A Goorka Boy's Christmas Gift. Story of the Last Afghan

lage astir already.

that district were encamped. were ready enough to run and stare at examining all the points of the formidable to the stirring music of the military band. morrow, the foremost was a slight, sinewy,

R. GOODMAN, the Primrose in Kandahar, and pressed him resident missionary so closely that the troops sent to his relief at the village of had to advance by forced marches. Sambhur-Ghau, But the relieving force had come up at (Deer Gully), in the last. From the highest point of the

was usually the ear- had watched for hours the dust-clouds grim faces and flashing weapons had Soon after his confinement he killed a liest man abroad in that came rolling across the great plain swept by it left poor Umir Singh lying fellow-prisoner, and was then chained to the whole place; but below, with a keen glitter of steel breakwhen he came out for | ing through them every here and there, his customary walk marking the advance of the British colbefore breakfast on a certain fine October umns. By sunset that evening the Engmorning in 1879 he found the entire vil- lish general had all his men in position, and the Highlanders and Goorkhas who Hindoo women, in loose, colored, had marched out of the Sambhur-Ghaut trowsers, and coarse white wrappers; together nearly a year before bivouacked Hindoo men, with little on but cloaks and once more side by side, watching the turbans, and Hindoo children, with no- Afghan camp-fires twinkling along the the road, as if for a wager, toward the shadows of night, and listening to the "lines," where the soldiers quartered in wild cries and barbaric music that came floating upon the evening breeze.

At any time the native inhabitants Among those who busied themselves in rather curious sort. One sturdy little tinctly: the gay uniforms of the soldiers and listen position which they were to storm on the



STAND STILL.

the soldiers in the place, British and other, in fact, than our friend Umir native troops alike, had just been ordered Singh himself, whose restlessness excited off to Afghanistan.

rounded with bullock-carts and covered "Are ye countin' a' the guns that ye with long lines of men, whose bayonets mean ter tak' wi' yer ain hand to-morrow, glittered brightly in the rising sun. On my wee boy?" asked Donald McPherson, one side were the tall, bony frames, light a huge, raw-boned fellow with a fiery red complexions and tartan kilts of the Scot- head, looking up from his half-devoured tish Highlanders, contrasting strangely ration with a lurking grin. enough with the dwarfish, thick-set, flat- "Boy do as much as big man some faced, swarthy Goorkha mountaineers time," answered the Goorkha with a sudfrom Nepaul.

"Here comes one of our boys, my "Aye, do ye think sae?" chuckled the dear," said Mr. Goodman to his daughter, Scot. "Weel, laddie, to-morrow we'll as a slim Goorkha lad came forward from see wha does the most." the mass of troops which had just "fallen "We will see," echoed the boy in a out" of their ranks after the inspection. tone that meant more than his words. the prize last year at our school in the that ensued next morning Donald Mc-Goorkha lines? Here he comes to bid us Pherson and Umir Singh were driven

good-bye!" Baba," said the young soldier, with a landers and the Second Goorkhas formed graceful bend of his small black head. "God bless you, my boy," replied the covered Ayoob Khan's centre.

remember what I've told you."

scarf. "Umir Singh always think of you,"

back he bring you Christmas gift."

seen hereafter.

pupil, and many things had happened in laugh. the interval. Kabul had been taken, "Do ye think to beat a McPherson, ye and hold as ever. retaken and taken again. Kandahar had loon?" roared Donald, bounding forward. been entered and garrisoned by British "We'll sune see thaat!" General Burrows, blockaded General cannon, shouted shrilly:

But to-day was a special occasion, for all keen-eyed young Goorkha recruit-no not a little amusement among the stolid The parade-ground was already sur- Scottish giants around him.

den gleam in his small black eyes.

"You remember Umir Singh, who got But in the terrible hurly burly of battle wide apart; nor did they meet till nearly "Salaam, Padre Sahib-salaam, Missy mid-day, when the Ninety-second Highfor the final attack upon the village that

missionary. "Take care of yourself, and The advance was at first exact and rigid as the movement of a machine, but the "And think of us when you wear this broken ground and tremendous fire, toup among the cold mountains," added gether with the ceaseless flank attacks of fire and slaughter about to run riot

mass into a number of straggling groups. 1857? nswered the boy, "and when he come almost alone under an Afghan battery of instantly overwhelmed by a surging four guns, the largest of which was an crowd of soldiers, Englishmen, Scottish How that pledge was redeemed will be old-fashioned bronze piece with a lion's Highlanders and Goorkhas, all mixed head carved on the muzzle. But just as together, in the midst of whom, borne on he was rejoicing at the thought of being the mighty shoulders of Donald McPher-Ten months had passed since Mr. foremost into the battery, Umir Singh's son and a big English grenadier, was his Goodman bade good-bye to his Goorkha light figure flew past him with an exulting former pupil, Umir Singh, thin, pale,

troops, and then, just as Afghanistan But his huge bulk was no match for the Afghan cannon at Kandahar, "this is my seemed completely crushed, Ayoob Khan light-limbed Goorkha, who sprang up the Christmas gift." had come charging up the valley of the breastwork like a wild-cat, and hanging Helmund with 30,000 men, overwhelmed his cap on the still smoking muzzle of the



A COSEY CORNER.

"This gun belong my regiment. See,

here my mark upon him!" He had scarcely uttered the words when half a dozen Afghan swords were clashing around his bare head while the air was rent with a burst of ear-piercing

But help was close at hand. High

assailants, and when the surging sea of him. head bending anxiously over him.

at last, and there were high doings in the He muttered to himself unceasingly, reschool-house at Sambhur-Ghaut. Mr. peating the same scraps of verse a thou-Goodman and his daughter had got up an sand times over. kind for their " Padre Sahib."

Some of the gifts were certainly of a turning to his companion he said disfellow produced a dead crow which he "O Gardner! if I can only see my had brought down with a bow and arrow mother!" of his own making, and which he now For more than half a century his home held aloft in triumph, with the arrow life had been blotted from his poor crazed still sticking in it. Another had carved brain; but with death his mother and a piece of wood into the likeness of a her love and teachings came back to him. goblin, hideous enough to frighten a The chaplain of a Southern prison once

glass, when suddenly the shouts and said: shrill, savage ear-piercing yell of the thief!" Goorkha.

other Sepoy mutiny broken out, and were fully knows what she writes there.

HIS MOTHER.

In Mr. Searight's history of the old National Road and of the notable and eccentric characters who in early times were well known upon its borders, we find the following touching story:

In one of the first years of this century a farmer in the Pennsylvania hills, on McPherson's mighty shout, "Weel done returning from church one day with his the Ghoorka laddie!" while at the same family, found his house barricaded and instant the butt of his clubbed rifle fell an insane man in possession. With much like a sledge-hammer upon the forehead difficulty the maniac was secured and of the nearest Afghan, dashing him to taken to the jail in Uniontown. There the ground as if struck by a thunderbolt. he remained for more than fifty years. Another of those resistless strokes felled He was an Englishman of education who a second enemy dead on the spot, and the bore many evidences of gentle breeding. rest, fierce as they were, drew back in It was never known whence he came, nor how he found his way to these But at that moment a fresh host of mountains. In his wildest ravings no Afghans burst in upon the little band of hint of his past history ever escaped

and Donald McPherson, himself covered thus for eighteen years when a kindly with blood from a terrible cut in the keeper released him. He was decently clothed, and proving to be harmless, was * allowed to wander a large in the daytime. The Christmas of 1880 had come round The whole county knew "Crazy Billy."

unusually brilliant Christmas-tree for the He died at a great age continuing his little folks, and the Ghoorka boys from incessant unintelligible mutterings even flashed into hope and intelligence, and

horse, and wished to have it placed on stated that one of the distressing experithe top of the tree by way of centre- ences of his prison life was with a murderer sentenced to death. The man The fun was at its height, and the remained stolid and unmoved by any little brown faces were all radiant with appeal to his moral sentiment or to his delight at the blaze of the candles and conscience. As the chaplain bade him the glitter of the silver paper and colored farewell on the day of his execution, he

laughter and clapping of tiny hands were "I'll tell you why you couldn't do drowned by a mighty uproar from with- nothin' for me. Other men's mothers out, in which the familiar hurrah of the taught them religion when they was English soldier was mingled with the little. My mother was a drunken

God puts a child's mind like a white What could have happened! Had an- scroll, into the mother's hand. He alone



"CALL PAPA, I WANT TO SAY GOOD NIGHT."

Harriet Goodman, giving him a woollen the Afghan skirmishers, broke up the solid through the whole settlement, as in

McPherson at length found himself Mr. Goodman rushed out, and was with one arm in a sling, but still brisk

> "Padre Sahib," said he, holding out the lion's head which had adorned the

"And it's the best o' them a'," shouted McPherson, at the full pitch of his It is only for a moment-the hearts are glad and mighty voice, "for it was bought wi' the poor laddie's ain blood. Gie him anither cheer, lads, for sic a gallant soger, be he white or black, weel deserves a' the honor we can do him."

HE SHUT HIS MOUTH.

BACHELORS are not usually credited with much knowledge of the care of Then shouts of joyous laughter make the limbs children, but it is evident that they someaged gentleman, of that state in life, went in to see his married sister, and found her trying to amuse her little boy. who was five years old. &

Not long after he arrived she stepped out of the room to attend to some household matter or other, leaving him alone with the child. The boy eyed him dubiously for some minutes. He was a had no idea of making promiscuous ac-

quaintances. The bachelor tried to make the little one laugh, but all he got for his antics Loves and hopes that are unknown-these the was a sour look. Finally, without warning, the child burst out crying. Here As they echo from their caverns "Marguerita was a quandary to be sure. The man didn't dare to pick the boy up and soothe him. His attempts in a verbal Then the winds forget their sighing and the line were dismal failures. What should he looked at the crying youngster, and the crying youngster looked at him. "Cry louder," said the man.

The child obeyed. "Louder yet," urged the bachelor. credit to an Indian.

Louder still," said the man, and the boy did his best to obey. "Louder," fairly howled his uncle. "I won't," said the infant, and he mouth with a click and was quiet for 'he rest of the day"

AROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

HE branches of the pine-trees like sheltering arms bend low.

And the limbs above are lighted with the camp-fire's ruddy glow, The crackle of the burning logs, the merry song and speech,

All mingle with the rhythmic beat of waves upon the beach. And re-sounding through the valley, in echo loud and long,

of the song. And comes a solemn moment, while each heart engine was insufficiently manned, and bends to the spell,

As further in the distance sounds "my own true gentlemen standing near the scene love, farewell!"

The spirit of the mountain speaks in no familiar tongue.

And each face within the circle reflects a merry Some watch the flames in silence as the banjo's tuned the while:

Some messages are whispered, some answering glances read, The pine-trees shed their fragrance as they waver over-head,

to shake and toss, times have original methods. A middle- As the stately mountains echo "There's one wide ribber to cross.

> A sweet song, one pathetic, and the forest seems to be Attuned to all its feeling and alive with sympathy.

> The boughs in time are nodding, and the bright

flames slowly die, While the wind from o'er the mountains seems passing with a sigh, spoiled child, if ever there was one, and There is pathos in our voices, there are tears within our eyes,

A flood of secret longings in our hearts unbid-

unseen forms repeat, -Marguerite!"

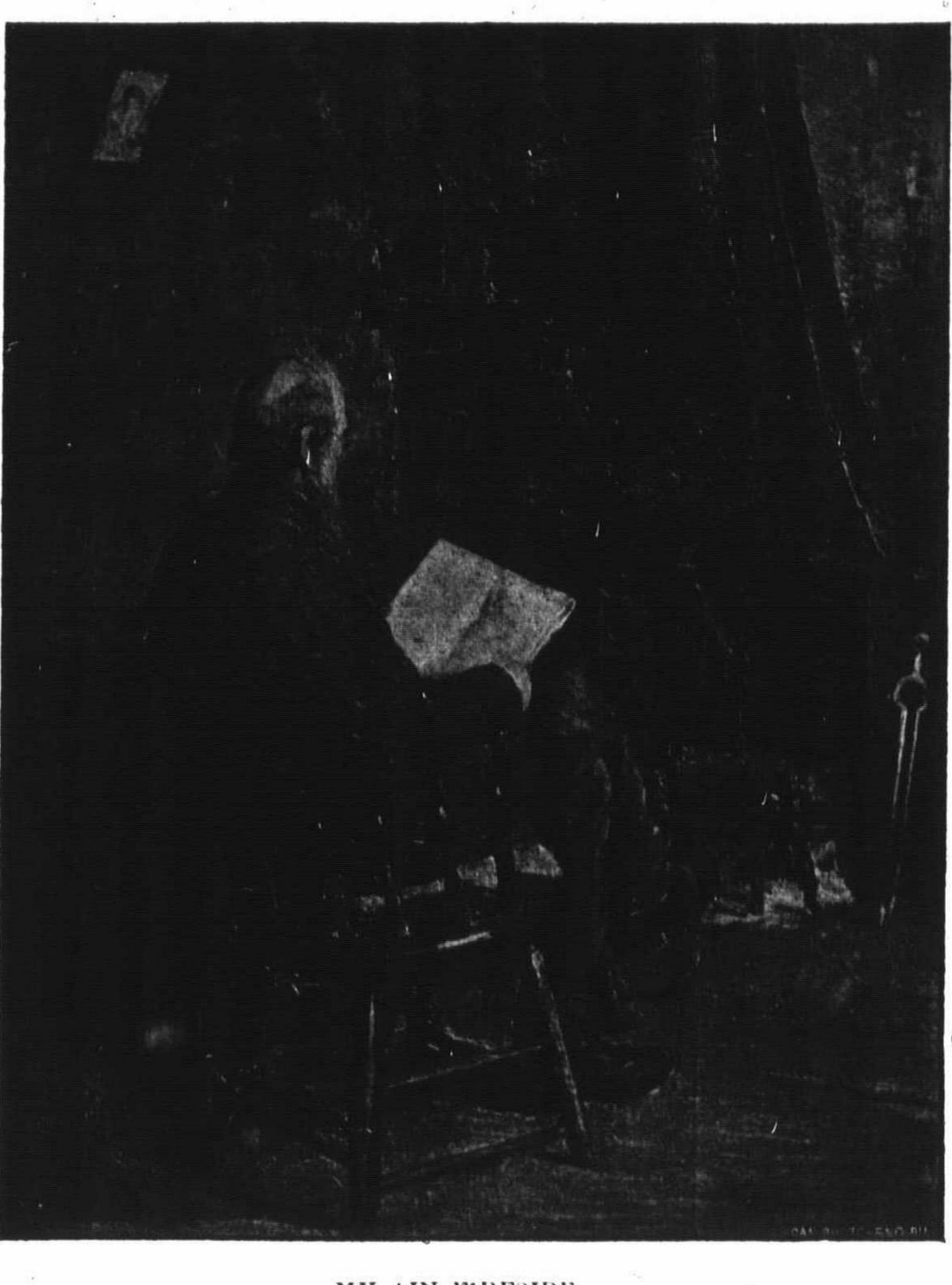
flames start up again.

he do? Finally a thought struck him. As a dozen hearty voices join in some farewell refrain. As the boats are quickly laden and the oars push out from the shore

The forest with its magic seeks to lure us back A yell went up that would have done The sky above is darker than the shelter of the

While the fire is very tempting in the chilly evening breeze, And to catch the mountain echo we linger on

The answer is a mockery-"We'll leave thee, never more. -Flavel Scott Mines.



MY AIN FIRESIDE.

DON'T DO IT.

It is stated that when Boadicea led ters. her army to battle she wore a man's After which he leaped off his horse, links that all men might know that she ing up as it had not had for many a day. was not only a warrior, but a woman.

Queen Elizabeth, the most shrewd and prudent sovereign of her day, when she held important councils with ambassadors from other countries, not only, we are TOAGVITH visored brow Temptation came, told, brought all her learning and sagacity /// to bear against them, but "tucked herself in her most splendid apparel and rarest jewels, using all little female arts to win them to her service."

Victoria has laid deep the foundation of her empire over her subjects in their affections. It is not the hereditary queen "Riches was I to them, and health, that they reverence so much as the modest | Honor and pride that wait on wealth, young girl, the faithful wife, the good And all fair things that come by stealth. kindly woman on the throne.

The first lady in our own land has "Many thy peers have smiled on me, endeared herself to the nation, not as a Fair dames and lords of high degree; politician or social leader, but as a most They name me 'Opportunity.'" gracious gentlewoman.

It is a singular fact that no woman has Take the grim mask from thy dark brow, ever long influenced the world as ruler, And let thy face declare thee now!" writer, or even reformer, who threw aside her feminine weapons.

The charm of a womanly woman is a I was Temptation ere I camereal power. Her gentleness, her deli- But thou hast killed me, calling 'Shame! cacy, her modesty are real forces. The girl who dresses like a man, who swaggers, who talks loudly, discusses risque books and smokes cigarettes, is like a soldier who has thrown away his weapons before he goes into battle.

good, useful thing, but she will not it. The life of the sea is bitter and hard, induce the public to approve of bicycles but it is not so bitterly hard as of itself for women by appearing on it as an of- to vulgarize a man. "The spirit of the fensive caricature of a man. She will Creator is never so close to one as at not win the world to her cause, however sea," says Mr. W. Clark Russell, the writer just, by disgusting it with herself.

away the weapons which God has given may be subdued by a feeling of rever-

WASHINGTON AS FIREMAN.

Some interesting little stories are told of George Washington in connection with the "Friendship Fire Company," organized in 1774 in his home, Alexandria. At first the company consisted of citi-

zens who out of "mutual friendship agreed to carry to every fire "two leathern buckets and one great bag of oznaburg or wider linnen." Washington was made an honorary member, and when sailor and a good Christian, he is not he went as a delegate to the Congress likely to encounter derision from his of 1774 at Philadelphia, he examined the shipmates. fire engines in use there. On his return to Philadelphia to the Continental Congress in 1775, he bought from a man sailor, a man with as refined a face and named Gibbs a small fourth-class engine, as gentle and expressive an eye as ever I for the sum of eighty pounds ten shil- met, who during the voyage made a praclings, and just before he set out for tice in one of the dog-watches in fine Boston heights to become commander. weather to read the Bible in the forein-chief, he despatched this little engine castle to such as chose to listen to him. to the Friendship Company.

During his younger days he always attended fires in Alexandria and helped to extinguish them. In the last year of his life a fire occurred near the market. He was riding down King Street at the fellows. time, followed by his servant, who was You hear the hills call back again the last words also on horseback.

Washington saw that the Friendship riding up to a group of well-dressed action, he called out authoritatively :

"Why are you idle there, gentlemen It is your business to lead in these mat-

armor, but was always careful to leave and seizing the brakes was followed by a her golden hair floating over the steel crowd that gave the engine such a shak-

TEMPTATION.

I did not know him by his name, But cried aloud, "Begone, O Shame!"

He turned away, and going cried, Many thy peers have opened wide Their arms and begged me to abide.

"Soft name," I cried, "for such as thou; "Not so-for thee I have no name;

THEY DIDN'T DERIDE HIM.

Ida Whipple Benham.

It is not the sea that makes a sailor a Her bicycle, for example, may be a vnlgar animal, but the vices he takes to of sea romances, and he tells this anec-Why should any of our girls throw dote to illustrate how a rough seaman

A sailor, a rough, hectoring, swearing fellow, asked one of the ship-boys to lend him his Bible. "I'm afraid you'll make fun of it," answered the boy. "No, no, my lad," quickly replied the sailor, "I don't ridicule God Almighty."

The sailor, in common with many landsmen, has a schoolboy fear of derision. He cannot endure being laughed at, and therefore hides even the crude, religious feeling which may be in him. When, however, he stands by his colors and shows that a man may be a good

"I remember being a shipmate," writes Mr. Russell, "with a fine, intellectual He could get no hearers for a good while, but I do not know that the roughest, most unfeeling fellow in the ship ever ventured to whisper so much as a jest at the man's struggle to be of service to his

"He was universally known as a smart and a sure hand, an excellent seaman in all senses, quiet, gentle, unobtrusive, with a hearty laugh, a man that a shipmate would go to in trouble, sure of sympathy and of such help as the poor fellow's slender resources admitted.'



THE BOUTONNIERE.