

"As if he were likely to forget that he gave me the package, or that I had taken it. Feel the weight of that!"

The notes were folded in an oblong bundle wrapped in heavy foolscap, and again in several thicknesses of brown paper. The whole was put into a case of black oilcloth.

Mrs Hampden, like Jarret, shut the door. "It is very cumbersome," she said. "They are afraid of dampness, I suppose. Wait, I can manage it."

The chief treasure of her wardrobe was a crêpe shawl, brought to her by a sailor uncle. It was kept wrapped in Chinese silk paper. She ran upstairs, and brought down this paper.

"How clever you are, Sarah!" He stood by, praising her deftness while she folded the notes in the light, tough web, and tied them in a sheet of the brown paper, replacing them in the oil cloth case.

"You can hang it by a strap to your shoulder under your coat, Ralph."

He made a wry face. "It wouldn't do to put it in the sack! There, there! Don't lecture me, I'll not let it go out of my sight once. £2000! Why, here is the pot of gold! I could buy that house now."

"Do not talk so idly, Ralph. If any one should hear you!"

"Any one would know I am not a thief," he said, quietly. "Let us have dinner. The stage-coach will soon be here."

The meal was hurried and quiet. The journey was as much a voyage to Europe in now. All the neighbours were on the watch to see the departure. Mr Hampden had not left the table when the great red coach, with its four white horses and its many-caped driver, dashed around the corner and stopped at the door.

Mr Hampden ran upstairs to get a forgotten parcel, followed by his wife and Carey. When they came down again, Mrs Hampden brought the package out of the parlour.

"You would actually have forgotten it," she said, reprovingly, "but for me. Promise me, Ralph, you will not let it go out of your sight again!"

He kissed her, laughing. "Possess your soul in patience with me, Sarah."

Carey was under his feet, Kent and Si were dashing madly in and out, clamouring for leave to ride on the boot as far as the toll-gate.

"How many passengers, boys?" asked Mr Hampden. "Three, sir. A lady, a clergyman, and a blind man. The driver says there's not one to Fulden but yourself."

"All aboard!" The bugle blew, the horses strained their huge flanks, the neighbours waved their hands. Mr Hampden kissed his hand from the coach roof—there was a great cloud of dust and they were gone.

"God send him home safely," murmured Mrs Hampden, as she wiped away her tears. "But oh!—that money!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE THREE FIRST MEN.

There are few stories of a legendary nature that are not related in several different forms. This one appears in two or three.

When the Great Spirit created the world, He first made three men, all of the same colour. Then He led them to a pool of water, and bade them jump in and bathe. One of them obeying at once, leaped in in advance of his fellows, and came out clean and white.

The others hesitated, but one soon followed the first. When he went in the water had become somewhat stained, and he came out copper-coloured.

Then the third man went in. By that time the water of the pool had become black, and he was consequently black when he had bathed.

Thus it happens that there are white men, red men and black men in the world.

Then the Great Spirit laid down three packages before the three men which contained their future fate. Out of pity for the black man, He permitted him to have his first choice of the parcels.

The black man, without hesitation, took the largest of the parcels; the red man, whose turn was next, took the next largest parcel, and the white man got the remaining one, which was very small.

Then the men opened their packages. That of the black man was found to contain shovels and other implements of labour; the red man's contained bows and arrows; and the white man's small parcel consisted of pens, ink, and tools for fine, light work.

From that time on, each man made use of the tools he had chosen.

A CELEBRATED DOG.

A CELEBRATED amongst English dogs, the well known "Railway Jack," died recently, aged thirteen, at the house of his master, Mr Moore, Mayfield, Sussex. Mr Moore was for many years station-master at Lewes, and his dog was known far and wide as a constant traveller by rail. He began when quite young by taking short trips on the L.B. and S.C. line; then he went up and down to town, and eventually extended his travels south as far as Exeter, and north to Edinburgh and Glasgow. Once, I believe, he went to Paris, but he always found his way back to Lewes.

A favourite stopping-place was Norwood Junction Station where he had many friends amongst the officials; and it was at Norwood, some years ago, that poor Jack met with the bad accident which entailed the loss of one of his fore legs. On that occasion—I had the account from one of the porters—Jack for the first time, tried to reach the down platform for Lewes by crossing the line. It was his habit to go down the stairs and through the subway like an ordinary traveller; but on this occasion he was foolhardy, took the short cut, was caught by a passing train and badly hurt. The porter also told me that Jack was never known to take a wrong train. How he knew the right one was a mystery; but when, just to test his knowledge, he was put into one not bound for Lewes, he used to jump out again, wagging his tail as though to say, "You can't take me in."

The late Lady Brassey introduced "Jack" to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Eastbourne, and from Her Royal Highness he received a pretty collar with an inscription. He had no less than three collars and a silver medal. At Cowes he was introduced to Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and wherever he went he was a favourite; his manners were so gentle, and he was so bright and intelligent. Since his accident he never made a journey alone.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

LITTLE PEOPLE'S LETTERS.

SOLUTIONS OF PUZZLE STORY NO. 2.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—The master's breakfast was already on the table for him when the dog came in and smelt a nice smell. He looked all round to see where it came from. At last he jumped upon a chair near the table. He saw a nice chop there (1), so he sat to himself, "that looks nice;" (2) so he jumped on to the table. (3) He took it out of the dish and began eating it. (4) He has finished eating it, and the master calls out, "Pup, what are you doing?" (5) The master seizes him and beats him, and the poor dog cries loudly.—FRANK VICKERMAN. Union Bank, Hastings.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—Mr Peggy felt very hungry, so he jumped upon a chair which was near to look what was on the table. He saw a chop, glass, knife and fork, and table-napkin ring, but he thought the chop looked more tempting than anything else, and so he jumped on to the table, and went close to the plate and took the chop off the plate and began to eat it. Then he heard someone coming, and in a short time his master came into the room, and saw Mr Peggy eating his breakfast, and so he took him by the neck and smacked his head, and put him outside in the cold rain.—KATHLEEN. Christchurch.

The following is from a very little boy:—DEAR COUSIN KATE, This is the answer to the puzzle: (1) Bob sees a chop; (2) he takes it; (3) he goes to sleep; (4) he wakes up; (5) he gets whipped.—H.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—A man was one day eating a chop when he went out to get something. His little dog that was sitting by him saw him go out, and directly he was gone he got on the chair and saw the chop, and got on the table to get at it. He gets it and eats it up with great delight. He has finished, and is looking very contented when his master comes in, and is very angry at having his chop taken, and catches hold of the dog by the back of the neck, and gives him a box on the ears for taking his chop. I am only just twelve and hope I am not too old.—GEORGE BROAD. Nelson.

[No, you are not too old.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—I have never tried to answer any of your puzzles before, so I do not expect this one will be correct. Once upon a time a gentleman had a dear little puppy dog. One day when he was sitting at breakfast with the dog by his side, he thought he would like to go out for a few minutes and look at the snow. When he was away the dog saw a chop that was lying on his master's plate. He first jumped on to his master's chair, then he put his paws on the table, then he jumped right on to the table and walked up to the plate, then he took the chop off the plate and ate it up. He now sat down on the table and waited for his master. When his master came in again to finish his breakfast it was all eaten up. He was very angry, and seizing the dog by its neck, gave it a good slap and threw it out of the door.—WILHELMINA, aged 10.

THE RESCUE OF CLARISSA.

(BY WILL PHILIP HOOPER.)



CLEAN, safe, shining beach where each wave, as it rolled in, seemed to try to outdo the other waves in gently smoothing the bright sand.

A big, good-natured Newfoundland dog, with a wooden pail in his mouth, and trotting by his side a sweet little girl.

"My gracious me, Rover," said Amy—his name was only Rover, but she always called him "My gracious me, Rover"—"it's lucky we didn't bring Amanda; the wind would snarl her curls, and if she got sand in her shoes it would make her cross."

The beach was in full view from the summer cottage where Amy's mother and Amanda could see the little girl at any moment.

After digging, with Rover's earnest help, a big hole, and piling up the sand so as to make a kind of a throne, Amy began to gather treasures to place around it. Rover was equally interested in this, and vied with her in finding the biggest shells, and these were arranged around the throne with smooth pebbles and bits of seaweed; but the seaweed was what Rover most liked hunting for, and he was not contented with dragging up the pieces which were already on the shore, but insisted on swimming in the beautiful, cool, green waves after bits of floating weed; while Amy, wild with joy, danced up and down seizing the pieces as soon as they were out of the wet, and urging Rover on to renewed efforts.

Suddenly he swam further out than usual, and seemed to be after a mysterious object bobbing up and down in the waves in a most comical way. It almost seemed alive, and Amy fancied she could see it give signals of distress; then some wave, larger than usual, would for a moment entirely conceal it.

But Rover was not to be daunted, and on he swam; finally he turned and went round in a circle, then she knew he must be examining it. Suddenly he went straight at it, then a big wave with a roar splashed over him, and both he and the mysterious object disappeared. But water has no terrors for a Newfoundland dog, and, a moment later, Rover, with something in his mouth, leaped up over the breakers, and quickly reached the shallow water, where he stood for an instant, proud as a king, while Amy, on seeing

what he held, dropped her pail and shovel in amazement.

And what do you suppose it was? A great, big, yellow-haired doll? Yes, a real doll; clothed in what was once a beautiful gown.

With a cry of astonishment Amy rushed for the treasure and pressed her, all dripping wet, in her warm arms. The poor dolly's eyes were closed and she seemed very cold.

Then Amy remembered the rules she had heard about how to revive people who were nearly drowned. First she laid the doll down on the hot sand, and gently patted her back, while a lot of water came out of her mouth.

Next, she quickly took off some of her wet clothes, which, even in her excitement, she noticed were very rich and fashionable. Then, after giving her a gentle rubbing, she remembered the pictures of rolling a half-drowned person over a barrel, so she seized her little wooden pail and began rolling the doll on it. Suddenly she heard a very faint, queer voice saying:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star, How—I—won—der—what—you—are!"

"My gracious me," almost yelled Amy, holding the doll at arm's length. "How I wonder what you are! My Amanda can say papa and mamma, but I never before heard a poetry doll." And even Rover, who had been most interestedly watching Amy's efforts, gave a surprised bark.

But in a moment Amy was working with renewed energy over the wet doll, whose eyes were now wide open, and again the strange voice spoke, saying:

"Break, break, break, On thy cold, grey stones, O sea!"

"Poor dolly," said Amy, almost crying with sympathy and excitement. "She must be out of her head and don't yet know she is saved from the ocean." And Rover, who seemed equally anxious, licked the dolly's cold, wet face.

Amy realized the next thing was to wrap her up warmly, and let her rest; so placing her little cape softly around her, she hugged the doll in her arms, and seated herself in the pile of hot sand.

It was a warm morning, and the hard work had made Amy feel a good deal tired also. She found it very comfortable to sit quietly, holding the rescued doll, with Rover lying at her side.

Suddenly the strange little voice began again, and Amy could hear every word:

"Once I was a young girl, a young girl, a young girl; Once I was a young girl, and then, oh then—"

"O, what then!" cried Amy, anxious to hear all about it. "Do tell me, what then?"

There was a long silence; even Rover crawled a little nearer. Then the doll in a distinct, though husky, voice said:

"They do these things so differently in Paris."

"Oh dear," said Amy, feeling afraid she had not exactly followed the rules for reviving a drowning person, "Oh dear, what things?"

"Does sea water discolour an impoeted French gown?" murmured the doll, rolling up its big china blue eyes to Amy's anxious face.

Now Amy was a sensible little girl, who had been well brought up, and she was surprised that any doll, at least any doll of education, should begin to worry the very first thing about dress; and there was Rover with his ears up, hearing every word, and the doll had begun to talk of her gown, before expressing one word of thanks to him for saving her life.

Amy was so afraid his feelings would be hurt that she felt annoyed with the doll, and she answered rather sharply:

"There are a good many things in this world of more importance than dress!" Then, in a kinder tone, she continued, "Do tell us how you happened to be drowning all by yourself, out in the ocean?"

"Because I couldn't swim," said the doll.

"But how came you to fall in the water?"

"I didn't fall in, I was washed overboard. You see we were all on a picnic in a lovely yacht. I had just been making myself entertaining. I am never seasick, not even when I went to Paris."

"What!" said Amy, forgetting how rude it was to interrupt, "Have you been to Paris?"

"Indeed I have. Why haven't you ever heard of Clarissa Clarion? I'm the famous talking doll. Why, we, myself and our set," continued Miss Clarion, in her vainness mentioning herself first, "made a deal of talk in Paris."

"I should think so," said Amy.

"Oh, I don't mean that *we* talked a great deal, but that people talked a great deal *of us*; we were considered so interesting. We were everywhere we received with great honour, and were one of the sights of the great Exposition.

"Oh, I've seen pictures of the buildings," cried Amy, all interest. "Do tell me all about it, Miss Clarion. But first, how did you get washed overboard?"

"Well, I was over-bered with the company of some very common dolls, who could only say mamma, and after having amused the party with my recitations of "Twinkle, twinkle," etc. I was resting on one side of the yacht, the sea was pretty rough and there was a proud breeze. Suddenly a big puff of wind struck us, and I heard the captain cry, "Heads from under," and, amidst shrieks from the girls, everyone rushed from my side as the big boom swung over. Then the boat seemed to turn and tip way over on my side, and, almost the same instant, a big wave washed over me, and I was thrown violently from my seat, amidst the wildest excitement, and soaked through and through; and, before anyone could reach me, I was seized by another great wave—"

"Oh," cried Amy, "how awful!"

"Yes," cried the doll, getting very much excited. "Before I could say "twinkle," another big wave like a mountain swept down upon me. Seizing me in its grasp, I was whirled into the midst of the raging ocean."

With a shriek, Amy sprang up—it seemed as if she too could feel the great wave seizing her, as if the cold ocean was already around her. And something *was* pulling at her and she *did* feel the cold wave—the tide had quietly come in while she was wrapped up in "Clarissa's" story, and Rover, dear old Rover, was pulling at her dress to make her get up.

Time and time again, little Amy would take Miss Clarissa to a quiet nook and try to induce her to finish the story of the being washed overboard, or to tell of her Paris trip and the great Exposition, but nothing more than poetry could she ever get from the doll's lips.

However, Amy still believes that *some time*, after the effects of the accident have worn away, Clarissa will again resume her story—and perhaps she will.