



CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

It was two or three days more before she heard again from home. "My Own Dear Child—They have let me write at last, and I can say how much I like to think of your nesting up to dear Aunt Ursel, and how glad I am to find that she was well enough to enjoy you. It is almost like being there to hear of you, and the only thing that grieves me is that your father was very much vexed at your setting off in that sudden way, and at my being so foolish about it. We are neither of us very strong, and we think—if Aunt Ursel and Mary can keep you for a little longer—it will be better for you to stay on with them, as it might be as deadly for you as it was last winter, especially as the Rectory folk will soon be going into residence. My dear, I wish you would write a little apology to your father. I pray to, and then you can come back to your loving little mother. A. E."

"As if I would or could," quoth Nuttie to herself. "Apologize to him, indeed, for loving the aunt who toiled for us when she deserted us. Poor little mother, she can't really expect it of me. Indeed, I don't think she quite knows what she wants, or whether she likes me to be here or at Bridgfield. My belief is that she hates her loss when I am out of the way, because she just gives way to him, and does not assert any principle. I've tried to back her up, and it is of no use, and I am sure I don't want such a winter as the last. So I am much better here; and as to begging pardon, when I have done nothing wrong, I am sure I won't, to please anybody. I shall tell her that she ought to know me better than to expect it."

St. Ambrose's Road was perfectly delightful as long as there was any expectation of a speedy recall. Every day was precious; every meeting with an old face was joyful; each interchange of words with Mr. Sivers or Gerard Godfrey was hailed as a boon; nothing was regretted but the absence of Mr. Dutton, who was in London on business, and that the favorite choir boy's voice was cracked.

But when there was reason to think that success had been complete, when Miss Headworth had been persuaded by Mary that it was wiser on all accounts not to mortify Alice by refusing the two guineas a week offered for Miss Egremont's expenses; when a couple of boxes of clothes and books had arrived, and Ursula found herself settled at Micklethwaite till after Christmas, she began first to admit to herself that somehow the place was not all that it had once been to her. And to cap the climax she had a bitter quarrel with Gerard when he wanted to induce her to sign a total abstinence pledge.

"Gerard had been so ridiculous," she said to Mary Nugent, "tossing me to take the pledge, and quite incapable of understanding my reasons. I can't think why Gerard has grown so stupid."

"Enthusiasm carries people away," returned Mary.

"If Mr. Dutton had only stared, he would have kept Gerard like himself," said Nuttie.

But there was no relenting. The two young people avoided each other; and perhaps Nuttie was secretly relieved that the romance she had outgrown no longer entangled her.

CHAPTER XVII.

"On the 14th of January, at Bridgfield Egremont, the wife of Alwyn Picroff, Egremont, Esquire, a son and heir."

Ursula had been prepared for this event for about a fortnight by a long tender letter from her mother, mourning over the not meeting at Christmas, and the long separation, but saying that she had wished to spare the long anxiety, and that it had been a trying time which she felt herself able to cope with better alone, than even with her dear Nuttie, knowing her to be happy and safe with Aunt Ursel. Now, if all went well, they would have a happy meeting, and begin on a new score. "If the will of heaven should be otherwise," added Alice, "I am sure I need not entreat my Nuttie to do and be all that she can for her father. My child, you do not know how sorely he needs such love and tendance and prayer as you can give him. I know you have thought I have set you aside—if not better things—for his sake. Indeed, I could not help it."

Then there was something restrained and blotted out, and it ended with, "He is beginning to miss your step and voice about the house. I believe he will be really glad to see you, when the bright spring days come, and I can kiss my own Nuttie again."

her Alice was her only thought. Ursula seemed absolutely stunned. She never thought of such a frightful loss or grief, and her mental senses were almost paralyzed, so that she went through the journey in a kind of surface trance.

Canon Egremont came out to the front hall to meet them, and put his arms round Nuttie tenderly, saying, "My poor dear child, then as he saw he had frightened them, 'No, no! She is alive—conscious, they say, only so very weak.'"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Nuttie was going about, dry-eyed and numb, glad of any passing occupation that would prevent the aching sense of desolation at her heart from gaining force to overwhelm her; courted employment and shunning pity and condolence, but she could not escape when her uncle took her hand, made her sit down by him, with "I want to speak to you, my dear," and told her briefly and tenderly what her mother's effort had been, to bring father and daughter together, and reminded her of the promise she had made at her mother's deathbed. The poor girl's heart faint-ed within her.

"Oh, but, Uncle William, how can I? How can I ever? Mother could do things I never could! He did care for her. He does not care for me!"

"You must teach him to do so, Nuttie."

"Oh!" she said, with a hopeless sound. The canon did not think it very hopeful in his heart, but he persevered, as in duty bound. "I told your dear mother that perhaps you would succeed where she thought she had failed, though indeed she had done much. It made her happy. So, my dear child, you are bound to do your best."

"Yes," then, after a pause—"But mother could coax him and manage him. Mother was with him day and night; she could always get at him. What can I do?"

"I think you will find that he depends upon you more," said the canon, "and it may be made easier to you, if you only set your will to it."

"If I ought, I'll try," said poor Nuttie, more humbly perhaps than she had ever spoken before, but in utter dejection, and her uncle answered her like a child.

"There, that's a good girl. Nobody can do more."

For the canon had one hope. He had not thought it becoming to speak to her of the counter influence, but he could not help thinking it possible that if he and his son, backed by doctor and lawyer, made a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull together, they might induce her to part with Ursula, and this would render Ursula's task far less impossible.

He was confirmed in this hope by finding that Mark's arrival was not unwelcome to Mr. Egremont, who seemed to have forgotten the unpleasantness with which he had regarded the engagement, and only remembered that his nephew had been Alice's companion, resuming old customs of dependence, making him not as amanuensis, and arranging the destiny that had restored so loving and charming a creature only to snatch her away, leaving nothing but a headstrong girl and a helpless baby.

That poor little fellow was all that could be desired at his age, but Nuttie felt her heartful mother almost insulted when the elder ladies talked of the wonderful resemblance that the canoness declared to have been quite startling in the earlier hours of his life. For the convenience of one of the sponsors, he was to be christened in the afternoon following the funeral, the others being—by his mother's special entreaty—his sister and Mark. Egremont's customs were against the ladies going to the funeral, so that Nuttie was kept at home, much against her will; but after the luncheon she escaped, leaving word with her aunt that she was going to walk down to church alone, and they were sorry enough for her to let her have her own way, especially as her father, having been to the funeral, had shut himself up and left all the rest to them.

She fled into the church on the first sounds of arrival and hid herself in the friendly shelter of the great family pew; but she had to come out and take her place, though she would hardly utter a word, and it was all that she could do to keep from sobbing aloud; she could not hand the babe, and the canon had to take on trust the name "Alwyn Headworth," for he could not bear the words that were on her trembling lips.

It was soon over; and while the baby and his attendants, with Miss Headworth, were being packed into the carriage, and her uncle and aunt bowing off the grand go-father, she clutched her cousin's arm and said, "Mark, where's Mr. Dutton?"

"I—I didn't know he was coming, but now you ask, I believe I saw him this morning."

"I know he is here."

"Do you want to see him?" said Mark, kindly.

"Oh, if I might!"

Then, with a sudden impulse, she looked back into the church, and recognized a black figure and slightly bald head bowed down in one of the seats. She pointed him out. "No doubt he is waiting for us all to be gone," said Mark, in a low voice. "You go into the rectory, Nuttie; there's a fire in the study, and I'll bring him to you there. I'll get him to stay the night if I can."

"Oh, thank you!" and it was a really fervent answer.

Mark waited, and when Mr. Dutton rose, was quite shocked at his paleness and the worn look on his face, as of one who had struggled hard for resignation and calm. He bowed his head when Mark told him that Ursula wanted to shake hands with him, and came toward the rectory, but he entirely declined the invitation to sleep there, declaring that he must return to London that night.

Nuttie came toward him with her hand outstretched, and "Oh, Mr. Dutton, Mr. Dutton!" he took it in both his, and with calm, broken voice said, "Heaven has been very good to us in letting us know one like her."

"But, old! what can we do without her?"

"Ah, Nuttie! that always comes before us. But I saw your work and your comfort just now."

"Poor little boy! I shall get to care about him, I know, but as yet I can only feel how much rather I would have her."

"No doubt, but it is her work is left you."

"Her work? Yes! But, old, Mr. Dutton, you don't know how dreadful it is!"

He did not know what she meant. Whether it was simply the burden on one so suddenly motherless girl, or any special evil on her father's part, but he was soon enlightened, for there was something in this old friend that drew out her confidence beyond all others, even when he repressed her, and she could not help telling him a few murmured words such as she knew she ought not to utter, and he felt almost treason to hear. "Opaties! she was always trying to keep my father from them! It was too much for her! My uncle says I must try to do it, and I can't!"

"Poor child!" said Mr. Dutton kindly, though cut to the heart at the revelation of sweet Alice's trial; "at least you can strive, and there is always a blessing on resolution."

CHAPTER XIX.

The first time Nuttie found herself obliged to make any real sacrifice to her father's will was on the occasion of Mark's marriage to Annalee. Things had arranged themselves very conveniently for him at Micklethwaite, though it seemed to Nuttie that she only heard of affairs there in a sort of distant dream, while such events were taking place as once would have been to her the greatest possible revolutions.

The next news told that Gerard Godfrey, at the end of the year required by Mr. Dutton, had resigned his situation, and at the close of his quarter's notice was going to prepare for Holy Orders under the training of a clergyman who would employ him in his parish and assist him in reading up to the requirements for admission to a theological college. Poor old Gerard! It gave Nuttie a sort of pang of self-reproach to own how good and devoted he was, and yet so narrow and stupid that she could never have been parted from him.

The next tidings were still more promising. Mr. Dutton was leaving the firm, though his father had died insolvent, and he had had to struggle for himself in early life, he was connected with wealthy people, and chance and death among these had brought him a fair share of riches. An uncle who had emigrated to Australia at the time of the great break-up had died without other heirs, leaving him what was the more welcome to him that Micklethwaite could never be to him what it had been in his golden age. He had realized enough to enable him to be bountiful, and his parting gift to St. Ambrose's would complete the church; but he himself was winding up the partnership, and withdrawing his means from Greenleaf & Co. in order to go out to Australia to decide what to do with his new possessions.

Mark Egremont purchased a number of the shares, though, to gratify the family, the shelter of the Greenleaf volent his name under the "Co." and another, already in the firm, possessed of a business, like appellation, gave designation to the firm as Greenleaf, Goodenough & Co.

Mr. Dutton's well-kept house, with the little conservatory and the magnolia, was judged sufficient for present needs, and the lease was taken off his hands, so that all was in order for the marriage of Mark and Annalee immediately after Easter.

Lady Delmar had resigned herself to the inevitable, and the wedding was to take place at Lesscombe. Nuttie, whose chief relaxation was in hearing all the present and past of the bridesmaids by Annalee, who had come over to the rectory in a droll, insupportable state of mischief, declaring that she had exasperated Janet to the verge of insanity by declaring that she should have little umbrellas like those in the Persian inscriptions on her cards, and that Mark was to present all the bridesmaids with neat parasols.

Nuttie refrained from relating this part of the story at home, but was much disappointed when, on telling her father of the request, she was answered at once: "The 21st? You'll be in London, and a very good thing, too."

"Are we to go so soon?"

"Yes. Didn't I tell you to take that house in Berkshire road from the 20th?"

"I did not think we were to start so soon. Is there any particular reason?"

"Yes. That Scotch girl ought to have known better than to ask you in your deep mourning. I thought women made a great point of such things."

Nuttie's wishes were so strong that she made one more attempt. "I need not be a bridesmaid. They would not mind if I wore my black."

"I should then!" said her father curtly. "If they don't understand the proprieties of life, I do. I won't have you say anything to do with it. If you are so set upon anxiety, you'll have enough of weddings at fitter times!"

It was the old sneering tone. Nuttie felt partly confounded, partly indignant, and terribly disappointed. She did care for the sight of the wedding—her youthful spirits had rallied enough for that, but far more now she grieved at missing the sight of Mr. Dutton, when he was going away, she knew not where, and might perhaps come on purpose to see her. Her eyes were so full of tears when she

was released that she hardly saw when she was going, and nearly ran against her aunt, who had just walked into the hall. "He is going to take me away to London; he won't let me go to the wedding," exclaimed Nuttie.

"I am sorry for your disappointment," said her aunt quietly, "but I am old-fashioned enough to be glad that such strong respect and feeling should be shown for your dear mother. I wish Annalee had spoken to me before asking you, and I would have felt the way."

So Nuttie had to submit, though she pointed to herself, feeling grievously misjudged, first as if she had been wanting in regard to the memory of her mother, who had been so fond of Mark, and so rejoiced in his happiness; and then that her vexation was treated as mere love of gaudy, whereas it was really disappointment at not seeing Mr. Dutton, that good, grave, precise old friend, who could not be named in the same breath with vanity. Moreover, she could not help suspecting that respect to her mother was after all a cloak to resentment against Mark and his marriage.

(To be continued.)

Fun on the Old Clipper Ships.

"One of the youngsters asked me the other day," said the Old Skipper, "if I had ever been to Europe on a record-breaking liner. I told him I hadn't, and never wanted to go there that way. It is just a question of engineers and stokers, mere landmen, on a big liner, and I'd rather ship before the mast—on one of your lumberly forty-day steel square-riggers with bows like a canal boat, than go on a steamship. I would be just about as interesting to me as a trip on a railroad train."

"The kind of sailing I like it will never be the privilege of you young fellows to indulge in. You will never know the fun of having a clipper craft as sharp as a steamboat under your feet jumping across the seas under a press of canvas never seen on ocean-going sailing vessels nowadays, with rigging as taut as iron bars, and your shipmates holding your hair on your head."

"What she can't carry she may lug was the text at sea then. I remember when I was in the clipper Northern Light we carried stunsails slap into Boston harbor, making the famous passage of seventy-six days and four hours from San Francisco. Our ship worked like a basket; but we had shipped a double crew for the run, and one crew did nothing but pump ship. There was some cracking on of sail when ships of 2,000 tons or more had all their top hamper whiskered over the lee side while the skipper was turning to spit over the taffrail. Even after that some of the ships made good passages. It's a funeral nowadays to lose a topgallantmast."—New York Sun.

How Many Ancestors Have You?

Grandfathers and grandmothers are very proud when they can boast of having a paltry score or two of descendants, but no one seems to be aware of the grounds he has for boasting of the number of his ancestors.

Has it ever occurred to you to count back in a direct line? If not, try it now, and you will be astonished. At the first remove you have two—father and mother. At the next step you have four—two grandfathers and two grandmothers.

Each of these has had a father and a mother, so you have four great-grandfathers and four great-grandmothers. Each of these, again, has had two parents, so that at the fourth generation back you have sixteen ancestors, at the fifth you have thirty-two, at the sixth you have sixty-four and at the seventh you have 128.

As you go a little further, they rise to the thousands, tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands, so that, if all your direct ancestors for twenty generations be added to gether, they amount to over a million, and if you go back another twenty degrees, they total 1,000,000,000—more people than there are in the world at the present moment, if you leave out Asia.

Now, as forty generations are equal to only about 1,200 years, if you were to calculate back to the beginning of the world, you simply couldn't find figures to express the number of your blood relations.—From Answers.

Too Practical for Theology.

Elsie has reached the age, her parents think, where she should be taught something of the rewards and punishments hereafter. The description of the angelic hosts especially interested her. An angel, she was told, is that part of us that lives forever, either in bliss for its goodness or in torment for its wickedness. The other day she saw a picture purporting to be that of an angel. After studying it carefully she turned to her mother with: "Mamma, angels don't have bodies like us?" "No," she was answered. "Or no flesh?"

"No." "But they have wings?" "Yes." A profound pause; then she asked: "What do they fasten the wings to?"

The Whistling Tree.

A species of acacia which grows very abundantly in Nubia and the Soudan is also called the "whistling tree" by the natives. Its shoots are frequently, by the agency of the larvae of insects, distorted in shape and swollen into a globular bladder from one to two inches in diameter. After the insect has emerged from a circular hole in the side of this swelling, the opening, played upon by the wind, becomes a musical instrument, nearly equal in sound to a sweet-toned flute.

Alphabets of Different Nations.

The alphabets of different nations vary in the number of letters they contain. The English alphabet contains 26 letters, French 23, Italian 20, Spanish 27, German 26, Slavonian 27, Russian 41, Latin 22, Greek 24, Hebrew 22, Arabic 28, Persian 32, Turkish 33, Sanscrit 50, Chinese 214.

Men usually start with a girl, and wind up with her bread making. They should discover the bread, and trace it to the girl.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

The Veterans of the Rebellion Tell of Whistling Bullets, Bright Bayonets, Bursting Bombs, Bloody Battles, Camp Fire, Festive Baza, Etc., Etc.

"The Mule Train's Charge." "Did you ever see a mule train charge?"

"Yes, many a time, and they were always demoralizing to troops they met hurrying up to re-enforce the hard-pressed lines."

"That is not what I mean. I mean a cool, deliberate, carefully planned charge upon the enemy."

"You have me. I never witnessed other than a charge to the rear by a mule train."

"Then you will be interested in hearing about such a charge."

"The charge took place at Gettysburg the first day. I was ordnance sergeant. The ordnance officer left me to look after the ammunition for one of General Reynolds' divisions while he joined the general in the advance against the enemy. The same thing had been done by other ordnance officers in time of battle, and I had learned to depend on my own resources. At the sound of Buford's batteries I had the train, consisting of thirty-four wagons loaded with fixed ammunition, pull out of the roadway and started off Gettysburg on the Emmetsburg pike."

"When we had gone about half a mile the division quartermaster came tearing up the road after us. In a state of intense excitement he demanded that the train be halted, and when that was done addressed me in these words: 'Sergeant, where is Lieutenant Rogers, the ordnance officer?'"

"He is with General Wadsworth, on the field."

"Did he tell you to put the train in motion?"

"No, sir."

"Who did?"

"Nobody."

"Why did you move? Don't you know that I am responsible for these teams and wagons?"

"The general has always approved of moving up with the ammunition when a battle begins. I am held responsible to have it there when needed."

"You wait here for orders."

"I ought not to, sir. They will need a new supply soon, and it is my duty to be nearer than this."

"If you attempt to move the train I will place you under arrest."

"At that moment a member of the general's staff rode up and said: 'Sergeant, General Wadsworth directs that you move the train up to the village.'"

"I didn't ask for the quartermaster's permission, but gave the command forward, on a trot."

"When within half a mile of the village another staff officer dashed up with an order to hurry to the field with ammunition."

"Halting, I spurred my horse down the line and selected ten drivers I knew would go where they were told to go, and had them drive to the head of the line. Then, directing the balance of the train to remain until a proper order was given to move, I told the ten picked men to reach their limit of speed and keep it up until halted. My horse started on a gallop, but Bert O'Connor, who had the head team, yelled: 'Get out of the road or I'll run over you.' The spurs were applied, and I sang out: 'Come on, old Huckleberry.' O'Connor's command was called the Huckleberry regiment."

"Away we went on a keen run, every driver pushing his team by yells and flourish of whip. Down through the village, then to the left through a field to the Lutheran Seminary, then to the right, tearing down a fence, and onto the line of battle."

"Get back with those wagons," roared a strange officer.

"Not until the men get ammunition. The moment the wagons stopped a Confederate battery at close range opened on them, but the work of throwing out the boxes of ball cartridges, 3,000 in a box, and breaking the covers with axes, kept up until the line was supplied."

"That done, no time was lost in reaching the pike, both for the safety of the ammunition supply and because the wagons had drawn an extra fire upon the troops."

"The commander of that Confederate battery had a picnic with those mules and white canvas-covered wagons. He let the line of battle go to devote his six pieces to mules and wagons as we struck the pike. The hind wheel of a wagon were knocked off. The balance of that load was thrown to the rear with a two-wheeled vehicle. Another shot struck a mule in the head. Its harness was cut and a five-mule team passed busily along the pike to have the canvas cover ripped off by an explosive shell. Another shot whipped off the hind legs of the mule 'Indiana' was riding. How 'Indiana's' eyes bulged out when his wheel mule fell. Six of the ten wagons were hit and three of the mules killed before the train reached town, where it was ordered to halt, but not a box of ammunition was lost. One of the wagons was so slivered that it was left on the pike a short distance from the seminary, where that night General Lee made his headquarters."

"The mule train, the only one in the war on either side, so far as I can learn, that ever charged the enemy—infantry, cavalry and artillery—rested on its laurels in a side street of Gettysburg that hot afternoon until the First and Eleventh corps reached town on the way to Cemetery Heights. Then, with the enemy within close musket range, and rapidly advancing and fir-

ing, the train moved—moved with the last line of infantry, cavalry and artillery, amid the roar of battle, the loud commands of officers and a mix-up that was well-nigh inextricable. Brave Bert O'Connor was at the rear. I rode by his side. The victorious enemy came so close that we emptied our revolvers into their faces several times on the way out.

"Reaching the seminary, I saw commanders of troops getting orders from General Hancock. The instant he was alone I rode up, saluted and asked where I should place my command."

"Where is it?"

"I pointed to the mule train."

"Where have you been with these teams?"

"To the front, with ammunition, sir."

"This is the front; go to the rear!"

"As I left him I heard Hancock say: 'Wadsworth had better give that sergeant a regiment of cavalry.'"

"If I could write poetry I'd write some verses on the 'Charge of the Mule Train at Gettysburg.'—J. A. Watrous, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Pathetic Incident.

From the Lexington Leader comes a story of the civil war of a sort to be always welcomed. The narrator is William Wilkerson, described by the Leader as "a man noted for his fidelity to truth." The scenes described were witnessed by him just after the battle of Richmond, Kentucky, in 1862.

"A son of my friend, Cassius M. Clay, was killed in the fight, and it became my duty to visit the battlefield and identify the body, and take it to his father's home."

"While riding slowly over the field I heard groans, which I was sure came from a cornfield near at hand, and looking down the corn-rows, I discovered two wounded soldiers lying about forty yards apart. One was a Federal, the other a Confederate. A cannon-ball had broken and terribly mangled both the Confederate's legs, while the Federal was shot through the body and thigh."

"I am dying for water," I heard the Federal say just as I discovered them. His words sounded as if they came from a parched mouth.

"I have some water in my canteen. You are welcome to drink if you'll come here," said the Confederate, who had feebly raised his head from the ground to look at his late enemy when he heard his pitiful cry for water.

"I couldn't move to save my life," groaned the Federal, as he dropped his head to the ground, while his whole body quivered with agony.

"Then I beheld an act of heroic devotion which held me spellbound until it was too late for me to give the assistance I should have rendered. The Confederate lifted his head again and took another look at his wounded foe, and I saw an expression of tender pity come over his pain-distorted face as he said:

"Hold out a little longer, Yank, and I'll try to come to you."

"Then the brave fellow, by digging his fingers into the ground and holding on to the corn-stalks, painfully dragged himself to the Federal's side, the blood from his mangled legs making a red trail the entire distance. The tears ran down my cheeks like rain, and out of sympathy for him I groaned every time he moved, but I was lost to everything except the fellow's heroism, and did not once think of helping him."

"When the painful journey was finished, he offered his canteen to the Federal, who took it and drank eagerly. Then, with a deep sign of relief, he reached out to the Confederate, and it was plain to see, as they clasped hands and looked into each other's eyes, that whatever of hate might have rankled once in the hearts of these men had now given place to mutual sympathy and love."

Even while I watched them I saw the Confederate's body quiver as if a spasm of pain, and when his head dropped to the ground I knew that one more hero had crossed the dark river. The Federal kissed the dead man's hand repeatedly, and cried like a child, until I had him removed to the hospital, where he, too, died the next day."

Her Threat Didn't Deter.

In the eyes of superior officers I may have lacked a good many essentials as a soldier of the Confederacy, but no one can say that I ever lacked an able-bodied appetite, says a colonel who fought for the lost cause. During my service nothing after the success of the Confederacy so much worried me as my appetite. Toward the close of the war I suffered very much on this account. One night after a long day's march and nothing to eat I stole two chickens, and the circumstances attending the theft are still fresh in my memory."

"It happened in the Tennessee mountains. The country had been pretty well foraged by both sides and there was not much chance to find anything. Passing by an humble log-house after dark I observed a few chickens roosting in fancied security on the fence enclosing the house and small patch of ground. A hungry soldier has little conscience, and I didn't waste any time in debate with mine about taking a pullet. I had intended to grab the chicken by the throat so as to shut off its wind, but missed calculations and it squawked loudly. With the first squawk the cabin door flew open and a woman came out. Taking in the embarrassing situation at a glance, she shook her fist at me and angrily said: 'You thief! You'll pay for stealing my chickens on the day of judgment.' 'Madam,' I said with my accustomed politeness, 'if I am to have that long credit I will take another one.'"

"And so it happened that I arrived in camp that night with two chickens."

The saddest ignorance in this world is not to know the pleasure that comes from self-sacrifice.