

Bellefonte, Pa., September 25, 1908.

THE SONG OF FAITH.

Day will return with a fresher boon; God will temember the world ! Night will come with a newer moon; God will remember the world!

Evil is only the slave of good. Sorrow the servant of joy, And the soul is mad that refuses food Of the meanest in God's employ.

The fountain of joy is fed by tears, And love is lit by the breath of sighs: The deepest griefs and wildest fears Have holiest ministrie

Strong grows the oak in the sweeping storm, Safely the flower sleeps under the snow, And the farmer's hearth is never warm Till the cold wind starts to blow.

Day will return with the fresher boon; God will remember the world! Night will come with a newer moon God will remember the world!

-[J. G. Holland

THE SURRENDER OF CORN-WALLIS.

Cornwallis, Jr., was six years old. His full name of Cornwallis General-a conjunction of names which any reader will admit to be most trying. It was so trying, in fact, that when the mother of Cornwallis had-at a period antedating my story by about eight years-first met the man named General, she had remarked to her bosom friend that there was one wan whom she never in any circumstances should even dream of marrying, because of their two names.

But she had changed her mind and married the man a year after-a way that young ladies have of doing—and young Cornwallis General had appeared later and taken the burden of the inevitable at the baptismal font. Young Cornwallis didn't mind being the bearer of his reversed title, though: his trials in regard to nomenclature were of quite another sort ; it was not that his name savored of too much and too unique a dignity that he rebelled-it was because he was almost altogether denied the use of it, such as it was.

Young Cornwallis was a person of great distinction; at two he had become an individual with one paramount object in lifenot to be treated longer as a baby. It is difficult at two years of age to overawe one's superiors, and Cornwallis had a hard time, even though he made it an invariable rule to refer to himself only as either "he" or "Tunwattis." "Tunwattis" merged "Tunwattis" merged into "Tornwally" a year later, and when he was four he propounced every syllable with an emphasis that should have shamed his father, who said "Major Trot," his nurse, who called him "Toddy Butterball," his grandmother, who oried out "Oh, my itty Blessin', " whenever she saw him, and his grandfather, who would stop anywhere on the avenue and inquire, with a obser-ful smile that added insult to injury, "Well, how's Skiddy-winks today ?" But although all these were bad-very bad-it was his mother, his dear, sweet mother, who was the very most awfully cruel per-son of them all, for in all the interminably long existence that they had shared together, she had never yet mentioned him by any other name than the one which he detested worst of all-"Baby."

Oh, how he did hate to be called "Baby" -bis small teeth and hands used to clinch.

"Do you helieve that ?" Cornwallis sked, turning to his grandmother. "Of course I do, Master Suips," said his randmother. Cornwallis winced slightly and went to

his mother. "Do you believe it?" he asked her.

"Of course—of course—" she oried, langh-ing. And then he found to his anguish that he had gone too near, for she had him pulled tight up against her chair and was kissing him ferociously, and saying, "But no matter how many other babies come, darling, you'll always be my baby, my first, my dearest, my ——" Just there he managed to free himself, and with a red face and much-tumbled heir sermed his constraints.

bair, resumed his examination of the bask-

"When will it be done?" he asked Mrs. Tray. "Tonight," replied Mrs. Tray, sewing

very fast. 'We will set it tonight, then," promul-

gated Cornwallis and Grandmamma ran to Mamma's desk and made a note on an en velope so that she would not forget to repeat that clever speech to Grandpapa, either.

And so that night that baby-catcher was carefully baited with a little pillow and a love of a quilt, and set by the fireplace to spap up any errant baby.

The night was very short, like most of Cornwallis's nights, but when he woke he was wild to see if he had caught a baby. He tore off to his mother's room at once and found things most painfully as usual. His mother was in bed, his father was shaving in his dressing-room, the basket was as pink and as empty as on the night

before. "Well, Tom Thumb," said his father,

pleasantly. "Tam into bed wiz me," said his moth

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with great stress upon the lofty politeness of his diction. "Nellie must be waiting to bathe

me.' And he left his parents and their drivel

in disgust. After breakfast his father wanted to take

him down to the office with him. "You can ride back with Peter," h

said. "No, thank you," said Cornwallis. "I think that I will play in my mother's room

and watch the basket." "Oh, you'd better come on with me, Captain Jinks," urged his father.

(Captain Jinks !) "I don't want the baby alone with

Peter; suppose the horse runs away," said his mother

(The baby !) "But I don't want the little one to bother you," said his father. (The little one !)

"He isn't going to bother anyone," said irs. Tray. "I'll look out for Buster Mrs. Tray. be called next. Brown.

(Baster Brown !)

So his father went away, leaving Cornwallis with tears of real rage in his eyes at the way they all made a fool of him.

Twenty minutes later Nellie came in and took him off to see Grandmamma. They hadn't gotten a block away from home behadn't gotten a block away from house of fore they met Graudmamma going down-town in the motor with Graudpapa, and they were taken prisoner, velocipede and all, and carried right along. Graudmamma standing, whispering : insisted on Cornwallis's sitting in between them for safety's sake, and kept her arm

around him at that, and Grandpapa said : "Well, Snoddy-boggins, how goes it?" Cornwallis stood it as best he could, but

the arm around him was most humiliating. "Now, Skeeziks," said Grandpapa, pres-ently, "have you forgotten what I told you about this car yesterday ?"

and slipped away.

"Sh-h-h !"

handkerchief, and said :

IT'S ALL FIXED. From The Philadelphia Record, Sept. 13, 1908. said Cornwallis, wondering what he should | ty-five was presumably ignorant, they went away.

of bewildering novelties.

road and the fascination of sending the little trains careening around the track, the opening and shutting of the wee signals, and the hoisting and lowering of freight

-and went away again. Th

ever." He sighed heavily as he terminated his brief explanation, for he did sorely long to know what had really become of his mother ; but as all his questions brought only the vaguest sort of answers, he had eased repeating them. Papa arose and began to walk up and

down the room; Cornwallis remained quietly seated on the little stool by the chair that Mrs. Tray had just quitted; he still held in his hands a toy with which he had been amusing the baby before his father came in.

"See here, Captain," his father said suddenly, "would you like to go and see Manma again ?"

The woolly man fell out of Cornwallis's bands. The woolly man fell because the small hands had become suddenly palsied— suddenly palsied because all the blood in the child's body was pouring into his face. "Can I-ever-see her again ?" he stammered.

"I'll take yon tomorrow," said his fath-er, and left the room in the same sudden way in which everyone seemed given to rushing away, these days.

The next morning, just after Elaine had gone for ber nap, Papa came for Cornwallis. Papa was in the runabout with Peter. Nellie brought Cornwallis out to them, and they drove away-a long, long drive. "Doesn't Mamma live in our house any

more ?" the boy asked in surprise, when they were far outside of the city.

"No," said Papa, and said no more.

Then they came to a most beautiful park, and well within it was a great white house, with countless windows and balconies. There were a good many people all about, either sitting down or lying in long chairs, and ever so many gentlemen and ladies all in white, with white caps, walking around. Cornwallis was deeply interested.

They drove to a side door, and be and Papa got down and went inside.

"Now, Major, listen to me," said Papa, not exactly crossly, but in such a way that Cornwallis felt he must be obeyed, what-ever came. "Your mamma is ill. She has been ill a long time. She may not know you; she hasn't known anyone for all the long time; she doesn't know that there is a baby—any baby except yon. You musto't mind what she says, and you musto's mind if she says nothing."

Papa paused. "I sha'n't mind anything," said Cornwallis stoutly. "I'll be too glad to see her again. She can kiss me all she likes, you can call me Captain Jinks, and Grandpapa can say Snoddy-boggins—I won't mind one bit, because I'll be just so glad to see her again—" He had to stop right there, partly because Papa was staring so, and partly because the biggest lump he had ever had, had come up in his throat all of a sudden. Papa held out his hand.

"Come, Cornwallis," he said, calling the boy by his right name for the first time in his life, and then they went through a great many sweet, quiet, white halls and so came to the most wonderfully beautiful room of which Cornwallis had ever dreamed.

It was not the delicate blue and cream of its walls and ceiling, nor the soft green of its floor, nor the pretty brass bed, nor to matinees and dime museums galore, the the lovely flowers, nor the yellow canary gardener made him a garden, he had rab-bits bought for him, white mice, too; also on the bed, the thin, changed mother, the same, unchanged mother, for whom a childish heart had sorrowed so.

bay any attention to anything. there, looking straight up at the bed

Grandpapa revived just then, put up his The next day, the next, and the next

were one haloyon dream of undiluted bliss to Cornwallis. He almost forgos his trials "I suppose the Chipmunk and I will be in the avalanche of his joys. Tracks, switches, elevators, dump-cars; his Nellie and Grandmamma's Nellie both to help opallowed a peep." Cornwallis looked at his grandparent with displeasure unutterable at this, but

Papa was saying : "Come right up," and leading the way to the staircase, where they found Nellie

They went softly up, and at the turning they found Grandmanma, also saying, "Sh-h-h ! and with a scratch-block all ready to perpetuate Cornwallis's first re-mark after seeing the baby-only she had forgotten the pencil again. "In here," said Grandmamma, and they

here." added Grandmamma very import- ded to Cornwallis without saying anything

erate them all day long ; convenient lunch es of ginger-bread and milk and apples forever on tap. Grandmamma was away a good deal ; Grandpapa, too ; his father and mother he never saw ; the baby he almost forgot. The realities of life were the rail-

before the elevators. "In here," said Grandmamma, and they all went into the corner room. "Wait denly in the door of the billiard-room, nod-

his head closer yet, the baby's little hands still by the head of the bed, and Papa stood would flap against his face and delight his still at its foot. A door opened softly, and very soul. One day when he was enjoying a genleman whom Cornwallis had never the feeble little blows, he suddenly made a seen slipped in behind a screen, and the remark which drove Mrs. Tray to gentleman stood still, too. It was all give his sister to Nellie and rush from the strange, but the strangest of all was the room. The remark was a very simple one, mother on the bed. She did not seem to but it told a long story—it showed that nay any attention to anything inst lay Cornwallis had not been as completely distracted by his new life as those older and draperies, and her son saw how very big wiser had hoped and believed. This is and hollow her eyes were, and what pitiful, what he said as he huddled himself up thin, bony things her soft white hands had close to his little sister's little, aimless But still it was his mother, the mother "I should think that even if Mamma of the old Sundays and the time before doen't care ever to see me again, she would Elaine came. like to see Elaine-Elaine is so dear, and "May I kiss her ?" he asked Papa, looklittle, and funny." ing backward. He had always called the baby "Elaine" Papa just nodded. from the moment when Grandpapa had made that speech to Papa on the day of her Then Cornwallis climbed up on the white bed-he was all in white himself, even to coming, and no one had been able to make the white bows on his new white canvas him change. Mrs. Tray had tried to tell pumps-and put his arms around her and him that the name was too big for so small kissed her. She looked up at him with the a young lady, but Cornwallis was firm. same curions, wide-eyed stare, and then she frowned. Cornwallis didn't see the "I do not believe in nicknames," said, looking into Mrs. Tray's face, with frown, because his face was down close to powerful and biting innuendo in his tone. bers, and he was bugging her with all the hers, and he was bugging her with all the And the morning after, being in his grandstrength not needed to keep down the lump mother's room, he had thought to give her in his throat. But Papa saw it and saw her move her poor, bony hands, and saw ber dose also and had said : "I think that Elaine will enjoy her ride her lips tremble. on the verauda today." "Speak, Cornwallis," he said in a low, Whereupon his grandmother had also risen abroptly and left him alone forthsharp voice. "Say whatever you please, but say something." with. "Mamma !" he cried loudly, "it's your You can see that life was fast becoming haby !" a very mysterious affair at Grandpapa's It was his second surrender. He had and Grandmamma's house. just dropped his shackles, apparently-at The weeks went on and on. The baby least, so far as one parent was concerned was beginning to make little gurgles in her and now he slipped them on again for the pleasure of the other. Something heroic in that action-for a six year old ! There was a hush like death in the room

back lawn, and if he liked them-Corn wallis forgot his sister as easily as he had forgotten his grandmother just previously,

and he and Nellie rushed a way. The days went on and on. The baby cried a great deal. Grandpapa became very silent. Grandmamma he rarely saw, Papa almost never. He and Nellie went a squirrel. Life was apparently one orgy

Then the baby began to be canning. If Then the baby began to be canning. If Cornwallis knelt close by Mrs. Tray and put toe. A lady in white had risen and stood

- No Mat

in spite of himself, whenever he heard it. He had hoped that when his curls went she would stop-but she didn't. Then he hoped that when he graduated into knickerkers she would stop-but she didn't. And then he thought that when Santa Claus brought another baby she would surely stop-but-but that is the story.

I must digress here to explain that Grandpapa and Grandmamma Cornwallis lived away out on the avenue in a huge, white marble house, and had three motors, a garden, chickens in the latticed yard, and ever so many maids and men, and that Papa and Mamma General lived much nearer town and just had Norah and Nellie and Mrs. Tray (who came and went spas-modically) and Lotty, who cooked, and the runabout, and Star to drive. There was a telephone between the two houses, and a system of inter domestic dining and lunching far too intricate for me to elucidate, and Grandpapa always came at six o'clock and took Mamma out in the motor, and Cornwallis went regularly on his velocipede to see Grandmamma every day at ten in the morning, and again after his nap at half-past three in the afternoon. It during one of the latter calls that his grandmother asked him his ideas as to Santa Claus's bringing a baby. Cornwallis's face fairly radiated at the suggestion-not be-cause he wanted a baby, but because he bought that the baby would surely absorb all the nicknames. 'You would love a baby dearly, wouldn't

you, you Sugar plum, you ?" said Grand-

Cornwallis's radiance turned dark. "No one would call me 'Baby' then," he said, coldly, not quite liking to be so pointed as to mention the offensive "Sugar-plum" to a grandmother whose cook made cakes full of them.

Grandmother laughed a great deal over this and went at once and wrote it down on her nad, so as to be sure to remember to tell Grandpapa how elever their only grandson was becoming. Then she ordered out the biggest automobile-the dark blue one -and took Cornwallis and Nellie and the velocipede home in state.

When they all three went up to Mamma's room they found Mamma rocking id ly and Mrs. Tray trimming a clothes-basket. Grandmamma whispered Cornwallis's bril-liant remark in Mamma's ear, while that young man walkel around Mrs. Tray and her task. It was quite a novelty to him, for he had never seen such a clothes-basket before. It was not only that they had quilted the inside with pink silk, but Mrs. Tray was sewing a great flounce of the same silk around the outside, and draping white lace and big knots of ribbon over

"Well, Babykin," said Mamma, smiling, and holding out her hand to the small boy whose face was so full of curiosity, "what do you think of it ?"

Cornwallis ignored the hand, knowing that it would drag him to a long and thering kissing-siege.

"I suppose that it is for your dresses," he said 'Not so," said Mrs. Tray, threading her

needle with wonderful ease, "this is a baby-catcher." "A baby-catcher !" repeated Cornwallis.

"Exactly so," said Mrs. Tray. "All you have to do is to set this basket by the chimney every night when you go to bed, and some fine morning you'll find a baby

and Corn What is the name ?"

"It's a-" Cornwallis hesitated, "-it's Fearless Kerosene," he announced triumphantly.

"Oh, give me a pencil, quick-I must write that right down," squealed Grand-mamma, and as no one else had a pepcil, they had to stop while the chauffeur len her his.

"You know, he really is too bright, she whispered audibly to Grandpapa, and Grandpapa gave him a dollar and called him "Tiddledy-winks" in commendation.

They took a long drive in the country later and had lunch at the Race Club, an then when they went home Cornwallis was so dead with sleep that he did not resist when his grandmother called him "Piggywigzy" and Nellie carried him up stairs. But he did not forget to set the basket out again when he went to hed that night, and the next morning his disappointment was again keen when he found that no baby had been trapped.

"Santa Claus doesn't come in the summer, anyhow," he said, wrathfully, to Nellie

"Quite right, Tommy Tucker," said Mrs. Tray. Cornwallis could have slapped her.

The next afternoon the baby came-when the basket wasn't set out at all ! Cornwallis was up at Grandmamma's

adjusting a marvelous new railway system all over the billiard-room rug, when Grandpapa marched in, looking uncommonly

beaming, even for him, and said : "Hooray. Snooks, there's another girl

the family !" If there was one epithet more especially and superlatively detestable to Cornwallis's ears than any other, it was "Snooks ;" but he swallowed his wrath and rose, with a locomotive in one hand and its tender in

the other, to repeat : "Auother girl, Grand papa ?"

'Yes ; you've got a little sister."

"But I'm not a girl," said Cornwallis,

indignantly. "Your mother is, though, isn't she, "Young Winkum-Wankum?" replied young Winkum-Wankum?" and I are Grandfather. "Come on ; you and I are invited to go and have a look at the baby." Cornwallis's spirits suddenly turned to joy indescribable. "The baby"-bere she was, the individual who would get all the names now. Oh, bliss ! Oh, ecstasy ! "What shall you call ber, Grandpapa ?"

Cornwallis asked, ravenous to see whether he was to be that instant quit of "Skiddywinks" forever henceforth.

"For her mother, Skiddy-winks, for her mother, of course," said Grandpapa, and then he snatohed him up in his arms and called him "Snooke" and "Snoddy-boggins" all the way to the motor.

They fairly flew down the avenue, and Norah was in the drawing-room window watching for them. Cornwallis wondered what could be up when Norah was watching for them from the drawing-room win-dow. Papa must have been watching, too, for he opened the door before Norah could get to it, and the first thing he said was :

"Eyes just like Elaine's," which seemed silly to Cornwallis, but not so silly as the way Grandpapa sat down at once and hid his face in his handkerohief.

"Well, Johnny Jump-up," said Papa to Cornwallis then, "the fairies have been pretty good to us all today—do you know it?"

'They told me there's a baby come,'

"Of course she will be called Elaine ?"

"Well, I should say so," said Papa, and then he suddenly and irrelevantly exclaim-ed, "What do you say, Paws-and-Claws?" to Cornwallis.

Cornwallis felt fairly blue over the downfall of his recent hopes, and was preparing to go and look out of the window, when Grandmamma suddenly entered and said, Sh-h-h !" worse than ever.

Right behind her was Mrs. Tray with he pink clothes basket in her hands. She put it on the big divan, and Papa took ornwallis up just as if he were another baby, and Grandpapa and Grandmamma took hold of hands as if they were children, too, and everyone gathered around the basket

Mrs. Trav lifted a veil, and a quilt, and shawl, and another thing, and turned back the corner of something else, and Cornwallis, looking close, saw a little round, dark head and a little pink fist, and

then-why, then Mrs. Tray began to cover it over again, and the next minute she was gone, baby, basket, and all.

"A very nice little baby !" said Grandpapa, emphatically. Papa tossed Cornwallis down on the di-

van and began to tousle him in a fearfully foolish manner.

"Sh-h-h !" said Grandmamma.

"Well, Major Trot, what did you think of her ?" Papa asked. "That's it," said Grandpapa ; "what

does Pass-in-Boots think ?" Grandmamma began to feel for the pencil

that should he with the soratch-book Bot Cornwallis said not a word. He was disappointed and outraged. The baby had

come when he wasn't prepared, had reliev. ed him of none of the awful odium and ignominy to which he was continually subjected, and appeared most uppromising as most singularly. a social proposit

E-caping out of the clutches of his fond relatives. Cornwallis fled the room.

That evening, a wonder far greater than the coming of any mere baby took place in Cornwallis's existence—he went to Grand-papa's to sleep! He had never slept out-side of his papa's house before—except at the cottage by the sea which Papa bought some summers-and so he was all excite-ment when Nellie told him. They had asked Nellie to come, too ; Grandmamma was going to let them have the room next to the billiard room. It was most pleas-autly important to pack up, and bundle the velocipede into the tonnrau of the Fearless Kerosene, and Nellie liked it, too. Graudpapa and Grandmamma went home at the same time, and Grandmamma's Nellie helped Cornwallis's Nellie to unpack, and called Cornwallis "Lambie" wheney she tripped over him in so doing. By nine o'clock he was all in hed, and Grandmamma came in and felt of his feet, and Grandpapa came in and asked him how more track and another switch would suit him in the morning, and if it was worth saying "Peter Piper" for. It was one of Grand papa's favorite bargains with Cornwallis, his trading new toys for the recitation of "Peter Piper," but Grandmamma interfer ed and said it might give her Sweetest Su gar-plum brain-fever if he recited "Peter

Piper" at that hour ; so they each kissed him twice, and after cautioning Nellie about draughts, matches, extra covering, and other matters of which Nellie, at thir-

unprecedented behavior on the part of his said Grandpapa, suddenly getting out his pocket-handkerchief again. father that Cornwallis abandoned a sort of stoppage from over-loaded traffic which he just then engaged in disentangling, wa

and burried after him But he was gone !

The next day there was a great bustle, and Grandmamma's Nollie and his Nellie conversed mainly in whispers. Strange people came and went, new curtains were put up somewhere, furniture was moved. and then about four o'clock in the after-

noon Mrs. Tray and the baby arrived to visit Grandmamma also. They had the lovely pink and white bedrooms and bath right opposite Grandmamma's own rooms, and Cornwallis went down to have a second look at his sister. There seemed to him a great change of sentiment in regard to the baby, no one manifesting any par-

ticular enthusiasm over her now "I suppose that my mother will come to morrow," he said, half in question, to Mrs. Tray.

But Mrs. Tray only murmured son thing inaudible in reply.

His mother did not come on the morrow nor on the next day, nor all the week. When Sunday came again, Cornwallis went to bis grandmother, whom he found sitting in her room, looking out of the window.

"I'm about ready to go back to my own house," he announced, abruptly. Grandmamma turned her head and look-

ed at him as if he were a fly or any other very little thing. "Yes, yes, Pettie, run away," she said

-not unkindly, but as if he didn't matter much-and turned to the window again. Cornwallis had never had anyone treat him like this before : he went up to his grand mother's side and stood at her knee,

and looked up in her face. "What do you mean, Grandmamma ?" he asked in a kind but slightly severe tone. His grandmother contorted her features

"Are you going to sneeze?" he asked

with curiosity. Then she rose quickly, took him by the hand, led him out into the hall and across into the baby's room, and ahandoned him without one word. He would have feared that his one and only grandmother had gone suddenly out of her senses, had it not been for Mrs. Tray and the baby. Mrs. Tray and the baby were sufficiently interesting at that minute to divert anyone's mind from anything under the sun. Tray was sitting on a low chair before the open grate, and in front of her was something like the stool Nellie carried down by the water at the sea, only the part which held Nellie up was gone. They put a kind of bath-tub in there, and in that funny bath-tub was the baby, her little ball of a black head held up by Mrs. Tray's hand, Cornwallis stood and grinned foolishly

at the sight "Well, Hop-o'-my-Thumb," said Mrs. Tray, "can you think how I held you just this same way six long years back ?" "She looks so silly," said Cornwallis.

"She looks so silly," said Cornwallis. Mrs. Tray laughed, and just as she laughed she scooped the whole little bit of a dripping, wiggling sister up in her two hands, and rolled her up out of sight,—

empletely out of sight. "Well, I declare !" exclaimed Cornwallis.

throat, and to have quite a good deal of strength in her bits of fingers. And she was crazy over Cornwallis ; when he came in, she quivered all over like a bird that is making the twig shake, too, as it sings. Cornwallis thought it was too wonderful

just to be allowed to be with her. "She does not make up for my mother, he said one day to Nellie, "but I am very glad to have ber and for her to have me Nellie started to speak and then stopped. It had been decided that any statement to

Cornwallis regarding his mother would be worse than futile in existing circumstand

The next day was another of what Cornwallis had named to bimself "the new kind of Saudays," because they were so widely different from the happy Sandava of other-time,-those Sundays when his mamma and papa and he used to frolic together and laugh out loud over how silly they were. The new Sundays were almost exactly like week-days, only still more so. His papa came sometimes in the afternoon and looked at Elaine, and patted her brother's cheek, but be hardly spoke and almost never smiled. Mrs. Tray did the talking, and Elaine was afraid of her own father. and cried.

Elaine was almost three months old now and all her black hair had rubbed off, and she had funny little yellow duck-tails turning up all over her funny little yellow She could shake a rattle, too, and head. when she was displeased the way that she could scream was awful. She screamed just that way upon this particular Sunday. ont of the room.

"You see, she doesn't hardly know you Cornwallis said in apology for the little sister whom he was learning to love more valorously every day. "She oried just so hard at the man who brought her bed. You see, I learned to know you when I used to live with Mamma before she came, but she's never had a chance to know you, and And just then Nellie appeared in the door and told him that there were two white goats and a wagon down on the I guess she's never going to see Mamma

Even Cornwallis felt it. Everyone was waiting for something.

"Mamma," he cried again, "please call me 'baby' just as you always du." Then his mother's cyclids fell over her

eyes, which had stared steadily so long, and a little smile chased the frown from her

"Oh, yes," she said, in a queer sort of whisper, "he'll sleep here tonight-the baby-" and she turned her face in upon Cornwallis's clean white blouse exactly as Elaine always turned hers in upon Mrs. Tray's bosom, and drew a funny little gasp exactly as Elaine always did-and went sleep.

Papa laid his finger on his lip, and Cornwallis kept perfectly still. They brought ever so many pillows, big and little, and poked them in around him so skillfully that he was quite easy in his queer position. His mother put one of her hands up just as Elaine always puts hers up when she slept-her hand made him think of Elaine's as it had been when she first came -like a thin little claw. He looked down at her face on his shoulder and thought how like the baby she looked in ever many odd ways.

Papa stood at the foot of the bed and smiled. The tears came into his eyes some times as he looked at the two on the bed. The gentleman who had gone behind the screen slipped away and presently returned with two huge portfolios fall of pic-tures. He gave them to the lady in white, soreamed right in Papa's face, screamed so tures. He gave them to the lady in white, fearfully that Mrs. Tray had to carry her and she set them up one at a time where Coruwallis could see them. It was as good as a picture-book, and he looked at them with interest until-until he fell asleep himself.

I don't know how they ever managed it. but when he woke up he was on the bed in his own room at Grandmamma's, Grandmamma was sitting weeping him.

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