

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

CHAPTER IX.

THAT MISS WILLIAMS AGAIN.

"Then is the dinner at Miss Talbot's home?" asked John, puzzled.

"You will see her there."

"But I hope I may know whose house I am going to."

"To your cousin's. To Mr. Nevill's. Jessica Nevill is a great friend of mine."

"Miss Williams, I really regret very much that I did not know this sooner. Of course, you were not aware, but there are circumstances which make it peculiarly awkward for me to meet Miss Nevill."

"Oh we know all about that. Jessica has told us. But don't be alarmed. Mr. Nevill and Jessica know you are coming, and are delighted. I assure you. And it's your only chance of seeing Talbot. Besides, it's too late to turn back now. Would you leave them thirteen to dinner? I do assure you it is all right," said Flora, alarmed, for John showed serious symptoms of stopping the carriage and escaping. There seemed to him a horrible indecency in thus finding Miss Talbot under the very eyes of Jessica Nevill. However, escape there was none. They were arrived and that sharp-tongued Flora was saying "Only towards run, Captain Farquhar, and Englishmen never betray surprise. Mother and I particularly hope you'll remember that."

At this moment John found his hand warmly grasped by his cousin, the heiress's father, who was talking away to him most cordially, though the young man, his heart thumping like a schoolboy's, scarcely heard one single word he was saying.

"My daughter has a bad cough," said Mr. Nevill, passing his arm through his kinsman's affectionately. "She does not look well tonight. Come and let me introduce you, Jessica, my dear—" a little impatiently, for Jessica was covering her confusion by an unnecessarily prolonged and fusive greeting of Mrs. Williams and Flora. As for John, he was in no hurry, for he was looking all about the room for Talbot, and had no eyes to spare for Miss Jessica Nevill.

Until the young hostess raised her head at last from Flora's shoulder, and advanced with an air of desperation towards her cousin. And lo! John found her the very darling of his search—found her in his cousin herself, in the hostess, the heiress, Jessica Nevill.

The room swam round for John Farquhar, and he did not know if he stood on his head or heels. He heard Flora laugh, and he saw Mr. Nevill standing by smiling, and he knew Jessica, and saw that she was looking at him, and that in her eyes—large, wan, troubled eyes—was the same wisdomfulness that he had seen there on the night of his mother's death, when she had asked to share his watch, and he had not dared to speak to her because she loved her so. John saw all this as in a dream, but he had not the faintest idea what he was saying or doing himself, and after a minute he was swept away in a procession to the dining-room under charge of an elderly woman named Snow, who planted him at a table very far away from the hostess, and talked to him diligently all through many courses till she gave him up as a hopeless dummy of a blockhead.

John never knew how he got through that dinner; and as for Jessica, she got whiter and whiter and whiter, till Flora began to think her comedy an error, and to feel that the sick headache had for once arrived in good earnest, though most inopportunistically. After dinner Miss Nevill disappeared altogether. And the guests said, "Poor child she is obviously ill, and no doubt has slipped away to her bed."

But they were all totally mistaken. Jessica had no headache whatever, and was sitting quite comfortably on a bench in the garden, with her cousin, John Farquhar.

He had invited her out there alone to tell her, of course, all about his engagement to Flora; and Jessica took her courage in both hands, and stepped out with him when no one was looking. And there they sat hidden among the trees; and the moon shone through the branches, so that they could just see each other as they talked—he looked quite content and smiling and forced cheerfulness of agitated heroism.

"Then it was Jessica all the time!" said John, with gentle reproach.

"Didn't you know? Didn't she tell you? Didn't Mrs. Farquhar tell you? I told her."

"My mother? Jessica, how glad I am to think my dear mother knew! But no, no one told me. I had no idea till to-night—till I saw you."

Jessica swallowed a sob. "Oh, do forgive me! I only meant it for fun. I wanted to see you so—to get to know you," she pleaded, in her agitation saying all the things she had meant not to say.

"What can I possibly have to forgive?" said John, and paused for a few minutes, watching her and smiling.

"Let me tell you a little about myself," he said presently; "may I? though the story is not entirely flattering to either of us. Listen, Jessica." Then he began: "When the wish was expressed that we should marry, I knew nothing about love—nothing. I was a good deal perplexed just then, Jessica, and hardly knew what I was doing. But, as you remember, I did offer myself to you, and you accepted me out of sheer generosity."

"Oh no," cried Jessica; "I didn't want to marry you at all! I wasn't generous. It was all papa's doing."

"How could you have wanted to marry me?" cried John indignantly. "I was a shabby, mercenary wretch. The whole matter was a blunder. It was worse than a blunder—it was a crime. I didn't like it at the time—that much I can say for myself. But Jessica, what I wanted to do, and shouldn't be done, was that I fell in love."

"I know that."

"Did you know it?" Again he paused and looked at her, but Jessica's eyes were fixed on a gap in the trees, and she wouldn't see his smile. "There came some one into my life quite different from all I had seen before. I loved her from the first moment I saw her—on the Hercules—and every day I loved her more, and always more. Sometimes I fancied—perhaps I was wrong—I hoped, perhaps presumptuously—that she—But, Jessica, I was engaged to Miss Nevill. Think! I was engaged to Miss

Nevill, and not a word could I say to that other. Then I wrote to you—to Miss Nevill—and told her I couldn't do her the wrong of marrying her when my heart was elsewhere. It is a very confusing story Jessica; can you follow it? I wanted to woo my darling; and to win her I was ready to give up anything. But I was rather too bold, wasn't I? I have hardly a sixpence in the world, and yet I have found her out; and, beggar as I am, my prayer to her now is to come and share my sixpence. It is better than riches, isn't it? Jessica? Love and a sixpence! Love, Love!"

"Yes," said Jessica bravely, "You are right. But she is not poor. You will be quite rich enough, John."

"Never mind the riches; all I want is her dear self. Will she come to me? Will she forgive all and come to me?"

"Oh, how can I tell?" said Jessica, pinching her fingers. "Yes, I imagine so. Let me go, and I will send her to you."

"Who?" exclaimed John, bewildered.

"Flora! Oh, don't say it is not my dear Flora!"

"Flora?" repeated John. And then he put his arm round the trembling girl and drew her to him gently. "No, it is not Flora. It never was Flora. Oh, Jessica, don't you know? Don't you understand? Jessica!"

"Oh!" said Jessica.

After that they somehow arrived at a very good understanding indeed. And they forgot all about the dinner-party, and sat there for an immense time in the moonlight, till it was quite too late to reappear in the drawing-room.

Before the party broke up, Flora resolved to find out what had happened; and she slipped off to her friend's room, and found her sitting there alone.

All kin' o' smiley rou'n' the lips. An' teary rou'n' the lashes. And quite ready to talk. And after Flora had gone, Jessica still knelt on by her window, till the last carriage had driven away, and the house was very quiet, and the lamps of festivity were all put out. But all the while conversation was going on in her father's room below; and Jessica recognized John's voice, and knew that he was there still. At last she heard his foot in the passage, not going to the hall door but disappearing into one of the spare rooms. And then Mr. Nevill, candle in hand, came upstairs to bed, and went into his dressing room and shut the door.

Then up jumped Jessica, still in her white dress, with the string of pearls in her hair; and she flung open the lobby, and burst the door open, and flung herself into her father's arms.

"Oh, papa, dear, dear papa! Has John told you everything?"

Mr. Nevill unlaced her strangling clasp, and seated her in his armchair, and stroked her cheek. "My dear Jess," he said gently, "if you had told me the facts long ago, you would have spared yourself a great deal of needless distress."

"Oh no, papa!" cried Jessica; "it has all turned out most beautifully. We haven't the least objection now to marrying each other, papa. And I shall be so glad, please papa, if you will be fond of me again, as you were before I get the money; and—"

and the cough at Tangier," ended Jessica, blushing and laughing, and gay as her old self.

Well, she married John Farquhar in the autumn, and every one said they made a very pretty couple. But do you want to know the sequel to the story?

Mr. Nevill, after his daughter's wedding, lived by himself for a full year, and was so lonely and miserable that every one said he was quite certain to marry again. Rumor said also that Miss Snow was prepared to accept him. But Mr. Nevill, whose wife had died at twenty-five, and whose daughter had deserted him at nineteen, knew nothing about elderly ladies, and was not particularly fond of them. I fear it ran in the family, that espousing of women thirty years too young. Old John Farquhar had done it; and instead of taking warning, Mr. Nevill went and followed his example.

He married that Miss Williams.—[Blackwood's Magazine.]

The Distress in Chicago.

Towards the close of the World's Fair daily meetings of the unemployed were held around the Columbus Monument on the Lake Front. One day a riot at the very portal of the City Hall was quelled by the police. Then work was given to all of the unemployed who would accept it, or could accept it, on the big drainage canal. After the fair closed thousands of idle men emerged from somewhere—sprang up from under the granite streets, it seemed; poured into the city from neighboring towns on the south, north, west, and east. These men had no place to sleep, nothing to eat. In sheer humanity the City Hall was given up to them, and night after night, since the middle of November, the great corridors of the building and its stairways of iron and stone were turned into dormitories—hard beds, but warm ones, at least. The homeless, the hungry, cried aloud, and the peace of the city was disturbed. The churches discussed the advisability of throwing open their edifices to those who had not whereon to lay their heads, but this movement was abandoned. Why, no one seemed to know. Then a crank in a suburban town issued a printed circular calling for twelve thousand armed unemployed men to meet at a certain hour at the Columbus Monument, go up into the city and take what they thought they wanted.

This odd and highly impracticable suggestion crystallized the movement for the relief of the poor, and a general committee of the rich men, called the Central Relief Association, was formed. The churches and their representatives in the ministry got together, and set to work at once in organizing societies and committees for investigation and relief. At that time the City Hall was the public dormitory, and a visit there at night was like a walk through a poster's field of unburied dead. The air of the main corridors became corrupt and has not yet been purified, although the lodgers were forbidden to enter a fortnight ago. The Central Relief Association worked hard, and soon had a great soup-kitchen on the Lake Front at the foot of Randolph Street. Here are fed daily about four thousand persons. The establishment does not undertake to lodge the poor, but it feeds them. No restrictions are placed on the applicant. Ha

may fill himself there once, twice, or thrice a day as he wishes. And its fires are burning incessantly. In other parts of the city are seven establishments in which the needy are fed and lodged. All the outlying feeding stations have dormitories attached and the work is growing.

PERSONALS.

The Controllers at Ottawa, together with the Solicitor-General, can now be designated "Hon." Hitherto they have not been entitled to that distinction; but the Colonial Office has ruled that they shall be honourable in future.

King Humbert of Italy is a much worried man just now. His hair was grey long ago from worry, now it is white. He is, probably, the only monarch in Europe who is almost daily obliged to take large sums from his own allowance as sovereign and apply them to the needs of failing individuals and institutions.

Queen Victoria is said to be very particular about people being called by their correct names. She smartly snubbed a certain lady who spoke to her of the late Duke of Clarence as "Prince Eddie." "I cannot understand," said her irate Majesty, "why the Prince and Princess of Wales give their children nicknames. In my presence I prefer not to have them used. The Duke's name was Prince Albert Victor."

Princess Maud of Wales is the prettiest of the unmarried English princesses. She is also one of the kindest and most thoughtful of girls to be found anywhere. She is much loved by the people about Sandringham, where her unselfish goodness is best known. She and her sister have very gentle and simple manners—manners much gentler and simpler than those of many young American princesses.

There is a rumour that the handsome young Duchess of Albany, the widow of Prince Leopold, is engaged to marry the Earl of Rosebery. Queen Victoria does not like second marriages, but in this case, it is said, she is prepared to forget her prejudice. The Duchess of Albany has two little children, the present Duke and Princess Alice of Albany, while Lord Rosebery has several children by his first wife, who was Miss Hannah de Rothschild, and who left him a great deal of money.

General Montgomery Moore, commander of the forces at Halifax, appeared the other day at the opening of the Nova Scotia Legislature in morning dress. The occurrence is adversely commented upon, as it is said that the General should have worn his feathers and buttons as do the foreign diplomats at the opening of the Ontario House.

Sir John Thompson's earliest appearance at the bar was at Halifax in a libel suit. A grocer had been selling liquor without a license, and a temperance paper, known as the Abolisher, had attacked him bitterly in consequence. Mr. W. A. Henry, afterwards one of the judges of the Supreme Court, appeared with another celebrated counsel for the grocer, who was suing for damages, and Mr. Thompson represented the Abolisher. The jury was out four hours and gave a verdict for the defence on a vote of seven to two.

At Lord Aberdeen's first State dinner there were forty guests. The functions were held in the Rideau hall ballroom, which made a handsome dining room. Before dinner was announced Lady Marjorie, a pretty girl of thirteen, presented each of the gentlemen with a boutonniere of sweet English violets. The two boys, the Hon. Archie and the Hon. Dudley Gordon, acted as train-bearers to Lady Aberdeen and stood behind her chair for the greater part of the dinner. Everything is done in excellent style by the leaders of society at Ottawa. When for instance, his Excellency drives out he is driven by postillions, a species of servants never before seen at the capital.

A Japanese Tailor.

A gentleman now in Japan writing home says: "The first gentleman who called upon me at the Grand Hotel, Yokohama, was Ah Shing, importer and tailor. He made an early call—6.20. He remarked outside the door: 'Mister, me came measure you suit clothes. Allee samee hot.' 'Call round again, please I'm not up yet.' He did. Called again at 6.33. Desiring to encourage enterprise in a foreign country, I let him in. 'Go it,' I replied, because it was red-hot and the Japanese sun was shining clear through the panes, shades and shutters. 'Make suit \$2.50.' He had samples with him in a valise. 'Suit ready to-morrow morning.' And true enough, he did. Ah Shing is a Chinese merchant who has done business in Japan for several years. He employs forty-three tailors, and can give some of our merchants many pointers on prices and promptness."

The Prince of Wales in Canada.

The Prince of Wales has only been in this country once—in 1860. He reached Newfoundland on July 24, 1860, accompanied by the Duke of Newcastle as his "governor"; on July 30 he visited Halifax; on August 18 he reached Quebec and on the 25th Montreal. On September 1 he arrived at Ottawa, the new capital of the united provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, and on the 21 he laid the cornerstone of the beautiful Parliament house there. On September 29 the Prince crossed the border to Detroit; on October 3 he was in Washington and was presented to President Buchanan; on October 9 he reached Philadelphia; on the 11th he reached New York and on the 17th Boston; and on the 29th he sailed for England from Portland, Me., the winter port of the Canadian steamers.

A Capital Sportsman.

"The rummiest marster I ever 'ad," said the old gamekeeper, as he filled his pipe in the parlour of the Red Lion Inn, "was 'ould Parson Sharps. He was as blind as a bat, he was."

"An' did he go shootin'?" exclaimed the interested audience.

"Shootin'? Yes, he shot reg'lar over the globe. But he couldn't see, he couldn't. When anythin' rose I used to cry: 'Birds, sir!' and then I'd run behind parson, and the dogs 'ud run behind me, and we'd all go dancin' round behind 'ould gentleman while he blazed away with both barrels."

"And did he ever hit anything?"

"Oh, yes. Sometimes it wur a cow, and sometimes a man, but he general hit something."—[Spare Moments.]

A CANADIAN AFTER AMERICAN GOLD.

An Estate Involving Millions.

A Toronto Man Interested—An Entrancing Story of an Old English Sea Captain's Money.

John H. Hill, of 76 Woolsley street, Toronto, a poor man, is in a fair way to become a multi-millionaire. The story is an entrancing one.

"Money alone sets all the world in motion," wrote a philosopher. Money, oceans of it, has at least set the small world composed of between 200 and 300 heirs to the Robert Edwards estate in New York in motion, and they are "moving heaven and earth" to corral it. As the matter stands at present, the expectant heirs, or at least those of them who have proved their claims to be bona fide, stand a fair show to have their wildest expectations realized. Canada will be some millions of dollars richer if the Canadian heirs to this almost fabulous wealth succeed in establishing their claims, and there is every reason to believe they will.

The story of this immense inheritance, the plotting and counter-plotting to get possession of it, and the many years of working and writing of the expectant heirs, reads like the veriest Arabian Night's tale.

In Toronto there resides one of the heirs to this estate in the person of Mr. John H. Hill, of 76 Woolsley street. For a number of years he has been working quietly and patiently to get his lawful portion of the estate, and, as he has given indubitable proof of his close relationship to the wealthy New Yorker, he looks forward with confidence to an early realization of his dream of riches.

MR. HILL'S STORY.

Mr. Hill was seen at his house by an Empire reporter yesterday, and without exhibiting any of that exuberance of spirits which might be looked for in an heir expectant to immense wealth, gave the facts of the case. Mr. Hill is a carter in the employ of Jolliffe & Co., the Queen street west furniture dealers. He is 53 years old and has a family of five children, several of whom are grown up. About four years ago he came to this city from Collingwood. For nearly three years he has spent his spare time and cash in trying to establish his claim as an heir to the Robert Edwards estate, and is confident that he has not wasted either in so doing. He has made several trips to New York for this purpose, and by entusing other Canadian heirs in the matter has got the affair in good shape for a successful termination.

HE WAS A SEA CAPTAIN.

Robert Edwards, whose estate is being so carefully looked after now, was, so Mr. Hill says, his great-grandmother's father. He was a sea captain of a speculative turn of mind, and at the close of the eighteenth century, when New York was, if not a howling wilderness, at least a place where town lots could be purchased at a low figure, bought 62 acres of land, where now 62 feet would be worth a fortune. The estate in question lies in Broadway between Trinity church and the battery. In 1778 this estate was leased by the owner to the Trinity church corporation of New York for 99 years. The lease expired 16 years ago, and up to the present time the heirs have not succeeded in establishing their claims. Sixteen years ago Mr. Hill's father would have been a wealthy man by reason of his share in the inheritance but for one little but very important hitch in establishing his claim. The lease mysteriously disappeared. Two years ago this lease was found, and with its discovery hope revived in the bosoms of some 300 heirs spread all over the continent.

A TREASURE HUNTING ASSOCIATION.

One of the Canadian heirs, Mr. A. Edwards, of Milton, Ont., has been untiring in his efforts since then to get the matter settled. He has travelled over the States and Canada hunting up heirs, and when the matter took tangible shape in Ontario was one of the foremost movers for an organized effort to establish claims and get at the wealth.

There was a grand rally of the Canadian heirs at London, Ont., on November 21 last. A circular had previously been sent out to all supposed heirs living in Canada. It proposed that all having bona fide claims on the Robert Edwards estate, of New York, meet in London (that is, in New York), for the purpose of establishing a permanent association, with a proper constitution and by-laws, to elect officers thereof, to appoint committees with power, and to do all other necessary acts to put matters in shape to carry out the undertaking commenced. The circular was signed, "Capt. Henry Edwards, secretary; Komoka; W. D. Edwards, assistant secretary; London; P. McPhillips, solicitor for claimants, London." The meeting lasted two days. Many spurious claims were struck off the list and lawyer McPhillips and Mr. W. D. Edwards were appointed to go to New York to investigate the matter.

TWO OFFERS BY NEW YORKERS

In regard to the disposition of the estate were considered. The first was from a lawyer who claims to have possession of the expired lease. He wanted \$25,000 from the heirs and one-third of the estate in expenses until the matter was settled to be paid by him. This was not favorably considered.

The second offer was made by Mr. Frank Dubois, of the banking firm of Dubois & Ballou, of New York. He guaranteed to get possession of the lease, establish the claims of all the lawful heirs, fight the matter out until the estate was rightfully disposed of, and bear all expenses in doing so. For this he wanted one-half of the estate. The assembled heirs at London decided to take his offer. Several trips to New York have recently been made by Lawyer McPhillips, and the matter is now in a fair way to being settled; at least so says Mr. Hill.

THE TIME LIMIT.

"We have only a little over three years now to fight this matter," said Mr. Hill to the reporter, "as I understand from our solicitor that after 21 years from our expiration of the lease our claims are not valid. The lease, you see, expired about 16 years ago. I am confident, however, that the matter will be settled before that."

"What is the estate valued at?"

"I would not dare to make an estimate. It must be worth many millions of dollars, however, as it is situated in the centre of New York, where a few feet of land means a small fortune."

"How did you establish your claim?"

THE FAMILY BIBLE DID IT.

"Well, when I first went to New York some two years ago I took with me our family Bible, which has descended to me from generations. It is 107 years old, and contains the names of the family since then. They never disputed my claim at all, and there were many people in New York who wanted to take up my cause. The Bible is now in the possession of Mr. McPhillips."

"Do you know any of the other Canadian heirs?"

"Yes. There are several away up in Muskoka, Joseph and John Cooper, of Bracebridge, and Mr. Robert Hill of Gravenhurst. The latter is an uncle of mine, and the former are cousins. Mr. Joseph Cooper accompanied me on my first trip to New York. Mrs. Rachel Cameron, of Collingwood, is also a bona fide heir. Mr. Hill says that his attention was drawn to the matter of the inheritance some years before the lease expired, or about 20 years ago. An uncle of his, Mr. J. Nazworth, of Detroit, was even at that time working to establish a claim to the property. He had frequent talks with him and

HAS NEVER LOST HOPE

that he would ultimately get his lawful share of the estate. His uncle, he says, is as sanguine over the matter to-day, as he was 20 years ago. He is well acquainted with the technicalities of the case and has spent a deal of money in establishing his claim. Mr. Hill says his own father never bothered himself about the matter. At the meeting of heirs at London on November 21 last a copy of the expired lease was shown. It was sent over by the New York lawyer, whose name Mr. Hill could not call to mind, but who possesses the original document. Should the affair terminate successfully, Mr. Hill seems confident it will. Uncle Sam's already depleted exchequer will suffer considerably, for 10 years of uncollected taxes will have to be paid to the heirs and their successors.

The Condor of the Andes.

Up among the cold white peaks of the Andes, higher than human foot has had the daring to tread, is sometimes seen a dark speck slowly circling in the clear air. The speck gradually descends, and we see that it is the largest bird of the air, the condor. Its flight is swifter than the eagle's. Nothing but the distance could have made the condor of the Andes seem small and slow on the wing. Swiftly descending, cruel, hungry, he fastens his eye upon some luckless lamb or kid. Rarely it is able to escape; successful resistance is impossible.

The condor cannot carry off its prey in its talons like the eagle, for it has not the eagle's power of grasp, and the sharpness of its claws is in time worn off on the hard rocks which are his home; so, standing upon the struggling animal with one foot, the condor kills the poor thing with his powerful beak and his other foot.

Like many other greedy creatures, the condor, after his dinner, becomes incapable of flight, and it is only then that he can be approached with safety; but even now the hunter must be cautious and strong. A Chilian miner, who was celebrated for his great physical strength, once thought that without weapons he could capture a condor which seemed unusually stupid after its heavy meal.

The poor man put forth all his powers, and the engagement was long and desperate, till at last the poor miner was glad to escape with his life. Exhausted, torn and bleeding, he managed to carry off a few feathers as trophies of the hardest battle he had ever fought. He thought that he had left the bird mortally hurt. The other miners went in search of the body, but instead, found the bird alive and erect, flapping its wings for flight.

If the condor does not reach an ultimate end by violence, it is, according to all accounts, very long lived. The Indians of the Andes believe that it lives for a hundred years. The condors' homes seem just suited for birds so ugly and fierce. They build no nest, but the female selects some hollow in the barren rock that shall be large enough to shelter her from the strong winds while she is hatching her eggs.

Here, in the midst of desolation, the ugly little condors begin their cries for food, and after they are six weeks old begin attempting to use their wings. The parents show the only good trait they possess in their care for the young, feeding and training them to fly, so that in a few months they are able to hunt for themselves after the grim fashion of their elders.

About Books and Papers.

The first complete Bible that was printed in England appeared in 1535.

The most expensive illustrated book yet made is said to be a Bible now owned by Theodore Irwin, of Oswego, N.Y. It is valued at \$10,000.

The News, published at Cochran, Ga., is but little larger than an ordinary envelope, and claims to be the smallest weekly paper published in Georgia.

It is rather surprising to learn that the little Republic of Uruguay has more newspapers in proportion to its population than any other country in the world.

The first almanac printed in Europe is believed to have been the Kalendarium Novum, by Regimontanus, calculated for the three years, 1475, 1494, and 1513. It was published at Buda, in Hungary.

There are in existence, it is claimed, specimens of paper made from rags as early as the fourteenth century, the oldest extant being, it is reported, a letter from Joinville to Louis X., of France, dated A.D. 1315.

The Scriptures were first written on skins, linen cloth or papyrus, and rolled up as we do engravings. The Old Testament was written in the old Hebrew character—an offshoot of the Phœnician. It was a symbol language as written, and the vowel sounds supplied by the voice. The words ran together in a continuous line. After the Hebrew became a dead language, vowels were supplied to preserve usage, which was passing away. After the Babylonian captivity, the written Hebrew was modified by the Aramaic, and the school of reading taught the accent and emphasis. Then came the separation of words from each other, then distinct vowels.

YOUNG F

Their Resol

There were three little folk who solemnly sat in a row on a December night. And attempted to— For the new year a good

"I will try not to make so And be one of the quietest. Whose uproarious Was the cause of no end

"I resolve that I never w More than two or three p Wrote a plump little Who's tasks for st Was a problem of puzzl

The other, her paper to f Began with, "Resolved, And fast asleep d Ere she came to a single

Peter Schuy

"Master Corwin!" boys at recess time, ringing. Could I go to

"Is the fire in you? Master Corwin, writing

"N—no sir." Another voice said "Pleathe thee me thee?" "Is the fire in you?" "No, thir."

Soon Master Corwin went to a blackboard, chalk, dashed off a skee a broken round.

"No," he murmured. I intended. I have only He began again his had finished there— a ladder on the board— a very mutilated cond

"Now, scholars, if I can I afford to have o broken?"

"No, sir!" came fro round chorus.

"Neither can you you are going to learn to go and you want to day is a round, you You break something out?"

Peter Schuyler told school what the master Grandpa Schuyler was in his shop, mending a

"Ha, ha!" cried grater was telling his w went to climb his ladd

I am mending his ladd right about school, everyday and must not

Peter was looking o "There," said he, "boy's chances. His fat

"O, Clarence Smith, believe he will climb b

"Why not?" "See where he is go

The boy went into a out, bringing a pail at Then he turned in th

"His father has tau sort of drink. Peter l

ladder. I know you have got a ladder with you won't stay poor. ladder, and you can p

Peter grinned: "N ladder?"

"You wait and see bring you some money

Grandpa Schuyler's inches long and half had three rounds: one "Honesty," penned in

ed, "Diligence," "ed," "Temperance."

"I don't know but perhaps your grandpa grandpa Schuyler."

Peter lived with his did not need to go fa

mother. She smiled; said; "That fourth name prayer. Throug

and Diligence and T you a good life, but y there. Tired and wa

go a round higher and large, beautiful, beau There you can lie do

will watch over you."

"Grandma, don't yo one to start with in th as you leave off with

"Peter, you are ri grandpa."

Grandpa made the Peter's pocketbook wa ladder, its mite round

"Honesty," "Dilige "Prayer," again. "A good, strong la

Schuyler. The next morning M his school desk as usu

"Where, where are wondred, looking r Schuyler is here, y Girls are all here."

The fire of yesterd gushed, but breaking a fiery magnet wose too powerful for a n Peter, though, had b

der in his pocketbook ter's talk about broke come to school. "I want to drill you the master told the which Peter belonged. A drill to a soldie attention. Y for it."

Compensation came day, and in this way. "Peter, I have som

the man to whom I much. I am not extr if he is right," said P

Peter found that a had been made. "Ah, it pays to be

rounds are not bro when his grandpa gene He could not help tel his attendance at sch

Collect a mistake of t "Indeed!" said M believe in having a l

are all in, good and follow up school."

"I have a ladder in grand-father and gra Master Corwin."