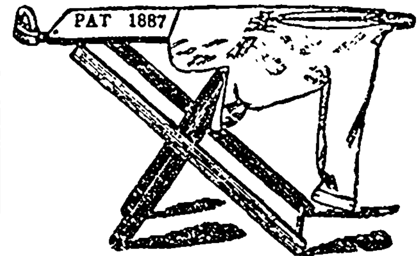

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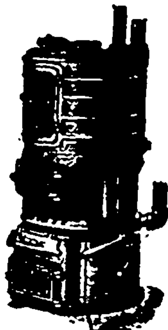

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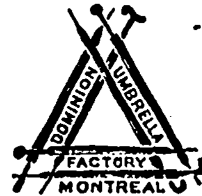

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