AR DREAMS Seen Realized in Exp.

involving the discovery second in the annals reign of the Meroving a veritable fairy storiders that it had be a period antedating not to be word. not to be wondered runs the narrative, monarchs in those wandered up hill near, in search of sp was hunting in the became weary and der of a little mount to sleep. His t he was leaning er, and dreamed that the mouth of his m

thite animal, which if endeavoring to co crossed to the other recess in the opporting almost immediate rning across the torn 1. At this point the ba ning hunting pack aw no appeared much ver of his slumbers. awaken me?" he ask ing that I crossed a ri

e, and that I entered rich treasure." ed in turn his own dre circumstances so impr at a short time afterw countain to be explor amount of wealth act that matters occur

ing hours of wakefuln dreams when the min This is especially t s of serious moment ve previously deman ention. In proof of dream of Tartina, wh tion of his famous som 'Sonate du Diable" The celebrated compo avoring to finish a son chair. The subject sleep, and he drear plied himself to his ta pparent success. He pair. Suddenly the D im and proposed that the sonata provided arrender his soul in ret Tartini, without the l ted the proposition, sty at once proceeded desired sonata in a cha

violin. As the conclud is ear the composer aw lelight, ran hastily to down from memory rendered immortal in violinist.

WELL-KNOWN FACT Kubia Khan," that " h I could scercely haves must therefore have

ny ideas with propriety: th-which recently ca tion of the writer. Of em it proper to be brou of the public in connect Mr. George Wh 31, 1886, related at aw mother last night,"

ment. She was dead, atting her into her com o'clock. After break up town, and in less a telegram announcing er. He could not possi ome was 200 miles aw ct telegraphic commun th only took place the Indeed, Mr. -- was other was ill, for, the n invalid, she had been arkably good health. produced the dream.

this article, we say

gand, biographer of

"We judge not; we

ing equal, the leader no has himself borne ipline will be far e who has not. He kny ience what the real v they can be surmoun w upon his memory ion, and to decide bly be expected. sible, it is certainly knowledge of the tual work before assum

hers. In some emp utely indispensable. at makes these butt ora petulantly exclaim er tight dress. "Force said, softly.

hat a perilous position of the perilous p but it requires a man and on that scaffold."

RIFT AND SPRAY.

SMUGGLERS

THE MOST FASCINATING OCEAN ROMANCE SINCE THE DAYS OF COOPER AND MARYATT.

(HAPTER V .- (CONTINUED.)

was the Providence of the moment that mailing rope that he had had so much alty to release himself from passed over and hands, and that he was able to opit with the hand that was disengaged. stap it by a movement of that hand times round his wrist was the work instant ; and then Gerald felt himself his fair charge dragged through the ar in the wake of the Rift.

Then came the challenge of the Spray and ans that were fired at the Rift, and the at alteration in the turn of the smugglers' alle it was in progress—brief as that peribrought her to, and it was in that sword to serve as a brid crossed to the other imment that Gerald was able to reach crossed to the other. ittle cabin window and, in a suppressed to call upon the French captain:

Help me! O help me!" Captain Mocquet uttered a wild, bewilderv as he flew to the cabin window; it sea cry that was no doubt well heard upthe deck of the Rift; but, fortunately, al attered so many that no attention paid to it, and the fog continued to be that unless one of the crew had sed carefully over the side of the cutter, at was there passing at its little cabin blow could not be observed.

fact, the attention of the captain and of the Rift was so entirely taken up by spray, and what would occur in regard that Gerald might almost have med with Marie over the bulwarks on the deck and scarcely have been noticed.

aptain Mocquet saw him. Dieu, Dieu ! Dieu !" was all he said. "Pull in !" said Gerald.

"My child ?" No-I think not."

'Yes, yes! Oh, Dieu! yes!" For heaven's sake, pull in! Now take

aptain Mocquet pulled at the rope and trail was raised out of the water with farie on his left arm. The French captain sight her by the head, and then by one m, and the small, delicate form easily assed through the aperture into the cabin. (aptain Mocquet was not then unmindof Gerald : he only paused to strain to sheart once the body, as it seemed, of s daughter; and then, with his eyes hodshot and perfectly dry and hot nowthis grief was too great for tears-he iped Gerald into the cabin and flung his as about him and kissed him tenderly. the did not speak.

"Tell me," said Gerald, "is this your-?" "Hush, my Marie sleep! She shall sleep te long sleep! Marie! Marie! Marie!" He knelt by her and rested the fair head ron his knees and bowed his head over her shook as with a strong convulsion, but did not weep.

"Let us try to recover her," said Gerwas dreamed by the pall. "I have seen many who have been afterward, up to a cert marently drowned, on the coast where could remember no me we lived so long. She may not be dead. at it was while he slept t taptain Mocquet looked at him, and the lictate to him his celebra mei in that look Gerald thought he would Shepherd." Dante's " But without another word he according to the maint bent to the locker of the cabin and with the as suggested in a dre ble of his hatchet he wrenched a drawer ed one day that he lem-for it was locked, and there he found t canto of his "Henria at he knew was there ready-a case of nat he had written it. Thatles containing various spirits and corhe writes of this singula his-which Dolan kept for his own special

It was more by signs now, than by words lections in spite of mys tat Gerald intimated to Captain Mocquet ing taken the least part take meant to make an attempt at the ither will nor liberty, a steration of Marie from her state of appar-

The father pressed his hand for a moment the account of a dream wikissed him on the cheek, and then let indo as he pleased.

betald raised the head of the young girl nd ready at all times to his arm and gently chafed her neck and tion names are suppres treat, and then he placed on the pale lips t the individual concer the of the ardent spirits from one of the

berald then looked in the eyes of Captain equet and gently removed some portion the light night-dress that the girl wore dream he had the precedigently chafed the region of the heart. was for permission to do this that he had er just as plainly as I weed in the eyes of the father; and then thips of the French captain quivered, and gave the permission—not by words, but a gentle kiss on Gerald's cheek, aud then te on his hand.

berald was deeply affected. For a moant or two he could scarcely see the face intimation of her decs Marie for his tears. They were as a mist

let, what is that he hears? Is it a sigh? There is a faint movement, too, of e young limbs—a shudder—she surely She is in the arms of one who her. She lives she lives! God of waven, she lives!

then the father-oh, that poor, poor Of this, as well as ci with short screams and frantic cries, strains her to his heart, and then Gerhim. too. he clasps, and holds to his then his dear child again. She has ed toward Gerald, and she has flung arms about him, and is resting her upon his breast. Life's ensign unfolds welf upon her cheek. She lives—she lives! and now the fountain of her father's tears Insealed again, and he sobs like a child, ad a deep sleep comes over Marie.

"Take her. sir," said Gerald, softlytake her. She had better sleep. She will equite well when she awakes. God be canked for all this !"

Captain Mocquet sat upon the floor of the ville cabin of the Rift, and Gerald placed darie in his arms, and he nursed her gently, Morton on shore now lingered for orders, and the nursed her gently, while his tears fell and the captain, turning to him, said: the little berth that opened from the atin, and brought some of the bed-clothes were there, and helped to wrap them out her and Captain Mocquet looked up s him and smiled.

What was ship, cargo, francs—what was to him—compared with that young life had been rescued from the wild sea?"

CHAPTER VI.

HE AMERICAN YACHT IN PORT-A MYS

While these events were taking place off TERY. coast of France, the Nautilus, with its pocket a scrap of an old newspaper, the

American flag fluttering to the breeze, was beating up the Channel, making for the port of Falmouth, and carefully feeling its way through the fog which hung over the coast near France and extended for many a mile over the sea.

The day was considerably advanced when the Nautilus left the Lizard Point on its port and beat up the roads to Falmouth. Then it was that Captain Morton, her

owner and commander, came from his cabin and looked paler and more anxious than any of his crew had ever seen him, placed a glass to his eye and took a long survey of the coast line before him.

"Dare I hope?" he said, sadly-" dare I hope? No-no-it is scarcely possible; and yet how strange it is that there should ever be a something at my heart which seems to whisper consolation to me, and that there may yet be in store for me a happiness that I shrink from contemplating, lest the bitterness of disappointment should be more than I can bear."

Those were young days for the stars and stripes of the United States to flutter to an English breeze in English waters; and the shrouds of the guard-ship in Falmouth Roads were crowded to look at the Nautilus as she glided lightly on her way.

Then there was a proud look on the fine face of Captain Morton, as he saw an officer on board the English frigate lift his cap, and he returned the salute courteously. "Mr. Andrews," he said to his sailing

been in an English roadstead. What can we do in the way of a salute ?" "Everything, sir. Seven guns will be handsome. We have four, and by the time the fourth does its work the others will be

captain, "this is the first time that I have

loaded and ready." " Do it, then.' Another few minutes and the Nautilus was enveloped in a cloud of its own smoke, and seven smart reports from the little carronades had awakened the echoes of Fal-

mouth Roads. The captain in command of the guard ship looked with a smile at his first lieutenant as he said :

"That's well done."

" Very well, sir." "Return it then—only I think we can make a little more noise.'

The lieutenant smiled, too, and then there was a shrill whistle on board the guard ship, and a hoarsely shouted command, and seven of her great guns boomed in thunder over the sea.

The Nautilus sped then its bird-like way toward the shore, and was soon in Falmouth harbor. The little boat of the yacht landed Captain Morton at some stone steps, down which a gentleman, whose hair was as white as snow, was slowly descending. This gentleman and Captain Morton met on these slippery stone steps with the green weed clinging to them. One side of the steps was open to the sea and the other protected by the wall of that portion of the harbor. Captain Morton, with a courteous gesture, went seaward, and then the gentleman with the white hair lifted his hat and smiled sadly as he said:

"I thank you, sir; but I am tolerably used to these steps. "I am a perfect stranger to them," re-

plied Captain Morton. "but-but-" "Ah! I see what you would say. Youth and dangers that appal age and decrepitude; but it is the suffering of the soul, sir, that has blanched these looks, not age.'

As he spoke the gentleman with the white hair drew himself up erect, and Captain Morton saw that there was a latent fire in his eyes, and an expression of resolution, as well as of suffering, that deeply interested

He, too, had suffered, and there had passed over his heart one of those storms of grief that leave their impress forever on the outward man.

An eight-oared galley at this moment reached the foot of the stone steps, and by the respectful manner in which the oars were held aloft, and the whole turn of the affair, Captain Morton could see that the white haired gentleman was somebody of

They passed each other courteously and then the captain of the Nautilus heard the white haired gentleman say: "Mrs. Havocks, what was the salute

"An American yacht, sir, saluted the

guardship, and it was returned." "Quite right-quite right."

"And that, sir, is-" The last words were lost to Captain Morton; but by what followed he guessed that they alluded to him, for the white haired gentleman turned upon the lowermost of the stone steps and cried out:

"Sir, will you pardon me for calling you back, but I am told you are owner and com, mander of the pretty little yacht yonder, which so courteously saluted our flag. May I hope for the favor and honor of your company to dinner with me at six o'clock?"

"With pleasure, sir."

" And I address. "Captain Morton, United States Navy. have the honor to speak to?" "Sir Thomas Clifford, Admiral of the

station." A bow from each, and the two gentlemen departed, and then the sad look came back to the face of Captain Morton, and the gloom of settled grief crept again over the fine fea-

tures of Sir Thomas Clifford. One of the seamen who had rowed Captain

"You will go seaward after making an inquiry for a little bay called St. Just's, and then you will put in and look out for me, as in all probabilities I shall make it by land, and you will see me on the coast."

The American captain then took his soli-

tary way into town. It was getting late in the day, and he had ! not much time to spare between then and the hour of his appointment with Admiral Sir Thomas Clifford; but still he thought that he would be able to make the inquiry that he came to make, and taking from his

well-worn condition of which showed that it had been frequently consulted, he slowly read its contents:

Possibly Interesting An uneasy sensation has been created in our town by the death of a woman named Cole, who has resided for a considerable time in the neighborhood, close by the sea, and whose mode of life was mysterious and secret. With no ostensible means of livelihood, she was never known to do any work or to solicit charity, but yet has resided for more than ten years in a cottage for which she paid a regular rent most punctually as the day came round. On her death bed this woman accused herself of being, with a man named Hutchins, instrumental in the wreck of an American bark named the Sarah Ann, and she died in a sad state of mental prostration. It was impossible from the incoherent character of her ravings to make out what exactly she meant, but much of her self-accusations seemed to relate to a Mrs. Morton and a child named Jessica or Jessie. Our worthy coroner did not think that an inquest on the remains of this self-accusing creature was required.

Such was the newspaper paragraph which the captain read to himself in a low earnest

Alas! how often he had read it to himself in the same low, earnest tone.

"This," he said with a deep sigh, "this from the Falmouth paper, after all these weary years of grief, the only faint light that heaven has vouch afed should fall upon my blighted heart in relation to the subject."

He sighed deeply. The piece of newspaper was then carefully folded up and replaced in his pocket; and he stood in one of the narrow, ill-paved streets of Falmouth, wondering in what precise direction he should commence his inquiries in relation to the statement which had appeared in the paper.

There was a feeling on the mind of Captain Morton—he knew not why or wherefore -making him wish to conduct the inquiries which he had crossed the wide Atlantic to make with as much secrecy as possible.

So strong was that feeling that he would not resist it, but just let it have its way : for he was a man who believed that we are all under the beneficent eye of a watchful Providence, which does nothing in vain and without an object.

"Heaven direct me!" he said. His fingers still clutched the little piece of newspaper, on which was chronicled the name of one so dear to him; and as he strolled on, he reached the termination of the street; and the evening depening in its gloom he felt the cool rush of sea air and found that he was at the upper portion of a narrow, tortuous thoroughfare that led down to the beach.

It was by an instinct, rather than by any reflection, that Captain Morton strolled slowly down this narrow, dim looking route to

Fate was leading him through thick darkness up to the sunshine of his life.

CHAPTER VII.

WHISPERS OF LOVE IN THE CABIN OF THE Return we to the Rift, which was battling its way through the surging sea with the Spray; striving in vain through the fog to trace its progress or its presence.

Captain Dolan had by far too much experience of Channel weather not to be perfectly sure that the mist in which he was now enveloped was a land one, and that it would not extend many miles out into the Channel. His object, then, was to get so far ahead of the Spray, before emerging from the fog, that she would not be able to overhaul him, or by some one or other of those tricks, audacious and daring as they were, by which he had before succeeded in deceiving and eluding the vigilance of government cruisers, to make good his escape.

Little did he imagine how strange a scene was taking place in his own cabin. To be sure, he was just a little surprised at the quiescent condition of the French captain; but he was by far too busy on deck to give | right.' more than a passing thought to him or his

affairs. Dolan whispered his orders to Ben Bowline and Martin, and they at once set about the carrying them out.

They were very curious in their results. The long, thin, yellow streak that was just below the bulwarks of the cutter was slowly peeled off, and proved to be nothing but a piece of painted leather, which could be glued on at pleasure, and at pleasure removed. Beneath that the Rift was all of a

color, namely black. The next thing that was done was to bring up from below some long pieces of painted and covered railing which were quickly fixed aft on the bulwarks about the stern so as to give that portion of the cutter quite a novel appearance.

Then a general shift of the ballast took place, which altogether altered the trim of the vessel and changed the rake of the masts. A couple of fresh sails were bent, one of which was of a peculiar bluish color; and take it for all in all, nothing could very well look so dissimilar to the Rift, as it was about half an hour before, as the Rift at the then present time.

Every one of the crew made some change in his attire and Captain Dolan put on a white neckcloth that he took from his pocket and a black frock coat that was brought to him from the forecastle.

A piece of painted canvas was fastened just below the stern railings on which was painted "The Susan, Plymouth." "That will do," said Dolan. "Keep all

clear and we shall soon be out of the fog." "Ay, ay, captain!" said Ben Bowline. "And if any one is sharp enough to know the Rift in her present trim, why, all I can say is, that he almost deserves to have her."

"I think she will do." "Sure of it, sir. I suppose that that " "That what?"

"It will be share and share alike with the Frenchman's money box." "Yes, two shares for me and one for the

"Ay, ay, sir! That's all right." "And all expenses of the voyage paid out of the common stock, of course, first." "Yes, captain, that's only right. I may tell them that?'

You may. "Ah! that is sudden." The ship sailed out of the fog as suddenly and as quickly as if it had passed from air to water; and although the light of that dim and wintry season was neither strong nor bright, yet the sense of change to actual

daylight was very marked and strong. The sea was rather in a commotion, and had the appearance that it wears when wind is coming or going. There were dark patches, too, of miles in extent, on the surface of the water-shadows were they of the dim clouds surcharged with rain or snow, that swept between earth and heaven.

The Rift with a surging dip went on its way; for it was crossing in a chopping fashion that washing, heaving sea which sets across its course.

Not a soul was to be seen.

"We are alone as yet," said Captain 2. "Hallowed be Thy name."

Dolan, "thanks to the fog. Keep an eye south'ard. Martin." "Aye, sir. We shall have her soon." "The Spray ?"

"Yes, sir. But she won't know us, and we shall be asked, mayhap, if we have seen the Rift. I should heave to, sir, if she gives the order."

"We will-we will. Keep her as she is, while I go down below." There was one of those awful sinisterlooking glares about the eyes of Dolan as he uttered these words, which generally preluded the wicked thought or the wicked act of the man.

The old seaman saw it. "Captain Dolan!" he said.

There was a something so new and strange about the tone in which the old man spoke that Dolan started and looked anxiously at

"What is it, Martin?" "I don't know, Captain Dolan, what you

wouldn't hurt so much as a hair of the head of Captain Mocquet."
"Ah!" "No, sir, I'd land him. There is enough on all our minds already. Not a soul of the crew but is full of the glooms about the crew of the Coquette, for fear they shouldn't

may be thinking of, but if I was you, sir, I

get well on shore." "Well on shore?"

"Aye, captain." "Why-why-what? Are you mad?" "Not quite, Captain Dolan. Not quite, but we couldn't stand it, sir; and we didn't. "Stand what? What in the name of the

fiend are you talking of ?" "Why, sir, while you was down below in the Coquette looking for plunder-and I hope you got something-we got up the crew of the Coquette, and started 'em off in their own boat, and told em' not to say a word for their lives' sake-and away they went."

Captain Dolan bit his lip ferociously. "Then they were not drowned in the Coquette. They did not go down with her." "Not a bit, captain. We are smugglers -we do a bit of piracy, too: but Lord bless you, we is tender-hearted as so many babbies

we is. So you see, captain, we dont want any harm to come to old Mocquet." "Now by all that's-" "Hold, captain. Heave to a bit. Hilloa, mates? What say you now; do you want Captain Mocquet to be sent to the old Jones locker before his time, or don't you?"

The smuggler crew gathered together, and Ben Bowline, in his deep, growling voice, said: "No, Dolan, no. We won't have it! We don't mind stealing the revenue—we don't mind a little sea piracy, in the way of

helping ourselves to a few stores, and so on;

but we don't like the look of murder." "Dolan's countenance turned a shade blacker, as he made a desperate effort to control his passion and to get up a smilewhich, when he did contort his face into it, had a most diabolical look about it. It was with an affection, then, of wonderful good-fellowship that he cried out:

"Well, well, my lads, all's right; we sail together, and we smuggle together, so we ought to hold together in such little matters as you mention.

"Ay, ay, captain," added Ben, "and we don't, you see, want to hang together." "Ha, ha! Of course not. That's all right and ship shape. I won't do old Mocquet any harm, only I happen to have a few

words to say to him. That's all-quite friendly. Trust me! All's right-all's

Captain Dolan paused while the hatchway top was removed, and then he plundge down toward his cabin.

Before Captain Dolan reaches that cabin we will take a glance at our three friends who are there and at the posture of affairs as regards the father and daughter and the gallant Gerald.

Marie slept calmly and composedly for more than an hour, during which Captain Mocquet did not stir hand or foot; but when she moved a little and showed signs of awakening, Mocquet, in a low tone that could scarcely be heard at all, but which, no doubt, mingled with the slumbers of the young girl, sang a little pastoral air of the sunny plains of Languedoc, and when she opened her eyes it was with a sad smile upon her face that she said:

"Ah, I dreamed of home !-of dear home -and the vines. I dreamed of home !"

Captain Mocquet folded his arms about her and held her to his heart and Gerald got as far away as possible, for he heard that Mocquet was whispering rapidly to her and he saw that she started several times and that her eyes were slowly beginning to be turned towards him.

That the French captain was relating to his daughter the history of her danger and of the manner in which she had been saved from death Gerald could not doubt, and a bright flush came to his cheek as he felt conscious how the grateful heart of the father would praise and speak of his share of the transaction.

The whispering ceased and Marie struggled to her feet and then she appeared to recollect that she had on but the night-dress in which, by a miracle, she had floated from the sinking lugger, and a soft, warm blush mantled her cheek and brow. It was then quite a pleasant thing to see how Mocquet arranged about her the coverlet that Gerald had brought from the berth in the cabin, and how picturesque and like some little savage queen of some fair island of the Southern Sea she looked with such drapery about her.

And then, with pretty, stately walk, she went up to Gerald, and for a moment he forgot the Rift, the Spray, the Coquette, the sea, the dear old cavern where he had sat with his sister Grace for many a day and year-all that before was treasured as the fondest records of his mind and fancy -for the soft arms of the young girl were about him and her tresses were upon his cheek.

Poor Gerald! (TO BE CONTINUED.)

(PARAPHRASED).

"Our Father, who art in Heaven." Father of Lights and God of Love, Thrice Holy is Thy name; Thou King of Kings, enthron'd above, Thou ever art the same.

Forever hallowed be Thy name, By hosts in earth and Heaven; In heathen lands make known Thy fame, And saving mercy given.

"Thy Kingdom come.

Thy kingdom's stretch from pole to pole. Throughout earth's utmost bound; Till gathered in each blood-bought soul, That on the earth is found.

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

Thy will be ours from morn till night, Obedient to Thy Word; Then shall our path be clear and bright, And sin shall be abhorr'd ...

5. Give us this day our daily bread." That man shall nothing be denied, Who truly seeks Thy face; Our earthly wants are all supplied With bounty, love and grace.

"And forgive us our trespasses." Our sins and failures we confess; On bended knee entreat; Thus, trusting to Thy tenderness,

"As we forgive them that trespass

We'll worship at Thy feet.

against us." And may Thy love our hearts incline, To mercy bend our ear; To pardon others who combine To cause us needless fear.

8. "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

From Satan's tempting snares of sin, Thy right hand shall deliver; Our God shall keep us pure within, Though Hell's foundations quiver.

9. "For Thine is the Kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever." Thine are the kingdoms of the earth, And thine the glory ever;

This world did own Thee at her birth,

Thou everlasting Giver.

10 " Amen!" Amen! amen! so let it be, God's counsel faileth never; The Truth of God is pure and free,

And shall prevail forever! -John Imrie. TORONTO.

SUNDAY CONTEMPLATION.

Those that are greedy of praise prove that they are poor in merit.

Nothing is so strong as gentleness, nothing so gentle as real strength. No woman is educated who is not equal to the successful management of a family.

He that is afraid of solemn things has probably solemn reason to be afraid of them. There are those who never reason on what they should do, but on what they have done.

One good act done to-day is worth a thousand in contemplation for some future time. Nature is frank, and will allow no man to abuse himself without giving him a hint of

The great high road of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast well-do-

When the forenoons of life are wasted there is not much hope of a peaceful and fruitful evening. We complain that our life is short, and

yet we throw away much of it, and are

weary of many of its parts. Whenever anybody makes haste to do wrong they are very apt to stumble. If people were as ingenious as they are wicked, rascality would rule the world. But they generally lack ingenuity. Boil it down as you will there is nothing smart in meanness; honesty is pretty nearly genius. I have sometime thought that a perfectly honest

The Fly as a Purifier.

man could fool almost anybody.

Of what use is the troublesome customer? The fly does his part in the great and important work of purification, seeing with his 10,000 eyes things that would pass un; noticed by us, eagerly devouring his appropriate food. This he finds in the smallest atoms of animal and vegetable matter, too small to be noticed by the tidy housekeeper, which otherwise would be permitted to putrefy contaminating the air. We may imagine that he circles about in the air with no definite object in view, but if we will carefully watch him we shall be convinced that he has an object, collecting his food, atoms of impure or decayed matter which otherwise would enter our lungs, adding to the impurity of our blood. This filth is collected on his wings and head with his legs and feet, passing the gathered morsels from foot to foot, the front pair passing his dinner to his mouth. The fly also teaches us the value of sunlight, not only to cheer but to purify the air, for he has too good sense to live in a dark room. When the parlor is darkened he seeks a decent place for his release.

A woman always tells a secret to some one because she is afraid she might die and then there would be no one left to keep it.

Little Mary Duke of Clant on, Ala., not yet 7 years old, has started an infant school, and charges ten cents a month for teaching little ones there A, B, C's.