

THE SONG OF FAITH.

Day will return with a fresher moon;
God will remember the world!

THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS.

Cornwallis, Jr., was six years old.
His full name of Cornwallis General—a con-

But she had changed her mind and married
the man a year after—a way that

Young Cornwallis was a person of great
distinction; at two he had become an

Twenty minutes later Nellie came in and
took him off to see Grandmamma, also

Oh, how he did hate to be called "Baby"
—his small teeth and hands used to

I must digress here to explain that
Grandpapa and Grandmamma Cornwallis

When they all three went up to Mamma's
room they found Mamma rocking idly

When they all three went up to Mamma's
room they found Mamma rocking idly

When they all three went up to Mamma's
room they found Mamma rocking idly

When they all three went up to Mamma's
room they found Mamma rocking idly

When they all three went up to Mamma's
room they found Mamma rocking idly

"Do you believe that?" Cornwallis asked,
turning to his grandmother.

"Of course I do, Master Sois," said his
grandmother.

"Do you believe it?" he asked her.

"Of course—of course—" she cried, laugh-

"When will it be done?" he asked Mrs.
Tray.

"Tonight," replied Mrs. Tray, sewing

"We will see it tonight, then," promul-

"And so that night that baby-catcher was

"The night was very short, like most of

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with



IT'S ALL FIXED. From The Philadelphia Record, Sept. 13, 1908.

said Cornwallis, wondering what he should
be called next.

Grandpapa revived just then, put up his
handkerchief, and said:

"I suppose the Chipmunk and I will be
allowed a peep."

Cornwallis looked at his grandparent
with displeasure unutterable at this, but

"Come right up," and leading the way to
the staircase, where they found Nellie

"Sh-h-h!"

They went softly up, and at the turning
they found Grandmamma, also saying,

"Sh-h-h!" and with a scratch-block all
ready to perpetrate Cornwallis's first

"In here," said Grandmamma, and they
all went into the corner room.

"Wait here," said Grandmamma very impor-

"Of course she will be called Elaine?"

"I'll look out for Buster Brown."

"No, sir," said Cornwallis.

"What is the name?"

"It's a—" Cornwallis hesitated,—"it's a

"Oh, give me a pencil, quick—I must

"What is the name?"

"It's a—" Cornwallis hesitated,—"it's a

"Oh, give me a pencil, quick—I must

"What is the name?"

"It's a—" Cornwallis hesitated,—"it's a

"Oh, give me a pencil, quick—I must

"What is the name?"

"It's a—" Cornwallis hesitated,—"it's a

"Oh, give me a pencil, quick—I must

"What is the name?"

by-five was presumably ignorant, they went
away.

The next day, the next, and the next
were one halcyon dream of undisturbed

Cornwallis. He almost forgot his trials
in the avalanche of his joys. Tracks,

switches, elevators, drom-cars; his Nellie
and Grandmamma's Nellie book to help

operate them all day long; convenient lunch
of ginger-bread and milk and apples for

ever 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-

road and the fascination of sending the lit-

tle trains careening around the track, the

opening and shutting of the wags signals,

and the hoisting and lowering of freight

before the elevators.

When Sunday came, Papa appeared sud-

denly in the door of the billiard-room, not-

ice to Cornwallis without saying anything

—and went away again. This was such

unprecedented behavior on the part of his

father that Cornwallis abandoned a sort

of stoppage from over-loaded traffic which

was just then engaged in disentangling,

and hurried after him.

But he was gone!

The next day there was a great bustle,

and Grandmamma's Nellie 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 sec-

ond 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 as there

was when she was first brought to the

house. "I suppose that my mother will come

tomorrow," he said, half in question, to Mrs.

Tray.

But Mrs. Tray only murmured some-

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 his 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

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

ceased repeating them.

Papa arose and began to walk up and

down the room; Cornwallis remained quiet-

ly 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 sud-

denly, "would you like to go and see

Mamma again?"

The woolly man fell out of Cornwallis's

hands. 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 stam-

mered.

"I'll take you tomorrow," said his father,

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 her 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 bal-

conies. 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 he and