

BOB WHITE.

Look! the valleys are thick with grain heavy and tall, the orchard walls Peaches drop in the grassy lane By the orchard wall; Apples, streaked with the crimson stain, Back in the sunshine warm and bright; Hark to the quail that pipes for rain; Bob White! Bob White! Augur of mischief, pipes for rain; Bob White!

A Happy Quarrel

"What do you think, John? The Brandon Cottage is let." Miss Nicola Whyte came in from the village, all in a quiver of newly-acquired information. It was always she who brought in any stray bit of news or gossip. John never seemed to hear anything. As Miss Nicola sagely observed, "he always lived with his nose in a book."

and ring, carried her investigations in to the Whyte garden. Nero, in chasing her from his rightful domains, pulled a mouthful of grey-and-green feathers out of her tail. Bunny girdled the choce new rose-tree which had just been set out in the centre of Mr. Whyte's lawn, and made a meal of the tall, white dentzia bush.

One day Mr. Whyte found Nicola drowned in tears. The rabbit had lunched off her pet Brazilian tree, and torn up all the Japanese lily-buds in the border.

Just then there was a rustle in the hedge, and Nero sprang over, his mouth garnished with a stray feather or so from Paquita!

His heart smote him with a sudden remorse. He flung down the geraniums, went around by the gate, and presented himself before poor little Corinne Delacroix, who sat, bitterly lamenting, on the step of the summer house.

She started guiltily at his approach, and rose to her feet. "My dear young lady," said he, "what is the matter? Is it anything in which I can help you?"

"I love you an apology," added Whyte. "I regret from the bottom of my heart that I allowed myself to be carried away so far as to perform such an unneighborly and ungentlemanly action. If I could replace him—"

"Poisoned!" gasped Mr. Whyte. "Your father?" "No," wept Corinne, with a gesture of impatience. "The dog?" "Do you mean my Irish setter?" "Yes."

At the year's end, the neighbors looked oddly at each other. "Wonders never will cease!" said old Mrs. Jones. "I wouldn't have believed it!" said Mrs. Jenkins.

"That's very true!" observed Mrs. Jones, with a chuckle. The crocodiles inhabiting the lower parts of the Burmese rivers are of a very large size, some of them attaining to nineteen feet in length, writes a San Francisco Chronicle correspondent from Mandalay.

"There!" said Mr. Whyte, "the brute has been trespassing again. He must have broken his chain. The shrieking of that luckless parrot infuriates him beyond everything."

"I'm very sorry," faltered Nicola. "But what can we do?" "We must do something," said the brother, seizing Nero's disjointed chain, and walking grandly off toward the kennel.

"Now," he thought, "I'm more sorry than ever that I shot the rabbit." He was crossing the lawn next day, with some choice geranium slips in his hand, when he heard a smothered sound as of sobbing, in the little trellised arbor on the other side of the hedge.

General Mejia and the Texans. The Mexican journals are still somewhat excited, not to say exasperated, over a little incident that occurred at the recent dedication of the new Capitol at Austin, and in this instance, at least, the mex cans are right.

Under these circumstances there is no excuse for imputing General Mejia with the Mexican defeat at San Jacinto. In diplomacy and real politeness the Mexicans are our superiors, and no such faux pas would have been made by their public men if any representative America had been invited to attend a public demonstration at the City of Mexico—Texas Softly.

It is not always boys who are ungrateful. It is sometimes the daughter's unkindness that is sharper than the serpent's tooth. A pretty tale on the train pettishly said in her mother: "Come on; you're always behind."



CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.) "Have I told you how I came to fall? You see, I thought I saw a sail off on the water, and I forgot what I was about and lent forward too far. Perhaps I was right, and ye'll all get away to liberty as well as me. Ye'd better light a fire on the cliff at night if you make out the sail. Poor little Ellie, don't cry so. Tom's dreadful sorry to leave ye all so lonesome here, but we mustn't rebel ag'in the Lord, you know."

Mr. Vernon looked piteously at the ashly face, and flimed, unseeing eye, and then conquering his emotion repeated solemnly the psalm "The Lord is my Shepherd." The words seemed to reach the dying ears, for a contented smile played round the pallid lips. Closer and closer drew the sorrowing group. The glassy eye was fixed now; the limbs no longer quivered; only a faint throbbing at the throat told of life. In a few moments that had ceased too. In shuddering horror Walter and Eleanor flung themselves in Mr. Vernon's arms. Folding them closely in his arms he groaned:

"God have mercy upon us—we three are left alone." The scene that followed is too harrowing to be pictured. Anywhere, at any time, death is sad and awful enough, but there on that lonely island the strongest and stoutest taken from their little number—no tongue can describe the terrible loneliness, the wretched gloom that followed.

Walter had been Tom's pupil in those athletic exercises that become a sailor's second nature, and was, moreover, naturally active and agile. He volunteered at once to ascend the flagstaff, although his cheek blanched and his eye studiously avoided the spot where poor Tom had fallen. Eleanor was nearly frantic at the proposal, but his father, after a few earnest words of caution, consented that he should make the attempt. It was now three days since the accident, and there had been no breeze on shore, and they had cherished the forlorn hope that if a vessel had actually been near them she could not yet have drifted from sight.

Mr. Vernon suddenly startled to a consciousness of the insecurity of his own life, had become morbidly anxious to leave the island. Without Tom's cheery, self-reliant nature to sustain him, he felt incapable of protecting the youthful beings Providence had left in his charge. Moreover, he had long been aware of an inward malady slowly but certainly eating away his strength. For himself he asked nothing better than a grave beside his faithful companion. For the children's sake the life on the lonesome island seemed intolerable.

"It will do no harm," said he promptly; "let us kindle a fire on the cliff every night for a week or more." With dismal alacrity Walter and Eleanor gathered the dry underbrush and moss, and reared the pile on their pretty white coral throne, and as soon as dusk arrived, with eyes that burned feverishly enough to have kindled the pyre, Mr. Vernon piled the tinder and flint, and in a few moments the ruddy beam shot up, flashing a yellow path far off into the sea, and a rosy glow against the darkened sky. Those three anxious, terribly earnest faces and striking forms stood out distinctly and wildly in the flaring light. Even in the midst of his own harrowing suspense Walter's artist eye took in the grand sublimity of the scene, and made a mental memoranda that was thereafter to live in undying colors. The tears were silently streaming over Eleanor's cheek; Walter turned and drew her fondly to his side. It was not the time now to think of formal prudence or to refuse the sympathy so much needed.

"Oh, Walter, we are fearfully in earnest now. It seems as if we must all perish if no ship is near. Tom's death has made our island life intolerable. Think how horrible it will be to be the last one!" And, shuddering, she clung convulsively to his arm. He stroked softly the trembling hands. "You are exhausted with grief and nervous with excitement, Ellie. Things may look more cheerful by-and-by."

station close beside the treacherous reef, and with their little torch flaring brightly over the gray ridges of leaping water, moored their tiny lighthouse as securely as possible, and waiting, gazed not at the burning stars above, but far over the sea to the flickering gleam where the unknown ship hung out her signal lamp, or back to the cliff where Eleanor tended faithfully the rosy bonfire.

Eleanor was lonely and intensely agitated, but no thrill of fear mingled with her sensations. Vigilantly and steadily she kept the blaze bright throughout the night, now straining her ear to catch a fancied hallo, now turning sadly in the direction of that new-made grave, whose cold, unconscious occupant could hear never more the glad huza of rescue for which he hoped so long.

He drew her gently down the cliff into the pretty parlor that was called her room, and as he had said, took her in his arms, and sat down in the rocking-chair he himself had made for her, and in his clear, sweet voice began a low hymn. His soothing tones stilled the tumult in Eleanor's heart; the sobs ceased, the tears no longer trickled down her cheek, and presently the weary, swollen eyelids closed softly, and her quiet, regular breathing told him she slept. Laying her carefully upon the couch, Walter went back to his father, who stood with bowed head and folded arms at the foot of the cliff.

"Yes, my son, the hope that depends upon prayer. Heaven knows how I have poured out my soul in petition that help may come to you. Joyfully, gladly would I propose that the price of your safety might be my own worthless life. I am content if the ship will come to take your two fresh young hearts to human companionship, though I myself may never set foot upon the land of my birth. I have so much hope, Walter."

Without a word of explanation, just before nightfall, Walter went to work and gathered a fresh pile of brushwood. Mr. Vernon's head was bowed upon his hands, and he did not notice the movement; but Eleanor followed sadly, and pointing to the charred, blackened rock, said mournfully: "It is like our hopes, our lives, Walter."

Walter's lips quivered. He would not show the weakness to her, but leaping lightly upon the rock began to arrange the wood. Heedlessly his eye fell upon the distant sea, and lo! a wild transport dashed off his black look of despair; an eager light irradiated his eagle eye.

"Saved! saved!" shouted he, reeling into the arms of the astonished Eleanor, weeping like a girl. She thought him crazed and shrank back in terror. Recovering himself, he cried earnestly: "The ship is there—she is coming. Oh, Ellie, we are saved!"

What wild, exultant hopes, what sad, bitter memories stirred those two tumultuous hearts—who shall say? But the oars were plied in silence, and silently, too, when a fresh breeze sprang up, was the little sail raised, and before the dusky wings brooding above them folded the white sails of their hope from sight, they had gained the desired

CHAPTER VIII. WITH the first welcome glimpse of daylight to her weary eyes came a sound that brought her heart fluttering to her throat—a cheery shout—mingled with the measured dash of oars. Eleanor threw down her torch, and sweeping back the cloud of damp curls that fell heavily over her face as she ran, she flew down the path to the little cove where the boat was kept, which was the natural inlet, since no other was free from surf or convenient for landing. A strange boat, packed closely with men, was aiming steadily for the shore. Her eager eye ran rapidly over the company to find Walter and his father. They were there in the stern, in earnest conversation with a tall officer in the lieutenant's uniform of Her Majesty's service. Eleanor stood on shore, half shy, half dignified, the early morning light playing softly around her graceful figure, the light breeze dallying with her robe of native cloth, and stirring a golden sunshine of their own among her curls.

"A romantic picture, truly," said Lieutenant Harry Ingalls, looking admiringly upon the beautiful girl, half child, half woman, poised there upon the rock as lightly as a bird, fit ideal of the tropic loveliness of the whole scene. "By my sword, one might believe yonder was another Aphrodite freshly risen from the foam. It were worth treble the voyage the 'Hornet' has made to rescue and return so fair a flower to England's generous heart. In truth, young sir, I have done pitying you for this long exile. In faith, I should ask nothing better myself with so fair a companion."

He turned his gay blue eye to Walter merrily, but a frown was on the latter's forehead, and his looks were bent gloomily upon the water, and it was his father who answered quietly, just a little reprovingly: "We have endeavored to do our duty faithfully toward one so gentle and good, especially never to forget amidst the unavoidable familiarity of circumstances the probable high birth and elevated position of the young lady. The same respect and delicacy, I trust, will be observed by all others, until she is safely under the protection of her own relatives."

"The young officer colored a little, and replied frankly: "You need have no fear of me, my good sir. I trust a British sailor knows what is due to his own character, as well as what is required by a beautiful woman in need of his protection. Our queen herself could not be more honorably dealt with than will this young lady on board our ship. Come, boys, bend to it steadily—a long pull a strong pull, and a pull all together," he added, turning his eyes away from the shore.

HOW IT STARTED. Another Case of "How Those Girls Do Love One Another." Pinkey—How lovely! I see you have one of those splendid new Nonesuch bikes. Ethel—Yes, isn't it a dear? What make do you ride? Pinkey—Oh, I ride a Scorchem. Ethel—They're magnificent. Pinkey—Yes, so light and durable. Ethel—How much does your wheel weigh? Pinkey—Twenty-two pounds. Ethel—Twenty-two pounds? Why, men only weigh twenty-one. Pinkey—But then yours, you know, is not so durable. Ethel—The Nonesuch not durable? Why, that is admitted by everyone. Pinkey—Nonesuch! A friend of mine bought one and it went to pieces in a month. Ethel—I don't believe it. Pinkey—What? You don't believe me? Ethel—No, I don't. One Nonesuch will outlast a dozen Scorchems. They're the worst looking rattle traps I ever laid eyes on. Pinkey (furious)—You're a horrid, contemptible thing, and I hope you'll never speak to me again! Ethel (complacently)—Don't worry. I wouldn't compromise myself by speaking to anyone who rode a Scorchem.

Worse. "There's a rumor in the congregation," said the deacon, "that you went slumming when you were in Albany." "It is a cruel slander," replied the parson. "I merely attended one meeting of a legislative investigating committee."—Truth.

\* Hard Times at Monte Carlo. Heavy players are scarce at Monte Carlo and profits are decreasing.