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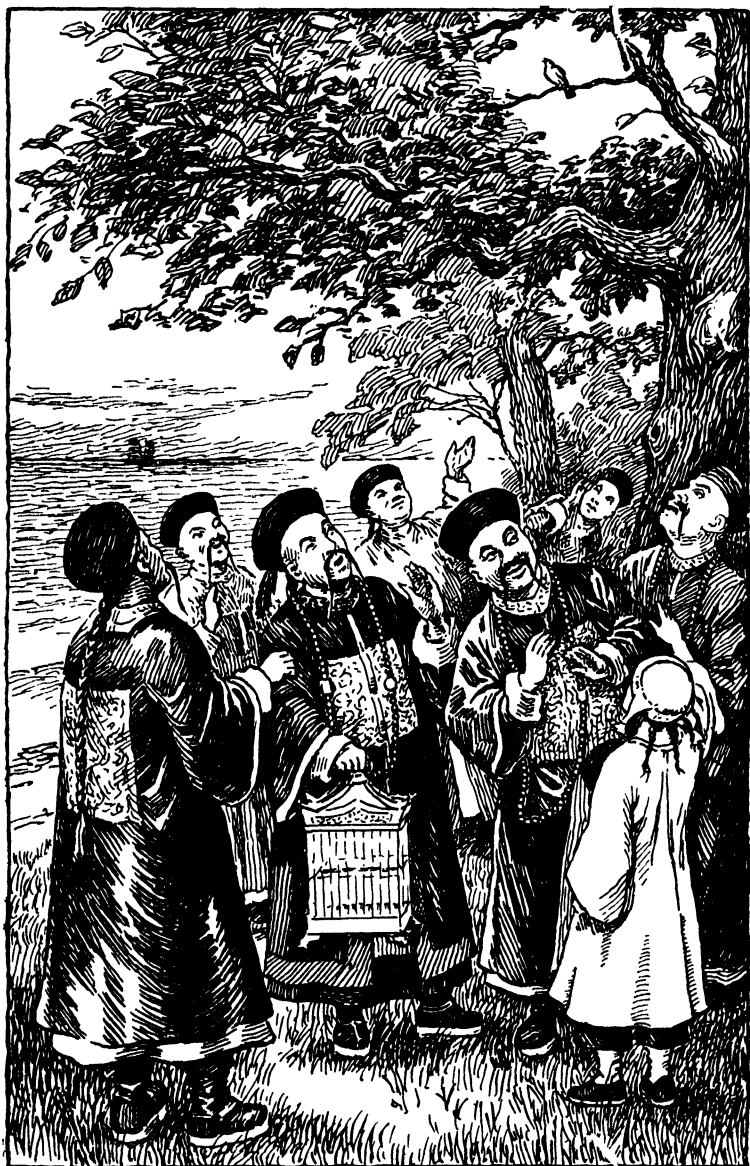
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"Listen! Yonder it sits on the branch"—p. 22.

Approved by the Ministry of Education, Cairo

ENGLISH READERS

FOR SECONDARY SCHOOLS

BY

BENJAMIN BRADY

B.A. HONS. (LOND.)

ABBASIEH SECONDARY SCHOOL, ALEXANDRIA

SECOND YEAR

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON

1931

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First Edition 1930

Reprinted 1931

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

With regard to matter and style, the same lines have been followed in this book as those indicated in my preface to Book One of this series.

I take this opportunity of thanking very heartily Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., for permission to reprint the passage entitled "The Doves" from *Far Away and Long Ago*, by W. H. Hudson ; and Mr. Rudyard Kipling for allowing me to use an excerpt from "Mowgli's Brothers," the first story in *The Jungle Book*, and to give it the title of "How Mowgli came to Father Wolf's Cave."

B. B.

ALEXANDRIA,
SUMMER, 1929.

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HOW GREAT WORK IS DONE

WE often read in a newspaper, or hear our parents read aloud, a story of a wonderful deed done by some courageous man or woman. A brave air-pilot flies from London to Australia ; or a very long journey is made in a motor-car by some clever man, in such a short time that we can scarcely believe it possible.

Every boy has heard the name “Lindbergh,” and, perhaps, another name—“Segrave.” Some of us have even seen one or other of these famous men, and have helped to raise the tremendous cheers with which crowds of grateful and admiring people greet them, on their return from some wonderful journey.

These are happy men, we think. We should like very much to fly in an aeroplane round the world, and then arrive home to a cheering crowd of admirers ; to receive rich presents ; to be invited to splendid feasts ; to be honoured by kings and emperors ; to have men, women, and children standing for hours and hours in the streets only to see us pass by. It is all so

pleasant that we wish we had money enough to buy a really good aeroplane, step into it, and do the same thing.

But is it as easy as that ? Did men build an aeroplane all at once, and fly straight off round the world, or even from London to Cairo, or from Cairo to Suez, or even into the next field ?

No ; it has taken years and years to accomplish these great things. Men have tried and failed, and tried again. They have been discouraged, laughed at, blamed ; but still they have gone on making new parts, throwing away parts which had taken days and weeks, and even months and years, to make. They have tried and failed, have been terribly hurt many times, have even been killed ; and so have given their lives to help on the great work which will make the world a better and more splendid place to live in.

Suppose the men who worked hard to invent and improve such things as motor-cars and aeroplanes had said—as we often hear boys say about their lessons—“ Oh, bother ! I'm tired of this ! I cannot do it, it is too hard, it is impossible, I shall not try any more,” where would our fine motor-cars and aeroplanes be now ? There would be no such things. We should be no better, no quicker, or more advanced, than the people who lived one hun-

dred years ago. We should have been losing our time, and doing nothing at all to improve our own lives, or to help those people who will be living in the world one hundred years after us.

Think of the clever and useful things that people who lived before us have done for themselves and for us. When you go on a long train journey, you can move over hundreds of miles in a very short time ; and, better still, you can be as easy and comfortable as if you were sitting at home in your favourite chair. You can have your dinner, just as if you were at home. You can sleep cosily in bed—and still be carried rapidly wherever you wish to go. What a great deal of time you can save !

When we are young, people often tell us, “ James Watt invented the steam engine,” or “ George Stephenson invented engines ; ” and we, being very young, do not understand that a long, long story lies hidden in each of these little sentences.

It seems to us that someone called “ James Watt ” rose up one fine morning and, wishing to go to a distant town, said to himself, “ Horses are slow, and often fall lame. I am tired of horses. I shall invent a steam engine, have some railway carriages made, and so go quickly and comfortably to Manchester.”

Then we imagine him putting a kettle of water on the fire, and beginning at once. We think he was very likely finished by the afternoon, that he dressed himself in his best clothes, stepped into a first-class carriage, and steamed away like the wind to Manchester !

“ How ridiculous ! ” you say. “ It is impossible ! ” You are quite right. It is impossible to do anything worth doing all at once ; to finish a thing perfectly at the first trial. You cannot sit down one afternoon and learn the French language. You cannot buy a box of colours and paint a picture as good as one of Raphael’s, on the first Saturday morning that you choose to try.

All great works have been done little by little ; first one bit, then the next, then a much better bit, then a much quicker bit ; and so on, improving every time we try. Sometimes the work does not go on better and better, and it is very tiring when we have to begin again.

James Watt, and George Stephenson, and the many clever young men who helped them, never thought of a train. They had seen their fathers and grandfathers turning wheels, and grinding corn, and breaking stones, and making cloth, and doing all sorts of hard work with their arms and legs and every part of their bodies. They had seen them so tired at the end

of each day's work that they could not do anything but throw themselves down to sleep and rest until it was time to start work again.

When the boy Watt saw the steam from a boiling kettle making the lid of the kettle jump up and turn from side to side, he thought to himself, "The steam pushes that little lid, and makes it spin round. If there were more steam, it could make a much bigger thing spin round like a wheel. I wish there was some steam to make the wheel that poor father has to turn spin round and round."

It would take too much time, now, to tell you how the boy began to make little steam toys with bits of old piping and old tin cans ; how he made little wheels go round ; how he burned himself many times ; how older people told him to put all that rubbish away ; how he saved up every penny to buy things to improve his first poor invention ; how people laughed at his idea of making steam do a man's work. It is a long, long story, stretching from that little boy and his old tin kettles, to the great steam factories and swift, comfortable trains that make us rich and happy in these days.

How glad we ought to feel that men like Stephenson and Watt did not give up, the very first time they tried and failed ! •

There are many kinds of work to be done in

the world to improve our way of living. The most important work, perhaps, is that which has been done by doctors' and men of science, who have tried to find out why diseases attack our bodies, and to discover medicines which will cure us.

Doctors are great heroes. They spend their lives in finding out how to keep us healthy. Many doctors have died through using dangerous acids and other strange things when trying to invent new cures.

These brave men often know quite well that the things which they are using to make some wonderful medicine may kill them before the work has been completed; yet they go on trying to invent something for the good of all the world. Very often, a brave doctor will take up the work which has cost another his life, and continue it until it is perfect.

The doctor's work is very noble work. New cures are found almost every year by these diligent men. They spend much money and time and trouble in making new instruments, trying to find out how to save people from pain.

We sometimes hear of terrible accidents that have happened to people. A train may be wrecked, and passengers may have an arm broken or their legs crushed. A man may be hurt by a machine when at his work. A boy

may be run over in the street by a tram or a bus. The first person we call for is the doctor. The doctor may find that a man's arm or leg must be cut off, in order to save his life. This would have been a more dreadful thing in past years,



when quick, fine, clean instruments were not known. Long ago, a patient would have had to feel the knife and bear the dreadful pain.

How thankful we ought to be that that is not the case nowadays. When a man is in dreadful pain, the doctor can give him a medicine which prevents him from feeling it. When a patient

is given this splendid medicine, he does not know that the brave doctor is cutting him with a sharp instrument. He is in an easy kind of sleep. This marvellous way of conquering pain was invented by a great and good doctor called Simpson.

We have no time to talk about all the wonderful things that doctors do nowadays, and have done in past years, but we know that all this work of theirs was done bit by bit ; that they tried and failed many times, and yet tried again.

We should never have discovered all the countries that we now know of in the world, if explorers had not tried again and again to travel into strange lands and oceans. Captain Cook risked his life, and was at last killed, in trying to find new lands which would make the world richer, and provide us with extra food. He did not discover all he wished when he made his first voyage. He failed again to complete his work when he went a second time. Did he give it up ? Did he say " I am tired of hardship. Let another man try " ? No ; he set off again a third time !

That is how all great work is done.

You must not think that the men who have become great and famous, tried again and again only when there were voyages to be made, or

aeroplanes to pilot, or steam engines to be invented.

I do not believe that any of these men would have been so diligent, and so patient, and so well able to use their brains, if they had not been taught to try and try again at their lessons, when they were young.

What do you think about it ?

HOLIDAY WORK AND PLAY

[SCENE.—PHILIP's own room in PHILIP's father's house.

There are bookcases round the walls, well filled with books of all kinds—French and German and English books, novels, books of biography, books on tennis and other games, some grammars, and books on history, science, etc. In a corner there stand a long fishing-rod, a tennis racket, a cricket bat, and other things of the kind. PHILIP is seated at a table, with his elbows on it, his two hands holding his head very comfortably, and an open book before him. He looks up as the door opens.]

Enter JOHN.

JOHN. “ I knocked, but you did not hear me. I want you to come out for a bathe this morning, and a game of tennis afterwards—to warm us up.”

PHILIP. “ I am sorry I cannot—at any rate, not now. I shall be free about ten o'clock. I suppose you could not wait till then? ”

JOHN. "What keeps you? Every morning, when I come round to you, you are deep in some book. I cannot understand you. We have only one month's holiday. Tom Brown and I have been having a regular programme of amusement—bathing and tennis in the mornings, a drive in my car in the afternoons, and a theatre or something of that sort every night. We should like it all much better, though, if you were with us."

PHILIP (*smiling*). "Thanks, old man: it's very decent of you to say so, and I should like it all very much, myself."

JOHN (*quickly*). "Well?"

PHILIP (*pointing to his own forehead, still smiling*). "This old thing forgets all I have put into it so quickly, that I have to do a little bit of study every day."

JOHN (*looking astonished*). "In the holidays!"

PHILIP. "In the holidays."

JOHN. "But you do not work all day, do you?"

PHILIP (*laughing*). "Oh, no! I like holidays as well as you do, my boy. I work from eight o'clock till ten every morning—real tough work, like grammar or French—and then I do a couple of hours just after lunch, from one till three."

JOHN (*taking a long breath*). "Well, I'm amazed! How can you spoil your days like

that ! We get work enough in school-time, I'm sure ; and the holidays are not long enough to give one a thorough rest from it. I have not opened a book, or even seen one, since we left school over a week ago ! ”

PHILIP (*rising to put his book on a shelf, and taking another down*). “ Don't waste your pity on me, old fellow ; my days are not spoiled. I have all the rest of the time to amuse myself.”

JOHN (*turning towards the door*). “ I suppose I am interrupting you now. I felt so sure that you would come out with us for a bathe that I told Tom to call for us here at nine o'clock.”

PHILIP (*jumping up and pulling forward a comfortable chair*). “ Sit down, John, my lad ; you need not run away as if I had bitten you. Wait till Tom comes, of course. Perhaps he may be late and I may be ready to go with you.”

JOHN (*sitting down gladly*). “ Hurrah ! that's the way to talk ! I hope old Brown will be late. Go on, learn away, Phil, my boy ; don't bother about me ! ”

PHILIP (*opening his book, and speaking rather shyly*). “ I shall read aloud, if you don't mind. It will pass the time for you, and so you need not waste it either.”

JOHN (*sighing deeply*). “ All right, fire away ! ”

PHILIP (*smiling, begins*). “ ‘ On the morning of the fifth, we anchored near some land. While

we lay there, twenty-seven men of the country, each in a canoe, paddled out towards our ship. They seemed afraid to come very near, and kept calling out and opening their arms wide to show us that they were friendly. At last one or two came near enough to receive a few presents, which we threw down to them. The others lost their fear of us when they saw this, and came alongside our ship. We were glad to buy some things from them. They gave us coats made of skins, bows arrows, darts, and strange wooden vessels ; and we gave them nails, knives, cloth, and many other things. They had never seen such articles, and wished us to show them how they should be used. They seemed, indeed, to be very astonished at us, and at everything about us. They had never seen people like us before—— ’ ”

JOHN. “ May I stop you for a moment ? What are you reading, Philip ? ”

PHILIP. “ It is a piece from ‘ Captain Cook’s Voyages.’ Am I boring you ? ”

JOHN. “ Oh, no indeed ! It is very interesting, and I should like to hear more. Please go on.”

PHILIP (*begins to read again*). “ ‘ We saw, on the shore, a village and some people. The people seemed to be frightened at the sight of our ships—the “ Discovery,” and the “ Resolu-

tion"— for we saw many of them running up the hills into the country, with their goods carried on their backs'. I made up my mind to land, so three boats with armed men were pulled ashore. I also brought two or three of my officers with me.

" ' About thirty or forty men of the country, each armed with a bow and arrows, stood together in a group on some hilly ground near the village. When we approached them, three of their number came towards us, and very politely took off their caps and bowed very low. We also saluted politely, but they still seemed afraid of us, and moved backward and away from us.

" ' I followed them, myself, and made signs to tell them that we were friendly people. I showed them some presents, and, after a time, some of them came near and gave me a couple of fox-skins in exchange for my things.' "

JOHN. " Excuse me, Philip : there is a knock at the door. It must be Tom Brown."

PHILIP (*aloud*). " Come in ! "

Enter TOM BROWN.

TOM. " Well, boys, are you ready to come now ? I am a little late. I am sorry."

JOHN. " Oh, Tom ! Sit down a moment and let us listen for a while."

TOM. (*looking surprised*). "Listen! What are we to listen to? (*Turning to Philip.*) Have you got a wireless set?"

PHILIP. "No; I wish I had. I was reading aloud part of 'Captain Cook's Voyages,' to John. He has been very patient, but, I am sure, he was longing for you to come, Tom."

JOHN. "I should like to have just fifteen minutes more of 'Captain Cook.' Will you stay and listen for a quarter of an hour, Tom?"

TOM. "Certainly; I should like to hear some of that book. My cousin used to tell me stories out of it. Captain Cook was a great sailor, and a great hero. Please go on reading, Philip. I am sorry I interrupted you."

PHILIP. "Don't mention it, old man. I'll read just a little more, and then we can all go out. I was reading about Captain Cook landing, with some of his officers and men, on a strange coast somewhere above the farthest north point of Asia. He says:

" "In the course of all my different voyages, I never yet have met with natives of any place so much astonished as these people were at us and all about us. Their eyes moved quickly from object to object with looks of such wild surprise that it was quite evident they had never been visited by Europeans before. When we showed them some beads, they asked first

what they were, and whether they were to be eaten. When we told them that they were to be hung round their necks and in their ears, they gave them back to us, and shook their heads. China cups and plates were so strange to them that they asked if they were made of wood, and wished to have some, not for use but for looking at.

“ “When they came on board the ship, they tried to steal everything they saw. It was not quite like stealing, for they took things while our men were looking at them, as if they thought we would not mind, or prevent them. At nine o'clock, I sent three boats in the charge of an officer, to look for fresh water. The men returned at noon, and reported that they had been shown a large pond or lake which contained fresh water. At another part, the sailors had been prevented from landing by a great crowd of natives, who had come down to the beach. These natives were very troublesome; they had pressed round in a mob, and attempted to take the oars, the guns, and everything they could lay their hands on.

“ “ In the afternoon, I went, myself, on shore to examine the water, and to find out whether the natives were friendly towards us, or otherwise. I had three armed boats and twelve men as bodyguard. The moment I leaped on the

shore, the natives all fell flat on their faces, and remained in this humble position until I made them rise. I gave them some presents, which I had brought with me; and they brought a quantity of food and fruit to us. I ordered my men to fill the water-casks, when I had examined the water and found it good. The natives did not interfere with them, but helped our men to roll the casks to and from the lake.' ”

TOM. “ They were quite kind people, then. It must have been very dangerous, however, to land on such wild countries, and go among the savage people.”

JOHN. “ Did no harm ever happen to brave Captain Cook in those strange lands? He treated the people with such kindness that I am sure they worshipped him, but he must have met with very wild and cruel people in some places.”

PHILIP (*closing the book, and placing it on the shelf*). “ Some day, if you like, I will read you the story of the death of Captain Cook. It is a very exciting part, and very sad, too. Now we shall go out for a bathe. It was very good of you two boys to wait for me.”

TOM. “ I am very glad I came. I should like very much to have some reading on another morning. Could we not arrange to meet at

eight o'clock? That would leave plenty of time before bathing time."

PHILIP. "It would be splendid. I have just been telling John that I read by myself every morning. I think it would be very much nicer to have company."

JOHN. "Very well. Let us meet at my house to-morrow morning at eight. We shall enjoy the rest of the day much more, when we have done a little serious work in the morning."

PHILIP. "Hear! Hear! Now, I am ready, boys, and mean to enjoy myself!"

DO NOT JUDGE BY APPEARANCES

WE are often told that we must not judge the value of anything by how it looks. We must find out what a thing can do, what it is made of, what is inside it, before we say it is good, or it is bad. "Do not judge a book by the cover," is a wise saying. "All that glitters is not gold," is another wise saying.

This is very true of people: the boy who carries a large pile of books and talks a lot about how much he knows, is not always the best scholar. It is true of plants: some of the brightest and largest blossoms are harmful

weeds, which are useless themselves, and hinder good plants from growing well.

Among the birds there is one small, dull, plain creature, called the nightingale. Looking at it, one would probably say, "Here is a poor, useless thing that can do no good to anyone, and is not even fine to look at!"

Yet the plain little dull-coloured nightingale is the most delightful singer among all the birds. Larks sing well, thrushes and black-birds have pleasing notes, but not one of them can compare with the nightingale, when it begins to sing.

In China, long, long ago, there lived an Emperor who had a very splendid palace. All his dishes were made of gold; and even the chair on which he sat was of solid gold. Round the palace were many beautiful gardens, with flowers of every kind, and marble basins filled with water, where shining goldfish swam round and round. Many birds with bright feathers—feathers of blue and orange and brightest green—flitted from tree to tree. These bright creatures, though they had such fine feathers, could only croak a note or two, very unpleasant to listen to.

Outside the gardens, there was an immense wood with hundreds of trees of every kind. The wood stretched down to the sea, and ships

sailed under the overhanging branches of the trees.

In one of these trees, near the sea, a nightingale lived. The bird sang so delightfully that a poor fisherman often stopped to listen, when he was going out at night to cast his nets. Nobody but the fisherman ever came near such a lonely place.

“How beautiful that bird’s song is !” the fisherman said to himself. He hurried away to his work and forgot about the delightful music. Next night, when he came, he heard the bird again. “How delightful it is !” he again said.

Travellers from all the countries of the world came to see this wonderful land of China, and the palace of the Emperor, and the lovely gardens with their marble ponds, and the gay coloured birds. One traveller found his way through the wood down to the seashore, and there he heard the nightingale singing. He was so charmed by it that he could scarcely move from the place.

Next day, he brought other travellers to hear the bird, and they all declared that, of the beautiful and wonderful things they had seen and heard in China, this bird’s song was the best of all. They could never see the bird ; for the little musician kept itself quite hidden among the leaves.

These travellers told everybody they met, when they returned home to their own countries, about the wonderful singing-bird. Many people travelled long distances to hear it. Many clever men wrote books about the beauties of China, and the richness of the Emperor's possessions ; and all these writers agreed that the song of the nightingale was the most beautiful thing in all the land. All the poets made long poems in praise of the nightingale.

The books that were written about China were carried to many lands, and, at last, some of them came to the palace of the Emperor. The Emperor sat in his golden chair, and read and read and read. He was pleased to read the praises of his country, and his palace, and his garden. When he came to the pages where the great writers spoke about the nightingale, he read, " But the nightingale is the most glorious thing in all the land."

" What is this the writers all speak of ? " the astonished Emperor asked his servants. " I have never heard of this wonderful bird, and yet I read in these books that the bird lives in my own wood ! "

" The nightingale ! " the attendants said, when they heard its name. " We have never seen or heard such a bird."

" Go and find it for me at once ! " com-

manded the Emperor. "It shall sing before me here in my palace. Find it quickly and bring it here!"

The attendants ran here and there, up and down, through the palace, round the gardens; but they could not find the wonderful nightingale.

Then they ran back to the Emperor and said:

"The writers of the books must have invented the story of a wonderful bird that sang divinely. There is much fiction to be found in books, your Majesty."

"But this book which tells of the bird was sent to me by the high and mighty Emperor of Japan," said the Emperor. "Therefore it must be true. I *shall* hear the nightingale! You must fetch it to me this evening, or I shall have the whole Court punished."

The people of the Court had to go to the people of the village, though they would never speak to them at other times; but the people of the village would not help them. At last they met a poor little girl who said to them:

"The nightingale! Oh, yes, I know it well. It can sing delightfully. Every evening, when I go to see my poor sick aunt down near the seashore, I rest in the wood, and hear the nightingale singing. When I hear it, the tears come into my eyes."

“ Little girl,” the attendants said, “ we will get a place for you in the Emperor’s kitchen, if you will lead us to the place where this bird is to be found. The Emperor must have it this evening, or we shall all be severely punished.”

“ I will show you the way now,” said the girl.

So they all followed her through the fields to the wood. On the way, they heard a cow begin to low.

“ Oh ! ” cried the attendants ; “ we have found it. What a great voice for a small bird ! ”

“ It is a cow lowing,” said the girl. “ We are a long way from the place yet.”

Farther on, some frogs in the grass began to croak.

“ Very sweet ! ” cried the attendants. “ Now we hear it. It is like a sweet church bell ! ”

“ No, those are frogs that you hear,” the girl said. “ I think we are at the place now. Step softly.”

They all walked gently over the soft grass and stood silently beneath a spreading tree.

Then the nightingale began to sing.

“ That is the bird ! ” exclaimed the little girl. “ Listen ! Listen ! And yonder it sits on the branch.”

She pointed to a little grey bird among the leaves.

“ Is it possible ! ” cried the attendants. “ We should never have thought that so great a singer, so accomplished a performer, would look like that. How modest and plain it looks ! ”

The attendants carried a golden cage and some very nice crumbs and seeds ; and, after much trouble and coaxing and hiding, they enticed the little bird into the cage. Then they shut the golden door firmly, and carried the bird to the Emperor’s palace.

That evening, there was a great feast in the palace. The amber lamps were lit, all the people were dressed in their finest silks and velvets, and a golden perch was placed near the Emperor’s throne for the nightingale.

The nightingale sang so gloriously that the tears came into the Emperor’s eyes. It sang so sweetly that it touched every heart. All the people of the Court listened with the greatest delight, and the tears in every eye in the great hall glittered more brightly than the amber lamps.

The Emperor was so pleased that he determined to keep the bird in his own palace. He appointed two attendants to watch it all day, and two others to watch it all night. When the bird needed sunshine and fresh air, a band of ten servants went out with the golden cage.

One day the Emperor received a large parcel. On the outside of it the words, "The Nightingale," were written.

"It is another book written about my marvellous bird," said the Emperor.

But it was not. When the parcel was opened, they found inside, in a box, a nightingale made of diamonds and rubies, with feathers of silver and gold. There was a tiny golden key beside it, and when the toy bird was wound up like a watch, it began to sing.

"The Emperor of Japan has sent this nightingale to me," said the Emperor ; and the people of the Court said, "How beautifully it sings, and how handsome it looks !"

The toy nightingale sang the same tune over and over, three-and-thirty times. They all said they could never tire of listening to it. But when the thing began for the thirty-fourth time, they all tried to slip quietly out of the room, saying they had letters to write, and calls to make, and rice to buy, and so on.

The real nightingale, so plain and poor-looking, was banished from the palace, and the rich, handsome toy bird was placed on a silk cushion beside the Emperor's bed. Every night it was wound up, and sang its tune to the Emperor over and over again. He was so pleased with it that he hung more jewels round its neck,

and the thing looked very very grand and important.

The Emperor fell ill—very ill. The doctors said he would die. Nothing could cure him.

“ Music ! “Music ! ” cried the dying Emperor ; but there was nobody near to wind up the false bird. All the people of the Court, being sure that the Emperor would be dead before morning, left him alone, and began to argue about who should have his riches.

The poor sick Emperor lay helpless in the silent room ; and, one by one, all the bad and wicked and selfish things he had done in his life came up before him. It was dreadful. He tried to summon a few good and unselfish deeds to soothe his fears and regrets, but it was of no use. He had led a proud and selfish life, and had never troubled to think about other people. So the dying man lay in torment.

Suddenly there sounded in the silent room a lovely, melodious song. It was the nightingale come back, and it had perched on a twig close to the open window. The Emperor stopped tossing his head about on the pillow, and listened. It was like a cool, sparkling stream of pure water to a thirsty man in the desert.

“ Thanks, thanks ! ” said the Emperor in a feeble voice. “ Go on, little nightingale ; my heart is eased.”

The nightingale sang on, pouring from its little plain throat the most deliciously sweet music.

“ I banished you from my palace,” murmured the sick man, “ and yet you have come back to charm and soothe me, and drive away fear from my heart.”

Then the bird sang very softly and sweetly, and the Emperor fell into a soft and restful sleep. He slept all night, and the sun rose and warmed him with its healthful beams. When he awoke, he felt new strength and health in all his limbs, and his heart was light. The nightingale still sat at the bright window, and sang.

“ You shall stay with me always,” said the happy Emperor, “ and I will let you come and go as you wish. The trees shall be your home, instead of an unhealthy golden cage. Come often, my little saviour, to my window.”

The Emperor rose and put on his imperial robes with his own hand ; and, when the people came in to carry away the dead ruler, the Emperor said :

“ Good-morning ! ”

THE EGG THAT TALKED

FROM "THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS"

(A Fairy Tale)

BY LEWIS CARROLL

[Alice dreamt a strange dream—that she bought an egg in a little dark shop kept by a sheep. The sheep did not give her the egg, but set it on a shelf and told Alice to take it. Alice walked towards the egg.]

THE egg got larger and larger. When she had come within a few yards of it, she saw that it had eyes and a nose and a mouth; and when she had come close to it she saw clearly that it was Humpty Dumpty himself.

"It can't be anybody else," she said to herself. "I am as certain of it as if his name were written all over his face!"

It might have been written a hundred times easily on that enormous face. Humpty Dumpty was sitting with his legs crossed like a Turk, on the top of a high wall—such a high, narrow wall that Alice wondered how he could keep his balance. His eyes were steadily fixed in the opposite direction and, as he didn't take the least notice of her, she thought he must be a stuffed figure.

“And how exactly like an egg he is!” she said aloud, standing with her hands ready to catch him; for she was every moment expecting him to fall.

“It’s very provoking,” Humpty Dumpty said after a long silence, looking away from Alice as he spoke, “to be called an egg—very!”

“I said you looked like an egg, sir,” Alice gently explained. “And some eggs are very pretty, you know,” she added, hoping to turn her remark into a sort of compliment.

“Some people,” said Humpty Dumpty, looking away from her all the time, “have no more sense than a baby!”

Alice didn’t know what to say to this. It was not at all like conversation, she thought, as he never said anything to her. In fact, his last remark was evidently addressed to a tree. She softly repeated to herself:

“Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the king’s horses and all the king’s men
Couldn’t put Humpty Dumpty in his place
again.”

“That last line is much too long for the poetry,” she added almost out loud, forgetting that Humpty Dumpty would hear her.

“Don’t stand chattering to yourself like that,” Humpty Dumpty said, looking at her for

the first time, "but tell me your name and your business."

"My name is Alice, but——"

"It's a stupid name!" Humpty Dumpty interrupted impatiently. "What does it mean?"

"Must a name mean something?" Alice asked doubtfully.

"Of course it must," Humpty Dumpty said with a short laugh. "My name means the shape I am—and a good, handsome shape it is, too. With a name like yours you might be almost any shape."

"Why do you sit out here all alone?" said Alice, not wishing to begin an argument.

"Why, because there's nobody with me!" said Humpty Dumpty. "Did you think I didn't know the answer to that? Ask another."

"Don't you think you would be safer down on the ground?" Alice went on, not with any idea of making another riddle, but simply in her good-natured anxiety for the queer creature. "That wall is so very narrow."

"What very easy riddles you ask!" Humpty Dumpty growled out. "Of course I don't think so. Why, if ever I did fall off—which there's no chance of—but if I did——"

Here he pursed up his lips and looked so

solemn and grand that Alice could hardly help laughing.

“If I did fall,” he went on, “The King has promised me—ah, you may turn pale if you like! You didn’t think I was going to say that, did you?—The King has promised me to——”

“Send all his horses and all his men,” interrupted Alice rather unwisely.

“Now, I declare that’s too bad!” Humpty Dumpty cried, breaking into a sudden passion. “You’ve been listening at doors—and behind trees—and down chimneys—or you couldn’t have known it!”

“I have not, indeed!” Alice said very gently. “It’s in a book.”

“Ah, well! They may write such things in a book,” Humpty Dumpty said in a calmer tone. “That’s what you call a History of England. Now, take a good look at me. I am one who has spoken to a King. Maybe you will never see such another; and to show you that I am not proud, you may shake hands with me.”

He grinned almost from ear to ear, as he leant forward (and as nearly as possible fell off the wall) and offered Alice his hand. She watched him a little anxiously as she took it. “If he smiled much more, the ends of his mouth might meet behind,” she thought; “and then I don’t

know what would happen to his head. I am afraid it would come off ! ”

“ Yes, all his horses and all his men,” Humpty



Dumpty went on. “ They would pick me up again in a minute. However, this conversation is going on a little too fast. Let’s go back to the last remark but one.”

"I'm afraid I cannot quite remember it," Alice said very politely.

"In that case we may start again," said Humpty Dumpty, "and it's my turn to choose a subject." ("He talks about it just as if it was a game!" thought Alice.) "So here is a question for you. How old did you say you were?"

Alice made a short calculation and said "Seven years and six months."

"Wrong!" Humpty Dumpty exclaimed triumphantly. "You never said a word like it."

"I thought you meant 'how old are you?'" Alice explained.

"If I had meant that I'd have said it," said Humpty Dumpty.

Alice did not want to begin another argument, so she said nothing.

"Seven years and six months!" Humpty Dumpty repeated thoughtfully. "An uncomfortable sort of age! Now, if you had asked my advice, I'd have said 'leave off at seven'—but it is too late now."

"I never ask advice about growing," Alice said indignantly.

"Too proud?" the other enquired.

Alice felt even more indignant at this suggestion. "I mean," she said, "that one cannot help growing older."

"One can't, perhaps," said Humpty Dumpty,

“ but two can. With proper assistance, you might have left off at seven.”

“ What a beautiful Belt you are wearing ! ” Alice suddenly remarked. (They had had quite enough of the subject of age, she thought ; and, if they were really to take turns in choosing subjects, it was her turn.) “ I should have said a beautiful cravat,” she corrected herself, “ no, a belt I mean—oh, I beg your pardon ! ” she added in dismay, for Humpty Dumpty looked thoroughly offended. She began to wish that she had not chosen that subject. “ If I only knew,” she thought, “ which was his neck and which his waist.”

Evidently Humpty Dumpty was very angry, though he said nothing for a minute or two. When he did speak again, it was in a deep growl.

“ It is a most provoking thing,” he said at last, “ when a person doesn’t know a cravat from a belt ! ”

“ I know it is very ignorant of me,” Alice replied in so humble a tone that Humpty Dumpty relented.

“ It is a cravat, child, and a beautiful one, as you say. It is a present from the White King and Queen. There now ! ”

“ Is it really ? ” said Alice, quite pleased to find she had chosen a good subject after all.

“ They gave it to me,” Humpty Dumpty

continued thoughtfully as he crossed one knee over the other, and clasped his hands round it, "—for an un-birthday present."

"I beg your pardon?" Alice said with a puzzled air.

"I'm not offended," said Humpty Dumpty

"I mean what is an un-birthday present?"

"A present given when it is not your birthday, of course."

Alice considered a little. "I like birthday presents best," she said at last.

"You don't know what you are talking about!" cried Humpty Dumpty. "How many days are there in a year?"

"Three hundred and sixty-five," said Alice.

"And how many birthdays have you in a year?"

"One."

"And if you take one from three hundred and sixty-five, what remains?"

"Three hundred and sixty-four, of course."

Humpty Dumpty looked doubtful. "I would rather see that done on paper," he said.

Alice couldn't help smiling as she took out her note-book and worked the sum for him :

365

1

364

Humpty Dumpty took the book and looked at it very carefully. "That seems to be done right," he began doubtfully.

"You are holding it upside down!" Alice interrupted.

"To be sure I was!" Humpty Dumpty said gaily, as she turned it round for him. "I thought it looked a little queer. As I was saying, that seems to be done right—though I haven't time to look it over thoroughly just now—and that shows that there are three hundred and sixty-four days when you might get un-birthday presents."

"Certainly," said Alice.

"And only one for birthday presents, you know."

There was a long pause.

"Is that all?" Alice timidly asked.

"That's all," said Humpty Dumpty. "Good-bye!"

This was rather sudden, Alice thought: but, after such a *very* strong hint that she ought to be going, she felt that it would hardly be civil to stay. She held out her hand.

"Good-bye till we meet again!" she said as cheerfully as she could.

"I shouldn't know you again if we did meet," Humpty Dumpty replied in a discontented tone,

giving her one of his fingers to shake ; “ you are so exactly like other people.”

“ The face is what one goes by, generally,” Alice remarked in a thoughtful tone.

“ That is just what I complain of,” said Humpty Dumpty. “ Your face is the same as everybody else’s. You have two eyes—so ! (he marked the places in the air with his thumb) nose in the middle, mouth under. It’s always the same. Now, if you had your two eyes on the same side of your nose, for instance, or your mouth at the top—that would be some help.”

“ It would not look nice,” Alice objected ; but Humpty Dumpty only shut his eyes and said :

“ Wait till you have tried.”

Alice lingered a minute to see if he would speak again ; but, as he never opened his eyes or took any further notice of her, she said “ Good-bye ! ” once more, and, getting no answer to this, she quietly walked away.

She could not help saying to herself as she went, “ Of all the unsatisfactory—— ” (she repeated this aloud as it was a great comfort to have such a long word to say) “ of all the unsatisfactory people I ever met—— ”

She never finished the sentence ; for, at that moment, a heavy crash shook the forest from end to end.

[Humpty Dumpty, dozing, had fallen ; and I should think the noise must have awakened Alice from her dream.]

THE WONDERFUL GIFT OF WATER

WATER is the most valuable thing in all the world. It is more precious than diamonds, or pearls, or even solid gold.

If there was no water we should have no food : there would be no plants : there would be no animals. If there was no water, we should not be here ourselves : there would be no people in the world.

So now you know how very important and valuable water is. Yet this wonderful thing that keeps us all alive, produces delicious food for us, and makes the world beautiful, costs us nothing.

Where does water come from ? We get water from the rivers and large lakes. These rivers and lakes get the water from deep springs or wells far down below the ground. Sometimes the spring of water is so strong and plentiful that it forces itself up through the ground ; and, when this water keeps pouring out for years and years, a lake is formed. When the lake overflows, a river is formed. That is to

say, the strong full flow of water cuts a valley or deep bed for itself, as it flows along.

Sometimes the spring is not strong enough to break through the ground. In this case, men dig a deep hole until they come to the water. It is, of course, difficult to find where water is hidden underneath the ground ; but wise men have discovered a way of finding it.

In some places, where much rain falls, rain-water is caught and stored up for use. In countries where there are high mountains, the snow which falls on these mountains often melts and flows down in strong swift rivers.

Water which flows from a spring is pure and clean. A thirsty traveller may drink from a pure river in the middle of the lonely country. But, if a town or village is built near a river or lake, the water is not good to drink, because much dirt falls into it, or is thrown into it. Rain-water, also, which is the best and purest, is often spoiled by the smoke of chimneys and stove-pipes, or by dusty roofs and water-spouts.

It is necessary, then, for people in towns to have the water made clean and pure again before they use it. A number of men join together to manage this good work. They employ men to build large tanks where the river may flow into them. If the water of a lake

is used, they make it flow into the tanks through large tunnels or pipes. These tanks supply the streets and houses with water ; and, as the water passes from the tanks, it is filtered or made pure by passing through very fine wire netting and other things, which hold back all dirt or harm.

The men who manage this very useful work form a company which we call the " Water Company." They charge each householder in a town a small rent, which helps to pay for the work that has to be done. Think of all the pipes that must be laid under all the streets of a large city, and all the pipes that must be laid in each house, to give us plenty of pure water ! What a very small sum of money we pay to have disease and death driven away from us !

What is water used for ?

We use water to take away our thirst and refresh us. It is used in cooking : we make coffee and tea, boil our vegetables, and cook our rice and barley with water. .

It is used for cleaning : we wash our bodies and our clothing, our houses, our furniture, and the dishes which we use for food, with water. We wash the animals and their sleeping-places, and the vessels which they eat from. In these ways, water is used to keep us healthy and free from disease.

Water is used to moisten the earth and make plants grow. If we put seeds into the dry ground and leave it without water, the seeds will die. If we do not pour water on our gardens and fields and parks, the flowers and grass will wither and die. Farmers, who have many large fields of rye, barley, corn, potatoes, and other useful food stuffs, cannot pour water on all their ground. The rain does this good work for the farmer.

In countries where there is no rain, or very little rain, deep canals and ditches are dug, and the water from rivers is made to flow over the country. If this work were not done, people would starve ; for no crops could grow. So, you see, water produces our food.

If water did only these things that we have spoken about, if it kept us clean and healthy, and supplied us with food and drink, it would still be the most valuable thing in the world. Water can do other wonderful things as well. Have you ever put a piece of sugar or a spoonful of salt in a glass of water ? Before you can count five, the sugar or salt has disappeared : it has separated and been taken into the water. The water has dissolved it. This is a very useful power in water. The doctor and the chemist can make us good medicine by dissolving their queer sweet and bitter things in water.

Another wonderful power in water is its power of making steam. You have often watched the lid of the kettle jumping up when the water boils, I am sure. A little boy named James Watt sat watching the kettle-lid doing so, and, as he was a boy who used his brains to think with, he began to think what a strong pusher steam was. "If there were an immense big tank of water," thought this boy, "there would be an immense lot of steam when it boiled, and a lot of steam would push bigger things than this little kettle-lid."

When you are older you may read how James Watt began to make little tanks and boilers and pipes just to make the steam go where he wanted it to go ; how he made the steam push a little wheel round, and that wheel push another round. He told his school friend about this new game, and the two boys made many things, each thing better than the last. When they went to the university, the professors were interested and helped the boys ; and so the work went on.

When James Watt grew up, he had invented many things to show the power of steam. As a result of the work that he and his friends did, we have now steam-engines to drive machines in factories, to drive trains, and to drive ships.

What splendid inventions these are, all owing

to a boy who was not content to sit, dull and stupid, by the fire, but used his brains and his eyes !

Now I will tell you a beautiful little story about a cup of water.

A cruel battle was being fought, and the ground was covered with wounded men and horses, and many dead bodies. The sun shone hot on the dusty ground, and the wounded soldiers were dying for want of a drop of cool water.

There was one noble general lying wounded among the men. A soldier came running quickly to him.

“ Here, sir,” he said to his dying officer, “ I have brought you a cup of clear, cool water from the stream. I will hold your head up that you may drink.”

The general’s eyes opened and grew a little brighter when they saw the delicious cool drink. His head was raised on the arm of the kind-hearted soldier, and his parched lips were near the cool cup, when those eyes saw a poor wounded soldier lying near. The poor bleeding soldier’s eyes were gazing at the cup of water with more longing than that with which the eyes of a miser would gaze at piles of gold.

The wounded officer pushed the cup towards him.

“Here, comrade,” he said, “you need the water more than I. Drink it.”

They were the good officer's last words. The movement made the blood flow from his wound, and he sank and died.

THE WOODEN HORSE OF TROY

You have read, I am sure, of Alexander the Great's famous horse, Bucephalus, and many stories of wonderful Arab horses, and horses that helped their masters to win battles ; but I will tell you a story of a more famous and more wonderful horse than any of these. Now, listen !

A very long time ago—indeed, thousands of years ago—the peoples of two countries quarrelled terribly. One of these troublesome nations, called the Trojans, had helped their king's son to steal away the wife of a great prince among the Greeks. They carried the lady away to their city, Troy ; and also took many very valuable treasures from the prince's house.

Of course the Greeks were very angry when they heard how their prince had been treated, and they all gathered together to march in an

army to Troy, to bring back the stolen princess and the lost treasures.

The city of Troy was surrounded by high, strong walls, which the Trojan soldiers defended stoutly against the attacks of the angry Greeks.

The battle outside Troy went on for many days. Ladders and ropes, and all sorts of things were tried, to help the Greeks over the walls of Troy ; but the Trojans on the top shot their arrows at them, and threw heavy stones down on them.

Sometimes the Trojans marched out of the city and tried to drive away the Greeks. They fought with their sharp spears, and many men were killed on both sides. When the Greeks seemed to be the stronger, the Trojans retired inside the city walls and shut the great iron gates.

The Greeks tried every plan to get into the city. They knew that, if they were inside, they would soon beat down the Trojans, and find the stolen lady and the treasure hidden there.

The Trojans knew it, too ; and they never ceased, night or day, to watch the walls and the fast-closed gates.

One day, when one of the Greek generals, called Odysseus, was doing some scout work, he met a stranger, and began to talk to him. The stranger told Odysseus that Troy could never

be taken by the Greeks, so long as the statue of Pallas, one of the Trojan goddesses, remained in the city.

Odysseus thought about the stranger's words all that day; and at last made up his mind to try and steal the statue.

He dressed himself like a beggar, and made his face ugly with dirt and scratches. Then he hid a sharp sword under his rags and went to one of the gates of the city. A friend called Diomedes went with him, and hid himself in a corner outside the wall to see what would happen.

Odysseus in his dirty rags began to beg for money or food, but the guards and people about the gate did not listen to him. They pushed him from them, and Odysseus limped inside, whining like a poor lame beggar.

When he had entered the city he knew where to go to find the temple where the statue of Pallas was, for he had been in Troy before.

He begged from the people as he went along so that every one would think he was a harmless beggar. Just at the gate of the temple, Odysseus met the stolen lady, Helen, who had been praying in the temple, and was returning to her house.

In spite of the dirt and rags, Helen recognized Odysseus at once. She was much frightened to

see him in such danger, and drew him into her house, where she shut the door, and barred it.

“Odysseus !” Helen whispered, in great fear. “How could you be so bold as to come into the middle of your enemies’ town ! If the Trojans find out who you are, they will cut you in pieces. But, tell me, have you any plans for taking the city ? Will the Greeks be able to rescue me ?”

Odysseus said : “The Greeks can never win the city while the statue of Pallas stands in the temple. It must be taken away this night, and I have come to do it. I have a comrade waiting outside. If only he could get into the city, the two of us could overpower the guards of the temple, and carry away the statue. Can you help us, Helen ?”

“You are a Greek ; so of course I will help you. Come with me. It is dark now, and people will not notice me.”

Helen led the way to a small gate, and, taking a key from her robe, opened it gently and admitted Diomedes.

The three crept silently through the streets. No one was about ; for the people, trusting in the strong guards on the walls and gates, had gone into their houses to sleep. Helen went home ; and the two Greeks crept to the temple. — Odysseus sprang on the guard and stabbed him, while Diomedes seized the statue. He

gave his spear to Odysseus to carry, and the two went quickly and silently along the deserted streets.

They passed out through the little gate, and allowed it to shut behind them ; for they feared that the Trojans would discover that they had been in the city.

When the statue of Pallas was safely hidden in the Greek camp, the Greeks armed themselves again for an attack on the walls of Troy. They felt sure now that they would win the city.

But no such thing happened. The Trojans beat them off again and again, and many brave soldiers were lost.

The Greeks had almost given up hope. It was impossible to win the city by force. Odysseus, seeing this, told the other Greek generals that they must try to win it by a trick. Odysseus had won the statue by a trick ; so he made up his mind to try another.

“ Listen to me,” he said to the Greek generals. “ Let us make an immense horse of wood, and put all our bravest men to hide inside it. Then let all the rest of the army burn their tents, and launch their ships, and set sail, as if we had given up hope and meant to return home.

“ The Trojans will watch our army departing, and will open their gates and come running out

to see the deserted camp. They will find the wooden horse standing there.

“Now, we will leave a man behind, with his face cut and covered with blood, and his arms and legs tied with ropes. When the Trojans come to the camp, the man must tell them that he is a stranger who has been beaten by the cruel Greeks.

“He will tell them also that the Greeks built the giant horse of wood to be an offering to the goddess Pallas, to turn away her anger from those who stole her image. The Trojans, fearing the anger of the goddess, who might punish them for allowing the statue to be stolen, will bring the wooden horse into the city, and place it before the temple.”

“And how will all this help us to take the city?” asked some of the generals, who thought that Odysseus wanted to make a child’s play. “A handful of men inside the dummy horse cannot overpower the enemy, no matter how brave they are.”

“I have not finished telling you of my plan,” Odysseus replied. “Please listen to all I have to say. Then you will know whether it is a good plan or not.”

“Very well; let us hear the remainder,” the others said, feeling a little tired and displeased.

“We will build such a large horse that it cannot

pass through the gates," Odysseus continued. "The Trojans will have to break a wide space in the city wall to drag it in. When the horse is safely placed in front of the temple, and our army has gone away, as they will think, defeated, the Trojans will begin to feast and enjoy themselves, and will not guard the city so carefully.

"While they are eating and drinking and sleeping, our spy must light a fire on the top of the highest tower, as a signal to our ships to return ; and he must then go to the giant horse at the temple, and release our brave soldiers. Our army will land, enter through the broken wall, and take the city."

Odysseus sat down after this long speech, and waited while the generals and other officers talked about his plan of conquering the Trojans. Some of them thought it was a hopeless plan ; but, as the majority thought well of it, it was decided that the plan should be tried.

Many men were sent to cut down trees, and the cleverest workman among the Greeks was chosen to build the horse. He had many assistants, and, in a remarkably short time, the horse stood finished in beautiful shape, with noble head, and flowing mane. All the Greeks gathered to gaze up at the great wooden animal.

Then Odysseus made another speech,

and everybody was ready to listen more patiently.

“Comrades,” he said, “the time has now come to prove which of us are the bravest. We have a dangerous plan to carry out. We shall either win Troy, or we shall be discovered, and killed. I am going to hide in the wooden horse. Who will join me?”

Many brave men held up their hands, and Odysseus chose enough to fill the space inside the great horse.

A young soldier stepped forward and offered to dress himself in the clothes of a tramp, have his face scratched and covered with dirt and blood, and his arms and legs bound. All the army wondered at his courage, for he had just lately joined their ranks.

So the rest of the army, many thousands of men, burnt the tents, launched the ships, and pretended to sail away home. The door in the side of the horse was opened, and, with the help of a ladder, the Greek heroes climbed into the hollow animal. They had their steel jackets on, and carried their spears and shields. The man who had built the horse entered last of all; for he knew how the door should be fastened.

When sunset came, all was silent on the plain where the Greek camp had been. The Trojans, who had watched the ships setting sail, came

running from the gates of the city to look at the deserted camping-place. There was not a man left—the cowardly Greeks!—not one, except a horrid, dirty-looking beggar lying there, tied with ropes.

“Oh, masters!” whined the stranger. “I have been whipped and beaten by the men who have fled over the sea.”

But the Trojans scarcely heard him. They were gazing in amazement at the giant horse standing just under the walls. Some of them shook with fear, thinking it was some strange wild beast; but the bravest went close up to it, and found that it did not breathe.

“Here, you fellow!” they said, kicking the dirty beggar who lay watching them. “Tell us what this monster is, and how it came here.”

So the young Greek soldier, whom they all believed to be a beggar, told them that the Greeks were afraid of the wrath of the goddess Pallas, and had made the horse as an offering, to stand before her temple.

“Ay, comrades,” said one Trojan, “and Pallas will punish us for allowing her statue to be stolen by those cowardly Greeks. I hope our general will give orders to bring the peace-offering into our city.”

“I hope,” said another soldier, “to have a merry feast to-night. I don’t care about

wooden horses or anything else. The Greeks have run away, and I mean to throw down my sword and take a rest from fighting."

The Trojans made a great break in the city wall with crowbars and hammers, and soon it was large enough to allow the great dummy horse to pass through. When the horse was dragged to the temple in the centre of the city, the soldiers threw off their steel jackets, and hung their shields and spears on the walls. The whole city had a holiday, and dancing and music and drinking began.

The spy lay in a dark corner outside a café, and ate the fruit and sweets that were thrown down by the merry people. He waited till the night was almost over, and then the silence told him that the tired, well-fed, well-drunk people were sleeping.

Then he ran swiftly to the highest tower and made a great blazing fire on its top. The flames could be seen from far over the sea, and the Greek ships, whose men had been watching for this, came sailing quickly back.

The Greek spy had still another duty to perform : he raced as fast as his feet could carry him (he had loosed his bonds as soon as the people had fallen asleep) to the temple, and knocked softly on the wooden sides of the great horse standing there in the moonlight.



"The horse was dragged to the temple."

The Greeks came out one by one, each grasping his sword, each clothed in his strongest armour, and looked around carefully. There was not a Trojan moving on the streets. Wine-cups lay on the pavements ; waiters slept on the café tables ; soldiers lay against the house walls, sleeping heavily.

While the Greek heroes began their deadly work of wrecking houses and killing the Trojans, the army, which had already landed, came pouring through the broken wall. The Trojans were caught napping, and had not a chance to defend themselves ; so Troy was conquered by the Greeks.

The prince whose wife and riches had been stolen by the Trojans, found Helen again, and brought her home with him across the sea.

INGRATITUDE

WHEN we have helped a friend in trouble, and have spent much of our time, or perhaps our money, for his good, it hurts us very much to find that he feels no gratitude towards us.

Sometimes we help a young brother with a difficult lesson. He is very glad of our assistance ; but, when we ask him to do something for us, and hear him say, " Do it yourself !

Why should I ? ” we feel that he is a thankless boy.

Parents often suffer very much because of the ingratitude of their children.

An old writer has said, and said very truly :

“ It is sharper than a serpent’s tooth to have a thankless child.”

Shakespeare wrote in one of his plays about people who are not thankful when they have received benefits from a friend. He felt the sharpness of the cold wind on a winter night, and said :

“ Blow, blow, thou winter wind !
Thou art not so unkind
As man’s ingratitude.”

Shakespeare must have been hurt very cruelly by some thankless friend, when he wrote those words.

There is a story of an ungrateful guest, which I will try to remember.

A storm arose on the Mediterranean Sea very suddenly one night many years ago. The waves were very rough and the wind roared so that people could not sleep in their beds.

In a comfortable farmhouse near the sea, there lived a farmer, his wife, and their young children. They had trembled at the noise of the storm all night ; and, when the farmer went

out on the shore in the morning, he found a poor shipwrecked man lying there, almost dead.

The kind farmer carried the man home to his house, and put him in a warm bed. The farmer's wife nursed him day after day, gave him good food, and treated him with great kindness. Even the children helped to cure the sick man. They ran to the town for medicines, and picked flowers to place beside his bed.

After many weeks, the man recovered and was able to return to his home. He said good-bye to the kind farmer and his family, and told them he was very grateful for all their kindness.

"I will send you a present," he said, "when I reach my home. I am one of the King's chief officers, and he shall hear of your goodness."

Now, this officer did not mean to do as he had said. When he returned to the city, he did not say one word to the King about the good farmer and his kind family. He did not send any present to the farmhouse. He told nobody about all the kindness that he had received when he was ill and friendless.

Did he forget all about the farmhouse and the kind people?

No; he remembered the farmhouse very well. It had pleased him. He told the King that there was a little farmhouse close to the sea, which he would like to have for himself. The

King, who had been well served by the officer in the wars, was glad to consent that he should have the farmhouse if he wished to have it.

“ But is the house empty ? ” the King asked.
“ Does no one live there now ? ”

The officer answered that the farmhouse was occupied by a bad-tempered old farmer, who had done nothing for his country.

“ If that is so,” the King said, “ you may turn him out and take the place yourself.”

So this untruthful and ungrateful officer went back to the farmhouse, bringing with him some soldiers to drive out the farmer.

The poor man, with his weeping wife and children, was left homeless.

The ingratitude of the man whose life he had saved made him first sorrowful, and afterwards very angry.

The farmer went to the city, and fearlessly told the King the whole true story.

When the King heard of the officer's mean and ungrateful conduct, he sent for him and punished him severely. Then he caused his men to brand the officer's forehead with the words—“ The Ungrateful Guest.”

The good farmer returned to his home in peace.

As well as being grateful to people, we should be grateful to our animals—our dumb friends,

as they are called. We have reason to thank our dogs for watching our houses while we sleep.

We have all heard of the faithful St. Bernard dogs who save people from dying in the snow. How thankful many travellers must be to those clever dogs !

Even birds can earn our gratitude. A gentleman once went out hunting in the woods with some friends. He carried his hawk on his wrist, as gentlemen used to do in olden times. The sport was good, and the party spent the whole day in the woods.

In the evening, when they were all returning home, the gentleman galloped alone by a longer road than that which his friends had taken. His favourite hawk sometimes left his wrist and went flying away over the trees, but always came back again.

The day was hot, and the gentleman became very thirsty. All the little streams had been dried up by the long summer suns, and the gentleman looked everywhere for a trickle of water.

At last he came to a place where a little streamlet fell down the face of a rock. The water was very scarce and fell drop by drop. The gentleman took a silver cup from his hunting-bag, and held it underneath the drops, waiting a long time for the cup to fill up.

Just as he raised the cup to his lips, something flew down swiftly and knocked it from his hand. The precious water was spilled on the ground. The gentleman looked round angrily and saw that it was his hawk which had lost him his drink.

He held the cup under the slow drops again, scarcely able to wait for it to be filled, and once more lifted the cool water to his lips. The hawk again flew down and knocked the cup to the ground.

This was very annoying. The poor gentleman was almost fainting with thirst. A third time he held the cup to catch the drops of water. He was very angry with the hawk.

"If you do it a third time," he muttered fiercely, "I will kill you!"

When the cup was only half full, the gentleman, unable to wait any longer, raised it to his lips. For the third time, the hawk knocked the cup to the ground. The disappointed and angry gentleman was ready this time with his sword; and, as the hawk flew down, he cut at it and brought it wounded and dying to his feet. The bird, weak and bleeding, fluttered to his boot, and died there.

The angry man looked for the cup, and found that it had rolled down a deep cleft in the rocks, where he could not reach it.

"I must get some water, or I shall faint," he

said to himself. "I will climb up and find the spring, and then I can dip my lips to it."

He climbed up the sharp, steep rocks, though they almost burned his hands, and at last reached the top. Yes; there was a pool of water. He ran to it and dropped on his knees. But he did not drink. A huge, poisonous snake lay dead, and rotting, in the pool!

"Alas! Alas! My poor, poor hawk!" wailed the gentleman. "You have saved my life, and I have treated you with cruel ingratitude."

He carried the poor bird home, and buried it in his garden.

THE DOVES

FROM "FAR AWAY AND LONG AGO"

BY W. H. HUDSON

ONE spring day an immense number of doves appeared and settled in our plantation. I found them all about on the ground diligently searching for seeds, and so tame and heedless of my presence that I actually attempted to catch them with my hands.

But they would not be caught. A bird, when I stooped and put out my hands, slipped away

and, flying a yard or two, would settle down in front of me, and go on picking up seeds.

My attempts to catch them failing, I rushed back to our house, wildly excited, to look for an old gentleman who lived with us and took an interest in me and my passion for birds. Finding



him, I told him the whole place was swarming with doves and that they were perfectly tame, but would not let me catch them : could he tell me how to catch them ?

He laughed and said I must be a silly boy not to know how to catch a bird. The only way was to put salt on their tails. There would be no difficulty in doing that, I thought ; and how

delighted I was to know that birds could be caught so easily !

Off I ran to the salt-barrel and filled my hands and pockets with the coarse salt used to make brine for dipping hides. I wanted 'to catch a great many doves—armfuls of doves.

In a few minutes I was out again in the plantation, with doves in hundreds moving over the ground all about me and taking no notice of me.

It was a joyful and exciting moment when I started operations ; but I soon found that when I tossed a handful of salt at a bird's tail, it never fell on its tail—but fell on the ground two, or three, or four inches short of its tail. If, I thought, the bird would only keep still a moment longer ! But then it wouldn't, and I think I spent quite two hours in these vain attempts to make the salt fall on the right place.

At last I went back to my friend to confess that I had failed, and to ask for fresh instructions. All he would say was that I was on the right track, that the plan I had adopted was the proper one, and all that was wanted was a little more practice to enable me to drop the salt on the right spot.

Thus encouraged I filled my pockets again and started afresh and, finding that by following the proper plan I made no progress, I adopted

a new one—which was to take a handful of salt and hurl it at the bird's tail. Still I couldn't touch the tail. My violent action only frightened the bird and caused it to fly away a dozen yards or so, before dropping down again to resume its seed-searching business.

By and by I was told by somebody that birds could not be caught by putting salt on their tails, and that my friend had been making a fool of me. This was a great shock to me ; for I had been taught to believe that it was wicked to tell a lie.

Now for the first time I discovered that there were lies and lies—or untruths that were not lies. These one could tell without harm, though they were meant to deceive people. This angered me at first, and I wanted to know how I was to distinguish between lies and funny untruths ; but the only answer I got was that I must use my own common-sense.

A BOY-HERO

[SCENE.—JOHN'S own room in JOHN'S father's house. There are a few books on one shelf. All the rest of the room is littered with games, and things for playing games, and clothes to wear at games. A football lies in the corner, and a pair of muddy boots. There is a wireless set, with three or four pairs of ear-phones and a loud speaker. A striped blazer and a tennis ball are lying on a chair. The three boys, TOM, PHILIP, and JOHN, are sitting in a group near the wide-open window. It is exactly five minutes past eight in the morning.]

TOM. "I ran all the way, for I was afraid you would have started before I arrived."

PHILIP. "We were just arranging what we should like to read this morning. Have you any suggestion?"

TOM. "I am afraid I am the greatest duffer in the world at thinking of a thing, especially about books. Ask John!"

JOHN. "I was looking at a picture yesterday. It was a picture of the Dutch boy, you know, who saved his country from destruction——"

PHILIP (*eagerly*). "But, we don't know. Tell us about him."

JOHN. "There, you have hit on the very suggestion I was leading up to! I was thinking that we might find it interesting to talk about, or read about, Boys who have Done Something in the World."

TOM. "I always knew I was a duffer. I should not have had such a splendid idea, if I had thought for a hundred years."

PHILIP. "Shall we read the accounts of what boys have done, or tell the stories in our own way? What do you think, John?"

JOHN. "I think we should tell the stories in our own words. We could read about them first, you know. Well, Tom, you supposed-to-be duffer, what do you think?"

TOM (*grinning*). "I think with the majority—of duffers."

PHILIP. "Well, we could not do better than begin now, if you don't mind, John. I should like to hear that story of the Dutch boy."

JOHN. "Well, Holland, as you probably know, is a very flat country. Most of it is below the level of the sea; and the people of Holland have had to build high thick banks or sloping walls, which they call dykes. As you may guess, these dykes have to be kept in very good condition; for the smallest hole or break in one might cause the whole land to be destroyed."

TOM. "Excuse me for interrupting you, John; but, how could a small hole let in enough water to destroy the whole land?"

JOHN. "If you hold a piece of paper with a small hole in it, very firmly, and I throw a jug of water at the hole in the paper, it will tear the

hole a little bigger. If I throw another jugful of water at it, the hole will be torn much more ; and a third and fourth jugful will knock the whole paper to pieces. The strongest dyke would be little more able to resist the mighty waves of the ocean, if once a hole were made in its side, than the paper would be to resist a jugful of water."

TOM. "Of course, I should have known that. Well ? "

JOHN. "One dark winter evening, a boy was walking over the fields near the sea. He was carrying some supper to his father, who was working too far away to have time to go home for supper."

TOM (*quickly*). "But——" (*he stops, ashamed to interrupt again*).

JOHN. "Yes ; ask what you want to know."

TOM. "Surely the boy's father had finished his work at supper-time ! "

JOHN (*smiling*). "It was work that had to go on all night. I think the man worked in an electric-light station."

TOM. "Thank you. I'm sorry."

JOHN. "Don't apologize. I think it is a good thing to discuss every point."

PHILIP. "Hear ! Hear ! I think so, too. I was very much interested in your example of the hole in the paper."

JOHN. "The lad delivered the basket of food to his father, and was told by him to hurry home again, as the snow was beginning to fall. As he passed near the dyke on his way back, the lad noticed a little stream of water pouring through the thick wall. He was frightened when he saw it, for every Dutch child knows well how dangerous such a hole may be. The waves were rolling up outside with a sound like thunder, and the stream of water suddenly became stronger and fuller. The boy ran swiftly down to the dyke and put his hand into the hole. The water was stopped. No more could pour through. The boy's small hand was just like a cork in a bottle."

PHILIP. "Good boy! Smart little Dutchman! But, all the same, would it not have been better if he had run and got some men to have the dyke repaired at once?"

JOHN. "It was a very deserted place. There was not a house or a person within miles. It was bitterly cold, and the snow was falling. The boy knew it would take him a long time to reach the house to get help. You must remember it was after supper-time on a stormy winter night. The people had their doors shut and bolted. Nobody was out in the dreary fields."

TOM. "Then it would have been of no use to shout for help."

JOHN. "The boy knew that the only thing to do was to prevent the inrush of the sea ; so he determined to remain where he was and keep his hand in the hole until someone passed near enough to hear his cries. The wind rose during the night and drove the snow in thick drifts over the fields. The boy was almost frozen with cold. His hand gave him great pain at first, but afterwards became so numbed that he felt nothing. Far away, a church clock struck eleven, and then, a long time afterwards, twelve. It seemed much more than an hour to the boy, and nobody passed near the place. Crouching there beside the dyke, he fell into a sort of sleep, and when he woke with a start, the clock began to strike three. So the hours passed slowly. At six o'clock, his father passed on the road up above, but never thought that his little son was down at the dyke covered with snow."

TOM. "Did he not see his father ? Did he not call aloud, ' Father ! Father ! ' ? "

JOHN. "When his father was going homeward at six o'clock in the morning, the boy was unconscious. He had fainted. He did not know that his father was passing just two hundred yards away ; and of course the man never thought of looking there for his son. He expected to find him warm in bed when he arrived at his home."

PHILIP. "Did the boy's mother and brothers, if he had any brothers, feel no alarm when the boy did not come home all night ? "

JOHN. "They were uneasy at first, but soon concluded that his father had kept him at the station, because of the snow-storm."

TOM. "How surprised and frightened they must have been when the father arrived home in the morning without his boy ! "

JOHN. "Yes ; they started out at once to look for him. All the neighbours set off also, when they heard that he was lost, to look in every direction. They ran along the road to the station ; they looked in the fields, under the trees, everywhere. At last his father went down and looked along by the dyke. He came to a little heap of snow, and, when he scraped some away, there was his little son, cold and stiff."

TOM. "Dead ? "

JOHN. "No ; his heart was still beating. The women brought warm water, and hot soup, and thick blankets ; and the men brought cement and stones to fill the hole the moment the poor little hand was thawed with warm water, and taken out. The boy was soon sitting up in the warm blankets, and looking round at all the neighbours in great surprise. He could not remember where he was, and wondered why they were all smiling at him,

and patting his shoulder, and giving him delicious soup."

PHILIP. "I should think they gave him a great cheer for his bravery and endurance, did they not?"

JOHN. "Yes; they cheered him when he was



carried home to his house. They praised his conduct and called him the hero who had saved his country. Many letters and presents were sent to him, all addressed to the boy who had saved his country."

TOM. "How wonderful to be so called!"

PHILIP. "I think it is a splendid story, and

makes one proud to think that a boy can gain honour and fame. Your idea of telling stories about brave or clever boys in history is a splendid one. Who shall tell a story next time—you or I, Tom ? ”

TOM. “ It will be my turn to do something, so I shall try. Do we meet again on Wednesday ? ”

PHILIP. “ Yes ; Wednesday at 8 a.m. is the time.”

JOHN. “ Now that our work for to-day is over, I suggest that we go for a swim. Have you two got your towels and swimming-suits ? ”

TOM. “ Mine are at home, but I can get them as we go along. We shall pass near our back gate. I intend to write out that story of the Dutch hero to-night, before I go to bed. I liked it very much.”

JOHN. “ I am very glad you liked it. Come along, boys ! The sea looks very blue and pleasant.”

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

FROM "THE WONDER BOOK"

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

ONCE upon a time there lived a very rich king called Midas. This king was fonder of gold than of anything else in the world. He valued his royal crown chiefly because it was composed of that precious metal. If he loved anything better, or half so well, it was the one little daughter who played so merrily around her father's footstool.

King Midas thought, foolish man, that the best thing he could possibly do for his dear child would be to bequeath her the hugest pile of yellow, glistening coins that had ever been heaped together since the world was made. If ever he happened to gaze for an instant at the gold-tinted clouds of sunset, he wished that they were real gold. When little Marygold ran to meet him with a bunch of buttercups, he used to say, "Poh ! Poh ! child, if these flowers were as golden as they look, they would be worth the plucking."

At length (for people always grow more and more foolish unless they take care to grow wiser and wiser) King Midas had grown so exceedingly

unreasonable that he could scarcely bear to see or touch any object that was not gold. He passed a large portion of every day in a dismal room underground, where he kept his hoarded wealth. Here, after carefully locking the door, he would take a bag of gold coin, or a gold cup as big as a wash-bowl, or a heavy golden bar, and hold it in the light of a sun-beam that squeezed through the small barred window.

“ O Midas ! ” he would say to himself. “ Rich King Midas ! What a happy man you are ! ”

He was enjoying himself in this way one day when a shadow suddenly fell across the bright heap of gold ; and, looking up, he beheld a stranger—a young man of cheerful face, whose smile, as he glanced about, seemed to make the gold gleam like flame.

“ You are a wealthy man, friend Midas,” he observed. “ I doubt whether any other four walls on earth contain as much gold as you have piled up in here.”

“ I have done pretty well—pretty well,” answered Midas in a discontented tone. “ But, after all, it is but a trifle when you consider that it has taken a whole lifetime to gather.”

“ What ! ” exclaimed the stranger, “ Then you are not satisfied ? ”

Midas shook his head.

“ And, pray, what would satisfy you ? ” asked the stranger.

“ Only this,” replied Midas, “ I am weary of collecting my treasure with so much trouble. I wish that everything I touch could be changed to gold.”

The stranger’s smile grew so broad that it seemed to fill the room like an outburst of sunshine.

“ The golden touch ! ” he exclaimed. “ You certainly deserve credit, friend Midas, for so bright an idea. But are you quite sure that this will satisfy you ? ”

“ How could it fail ? ” said Midas the King.

“ And will you never regret possession of it ? ”

“ What could induce me ? ” asked Midas. “ I ask nothing else to render me perfectly happy.”

“ Be it as you wish,” said the stranger, waving his hand in farewell. “ To-morrow, at sunrise, you will find yourself gifted with the Golden Touch.”

Whether King Midas slept as usual that night the story does not tell. At any rate, day had hardly peeped over the hills when he was broad awake. Stretching his arms out of bed, he began to touch the objects that were within reach, but was grievously disappointed to perceive that they remained of exactly the same

substance as before. All this while it was only the gray of the morning, with a streak of brightness along the edge of the sky.

King Midas lay in a very disconsolate mood regretting the downfall of his hopes, and kept growing sadder and sadder until the earliest sunbeam shone through the window, and gilded the ceiling over his head.

It seemed to Midas that this bright yellow sunbeam was reflected in rather a singular way on his bed. Looking more closely, what was his astonishment and delight when he found that the bed-linen had been transmuted to a woven texture of purest and brightest gold! The Golden Touch had come to him with the first sunbeam!

Midas started up in a kind of joyful frenzy and ran about the room grasping at everything he saw. He seized one of the bedposts and it became immediately a fluted golden pillar. He pulled aside a window curtain, and the tassel grew heavy in his hand—a mass of gold. He took up a book from the table. At his first touch it assumed the appearance of a splendidly-bound and gilt-edged volume such as one often meets with nowadays; but on running his fingers through the leaves, behold! It was a bundle of thin gold plates, on which all the wisdom of the book had grown illegible.

He hurriedly put on his clothes and was enraptured to see himself in a magnificent suit of gold cloth. He drew out his handkerchief, which little Marygold had hemmed for him. It was likewise gold, with the dear child's neat and pretty stitches all along the border in gold thread.

Somehow or other, this last transformation did not quite please King Midas. He would rather have had his little daughter's handiwork remain just as when she climbed on his knee and put it into his hand.

It was not worth while to vex himself about a trifle. Midas now took his spectacles from his pocket and put them on his nose, in order that he might see more distinctly what he was about. To his great perplexity, excellent as the glasses were, he discovered that he could not possibly see through them. On taking them off, he found the transparent crystals turned into plates of yellow metal—of course worthless as spectacles, though valuable as gold.

“It is of no great matter,” said he to himself very philosophically. “The Golden Touch is worth the sacrifice of a pair of spectacles, if not of one's very eyesight. My own eyes will serve for ordinary purposes, and little Marygold will soon be old enough to read to me.”

As he went downstairs he smiled on observing

that the balustrade of the staircase became a bar of burnished gold as his hand passed over it. He lifted the door-latch, (it was brass a moment before, but solid gold when his fingers quitted it) and went into the garden. A number of beautiful flowers were in full bloom, and others were in various stages of lovely bud and blossom. Very delicious was their fragrance in the morning breeze.

But Midas knew a way to make them far more precious according to his way of thinking. He went carefully from bush to bush and exercised his magic touch most indefatigably until every flower and bud, and even the worms at the heart of some, were changed to gold. By this time he was summoned to breakfast and, as the morning air had given him an excellent appetite, he hastened back to the palace.

What was usually a king's breakfast in the days of Midas I really do not know, and cannot stop now to investigate. To the best of my belief, however, on this particular morning the breakfast consisted of hot cakes, some nice little brook trout, roasted potatoes, fresh boiled eggs and coffee for King Midas ; and a bowl of bread and milk for his daughter Marygold. At all events, this is a breakfast fit to set before a king.

Little Marygold had not yet made her appear-

ance. Her father ordered her to be called and, seating himself at the table, awaited her coming. In a little while he heard her coming along the passage weeping bitterly. This surprised him, for Marygold was one of the cheerfullest little people one would meet in a summer's day, and hardly shed a thimbleful of tears in a twelve-month.

When Midas heard her sobs he determined to put little Marygold into better spirits by an agreeable surprise ; so, leaning across the table, he touched his daughter's bowl (which was a china one with pretty figures all round it) and changed it to gleaming gold.

Meanwhile Marygold slowly and disconsolately opened the door and showed herself with her apron at her eyes, still sobbing as if her heart would break.

"How now, my little lady!" cried King Midas. "Pray, what is the matter with you, this bright morning?"

Marygold, without taking the apron from her eyes, held out her hand, in which was one of the roses which Midas had so recently transmuted.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed her father. "And what is there in this magnificent golden rose to make you cry?"

"Ah, dear father!" answered the child as well as her sobs would let her; "it is not

beautiful, but the ugliest flower that ever grew ! As soon as I was dressed I ran into the garden to gather some roses for you, because I know you like them, especially when gathered by your little daughter. But oh, dear me, dear me ! What do you think has happened ? Such a misfortune ! All the beautiful roses that smelled so sweetly and had so many lovely blushes, are blighted and spoilt ! They are grown quite yellow, as you see this one, and have no longer any fragrance. What can be the matter ? ”

“ Nonsense, my dear little girl ! Don’t cry about it. Come and sit down and eat your breakfast. You will find it easy enough to exchange a golden rose like that (which will last hundreds of years) for an ordinary one which would wither in a day.”

“ I don’t care for such roses as this ! ” cried Marygold, tossing it contemptuously away. “ It has no smell and the hard petals prick my nose.”

The child now sat down to table, but was so occupied with her grief for the blighted roses that she did not notice the wonderful transmutation of her china bowl. Midas, meanwhile, had poured out a cup of coffee, and of course the coffee-pot, whatever it had been before he took it up, was gold when he set it down.

He thought to himself that it was rather an extravagant style of splendour to breakfast off

a service of gold, and began to be puzzled with the difficulty of keeping his treasures safe. Amid these thoughts he lifted the cup of coffee to his lips, and was astonished to see that the instant they touched the liquid, it became



molten gold and, the next instant, hardened into a lump !

“ Ha ! ” exclaimed the King, rather aghast.

“ What is the matter, father ? ” asked little Marygold, gazing at him with the tears still standing in her eyes.

“ Nothing, child, nothing,” said Midas. “ Eat your breakfast before it gets quite cold.”

dred years ago. We should have been losing our time, and doing nothing at all to improve our own lives, or to help those people who will be living in the world one hundred years after us.

Think of the clever and useful things that people who lived before us have done for themselves and for us. When you go on a long train journey, you can move over hundreds of miles in a very short time ; and, better still, you can be as easy and comfortable as if you were sitting at home in your favourite chair. You can have your dinner, just as if you were at home. You can sleep cosily in bed—and still be carried rapidly wherever you wish to go. What a great deal of time you can save !

When we are young, people often tell us, “ James Watt invented the steam engine,” or “ George Stephenson invented engines ; ” and we, being very young, do not understand that a long, long story lies hidden in each of these little sentences.

It seems to us that someone called “ James Watt ” rose up one fine morning and, wishing to go to a distant town, said to himself, “ Horses are slow, and often fall lame. I am tired of horses. I shall invent a steam engine, have some railway carriages made, and so go quickly and comfortably to Manchester.”

The poor hungry king next snatched a hot potato and attempted to cram it into his mouth and swallow it in a hurry. He found his mouth full, not of mealy potato, but of solid metal, which so burnt his tongue that he roared aloud and began to dance and stamp about the room.

“ Father, dear father ! ” cried little Marygold, who was a very affectionate child. “ What is the matter ? Have you burnt your mouth ? ”

“ Ah, dear child ! ” groaned Midas dolefully. “ I don’t know what is to become of your poor father.”

Marygold sat a moment gazing at her father and trying with all the might of her little brain to find out what was the matter with him. Then with a sweet and sympathetic impulse to comfort him, she jumped from her chair and, running to Midas, threw her arms affectionately about his knees. He bent down and kissed her. He felt that his little daughter’s love was worth a thousand times more than all he had gained by the Golden Touch.

“ My precious, precious Marygold ! ” cried he. But Marygold made no answer.

Alas ! What had he done ! The moment his lips had touched her forehead, a change had taken place. Her sweet rosy face, so full of affection, assumed a glittering yellow colour, with yellow tear-drops hardening on her cheeks.

Her beautiful brown curls took the same tint. Her soft and tender little body grew hard and inflexible within her father's encircling arm. Oh, terrible misfortune ! Little Marygold was a human child no longer, but a statue of gold !

It was the prettiest and most woeful sight that ever mortal saw. All the features of Marygold were there, even the beloved little dimple in her golden chin. But the more perfect the resemblance the greater was the father's agony at beholding this golden image.

It had been a favourite phrase of Midas to say that she was worth her weight in gold, and now the phrase had become literally true. Too late, too late he felt how infinitely more valuable was a warm and tender heart that loved him, than all the wealth that could be piled up from earth to sky.

While he was in this tumult of despair, he suddenly beheld a stranger standing near the door. Midas bent his head without speaking, for he recognised the figure of the man who had appeared before in his treasure house, and had bestowed on him the disastrous gift of the Golden Touch.

"Well, friend Midas," said the stranger. "How do you succeed with the Golden Touch?"

Midas shook his head, "I am very miserable," said he.

“ Indeed ! ” exclaimed the stranger. “ How comes that ? Have you not everything that your heart desired ? ”

“ Gold is not everything,” answered King Midas. “ I have lost all that my heart really cared for.”

“ Ah ! So you have made a discovery since yesterday. Let us think, then. Which of these two things do you value most just now—the gift of the Golden Touch or one cup of clear, cold water ? ”

“ Oh, blessed water ! ” exclaimed Midas. “ It will never moisten my parched throat again.”

“ The Golden Touch,” continued the stranger, “ or a crust of bread ? ”

“ A piece of bread,” answered poor Midas, “ is worth all the gold on earth.”

“ The Golden Touch,” went on the stranger, “ or your own little Marygold, warm, soft, and loving, as she was an hour ago ? ”

“ Oh, my child, my dear child ! ” cried the father. “ I would not have given that one small dimple in her chin for the power of changing this whole big earth into a solid lump of gold.”

“ You are wiser than you were, King Midas. Tell me, now, do you really wish to rid yourself of this Golden Touch ? ”

“ It is hateful to me,” replied Midas.

A fly settled on his nose, but immediately fell to the floor, for it, too, had become gold. Midas shuddered.

“ Go, then,” said the stranger, “ and plunge into the river that glides past the bottom of your garden. Take likewise a vase of the same water and sprinkle it over any object that you may desire to change back again from gold to what it was before. If you do this in earnestness and sincerity, it will undo the mischief which your avarice has wrought.”

King Midas bowed his head, and the stranger vanished.

You will easily believe that Midas lost no time. He snatched up a great earthen pitcher (it turned to gold at once) and hastened to the river. As he scampered along through the shrubbery, it was marvellous to see how the foliage turned yellow where he touched it. On reaching the water, he plunged in headlong, without waiting to pull off his shoes.

“ Poof! poof! poof!” snorted King Midas, as his head emerged. “ This is a really refreshing bath, and I think it must have quite washed away the Golden Touch. Now for the pitcher!”

As he dipped the pitcher into the water, it gladdened his heart to see it change from gold

into the good earthen vessel it had been before he touched it.

King Midas hurried back to the palace. The first thing he did, as you need hardly be told, was to sprinkle water in handfuls over the golden figure of little Marygold.

No sooner did it fall on her than you would have laughed to see the rosy colour come back into the dear child's cheek. How she began to sneeze and splutter, and how astonished she was to find herself dripping wet ! For Marygold did not know that she had been a golden statue.

Her father was ashamed to tell her how very foolish he had been. He slipped away to the garden and sprinkled the rest of the water over the roses of gold, and they immediately recovered their beautiful bloom.

When everything had been changed into its proper form again, the King sat down very happily and ate a hearty breakfast. It *did* taste good.

THE GUIDANCE OF WISE MEN

WHEN a ship approaches a strange harbour, it often happens that a pilot has to come on board to take the helm and guide it. Why should not the captain, or an officer, or one of the sailors guide it? Because they have never travelled in that part before. They do not know where dangers may lie. The pilot is a man who knows that part of the sea very well. He has travelled over it often. He can tell those who wish to travel there how to do so safely.

We go through life just as sailors travel across oceans. The harbour we wish to reach is the harbour of success and happiness. We have never travelled through life before, and, as there are many dangers to be faced, we need a pilot, sometimes more than one. The pilot we need is one who has travelled through life, and who knows all the dangers that we are sure to meet with.

Our pilots then are the old men, the men who have learnt a great deal, and who can teach us wisdom. Some of the very wisest of these men have written their good advice and guidance in books, so that everybody who wishes may learn. Every country has its wise men; and we can learn from them all.

One wise man says that the way to success is called Perseverance :

“ Constant dripping, wears away a stone.” A little bit of work to-day, then a day of laziness, and another little bit of work another day, is not the way to succeed. We must persevere and work constantly if we wish to complete any work.

“ How have you finished so early ? ” asked a clerk in an office, when he saw his fellow-clerk close the desk and take his hat to go out.

It was a beautiful summer evening, and the clerk who had not finished his work felt much annoyed that his friend should be free to go.

“ I did not stop work to smoke a cigarette, or to read the newspaper, as you did,” his fellow-clerk said. “ I kept working constantly, because I knew I should enjoy this fine evening, if my work were well done.”

Another wise man tells us that, if we wish to succeed, we must not judge by appearances :

“ All that glitters is not gold.” We may choose a thing because it is bright and splendid in appearance, and find that, underneath the surface, it is quite worthless. We sometimes meet people, who have very fine clothes, who talk about their fine friends and grand houses ;

and we are disappointed, when we know them better, to find that they are selfish, greedy, and dishonest.

A story is told of a man who lived in a good house in a certain town. He went to church every Sunday, gave clothing and money to poor people, sent his children to a good school, and entertained his friends very kindly. People thought he was a rich man, and often wondered what business or profession he worked at, and how he made so much money.

You will be surprised to hear that it was discovered at last that the man was a house-breaker and thief. He went out at night, when his family and all his neighbours were safe in their beds ; and was the head of a band of thieves. He was always able to escape from the police. While they were looking for him in the bad part of the town, this clever scoundrel was dressed up in his good clothes, and sitting in his fine house. How surprised and disgusted his friends were, when the truth was at last known ! How they had been deceived by appearances !

Another wise man whispers his advice :

“Keep your shop ; and your shop will keep you.” This wise man is not speaking only to shopkeepers. It is his short, neat way of saying, “Whatever your business may be, attend to it ;

and, as it prospers, it will makè money to keep you and your family.”

We often hear a man complaining that his business is bad, that he does not get so many orders as before, that people do not come to him for the things they want. Why ? We soon find the answer to all this. The man lies in bed in the mornings. He goes to his shop, or his office, very late. He is not ready, when people come, to attend to them. He wastes their time. They go to another shop, or office, the next time.

I read a story of a boy who was near the end of his last term at school. The examination was over, and the boy thought that he would not go to school during the last week of term. His teachers and professors were there, ready to teach him more, ready to help him ; but he did not care to go. He would now look out for a good situation, and be the first to apply.

While the boy wasted his time at home, thinking about fine situations, a rich and successful business man called at the school to pick out a smart boy for a very good post in his business house. He chose a boy there and then.

It was every boy's business to be in school ; and the boy who neglected his business lost his chance.

Another wise man gives his advice in this neat way :

“A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.” What does he mean? He means that the good things you have are of most use to you. You must not waste your time, or make yourself unhappy, thinking of things that are out of reach.

There was once a man who was a very clever lawyer. He knew his business very well. He had read all the books on law, and he was able to give people the very best advice when they were in any difficulty. Everybody came to this lawyer for advice, and he made very much money.

This man did not care about his fame as a lawyer. He wanted very much to be a poet. When he went home in the evenings, he loved to spend his time writing poetry. Some of it was very good poetry, and an editor printed one poem in his journal.

Day after day this man thought about the glorious fame of being a great poet; and at last he made up his mind to leave his office and spend his whole time in writing a great poem. His wife was greatly grieved when his good business was lost; and she begged her husband to remember that poets did not always make as good a living as lawyers.

“Great poets make both money and fame,” her husband said. “I mean to be a great poet.”

This man continued year after year writing verses ; but, though they were not very bad, they certainly were not great. His money was all spent after a time, and he was not able to earn any by writing poetry. He became so poor that he had to sell his furniture and his beautiful house, and all his friends left him. At last he went to the workhouse for shelter, his poor wife went with him, and there they both died.

This man's success as a lawyer was the bird in the hand. He ruined himself by trying to catch the birds that were out of reach.

Success will come to you, another wise man writes, if you remember the saying :

“ Where there's a will there's a way.”

If one is determined to do a thing, one will find a way of doing it, no matter how difficult it may be.

A famous American president, named Abraham Lincoln, began life as a very very poor boy. His parents had scarcely enough money to feed and clothe him, and none at all to pay for school or for books.

Yet this boy found a way of getting books and learning. He worked for the farmers who lived near ; pulled up weeds ; took care of sheep ; chased the crows from the corn. When he had earned a little money, he paid for a term at school.

The nearest school to the Lincolns' cottage was about eight miles away, and the boy had to walk there, and back again, every day.

But going to school was not much use without books. Abraham's father could not afford to buy any ; for books cost more money in those days than they do now.

"I must find a way to get some books," young Abraham said to himself. He lay awake at night and thought about it ; then he made a plan.

He offered to work for a farmer every morning from daybreak till it was time to start for school, and again in the evenings, from the time he returned till bed-time. The farmer paid him a few pence, and the boy kept it till he had gathered enough to buy books.

The next difficulty was to find time to study his books. Abraham had to sit up at night, when everybody else was sleeping, to learn his lessons. Very poor people, like his parents, always went to bed early in order to save the candles, and Abraham was allowed to have only a small piece, about an inch, of candle to read by. He used to read by the light of the moon, and so saved his candle for the dark nights.

Does it surprise you to know that this boy afterwards became the greatest man in his country ?

FRITZ AND I

(ADAPTED FROM "THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON")

I

WE GO FOR A LONG WALK

WE all awoke shortly after sunrise, and my wife and I consulted together about the duties of the day. She agreed with me that we ought to find out, if possible, what had become of our fellow-travellers, who had abandoned us on the wrecked vessel.

Our search for them would enable us to explore the country, and decide which was the best spot for our future dwelling-place.

We planned that my eldest son Fritz and I should set out on this exploring expedition, while my wife remained near the tent with the other children.

I asked my good wife, then, to prepare our breakfast while I called the boys. I did not need to call more than once. They all rose at once.

"I must go on a journey this morning," I said, "so, after breakfast, you will help me to pack some food."

"Oh! A journey! a journey!" cried all the children at once. "Take me with you, father! Take me, please! Do take me!"

“It is impossible to take you all with me on such an expedition as this,” I said. “We should have to travel slowly; and, in case of danger, we should be unable to defend ourselves. Fritz will accompany me, and we shall take Turk, the big dog. The rest of you will remain here with your mother, and you can have Fan, the other dog, to take care of you.”

Fritz asked me to allow him to bring another gun with him, as his own was useless. I gave him permission to do so, and also thrust into his belt a pair of pistols and a small hatchet. I armed myself in a similar manner. In our game-bags I placed powder and shot, a small supply of biscuits, and a couple of tin flasks filled with fresh water.

When breakfast was over, Fritz leaped to his feet.

“I think we should start at once, father,” he said, “before the day becomes too hot.”

“You are right,” I answered. “We will start immediately.”

After I had advised the other children, who were to remain behind, to be good boys and obey their mother, we set off on our journey. We all felt sorrowful, and my wife was full of fears that we should meet with dangers. I was also filled with anxiety for the safety of those I was leaving behind.

We walked swiftly, and very soon the noise of the stream which we followed prevented us from hearing the last shrill calls of the children — “ Good-bye ! Good-bye, dear father ! ”

It was necessary to travel towards the source of the stream, to a place where the water fell over steep rocks in a cascade.

“ I was there yesterday, father,” Fritz said. “ The water is shallower and we can cross the stream by stepping on broken rocks that lie in its bed.”

Upon the opposite bank, the country began to look very different. We had to cross a wide space covered with tall, tough grass, which was so entangled that we had great difficulty in advancing.

“ What is that noise ? ” Fritz asked suddenly, as we plodded slowly along.

We turned and saw the tall grass some distance behind us moving and tossing about, as if some creature was making its way towards us.

Fritz promptly brought his gun to shoulder, and, finger on trigger, awaited the beast, whatever it might be.

The next moment he had thrown it aside and was clapping his hands with joy ; for it was the head of Turk, our big dog, which popped above the grass near us. We had forgotten him, and he had followed us.

I patted the wise animal's head, and praised my boy Fritz for the coolness of his behaviour ; for he had not only been quiet and prompt when he feared danger, but had been careful not to fire too hastily. Had he been too hurried, he might have killed our best friend.

Continuing on our way, we came at length to the shore of the bay. Here we looked anxiously out to sea, sweeping the horizon with our field-glasses, in the hope of seeing the small boats which our fellow-passengers had taken.

We could see nothing but the ceaseless rocking of the restless waves. There were no traces of footprints on the sandy beach, nor any other sign that they had succeeded in reaching land.

"Let us fire our guns from time to time," Fritz said, "and if any of them should be near, they will know that Europeans are about, and make their way towards us."

"That is a good idea," I said, "but how can you be sure that our signals will not attract a band of savages to us ?"

"I did not think of that," replied the boy ; "and, after all, why should we take so much trouble about people who were so cruel as to desert us and leave us to perish on the wreck ?"

"There are many reasons why we should," I answered gravely. "First of all, it is not

right to return evil for evil ; and, secondly, though it is quite possible that our fellow-passengers may need all our help, they may be able to help us. We may be helpful to each other in many ways."

"Very true," Fritz said thoughtfully.

We now turned from the shore to travel inland. When we had travelled for over a mile or more, we entered a wood. We had been on our journey for about three hours, and the sun had risen to its full height ; so we were glad to sit down on a grassy bank beside a little brook that rippled softly among the trees. Around us, strange birds of lovely plumage fluttered and twittered continually.

"There is a monkey on the lowest branch of that tree," Fritz said suddenly, pointing upwards.

I looked and saw nothing.

"Are you not mistaken ?" I asked. But when Turk came sniffing up to the tree and began to bark, I saw that Fritz was right.

When he got up to have a closer look, his foot struck a round thing lying in the grass. He picked up the obstacle and brought it to me.

"I think it is very likely to be the nest of some strange bird," he said.

"This nest, my dear Fritz," I said, smiling at his mistake, "is a coco-nut."

“Are you sure?” he asked doubtfully. “There are certain kinds of birds, are there not, which build round nests like this? I have read of them often.”

“That is very true,” I answered. “But have you never read that the coco-nut is covered with a mass of fibres? If you pull away those hairy things, you will find the nut inside.”

Fritz did as he was told and saw that I was right. We broke the shell, but found nothing within except a withered kernel, not fit to eat. The nut had lain too long on the ground.

“Hello!” said Fritz. “Is this the wonderful fruit which Ernest has told me so much about? I thought we were to find delicious milk inside it.”

“So you should have, my boy, if you had happened to pick up a nut which was not so old. As the nut ripens, the milk hardens gradually until it becomes a kernel. If this nut had fallen on soft soil, the seed would have burst out from it, taken root, and grown into a new tree.”

“What!” cried Fritz, much astonished. “Do you mean to say that the kernel has power to break through a shell so thick and strong as this?”

“Certainly,” I replied. “Have you never heard that peach-stones, which are quite as hard as the shells of coco-nuts, are burst open in this way in the earth?”

“ Yes ; but the peach-stone is formed of two halves, and separates easily when the kernel swells.”

“ That is very true,” I said, “ but the coco-nut has a way of its own. Look here ! ” I pointed to three little openings near the stalk of the nut. “ These little apertures are filled with a soft spongy material, much softer than the rest of the shell. It is through these that the roots first grow, and the stem, growing stronger, at last bursts the shell.”

I was glad to see that my boy listened to my teaching about the wise laws of nature with great interest.

We now resumed our journey through the wood, and were often obliged to cut our road through the thick plants with our hatchets. We saw many strange trees and wonderful flowers.

After having walked steadily on for about three hours, we came to a tongue of land which stretched far out into the sea. The sun was sending down its hottest beams, and Fritz and I decided to seek the shade of a grove of palm trees.

In order to reach the palm-grove it was necessary to cross a large space covered with reeds. They grew so closely and plentifully that we could scarcely make our way through them. It seemed to me that this was a likely

place for snakes to lie in hiding, and I warned Fritz to be cautious. I cut one of the thick reeds to use as a weapon ; and, after a while, found my hand covered with a sticky kind of juice that oozed from the end of the reed. When I touched the juice with my lips, I knew that we were crossing a plantation of sugar canes.

I did not tell Fritz, as I wanted him to make the pleasant discovery for himself. He was walking before me, and I advised him to cut a reed for himself, to use as a weapon if a snake's head should show itself. He did as I told him and, before long, I heard him cry :

“ Sugar cane ! sugar cane ! What delicious juice ! How delighted my mother and brothers will be ! ”

He broke the cane in several pieces, in order to reach the syrup more easily.

“ I will take a great bundle of these canes home with me for my mother and the boys. They will be so pleased with them ; and, besides, we shall be glad of one or two to refresh us on the road.”

“ It is kind of you to wish to give your mother and the boys a pleasant surprise,” I said, pleased at such signs of natural affection in him ; “ but remember, we have a long way to walk yet. Do not take too many, or you will be unable to carry them.”

He cut nearly a dozen of the "very largest he could find, stripped them of their leaves, and tucked them under his arm.

II

WE REACH HOME AGAIN

Hardly had we entered the palm-grove when a troop of monkeys, alarmed by our approach and the barking of the dog, sprang into the trees. They peered down at us from among the leaves, uttering piercing cries, and making ugly grimaces.

Fritz, without a moment's reflection, flung down his burden, brought his gun to his shoulder, and had his finger on the trigger when I laid my hand on his arm.

"Stop!" said I. "Are you going to kill these animals?"

"Of course," he replied, looking a little astonished and annoyed at my detaining him; "monkeys are such cruel and mischievous beasts. Look how they are threatening us, and showing their teeth."

"Suppose they are," I said. "Still, if these poor creatures are angry and terrified, have they not cause? We have come here disturbing and alarming them in their own native home. We must not kill any creature unless forced by

necessity. Take my advice, my son, and let the harmless monkeys live. They will probably be of more use to you, to give a more selfish reason, when alive than when dead."

"Useful!" repeated Fritz, in great amazement. "Monkeys useful! In what way, my dear father, can monkeys possibly be useful to us?"

"You shall see," said I.

I picked up a few small stones and threw them up towards the monkeys, not intending to hurt them. The little animals, obeying their natural instinct for imitating, at once picked some coco-nuts from the tops of the trees and flung them down at us. It was not difficult to avoid being hit by these missiles, for the monkeys did not aim very well.

Fritz laughed heartily.

"Thank you, my good friends, thank you!" he cried out to the monkeys, as he hid himself first behind this tree and then behind that. "Many, many thanks for your kindness."

As soon as the shower of nuts was over, we gathered up as many as we could carry, and moved away to a safer spot to sit down and refresh ourselves.

First of all, we opened the small apertures near the stalk of the fruit, and drank the milk which the nut contained. To our great surprise,

however, we did not like it so well as we had thought we should. The cream, which had gathered on the inside of the shell, seemed to us to be better ; so we broke open the shells with our hatchets, scraped the cream off, sweetened it with sugar from our sugar canes, and had a delicious meal.

When we had rested, I tied together all the coco-nuts that had stalks and slung them over my shoulder, while Fritz gathered up what remained of the sugar canes. Then we set out for the spot we called “home”—where our dear ones were eagerly awaiting our return.

It was not long before Fritz began to find his burden troublesome. He shifted it from shoulder to shoulder, tried to carry it under one arm, and then under the other.

At length, with a heavy sigh of fatigue, he said :

“Really, father, I did not think it possible, when you warned me a few moments ago, that these few canes would become so heavy. Still I am very anxious to carry them to the tent, that my mother and the boys may share the delicious feast that we have enjoyed.”

“Courage, Fritz !” I said. “Have courage and patience, my son ! Compare your burden to the basket of loaves which the man in Aesop’s fable carried, and remember that it

becomes lighter every time we eat. You may be sure that you will have fewer canes to carry before we reach home. Come, if you give me one, I will use it as a stick, and a portable hive of honey as well. Take one yourself for the same purpose, and your load will be lightened by two."

This pleased the boy, and with a cheerful smile he trudged on steadily by my side.

I lifted the cane to my lips now and then, and enjoyed a sip of the sweet sap. Fritz, seeing me, did the same, but failed to extract the smallest drop. Growing impatient at his repeated failures, he asked me why he could not taste the juice.

"Think for a while, my boy," I said; "and, I feel certain you will find out for yourself."

This advice set him pondering, and after a little while he laughed and said:

"Of course; I am stupid, father. The juice cannot be sucked out unless there is a passage of air through the cane."

He took his knife and made a small aperture in the cane, just above the first joint; and, very soon, he was enjoying the delicious sap as much as I was.

A little farther on, Turk, our dog, dashed among a troop of monkeys who were gambolling on the ground, unaware of our approach.

Before we could stop the dog, he had seized and killed one that had been unable to flee as fast as the others.

Fritz rushed to save the poor animal, flinging down his bundle, his gun, and the axe that he carried ; but he was too late. A tiny baby monkey, who had been squatting on the grass watching the cruel dog, at once sprang to Fritz's shoulder and clung there so tightly that the poor boy could not rid himself of it.

I could not help laughing at first, as I watched him ; but, after a moment, I helped to relieve him of his unwelcome companion. It nestled in my arms.

" Poor little thing ! " I said. " What will happen to it, now its poor mother is killed ? "

" Oh, father ! " cried Fritz ; " do let us keep it. It will die if we abandon it. Let me adopt the little creature, and I will promise to treat it kindly."

" Very well, my boy," I said, pleased at the kindness of his heart ; " but remember that you must rear it wisely and carefully, that we may not be sorry for what we now do."

While we were discussing this, the greedy dog came running to us.

" Turk," said Fritz very solemnly, pointing to the baby monkey which he had taken on his arm, " you have made an orphan. You have

killed the mother of this poor little creature. We are compelled to pardon you, because you are only an animal, and unable to reason. But, in future, you must keep watch over this little one, and promise me to love and take care of it."

The dog crouched at the boy's feet as if he understood quite well what was said to him. His eyes, glistening with moisture, wandered intelligently from those of his young master to those of the motherless little animal which Fritz was caressing.

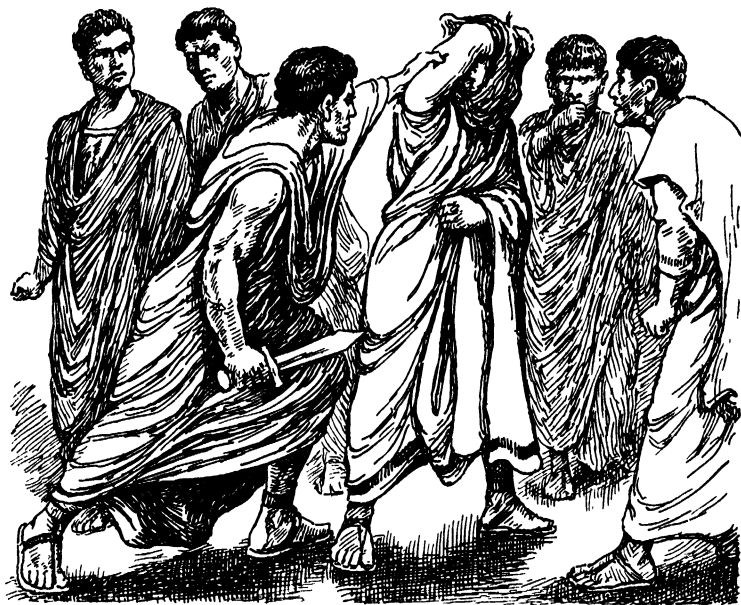
When this agreement was concluded between Fritz and the dog, the monkey took its place upon its master's shoulder again, and sat there, perfectly quiet and comfortable.

As we walked along, I told the boy all I knew about the nature and habits of monkeys. This passed the time easily until we came, at last, in sight of home. The dogs greeted each other by loud barking, and we were soon in the midst of our family.

"Oh, a monkey! a monkey! Where did you find it? How did you catch it? Oh, what a pretty little creature!"

"What are those sticks? Where did you get them? What are they for? Oh, do tell us about everything!"

How fine it was to be home again!



CAESAR'S FRIEND, BRUTUS

I

THERE are few people who have not read, or heard, the short and painful story of Julius Caesar's sorrow and surprise when he saw his friend Brutus among those who stabbed him to death in the Senate House at Rome.

The men who have written the history of that terrible day in Rome tell us that Caesar fought against his murderers and tried to save himself, until he saw Brutus' hand raised to strike him. Filled with grief and despair, the great ruler

gasped, "Thou, also, Brutus!" and, covering his face with his cloak, resisted no longer.

It was not strange that Caesar should have been surprised and grieved; for Brutus was his friend. Caesar had always admired and loved Brutus, and had given him high positions in the country many times.

Why did Brutus help to kill Caesar? Was he a wicked, ungrateful man? Did he hate Caesar, in spite of Caesar's kindness and friendship?

Brutus was not wicked or cruel; he did not hate Caesar, his friend; but he thought it was wrong to have Rome governed by one man. He thought it was his duty to kill his friend, in order to help his country. Men like Brutus place duty above everything else in the world, for that is the way Roman boys were educated in those days. He thought it was right to kill Caesar; but, of course, we know he was wrong. It cannot be right to kill a man.

Marcus Brutus was a very gentle, quiet boy. He loved books, and spent much of his time in quiet study, while most other boys were fencing and wrestling, and playing games. Brutus loved games, also, and could defend himself with his sword very cleverly, but he did not care to spend all his time at such exercises.

He had a learned uncle called Cato whom he admired very much; and Cato taught his young

nephew philosophy and history and many other things. Brutus' mother was a very gentle, noble lady, who taught her son to be honest and straightforward, and always to do his duty. So it was a quiet, studious household in which young Marcus Brutus was brought up.

I do not think this boy cared much for the life of a soldier ; but, when he grew up, there were so many quarrels between great rulers at home and so many battles to be fought abroad, that every nobleman had to fight on whichever side he thought right. A soldiers' camp is not a place for many books, and it must have been annoying to Brutus to have to leave his own room and all his books and writing tablets behind, when he joined Pompey's army.

You will be surprised to know that young Brutus joined the army of the man who had killed his father. Pompey had put Brutus' father to death many years before, and the orphaned son hated Pompey for that deed ; yet, when Pompey and Caesar led their armies against one another, Brutus took up arms for Pompey.

This was a great surprise to the people of Rome. They had seen Brutus many times passing Pompey without speaking to him or even looking at him. The boy had steadfastly refused to salute him, or to have any conversa-

tion with the murderer of his father. The people knew also that Caesar was fond of Brutus, and that Brutus liked Caesar very much.

This strange happening shows again how Brutus always forced himself to do, not what he himself wished but what was right—or what he thought was right. He hated Pompey, but considered that Pompey was fighting for Right. He loved Caesar, but did not think he was fit to be the ruler of Rome. So this strange young lieutenant joined the army of the man he hated. He thought that the good of the people should be considered, and not his own private feelings.

When Brutus went to Macedonia to join Pompey there, he was only a junior officer ; but Pompey was so surprised and so pleased to see him that he rose from his chair to salute and embrace him, as if Brutus was the greatest of his officers. Pompey did not care whether the generals and high officers who surrounded him were astonished or not. He continued to treat the young man as a special friend.

While Pompey's army remained in camp at Macedonia, Brutus spent most of his time in reading and in study ; for he had carried some books with him.

It was the middle of summer, and the heat

was very great. Flies and mosquitoes and insects of every kind annoyed the men and almost gave them fever ; for the camp was near some marshy ground. As the men who carried Brutus' tent were a long time in coming, he was unable to get his bath, his clean clothing and soothing oils, or even to have his food comfortably. All the other officers had gone in to their tents to sleep, but Brutus sat quietly until the evening, writing and studying.

Even on the day before the battle, when everybody was excited, and all were running here and there, talking a great deal about who should win, Brutus sat quietly at his books. He was busy writing the life of a famous Greek scholar.

The next day was very hot, and a fierce battle began between the armies of Caesar and Pompey. Caesar's soldiers fought with great strength and endurance ; for every man in his army loved Caesar and tried to do his very best to win the victory for him. Pompey's army was scattered ; and their leader fled to the sea in order to cross over to Africa.

Caesar had ordered his soldiers not to harm Brutus. He loved and honoured Brutus so much that, though Brutus was fighting against him, he told his officers to spare him. " Bring Marcus Brutus safely to me," the great Caesar

said, "and if he resists, do not hurt him, but let him go free."

When Pompey's camp was destroyed by Caesar's soldiers, Brutus secretly left the place and made his way across the dangerous marsh to a place called Larissa. Pompey had run away, and Brutus thought the flight such a disgrace that he made up his mind to join Caesar's army. He now felt that Caesar was greater and wiser than Pompey.

Brutus sent a letter to Caesar, saying that he wished to join him, and the victorious leader was full of joy when he received it. It made Caesar very happy to hear that Brutus was safe and unhurt. He sent him word to come to him at once, and not only forgave him but treated him with honour and respect as one of his best friends.

Brutus must have been a very pleasing and lovable young man, and one that every man was proud to call a friend. He had a wonderful character, firm and yet kind; never unjust; never ready to be flattered. No one, not even Caesar, could make Brutus do anything that he thought was not right.

CAESAR'S FRIEND, BRUTUS

II

WHEN Caesar was preparing to lead his army into Africa, he decided to appoint Brutus to be Governor of one of the largest provinces. In those days, the governors of Roman provinces were usually cruel and greedy men, who made the people suffer like slaves, and treated them more like prisoners of war than as peaceful citizens.

In the province where Brutus was Governor, all this sad state of things was changed. The people were treated with justice and kindness, and the lands and property that had been taken from them by the former governor were given back to them. The people prospered under Brutus' rule, and were happy; and Brutus, instead of praising himself, told the people to thank Caesar for their prosperity.

It was a delightful sight to Caesar, when he passed through that province on his return from Africa, to see the prosperous cities and the contented people. It pleased him also to find Brutus ready to show him great respect, and teaching the people to honour him. That must have been the happiest time of Brutus' life. If

he had remained in this pleasant province, instead of returning to the capital, he would never have been forced to lift his dagger against his friend Caesar.

In Rome there were several magistrates to be appointed, and everybody expected that Brutus would be made the chief of them all. Cassius, the brother-in-law of Brutus, and a brave and fearless soldier, wished very much to be appointed chief magistrate. He was jealous of Brutus, and, thinking that Brutus wished to take the honour for himself, would not speak to him or be friendly with him.

Cassius was a gallant soldier and had done many great deeds for his country ; but Caesar admired Brutus so much that he appointed him chief magistrate, and made Cassius second magistrate. This, of course, did not please Cassius so well. He had always disliked Caesar, and after this disappointment he began almost to hate him.

Brutus was now, next to Caesar, the greatest man in Rome, and the chief of all Caesar's friends. You will think that this was the happiest time of his life, but it was not so. When a man rises to a high and important position in his country, he is very often less happy than when he was humble and unknown. Brutus was a just magistrate, and judged the

people very wisely. Even the people who were convicted of wrong acknowledged that Brutus was a just and wise man.

Cassius and many other friends kept troubling Brutus. They asked him why he allowed himself to be praised and honoured by a tyrant like Caesar. They whispered to him that Caesar showed him all this kindness and friendship in order to weaken his good character and good sense. Caesar was a tyrant, they said, and oppressed the people ; and they blamed Brutus for helping a tyrant, and for receiving favours from him.

Now, you may be sure that all this talk troubled Brutus very much. We have seen how he put right and justice before everything else, even his own wishes and feelings. Brutus could not help any man or any cause that was not honest and good, and the best thing for the people of Rome. He could not sleep at night in his bed, but lay awake and tried to think what was right and what was wrong. His wife saw that he was very much troubled and worried, but did not dare to ask him what made him so unhappy.

Some mischievous people heard that Brutus was being turned against Caesar, and they found a way of bringing the news to Caesar. "What!" Caesar said. "Do you think Brutus will not

wait till I am dead ? Do you think he will drive me out of Rome, or turn the people against me ? No ; Brutus is my friend, and a man of great truth and honour. He could not do a cowardly thing. He could not be treacherous."

But Cassius and Caius and many others knew that they had only to make Brutus believe that the people wished to be freed from Caesar's hard rule ; that Rome would prosper and her people be happier if Caesar were removed. Brutus was very unhappy. He loved Caesar ; but he loved right and honour more. If Cassius and his friends were speaking the truth (and now Brutus believed that they were) then it was his duty to destroy Caesar—to kill the tyrant, and set the people free.

At this point in the story of Brutus, we ask : " Why did Cassius, Caius, and other great men of Rome, take so much trouble to win Brutus over to their side ? Why did they not go on with their plan of killing Caesar, instead of wasting time and risking danger by begging Brutus to join them ? "

The answer to these questions only shows, once more, how Brutus was admired and respected and honoured by all men. Wherever Cassius and his friends went to ask for men and supporters for their plan, they received one answer, and one only : " If Brutus tells us this

is right, we will do it." Yes ; all men were agreed that, if Brutus led them, the cause was just and right. If Brutus said, " Kill Caesar ! " then it was right to kill Caesar. How greatly those people trusted Brutus !

Brutus must have wished very much that all this talk about unhappy people and cruel tyrants was not true. He must have longed to do his work as a magistrate quietly and well, and then to go home to his reading and writing, and the quiet pleasures that he loved. But now, his friends told him, such a life would be selfish. Brutus could not be selfish.

One day, while Brutus was still trying to decide what was right, Cassius came to visit him. He had news for his brother-in-law ; and he knew his tidings would displease and disturb Brutus very much. It was said in the city that Caesar's friends were going to make him King, and that the crown would be given to him when he went to the Senate on March 15.

Now, Brutus was quite against the idea of having a King to reign in Rome. He was certain that the Consul and magistrates, who met in the Senate, were the best rulers of his country. They made good laws, and they kept the people in good order. A King, Brutus thought, would wish to be greater and more magnificent than all other great men ; and

might even take the people's rights and property, and cause great discontent.

"I shall not go to the Senate House," Brutus said. "I do not think it is right, and I cannot give my vote."

"They will certainly send for you, if you absent yourself," said the cunning Cassius. "You are too great and important to be absent when the King of Rome is crowned."

"I shall not go," repeated Brutus firmly and quietly. "If Caesar's soldiers kill me for disloyalty, I will die gladly for my country's liberty."

Brutus agreed that very day to join in the plot to kill Caesar. He was at last convinced that the country was in danger while Caesar lived. How unhappy Brutus must have been that night! How he must have sat sadly thinking of all the kindness that Caesar had showed him; all the happy feasts and sports they had shared together!

When the morning of the Senate meeting dawned, there were many unhappy hearts among the noble people of Rome. Even in great Caesar's palace, though Caesar was unaware of any danger to himself, there was unhappiness. His wife had dreamt that her noble husband was going to meet some great disaster at the Senate House. She begged

Caesar to stay at home for, that one day. Caesar laughed at her fears and her dreams.

“ To speak the truth, I do not feel well,” he told his wife ; “ but I shall go to the Senate all the same. You cannot expect me to be scared by a woman’s silly dream ! ”

Portia, the wife of Brutus, saw her husband going out on the morning of the murder of Caesar, looking so ill and so disturbed that she could not rest in the house. She sent messengers two or three times to the Senate House to find out how her husband was. When she sat down at last with her women to work, her uneasiness made her so ill that she fainted and fell down in their midst.

Someone ran and told Brutus that his wife was very ill, and another said that she was dead. Brutus was greatly distressed, but public duty called him, and he must put private grief to one side for a time.

Caesar arrived late at the Senate House ; for his wife had detained him by her tears and prayers. You need not be told what happened that dreadful morning. We have seen, at the beginning of this lesson, how Caesar died.

When all was over, Brutus was the most unhappy man in Rome. Yet this strange man believed that he had done his duty !



THE WATER-CARRIER'S FORTUNE

ADAPTED FROM "THE ALHAMBRA"

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

IN one corner of the Square in front of the Royal Palace at Granada, there is a famous well cut through the rock to a great depth, the water of which is as cold as ice and as clear as crystal. It is one of the wells made by the Moors; and everyone knows how diligent they were and how sensible, sparing no pains or time in digging till they came to the purest spring.

Many water-carriers are to be seen coming

and going between this well and the city, especially in summer time ; for people in the hot and dusty streets are very glad to purchase a glass of the sparkling cool water, and no more welcome sound could be imagined than the cry of the water-carrier : “ Who wants water—water colder than snow ? ”

Among these water-carriers there was one named Peregil, a little, short-legged, sturdy fellow, who was a great favourite with the people of the town because of his cheerful merry disposition. Peregil had begun work with one earthen jar, which he used to carry on his shoulder ; but when he had saved a little money, he was able to buy a small donkey to assist him. Two water jars could now be carried slung on either side of the donkey, and covered with fig leaves to protect the precious contents from the warm rays of the sun.

Though Peregil contrived to maintain an air of great cheerfulness, there were cares and troubles enough in his humble home. He had a large family of hungry children to feed and clothe, and was vexed by an idle wife, whose only desire was to gossip all day or go off to amusements of every kind. Peregil shook his head sadly when he saw his neglected home and ragged children, but he did not dare to reproach his wife ; for he hated quarrels.

The children loved their father and watched eagerly for his home-coming every evening. It was his greatest joy to take them all out, some carried in his arms, some tugging at his coat, and some trailing behind, to the orchards and fields for a morning's sport. He worked hard in order to make a little extra money for these jaunts, and took great pains to keep it out of his wife's sight, for fear she should spend it on her own selfish amusements.

At a late hour one summer night, Peregil was trudging up the steep avenue that leads to the well. All the other water-carriers had stopped work ; but, as it was a hot night, many people were still gossiping in the streets, and Peregil, like a good father, had decided to go up the hill for water just once more. A little extra money would buy boots for the baby, he thought.

When he arrived at the well, he found it quite deserted. All the people who were accustomed to come there for a chat with their neighbours, had gone down into the town. But, on coming nearer, Peregil perceived one solitary figure—a man in Moorish dress, seated on a stone bench beside the well. Peregil was a little frightened at first, for the moonlight cast a ghostly light over the stranger ; but, the next moment, a feeble hand was raised, and Peregil drew near.

“ I am weak and ill,” the stranger said. “ If

you will allow me to ride back to the city on your donkey's back, I will pay you double what you would earn by this water."

The honest heart of the poor water-carrier was touched with compassion at the appeal of the stranger.

"I could not ask for payment," said he, "for performing a small act of kindness." He at once helped the sick man on to the donkey's back, and set off slowly by his side towards Granada. He found that the poor Moor was so weak that it was necessary to support him as they went along.

When they reached the city, the water-carrier asked where he should carry the Moor—where his lodging was.

"Alas!" said the Moor faintly, "I have no home or lodging. I am a stranger in the land. If you will allow me to sleep in your house to-night, you will be richly rewarded."

Honest Peregil felt rather uneasy, for he knew his house was not suitable for entertaining a guest. But he was too humane to refuse a night's shelter to a fellow-being in such distress; so he brought the Moor to his home.

The children, who had come out, as usual, when the 'clop! clop!' of the donkey's hoofs sounded on the street, ran back to the house in a fright when they saw the turbaned stranger.

They hid themselves behind their mother as she stepped forward with an angry look.

“What disreputable companion is this,” she cried, “that you bring home at such a late hour?”

“Be quiet, wife!” said the water-carrier. “Here is a poor sick stranger without friends or home. Do you wish me to leave him to starve in the streets?”

The wife was inclined to shut the door against them; but, for once, her husband displayed some firmness and insisted on having his way. He assisted the poor Moor to alight, and spread a mat and a sheep-skin for him on the ground, in the coolest part of the house. This was the only kind of bed he could offer.

After a time the Moor became very much worse, and in spite of all the kind attention that his good host gave him, seemed at the point of death. He opened his eyes after a long period of stupor and said in a faint voice:

“I fear I am going to die. I bequeath this box to you, my friend, as a reward for your charity.” He opened his cloak as he spoke, and displayed a small box made of sandalwood, strapped to his body.

“God grant, my friend,” said the little water-carrier, “that you may live yet to enjoy your treasure, whatever it may be.”

The Moor shook his head. He laid his hand upon the box and seemed to be trying to say something about it ; but a strong fit of convulsions seized him, in the midst of which the poor wretch expired.

The water-carrier's wife was now both angry and frightened. " This comes," she said, " of your foolish good-nature—always getting into trouble to oblige others. What will happen to us when this corpse is found in the house ? We shall be accused of murdering this man."

Poor Peregil was equally frightened, and almost repented of having done a good deed. At length a thought struck him.

" It is not daylight yet," he said. " I can carry the body outside the city and bury it in the sand by the river. No one saw the Moor enter our house, and no one will know anything of his death."

His wife helping him, Peregil carried out this plan, and, when the body was hidden, he returned to his house more easy in mind.

Unfortunately, however, Peregil had a prying neighbour. Just opposite his house a barber lived, who spent his time day and night spying on his neighbours and tittle-tattling about their private affairs. People said the barber slept with one eye open and one ear uncovered so that

he might see and hear all that went on even when he was sleeping.

This meddlesome barber had heard Peregil come home at an unusually late hour, and had heard also the exclamations of the wife and children. He had instantly popped his head out of a little window, and had seen his neighbour help a man in Moorish garb into his house.

This was so strange an occurrence that the barber did not sleep a wink all that night. Every five minutes he went to his window; and, just before daylight, he saw Peregil setting out with his donkey unusually laden. He slipped out of his house and softly followed Peregil all the way to the river-bank. There, from behind a bush, he watched the water-carrier dig a hole and bury something that looked very like a dead body.

The barber hurried home unseen, and, when morning came, he took his basin and went out to his first customer—a magistrate. The magistrate had just risen. The barber seated him on a chair, threw a napkin round his neck, put a basin of hot water under his chin, and began to soften his beard with soapy fingers.

“Strange things are happening,” began the barber, who played barber and newsmonger at the same time. “Strange doings! Robbery, and murder, and burial all in one night!”

“ Hey !—how—what is that you say ? ” cried the magistrate.

“ I say,” replied the barber, rubbing a piece of soap over the mouth and nose of the great man (a Spanish barber does not use a brush), “ I say that Peregil, the water-carrier, robbed and murdered a Moor, and buried him, only last night ! ”

“ But how do you know all this ? ” demanded the magistrate.

“ Be patient, sir, and I will tell you all about it,” replied the barber, taking him by the nose and sliding a razor over his cheek. He then told the story of what he had seen.

Now it so happened that this magistrate was a corrupt and avaricious man. He made up his mind that, if there should be any treasure in the case, it could not be put to a better use than to enrich himself. He was not so anxious to punish the water-carrier, though he believed him to be guilty ; for law and order did not interest him so much. Still he must frighten the wrong-doer in order to force him to give up the treasure.

So Peregil was arrested, and he and his donkey were hauled before the magistrate.

The magistrate turned a frowning face to him and roared in a terrific voice : “ Listen to me, culprit ! Listen to me ! You need not attempt

to deny your guilt, for I know everything. The gallows is the proper punishment for such a crime as you have committed ; but I am merciful and will listen to reason. The man you murdered was a Moor, and perhaps you killed him in self-defence. I will be indulgent, therefore. Deliver the property that you took from him, and we will hush the matter up."

The poor water-carrier's knees were knocking against each other. He declared his innocence, and related the whole story with the straightforward simplicity of truth, but it was all in vain.

"Do you persist in saying," demanded the magistrate, "that the dead man had neither gold nor jewels—that you were not tempted by riches ? "

"I speak the truth, your worship," replied the water-carrier. "He had nothing but a small box of sandalwood, which he bequeathed to me in reward for my services."

"A box of sandalwood ! A box of sandalwood !" exclaimed the magistrate, his eyes sparkling at the thought of precious jewels. "Where is the box ? Where have you concealed it ? "

"If you please, sir," said the water-carrier, "it is in one of the panniers on my mule ; and you are heartily welcome to it."

Somebody brought the box with the swiftness of lightning. The magistrate opened it with an eager and trembling hand. All the people round him pressed forward to gaze upon the treasures it was believed to contain. To their great disappointment there was nothing in the box but a parchment covered with Arabic characters and a short wax taper.

There was nothing to be gained by punishing the water-carrier, so the magistrate declared that he believed his story and acquitted him. He allowed him to keep the useless box, but retained the donkey to pay the costs of the case. So the poor water-carrier had to trudge up the hill to the well with his earthen jar on his shoulder once more.

At home, his days were made more unhappy by the reproaches of his wife. She boasted of her superior wisdom. "I told you so," she would say. When the children cried for food or needed clothes, she would sneer. "Go to your father. He will give you all you want, out of the sandalwood box." Poor Peregil was driven almost frantic, and one day he seized the hated box and dashed it on the ground.

"It was an unlucky day when I first saw you," he cried, "and I was a fool to shelter your owner under my roof!"

He sat gazing moodily at the parchment and

bit of waxen taper that had fallen out of the box. After a time he thought: "Perhaps, after all, this writing, may be something very important, or why did the Moor guard it with such care?" Picking it up, he put it into his pocket; and, when he went on his rounds with the water-jar, he stopped at the shop of a Moorish jeweller and asked him to read the characters.

The Moor read the parchment carefully; then stroked his beard and smiled. "This manuscript," he said, "is a verse of poetry that must be read to dispel enchantment and will discover hidden treasure. The strongest bolts and bars, the very rock itself, will yield at the sound of it; and it must be read at midnight."

"Bah!" exclaimed the water-carrier. "What have I to do with all that nonsense? I am no wizard and know nothing about buried treasure."

He shouldered his jar and, leaving the parchment in the hands of the Moor, continued his rounds. That evening he listened to the gossips round the well, and was much interested; for they happened to be talking about enchantment and buried riches, and old tales of Moorish treasures hidden under the Alhambra.

Peregil could not sleep that night. He tossed and turned on his bed; and, when morning

came at last, he rose and went straight to the house of the Moorish jeweller.

“You can read Arabic,” he said. “Suppose we go together to the place and try the effect of the charm. If it is all nonsense, we can be no poorer; and if it succeeds, we will share equally in the treasure.”

“Wait a moment,” replied the jeweller. “This writing is not enough. It must be read by the light of a taper made of some peculiar ingredients which we could never buy here. Without this particular taper, the manuscript is useless.”

“Say no more!” exclaimed the water-carrier. “I have a taper such as you describe, and I will bring it here in a moment.” He ran home, and soon returned with the yellow wax taper that he had found in the sandalwood box.

The jeweller felt it and smelt it. “This is indeed the kind of taper that is described in the manuscript. It is made of rare and costly perfumes and yellow wax. While this burns, the strongest walls and most secret caverns will remain open. Whoever enters within them must hurry outside again before the candle is extinguished, or they will remain enchanted with the treasure.”

They agreed to try the charm that very night. At a very late hour, when nothing was awake

except bats and owls, they climbed the hill to the tower where the treasure was supposed to be hidden. By the light of a lantern they groped their way through bushes and over fallen stones to the door of a vault beneath the tower. Trembling with fear, they descended a flight of steps cut in the rock. The steps brought them to a rocky chamber, dark and damp; and from thence they descended more steps to another room, darker and much damper.

In this way they descended four flights of steps. The floor of the fourth chamber was solid, and the air was chilly and had an earthy smell. The two men paused here and waited until they heard, faint and far-away, the clock of the watch-tower striking midnight. They immediately lit the waxen taper, and the jeweller began to read in a hurried voice. The moment he had finished there was a noise like thunder, the whole room shook, and the floor slowly raised itself and yawned at their very feet. They looked and saw a flight of steps leading into the darkness beneath them.

Shaking with fright, they tottered down and, by the light of the perfumed taper, found themselves in another vault, the walls of which were covered with Arabic inscriptions. In the centre there stood a huge chest, secured with

seven bands of steel. At either end of the chest there stood an enchanted Moor in armour, motionless as a statue. In front of the chest there were several jars filled to the top with gold and silver and precious stones.

The eyes of the jeweller glittered. Both men thrust their hands into the jars and drew forth handful after handful of broad pieces of Moorish gold, bracelets and ornaments of gold, and strings of oriental pearls. They trembled and panted as they filled their pockets, and glanced with fear, now and again, at the still figures of the enchanted Moors.

Suddenly they were both seized with fright at some fancied noise ; so they turned and ran up the steps in a panic, tumbling over one another, and extinguishing the taper as they fell over it on the upper floor. The pavement at once closed with a thunderous sound.

Still almost mad with terror, the water-carrier and his friend never paused until they had scaled flight after flight, and at length found themselves underneath the blessed stars. They seated themselves upon the ground and divided the riches equally. They agreed to be content with what they had for one night, and to return for the remainder on some future night.

To make sure of each other's good faith, they divided the charms : one taking the manu-

script, and the other the taper. Then they descended the hill to Granada with light hearts and well-filled pockets.

"Friend Peregil," whispered the jeweller, on the way down, "all this must be kept secret until we have secured the treasure. If a rumour of it reaches the ears of the magistrate, we are ruined."

"That is certainly quite true," the water-carrier replied.

"You are a careful man," went on the other, "and, I have no doubt, can keep a secret. But you have a wife."

"She shall not hear a word about it," declared the little water-carrier firmly.

"Good!" said the jeweller. "I will trust you."

Poor Peregil meant to keep his promise, but the reproaches and tears of his wife, who pretended to think he stayed out late to spend his money, overcame his resolution. He gave her some gold pieces. She was astonished and felt sure he had robbed some rich man. Then she began to cry louder than ever, declaring that Peregil would be hanged, leaving herself and the children to starve. This was more than the tender-hearted water-carrier could bear. He told his wife the whole story, emptied the jewels and gold into her lap, and made her

promise solemnly to keep the secret from every living person.

The next day Peregil took one gold piece to a merchant and bought new clothes and all kinds of toys for his children. He also brought home plenty of good food, and the children danced with joy. Peregil was the happiest father in Granada that day.

His wife kept her promise for a day and a half: after that, though she did not tell anyone the secret, she could not refrain from decking herself out in jewels and bracelets and pearls. She did not go outside the house but was foolish enough to show herself at the window.

Of course the prying barber across the street soon spied the glittering diamonds. He got up and went closer to his window to examine the strange sight. As soon as he had taken careful note of all the jewels displayed on the untidy person of Peregil's wife, he set off with great speed to the magistrate. In a very short time, the unfortunate Peregil was again dragged into the presence of the great man.

"What is this I hear, villain?" the magistrate cried in a furious voice. "You told me that the Moor who died in your house left only an empty box. Now I am told that your wife's rags are decked out with pearls and diamonds.

You are a villain; indeed ! Deliver the treasure to me, and prepare yourself for the gallows. I have been too indulgent with you."

The terrified water-carrier fell on his knees and told the whole story of the marvellous manner in which he had gained his wealth. The magistrate, the policeman, and the inquisitive barber, listened with greedy ears. The policeman was then sent to bring the jeweller who had assisted in the treasure-hunt.

The jeweller came, frightened out of his wits at finding himself before the magistrate. When he saw Peregil on his knees there, he understood what had happened. The jeweller's story proved to be exactly what the water-carrier had related ; but the magistrate pretended to be doubtful, and hinted at imprisonment and worse.

The jeweller was a shrewd man and was able to guess what was passing in the avaricious mind of the magistrate.

"Wait a moment, good sir," he said. "Let us not spoil our good fortune by quarrelling over it. Nobody knows anything of this matter but ourselves. There is wealth enough in the cave to make us all rich men. Promise me that it will be divided fairly, and the taper and manuscript will be produced. If you refuse, the cave will remain closed for ever."

The magistrate went a few steps from him and consulted with the policeman. The latter was a cunning fellow. "Promise anything," he said, "until you have got possession of the treasure. You can then threaten these fellows with death as wizards and wicked enchanters, if they make a complaint."

The advice pleased the magistrate. He assumed a milder look and turned to the jeweller. "This is a strange story you have told us; and it may be true, but I must prove it with my own eyes. This very night you must repeat the charm in my presence. If there be such treasure as you speak of, we will share it fairly between us. If you have deceived me, I will show you no mercy. Meanwhile you will both remain in custody."

About half an hour before midnight, the magistrate, the policeman, and the meddlesome barber, all strongly armed, set off for the tower. They brought the water-carrier and the jeweller as prisoners, and brought also Peregil's donkey to bear the treasure away, should there be any.

They arrived at the tower without being seen; and, tying the donkey to a fig-tree, they descended to the fourth vault. The jeweller and his friend produced the manuscript and the yellow waxen taper. The latter was lit, and the jeweller began to read. At the finish, the earth

trembled and the pavement opened with a thunderous noise as before, disclosing the narrow flight of steps.

The magistrate, the policeman, and the barber were so terrified that they had not the courage to descend. Peregil and the jeweller therefore entered the cave. They removed two of the jars, and the water-carrier carried them up, one at a time. He was a strong-backed little man, and accustomed to carrying burdens; but these were so full of gold and precious stones that he staggered beneath their weight. When they were slung on each side of the donkey, they were as much as the animal could bear.

"Let us be content for the present," the jeweller said. "We have as much treasure as we can bring away without being seen, and enough to make us all wealthy."

"Is there more treasure in the cave?" demanded the magistrate.

"The greatest prize of all is still there," answered the jeweller; "a huge chest filled with pearls and diamonds."

"Bring the chest up at once," cried the greedy magistrate.

"I will not descend again," the jeweller said stubbornly. "Enough is enough for a reasonable man."

"I will bring up no more burdens," added the

water-carrier, "to break the back of my poor donkey."

Commands, threats, and entreaties were all in vain. The magistrate turned to his companions.

"Help me," he said, "to carry up this huge chest, and we will divide the contents among ourselves."

He descended the steps, followed slowly by the trembling policeman and the shivering barber.

No sooner were they in the cave than the taper was extinguished by the jeweller's quick hand. The pavement closed with a tremendous crash.

"What have you done?" asked Peregil, as soon as he had recovered his breath.

"They must stay there," replied the jeweller, leading the way up to the fresh air. "It is written in the manuscript. They will remain enchanted until the next adventurer comes in search of treasure."

He flung the yellow taper among the thick bushes. So they went home, each with a well-filled jar; and Peregil became a rich man.

But he never forgot to be a good man.

WORK BRINGS HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

It is hard for us to believe that riches do not always make a man happy. We think that it must be delightful to have a large house with many splendid rooms, such as kings and princes and other great men have. How nice it must be, we say to ourselves, to have no work at all to do ; to eat every sort of delicious food that we choose ; to have troops of servants waiting to obey our smallest wish !

If we will only think a little more about this matter, we may find that very rich people are not happier than those who have to work hard for their bread. They are very often not nearly so happy as the poor man.

In one of Shakespeare's plays, called " King Henry the Fourth," we are shown the King tossing restlessly and miserably on his gorgeous bed of soft feather cushions and silk coverings. He cannot sleep. Perhaps the rich food which he ate in his handsome dining-room has made him rather ill. The musicians are called, to play soft sweet music at the King's bedroom door ; but the sweet sounds do not lull him to sleep. He grows more restless and orders them to go away.

“What is the use of being rich and great and a King!” the wretched King says to himself. “Here I lie with a bad headache, longing to go to sleep, and I am unable to have what I want. Just at this moment, there are hundreds and hundreds of poor men and women who have not got twenty pounds, or perhaps twenty pence, in their purses, sleeping soundly and delightfully. They can have what the King cannot buy with all his money.”

The poor uneasy King shakes his soft pillows and turns over on his other side.

“Poor people,” he groans again, “lie on beds as hard as boards, and never turn once; while I have silk and swansdown to rest on, and cannot lie still. What sweet sleep men enjoy after a day’s work! Even a little sailor-boy, I have been told, can sleep on a coil of hard rope.

“I am beginning to believe,” sighs the miserable King, “that the head that wears a crown can never rest comfortably.”

Poor King! Would you be he, if you had the choice?

A rich man once sent for his doctor and told him that he felt very ill.

“It is not to-day only,” the rich man said, “but every day I feel ill. I cannot enjoy my food. I do not care to look at my beautiful pictures and statues. I have the most com-

fortable velvet chairs and footstools to rest on, and all the latest books to read. I cannot bear to look at them. I am ill and miserable. Now, doctor, I can pay you a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand pounds. Cure me quickly. I do not care how much the treatment will cost."

"The cure is very simple and very cheap," the doctor replied. "If you will promise to do as I say, you will be a healthy happy man in a month from to-day."

"Obey you!" cried the delighted millionaire. "I will do anything, take anything you tell me, if you can really make me the man you say. What is this marvellous cure?"

"Eat one meal a day for a month," the doctor said, "and earn it."

The millionaire had promised to obey, and he kept his word. He obeyed the doctor for his own sake, believing that the doctor was right. He went into his own fields and helped the workers. He rose at five o'clock, had a drink of cold water, and, dressing himself in simple clean working clothes, went out to labour.

In the middle of the day he ate his dinner under a hedge with the other workers. Then he began again, and worked away till daylight left the sky.

In the evening he was glad to go to bed early; for he was tired, and he wished to rise early.

He slept soundly all night, which made him feel fresh and strong in the morning for his day's work.

Every day was spent in this way ; and, at the end of the month, the doctor came again. Instead of a white-faced miserable man, groaning with pains and aches, the doctor found a very happy healthy man tying up a rose-tree in the garden. His face was brown with open air and sunshine ; his eyes were bright ; he moved about as if his feet were as light as feathers.

This man was happy at last. Was it his store of money that had brought him health and happiness ?

A very good man called Francis of Assisi taught people long ago that money could not buy happiness. He went about trying to help people. He nursed the sick, helped to build churches, taught little children, helped the harvesters in the fields—in fact, did every good thing that he could find to do.

This good man would not take any money in payment for his work. He was glad to accept some food, but told those who wished to give him money that it was only a bringer of troubles.

Men who have much money are envied by others, and often hated. They are tempted to spend their lives in amusements and idleness.

They are always being troubled by those who wish to beg for a share of their riches. It is better, Francis of Assisi said, to be poor and have healthy work to do ; for then nobody will envy and hate you, and beggars will not annoy you.

But, you may say, perhaps Francis of Assisi did not know what a rich man's life is like. He lived among the poor people, and was poor himself. How could he know that rich men are not happy ?

Francis knew because he had been a rich man himself. His father was a very successful Italian merchant who had made a very large fortune. He was able to give his son plenty of money—as much as he liked to spend.

When Francis grew up to be a man, he had plenty of gay company. He went to theatres ; paid musicians to play for his dancing ; drank wine and played cards. His friends were round him everywhere he went ; for Francis would always take out a great handful of money and pay for everybody at the table.

“ I like my boy to have plenty of friends,” his foolish father would say ; and he would give the young man a purse heavy with gold. He did not stop to think that friends who gather round you because of your heavy purse are worthless friends.

Then it happened that Francis fell ill. He

was very ill for a long time, and his parents were afraid that they would lose their only son. But the illness passed and Francis was once more able to leave his bed. He was not the same Francis. His dancing and music and drinking were all forgotten. The young man cared no longer for gay company and idle amusements.

Perhaps he had had time to think as he lay through the long days of sickness. I think he did not know himself why he had turned against an idle, wasteful life. He began, for the first time, to give alms to the poor, and offered all his money to help those who nursed the sick and aged.

Francis' father was angry with his son, and thought that he disgraced his family by going among poor and mean people. When he discovered that his son was taking money from the house to give to poor people, he became furious and accused the young man of stealing. He turned him out of the house.

The young man, after this, went among the people and worked for his daily food. He preached to the people and taught them to be kind and to help each other. He taught them also to be kind to animals, and often shared his own food with hungry creatures.

So all through his life, Francis of Assisi did good wherever he went, and, when he at last

died, the people wept because they had lost their kindest friend. His name was never forgotten. Because of his pure life and good deeds, we call him Saint Francis.

THE OLD WINDMILL

(Translated from the French of ALPHONSE DAUDET)

MASTER CORNILLE was an old miller who had lived among flour for sixty years. He was a good miller and had plenty of trade. People from every part used to bring their sacks of corn to Master Cornille ; for he made the finest flour.

The old man loved his work, and loved his old windmill. The music he liked best in the world was the creaking of the sail-arms, when the fresh breeze blew from the mountains.

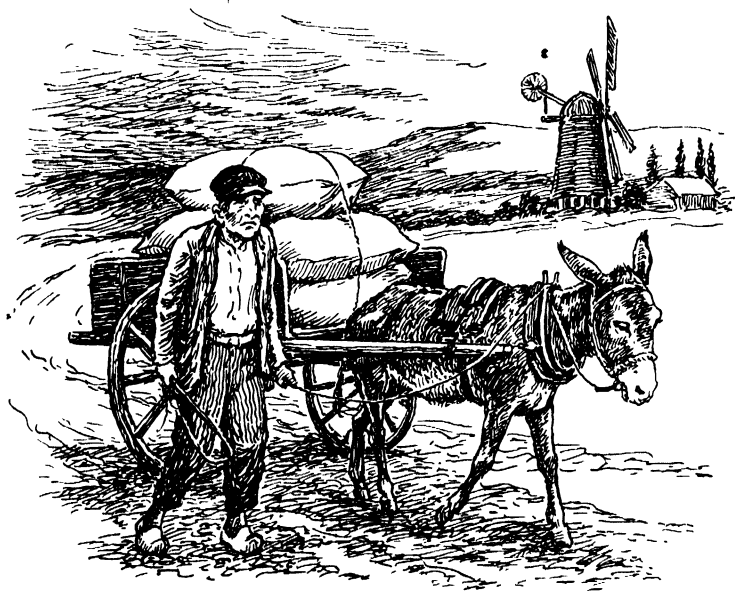
A time came when steam-worked mills were built in Provence. People began to send their corn to these new mills, and the work of grinding it into flour was done much more quickly.

There was one man in Provence who hated the ugly steam-mills. That man was Master Cornille. The sight of them made him burst out into angry words.

“ Don’t go to those places with your flour ! ” he would shout to the villagers. “ Those rascals use steam, which is a wicked invention, while I

work with God's good wind, which is the breath of God."

The people began to be afraid of the old man ; for he ran about the village shouting, and abusing the men who had caused the steam-mill to be built.



The old windmill that used to turn so merrily now stood idle. The poor old miller was heart-broken, and shut himself up in his mill. He lived alone there, and would speak to no one.

He refused to let even his grand-daughter Vivette come near him. The girl, who was about fifteen years old, had to go and find

employment in the farmers' houses, making hay, milking the cows, and gathering the fruit.

Yet the old grandfather seemed to be fond of the girl; for many a time he would walk ten miles in the hot sun just to stand and watch her as she worked in the fields. He never spoke to her, but walked back again to his silent mill and shut himself in.

When he appeared in the village his clothes were untidy and torn, and his old friends were ashamed to be seen speaking to him.

Then one day a strange thing happened.

The sail-arms of the old windmill, that had been still for so long, began to turn briskly and gaily. The people wondered if the miller had got a little corn to grind.

Next day and next day and every day the mill worked, and the wind blew the sails smartly. There was surely a great deal of work being done. The old miller was certainly making much money, if so much corn came to his mill.

Every evening the miller could be seen driving his donkey and walking beside his cart, which was laden with many large sacks.

"Someone's flour is going home," the neighbours would say. "But who sends so much corn to Master Cornille?"

The mill worked busily every day, but no one was allowed inside it. Even little Vivette

found the door barred against her. People tried to see through the windows ; for it was said that there were sacks of gold as well as sacks of flour in the miller's house. They saw only a big starved-looking cat.

Little Vivette was very sorry for her grandfather, and wished very much that he would let her into his house, that she might cook his food and mend his worn clothes.

A kind man of the village offered to go and speak to the miller, and beg him to allow his grand-daughter to come back to her home. It was of no use. The miller would not open the door ; and, when the man spoke to him through the keyhole, he was told to go away. The miller wanted nobody in his house.

Then the villagers advised Vivette to go into the mill when her grandfather had gone out with the heavy load of flour which he took away every evening. The door was locked, but the miller had forgotten to close the little window.

A ladder was brought, and the girl climbed in through the window. What a strange sight met her eyes ! There were no sacks of corn, no flour, no white dust to show that any milling had been done. The mill was covered with dirt and cobwebs ; and dirt and cobwebs covered every part of the room. The big starved-looking cat was lying fast asleep.

In the miller's bedroom everything showed poverty and misery. The bed was covered with a few rags, and a crust of hard bread lay on the table. There was no other food in the house. Two well-filled sacks stood in a corner.

"Corn!" thought the girl, and she ran to look at them. But no; they were filled with broken plaster and lime. These were the sacks that the old miller carried in his donkey-cart!

To save the honour and good name of the mill, the old man had been making people believe that it still had work to do. He had been starving, and was too proud to let people know.

The girl crept out through the window again, and ran to call the neighbours. How the people wept when they heard the sad story of the old miller's pretence! So this was Master Cornille's secret!

It was agreed among the neighbours that they should bring all the corn they had to Master Cornille's mill. Every man loaded his cart with sacks of corn, and a line of vehicles started up the hill to the windmill.

When they came in sight of the mill, they saw the door wide open, and the old miller sitting on the steps with his head bent down in his hands.

He had discovered that his mill had been entered, and that everybody now knew his pitiful secret.

“Alas ! alas !” they heard him moaning. “My mill is dishonoured. I wish I were dead ! My poor old mill ! My oldest friend ! You are despised—laughed at !”

So he went on, crying and moaning, and talking to the mill as though it could hear him and weep, too.

The people shouted in the usual cheerful way :

“Hello there, miller ! Hello, Master Cornille ! The mill ! Here comes the corn !”

They pretended that they had not seen the old man’s grief and despair.

Master Cornille looked up and stared at the sacks that were piled on the carts, as if he doubted his own eyesight.

When they were piled in a great heap in front of his door, and the shining yellow corn was running out in little streams, the old miller gathered some in his shaking hand.

“It’s corn !” he cried. “Real corn ! Let me look at it ! Let me look at it !”

He turned towards the men.

“Ah ! I knew you would come back to me,” he said, laughing now instead of crying. “Those steam-mills are all thieves ; they are wicked inventions.”

The neighbours wanted to bring the miller to the village for some dinner, but he began to be very busy.

“ No, no ! ” he said. “ Let me go and feed my mill. It is so long since it has had anything to bite on.”

There were tears in the neighbours' eyes as they watched the old man running here and there, setting his mill in motion, feeding the corn to it, ripping open the sacks. The mill-room was soon filled with fine white dust, and the old miller himself slowly turned white, and looked as he did in the good old days. His old face beamed with happiness.

From that day, the miller got plenty of work and the old windmill was never idle.

When Master Cornille died at last, the arms of his windmill turned no more. The time for windmills had passed, and the new steam-mills prospered.

TWO FAMOUS BOYS

[SCENE.—The summer-house in TOM BROWN's father's garden. There is a table, and half a dozen comfortable chairs. The three boys, TOM, JOHN, and PHILIP, are seated near the wide door, round which a rose tree is trained. The garden outside is very bright and sunny. It is exactly eight o'clock on a fine summer morning.]

TOM. "I thought it would be more pleasant to sit out here this morning."

PHILIP. "You are right, old man. It is a delightful place to work. I wish we had a place like this; but our garden is too small."

JOHN. "You call it work, and I suppose it is; but it doesn't seem like work at all. I did not think a little study each day could be so enjoyable."

PHILIP. "Well, Tom, you have to set the subject to-day. I suppose you have been asking your parents about boys who have made a name for themselves in history. I have teased my father and mother to tell me of some."

TOM. "I thought of 'Dick Whittington'; but my father reminded me that he did not really do any great thing when he was a boy."

JOHN. "He was a hero in one way, though. He worked hard when he was homeless and starving, and he shared his scanty food with his little cat. It is wonderful to think that such a

'poor wretched boy should afterwards be made Lord Mayor of London."

PHILIP. "My father said we ought not to forget boys like William Tell's son. Though the story is told of the father's courage and steady aim, yet one must not forget the splendid courage and steadiness of the son."

JOHN. "The wicked ruler of the country made the father shoot an arrow at an apple which was placed on his own son's head. I remember reading the story at school."

TOM. "I agree with your father, Philip, that the boy was saved as much by his own steady pluck as by his father's."

PHILIP. "Was Alexander the Great not a wonderful boy?"

TOM. "My father gave me a book about Alexander the Great. There is no mention of any great deed that he did while he was a boy."

PHILIP. "He was a good scholar, wasn't he?"

JOHN. "Like our Philip!"

TOM. "There is a story about how he managed a troublesome horse."

JOHN. "Tell us the story, if you can remember it. Is it about Alexander the Great that you meant to talk to-day?"

TOM. "No, I did not mean to talk about him; but I will tell you what I read about Alexander and the horse Bucephalus."

PHILIP. "Bucephalus ! It is a strange name for a horse."

TOM. "The name was given it by Alexander's father, King Philip——"

JOHN. "Good name ! King Philip is here to-day !"

PHILIP. "Be quiet, or we shall banish you from our country !"

TOM. "Alexander's father, King Philip of Macedon, had paid a great sum of money for this horse ; but it was a wild and savage animal. Not one of the King's men could mount him, or do anything with him. They were afraid to go near the horse."

JOHN. "Did they try punishment ?"

TOM. "Yes ; they used the whip a good deal, but it only made the horse more violent. At last the King told them to take the horse away. He would not have it. Alexander, the King's young son, was standing watching the horse. 'It is a pity to spoil such a fine horse, father,' he said. 'Those men do not know how to manage him.'"

PHILIP. "Was the King pleased at this speech from a young boy ?"

TOM. "No, he was not. The King was feeling annoyed about having made such a bad bargain. He said to his son, quite sharply, 'Oh, the men do not know, you think ! Perhaps

you know. Perhaps you can do better than the men !' Alexander answered his father quite fearlessly, ' If you will allow me to try, I think I can manage the horse.' "

JOHN. " He must have been very sure, before he could say such a thing to his father."

PHILIP. " But of course his father did not allow him to mount such a savage horse ; or did he ? "

TOM. " His father asked him what would happen if he failed to tame the horse. Young Alexander answered at once, ' If I fail, I will pay you the price of the horse.' "

JOHN. " He must have been a fearless boy."

TOM. " While they were all laughing at his words, the boy ran forward to the horse Bucephalus, and turned its head towards the sun."

PHILIP. " I wonder why he did that."

TOM. " He had noticed that the horse was afraid of its own shadow. He spoke very gently to the horse, and patted its neck ; and when it was a little quiet, Alexander made a sudden spring and leaped on its back."

JOHN. " I should think a horse like that would fling up its heels, and throw the boy over its head ! "

PHILIP. " We know that Alexander wasn't

killed when he was a boy. What happened when he jumped on the horse's back, Tom ? ”

TOM. “ The people expected to see the King's son killed before their eyes ; but Alexander kept a tight hold of the reins, and let the horse run as fast as it pleased. . When it had tired itself thoroughly, the young boy drew in the reins, and rode the horse right up to the place where the King stood. He had mastered the horse. The men cheered him loudly, and his father kissed him. The King was proud of his son, and gave him the horse Bucephalus for his very own.”

PHILIP. “ I think he deserved to have the horse. It was a fine thing for a boy to do. He earned the name Alexander the Great, even then, when he was only a boy.”

JOHN. “ It is a very good story, Tom ; yet you said it was not the story you had made up your mind to tell. I am afraid we were selfish in asking you to tell two.”

TOM. “ Never mind ! I had prepared the story of ‘ Casabianca,’ the boy who would not leave the burning ship without his father's permission. If you don't mind, I shall tell it another day, and perhaps you could tell us one now, Philip. It is not time to go yet.”

PHILIP. “ The only story that I can remember now is not about a brave boy, or a hero. It

is about a clever boy—a little Italian lad called Antonio Canova.”

JOHN. “That is the name of a great Italian sculptor, is it not?”

PHILIP. “Yes; it is a story of his childhood. He was a very poor boy; his parents were dead, and he lived with his grandfather, who was a stone-cutter. The little boy used to go with his grandfather to the stone-yard, to watch him working; and his kind grandfather gave him some white soft clay to make into little men and animals. This amused the boy very much, and he used to make quite a lot of clever things.

“One day, the Count, who lived in the Castle, gave a large feast. All his servants worked hard to make the dining-room beautiful, and arrange a splendid dinner-table. Little Antonio was in the kitchen of the Castle——”

TOM. “Excuse me for interrupting you, Philip; but why was the grandson of the stone-cutter in the Castle kitchen? Did his grandfather live there?”

PHILIP. “His grandmother had gone up to the Castle to help to cook all the delicious food for the guests, and little Antonio went with her, to clean pots and pans.”

JOHN. “How strange to think that a great man like Antonio Canova once cleaned pots and pans in a kitchen!”

TOM. "My father says that many of the greatest men who have ever lived, were very poor when they were young."

PHILIP. "That is so; and I think it would make very good reading for our next holidays—poor boys who became great men. Well, I must continue my story: In the midst of the preparations for the feast, a loud crash was heard in the dining-room, and a servant came running into the kitchen with bad news: the beautiful carved marble lion, that was to stand in the centre of the dining-table, had fallen and broken in pieces! The servants were terror-stricken; for the Count was very fond of the piece, and always had it in the place of honour at a feast. Little Antonio listened to their talk for a while; then he stepped forward and said, 'I will make another lion for the table.'"

TOM. "But that was impossible. How could he get the marble, even if he could do as he said?"

JOHN. "Perhaps he thought the white clay from the stone-yard would do. Was he thinking of running all the way there to fetch some?"

PHILIP. "Now you shall hear. There was an immense lump of yellow butter on the kitchen table—a piece as big as—as (*Philip looks round the summer-house*) as your playbox there. While the servants were gone to gather up the

broken pieces of marble in the dining-room, Antonio took the kitchen knife and began to carve the great lump of butter. In half an hour he had shaped it into a crouching lion, and was carefully carving the curling mane and the claws of the animal when the servants returned to the kitchen. They cried out with surprise and delight, 'Oh! How beautiful! It is more beautiful than the marble lion that was broken. We shall put it in the centre of the dining-table.' "

TOM. "What a clever boy! I should like to have seen the lion made of butter."

JOHN. "It has melted away long ago. It is not surprising that great sculptors do their work in marble and other kinds of hard stone. It will last for centuries if people are careful."

TOM. "Was the Count very angry?"

PHILIP. "You shall hear. When the Count and his guests sat down to dinner, the first thing they all noticed was the figure of the lion. They exclaimed with delight, 'What a beautiful figure! That is surely the work of a great artist! How strange that a great sculptor should do such beautiful work in butter!' They asked the Count to tell them the name of the clever sculptor, but he knew no more than his guests did. The Count, who loved sculpture, called his head servant and asked him where he

had got such a beautiful piece of work. 'It was carved by a boy in the kitchen just half an hour ago, your Highness,' said the servant."

JOHN. "Was not that a tremendous surprise for the Count and the other gentlemen?"

PHILIP. "The Count sent for the boy, and little Antonio came into the grand dining-room, trembling with fear. 'My boy,' said the Count very kindly, 'you have done a piece of work of which the greatest artist in the land might be proud. What is your name, and who taught you?'"

TOM. "Oh! Oh! Oh! I wish it had been Tom Brown!"

PHILIP (*smiling*). "Tom Brown may be a famous name some day."

JOHN (*smiling*). "I shall buy ten pounds of butter for you, Tom, and you may try."

TOM. "Don't talk about a duffer called Tom Brown! Tell us more about Antonio Canova."

PHILIP. "Little Antonio told the Count his name, and said his grandfather had taught him. There were many clever artists among the guests, and they told each other that this boy was a genius. They made Antonio sit at the table and eat his dinner with them, and said it was a feast in his honour."

TOM. "Was he sent back to the kitchen after dinner to wash the pots and pans?"

PHILIP. "No, indeed. The Count adopted him as his son, and paid the best tutors to teach him ; and he lived with the Count at the Castle, and did all his beautiful work in marble."

TOM (*rising to his feet*). "It is an excellent story. I shall tell it to my little brother to-night."

JOHN (*rising to his feet*). "Shall we go for a ride in the car? Perhaps we could visit the Municipal Gallery and see some fine sculpture there."

PHILIP (*rising to his feet*). "It is a very wise suggestion. Let us go."

HOW MOWGLI CAME TO FATHER WOLF'S CAVE

FROM "THE JUNGLE BOOK"

BY RUDYARD KIPPLING

It was seven o'clock on a very warm evening in the Seeonee hills when Father Wolf woke up from his day's rest, scratched himself, yawned, and spread out his paws one after the other to get rid of the sleepy feeling in their tips. Mother Wolf lay with her big gray nose dropped across her four tumbling squealing cubs, and the moon shone into the mouth of the cave where they all lived.

"Augrh!" said Father Wolf, "it is time to hunt again;" and he was going to spring down hill when a little shadow with a bushy tail crossed the threshold and whined: "Good luck go with you, O Chief of the Wolves; and good luck and strong white teeth go with the noble children, that they may never forget the hungry in this world."

It was the jackal—Tabaqui, the Dish-licker—and the wolves of India despise Tabaqui because he runs about making mischief, and telling tales, and eating rags and pieces of leather from the village dust-heaps. But they are afraid of him too, because Tabaqui, more

than anyone else in the jungle, is apt to go mad ; and then he forgets that he was ever afraid of any one, and runs through the forest biting everything in his way. Even the tiger runs and hides when little Tabaqui goes mad, for madness is the most disgraceful thing that can overtake a wild creature.

“ Enter then, and look,” said Father Wolf stiffly, “ but there is no food here.”

“ For a wolf, no,” said Tabaqui ; “ but for so mean a person as myself a dry bone is a good feast. Who are we, the Gidur-log (the jackal people) to pick and choose ? ”

He scuttled to the back of the cave, where he found the bone of a buck with some meat on it, and sat cracking the end merrily.

“ All thanks for this good meal,” he said, licking his lips. “ How beautiful are the noble children ! How large are their eyes ! And so young, too ! Indeed, indeed, I might have remembered that the children of Kings are men from the beginning.”

Now Tabaqui knew as well as anyone else that there is nothing so unlucky as to compliment children to their faces ; and it pleased him to see Mother and Father Wolf look uncomfortable.

Tabaqui sat still, rejoicing in the mischief that he had made : then he said spitefully :

"Shere Khan, the Big One, has shifted his hunting-grounds. He will hunt among these hills for the next moon, so he has told me."

Shere Khan was the tiger who lived near the Waingunga River, twenty miles away.

"He has no right!" Father Wolf began angrily—"By the Law of the Jungle he has no right to change his quarters without due warning. He will frighten every head of game within ten miles, and I—I have to kill for two, these days."

"His mother did not call him Lungri (the Lame One) for nothing," said Mother Wolf quietly. "He has been lame in one foot from his birth. That is why he has only killed cattle. Now the villagers of the Waingunga are angry with him, and he has come here to make *our* villagers angry. They will scour the jungle for him when he is far away, and we and our children must run when the grass is set alight. Indeed, we are very grateful to Shere Khan!"

"Shall I tell him of your gratitude?" said Tabaqui.

"Out!" snapped Father Wolf. "Out and hunt with thy master. Thou hast done harm enough for one night."

"I go," said Tabaqui quietly. "You can hear Shere Khan below in the thickets. I might have saved myself the message."

Father Wolf listened and, below in the valley that ran down to a little river, he heard the dry, angry, snarly, singsong whine of a tiger who has caught nothing and does not care if all the jungle knows it.

“The fool!” said Father Wolf. “To begin a night’s work with that noise! Does he think that our buck are like his fat Waingunga bullocks?”

“H’sh! It is neither bullock nor buck he hunts to-night,” said Mother Wolf. “It is Man.”

The whine had changed to a sort of humming purr that seemed to come from every quarter of the compass. It was the noise that bewilders woodcutters and gipsies sleeping in the open, and makes them run sometimes into the very mouth of the tiger.

“Man!” said Father Wolf, showing all his white teeth. “Faugh! Are there not enough beetles and frogs in the tanks that he must eat Man, and on our ground, too!”

The Law of the Jungle, which never orders anything without a reason, forbids every beast to eat Man except when he is killing to show his children how to kill; and then he must hunt outside the hunting-grounds of his pack or tribe. The real reason for this is that man-killing means, sooner or later, the arrival of white men on elephants, with guns, and hundreds of brown

men with gongs and rockets and torches. Then everybody in the jungle suffers.

The reason the beasts give among themselves is that Man is the weakest and most defenceless of all living things, and it is unsportsmanlike to touch him. They say too—and it is true—that man-eaters become mangy, and lose their teeth.

The purr grew louder, and ended in the full-throated “Aaarh !” of the tiger’s charge.

Then there was a howl—an untigerish howl—from Shere Khan.

“He has missed,” said Mother Wolf. “What is it ?”

Father Wolf ran out a few paces and heard Shere Khan muttering and mumbling savagely, as he tumbled about in the scrub.

“The fool has had no more sense than to jump at the woodcutters’ camp-fire, and has burned his feet,” said Father Wolf with a grunt. “Tabaqui is with him.”

“Something is coming up-hill,” said Mother Wolf, twitching one ear. “Get ready.”

The bushes rustled a little in the thicket, and Father Wolf dropped with his haunches under him, ready for his leap. Then, if you had been watching, you would have seen the most wonderful thing in the world—the wolf checked in mid-spring. He made his bound before he saw what it was he was jumping at, and then he

tried to stop himself. The result was that he shot up straight into the air for four or five feet, landing almost where he left ground.

"Man!" he snapped. "A man's cub. Look!"

Directly in front of him, holding on by a low branch, stood a naked brown baby who could just walk—as soft and as dimpled a little atom as ever came to a wolf's cave at night. He looked up into Father Wolf's face and laughed.

"Is that a man's cub?" said Mother Wolf. "I have never seen one. Bring it here."

A wolf accustomed to moving his own cubs can, if necessary, mouth an egg without breaking it; and though Father Wolf's jaws closed right on the child's back, not a tooth even scratched the skin, as he laid it down among the cubs.

"How little! How naked and—how bold!" said Mother Wolf softly. The baby was pushing his way between the cubs to get close to the warm hide. "And so this is a man's cub. Now was there ever a wolf that could boast of a man's cub among her children?"

"I have heard now and again of such a thing, but never in our Pack or in my time," said Father Wolf. "He is altogether without hair, and I could kill him with a touch of my foot. But see, he looks up and is not afraid."

The moonlight was blocked out of the mouth of the cave, for Shere Khan's great square head and shoulders were thrust into the entrance. Tabaqui, behind him, was squeaking :

"My lord, my lord, it went in here ! "

"Shere Khan does us great honour," said Father Wolf, but his eyes were very angry. "What does Shere Khan need ? "

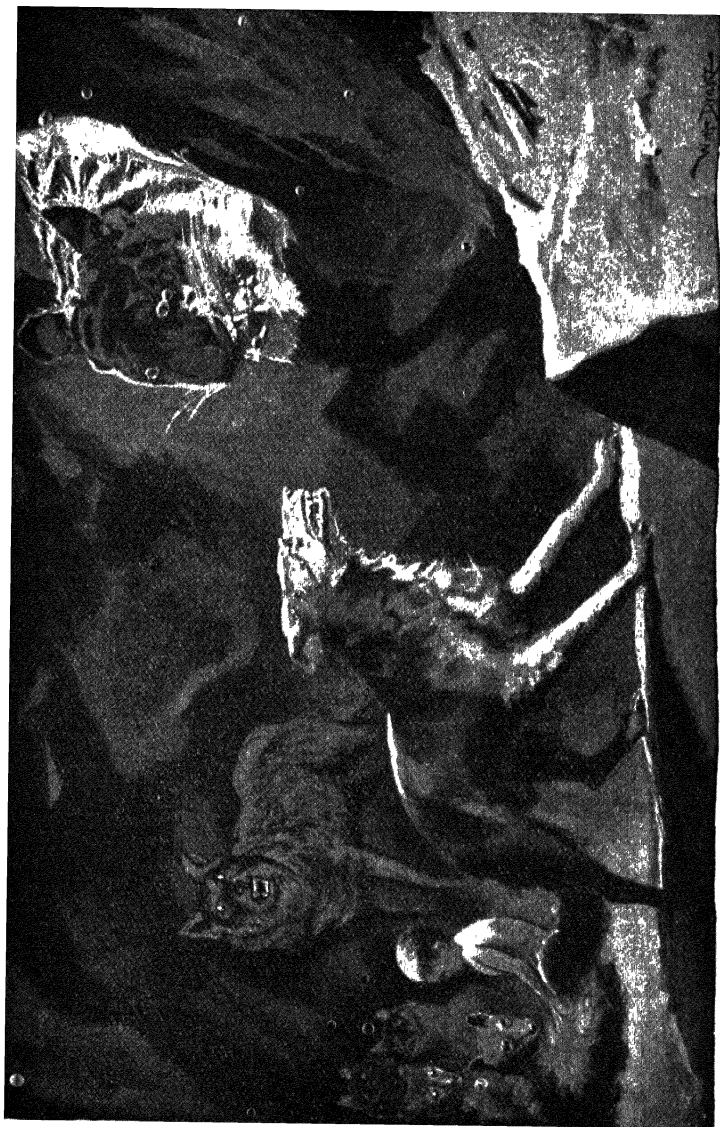
"My quarry. A man's cub went this way," said Shere Khan. "Its parents have run off. Give it to me."

Shere Khan had jumped at a woodcutters' camp-fire, as Father Wolf had said, and was furious from the pain of his burned feet. But Father Wolf knew that the mouth of the cave was too narrow for a tiger to come in by. Even where he was, Shere Khan's shoulders and fore-paws were cramped for want of room, as a man's would be if he tried to fight in a barrel.

"The Wolves are a free people," said Father Wolf. "They take orders from the Head of the Pack, and not from any striped cattle-killer. The man's cub is ours—to kill if we choose."

"You choose and you do not choose ! What talk is this of choosing ? It is I, Shere Khan, who speak ! "

The tiger's roar filled the cave with thunder. Mother Wolf shook herself clear of the cubs and sprang forward, her eyes like two green moons



The tiger's roar filled the cave with thunder.

in the darkness, facing the blazing eyes of Shere Khan.

“ And it is I, Raksha (The Demon), who answer. The man’s cub is mine, Lungri—mire ! He shall not be killed. He shall live to run with the Pack ; and in the end, look you, hunter of little naked cubs—frog-eater—fish-killer—he shall hunt *thee* ! Now, get hence, or back thou goest to thy mother, burned beast of the jungle, lamer than ever thou camest into the world ! Go ! ”

Father Wolf looked on amazed. He had almost forgotten the days when he won Mother Wolf in fair fight from five other wolves, when she ran in the Pack and was not called The Demon for compliment’s sake. Shere Khan might have faced Father Wolf, but he could not stand up against Mother Wolf, for he knew that she would fight to the death. So he backed out of the cave-mouth growling, and when he was clear he shouted :

“ Each dog barks in his own yard ! We will see what the Pack will say to this fostering of man-cubs. The cub is mine, and to my teeth he will come in the end, O bush-tailed thieves ! ”

Mother Wolf threw herself down panting among the cubs, and Father Wolf said to her gravely :

“ Shere Khan speaks this much truth. The

cub must be shown to the Pack. Wilt thou still keep him, Mother ? ”

“ Keep him ! ” she gasped. “ He came naked by night, alone and very hungry ; yet he was not afraid ! And that lame butcher would have killed him and would have run off to the Waingunga while the villagers here hunted through all our lairs in revenge ! Keep him ? Assuredly I will keep him. Lie still, little frog. O thou Mowgli—for Mowgli the Frog I will call thee—the time will come when thou wilt hunt Shere Khan as he has hunted thee.”

“ But what will our Pack say ? ” said Father Wolf.

The Law of the Jungle lays down very clearly that any wolf may, when he marries, withdraw from the Pack he belongs to ; but as soon as his cubs are old enough to stand on their feet, he must bring them to the Pack Council, which is generally held once a month at full moon, in order that the other wolves may identify them.

After that inspection the cubs are free to run where they please, and, until they have killed their first buck, no excuse is accepted if a grown wolf of the Pack kills one of them. The punishment is death where the murderer can be found ; and if you think for a minute you will see that this must be so.

Father Wolf waited till his cubs could run a

little ; and then, on the night of the Pack Meeting, took them and Mowgli and Mother Wolf to the Council Rock—a hilltop covered with stones and boulders where a hundred wolves could hide.

Akela, the great gray Lone Wolf, who led all the Pack by strength and cunning, lay out at full length on his rock, and below him sat forty or more wolves of every size and colour, from badger-coloured old ones who could handle a buck alone, to young black three-year-olds who thought they could. The Lone Wolf had led them for a year now. He had fallen twice into a wolf-trap in his youth, and once he had been beaten and left almost dead ; so he knew the manners and customs of men.

There was very little talking at the Rock. The cubs tumbled over each other in the centre of the circle where their mothers and fathers sat ; and now and again a senior wolf would go quietly up to a cub, look at him carefully, and return to his place on noiseless feet.

Sometimes a mother would push her cub far out into the moonlight, to be sure that he had not been overlooked. Akela from his rock would cry : “ You know the Law—You know the Law. Look well, O Wolves ! ” And the anxious mothers would take up the call—“ Look well, look well, O Wolves ! ”

At last—and Mother Wolf's neck-bristles lifted as the time came—Father Wolf pushed Mowgli, the Frog, as they called him, into the centre, where he sat laughing and playing with some pebbles that glistened in the moonlight.

Akela never raised his head from his paws, but went on with the monotonous cry: "Look well!" A muffled roar came up from behind the rocks—the voice of Shere Khan crying: "The cub is mine. Give him to me. What have the Free People to do with a man's cub?"

Now the Law of the Jungle lays down that, if there is any dispute as to the right of a cub to be accepted by the Pack, he must be spoken for by at least two members of the Pack who are not his father and mother.

"Who speaks for this cub?" said Akela.
"Among the Free People who speaks?"

There was no answer and Mother Wolf got ready for what she knew would be her last fight, if things came to fighting.

Then the only other creature who is allowed at the Pack Council—Baloo, the sleepy brown bear, who teaches the wolf-cubs the Law of the Jungle: old Baloo, who can come and go where he pleases because he eats only nuts and roots and honey—rose up on his hind quarters and grunted.

“ The man’s cub—the man’s cub ? ” he said. “ I speak for the man’s cub. There is no harm in a man’s cub. I have no gift of words, but I speak the truth. Let him run with the Pack, and be entered with the others. I myself will teach him.”

“ We need yet another,” said Akela. “ Baloo has spoken, and he is our teacher for the young cubs. Who speaks beside Baloo ? ”

A black shadow dropped down into the circle. It was Bagheera, the Black Panther, inky black all over, but with the panther markings showing up in certain lights like the pattern of watered silk. Everybody knew Bagheera, and nobody cared to cross his path ; for he was as cunning as Tabaqui, as bold as the wild buffalo, and as reckless as the wounded elephant. But he had a voice as soft as wild honey dripping from a tree, and a skin softer than down.

“ O Akela, and you, the Free People,” he purred, “ I have no right in your assembly ; but the Law of the Jungle says that if there is a doubt which is not a killing matter in regard to a new cub, the life of that cub may be bought at a price. And the Law does not say who may or may not pay that price. Am I right ? ”

“ Good ! good ! ” said the young wolves, who are always hungry. “ Listen to Bagheera. The cub can be bought for a price. It is the Law.”

"Knowing that I have no right to speak here, I ask your leave."

"Speak then," cried twenty voices.

"To kill a naked cub is shame. Besides, he may make better sport for you when he is grown. Baloo has spoken in his behalf. Now to Baloo's word I will add one bull, and a fat one, newly killed, not half a mile from here, if you will accept the man's cub according to the Law. Is it difficult?"

There was a clamour of scores of voices saying: "What matter? He will die in the winter rains. He will scorch in the sun. What harm can a naked frog do us? Let him run with the Pack. Where is Bagheera? Let him be accepted."

Then came Akela's deep bay, crying: "Look well, look well, O Wolves!"

Mowgli was still deeply interested in the pebbles, and he did not notice when the wolves came and looked at him one by one. At last they all went down the hill for the dead bull, and only Akela, Bagheera, Baloo, and Mowgli's own wolves were left. Shere Khan roared still in the night, for he was very angry because Mowgli had not been handed over to him.

"Ay, roar well," said Bagheera, under his whiskers; "for the time comes when this naked thing will make thee roar to another tune, or I know nothing of man."

“It was well done,” said Akela. “Men and their cubs are very wise. He may be a help in time.”

“Truly, a help in time of need ; for none can hope to lead the Pack for ever,” said Bagheera.

Akela said nothing. He was thinking of the time that comes to every leader of every pack when his strength goes from him, and he gets feebler and feebler, till at last he is killed by the wolves and a new leader comes up—to be killed in his turn.

“Take him away,” he said to Father Wolf, “and train him as befits one of the Free People.”

And that is how Mowgli was entered into the Seonee wolf-pack at the price of a bull and for Baloo’s good word.

HOW WE AND OUR GOODS ARE CARRIED

I

ON THE ROAD

WE can all travel about nowadays as we please over well-made roads, in trams, carriages, motor-cars, and trains. We never need to trouble ourselves very much about how the place we wish to go to is to be reached. While travelling fast we can read or eat or even sleep comfortably, and someone else has the duty of carrying us safely to the end of our journey.

Long ago, men suffered many hardships when they had to travel a long distance, and nobody ever thought of going on a journey unless he was compelled to go. People who could not afford to buy horses or asses had to go on foot as the pilgrims did. Men who wished to visit a holy place, such as the tomb of a saint, were called pilgrims.

Camels, mules, and asses were used for carrying goods from one town or country to another. They carried a heavy weight or burden, and so we call these patient creatures "beasts of burden." The camel is particularly useful

because it can go for a long time without needing fresh water. The mule was used, and in some remote places is still used, because it is strong and sure-footed. In rocky and mountainous countries the mule was greatly valued because it never, or seldom, stumbled.

In India, elephants were tamed and trained to carry merchandise and people. The elephant might have been called the "goods train ;" for it could carry a very great load. When a man wished to move to another town, he could put all his household furniture, and all his family as well, on one elephant.

In former days there were very few roads like those we have nowadays. Tracks were trodden by the great caravans that journeyed between two towns to carry on trade. Each new caravan followed the footprints of the animals who had gone before, and soon quite a little narrow road was made. But in deserts, this was made difficult by the sand which was blown about by the wind, and covered the tracks.

Poor people walked, traders rode on animals ; but rich people, especially ladies, had a more comfortable way of travelling. It was thought very comfortable in those days, though I do not think we should call it so now. This was a kind of chair or seat in a box-shaped thing, which was carried by men. Two long poles were fixed

on the sides of the box, and one bearer went in front, the other behind.

Even to-day, travellers may see this curious box-chair being used in remote parts of China and Japan. People who live hundreds of miles from a large city or a port, are always very far behind the times. You know how city people sometimes laugh at country people when they come to town.

When men got tired of carrying people in this way, a wheeled carriage was invented. I wonder who first thought of the useful wheel. I think we should be very thankful to the men who invented wheels; for our trains and motor-cars would be useless without them. Some people believe that the practice of rolling logs put the bright idea of making wheels into some clever man's head.

The first little wheeled carriages were drawn by men, and I am sure they thought it very easy work, after having carried people in wheel-less carriages. It is so easy that they are still used in the Far East—in India, Malaya, China and Japan.

You must not think that the countries which still have these "rickshas," as the man-drawn carriages are called, have never heard of motor-cars or taxis. In the same streets where the ricksha man runs like the wind between his two

long shafts, there are motor-cars, trams, bicycles, taxis, motor-lorries, and all sorts of vehicles.

Before motor-cars were invented, the horse was used for drawing carriages and carts in a great many Western countries. It is still used, of course, but not so much as formerly. In some countries oxen and buffaloes were trained to do the work. The people of Belgium use dogs for drawing small carts which carry milk-cans, vegetables, or other goods for sale.

Arctic explorers have learned, after many trials, that dogs can draw sledges over the ice more swiftly and surely than ponies. Sometimes as many as a dozen dogs are harnessed two by two, one couple behind another, to a large sledge. The sledges must carry heavy loads of men, food, heavy furs, tents, cooking utensils, medical stores, guns, ice-axes, and tools of every sort. If an Arctic explorer should forget to bring some article, as we so often do, his carelessness might cost him his life, and perhaps other lives as well.

It is funny to think that there are people who do not feel thankful to the man or men who invented wheels. The Eskimos, and those people who live in the Arctic regions, do not envy us our wheeled carriages. Such things are of no use to them.

About one hundred and fifty years ago, four-wheeled carriages were made, large enough to be drawn by horses. Then, instead of one person, or two at most, as in rickshas, four or five or six persons could ride in one carriage, as well as having two or three servants on the outside of it. These luxuries were only for very rich and great people.

For ordinary people there were "coaches;" that is, very large carriages with four wheels, drawn by four strong horses, which carried as many as twenty passengers. These were called "mail-coaches" because they carried the mail; just as we nowadays speak of mail-trains. As well as the driver, there was a guard on each coach, who sat in a little box high up on the back of the vehicle. One of his duties was to blow a horn loudly when the coach was approaching a town.

This was a most delightful sound in the ears of the townspeople. They ran out of their houses when the guard's horn sounded, to see the coach dash up to the door of the principal inn, with steaming horses. The coach sometimes brought them friends, sometimes letters, and always the latest news from the big cities.

The tired horses were cleaned, fed, and put in the stables of the inn, and fresh horses were harnessed to the great coach; for this was not

the end of the journey, perhaps. It was only a stopping-place or "stage." The coach had many "stages" on its long journeys, and people called it the "stage-coach."

The "stage-coach" arrived at exactly the same time every day it made a journey, and departed for the next town as punctually as our trains do to-day. It was so regular that people set their clocks by it, and arranged their business by it. Of course, an accident might happen and so keep the coach late, just as trains are sometimes kept late. A terrible snowstorm, lasting for days, sometimes made the roads useless. The wheels of the heavy coach, and sometimes the whole coach, would sink in the deep snow, and then driver and guard and passengers would pull and push for hours to free it.

One annoyance that they had to suffer in the old "coaching days" was an attack by highwaymen or robbers on the king's highway. These rascals would gallop swiftly on horseback right up to the coach and, holding pistols at the heads of the driver and the guard, command them to stop. While one or two thus threatened the coachmen, another would frighten the passengers with his pistol, and compel them to hand out their money and jewels. The highwaymen wore masks to hide their faces, and it

was difficult to seize them, or to recognize them another time.

With all these heavy coaches and other vehicles constantly travelling on the roads, the soft earth and clay of these roads was found very troublesome. It was not strong enough to bear such heavy wheels, and deep ruts were made in the earth. These filled with rain and melted snow, and the roads were masses of deep mud, in which vehicles often stuck fast for hours.

A clever man called Macadam began to employ workmen to put down stones, layer upon layer, to strengthen the surface of the roads. This was a great improvement, and many other improvements have been made since. Now we have wood-block roads, stone-sett roads, tarred roads. Men are always inventing something new to make our roads pleasant and safe.

Then came the most wonderful invention—the railway. Here was a way to relieve the roads of much of their heavy traffic!

II

ON THE RAILWAY

The first public railway was opened in England in 1825, between two towns called Stockton and Darlington. The engine that drew the first queer little train was built by

George Stephenson, the famous engineer. Some of the wagons contained coal, and others passengers, for whom seats had been specially placed.

We are now so accustomed to trains that we may think it strange that many people at first did not believe they would be successful. Some said that the wind would blow the engine backwards and that the wheels would not grip the rails strongly enough. They thought that the wheels would move round and round, but that the train would not move forward. Others said that when the engine began to go at a great speed the driver would not be able to stop it, because it was so big and heavy. For that reason, too, they said it would not be able to climb hills.

Farmers were very angry at the idea of the railway, because they thought that their farms and gardens would be destroyed when workmen should come to lay down the rails. Many people believed that horses and canal boats would become useless ; but more horses than before were needed to carry people and goods to and from the various stations. There was still plenty of work for the canal boats to do, owing to the great increase in trade caused by the railway.

Coal became cheaper and farmers found that they could sell more fruit and vegetables. They

were pleased to find that they could get higher prices, because they could send their produce to towns a great distance off, where food from the country was greatly valued.

Many people, especially among the rich, did not like to travel by train at first, because of the discomfort and crowding, so they continued to use the roads and their own private coaches. Indeed, some were afraid to travel in a train, and thought that it must be dangerous to ride in one going at a fast rate.

Although we have many trains running nowadays, there are very few accidents. One reason for this is that we have good ways of signalling.

When trains first began to run there were no signals fixed on posts beside the railway line, such as we have at the present time ; but there were so few trains then and the time between two was so long that there was little danger of one striking the other, or colliding, as we usually say. Policemen used to walk along the line to prevent anyone from injuring it, and these men were always ready to give warnings of danger. They carried a red flag during the day and a red lamp at night.

Afterwards, coloured lights were placed at the top of a tall post, so that they could be easily seen by engine-drivers, because it was not

easy for the policemen to walk about the line in the darkness. A white light was shown when the line was clear; a red one was a sign of danger; and a green one indicated that the driver could go on steadily.

This plan, however, was useful only at night, and other ideas were tried for day signals. One idea was, to have a board fixed across the post at the side of the line, with the word "Danger" printed on it. This could be moved so that a round disc came into view showing the word "Safety."

A train was not allowed to pass a place where the signal showed "Danger." When a train passed a signal showing "Safety," the signalman at once turned round the board showing "Danger." This was not moved back to "Safety" until the train had almost reached the next station.

The system used nowadays is called "semaphore," which means "bearing a sign." When the arm or board at the top of the post is horizontal, that is to say, straight across, it signifies danger. When it is slanting downwards it signifies safety. At large and important stations these signals are sometimes placed high up on a kind of bridge built across the line, so that engine-drivers may be able to see them from a long distance.

We can scarcely imagine how uncomfortable the passengers in those early trains were. They had to travel in open wagons such as cattle are now carried in, and they suffered greatly from the dust and dirt blown in their faces by the wind. They had to sit on hard wooden seats, there was no way of obtaining heat, and if they thought they would require a meal during the journey, they had to prepare something beforehand and take it with them.

At the end of the journey they were usually covered with soot and dirt. When we remember that even in these days our hands and faces become dirty after we have travelled a long distance, we can imagine how unpleasant it must have been in those days.

Now we have windows to open or close as we please, good heating arrangements that we can manage ourselves, and special dining-cars in which we can sit down at a table and have a meal that has been cooked on the train.

It is strange to think that almost the whole length of the great continent of Africa can now be traversed by railway from Cairo in the north to Cape Town in the south.

Railways carry passengers and goods all over the world. We need ships to cross the seas and oceans, but very few people would be able to travel round the world if there

were no railways to carry them to and from the steamships.

Railways have existed for more than a hundred years, and, though men can now travel in the air for long distances, we shall always need our railway trains for carrying great numbers of people and huge quantities of merchandise over the ground.

NOTES

- P. 4 likely = probably
- P. 5 rubbish = useless material give up = stop trying
- P. 9 biography = written life of a person
- P. 10 regular programme = fixed arrangement decent
(schoolboy's word) = kind; good-natured tough
= hard
- P. 11 interrupting you = preventing you from continuing
your work fire away (schoolboy's phrase) =
begin
- P. 12 boring = wearying
- P. 14 evident = plain; clear
- P. 15 reported = told the captain pressed round = gathered
closely lay their hands on = seize otherwise =
the opposite, *i.e.* unfriendly
- P. 21 sang divinely = sang with heavenly sweetness fiction
= invented stories high and mighty = great and
powerful
- P. 22 exclaimed = cried out yonder = over there
- P. 23 accomplished = skilful coaxing = gently encouraging
enticed = persuaded to enter
- P. 24 banished = sent away
- P. 25 summon = call to mind soothe = to make quiet
in torment = in great pain of mind melodious =
tuneful; very sweet perched = placed itself
eased = freed from pain
- P. 27 keep his balance = keep on the wall; avoid falling
stuffed figure = not alive; made to look like a
living thing
- P. 28' provoking = annoying compliment = polite and
pleasing speech chattering = talking quickly
and foolishly
- P. 29 impatiently = not willing to listen or wait riddle =
puzzle; question with a difficult and usually
amusing answer pursed up = closed tightly

- P. 30 **too bad** = most annoying
- P. 32 **made a short calculation** = counted **triumphantly** = joyfully, as if winning a victory **uncomfortable** = inconvenient ; not easy to count **indignantly** = angrily **suggestion** = proposal ; idea
- P. 33 **dismay** = fear that she had displeased him **relented** = ceased being angry ; became pleased again
- P. 35 **civil** = polite
- P. 36 **goes by** = judges by **lingered** = waited
- P. 42 **parched** = dry and stiff
- P. 44 **stoutly** = strongly ; courageously **doing some scout work** = seeking information about the movements of the enemy
- P. 45 **whining** = crying with a complaining voice
- P. 48 **dummy** = not real
- P. 50 **tramp** = wandering beggar
- P. 54 **caught napping** = found unprepared
- P. 57 **mean** = dishonourable **brand** = mark by burning
- P. 58 **trickle** = thin stream
- P. 59 **fluttered** = flew slowly and weakly **cleft** = opening
- P. 60 **rotting** = decaying ; becoming bad **wailed** = cried sorrowfully **actually** = in actual fact ; strange as it may seem
- P. 61 **passion** = great love **swarming with** = crowded with
- P. 62 **started operations** = began work **on the right track** = beginning in the right way **adopted** = decided to follow
- P. 63 **resume** = begin again **distinguish between** = see the difference between
- P. 64 **littered** = untidy because of the things scattered over the floor **hit on** = thought of **leading up to** = preparing to say
- P. 68 **drifts** = masses **with a start** = suddenly ; nervously
- P. 69 **concluded** = decided^o after thinking **cement** = paste made of lime and clay used for joining stones **thawed** = warmed and softened

- P. 72 bequeath her = leave for her use after his death
exceedingly = very
- P. 73 unreasonable = unwilling to be wise hoarded = care-
fully saved and kept squeezed = forced a way
trifle = small unimportant thing
- P. 74 credit = praise bright = clever broad awake = fully
awake grievously = very sadly
- P. 75 disconsolate = gloomy ; without comforting thoughts
singular = strange transmuted = changed woven
texture = material made by interlacing or crossing
threads frenzy = madness fluted = with upright
grooves or hollows cut at regular intervals
assumed = took illegible = unreadable
- P. 76 enraptured = greatly delighted transformation =
complete change perplexity = confused doubting
state of mind philosophically = wisely deciding
to make the best of it
- P. 77 balustrade = hand-rail indefatigably = without be-
coming tired investigate = enquire into at all
events = at any rate
- P. 78 magnificent = splendid ; very fine
- P. 79 blighted = withered contemptuously = with scorn
and dislike extravagant = much too showy and
wasteful
- P. 80 molten = in a melted state aghast = surprised and
frightened
- P. 81 by way of experiment = in order to try his power
cruel mortification = very great vexation and dis-
appointment quandary = difficulty
- P. 82 sympathetic = kind ; loving impulse = sudden
thought or wish
- P. 83 inflexible = stiff ; unbending resemblance = likeness
literally true = really true ; meaning exactly what
is said infinitely = very much tumult = dis-
turbed feeling bestowed on him = given him
disastrous = unfortunate ; bringing disaster
- P. 89 disgusted = displeased and disappointed

- P. 94 **consulted together** = discussed ; talked with each other **abandoned** = deserted^d ; left unaided **expedition** = journey, usually in unknown country
- P. 95 **in a similar manner** = in the same way
- P. 96 **entangled** = twisted and knotted together
- P. 97 **rocking** = moving up and down **traces** = marks
- P. 98 **rippled** = flowed in tiny waves **obstacle** = hindering object ; something that causes one to stop
- P. 99 **mass** = great amount **fibres** = tough hairs
- P. 100 **tongue of land** = long narrow piece, like a tongue
- P. 101 **oozed** = flowed out slowly
- P. 102 **grimaces** = twistings of the face **without a moment's reflection** = without stopping to think **detaining** = delaying ; holding back **threatening** = making angry signs at
- P. 103 **natural instinct** = knowledge or feeling that comes without teaching **imitating** = copying ; doing the same as someone else
- P. 105 **portable** = that can be carried
- P. 106 **nestled** = lay comfortably **adopt** = take for my own
- P. 107 **crouched** = lay down **intelligently** = as if he understood
- P. 110 **steadfastly** = firmly ; at all times
- P. 116 **mischievous** = wishing to do harm ; making mischief
- P. 119 **convinced** = made to believe
- P. 120 **distressed** = troubled in mind
- P. 122 **disposition** = nature, temper **contrived to maintain** = managed to keep
- P. 123 **eagerly** = with happy expectation **trailing** = following slowly **jaunts** = excursions ; pleasant journeys **took great pains** = was very careful
- P. 124 **appeal** = prayer ; earnest request **humane** = kind to all creatures
- P. 125 **disreputable** = having a bad character ; not respectable **starve** = die of hunger **was inclined** = wished **displayed** = showed **insisted on having**

his way = made her do as he wished stupor = half-unconscious state

- P. 126 fit = attack convulsions = violent trembling carried out this plan = began and finished what he had arranged prying = curious; watchful spying on = secretly watching tittle-tattling = gossiping; talking idly
- P. 127 meddling = interfering newsmonger = one who gossips
- P. 128 corrupt = bad frowning = displeased terrific = causing terror culprit = guilty person
- P. 129 gallows = high platform where criminals receive punishment; proper = suitable be indulgent = show a little kindness hush the matter up = say no more about it services = kind acts heartily = very; with all my heart
- P. 130 acquitted him = let him go free; said he was innocent
- P. 131 manuscript = written paper dispel = put away enchantment = magic wizard = magician shouldered = placed on his shoulder gossips = news mongers; idle talkers
- P. 132 charm = magic words peculiar = particular; special ingredients = different things mixed together to make it particular = special extinguished = burnt out; finished enchanted = held by magic
- P. 133 groped their way = guided themselves by feeling with their hands vault = underground room in a hurried voice = very quickly yawned = stretched wide open tottered = walked with unsteady steps inscriptions = written words
- P. 134 in armour = dressed in steel jacket and head-piece as for battle fancied = imaginary; not real scaled = climbed
- P. 135 rumour = report; hint overcame = conquered resolution = determination; decision
- P. 136 solemnly = with great earnestness refrain from = prevent herself from decking = dressing
- P. 137 inquisitive = curious; prying hinted at = spoke about; mentioned shrewd = clever and wise

