

The Carleton

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Poetry.

THE HEROES OF INDUSTRY.

BY G. P. R.

Let others write of those who fought
On many a bloody field—
Of those, whose daring deeds wrought
With sword, and spear, and shield;
But I will write of heroes bold,
The bravest of the brave,
Who fought for neither fame nor gold—
Who fill an unmarked grave!

Heroes who conquered many a field
Of hard and sterile soil—
Who made the sturdy forest yield
To unrelenting toil;
Heroes who did not fly stand,
But dealt such fearful blows
That acres, broad, and worthless land
Now blossom like the rose.

The heroes of the plow and loom,
The anvil and the forge;
The delvers down among the gloom
Of yonder rocky gorge;
Heroes who built your lofty tower,
And forged its heavy bolt,
Which faithfully protects the hour,
And marks its flight so well.

Heroes who brought from every clime
Rich argosies of wealth;
Heroes of thoughts and deeds sublime,
Who spurned what came by stealth;
Who won a golden fair and bright,
And left no bloody stain—
No hearts profaned—no deadly blight—
Upon God's wide domain.

Select Tale.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

The Prince of Wales at Penntown.

BY MARY MARTIN.

Here we are at last! said a young man, as he entered the private parlour of the "Red Lion," the best because the only tavern of Penntown. "Now for a real holiday—three or four days all to myself; for I suppose you must go back to rejoin the old folks."

The companion of the speaker, another lad, for neither of the youngsters had seen his nineteenth birthday, laughed as he replied—
"I must return, certainly; somebody—no names mentioned—expects me! and, besides, I don't want to be implicated in the fuss, when you are among the missing. When do you rejoin us?"

"Oh, I will meet you at St. Louis this day week. I must not be gone too long, or my august mother will have a fever. What would she say, if she knew if her son and he had departed from the course so fully planned for him, and was taking a week's shooting and fishing in Penntown (didn't the conductor say that was the name of the place?), instead of—"

"Hush! walls have ears! What name shall I put on the register?"

"Oh, my own, of course. It is not likely anybody here knows it."

"Well, good-by. I return to the old folks by the next train. What will the General say when he misses you?"

"Nonsense! Good-by till we meet at St. Louis. Leaving the first speaker in the little parlour, his friend went down to the barroom, and, after inscribing a name in the register, left the tavern, and took the return train to Chicago.

Scarcely had he gone, when the door of the room adjoining the parlor opened softly, and an elderly man came forth, his face expressing the greatest curiosity and mystery. Down he went to the barroom, and, after one glance at the register, he drew the landlord aside, and a long, whispered conversation took the two followed.

To return to the young traveller, who had thrown himself upon a sofa, and lay idly contemplating the flies on the ceiling. He was a tall, well-formed lad, with large hazel eyes and curling brown hair, a fresh, ruddy complexion, and aristocratically small hands and feet. His dress was of gray cloth, coat, vest, and pants of the same material, and the little portmanteau lying open on the floor showed a limited supply of clean linen. His reverie was disturbed by some one who knocked at the door.

"Come in!" said the boy, sitting up.

Joe Wilson, proprietor of the Red Lion, obeyed the summons. He stood bowing in attitudes of profound humility.

"Well, what is it?"

"I came to see if your ma—I mean your hi-jour-in, short, can I serve you in any way?"

"You can, by leaving the room, and closing the door after you."

"But, your—I mean—"

"The man is certainly crazy! was the inward comment of the lad, whom he will call by his first name, Albert."

"See here, landlord!"

"Yes, your roy—I mean, sir."

"Serve dinner in an hour. And now vamoose! mizzle! quit! leave! I wish to be alone."

"Your commands shall be obeyed," said Joe, happy in having a definite order at last. And he bowed himself out.

There was, however, no rest for Albert; scarcely had the landlord quitted him, when rap, rap, came another knock at the door.

"Come in!" The summons this time was short and abrupt, for Albert was cross with these interruptions, coming after the fatigue of a long journey.

The door was opened this time by the elderly gentleman mentioned before, who had found time to go home, don his best broadcloth suit, and put his family, consisting of a wife and four daughters, in a fever of preparation and excitement.

"Pardon the intrusion," said this gentleman, entering. "Allow me to introduce myself—Mr. Mason, magistrate of Penntown."

"Pray be seated," said the lad, who instantly paid deference to the age of his visitor.

"I could not think of sitting whilst you stand!" "Oh, is that all? Well, you see I am seated now."

"I called to welcome you to Penntown! to take your illustrious hand in mine, and, in the name of America, welcome you amongst us!"

"Another lunatic," thought Albert, edging away.

"Let me," continued Mr. Mason, rising, "let me be the first to say, in the name of my fellow-townsmen, Welcome!"

he struck with a heavy hand the region where the horse is supposed to be located. Your visit was doubtless suggested by the fame of our new court-house."

"Not at all; I came for fishing and shooting."

"Let me," continued Mr. Mason, "let me have the honor of escorting you to that edifice. My carriage waits; shall I show you to it?" Another theatrical attitude completed the effect of this sentence.

"I thank you," said Albert, quietly. "I must decline your polite offer, as fatigue from my journey will prevent a full appreciation of the architectural beauties."

"This evening my wife has a reception at my house; may I hope that you will favor us? My carriage will call for you at any hour you may name."

"Thank you again. But my dress is not suitable for an evening reception, and I have not brought any luggage."

"I beg you will not let that prevent. Your dress is of no consequence, if we can only secure the honor of your attendance. Let me entreat you to accept my wife's invitation."

"But sir, a total stranger."

"Do not mention that! We all know you."

"The deuce you do!"

"I meant we are all anxious to improve the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the descendant—no, the heir—I mean, in fact—Penntown, sir, desires to welcome you at my wife's reception."

"Well, well, say no more! I accept your invitation with pleasure; but you must apologize to the ladies for this rough dress."

"My carriage will call for you at eight o'clock. Farewell for a time, farewell!" And before the lad could guess his intention, the old gentleman had seized his hand, raised it to his lips, and was gone.

Scarcely had he recovered from his amazement, when another knock at the door roused him a third time from his sofa. This visitor was a lady, closely veiled, who, after closing the door fastened it on the inside; then, with a sudden rush forward, knelt at Albert's feet.

"Good gracious, madam! I beg you will get up. I—oh, this is certainly a lunatic asylum!"

"Let me press my lips to that snowy hand," said the female, in a sharp voice, and she grasped the hand as she spoke.

"Madam, I beg you will rise. What do you want?"

The female rose, and throwing back her veil, disclosed a sharp nose, rather red, highly rouged cheeks, eyes about which crow's feet were visible, and long flaxen curls. She was tall and very thin.

"Want!" she said, in a very discordant voice, which she tried in vain to make soft and musical. "I want to gaze upon those august features, to print that royal form and face upon my maiden heart, to hear from these all powerful lips words of wisdom."

"Who are you?"

"Who am I? I am the 'Azela,' whose poetical gems adorn the Penntown Gazette. I am your worshipper. Yes, well may you start with surprise at such sentiments from American lips. But I repeat it; away with prejudice! away with false ideas of national independence! Azela kneels to the glorious representative of a nation's homage. And down went this singular female upon her knees again.

Another loud knock at the door.

"Save me! hide me!" cried Azela, rising in a hurry. "What will Penntown say if I am discovered here. I am thankful that I remembered to secure the door, Ah, here!" and she darted into a closet.

Albert opened the door. A little man in black came in, rubbing his hands, and said, in a sharp brisk tone—

"Ah, y' look your door to guard against surprise! Very prudent, very. Let me introduce myself—Dr. Palmer, at your service. I called to bid you welcome to Penntown, and to beg you will consider my house your own during your stay."

"I thank you, sir," said Albert; "since my arrival here, the hospitality of your town has been before represented, and your kindness to an entire stranger."

"Ah! well, well, we will respect your secret! But you cannot expect that the son of—"

Another knock interrupted him. Albert again rose and opened the door. At this instant, a burst of music from a brass band was heard, and the intruder outside entered.

"Sir," said he, "allow me to introduce myself—Mr. Gordon, mayor of Penntown. My barouche waits to receive your gracious—ahem! to receive you! Sir, we respect your desire to remain incognito, but we beg you will not refuse to honor Penntown by driving through it!"

"Mr. Gordon, I—"

"Nay, no excuses; allow me to offer you my hat. Will you take my arm?" and before he could frame an excuse the lad was escorted to a barouche.

The plot began to thicken, and now, boy-like, Albert began to enjoy it. Dr. Palmer's unfinished sentence had given him a clue. He was, he argued, evidently taken for the son of one of the presidential candidates, but as he could not decide which one, he determined not to talk politics, but enjoy his newly found dignity. These thoughts, floating through his brain, gave him, unconsciously, a more erect carriage, and cast their shadow of pride on his handsome face. He took his place in the barouche with the air of a youthful monarch.

The doorway of the tavern was crowded, the street lined with people, and one glance showed the lad that the mayor's barouche led a long procession of carriages. A militia company were in advance, and, as they started, the band struck up "God save the Queen!"

"I trust," said Mr. Gordon, "that you will excuse the informality of our welcome. Had your coming been announced, Penntown would have vied with her sister towns and cities to make your welcome as it should be; but we have had but three hours for preparation since the news of your arrival set in the town on fire, and the sincerity and cordiality of our welcome must make amends for its informality. We are now passing our new court-house—the star of Penntown."

"A fine building," said Albert, examining it with a critical eye.

"Doubtless you have seen finer in your travels, but we are not ashamed of it. No, sir, we are not ashamed of our court-house!"

Three mortal hours were passed in driving through

the town before the hungry, tired lad was permitted to rest and dine.

When he returned to the tavern, he found Azela had departed, carrying with her one of his shirt collars and his only pair of kid gloves. Dinner consoled him for the loss, and a sumptuous repast it was! The landlord had not wasted the precious time gained by that ride, but prepared such numerous dishes that the lad was fairly bewildered which to choose.

Dinner over, clean linen donned, and a pair of white kids purchased by the landlord, at his guest's command, and Mr. Mason's carriage was announced. Arrived at the magistrate's house, Albert found it a large stone mansion; he had only time to notice that the first and second floor were one blaze of light, when the elderly gentleman who had welcomed him in the morning came out to repeat his welcome to his own house. First escorting him to the dressing-room, he inquired anxiously if his ride had over-fatigued him.

Fun was strongly developed in the boy's composition, and, having once fallen into the course of this amusing error, he was heartily willing to carry it through.

"Mr. Mason," he said, pompously, "the enthusiastic reception given me by your fellow townsmen makes me forget fatigue. My ride through cheering multitudes of—of—Penntownians will be one of the pleasantest reminiscences of my life! Ahem!"

"Will you take my arm to the drawing-room?"

"Lead on, sir, I follow."

The drawing-room was crowded. Two young ladies in white stood on each side of the door, and as Albert entered they threw before him the contents of four small baskets of flowers. Another lady at the piano struck up "Welcome royal Charlie!" and all the guests united in a loud cheer.

Albert bowed gracefully, and then advanced to greet the hostess, a short, fat lady, attired in crimson satin, with pink roses in her cap.

"Mrs. Mason, allow me to present to you the illustrious guest now honoring Penntown by his august presence."

"Madam, I salute you," said Albert, raising Mrs. Mason's hand to his lips.

"La! how pretty!" said that lady, good-naturedly, "these are my gals, pr—sir!"

The four young ladies who had made the floral offering now advanced, and were introduced as Leonora Beatrice Mason, Septima Augusta Mason, Calanthe Arabella Mason, and Honoria Antoinette Mason.

These introductions over, Mr. Mason took Albert's arm and introduced him to each and every one of the illustrious stranger visiting Penntown. Not till he had spoken to all was the boy permitted to sit down.

Who was he? Sometimes he thought he was mistaken for one person, sometimes for another, but the important way in which the inhabitants of Penntown informed him that they respected his secret baffled all his attempts to penetrate his secret.

Mrs. Mason came to his side as soon as he was seated.

"Father says you slipped away from your folks," she said; "ain't you afraid they'll be worried?"

"I shall rejoin them soon," said the lad, now more bewildered than ever.

"He said," continued the old lady, "that you were here in—something—"

"Incognito!"

"That's it; and if the precession wasn't satisfactory, that he should make an epilogue for it on account of the brevity of time they had for deranging it."

"He is very kind!"

"Ah, here comes Miss Hodge. You oughter know her!"

Albert looked up. Azela, in a sky blue dress, with an alarming display of scraggy arms and shoulders, met his gaze. She put her finger on her lip, as she caught his eye, and then advanced. Mrs. Mason introduced her.

"Jane, my dear, this is the gentleman Mr. Mason told you about, the man from—"

"I know! Let me salute him." And the tall maiden for the third time knelt to kiss Albert's hand.

"Scion of an illustrious race, receive my homage!"

"Maiden," said Albert, ready to choke with suppressed laughter, "arise."

"I'st pose," said a drawing voice behind the lad, "you think you're some, don't you?"

"Sir!" said Albert, turning to confront a tall, rather handsome young man.

"I say I'st pose you think human nature can't produce your match. You needn't fire up; I ain't a-going to make a row; but this is a free country, and while you're in it you ain't no better than the rest of us."

"Mr. Redbank," said Mr. Mason, "do not let your democratic notions destroy the harmony of the evening. I beg, sir," he added, turning to Albert, "you will not heed him. Not—and he raised his voice—not for your power, or rank, or birth do we welcome you here, but as a man and a brother!"

"Pa, may we dance?" cried Calanthe Arabella Mason.

"Will you permit it?" said the host to Albert.

"Certainly, Miss Leonora Antoinette—"

"Calanthe Arabella—Bella in the bosom of her family," said Mr. Mason.

"Miss Bella, will you allow me the pleasure of waltzing with you?"

"Te! he!" giggled the young lady. "I wasn't a hintin'!"

A waltz being played by the young lady still at the piano, Albert put his arm around Bella, and led off. After a few rounds, he stopped, as no one else joined in the amusement, but all stood gazing at his movements.

"Pray, Mr. Mason, form some quadrilles," he said, annoyed to find the homage he excited so very openly expressed.

"Your wish is law," was the host's reply. And quadrilles were formed.

A pretty little blonde, Miss Gray, was Albert's next choice for a partner; but so overpowered was the young lady by the honor of dancing with him, that she was literally struck dumb; not a word but whispered monosyllables could he extract from her.

After dancing with each of the host's daughters and the prettiest girl in the room, the lad went to an open window looking upon the garden, and stood there, heartily tired of being a lion. His respite was a short one. Azela came to his side; holding out to him a folded paper, she said—

"In the solitude of your own chamber, peruse the tribute genius offers to her country's guest."

Albert took the paper.

"Let me now—"

"Nay, spare my blushes. Read it in privacy. Hush! we are observed."

As every one in the room was staring directly at them, Albert thought this the most sensible speech he had heard from Azela's lips, and said, "It is quite likely we are."

At midnight, the militia company came to Mr. Mason's house, and his illustrious guest was escorted to the Red Lion, riding in the mayor's barouche, and guarded by a double file of soldiers.

Another surprise awaited him here. Instead of being ushered into his former apartments, he was shown to a communicating bed-room and parlor on the first floor, radiant with new carpets, curtains, and furniture. The bed was hung with sky-blue, the curtains were red, the carpet green, the furniture covered with yellow, and the effect of the whole may be more easily imagined than described.

"I trust," said the landlord, bowing Albert into the room, "you will mean your—you will mean you will excuse the deficiencies here; but I have had the best workmen in Penntown here since this morning, and I trust the result is satisfactory to you—ahem! to you."

"Quite satisfactory! You may leave us. Mr. Mason," continued Albert, turning to that gentleman who had accompanied him to his room, "pardon the question; but may I ask how you discovered who I am?"

"Certainly! I was in the next room when you took leave of your friend, and I afterwards examined the register, and found the name. You must have thought us very much behind the age to suppose you would be unknown to us. We see the papers; and, since they enabled me to recognize you, I certainly cannot the time spent over them as usefully employed."

"So my name was not unknown to you?"

"We were fully aware that you were to travel here under the same name which you used when on the Continent."

A light broke in upon the lad's mind, but he took leave of the gentleman courteously, and kept his countenance until fairly within his gay bedroom. Once there, with the door locked, he gave way to a boisterous fit of merriment. Then, drawing Azela's paper from his pocket, he read—

To Albert Edward Renfrew, Prince of Wales.

O, most august Prince of Wales!
From my azure eyes the scales
Of American prejudice
Have fallen into thy sea.
No grin tyrant meets my view
When I gaze on thee, Renfrew.
I see a man of glorious mind,
The son of England's mighty Queen,
Magnificent Augustus,
Prince of Wales, oh Prince of Wales,
Azela greets thee, Prince of Wales!

Down went the paper, and another burst of boyish laughter rang through the room. A voice from the porch under his window made him silent. It was his landlord.

"I have," said Albert, "I tell you it will be the best piece of work I ever did. First, I'll charge him ten dollars a day for his board; then there'll be the furniture in his room, that's two hundred dollars; then the porterage of his portmanteau, and other little extras. Ah! trust me, I'll run it up to five hundred dollars easily, and he can't object to paying it, as he's a prince he's a prince!"

"Oh, positive! Mr. Mason heard him talking about the old folks, clearly the Duke of Newcastle, and others of his suite; then he is to meet the royal party at St. Louis; and he spoke of his august mother, clearly the Queen, and the General, too, he spoke of a General—Williams, of course. Oh, it's all very clear!"

"Well," said the other voice, "make his highness pay."

"I intend to," and the conversation ceased.

The next morning Penntown was astir early. There was to be a procession of town officers, and speeches made. A ball was to be given in the new theatre, with outstrutted display of fireworks was to take place in the evening.

At ten o'clock the mayor drove to the tavern. The Prince had not yet risen. He went to the door; it was unlocked. He entered the royal chamber. It was unoccupied, but an open letter lay upon the table. The mayor took up the document and read as follows—

GENTLEMEN OF PENNTOWN:—I have been, most innocently, the prominent party in a hoax, and I now make my explanation. Travelling with a bridal party, and being weary of the change of those old ladies, attached to said party, I deserted them to take a week's shooting, thus violating a plan of my life as so many steps toward heaven. I only lately overcame and mounted with sinless feet. We knew such an angel once, and it was a drunkard's child. On every side, wherever she moved she saw only misery and degradation, and yet she did not fall! her father brutal, and her mother discouraged, and her home thoroughly uncomfortable. But she struggled along with angel endurance, bearing with an angel's hand, when she has stepped in between her helpless mother and violence. Many a time she has sat upon the cold curbstone, with her head in her lap; many a time known how bitter it was to cry for hunger, when the money which should have bought bread was spent in grief. And the patience of the angel wrought well, made her face shine; so that, though never acknowledged in the courts of this world, in the kingdom of heaven she was waited for by assembled hosts of spirits, and the crown of martyrdom lay ready waiting for her young brow. And she was waiting. Her gentle spirit went up to a couch of angels—angels brought on by ill-usage and neglect. And never till then did the father recognize the angel in the child; never till then did his manhood arise from the dust of its dishonor. From her humble grave he went away to step his resolves in bitter tears; and he will tell you to-day how the memory of her much-enduring life keeps him from the bowl; how he goes sometimes, and stands where her patient hands have led him, while her cheek crimsoned at the sneers of those who scoff at the drunkard's child. Search for the angels in your households and cherish them while they are among you. It may be that all unconsciously you frown upon them, when a smile would lead you to a knowledge of their exceeding worth. They may be among the least cared for, most despised; but when they are gone with their silent influence, then you will mourn for them as for a jewel of great worth."

Yours, respectfully,
ALBERT E. RENFREW.

"I leave five dollars for the landlord, regretting that the present state of my funds will not allow me to permit myself to be swindled to the amount he intended."

A. E. R.

THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSE.—A delightful picture of the "Household Angel" is given in a recent number of the *British Workman*. The writer remarks:

"There is an angel in the house. No matter how fallen the inmates, how depressed the circumstances, there is an angel there to pity, or to cheer. It may be in the presence of a little child, or it may be included in a stooping and wrinkled body, treading the downward path to the grave. Or, perhaps, in a cheerful spirit, looking upon the ills of life as so many steps toward heaven. If only lately overcome and mounted with sinless feet. We knew such an angel once, and it was a drunkard's child. On every side, wherever she moved she saw only misery and degradation, and yet she did not fall! her father brutal, and her mother discouraged, and her home thoroughly uncomfortable. But she struggled along with angel endurance, bearing with an angel's hand, when she has stepped in between her helpless mother and violence. Many a time she has sat upon the cold curbstone, with her head in her lap; many a time known how bitter it was to cry for hunger, when the money which should have bought bread was spent in grief. And the patience of the angel wrought well, made her face shine; so that, though never acknowledged in the courts of this world, in the kingdom of heaven she was waited for by assembled hosts of spirits, and the crown of martyrdom lay ready waiting for her young brow. And she was waiting. Her gentle spirit went up to a couch of angels—angels brought on by ill-usage and neglect. And never till then did the father recognize the angel in the child; never till then did his manhood arise from the dust of its dishonor. From her humble grave he went away to step his resolves in bitter tears; and he will tell you to-day how the memory of her much-enduring life keeps him from the bowl; how he goes sometimes, and stands where her patient hands have led him, while her cheek crimsoned at the sneers of those who scoff at the drunkard's child. Search for the angels in your households and cherish them while they are among you. It may be that all unconsciously you frown upon them, when a smile would lead you to a knowledge of their exceeding worth. They may be among the least cared for, most despised; but when they are gone with their silent influence, then you will mourn for them as for a jewel of great worth."

A True Story.

On the border of one of those vast Texan prairies, and close upon a noble belt of woods, a young family from one of the middle States had unloaded the old white wagon and built their cabin. The spot which they had chosen for their resting place was one of uncommon beauty and fertility. The noble forest, which commanded a slight eminence on the right, shut off the fierce winds which often swept in devastating tornadoes over the State, and watered as it was by one of the many streams which find their way from the mountains to the broad gulf, which washes the southern shore, it seemed indeed worth all the toil and privation which they had endured to reach it.

It would be long before they would be able to make themselves such a house as they left behind them; but they had brought some of its comforts with them, and they were full of life and health, and they were all together, and they looked forward to many years of happiness in their Texan home. Two children had they borne with them across the plains, a little girl, and a boy some two years her senior.

Every hand in that little household was ready to help; no one was idle, not even the children—no one was too busy to do in helping mother to weed the garden, in bringing water from the spring, or in helping father to feed the cattle. The last duty of the day, which was the bringing home of old Brindle, fell to the little boy, and as it was a task which he enjoyed, his sister not unfrequently accompanied him.

The spring and summer had passed away and the first little crop had been gathered in, and the autumn had come with her short twilight and her "wailing winds." It was one of those autumn evenings, when the early supper was over, that little James had taken his hat from the peg, and called to Bessie to fetch her basket, and go with him to hunt Brindle.

There was a light in the eyes of the little boy, and all the while he was still as that of June, and over all the west lay the glory of the sunset. Like the rest of the day, which was the bringing home of old Brindle, fell to the little boy, and as it was a task which he enjoyed, his sister not unfrequently accompanied him.

Their walk lay through the broad prairie, now parched and brown toward the woods which lay to the south, and lured by the beauty of the evening, they lingered longer than was on their way upon the way. No trace of the cow had been seen as yet, and they had wandered some little distance from home. The short twilight was coming swiftly on, and they were discussing the propriety of going farther into the woods, when a low growl, which they knew, and to which they were terrified ears. There was no time to be lost. Though the sound seemed to come from the remote border of the woods, they knew the fierce creature would soon be upon them.

"Bessie," said the little boy, "that's the wolf; run for your life, and if you drop your basket, don't stop to pick it up! I'll keep between you and it, and will pray as we run."

The sound was approaching—they almost thought they could hear the tread of the four feet upon them; and as with what speed they could, they hastened along the path over which they had so lately come, thoughts of home, of father and mother, of all things dear, came into their little hearts as they screamed along the lonely, lonely road. The glow was fading out of the west, and the dusky eve was gathering her sombre mantle over the prairie, the earth, but from the cottage, which might be seen for miles upon the level plains, they saw the light gleam from their mother's window, and with new vigor they pressed on. Bessie's flagging energies, encouraged by her brother's noble words, revived, as now close behind them they heard the fearful snarl, and they ran on almost breathless, passing toward their beloved home. The way was rough, for their little feet, and patches of Bessie's summer dress were left upon the wild roses which grew along the path, and her little hat was left far behind down the road.

On, faster and faster came the fearless beast, until they seemed to feel his breath upon their cheeks, and though only a few rods lay between them and the cottage, they had scarcely a hope of gaining it. A faint gleam of light over Bessie's eyes, her limbs began to totter, her steps to falter when above the howling of the wolf she heard her mother's shriek, and looking up saw her mother standing with outstretched arms on the door-step. Again came to her ear the words, "Bessie, run! run! run! for your life, and if you drop your basket, don't stop to pick it up! I'll keep