

Our Little British Isle Cousins

English, Irish, Scotch

VOLUME THREE

BLANCHE MCMANUS
MARY HAZELTON WADE

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Libraries of Hope

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Libraries of Hope, Inc.
Appomattox, Virginia 24522

Website www.librariesofhope.com
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Printed in the United States of America

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Our Little English Cousin

Blanche McManus

Illustrated by Blanche McManus



Edith

Introduction

The lives of Our Little English Cousins are not so widely different from our own in America. It is only the more ancient associations with which they are surrounded that changes their manners and customs.

Their speech is the same and their amusements and tasks are to a great extent quite similar.

Certain details of home life vary considerably, and when they "take their walks abroad," Our Little English Cousins, as often as not, visit some ancient historic shrine from whose associations have been built up the great British nation.

Little English cousins and Little American cousins alike, however, would have the same affections for the same things were they but to change places, therefore things are not so very different after all.

What Washington is to America, London is to Britain;

meaning in this case England, Ireland, and Scotland as well, for our little Scotch and Irish cousins by no means like one to talk or write of England alone when one really means Britain.

Our Little English Cousin lives in a less rigorous climate than that which prevails for the most part in America. Their winters are in general not so cold (though they are quite as long) and not usually so bright and sunny. The summers are by no means so hot as ours and are accordingly most delightful.

The open-air pleasures of our English cousins, while existent in our own country, are at least more general than with us, and tea out-of-doors, in the garden, or on the banks of the Thames is an institution which is quite unique, and accordingly, as a summer divertissement, is greatly in vogue.

The Associations which link America with England are many and important; indeed they are so numerous that it were futile to attempt to give place to any in this introductory note beyond recalling to the mind of little American cousins that the great Washington himself was of a

well-known English family before they settled in America.

To-day, if the English are not emigrating to America to the extent that they formerly were, our American cousins are returning the visits, if only for pleasure or edification, in astonishingly growing numbers each year.

All this makes for a better understanding and appreciation of each other and cements the growing friendship of years, which in our progressive times is a good thing not to overlook.

"Our Little English Cousin," then, extends a cordial hand of welcome, not only to her cousins across the seas who annually make visits to her native land, but to the stay-at-homes as well, who have that pleasure in store for some future time.


SCOTLAND
HADDON HALL
WELBECK ABBEY
BOSTON
WALES
WARWICK
STRATFORD-ON-AVON
NORFOLK BROADS
OXFORD
HENLEY
ETON
WINDSOR
HAMPTON COURT
KINGSTON
LONDON
RICHMOND
CANTERBURY
BRIGHTON
LEWES

CHAPTER I

Edith's Home on the Thames

"Now it is really time to get ready, is it not, Miss Green?" exclaimed Edith, looking up at the clock for the twentieth time during the last half-hour, and breaking off in the middle of the list of English kings and queens which she was trying to commit to memory. Which king came after Henry III, in that far-away time, seemed a small matter compared to the outing which she and her governess had planned to enjoy on the river that lovely afternoon.

Miss Green smiled indulgently as she closed her book. "It does seem a shame to remain indoors a moment longer than one can help such a day as this. Well, I will see Betty about the tea-things and pack them in the basket while you are getting ready."

You may imagine it did not take Edith long to put away her books; then giving her good-natured governess a hug

she skipped off for her hat and coat.

"There are Eleanor and Clarence waiting for us now," cried Edith, as she and Miss Green, who was carrying the tea-basket, crossed the gardens. Running over the lawn, which stretched down to the river, she greeted her two little playmates from the vicarage. All three were bubbling over with glee at the prospect of an outing this bright June afternoon upon the river Thames. They were to go upstream to a pretty little nook, in a quiet "backwater," which was a favourite spot with them, and have a "gipsy" tea under the willows.

The children were soon seated on cushions in the neat little shallow punt. Towser, the big collie dog, was already in the boat, for he knew he was a welcome companion on these trips.

Miss Green, standing at one end, poled the boat gracefully through the water. This looks like an easy thing to do, but it takes a great deal of skill to handle a punt.

"Does not the river look gay?" said Eleanor. "There are lots of people out." The river indeed was covered with pleasure craft of all kinds. There is probably no stream in

the world so given up to pleasure as is the Thames, which flows through the very heart of England; indeed it has been called the "River of Pleasure."

It took all Miss Green's skill to steer through the many boats filled with gay parties. Daintily fitted up rowboats with soft-cushioned seats, the ladies in their bright summer dresses, with parasols of gay colours; the men in white flannel suits and straw hats. There were many punts like their own. Also tiny sailboats, some of them with bright red or blue sails; while every now and then a crew of young men from one of the colleges sculled past them, practising for the forthcoming boat-race. All made way for these swift racing boats, for one of the unwritten rules of the river is that boat crews must not be interfered with while practising.

Occasionally our party in the punt would get the effect of a gentle wave from an automobile boat or a steam-launch as it rushed by.

In the midst of it all were to be seen the swans gliding in and out among the boats. The Thames swans are as well known as the river itself. They are very privileged birds and

directly under the protection of the government itself. There are special keepers to look after them, and any person who injured a swan in any way would be punished. But no harm ever happens to them, for the lovely white birds are great pets with every one, and the children especially like nothing better than to feed them.

Along the banks, under the shade of overhanging trees, were merry boat-loads of family parties making a picnic of their afternoon tea, as our little party intended to do.

You must know that everybody in England takes what is called "five o'clock tea," and would no more think of going without their tea in the afternoon than their dinner.

Presently the punt glided behind a clump of trees. You would think it was going into some one's garden, but out it came into a quiet bit of water, a miniature bay quite apart from the main river. This is called a "backwater." Catching hold of a tree with the hook on the end of her pole, Miss Green brought the punt up against the bank under the overhanging willows, and the young people were quickly out and on shore.

Then the tea-basket was brought from the punt. "Now,

Clarence," said Miss Green, "you fill the teakettle while the girls help me."

Their kettle was especially constructed for these occasions with a hollow space in the bottom into which fits a small spirit-lamp—this so the wind cannot blow out the flame.

"My! we have got a jolly lot of cake; that's good," and Clarence looked very approvingly at the nice plum-cake and the Madeira cake, which is a sort of sponge cake with slices of preserved citron on top of it—a favourite cake for teas.

In a few minutes the water boiled in spite of everybody watching it attentively, and Miss Green filled the teapot. Then they all gathered around the dainty cloth spread on the grass, and the slices of bread and butter, known as "cut bread and butter," and the lovely strawberry jam quickly disappeared.

"Why do we always eat more out-of-doors," said Edith, "than when we are indoors eating in the proper way? I suppose it is because we are doing it for fun that it seems different from tea in the schoolroom."

"Perhaps the fresh air has more to do with it than anything else," laughed Miss Green, as she cut them the sixth piece of cake all around.

"Now you rest, Miss Green, and we will pack up everything," said Eleanor.

"Yes, and let's wash up the tea-things. It will be fun," said Edith, "and Betty will be surprised."

So the little girls amused themselves with their housekeeping, while Clarence and Towser ran races up and down the greensward until it was time to return.

The sun was setting when they pulled up at the steps of their boat-landing where Colonel and Mrs. Howard, Edith's parents, were sitting in comfortable wicker garden-chairs, waiting for them.

Oldham Manor, Edith's home, was a fine old house built in the "Tudor" style, of red brick with stone doorways and windows, and quaint, tall, ornamental chimneys, with the lower story entirely covered with ivy.

Colonel Howard was a retired army officer who had seen much service in far-away India. He had to leave the army on account of his health, and now devoted himself to his



Oldham Manor

wife and two children, and his lovely home. Mrs. Howard herself was a handsome and stately woman, rather reserved in her manner, but devoted to her children.

Tom, Edith's brother, was at school at Eton College, so Edith had a double share of petting, and led a very happy existence with plenty of work and plenty of play. She had a pretty little room, with a little brass bed, and an old-fashioned chest of drawers for her clothes. The little dressing-table, which stood in front of one of the windows, was draped with pink-flowered muslin, and the window curtains were of the same material. The chairs were covered with a bright, pretty pink, green, and white chintz, and the carpet was pale green with pink roses.

From the window of this delightful room, one overlooked the rose-garden. Adjoining was the schoolroom, a big room where Miss Green and Edith spent much of their time.

Edith usually dressed quickly, for, when the weather was fine, she and her papa always took a walk around the gardens before breakfast. Colonel Howard was very proud of his roses, and the rose garden of the manor was quite

famous; many of the rose-bushes were trained to form great arches over the walks.

Another hobby of Colonel Howard's was his fancy chickens and ducks, of which he had a great variety. Edith had her pet chickens, too, and she and her papa could never agree as to whose chickens were the finest, when they went to feed them in the morning.

Edith would run each morning into the breakfast-room, a bright-faced little girl with sparkling blue eyes and golden brown hair tied up with a pink ribbon and waving loosely over her shoulders—as all English girls wear their hair until they are quite young ladies. Her dress was very simply made, and around the neck was a pink ribbon—pink was her favourite colour—tied in a bow. There was a "good-morning kiss" for mamma, and Edith must help to fasten the rose in her hair, which Colonel Howard always brought his wife.

Edith had a good appetite for her breakfast of porridge and cream, milk, eggs and toast, or fish, or perhaps grilled kidneys and tomatoes, which is a favourite English breakfast dish and very good indeed. Always she finished with

marmalade.

Breakfast over, then came the lessons in the schoolroom until one o'clock, when Edith and Miss Green had their dinner served to them here. After dinner she was free to walk or drive with her papa and mamma, or Miss Green, or play games with her little friends in the neighbourhood. Then for an hour in the afternoon Edith studied her lessons for the next day, curled up on the big green sofa near the window, while Miss Green read or sewed beside her, ready to help her out with a hard word. Finally she had tea with Miss Green in the schoolroom at six o'clock, and soon after this was ready for bed.

Thursday was a red-letter day for Edith, for in the afternoon she always took tea with mamma and papa in state, in the drawing-room. This was so that she should learn how to go through with it in the proper manner, which is a very important part of a little English girl's education. Mamma received her just as if she was a grown-up lady visitor, while Edith put on her real "company" manners, and Colonel and Mrs. Howard often could scarcely repress a smile at her great dignity when she began the conversation with, "It's a

charming day, is it not." "I take two lumps of sugar only, thank you." Rainy afternoons she often worked on fancy articles for the bazaars held by the Children's League of Mercy. Edith was a member, and the money from the sales was given to help the very poor children in their neighbourhood. So the little girl's days passed pleasantly enough, as you may imagine.

CHAPTER II

A Day at Hampton Court

"No, Towser, you can't come with us; you know you will not be allowed to go into the palace, and what should we do with you then," said Edith, patting him on the head, as she closed the gate and left poor doggie looking wistfully after them.

Edith had been looking forward to a visit to Hampton Court for some time. Her mamma had promised that she could invite Eleanor and Clarence Whitworth and that Miss Green would take them all to spend a Saturday half-holiday, or rather a whole holiday, at this beautiful old palace, which was on the river, not very far distant from Oldham Manor.

Several Saturdays had proved disappointingly rainy, but to-day was all they could wish for, and after calling at the vicarage for Eleanor and Clarence, they went down the

little village street which led to the river landing, where there was a sign, "Boats to let."

Miss Green intended to engage a waterman to row them up to the Court, as it was a rather long and tiresome pull.

The Thames watermen are quite an institution, and are one of the oldest of English guilds or societies. They are banded together for the mutual protection of their business, which is to hire out boats—and to row boats and the like. Each man wears a badge, and is very jealous of his rights. A new man who wishes to join their band must go through a long apprenticeship before he can become what is publicly known as a "Thames Waterman."

"Good morning, John," said Miss Green, to a buff, good-natured man who lifted his cap to them. "Have you a good boat for us to-day? We want you to take us up to the Court."

"Yes, indeed, miss, one of the best of the lot." John was their favourite waterman, who often rowed them when the distances were too great for Miss Green.

It was a pretty row past the green lawns of handsome homes, and one or two small river villages, where the



“In a few minutes they had landed.”

principal business is the letting of boats and of fishing-tackle.

John's sturdy strokes soon brought them in sight of the park belonging to Hampton Court, surrounded by a high wall past which the river winds for some distance. Soon they caught sight of the red brick towers of the palace itself, and its beautiful gardens, and in a few minutes they had landed near one of the small excursion steamers that ply between London and Hampton Court, on which so many folk take a charming day's excursion on the Thames.

There is also a little village at Hampton Court, as well as the palace, but one never pays much attention to it, except when one begins to get hungry, for it is mostly made up of little shops, that hang out signs on which is the one word, "Teas," which means one can get there their afternoon tea.

Our little party made straight for the big iron gates which lead into the entrance court. On one side are barracks where soldiers live, and before them rises the red brick lodge or gateway through which is the main entrance to the palace itself.

I fancy one often thinks of a palace as a great, tall, imposing building of many stories. Well, most palaces *do* cover a great deal of ground, but many of the English ones are not so very tall. This palace is only two stories high, with a sort of attic at the top. Another strange thing about these old-time palaces is that most of the rooms are very small according to our modern ideas, except for a few long rooms, called galleries.

"Let us go through the two courtyards into the gardens and sit on a bench under one of those old yew-trees, and I will tell you children something of the story of the palace; then you will enjoy seeing it much more," said Miss Green, as she led them into the lovely gardens where they could see the building to the best advantage. The children crowded around her as she began:

"It was built several hundred years ago by the great Cardinal Wolsey who was minister or councillor to King Henry VIII. Wolsey became a powerful favourite of the king, who loaded him with royal gifts. He became wealthy and proud, and built for himself many grand homes, until at last he founded this Hampton Court, which was to be

the most splendid of them all. But the cardinal had become by this time such a power in the kingdom, and was so arrogant and wealthy that the king was jealous of him, fearing that the cardinal would become his rival.

"To counteract this, the cardinal presented his palace at Hampton Court to the king, and so it became a royal palace. But this did not prevent the cardinal's downfall.

"Until a hundred or more years ago this palace was a favourite home of the Royal Family, but now it is only a show-place for holiday-makers."

"I don't see how the king could have treated the poor cardinal badly after he gave him such a beautiful home," remarked Edith, as they entered the palace.

"Ah, well! perhaps he deserved it," said Miss Green, as they went up the grand stairway and through room after room filled with pictures, and some of the furniture of those old days.

They could see the beds on which had slept many royal persons. Around this furniture were drawn ropes so no one could touch it or sit upon the chairs. The floors were highly waxed, and in every room was a guardian or sort of police-

man, who closely watched visitors to see that nothing was disturbed.

"Well, they did have a great number of rooms," said Eleanor, after they had walked through many bedchambers, anterooms, and reception-rooms.

"Yes," answered Miss Green, "they were necessary not only for the Royal Family itself, but for the many people who were always attached to the court.

"Here is the 'throne-room,'" she continued, "where the king or queen sat in that gilt chair which stands on a dais or platform raised several steps above the floor." Above the chair was a velvet canopy surmounted by a gilt crown. Usually the arms of England (the "Lion and the Unicorn") were embroidered in gold and coloured silks on the velvet background behind the throne. Here the kings and queens held their audiences, and saw those who wished to present some petition or ask some royal favour.

"This is one of the most splendid old-time 'banqueting-halls' in our country," said Miss Green, as they came into the great chamber with a high roof of great carved wood beams and windows of coloured glass. Around the walls

were great stag heads, and over the entrance door was a gallery where the musicians played while guests ate dinner at the long tables. The guests sat on wooden benches or stools, while the persons of high rank occupied chairs at a table at the end of the hall, which was placed on a raised platform which separated them from those of inferior rank.

"Can't we see the big grape-vine now?" said Edith, as they left the palace itself.

Miss Green led the way through the rose-garden, and past Queen Mary's Bower, a shady and favourite walk of one of the queens, so shut in by trees that it looked like a green tunnel. "There is the vine-house," exclaimed Clarence, as they came to a long, low, glass house which covered the huge vine, nearly two hundred years old, the largest single vine in the world. The trunk looked like that of a small tree, and its branches, hanging thick with bunches of grapes, covered the glass roof. At various times its home had to be added to, and still the vine has to be constantly pruned to keep it within bounds.

"I should like to eat some of those grapes when they are ripe," said Eleanor, looking up at the clusters over her head.

"You would have to be one of the Royal Family to do that," Miss Green smilingly said. "They are all kept for the king's own use."

"Well, are you young people ready for dinner?" asked the governess, looking at her watch as they left the vine-house. "It is nearly one o'clock, so we had better have our dinner, and then we can spend the afternoon in the gardens and park."

"Afterward we can go through the Maze, Eleanor," cried Edith, as, holding each other by the hand, the little girls skipped through the garden paths.

"Yes, but dinner first, by all means," said Clarence, "and let us go to one of the places on the river, please, Miss Green, where we can watch the boats."

On the gallery of one of the inns that overlook the river they found a round table that would just accommodate their party. Here they could enjoy a fine view of the palace and the river, and a substantial meal at the same time.

"Now for the 'Maze,'" cried the young people, when they entered the gardens again. The "Maze" is an elaborate labyrinth, whose pattern is laid out in high-clipped hedges

of box-trees. One can lose themselves for some time amid its tangle of paths before it is possible to reach the centre, and come back again to the starting-place.

"By paying a penny I can watch your efforts," said Miss Green, as she paid her penny to the guardian, and mounted a little platform which overlooks the tangle of paths. "I think I shall enjoy this more than rushing around through the hot sun," she said, smiling down on her charges.

Finding the right path through the Maze is one of the favourite amusements of the children when they visit Hampton Court, and our three young friends were soon rushing around laughing in the wildest excitement.

It took nearly an hour's fun before they were able to reach the centre and get out again, Clarence being rather crestfallen that the girls had beaten him out.

"Oh, we *are* warm," said Edith, as they ran up to Miss Green, panting and fanning their faces with their hats.

"Indeed you are. Come, and we will rest and cool off in the park. The chestnut-trees look lovely with their spikes of white flowers."

Under the great trees, groups of children were playing

about, or having picnic lunches, or amusing themselves with the deer, which live in the park, and are so used to visitors that they are very tame, and will even eat out of one's hand.

"I should like to come here next Sunday; it will be 'Chestnut Sunday'," said Clarence, as they threw themselves on the soft grass.

"Oh," said Edith, "that is always one of the first Sundays in May."

"Yes," continued Clarence, "the first Sunday after the chestnut-trees come in full blossom."

Thousands of people come here from London and the surrounding country on that day, that they may drive through this long avenue that leads directly through the park to the palace and admire the display of blossoms on the great trees that line the avenue on both sides.

Clarence grew enthusiastic. "It's a jolly sight, I can tell you, to see vehicles of all kinds, from bicycles and coster's carts to big four-in-hand coaches and automobiles. There is such a jam on the avenue that they can only creep along; it's like a big picnic."

"Is it not nearly tea-time? We are so thirsty, Miss Green," said Eleanor, as the sun began to drop behind the trees. The little girls had amused themselves by making endless daisy chains, and decorating their hats with the "may" as they call the hawthorn-bloom, while Miss Green read to them from a story-book.

"Yes, we must not be too late in getting home; we will stop at one of the little tea-shops near the boat-landing."

It was a neat little cottage which they selected, covered with vines, with a small flower-garden in front. The pleasant-faced hostess soon brought in a big tea-tray covered with a dainty cloth on which was a big pot of tea, cut bread and butter, and delicious strawberries, such as only grow in England. "Nearly as big as my fist," declared Clarence, but this was perhaps putting it rather strongly, though each one made a big mouthful as the young folk ate them, dipping them first into sugar.

They sang songs as they rowed home, and the tunes were taken up by other boats full of young people out for the Saturday half-holiday.

"We have had such a lovely time; thank you so much,

Miss Green," said the young Whitworths as they parted at their gate.

"It *has* been a nice day, and we will have some others, too, when Adelaide comes, won't we?" said Edith.

CHAPTER III

A Drive to Richmond and Kew Gardens

Adelaide Stamford was Edith's first cousin and lived in London. She was not as strong as Edith, and during the winter her mamma had taken her to Brighton, which is the great winter seaside resort. Although it is also a very fashionable place, many invalids go there to enjoy the warm sunshine. Adelaide was taken up and down the fine promenade in a bath chair, which is a kind of big baby-carriage which a man pulls, or pushes along. She also sat in the glass "shelters" along the sea front, which keep off the wind nicely, and are like small glass houses.

So Adelaide had become much stronger, but the smoky London fog had again made her rather pale and thin, and so she was coming to spend a few weeks with the Howards, to see if Surrey air would not be beneficial.

She was Edith's favourite cousin, and the little girls were

nearly of the same age. Edith looked forward to having her share her lessons, and planned many pleasant drives together in their neighbourhood, which is one of the most beautiful and interesting in England.

"My dear, we must not only have roses in our garden, we must get some into your cheeks," said Colonel Howard, as he lifted a little pale-faced girl with dark hair and eyes out of the dog-cart which had brought her from the station.

"She must stay out-of-doors as much as possible, and on the river, and Edith will take her on some of her favourite drives, and we will soon have her looking as plump as our little girl," said her aunt as she kissed her.

Mrs. Howard then took Adelaide up to Edith's room, where another bed had been put up for her.

"Kate will arrange your things in their proper places," said Mrs. Howard, as the neat-capped maid came to take her coat and hat. "I must leave you now, we are very busy. Edith has probably told you that the 'Sunday-school treat' is to be held on our lawn this afternoon, so, when you have rested, come into the garden and help us amuse the little ones."

"A treat" in other words is a picnic, and often only an afternoon picnic, as in this case. The children of the neighbourhood had early gathered in the churchyard, and were marshalled by the vicar and their teachers into a procession.

Marching two by two, they came down the street, and through the big gates of the manor, where they quickly spread themselves in merry groups over the lawns. Soon everybody was in full swing for a good time; games were started, and Clarence with some of the older boys put up a cricket-pitch in one corner of the grounds. The croquet lawn was also well patronized.

Colonel Howard had generously arranged for a small steam-launch to take the children for short trips up the river and back again; this was perhaps more popular than anything else.

Meanwhile Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Whitworth superintended the setting of the tables on the grass under gay red and white awnings.

The summons to tea was welcome, and the children joyfully gathered around the well-filled tables. There were

huge plates of sandwiches, cakes, buns, jam, and big strawberries. All the good things melted away so quickly that it kept the older folks running to bring more, while nobody stopped to count the cups of tea that each one stowed away.

There was a little lull after this, while they listened to a band of music placed under the trees.

Adelaide greatly enjoyed it; it was more of a novelty to her than her cousin, and she was much interested in helping feed the swans, who had evidently got wind of the entertainment and knew that their chances for food were good. A number of these graceful birds had gathered along the river bank, and the children were stuffing them with pieces of buns. There was one greedy old swan that amused them very much; he was always trying to peck the more timid ones away and gobble up everything himself, just like some greedy children we all have seen.

The twilight was closing in when the last band of young people left, singing songs, and waving their hats and handkerchiefs; all of them very grateful for the happy time they had enjoyed so much.

"Miss Green says if we are very good she will take us for

a drive in the governess-cart to Richmond and Kew Gardens this afternoon," Edith confidentially whispered to Adelaide, as they went up to the schoolroom the next day. Lessons were learned as by magic that morning, and Tony and the cart were at the door early in the afternoon.

Tony was one of the dearest of ponies, and was almost as much of a playmate with the children as Towser.

"Look at Tony as we get in, Adelaide; he has the funniest little way of looking around at you." Sure enough, Tony was peering around at them as much as to say, "I'm watching you; aren't you almost ready to start?"

They halted a moment at the vicarage to arrange that Eleanor and Clarence should meet them at the bird-pond in Kew Gardens. Soon they were driving through the beautiful Richmond Park. Miss Green pointed out White Lodge, one of the many royal residences; a rather small, plain, white house in the centre of the park. "It was here," she continued, "that young Prince Edward, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, who will some day be King of England, was born. His birthday was celebrated by a great dinner which was given by the late Queen Victoria to all the children of

Richmond. Tables were set under the trees in the old park, at which hundreds of children feasted, and speeches were made in honour of the young prince. Afterward each child was given a mug, on which was a picture of the queen and the date, which they could always keep as a souvenir, or remembrance, of the day."

"Oh, yes, Miss Green," said Edith, "you remember that Betty's little sister has one of the mugs, and Betty once showed it to me."

"Look at the deer, Adelaide," said Edith, as she caught her cousin by the hand. "See, they want to cross the road, and are waiting for us to go past." Sure enough, there stood, watching the cart, a great herd of these graceful creatures, very erect, with their dainty heads crowned with big, branching horns. They were evidently undecided whether or not they had time enough to cross the road before the cart would reach them; then one made up his mind and darted across, another followed, and then the entire herd swept swiftly by, then turned again to look at the cart, as much as to say, "Well, we did it."

"Here is the famous view from Richmond Hill, known

all over the world," said Miss Green, as she pulled up Tony for a few minutes, that the girls might admire the winding River Thames, far below them, lying like a silver ribbon between green meadows and wooded hills. "Authors and artists alike have helped to make this view celebrated," said Miss Green, "and that big building on the left is the famous 'Star and Garter' hotel. It used to be the fashion to drive down from London and lunch on its terrace, from which one gets a most beautiful view down the Thames valley."

Edith was trying to point out to Adelaide the tower of Windsor Castle, where the king and the Royal Family live when they are not in London. "We will go over there some day while you are with us, Adelaide."

"Miss Green," continued Edith, as the pony trotted down the long, narrow street into the town, "won't you please stop at the 'Maid of Honor' shop, so we can buy some cakes?"

"I can never get Edith past this place," laughed Miss Green, as she pulled up in front of an old-fashioned shop, painted green, with a big sign over the front: "THE ORIGINAL MAID OF HONOR SHOP."

While the little girls make their purchases you might like to hear the story of these famous cakes.

It is said they were first made for King Henry VIII, by one of the Maids of Honor at his court, and this is why they are called "Maid of Honor" cakes. A *Maid of Honor* is not really a maid or a servant, but a lady who attends upon the queen—a companion.

Well, the king thought the cakes tasted so good that many more were made for him, and the recipe was kept safely guarded in a fine chest with a gold lock and key; but somehow it became known, and was handed down until it became the property of the present owner of the shop, who claims that his cakes are still made by the same recipe as those eaten by King Henry hundreds of years ago.

By this time the little girls were driving past the "Green." Every town and village in England has an open grass plot which is either called the "Green" or the "Common," which means that it is common property, and it is here that the young people play games.

"There is all that is left of Richmond Palace," said Miss Green, pointing to an ancient gateway with a part of a

dwelling attached. "Once it was a favourite residence of the great Queen Elizabeth.

"Many great men lived during the reign of 'Good Queen Bess,' as she was called, but you must not forget the greatest of them all—Shakespeare."

"Oh, yes," said Edith, "papa and mamma are going this summer to visit the village where he lived, and they have promised to take me. What is the name of the place, Miss Green? I have forgotten it."

"Stratford-on-Avon, and you must never forget the name of the town where lived the greatest English poet, my dear," replied Miss Green.

"Did not a great many kings and queens live in Richmond, besides Queen Elizabeth?" asked Adelaide.

"Yes, it was a favourite home of royalty, and that is why it was called 'Royal Richmond,' and the town has always been proud of the numbers of great people who have lived here, poets and writers and painters as well as kings and queens.

"I will have the cart put up at one of the little inns near the big gates," said Miss Green, as they drove up to the

entrance to Kew Gardens.

Soon our party were strolling over the soft grass and among the lovely flower-beds, for here people can walk and play over the grass as they like, for there are no horrid "Keep off the Grass" signs.

If you want to know what any plant or tree in the whole world looks like, you have only to come here and you will find a specimen of it, either growing out in the open, or in the museum, which makes these gardens of great value. They were begun first by a certain King George, whose palace is still standing in one corner of the gardens, and who afterward made it a present to the nation.

Our party made straight for the pond where they were to meet their little friends.

"There they are now," cried Edith, "and Clarence is feeding that funny old bird that follows everybody around."

"I have given this old fellow two buns already, and he is still begging for more," said Clarence, as the two little girls ran up.

It is a great treat for the children to watch the queer water-birds from all parts of the world whose homes are in

and around this pond.

On Saturday afternoons especially, numbers of young people of all ages gather there at the hour when the birds are fed. The birds are petted and fed so much that they are very tame, and the gray gull that Clarence was talking about, follows every one about begging like a kitten or a dog. There are ducks of all kinds, and all colours, that scoot over the water, swallowing the unwary flies and waterbugs who stray in their path, and dive for the bits of cake and bread which are thrown to them by the children. There are beautiful red flamingos, and storks that stand on one leg with their heads under one wing, and all kinds of queer birds with long, stick-like legs. But the funniest of all are the big white pelicans.

"Do look at them," cried Adelaide, "they know their dinner is coming." The five pelicans had been huddled up in a bunch in one corner, with their eyes tight shut, one might think fast asleep. Just then the keeper came down to the water's edge with a big basket of fish. Such a flapping of wings! The pelicans were instantly wide-awake, and, rushing forward, crowded about the keeper, opening their

enormously long beaks, to which is attached a kind of natural sack or bag which they use for holding their food until they can better masticate it.

As each one's share of the fish was tossed into its big mouth, it disappeared like lightning. Meanwhile, all the other birds, big and little, had rushed up demanding their share. Such "quacks" and "gowks" and "squeaks"! You never heard such a funny lot of voices. The greedy old gull hopped right under the keeper's feet, until he got the biggest fish of all, and dragged it off into a corner all by himself.

Our young people watched the birds for some time, then went through some of the big greenhouses full of palms, and all sorts of tropical plants, and finally drove back home through the quaint little village of Kew.

"In this churchyard is buried one of our most famous painters," said Miss Green, as they passed the quaint church which stands on one side of the Kew Green—"Gainsborough, who was especially fond of painting portraits of beautiful women. But we must not stop longer, as it is growing late," she continued, so touching up Tony, they

went along all in high spirits, though Adelaide confessed she did feel a bit tired, and both the little girls were quite ready for their tea when they reached the manor.

CHAPTER IV

With Tom at Windsor Castle and Eton

"When do we start, papa, and which way are we to go, and are we to see Tom first, or the castle?" asked Edith, all in one breath, as soon as she had kissed her mamma and papa good morning in the breakfast-room.

"Oh, you little fidget!" said Colonel Howard, good-naturedly, "sit down and eat your breakfast and we will try and answer one question at a time. Now, which would you rather see first, Tom or the castle?"

"Tom, of course," cried Edith, without hesitation, for she and her brother were great chums, though she was only a little girl, while in her eyes, as well as in his own, Master Tom was quite a man.

"Well, then, Tom first, and we will take him to the castle with us. Though he has been there before, he will enjoy the day with us.

"We will drive along the river road, for that is the prettiest way, though the longest, and we will start as soon as mamma is ready. Now, miss, all of your questions are satisfactorily answered, and it only remains for you children not to keep us waiting."

There was no danger of that. The young people were in the carriage before Colonel and Mrs. Howard came downstairs, and soon they were bowling along the shady road, the hawthorn hedges on either side perfuming the air with their white blossoms.

They passed through several quaint little riverside villages with queer little inns, where those who want to fish or boat on the river go for a lunch or tea, which they can enjoy on a gallery, or in a garden overlooking the water.

"There's Windsor Castle," cried Edith. "I knew it from the pictures; it is a real story-book castle." And, sure enough, high up over the trees rose the great gray towers and walls at whose very base flowed the Thames.

"There is one of the most historic spots on our river," said Colonel Howard, pointing to a small island covered with trees. "It does not look very important, but tradition

says a great event took place there. Way back in the early history of our country the kings had such absolute power that they could do almost anything they liked, and if they were not good men this led them to oppress their subjects and take away their liberties. So the great barons of the country forced King John to give them their 'Charter,' on this little island, called Runnymede. All this is difficult for you little girls to understand, but some day you will read more about it in your history."

"You can see, Edith, over those meadows yonder, where Tom lives. That is Eton, and this is one of the prettiest views of the college," said Mrs. Howard.

In a few minutes they were among the old buildings of the most famous of boys' schools, and found Tom ready for them, full of enthusiasm at the prospect of a day off in company with his family.

The Howard family was a very devoted one, and no wonder they were proud of Tom. He was a fine, healthy, rosy-cheeked boy with frank, blue eyes and short-clipped brown hair. He had on a suit like that worn by all the Eton boys, which has now become the proper dress for English

boys of certain ages, especially schoolboys. It consists of long gray trousers and a short black jacket, coming just to the waist, known as the "Eton jacket"; over this is a broad white collar, and they wear with this costume a high silk hat, just like the one your papa wears, except of course it is smaller.

"I wrote to you that I was in the 'eights' that is to row at Henley, papa; well, we are working hard to beat them. By Jove! we have got a strict coach; he is keeping the fellows up to the mark," and Tom talked on with enthusiasm about the boat-races at Henley-on-Thames, at which their crew of eight was to compete for one of the prizes known as "The Ladies' Plate."

As he talked, he led them through the colleges and into the chapel, pointing out everything to the little girls with a lofty air of proprietorship which greatly impressed them with his importance, and when he showed them the "playing fields" where cricket was going on, and spoke in an offhand manner of "our men," the little girls looked at him with great awe and admiration.

It was all new to Edith and Adelaide, so Tom took them

through some of the old class-rooms, where many celebrated men had learned their lessons. The rough, wooden benches and desks had been hacked and cut up by the knives of schoolboys for many hundred years. It used to be the fashion for the boys to cut their names somewhere on the oak-panelled walls of their schoolrooms, and many names that have since become famous can be seen there to-day. The boys liked to do it all the more, because it was forbidden, but gradually it became the custom, and the proper thing to do.

After Tom had duly impressed the glories of his school upon his sister and cousin, the whole party set out for Windsor Castle, just across the river from Eton.

In a few minutes they were climbing the hill on which the castle stands, and the carriage stopped at the big entrance gate, on either side of which stands a sentry in a bright red coat and a great bearskin helmet on his head.

"Now, my dears, you are really inside the king's home," said Colonel Howard, as with some other visitors they followed the guide through the handsome rooms, with their elegant furniture and valuable pictures. From the windows



Windsor Castle

was a fine view extending many miles over the great park which surrounds the castle.

"On certain days of the week," said Colonel Howard, "a band plays on the terrace below, and then the grounds and terrace are free to all who wish to come, while the Royal Family often sit at these windows and enjoy the music."

They also visited the beautiful chapel, where the king and his family attend service when they are at the castle.

Soon our party came to meet the carriage again outside the great gateway. "Drive to the 'White Swan,' John," said Colonel Howard, "we are going to lunch there."

"That's good," said Tom. "It's a jolly nice place; they will give us a good dinner. Look, papa," he continued, excitedly, "there is Prince Eddie and his brother in that carriage coming toward us. I knew they were staying at 'Frogmore House.'"

The two boy princes, manly-looking young boys, dressed in sailor suits, were chattering gaily with their tutor, who accompanied them, and smilingly returned the bows of Colonel Howard's party as they passed.

They are the two oldest sons of the Prince of Wales;

they are fine-looking little fellows, and enjoy nothing better than their home life in the country, cycling around Windsor Park, or fishing and boating on the river.

Our little party enjoyed a bountiful dinner in the cool dining-room of the "White Swan Inn," with its dark, oak-panelled walls, and big sideboard, set out with fine old silver and china.

The solemn, smooth-faced old waiter deftly served them. First they had a delicious fried sole, and then the dish without which no English person thinks dinner is complete—a big joint of good English roast beef, which as a matter of fact mostly comes from Scotland.

With the roast beef there are potatoes and vegetables. Afterward there was a pudding, for a real English dinner must always finish with pudding. Then follows cheese, which is eaten with salad, the salad being usually lettuce and eaten only with salt. Sometimes they have coffee after dinner, but the English are not great coffee drinkers. You must have found out by this time that they are much more fond of tea.

"Let's go for a row on the river," was the first suggestion

after they had left the table and were seated in the garden of the inn, from Tom, who was eager to show his skill in handling the oars.

"I am sure your mother and I prefer to rest awhile; we are not so keen for exertion just after dinner," said Colonel Howard, "but you can take the two girls, only don't go too far, for we have a long ride before us."

So the young people enjoyed a half-hour's row; then Tom was driven back to his school, all promising to meet again at Henley.

It was the cool of the evening when John drove through the manor gates, and needless to say our two little girls slept that night like tops. Somehow this toy has the reputation of being a very sound sleeper. Can somebody explain why?

CHAPTER V

London-Hyde Park and Westminster Abbey

Adelaide's visit to Oldham Manor was at an end, and Edith was to return with her to spend a week in London. You can imagine how excited she was at the thought of all she would see in the great city.

Adelaide was so much improved by her stay in the country that she seemed quite another little girl who waved good-bye to her good uncle and aunt as the train pulled out of the little railway station. Miss Green was to see them safely to the end of their journey and return again the same day.

"Does not London look smoky and dark?" exclaimed Edith, as their cab took them swiftly through the crowded streets.

"And this, too, is a very fair day for London," said Miss

Green, "but here we are in Langham Gardens," as the cab turned into a square with a small park, or garden, in the centre, around which were substantial houses. Much of London is built around such little squares. Soon the cab stopped before a comfortable brick house of four stories with white stone trimmings.

In front of each window was what is called a window-garden, an ornamental box full of bright flowering plants. All the better class London dwellings have these window-gardens, which do so much toward brightening up the gloomy rows of houses. The front door was a rich green in colour and in the centre was a big brass knocker. A few hard raps brought the maid, and Adelaide was soon in her mother's arms, who was greatly pleased at seeing her looking so well.

"Take Edith to your room, my dear," said Mrs. Stamford, "and do not be long, for lunch will soon be ready."

Adelaide's room was a very nice one, but one could not see the flowers and river from its windows, as from Edith's in Surrey. They looked over endless roof-tops and smoking chimneys. Opening out of it was a sort of play-room and

schoolroom combined. Here Adelaide had her lessons with her teacher, who came every day for that purpose.

"Oh, Fluff, lazy fellow, there you are," cried Adelaide, as a beautiful white Persian cat slowly uncurled himself from the depths of an armchair and came toward them with great deliberation, like the aristocratic pussy that he was. He knew his own value, and had evidently made up his mind that he would not show his little mistress how delighted he was to get her back again, for fear of compromising his dignity.

"Is not he a beauty, Edith?" said Adelaide, stroking his long, silky, white fur. Fluff, having at last given in, mounted to her shoulder, and settled there with a soft murmur of purrs.

"He comes of a fine family, I can tell you, and at the last Royal Cat Show, at the Crystal Palace, he took a gold medal; there it is hanging up in the cabinet. There is no use trying to keep it tied on Fluff, he only tries to lick it off all the time; besides, it would spoil his beautiful ruff."

The two little girls had lunch with Mrs. Stamford, for Adelaide had all her meals in the big dining-room, except

tea, which she had with her teacher, Miss Winton, in the schoolroom.

Mrs. Stamford was a widow and Adelaide her only child, so she and her mother were much together and were real companions to each other.

"How would you and Edith like to go with me to Hyde Park this afternoon?" asked Mrs. Stamford. "The king is to open the new Royal Hospital, and as the procession passes through the park you will be able to see it well."

"How splendid! We will really see the king and queen, aunty? Do let's go," and Edith jumped up and down in her chair with excitement.

"Be ready, then, so that we can leave directly after lunch, for he is to pass Albert Gate at three o'clock, and we must be early to get a place."

The park looked gayer than usual this afternoon, with plenty of well-dressed people in fine carriages drawn by well-groomed horses and driven by pompous coachmen; some of the handsomest carriages had coachmen and footmen in bright-coloured liveries and powdered wigs. A carriage like this you may be sure held some grand person.

All along the edge of the drives were rows of chairs; toward these Mrs. Stamford made her way and selected three in the front row.

Presently one of the men who have the seats in charge came up, and Mrs. Stamford paid him a penny for the use of each seat.

The crowd grew more dense and the big policemen were now keeping the driveway clear.

Edith had noticed in the two chairs next to her a little girl, apparently but little older than herself, and a boy evidently younger. They had been talking eagerly together, and Edith could tell that everything was new and strange to them.

Presently the little girl, who had been glancing at Edith, leaned over and said, eagerly: "They will soon be here, won't they? I so much want to see a real live king and queen. You know we don't have kings and queens in our country. We are Americans. My mamma's name is Mrs. White and I am Carrie White and Henry is my youngest brother. I have two brothers at home in New York older than myself, and we are staying at the Hotel Cecil."

The little girl poured out her information rapidly, before Edith had time to say a word.

"We have a 'President' in our country; he drives around in processions, too, but he does not wear a crown like your king," chimed in the little boy. "I wish he was going to have it on to-day, but I suppose he only puts it on for grand occasions."

"Yes," said Adelaide, joining in the conversation, "he wears it when he goes to open Parliament. I saw that procession once. It was a fine sight, better than this will be, because he and the queen rode in the great gilded coach that cost ever so much money. They both had on their crowns and rich red robes trimmed with ermine, and they smiled and bowed as they drove along. The coach was drawn by eight beautiful cream-coloured horses with harness of red and gold, and each horse was led by a groom dressed in a red uniform with a powdered wig and black velvet cap. Behind were two footmen, also in red and gold, and on either side of the carriage walked the 'Beefeaters,' as the Yeomen of the Guard are called."

"Oh, those are the men who take care of the Crown

Jewels in the Tower of London. We saw them," broke in the little boy.

"Yes," hurriedly went on Adelaide, "and before the coach rode a detachment of the Royal Horse Guards. Oh, they are splendid! And behind rode some more Horse Guards; then followed lots of carriages."

Mrs. Stamford had been listening to the children with some amusement.

"Are you alone, my dears?" she finally asked the little American girl.

"Oh, yes, Henry and I came all by ourselves from the hotel. Poor mamma had such a bad headache she could not come, but she did not want us to be disappointed, so she got the hotel porter to put us on the right bus, and he told the conductor where to let us off, and all we have got to do when we want to go back is to ask the big policeman at the gate to put us on the same bus again."

"Oh," gasped Edith in amazement, "aren't you afraid?"

She could not imagine Adelaide and herself crossing several miles of the busiest part of London without Mrs. Stamford, the governess, or a maid accompanying them.

"Why, no, of course not," laughed Henry. "It is rather hard to find the right bus, because they have got so many names all over them, but a policeman will always set you right; they are right good fellows, your policemen; they take a lot of trouble for one."

"Here they come," someone called out, as cheering was heard, and the children jumped up on their chairs.

First came a number of mounted policemen, and then many carriages containing great people, and members of the Royal Family. Then the Royal Horse Guards, the finest regiment of soldiers in the kingdom, whose duty is always to escort the king. They did make a fine showing in their white trousers and red coats, their glittering breastplates and helmets, swords clanking by their sides, and sitting so straight on their black horses.

"They are fine," said Henry. "I wish Billy could see them."

"Hush, here is the king," said Adelaide.

An open carriage passed swiftly. On the high box sat the coachman and footman in the royal liveries of a bright red, powdered wigs on their heads, and on the lapel of the

coachman's coat was a huge rosette. At the back of the carriage stood two footmen, also in the red livery.

King Edward VII was dressed in a field-marshal's uniform, and kept his hand in salute a greater part of the time.

Queen Alexandra was seated on his right, and looked very sweet and pretty in a violet-coloured dress and hat to match. She carried in her hand a big bouquet of flowers. In a moment they had passed, followed by more soldiers. The children had waved their handkerchiefs, and Henry and Carrie cheered with the rest.

"We are going in your direction, and I will see you safely on your bus, or perhaps you had better take a cab," said Adelaide's mother, to their new friends, as they walked to the big gateway of the park.

"Thank you, ma'am," said the little American children, "but we would rather go on top of the bus; it is more fun, and we can see more."

"Good-bye," the young Americans shouted, as they climbed on their bus. "You must come and see us when you come to New York," called out Carrie, as with smiles and waving hands the clumsy bus rolled them away.

"What would you like to show Edith to-day?" asked Mrs. Stamford of her little daughter, as they sat at the breakfast-table the next morning. "You will have a holiday from your lessons while Edith is here, so Miss Winton will go with you to-day."

"Of course she must see Westminster Abbey, and the Tower of London, and Madame Tussaud's, and the Zoo," said Adelaide, in one breath.

"Not all in one day," laughed her mother. "Suppose you go to the Abbey this morning and drive with me this afternoon to Kensington Palace. Then see the Tower tomorrow."

The girls were soon ready. "Let us walk, Miss Winton," said Adelaide, as they crossed the gardens into the busy street. "There is so much we can show Edith on the way to the Abbey. See, Edith, there is Buckingham Palace, where the king lives when he is in London."

It did not look as handsome as one imagines a palace ought to look; it seemed rather dark and gloomy, though it was a big building.

"You can tell that the king is there because the royal

standard is flying over the roof," explained Adelaide. "That is the Royal Family's own flag. It is made of the three coat-of-arms of the three kingdoms which compose Great Britain—the three golden lions of England, the one rampant red lion of Scotland, and the gold harp of Ireland. It is different, you will see, from the ordinary flag of England, called the 'Union Jack,' and more elaborate and beautiful," said Miss Winton. "The design of the 'Union Jack' is made of the three crosses of the three ancient patron saints of Great Britain—St. George of England, St. Andrew of Scotland, and St. Patrick of Ireland."

They crossed St. James's Park, which is in front of the palace, and a few minutes' walk brought them to the beautiful church of Westminster Abbey, which is the pride of every Englishman.

Here, in front of the great altar, the English kings and queens have been crowned, and many of them lie buried in the chapels which surround the choir.

Edith saw the coronation chair, which is very old, and on which the sovereigns sit when the crown is placed on their heads by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Many monuments of good and great people, as well as of kings and queens, fill the Abbey to overflowing; for Englishmen consider it a great honour to be buried under the stone floor of the Abbey.

But perhaps the most interesting part is what is called the "Poets' Corner," where most of the great English poets are either buried, or have monuments erected to their memory.

Our little American cousins will see there a marble bust of their poet Longfellow, erected by admirers of his in England.

"Do you see that stone in the floor with the flowers on it?" said Miss Winton; "that is the grave of the great author, Charles Dickens, who wrote the touching story I read to you, Adelaide, of 'Little Nell' and her grandfather, called 'The Old Curiosity Shop.'

"'The Old Curiosity Shop' itself is still to be seen, which is the same house, it is claimed, that Dickens took for the imaginary home of 'Little Nell,' and where she took such good care of her grandfather."

As they left the Abbey, Miss Winton pointed out to

Edith the great Houses of Parliament, where the laws of the kingdom are made.

"Let us stop, Miss Winton, and have a glass of milk from the cows as we go through the park," said Adelaide, as they walked on.

"Do they have cows in London?" asked Edith.

"Well, it does not seem likely, does it," smiled Miss Winton, "but these cows have very old rights to be in St. James's Park, not so very far from the Royal Palace, which you saw this morning. Many years ago, before London became the biggest city in the world, as it now is, with its millions of people, there used to be a big 'Milk Fair' at this end of the park. Here were brought many cows, and their milk was sold to the good people of London. Now all that remains of this 'Milk Fair' are the two cows you see yonder, tethered under the trees eating grass as composedly as if they were out on a country farm.

"The cows do not know how nearly they came to losing their comfortable quarters lately; for a new street is being put through to connect the park with Trafalgar Square, and those in charge of the work decided the poor cows were in

the way and must go. This nearly broke the hearts of the two old sisters, who own the cows, and sell the milk. So they petitioned King Edward that they and their cows might remain undisturbed. The king kindly gave them permission, only they will have to move a few hundred yards away from their present place so as not to interfere with the new street."

Under a wooden shelter the children found the two old ladies filling glasses with milk for the boys and girls who are now about the only patrons of the "Milk Fair." Perhaps the sweetmeats and cakes that are also to be bought there attract them as well.

"Now, we must hurry home," said Miss Winton, "or we shall be late for lunch."

After lunch Mrs. Stamford drove with the little girls to Kensington Palace. This is another palace belonging to the king. You see royalty had plenty of homes scattered around, so when they got tired of one they could move into another.

This palace is principally of interest because it was the first home of Queen Victoria. But what the children like to see are the toys she played with during her childhood in the

old palace.

They are all kept in the queen's old nursery. Edith and Adelaide looked at them with a hushed reverence, though they were plain, simple little things—some dolls and dolls' house furniture, not half so fine as the toys they had themselves at home, for the queen had been brought up very simply.

CHAPTER VI

The Tower of London

"Let's go to the Tower on top of a bus," clamoured the little girls, and it did not take long for them to scramble up on to the first one that came along. "It is so nice and wobbly," they declared, "and the people in the streets seem so far below." If one gets a seat just back of the driver, who is generally a jovial good fellow, he will tell you a lot about London, as he drives along, for these drivers are a sociable class of men. It is wonderful to see them guiding the big clumsy buses through the mass of people and vehicles of all kinds—costers' carts, automobiles, big lumbering wagons, and hansom cabs flitting about like busy flies. As often as not you will see a wagon, with a big load of hay, nearly blocking up the street, and next to it a stylish carriage with footmen in livery. Oh, you can see almost anything in the London streets. But the picturesque old omnibuses are soon

to disappear, and automobile buses are to take their places.

I must tell you what a coster is. Costers are people who go to the great London market, called Covent Garden, and buy cheap vegetables and fruits and flowers, and sell them in the poorer parts of the city. The coster men dress in velveteen suits trimmed with rows and rows of pearl buttons, which they call "pearlies." They are very proud of these costumes. The women wear bright, gaudily colored dresses, and very big hats, covered with feathers. They hawk their wares about in barrows or little carts, drawn by such a tiny donkey (a "moke" as the costers call it), that you wonder how he is able to pull a whole family of costers as well as a big load of vegetables, as they often do.

"Edith, that is St. Paul's Cathedral just ahead of us; you can see its big dome for miles around, and now we are in the old part of London," explained Miss Winton. "Just beyond is Bunhill Fields, where Daniel Defoe who wrote that immortal children's story—'Robinson Crusoe'—is buried. A plain shaft or obelisk rises above his grave, and not so very long ago the children of England were asked to give a penny each toward building this monument to the

memory of the author of their favourite story-book. Many children responded and enough money was raised for the purpose. You will see that the inscription on it tells the story."

The little girls were much impressed, and Edith said she would tell Clarence and Eleanor about it, as they had just been reading about Robinson Crusoe and his desert island.

"Are not the 'Beefeaters' splendid?" said Adelaide, as they passed through the old gateway into the Tower of London. "There is the one, Miss Winton, who talked with mamma and me the last time we were here. I believe he remembers me and is coming this way. He had a tame raven which he showed us. See, Edith, there are a number of ravens flying about; they make their home among the old buildings, and the keepers feed them."

"Good morning, miss," said the old man, as he came up. "I am very pleased to see you again," and he bowed politely to the little girls.

He was indeed as fine as a picture. The "Yeomen of the Guard" hold a very exclusive and enviable position. They attend the king on all grand occasions. Their dress is in the

same style as that worn in the time of King Henry VIII: all of bright red, trimmed heavily with gold braid, a big white ruff around their necks, and a lovely black velvet hat. They carry a halberd, or sort of lance with a sharp blade at the end. This is the dress for grand occasions. Their everyday costume is in the same style, but is not quite so fine.

"How is the raven?" asked Adelaide. "My cousin would so much like to see him."

"There he is now. Come here, 'Blackie,'" and he whistled to the solemn bird that came hopping over the grass.

"Does he not look wise, Edith? and he can do all sorts of tricks."

The bird flew on to his master's cap, and peered down over the rim of it at him, as much as to say "bo-peep," and then leaned over and took a bit of sugar out of the old man's mouth. After watching other antics our little friends bade the "Beefeater" and his pet good-bye and continued their walk around the Tower, which is really much more than a single tower. It is a big group of buildings, with a square tower in the middle, a high wall around it all, and a deep moat which was once filled with water. The "Tower" is



"After watching other antics our little friends bade the 'Beefeater' and his pet good-bye."

very, very old; it was used for a prison, and whenever anybody did something the king did not like, he was put on a boat and rowed down to the Tower and locked up in one of the dungeons, and often many prisoners had their heads chopped off, and some of these were high-born ladies, too!

"I am glad I did not live in those days, when they could cut off people's heads," said Edith, who shuddered as she looked at the block of wood on which a poor queen's head was once cut off.

"Yes, the Tower is full of dark memories," said Miss Winton. "You know the sad story of the two little boy princes who lived in this gloomy Tower, and how they were supposed to have been put to death by their cruel uncle, who was King Richard III, and wanted them out of his way.

"Long afterward, in repairing one of the walls, the workmen found buried in a hole in the wall the bones of two small children, which were supposed to be those of the poor little princes, which had been hidden there after their untimely death. Many dreadful things were done in those old days which could never happen now."

"Now let us see something bright," said Miss Winton,

"and leave these gloomy things behind."

"I know what you mean; now is the time for the 'Crown Jewels,'" cried Adelaide.

Our two little friends quickly ran up the winding stone stairs of a small round tower where the Crown Jewels are always kept when the king and queen are not wearing them.

Edith was dazzled by the glittering things which filled a large glass case in the centre of the room.

There were crowns covered with all kinds of precious stones, and sceptres, and other old and valuable relics, all gold and jewels. But no one is allowed to linger long in here, and before the children had half time enough to see all, they found themselves again in the yard.

"I wonder what Carrie and Henry White thought of the jewels when they came to the tower," said Edith.

"I have no doubt but that they greatly enjoyed seeing it all. The American children are as fond of a visit to the Tower as the English children," and Miss Winton smiled as they drove through the dark, narrow streets of old London, to their home in the newer and brighter part of the town.

CHAPTER VII

Madame Tussaud's and the Zoo

"Mamma is going herself with us to-day," said Adelaide, as the two cousins went downstairs to the breakfast-room, with their arms around each other. Walking down a stairway in this manner is not easy, for one must keep step, but after much laughter they got there, and sat down to their toast and eggs and jam with a good appetite.

"What are we going to see to-day, aunty?" asked Edith, holding Fluff while Adelaide put down his saucer of milk, for his Highness had a way of trying to lift it down himself with his paws, to the detriment of the rug.

"Suppose we make a day of it, that is, if you young people are not tired," and Mrs. Stamford smiled as the little girls broke in with a chorus of "No, indeeds." "Then we will go to Madame Tussaud's this morning, and from there to the 'Zoo,' and have lunch in the gardens."

"Oh, lovely! lovely!" said the little girls, and, giving Mrs. Stamford a kiss, they ran upstairs to get ready so that no time should be lost in getting off.

Perhaps you don't know that Madame Tussaud's and the "Zoo" are the two attractions that English children most enjoy seeing.

Madame Tussaud's Wax-works are famous the world over, and though there are other wax-works in various cities, such as the Eden Musée in New York, which have been modelled on this one in London, Madame Tussaud's will always linger in one's mind as the greatest show of its kind.

"They look like real people," said Edith, as they walked through the big room with hundreds of wax figures in all kinds of costumes. There were kings and queens and great people of a bygone time in rich court costumes, as well as great and notorious people of the present day. Though Adelaide had visited it many times, she was just as much interested as Edith, who was seeing it for the first time. But when they came to the "Chamber of Horrors" one look was enough for poor Edith, and Mrs. Stamford had to take her

out, pale and trembling. Its realistic horrors were too much for her, and her aunt and cousin were quite worried, but in a minute she had recovered and laughed at herself for her fright.

After this Mrs. Stamford declared that they must look at nothing more than the travelling carriage of the great Napoleon. It was in this carriage that the great general drove to the Battle of Waterloo, where he met his defeat. It was like a small house on wheels, and Mrs. Stamford pointed out how a desk was built in one corner and how a small table could be let down for the emperor to eat from. There was a bookcase with his favourite books, and the seats were so arranged that they could be used for a bed. Of course it is much heavier and bigger than a carriage of to-day, but what did that matter with four horses to pull it?

The "Zoo" is the playground of London children, and in the afternoons, and on Saturday half-holidays, hundreds of children go there to see the animals and have tea under the trees.

"We will have lunch first," said Mrs. Stamford, as they left their carriage at the gate and walked through the

beautifully kept grounds. "There is a table in a shady nook under the trees where lunches and teas are served."

"Oh, what is that?" said Edith, and she gave a scream as something cold and slippery came creeping over her shoulder.

"It's nothing but the big elephant, who wants you to give him a lump of sugar," said Adelaide, laughing, and she turned her cousin around and there was the great big elephant, with a merry party of young people in the "howdah" on his back, holding out his trunk, just like a person begging.

He is a great pet with the children, and follows them about like a dog, holding out his trunk for the sugar and cakes with which they are always feeding him.

"We will take a ride on him after lunch," said Adelaide, but when the time came it was hard to persuade Edith to mount to the seat on his back; it looked so high up and wobbly. Finally the driver lifted her up in his arms, and after all His Majesty moved off so easily that Edith did not mind it at all, and was sorry when the very short ride came to an end.

"Oh, now for the lions and tigers; it's about their feeding time; it is great fun to see them eat," said Adelaide.

So she led her cousin into the house where the big lions and long sleek tigers were stalking about their cages. There was a general commotion among the animals, for they knew that it was dinner-time.

"There is the Black Panther. Isn't he a beauty? I believe he is the only one in captivity," said Mrs. Stamford.

"He looks like a big black pussy, and I would like to stroke his head," said Edith, as she admired the black beauty.

"You would never want to do it again," laughed Adelaide.

Just then the keepers came in with heaped-up baskets of raw meat. Such a noise, you never heard. Edith caught hold of her aunt as if she feared they would break through their iron cages.

After this they visited the birds and the monkeys, and lastly the house where the big snakes lived. Oh, such snakes!

"They are fascinating, but creepy," Adelaide said, as

they watched the big boa-constrictors, such as you read about in "The Swiss Family Robinson"—yards and yards long, with wicked eyes.

The general impression is that children never get tired, but after these young people had partaken of their evening meal in the schoolroom, they were quite ready for bed.

The next day was Sunday, and, after a little later breakfast than usual, the two cousins, looking fresh and pretty in their delicate frocks and dainty flower-trimmed straw hats, each carrying a prayer-book, were ready to accompany Mrs. Stamford to church.

After church they strolled through the park, as is the Sunday custom in London. "Church Parade" it is called; where everybody meets everybody else. They promenade up and down the walks or sit in the "penny" chairs. Friends gossip together, and make engagements for the coming week.

It might be called an out-of-door reception. Mrs. Stamford sat talking with some friends while Adelaide and Edith watched the young people, who were out in full force with their parents or nurse-maids. Everybody was in their

prettiest clothes, and looked bright and gay.

"Mamma will have visitors this afternoon, so let us take a book into the gardens and read," said Adelaide.

Every family who has a house in one of these garden squares pays something toward keeping up the garden, which is kept locked, and only those who live in the square have keys and can enter. There are seats and shady walks and a grass plot for tennis and croquet; so it is quite like having your own garden.

This was Edith's last day in London. Mrs. Howard was coming the next day, and Edith was to return with her.

"You must come again; you have only seen a little bit of London," said Mrs. Stamford. "There is much more to show you yet."

"Remember you are coming up for Lord Mayor's day," were Adelaide's last words, and with kisses Edith parted from her aunt and cousin with reluctance.

CHAPTER VIII

Henley Week

"Did you ever see anything so lovely? It looks like a garden full of flowers of all colours," exclaimed Edith, enthusiastically, as she and Adelaide leaned over the railing of Colonel Howard's house-boat, and looked up and down the river.

I am sure every one would agree with her, if they could be at the picturesque little village of Henley-on-Thames during "the week," as it is known. That is when the boat-races are held there. It is the great open-air society event for the younger people of England, a great water *fête* or picnic. The nicest way to enjoy the boat-races is to have a house-boat and live on it during the week, then one is on the spot all the time.

A house-boat is really a small house that is built on a flat boat, so that it can be towed from place to place at its

owner's pleasure. There is a big room with perhaps two or more small bedrooms. At the back is a tiny kitchen and a larder or pantry.

"It's just like dolls keeping house; isn't it lovely, mamma?" declared Edith.

"Well, yes," said Mrs. Howard, thoughtfully, as she looked in at the tiny larder. "It is all very well for Henley, but I believe I do prefer the manor."

Colonel Howard's house-boat was very pretty and attractive. "The jolliest on the river," Tom declared, and as Tom was an important person on this occasion, his good opinion was valued by his family.

Over the roof, which was used for a general open-air sitting-room, was a brilliant red and white awning, and around the edge of the roof or deck was a border of a solid mass of flowers, splendid red geraniums and big white daisies, while hanging down from these was a fringe of green vines, all of which looked very pretty with the brass railings around the deck, and the bright woodwork of the boat itself, which was painted white with green Venetian blinds at the windows.

The deck was covered over with rugs, and there were plenty of wicker lounging chairs and cushions. Meals were served sometimes on deck; sometimes in the big room below.

All the house-boats here were decorated in some such way, and made a pretty picture, tied up to the shore on one side of the river—a long line of them. Their occupants entertained their friends on board, and there was much visiting done from one to another.

The course of one mile, along which the races are rowed, is "staked off" by "booms" or logs tied together. On either side of this course lay thousands of small boats as tightly packed together as could be, for naturally everyone wanted to get as near the racing boats as possible.

The ladies were all dressed in the loveliest of dresses of all colours—pale pinks, blues, and lavenders, as well as white, with sunshades to match. If it happens to be showery weather, dear me! Many a pretty hat and dress is spoilt. But this was a "dry" Henley, with brilliant sunshine, so Edith was right when she said the river looked like a garden of flowers.

The men looked very cool and comfortable in their white flannel suits and straw hats.

Along both river banks were big tents, which were used as club-houses by the various boat clubs who were rowing in the races, while thousands of spectators lined either side of the river. English people take a great interest in all kinds of sports, but they are specially fond of boating, and they cheer the winning crews at Henley with the greatest enthusiasm.

This afternoon the race in which Tom was to row was coming off, and the Howard family was in a great flutter of excitement. The crew of Tom's boat were to take dinner afterward on their house-boat, and if they should prove the winners they would have an especially jolly feast.

Friends of the Howards from Oxford had the house-boat next to theirs—their eldest son was in one of the competing boats for the "Ladies' Plate," and their two little boys, the nine-year-old twins, Edgar and Will, held great discussions with Edith and Adelaide over the merits of the two rival boat crews.

The little girls' loyalty to Eton never wavered, while the

"Twins," as they were always called, had a great contempt for any boat crew that did not have their brother George in it.

The "Twins" were particularly arrogant this afternoon, for the rumour had gained ground that George's boat would prove the best. However, the cry, "They have started," put an end to all talk.

It was one of the favourite races of the week, and everybody was wild. On they came, the young fellows straining, and the oars glittering as they flew in and out of the water. At first Eton was left behind, but they drew up little by little on their rivals. Side by side the rival crews kept, nearly up to goal, when with a supreme effort Eton gave a spurt forward, and won by half a boat's length. Such cheers as went up! The Etonians were the heroes for the rest of the day.

You may imagine the joy of Tom's family, who were prouder of him than ever, and in the eyes of the little girls he had grown several inches taller. Don't you think it was very good of the girls when they went over afterward to take tea with the "Twins" that they did not crow over them a bit?

CHAPTER IX

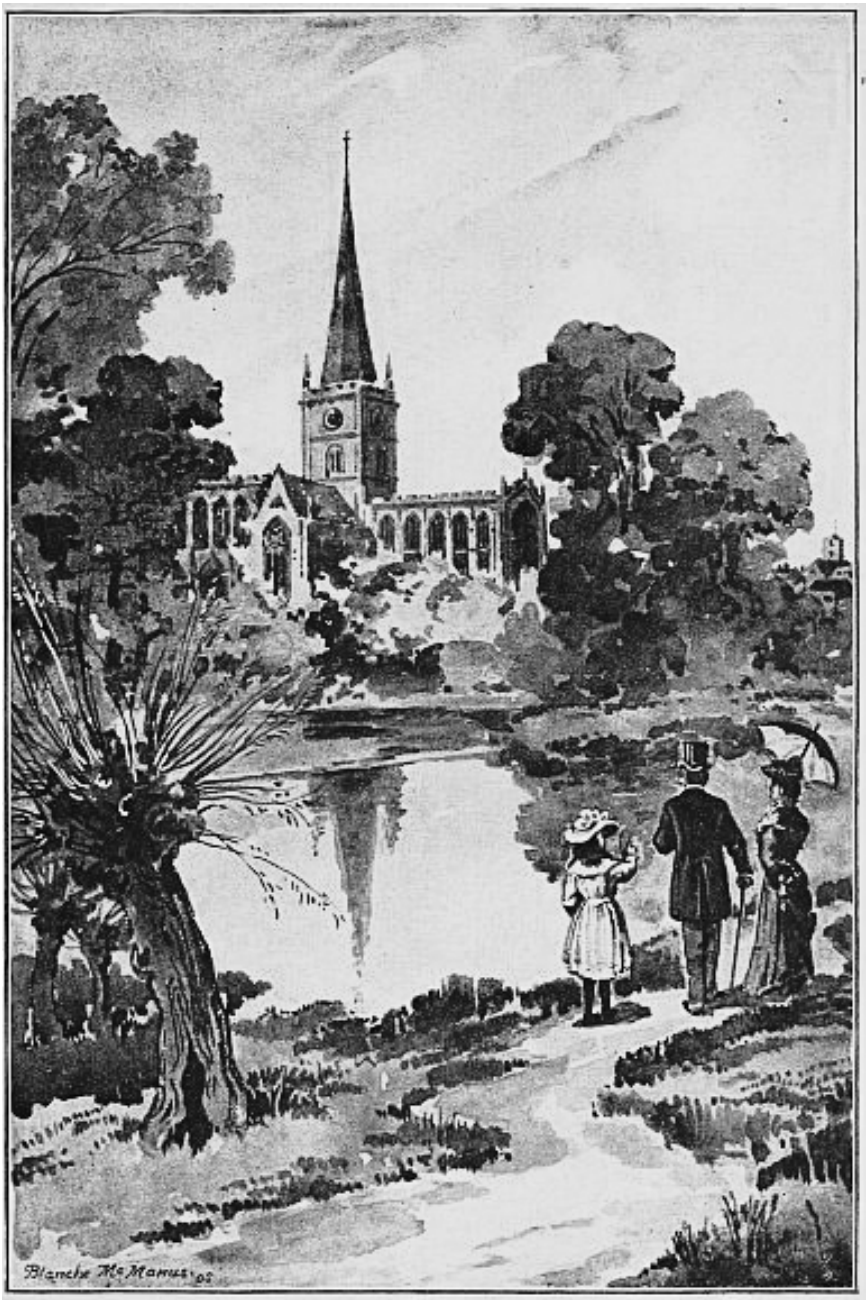
Summer Holidays

It was the midsummer holidays. "No more lessons," said Edith, as she danced around the schoolroom. Soon, however, she rushed up to Miss Green. "But I will miss *you*, dear Miss Green. I wish you were going with us," and the warm-hearted little girl threw her arms around her governess.

Miss Green was also to take a holiday, and visit her old home in the fine old town of Canterbury, which is one of the most historic places in England, best known for its splendid cathedral, one of the grandest of the many cathedrals of England.

Edith herself was going to spend a part of the summer holidays in Warwickshire, one of the prettiest parts of England—a lovely rolling country of fields, farms, thatch-roofed cottages, and great country houses.

While there they were to visit Stratford-on-Avon, the



“She walked down the path by the river Avon.”

home of the great poet Shakespeare.

Edith caught the first glimpse of the old church with a tall steeple, where the great poet is buried, as she walked down the path by the river Avon. There were visitors in the church, as there always are, for there is no spot in the world more visited than this.

People come to this church from all over the world, and the American cousins think as much of it as the English themselves. Edith stood looking at the worn stone in the floor before the altar. It was difficult to realize that under this lay the ashes of the great Shakespeare.

They were alone in the church now; the other visitors had gone, and Colonel and Mrs. Howard were resting in a pew, when Edith's childish voice broke the silence of the old church, as she slowly spelled out the strange inscription on the stone.

"Good frend for Jesus sake forbeare,
To digg the dust encloased heare:
Blese be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones."

"How funny some of the words are, papa," she said.

"Yes, that is the old way of spelling, as it was in Shakespeare's time," answered Colonel Howard.

They then walked through the neat little market-town to Shakespeare's house. It had been repaired many times, but always to look as nearly like the original as possible.

Then they went to the famous old inn, the Red Lion, for their dinner, where the American author, Washington Irving, stayed, while he wrote some of his charming stories about English country life.

From Stratford, our friends went to Warwick, which is most interesting, not only on account of the picturesque old town with its ancient houses, but because of its great castle as well.

Edith's papa and mamma wanted her to see this castle, which is one of the finest places in England, and one of the few examples of an old feudal castle which is still occupied and kept as it was hundreds of years ago.

"Is not this a lovely old room, mamma?" said Edith, as they sat at breakfast in the coffee-room, or dining-room, of the quaint inn at Warwick at which they were staying. It

was a pretty room, with walls of dark oak panels. Around the room were hung many plates and dishes of fine and rare old English china. A big, high sideboard stood at one end, on which were many pieces of antique silverware, also some good pewter mugs and pitchers, which are now very valuable, and some quaint old "Toby" jugs, which are in the shape of a fat old gentleman.

Mrs. Howard poured out tea; and the sun sparkled on the dainty silver and pretty china of the well-set table.

Edith enjoyed the eggs with crisp slices of bacon, and buttered toast, while the neat maid cut for Colonel Howard slices of cold ham from one of the huge joints of cold meat which stood on the sideboard.

Edith admired very much a glass case of stuffed birds just opposite her, such as one will find in almost every country inn in England. Over the door was another favourite decoration, a model of an enormous trout.

"I think I will let papa take you over the castle, while I rest here and write some letters," said Mrs. Howard.

So Edith and her papa walked through the great gateway into Warwick Castle, and were taken, with some other

visitors, through many of the fine old rooms, filled with magnificent furniture, and pictures, and armour, and all kinds of valuable and ancient things. They saw the great cedars of Lebanon, which were brought from the Holy Land, and planted in the garden about 800 or 900 years ago. That's a long time, isn't it?

The beautiful, rare, white peacocks were also to be seen strutting about the courtyard, spreading their great white tails to be admired.

Edith had much to tell her mamma while they were eating lunch. Colonel Howard also told his little daughter of other beautiful houses he had visited, among them Haddon Hall and Welbeck Abbey, which has a number of the rooms built under ground. The owners of most of these great houses in England allow visitors to go through the principal apartments on certain days in the week.

Edith's papa and mamma had spent the preceding summer on the "Norfolk Broads." The "Broads" are really lakes or rivers, nearly all connected, so they had taken a sailboat and sailed from one to another, living meanwhile on their boat. This is a most enjoyable way of spending some weeks,

and they had promised to go again some time and take Edith.

Near the "Broads" is a spot of interest to little American cousins—the town of Boston which gave its name to the American city. There is a great contrast between the great bustling city of Boston and this little old English town. There is a tower there that is called the "Boston Stump," why, one cannot imagine, for it is a very nice church tower, and does not look at all like a stump, though it stands high up above the surrounding flat country like a mariner's beacon.

Our party visited Oxford as well, stopping just long enough for Edith to see the gray, time-stained walls of the many colleges which go to make up the great university of Oxford.

"This is where Tom is coming when he finishes at Eton," said Colonel Howard, as he pointed out to Edith his old college building set about with a beautiful green lawn.

From here they returned to Oldham Manor, but in August Edith went with her parents to Cowes, on the Isle of Wight, where the yacht races take place. Here are to be

seen hundreds of sailboats, and big steam yachts as well.

Little girls do not often go to Cowes, for yachting there is an amusement for "grown-ups." But Edith's parents wanted her to enjoy her holidays with them as much as possible, so she usually went, too. Her papa told her so much about the yachts, that she grew very wise and nautical, and they used to nickname her the "Little Sailor."

CHAPTER X

The Lord Mayor's Show

One of the great events in the life of an English child is to be able to go to London to the "Lord Mayor's Show," which takes place every year on the 9th of November. Thousands of families from all over the country come into London for that day, and bring the young folks.

Early in the morning of the great day, the Howard and Stamford families had taken up their position at two of the big windows of a hotel, from which a good view of the parade could be had. Eleanor and Clarence had come up with the Howards, so you can fancy what a merry party it was.

All the children but Edith had seen it before, but they were just as eager as if it were a brand-new sight. As for Edith, she kept her little nose glued to the window-pane, and hardly winked her eyes for fear she might miss something.

The "Lord Mayor's Show," like most customs in England, is of very ancient origin. It has always been considered a great honour to be Lord Mayor of London, and live in the Mansion House, as his home is called.

All children remember the story of Dick Whittington and his cat, and how he heard the bells of London, which said to him that he would become Lord Mayor of London; and I believe it is a true story, too, not about the bells really talking to him, perhaps, but about the little country boy who struggled on, and *did* become the great Lord Mayor.

The Lord Mayor's rule only extends over what is called the "City," which is now only a small part of big London. Long ago, when the office was first created, what is now the "City" was all there was of London. It was enclosed at that time by walls.

Well, times have changed! London has spread miles away on every side from the "City," but the Lord Mayor of London still holds almost an absolute sway over his part of London. Many of the old laws still exist; such as the king cannot go into the "City" without the permission of the Lord Mayor, who must meet him at the city boundary, and

present a sword which the king touches, and then he can pass in. Of course this is only a form now, but it is still a picturesque ceremony which usually takes place at Temple Bar on the Strand. Every year a new Lord Mayor is chosen, and the "Show," which is a procession that passes through the principal streets, is to celebrate his incoming.

Our little folks were becoming impatient, though it was amusing enough to watch the vast crowd moved hither and thither by the good-natured policemen.

Companies of strolling minstrels amused the waiting people, singing songs and cracking jokes, while the vendors of the funny, coloured programmes did a large business.

"I do believe they are coming at last." These words of Adelaide's brought every head as far out of the windows as possible. Yes, there were the gorgeous coaches of the Aldermen, but nothing to compare to the one which followed—the great, gilded coach of the Lord Mayor himself, with the sword of state sticking out of the window, because it is too big for the carriage. You never have seen, nor will ever see, anything more splendid than the coachman to the Lord Mayor. We have to talk about him first because he is seen

first. He is a tremendous big fellow in red plush knee-breeches, with a coat all gold braid and lace. White silk stockings cover his portly calves, and his shoes sparkle with big buckles; a three-cornered hat sits pompously on his big powdered wig, and there is a bouquet in his coat, beside which a cabbage would look small. Standing behind the carriage are two footmen, only a trifle less magnificent.

The coachman so catches the young people's eyes they scarcely see the Lord Mayor inside the gold coach, but he too is grand in his fine robe of velvet and fur, and a magnificent golden chain about his neck.

Then come the various Guilds or Societies of the City of London. The Guild of Clockmakers, and the Guild of Goldsmiths, the Guild of Tanners, and many others. Then come soldiers and bands of music, and floats or wagons on which are symbolic designs and tableaux.

The people cheer, and our little folks clap their hands, and think nothing in the world could be so grand.

As Adelaide's mother once said to Edith, "You have only yet seen a very small bit of London." There is, indeed, much more to be seen in this great old city, and in England,

for even if it is a very small country it holds a great deal.

But we must for the present bid our little English cousins "good-bye" and give some other little cousin a chance.

THE END.

Our Little Irish Cousin

Mary Hazelton Wade

Illustrated by L.J. Bridgman



Norah

Introduction

With the home of our Irish cousins we are not very familiar, but with our Irish cousins themselves we have a better acquaintance, for many of them have come over to settle in America, and they were among the bravest of the American troops in the World War. Of the part in the war taken by their people in Ireland we do not know so intimately, but we do know that they sent many men to France to help England defeat the Germans. They took our boys to their homes, and fed and clothed them; they nursed them back to health and strength, and by so doing the people of Ireland won their way into the hearts of the people of America.

Since the end of the war the bond between the two countries has grown even closer, for, under the leadership of America, the nations of Europe began to listen to Ireland's plea for home rule. This plea was backed up by

active Revolution, as was our own struggle for independence. Finally the Imperial British Government, with the interests of the Irish people at heart, granted them Home Rule, to control their own destinies within the British Empire. Unfortunately, however, even this did not prove a complete solution of Ireland's difficulties, for some of the Irish people wished to remain attached to England, and enjoy the advantages of her wise and just rule. These were the people of Northern Ireland, called Ulster. So it has been agreed that they shall remain under English rule, leaving Home Rule for Southern Ireland.

Preface

You have often heard people speak of the Emerald Isle. When you have asked where it is and why it is so called, you have been told it is only another name for that small island to the northwest of the continent of Europe called Ireland.

The rains there fall so often, and the sun shines so warmly afterward, that Mother Nature is able to dress herself in the brightest and loveliest of colours. The people there are cheerful and good-natured. They are always ready to smile through their tears and see the funny side of every hardship.

And, alas! many things have happened to cause their tears to flow. They have suffered from poverty and hunger. Thousands of them have been forced to leave parents and friends, and seek a living within the kindly shores of America.

America is great, America is kind, they may think, but

oh! for one look at the beautiful lakes of Killarney; oh! for a walk over the green fields and hills of the Emerald Isle. And oh! for the chance to gather a cluster of shamrock, the emblem of dear old Erin.

The little Irish cousin, who has never left her native land, may be poor, and sometimes ragged, but her heart is warm and tender, and she loves her country and her people with a love that will never change, no matter where she may travel or what fortune may befall her.

CHAPTER I

Norah

"Londonderry, Cork, and Kerry,
Spell *that* to me without a K."

"Can you do it now?" said Norah, laughing.

"Can I do it? Yes, easy enough, for I've heard the riddle before. T-h-a-t. There, Norah, you didn't catch me this time."

Molly laughed, too, as she spoke, and the little girls went on dressing their rag dolls.

They were great friends, these two children of Ireland, and, although they were ragged and dirty most of the time, and neither of them owned hats or shoes, they were happy as the day is long. And, when I say this, I mean one of the longest days of Ireland, which are very long indeed.

Norah had beautiful blue eyes and dark auburn hair. Her teeth were like pearls and her cheeks were rosy as the

brightest sunset.

"She is a true daughter of Erin," thought her mother, as she looked at the child. "May God will that she grow up to be as good as she is beautiful," she said to herself, making the sign of the cross on her breast.

As for Molly, Norah's little playmate, her hair was black as night. Many other lads and lasses of Ireland have hair like that. It is because, long years ago, before even the Christ-child dwelt among men, Spaniards came to the west coast of Ireland and settled among the people there.

They gave their black hair and dark eyes to the people already in the country, most of whom were fair in face, hair, and eyes. So it happens that sometimes they now have dark hair and blue eyes, and sometimes light hair and dark eyes.

"Norah! Norah, darlint! Come and feed the pigs," called her mother. "They are that hungry they would eat the thatch off the house if they could reach it."

Norah jumped up, and running home as fast as her young feet could carry her, took the dish of mush from her mother's hands. She was instantly surrounded by a thin old mother pig and her ten little ones.

They were cunning little things when they were born, and Norah loved to hold them in her arms and pet them. But they were big enough now to root about in the mud, and the little girl held them no longer.

"Oof! oof!" grunted the mother pig. "Good! good!" was what she meant, of course, as she swallowed her supper as quickly as possible, and the ten babies followed her example.

Then Norah had to feed the ducks and chickens, and her precious goat.

"I love it. Oh, I love it, next to father and mother and the children," thought the little girl.

"How much it knows, and how gentle it is! And what should we do without the sweet, rich milk it gives us!" she said, turning to Molly, who was helping her in her work.

"It is a dear little creature" (Molly pronounced it craythher), "but I love our pet cow better. I suppose the reason is because it is ours. But, good night till ye, Norah. I must be after getting home."

Molly went running down the lane, while Norah entered the house.

House! It would hardly be fair to give it such a grand name. It was a small stone hut, not much taller than Norah's father, with a roof covered with mud and straw mixed together. Such a roof is said to be thatched.

There was only one window in the hut, and that was a small one. The door was divided across the middle, and the upper part of it stood wide open. Yet, as Norah stepped inside, the air was thick and heavy with smoke.

Over in one corner was a fireplace, and in it cakes of dried peat were slowly burning. It was the only kind of fuel Norah's mother had to burn, so it was no wonder the air of the room was smoky.

Do you know what peat is? In Norah's country there are many square miles of marshy land covered with moss and grasses. If it could speak to us, this land would tell a wonderful story.

"Ages and ages ago," it would say, "great forests of oak stood here. The trees grew large and strong. But the rain fell often and the air was very damp. This is the reason mosses and other plants gathered on the trunks and branches of the trees. They sent their roots into the moist

bark and fed on the sap that should have nourished the trees.

"The great trees became weaker and weaker as the years passed away, until at last they sickened and died, and fell to the ground.

"Fir-trees began to grow in the places of the oaks. But they were treated in the same manner. Their life-giving sap was taken by a new growth of mosses. The fir-trees died, and added to the great masses of decaying wood which now covered the damp ground.

"Then plants grew up. But they met with the same fate as the trees.

"Thousands and thousands of years passed by. The beautiful forests that once covered the land were slowly changed into peat."

The peat-bogs are now so thick and heavy that the poor of Ireland can dig twenty-five feet into them and cut out squares of the solid peat.

After drying them in the air and sunshine, the people burn them in place of coal. This queer fuel does not make as bright and clear a fire as coal, but it is cheap, and keeps

the poor from suffering.

"Be patient and wait only a few more thousands of years," the bogs would say to us if they could, "and you may have coal instead of peat. Father Time will make the change without any work on your part."

But the people of Ireland cannot wait. Most of them are very, very poor. They live from day to day, glad if they have a roof to cover their heads and food enough to keep them from starving.

Norah's father hires the land for his little farm from a rich lord who lives most of the year in England. The Irishman built the little hut on this land for himself and wife, and his family of growing children.

"What use would it be to spend much time on it?" he would say. "The better I make the place, the more rent I shall have to pay."

Every year he planted his patch of potatoes and cabbages for himself, besides oats and turnips and other things for his fowls and pigs and goat. He mended the thatched roof when it leaked too badly for comfort, and they all tried to be happy. They succeeded pretty well.

When each new year came around, the home looked about as usual. It was no better, and no worse, unless, perhaps, it was a wee bit more shabby.

But the children grew fast. They were merry and rosy, and thought very little about the shabby stone hut they called "home."

"Sivin of us there are," Norah would tell you, "and baby Pat is the dearest and best of us all."

As she came in to supper that night, her mother lifted the kettle that hung by a hook over the smoky fire and made a pot of tea. Then she placed a dish of steaming potatoes and a plate of dark, heavy bread on the table.

"A good supper, indade," thought the hungry children, and in a few minutes not a sign of anything to eat could be seen.

"Here chick! chick!" called Norah, dropping crumbs to her pet chicken. It had kept close beside her during the meal, and once had grown so impatient that it flew up into the little girl's lap.

An old hen had already gone to roost on the rung of a stool in a dark corner of the room, while the much-loved

goat stood munching grass at Norah's elbow.

The child's mother did not seem troubled in the least by these things. She was busy as busy could be, giving hot potatoes and slices of bread to Mike and Joe, Norah and Katie, while she trotted baby Patsy on her knee.

But when the whole flock of geese came running and flying into the hut for their share of the family supper, it was a little too much.

"Away with you, noisy creatures!" cried the busy mother. "Away with you! Mike, take the broom and drive them out. Joe, lend a hand and help your brother."

When the room had been cleared of the greedy geese, every one went on eating, until not even a crumb was left on the table.

The girls cleared away the dishes; the boys brought a load of peat into the house, and placed it before the fire to dry for burning; the mother rocked Patsy to Dreamland, and the father smoked his pipe.

Then, when the work was all done, he told the children there was good news.

"What is it, what is it?" they all cried together.

"A letter from our own Maggie, in Ameriky. Sure, what else could the good news be?" said their father. "Listen, and you shall hear it.

'Dear Father and My Own Sweet Mother:— First of all, how are yoursilves and the pigs and all the children? I have a good place, and my mistress is very kind to me. My work is not hard, and I am fast learning the ways of this great country. My wages is now two dollars and a half the week. In the money of good ould Ireland, that is just ten shillin's. By bein' careful since I last wrote ye, I have saved enough to send you two pounds. My master got the money changed for me, he was that kind. What will the money buy yez now? Mother darlint must have two pounds of the best tay, and a new red woollen petticoat. You, father, will have some grand leather boots, and aich of the children must buy something for the remimbrance of the sister Maggie far across the great say.

'Good-bye, and may the blissings of Hiven fall upon ye.

'MAGGIE O'NEIL.'

As he came to the end of the letter, every one was silent for a moment. The mother wiped away some tears which had fallen upon her cheek, and her husband cleared his throat.

Two pounds! It seemed like a fortune to the little family. It was nearly enough to pay the year's rent.

"But the pigs are doing well, and, if they keep on, there will be no trouble when rent time comes," said the father, as they sat talking the matter over. "The price of the pigs will be enough for the rint, I'm thinkin'. It shall be as Maggie said. Let the childer go to bed and dream of the fine things they will see in the town when they go shopping."

Somehow or other the children were all stowed away for the night in the small room next the kitchen, and Norah was soon sound asleep, and dreaming a most wonderful dream.

It seemed in her dream that the goat was harnessed to the jaunting-car belonging to the father of her friend Molly. He was a very, very big goat in the dream, and he looked really handsome, as he capered down the lane, carrying the whole family to market.

Norah's pet chicken was going to see the sights, for he was perched on the goat's head. The old mother pig ran by his side, and the baby pigs, with their curly tails high up in the air, were trying their best to keep up. Everybody was laughing and singing to the tune of an Irish jig that Norah's father was playing on the bagpipes.

CHAPTER II

The Thunder-Storm

"Whisht, now! The fairy folk are passing along. We must get out of their way, and greet them politely," said Norah to her little sister Kate, as she made a bow, and whispered, "God speed ye."

The children were out berrying, and were quite a distance from home. They had wandered down the lane running through their little village, and were now on the road to Killarney.

"Why, Norah?"

"When you see a cloud of dust sweeping along, you may know the fairies are travelling. It might bring something bad to us if we stood in their way. We want them to be our friends, of course."

"Oh, yes, yes, Norah. I'll be careful next time. But I'm tired. Tell me a story about the fairies."

"I'm tired, too, Katie darlint. But I'll tell ye this much. There once was a man who did not care for the fairies as he should. Perhaps he did not believe they used arrows and shot them at the cattle of those people with whom they were angry. Oh, Katie, it is the living truth that the fairies can bewitch any one whom they please.

"Well, the man of whom I was tellin' ye bought a farm. It was close to a beautiful valley where the fairies had their home. He built himself a house; he ploughed the land; and then he made a lime-kiln on the very borders of the fairies' home.

"They were so angry that they punished him in many ways. But not all at once, Katie darlint. First, they killed his horse; next, three of his cows; and, as though that wasn't enough, nine of his pigs died.

"The farmer knew well enough what was the matter. He took down his lime-kiln, and was careful after that to keep clear of the borders of fairy-land."

"Look, look, Norah! I hear a carriage. It may be people travelling through the country. Put on your sweetest smile and maybe they will give us a penny."

The two children stood still on one side of the road. As the carriage passed them, little Kate held out her chubby hands, saying, "A penny, kind lady, if ye plaze."

She was quick to notice that, besides the driver, three gentlemen and a lady filled the seats of the jaunting-car.

"Take this, little one, for your rosy cheeks and smiling face."

The lady threw out a three-penny piece, as the driver stopped his car and asked Norah how far it was to the lakes of Killarney.

"Four miles, sir, if ye keep straight on this road," was the answer.

"Do you mean four Irish miles?" asked one of the gentlemen. "For, if you do, we have an hour's good drive before us."

"Sure, and I always supposed a mile is a mile," answered Norah, with a perplexed look in her eyes.

The gentleman laughed, and said, "If you go to America when you grow up, you will find that two of our miles will almost make one of yours."

The car passed on, and the children stood watching the



"The driver stopped his car and asked Norah how far it was to the lakes of Killarney."

travellers out of sight.

"Isn't it grand to be travelling like that, Katie?" said her sister. "A jaunting-car is one of the finest things in the world."

But the people who were in the carriage did not agree with her.

"Dear me!" said the lady, "I'm afraid of falling out whenever the horse goes fast. And as for this beautiful country, I can only see what is on one side of the road at a time."

"I quite agree with you," said her husband. "I have always wanted to ride in a jaunting-car, but it is more fun to talk about it than to really do it."

"But what is a jaunting-car?" perhaps you are wondering.

It is a carriage in which the seats are placed back to back, facing sideways. It has no top, but has big wheels and big springs underneath.

A small jaunting-car, like the one which had passed the children, has two wheels, and seats long enough to hold four people, two on each side. The driver's place is built out in front, reaching over the horse's back. Such a car is very

light, and one horse can carry it easily.

But what the lady said was true. There was no way for the passengers to hold on firmly. Besides this, they could see the view on only one side at a time.

A story has been told of a man who was travelling in Ireland and wished to see the country. He rode in a jaunting-car from Queenstown to Cork. He sat on the side of the car toward the hill and did not get a single view of the river. When he went back again he changed his seat to the opposite side of the car. And still he saw nothing but the hill. It is no wonder that, when people spoke to him about the river between Cork and Queenstown, he said, "There is no river. There is nothing to be seen except a hill."

Do you see the joke? And do you understand the reason why he saw only one side of the country, though he travelled twice over the same road?

Norah and her little sister had just turned to go home, when they noticed the sky had grown black with heavy clouds.

"It is going to rain, Katie. We must hurry, for I fear it

will thunder and lighten," said Norah.

The children began to run. Although they did not mind the rain, they were both afraid of thunder-storms.

"There! hear that, and that!" sobbed Katie, beginning to cry. A streak of lightning had darted across the sky, followed almost instantly by a loud peal of thunder.

Down came the rain in torrents, just as the children turned from the road and entered the lane leading to their own little village. As they did so, the sound of wheels could be heard behind them.

They were in too great a hurry and too much frightened to turn around. But as they reached their own door, the very jaunting-car they had met on the road to Killarney drove up.

The children's mother had been watching from the doorway.

"Come in, children, as fast as you can. I was near beside mesilf, I was that worried about ye."

Then the good woman, turning with a welcome smile to the people in the carriage, asked them to shelter themselves from the storm in her poor little cot.

The two drenched children rushed to the fireplace and stood there with the water dripping from their skirts and making little puddles on the floor of the cabin.

In the meantime, their mother was making her visitors as comfortable as she could. Two of the gentlemen took seats on the edge of a big feather bed, for there were not chairs enough to go around. The lady was given the best chair, after Norah's mother had dusted it with her apron, and placed it near the fire.

The flock of geese had somehow managed to follow the visitors into the house, and the big apron was next used to drive the poor wet creatures out into the storm. It was plain to see they did not enjoy it any more than the people themselves.

"You must excuse us for taking you by surprise in this way," said the lady, as soon as it was quiet enough for the kind Irishwoman to hear her, "but we saw the storm suddenly coming up, and we knew we were too far from Killarney to get there before it should break upon us." She smiled as she went on, "Indeed, it overtook us before we could even reach your village."

As she finished speaking, there was a blinding flash of lightning. It was almost instantly followed by a peal of thunder which shook the little cabin again and again.

Norah's mother made the sign of the cross upon her breast, and her lips moved in prayer. Every one was silent as flash after flash of bright light came through the window, and one peal of thunder followed close upon another.

It was a good half-hour before the storm began to die away.

"Yes, the rain comes often in these parts, and thunder-storms are a common matter in the summer time," said Mrs. O'Neil, when they fell to talking again.

"That is one of the reasons why I don't like jaunting-cars," said her lady visitor. "They have no covering, and in a sudden rain there is no way of keeping dry."

"Wheniver the lightning comes as it did a few minutes ago," said Mrs. O'Neil, "it makes me think of a story told by me father, God rest his sowl.

"There was once a man working in his garden. It began to thunder, and the man was scared. He put his head through a hole in the wall. 'God save whativer is out of me.'

That is what he prayed.

"He had no sooner said those words than the wall fell and his head was taken off entirely.

"You see, he didn't pray for the *whole* of him.

"Now, my good father said that was just right. The man was selfish to think only of himsilf. He should have prayed large, for all the folk around him, and not small, just for himsilf. It was the judgment of Hiven upon him.

"But, dear me! I must tend to my baking. I had clean forgot it in the storm."

Mrs. O'Neil turned to the fireplace and lifted a round, low pot out of the ashes. When she had set it on the table, she took off the cover. Then, turning the pot upside down, a dark, heavy loaf of bread fell out upon the table.

The visitors rose to go, thanking the good woman for her kindness in giving them shelter during the storm.

But Mrs. O'Neil would not hear of their leaving so near supper-time, with Killarney a good hour's drive away.

She told them she had a nice pat of butter in the cupboard. The wild berries picked by the children had been covered over, so they were not softened by the rain while

on the way home. With a pot of good tea and the newly-baked bread, she proudly thought her visitors might satisfy their hunger.

After looking at her husband and the other gentlemen, the lady sat down again, saying:

"You are very kind and generous, Mrs. O'Neil, like the rest of your people. Wherever I have travelled in Ireland I have met just such kindness. I shall never forget my visit here.

"And what a beautiful country it is! I never saw such green grass anywhere else in the world. No wonder it is called 'The Emerald Isle.'"

Mrs. O'Neil smiled her happiest smile. She loved to hear her country praised.

"Ah! Ireland was a great place once," she cried. "But times have changed, and many of the days have been sad ones since the rule of our own kings. Did ye ever hear tell of the famine?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed," said one of the gentlemen, as Mrs. O'Neil bustled about the table. "I shall never forget a story I read at the time. I was a little boy in school. It was about a family

who were suffering terribly from the famine. Their supply of potatoes had come to an end and the new crop was killed by the blight. There was no money to pay the rent, and the poor little children with their parents were turned out of their home by the hard-hearted landlord.

"But at this dreadful moment, help came from a kind friend in America, and they were saved from further suffering."

When he had finished speaking, Mrs. O'Neil told of the suffering people who became homeless and starving, and who died before help reached them.

Norah crept close to her mother's side as she listened to the story. Her big blue eyes were full of tears.

This dreadful famine happened before Mrs. O'Neil was born, for Norah's grandmother was herself a child at the time.

The potato crop had been poor for several years, and many were the families who were obliged to beg from those who were a little better off than themselves. But at last there came a season when all the crops failed. It was the dreadful year of 1847, when the blight fell upon every part of Ireland.

Stop for a minute and think of the thousands of little children who lived almost entirely on potatoes up to this time. Some of them, it is true, had bread every day, and meat once or twice a week.

But there were many, many homes where the only food of the family was potatoes. Then you can picture what happened when there were no more potatoes.

The smiles soon gave place to tears. The roses faded away from the cheeks. The bright eyes grew dull and heavy.

Poor little children of Ireland! Think what became of them when the last piece of furniture had been sold to buy bread!

Alas! many of them were soon without even shelter. For they were driven with their parents out of their small homes, because there was no possible way of paying the rent.

Then what? Fever and sickness travelled from place to place. Death followed in their pathway. There were many days of cruel suffering before the rest of the world waked up and sent help to the sick and the starving in Ireland.

America showed herself a kind friend in that sad time. It was some of the very food she sent to Ireland that saved

the life of Norah's grandmother. She and her brothers were nearly starving when the help came. They lived on the seashore and had been trying to keep themselves alive by eating seaweed and moss. Those were dreadful times, indeed.

Mrs. O'Neil stopped to pat Norah's head, which was in her apron. The child was crying softly.

"There, there, those hard days are over now, my child," said her mother, tenderly. "The sky is brighter for Ireland than it has been these many years. You must not let this fine lady see you cry. Enough water has fallen outside today without our adding to the shower."

Norah began to laugh, while she wiped away the tears with her mother's apron.

The visitors once more rose to go. At the same time one of the gentlemen stepped to Mrs. O'Neil's side and said in a low tone, "We would not think of offering pay for your kindness to us this afternoon, but it will give me a great deal of pleasure if you will take this and buy a little kid with it for Norah."

He pressed some money into the good woman's hands.

"But we have one goat now, as you must have seen," she said.

"Two goats will give the children twice as much milk as one," he answered, with a laugh. "And, besides, I want Norah to have the new goat for her very own."

Mrs. O'Neil could not refuse such a kind offer. "Thank ye entirely, and may Hiven send its blessing on ye all."

By this time the driver had brought the horse and the jaunting-car from the little shed, and the party drove off in the direction of Killarney.



Norah's Home

CHAPTER III

St. Patrick

"Sure and it's Father Tom himself," said Norah's mother. She was in the midst of the family washing. Katie was rocking baby Patsy, and Norah was brushing up the rough mud floor. Every one stopped work at once and ran out of the cabin, the mother wiping her hands on her apron, and Norah lifting Patsy and carrying him along in her strong young arms.

The whole village had by this time turned out into the lane and gathered around the kind fat priest, who had a smile for each and all.

There were old people hobbling along with the help of sticks, men who had stopped work for the sake of a blessing from the priest, mothers with babies in their arms, and children big and little.

It was a glad day when Father Tom came to the village

to see how all were getting along. There were so few people that the village had no church of its own. They went four miles every Sunday to the nearest service. Almost every one had to walk, for there were only two or three donkeys and one or two rough carts in the whole place. A visit from the priest was a great honour, a very great honour. The children knelt in his pathway that he might lay his hands on them and bless them. The men took off their hats and bowed their heads low as he passed by. The old women made as good curtsys as their stiff backs would let them.

Norah put little Patsy down on the ground, whispering, "Patsy, dear, touch the good man's robe with your little hands. It will make ye a better boy."

Father Tom must have heard the whisper. He turned around and placed his hands on the baby's curly head. Then he made a short prayer and blessed him.

"I will take a sup of tea with you, Mrs. O'Neil," he said to Norah's mother. "I am quite tired, for I have walked all the way from my home this morning."

Mrs. O'Neil was much pleased. She hurried home, while the priest and children followed her more slowly.

As she hung the kettle over the fire and set the table for the priest's lunch, he gathered the children around him and told them stories of St. Patrick, the dearest of all saints to the Irish people.

It was a long, long time ago that the King of Ireland was holding a festival in the Hall of Tara.

"Put out all the fires," he had commanded his people. "Let no light be seen till a blaze bursts forth from the hill of Tara."

Not one of his subjects would have dared to disobey the king's command.

You may judge, therefore, how surprised he was when he looked out into the darkness and saw a light. It grew stronger and stronger every moment. A great fire was blazing near by on the top of a hill!

Who could have dared to disobey the king? What was the meaning of the fire? The Druid priest for whom the king sent in haste said:

"O king, if that fire is not put out to-night, it will never die in this country."

Now it happened that the festival which the king and

his people were celebrating was held on the night before Easter Sunday. Few people of Erin had at that time heard of Easter Sunday. They knew nothing of the life of the Christ Child. They were Druids, and had a strange belief of their own.

Their chief priests dwelt in the dark forests of oak-trees, and taught their followers to worship fire as the symbol of the sun.

But a new teacher had come into their country. He had a message to the people. He wished to tell them of the Christian religion and of Jesus, who had lived and suffered and died to help all mankind.

The name of the new teacher was Patrick, and Scotland was his early home. When he was sixteen years old, he was surprised by a band of robbers. They made him their prisoner and took him with them to Ireland.

After he had been with them six months, he managed to get free and went back to Scotland.

But he was carried off a second time, and again he escaped. After he reached his own home once more, he said to himself, "I should like to help the people of Ireland. I

should like to tell them of Jesus and his religion."

He began to study and prepare himself for teaching. At last he was made a bishop.

After many years, he was able to go back to Ireland. It was what he had long wished to do.

It was the eve of Easter Sunday when he lighted that great fire on the hilltop and surprised the king by his daring.

"I will send for the man who kindled that fire. Let him come before me at once," commanded the king.

Patrick was brought in haste, but he was not frightened in the least.

When the king and the princes, the nobles and the Druid priests were gathered together, he told them he had come to Erin to put out the fires of the Druids. He wished to stop the making of the pagan sacrifices in which the people then believed. He had brought something better in their place. It was the Christian religion.

What do you suppose the king replied?

He was very angry, of course. But still he asked Patrick to meet the wise men of the country the next day and talk the matter over. Then he could explain his belief to them.

On the next day he did meet them. He talked so well and so wisely that many of the listeners thought he knew a great deal more than they did. They became Christians then and there.

The king then gave Patrick the right to preach all over Ireland. As he went from place to place, he spoke so well that all those who listened to him felt his great power.

In a short time the whole of the people became Christians, and the strange worship of the Druids came to an end.

Father Tom told Norah and her sister many wonderful stories of the life of St. Patrick. He told of a spring of water he had visited. This spring worked miracles.

It happened that St. Patrick and St. Bridget were one day taking a walk. She said she was thirsty. St. Patrick struck the ground with his staff. Water instantly began to bubble up through the earth, and a spring has been there ever since.

Father Tom went on to tell of strange wriggling things called snakes. He had seen them in other countries. They were something like big worms, and were of different

colours. The bite of some of them was poisonous.

"But we have none of them in our own beautiful Ireland," he said. "You may thank the blessed St. Patrick for sending them out of this country."

Norah and Katie both shivered when they thought of the snakes. How good St. Patrick was to drive the horrid creatures out of Ireland!

"There is a grand church in the city of Dublin called St. Patrick's Cathedral. When you grow up, Norah, you must surely visit it," said the kind priest, as he finished his story-telling. "It stands on the very spot where St. Patrick himself once built a church. It is a fine building, and its spire reaches higher up toward heaven than anything you have ever seen made by men.

"But, my dear little children, your mother has prepared me a nice luncheon. I must eat it, and then visit poor Widow McGee, who is very ill."

A half-hour afterward, Father Tom had left the little home, and Mrs. O'Neil was once more hard at work over her wash-tub. Norah was out in the yard amusing baby Patsy.

"Mother, mother," she called, "Mrs. Maloney is on her way here. She has just stopped at Mrs. Flynn's."

"Come in and get some petaties ready for her, Norah. I don't want to stop again in my work." (Mrs. O'Neil pronounced it "wurruk.")

Mrs. Maloney lived in a lonely cabin about two miles away. You would hardly believe it, but Norah's home was almost a palace beside Mrs. Maloney's.

There was one little window, as she would have called it. It was really only a hole in the wall. When heavy rains fell, the old woman stuffed it with marsh-grass. The thatched roof had fallen in at one end of the cabin. The furniture was a chair and a rough bedstead.

Poor old Mrs. Maloney! Once she had a strong husband and eight happy children, but, one by one, they had died, and now she was old and feeble, and had no one in the world to look after her.

Is it any wonder that the generous people whom she visited always had something to give and a kind word to speak to her?

Every few days, she went from house to house, holding

out her apron as she stood in the doorway. She did not need to say a word. One kind woman would give her a bit of tea, another a loaf of bread, a third a cabbage, and a fourth a little butter.

In this way she was kept from starving, or from going to the workhouse, which she dreaded nearly as much.

As Norah dropped the potatoes into her apron, the old woman blessed her heartily. As she turned to leave, Mrs. O'Neil called after her to ask how she got along in yesterday's bad storm.

"Sure and I was that feared I dared not stay in the cabin. It was so bad I thought it would fall down on me shoulders. So I wint out and sat on the turf behind it. I was wet indade when the storm was over."

"Too bad, too bad," said Mrs. O'Neil, in a voice of pity. "We must see what can be done for you."

She did not forget. That very night she asked her husband if he could not find time to mend the old woman's hut and make it safe to live in. He promised her that as soon as the potatoes were hoed he would get his friend Mickey Flynn to help him and they would fix it all right.

"Ah! Tim, Tim," said his wife, with her eyes full of tears, "of all the eight children Mrs. Maloney has lost, there is none she grieves over like her boy John, that went to Ameriky and was never heard of again.

"Maybe he lost his life on the way there. Maybe he died all alone in that far-away land, with no kind friends near him. No one but God knows."

Mrs. O'Neil crossed herself as she went on, "Think of our own dear girl in Ameriky, and what might happen to her!"

CHAPTER IV

Daniel O'Connell

"O Paddy, dear, and did you hear
The news that's going round?
The shamrock is forbid by law
To grow on Irish ground."

Norah was sitting by her father's side as the family were gathered around the fireplace one chilly evening. She was singing that song they loved so well, "The Wearing of the Green."

"I picked some shamrock leaves this morning, and I put them in the big book to press. Can they go in the next letter to Maggie, mother?" asked the little girl, as she finished singing.

She jumped down from her seat and went to a shelf, from which she took the treasure of the family. It was the

only book they owned besides their prayer-books.

It told the story of a man loved by every child of Erin—the story of Daniel O'Connell.

Opening the leaves carefully, Norah took out a spray of tiny leaves. They looked very much like the white clover which is so common in the fields of America. It was a cluster of shamrock leaves, the emblem of Ireland.

"Yes, it shall go to Maggie without fail," said Norah's mother. "It will make her heart glad to see it. The fields behind our cabin will come to her mind, and the goat she loved so well, feeding there. Oh, but she has niver seen Patsy yet!"

"Father, please tell us the story of that great man," said Norah. "I am never tired of hearing it."

Norah pointed to the big book as she spoke. The first money Maggie had sent from America had bought it, so it was doubly precious to every one in the little home.

Daniel O'Connell! What a friend he had been to Ireland! The face of Norah's father grew brighter as he began to tell the story of the brave man who had worked so hard to help his people. But the story-teller first went back in the

history of Ireland to a time long before the birth of O'Connell.

The Irish had at last been conquered by England. They had fought against her for four hundred years. It was hard now to have English rulers in the country and to have English lords take their lands away from them.

It was harder still to have these rulers say, "You must worship as we worship. If you remain Catholics, we will punish you."

The hard-hearted Cromwell came to Ireland, bringing a large supply of Bibles, scythes, and firearms. The Bibles were for those who were willing to become Protestants. The firearms were used for killing those who would not give up their religion. The scythes cut down the crops of those who did not happen to get killed and yet held to their faith.

"They shall be starved into obeying my orders," said the stern Cromwell.

As though this were not enough, forty thousand of the Irish people were driven to the seacoast. They were put on board ships and sent to Spain. Never more should they see the Emerald Isle they loved so well. Weeping and moaning

could be heard all through Ireland. But a still more pitiful sight followed. It was a procession of children who had been taken from their homes. They, too, were driven on board ships which were waiting for them. These poor helpless boys and girls were to become slaves on the tobacco plantations of the West Indies.

How their mothers' hearts must have ached! What sobs and groans must have filled many a lonely cottage of Ireland!

One hundred and fifty years passed by. They were hard years, and full of trouble.

Then the people began to whisper to each other, "A real helper has come at last."

It was the young Irishman, Daniel O'Connell, who lived the life of a country boy in a quiet place in Kerry. It was scarcely twenty-five miles from Norah's home.

An old schoolmaster taught Daniel his letters in a little village school. No one noticed the brightness of the boy's mind until long afterward, when he was sent to a college in France. After he had been there a year, the principal began to see he was not like most boys.

"He will be a great man, unless I am much mistaken," he thought. He was not disappointed.

Daniel studied hard and became a lawyer. His chief thought was always, "Ireland! Poor Ireland! How can I help my country?"

He worked early and late. He studied far into the night. He would have little chance as a lawyer unless he became very wise, and was keen and quick in his wits.

For he was a Catholic. That was much against him. The judges in the courts were Protestants and were ready to favour Protestant lawyers.

But O'Connell's heart was full of courage. He did not lose hope for a single moment.

When he began to practise law, he showed every one what a bright mind he had. He was quick to see little mistakes and point them out.

He stayed in the court-room during the whole of a trial. He would not leave it for a minute, even if he had been there many hours. He had lunch brought in to him. He was afraid if he left the court that something might be said he ought to hear.

"He is very bright." "He sees every blunder." "He is a sharp-witted fellow." People began to say things like these. Or, perhaps, some bold Irishman would tell his friend, "England can't have it all her own way much longer. Dan O'Connell will see to that."

Now, while this clever young lawyer was busy in the courts in the daytime, he was doing just as important work in the night.

Evening after evening he met with the friends of Ireland. He talked with them of the best way to help their country.

"But no blood must be shed," he would say again and again. "No blood must be shed. That would be too high a price to pay. Besides, it has been fully tried for hundreds of years, and nothing but bitterness and misery has come of it. And yet the Catholics must have equal rights with the Protestants."

He saw only one way of bringing this about. It was by getting all the people to vote alike. Then the English rulers would see how strong and how much in earnest the Irish people were.

There were years of hard work before Daniel O'Connell

was able to bring about any change. At last, however, the government of England was obliged to pass a law giving Catholics the right to vote and hold office the same as Protestants.

It is said that when the king signed the law he was so angry he broke the pen with which it was done, and stamped upon it. But he knew he had to do it, and there was no way out of it.

Daniel O'Connell had won. He was the great Liberator of his religion in Great Britain.

He now tried to gain a separate government for Ireland. But he did not live to finish his work. He was seized with illness. This very time was the beginning of the dreadful famine.

O'Connell could not keep his mind from thinking of the sufferings of his people, and so, of course, he gained no strength. His doctors gave up hope.

The great lawyer and Liberator had but one wish now. He would like to die in Rome under the blessing of the Pope. He did not live long enough to reach the religious capital of the Catholic world, but his heart was preserved

and sent there, by his own wish.

His body was sent to Ireland, where there was a grand funeral.

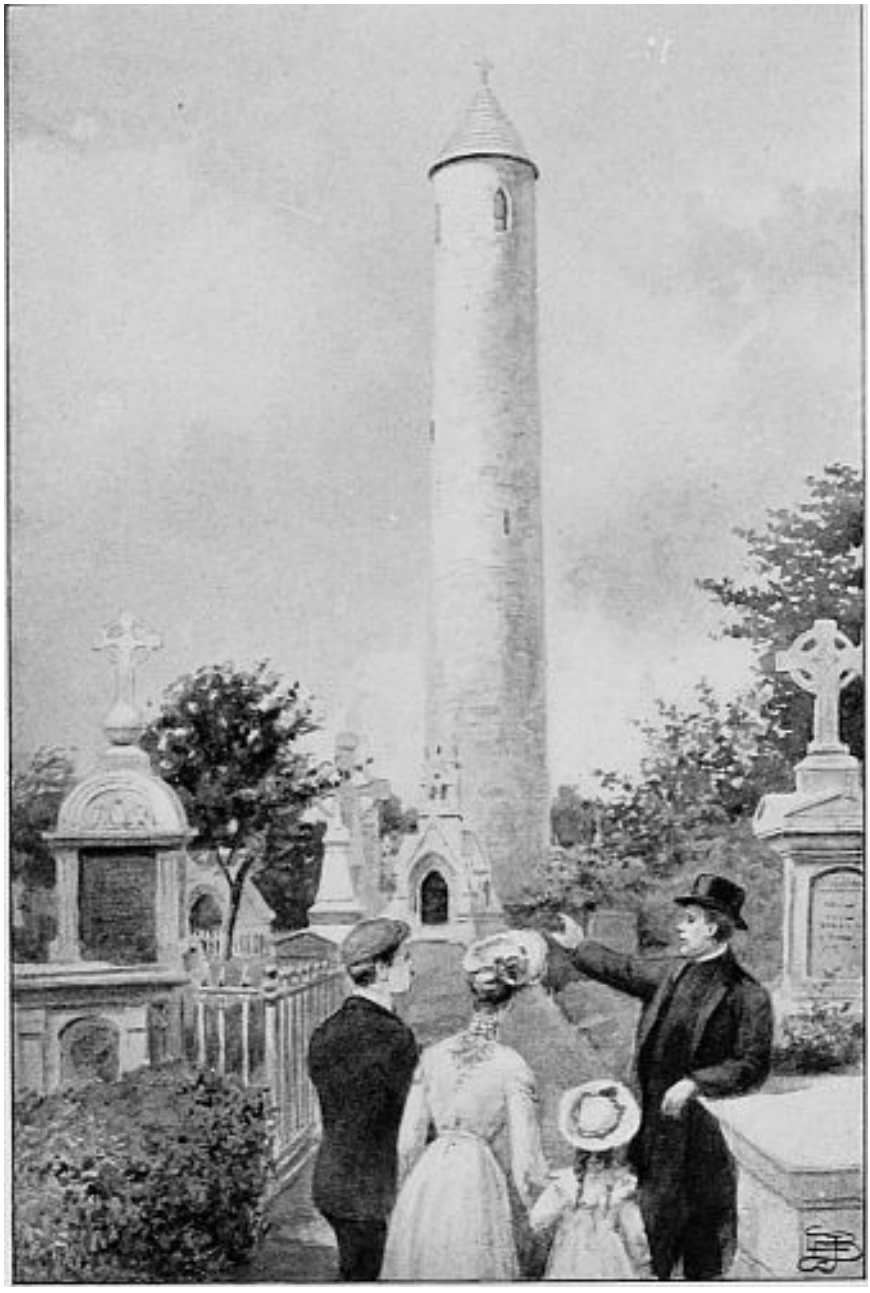
A great monument stands to-day in the city of Dublin. It was built in honour of Ireland's brave helper and true lover, Daniel O'Connell.

It is shaped like the round towers still standing here and there throughout Ireland. They are so old that no one knows when or why they were built. They stand tall and straight and strong and silent. But it seems as though they would say, "Look at us and think of the grand old days of Erin!"

Some people think they were watch-towers from which the enemy could be discovered far away.

When the people wished to build a monument to Daniel O'Connell, they thought nothing would be more proper than a copy of the old watch-towers still standing in the country and reminding every one of the old glories of Ireland.

As Norah's father finished the story, the little girl got up softly and went to a drawer, from which she drew a picture.



The Monument to Daniel O’Connell

It was that of a white hound, the dog Daniel O'Connell loved so much.

"Father," she said, putting her arms around his neck, "if you ever see a white hound at the fair in Killarney, please buy it for your little Norah. I will love it tenderly for the sake of that great man."

CHAPTER V

Killarney

"Mother, mother! Mollie says can I go with her for a day at Killarney?" cried Norah, rushing into the house quite out of breath.

And, indeed, it was no wonder. She had run every step from her friend Mollie's, which was a good half-mile away.

Mollie's father seemed quite rich in Norah's eyes. He had a farm, where he kept three cows and twenty sheep. Yes, and a horse besides. Not a donkey, mind you. Two of Norah's neighbours owned donkeys, but Mollie's father was so well off that he had a real live horse, and a jaunting-car of his very own.

When the work was not heavy, the farmer sometimes took his family for a day's pleasure.

"If it is fine weather to-morrow," he promised Mollie, "you shall ask Norah to go with us. It will be a rale treat for

her."

How Norah's eyes sparkled as she told her mother of the invitation! Her cheeks were more rosy than ever, and as she laughed over the good news, her teeth looked for all the world like the loveliest of pearls.

The next morning she was out-of-doors at sunrise, to see what signs there were of good weather. Dame Nature was very kind to the little girl, and made the sun spread his loveliest colours over the eastern sky.

There was a great scrubbing and cleaning before Norah was ready to start. Her mother combed and brushed her thick, long hair, and made it into two glossy braids. What did it matter if there was no hat to wear! She was so pretty, she did not need straw or ribbon to make people stop to look at the bright, happy face, with eyes ever ready to laugh or cry.

When she was dressed in her pink cotton gown (it was the only one she had, and her mother had washed and ironed and mended it the night before, after Norah had gone to bed), she ate her breakfast, and slipped over the fields to Mollie's, as happy as a lark.

The horse and car already stood waiting at the door. Mollie and Norah, and Mollie's sister Bridget, sat together on one side of the car, while the jolly farmer, with his wife and baby, filled the other seat. Mollie's big brother Tim was the driver.

As they jogged along through the beautiful country, the party sang "Killarney" and other favourite songs. After awhile, Mollie's mother started "The harp that once thro' Tara's halls," and every one joined in with a will.

When the song came to an end, the farmer told the children about an old harper who used to go wandering through the country. He stopped at every place to play the tunes the people loved so well.

But that was before Mollie and Norah were born. Yes, before even the farmer himself was born. He had heard his mother tell about the old man, and how bright his eyes grew as his fingers drew out the tunes from the harp.

Once upon a time there were many such harpers in the country. Those were the days of the Irish kings and lords. There were feasts and dancing and music in many a stone castle in those times.

But now, alas, most of the castles are only ruins, where the kindly ivy covers the piles of stones, and the wind howls through the empty door and window places.

One castle was the grandest of all. It was called the Hall of Tara, and was built on the top of a high hill. Mollie and Norah had often heard of the doings in that grand building.

It was the place where the Irish princes met together to choose their king. It was there that he was crowned, upon an upright stone that actually roared during the ceremony. At least, so the story runs.

The laws of the country were made in the Hall of Tara, and a great feast was served there before commencing business each day. Three loud blasts were sounded by the trumpeter to call the people together in the great dining-room.

Not only princes and nobles met in Tara's Hall. There were also poets and wise men. For those were the days when Ireland had places of learning where many scholars gathered, to study history and poetry, the movements of the sun and stars, and many other things. Those were great days for Old Ireland.

"Oh, see! See!" cried Norah.

Mollie's brother stopped the horse to let every one see the beautiful sight before them. The lovely lakes, shut in by high mountains, were ahead of them.

"They are the jewels of Erin," cried Mollie's mother. "They are diamonds sparkling on the breast of our country."

It was no wonder she spoke as she did. It would be hard to find any spot in the world more beautiful than the Lakes of Killarney.

As the horse started up once more, they passed high stone walls covered with moss and ferns and ivy. The branches of tall trees met together over their heads, with vines wound lovingly about their trunks. The whole view was so beautiful that even the children became quiet. No one felt like talking.

"We will not spend any time in Killarney town," said Mollie's father. "This is going to be a day outdoors, childer. We'll have a rale picnic."

Mollie and Norah clapped their hands.

"We must go to Ross Castle, that's sure. And of course

you want to visit Muckross Abbey and hear the echo below the Eagle's Nest," the farmer went on.

"Castle Lough and Glenna bay,
Mountains Tore and Eagle's Nest;
Still at Muckross you must pray,
Though the monks are now at rest."

So sang the girls in answer.

You must know that Killarney is the most beautiful part of the beautiful country of Ireland. One day is not enough to see all that is worth seeing.

No one could blame the children for not wanting to spend any of their time in the little dirty town at the end of the lakes.

The horse was driven close to the shore of Lough Lean, or the Lake of Learning. This is the name given it by the people of the country because two universities once stood near its shores.

The party got out of the jaunting-car and sat down at the water's edge to eat their lunch. There were no cakes or pies, but nothing could have tasted better to the hungry

children than the thick slices of bread and butter, the home-made cheese, and the rich goat's milk.

And then, every time they lifted their eyes they could see the green meadows on one side, and on the other the mountains covered with purple heather and thick forests.

Out on the clear waters of Lough Lean were many little islands, looking like so many emeralds set in the silvery bosom of the lake.

"What lovely homes they would make for the fairies," whispered Norah to Mollie. She always spoke of the fairies in a whisper. Perhaps she felt they might be provoked if she mentioned them in her usual voice.

"I believe they choose just such places to live in," answered Mollie. "I think there must be hawthorn-trees growing there."

Both Norah and Mollie believed in fairies. They had as much faith in them as many little boys and girls in America have in Santa Claus. They thought hawthorn-trees the favourite places for the midnight parties of the fairies. It was in the shade of the hawthorn-trees that these beautiful sprites feasted on dew, and danced to the music of fairy



Norah and Mollie at Lough Lean

harps.

As the children sat whispering together, Molly's father began to tell the story of Lough Lean. The little girls were only too glad to listen.

He told the old legend of the time when there was no lake at all. A fine city stood here in its place, and in the city there lived a brave warrior, whose name was O'Donaghue.

Everything one could wish for was in the city except plenty of water. There was one small spring, to be sure. A great magician had given it to the people. But he had made one condition, which was this: whoever drew water from the spring must cover it with a certain silver vessel.

It happened one day that the brave O'Donaghue drank more wine than he should. It made him very bold. He ordered his servants to go to the spring and bring him the silver bowl that covered it.

"It will make a good bathtub for me," he said, and he laughed merrily.

"Pray don't make us do this," cried his frightened servants.

He laughed all the louder, and answered: "Don't be

afraid. The water will be all the better for the fresh night air."

The silver bowl was brought to the daring warrior. But as the servants entered the house, they imagined they heard terrible sounds about them.

They shook with fear as they thought, "We are going to be punished for breaking the magician's command."

One of the servants was so frightened that he left the city and fled to the mountains. It was well for him that he did so, for when the morning came, he looked down into the valley and saw no city at all.

Not a sign of a house or living being was in sight. A sheet of water was stretched out before his astonished eyes. It was the beautiful Lough Lean.

As Mollie's father repeated the legend, the children bent over the lake. Perhaps they could see the roofs of palaces, or the tops of towers, still standing on the bottom of the water. They had heard of people who said they had seen them. But the children were disappointed.

Perhaps when they went rowing in the afternoon, they might yet catch a glimpse of the hidden city. Who could

tell?

Mollie's father had more to tell of another man, whose name was also O'Donaghue. He pointed to a little island not far from the shore. It was Ross Island, and an old, old castle, called Ross Castle, was still standing there.

The stone walls were now in ruins. They were overgrown with moss and ivy. But hundreds and hundreds of years ago it was a great stronghold of Ireland's bravest warriors.

The chief of them all was the daring O'Donaghue. Even now he cannot rest easy in his grave. Every seven years he rises up, and, mounting a white horse, rides around Ross Castle. And as he rides every stone goes back into its old place, and the castle is once more as strong and grand as in its best days.

But this is only for the one night. When the sun shines the next morning, a heap of ruins is standing there, where the owls and bats may keep house in comfort.

"How I should like to see the knight on his white horse!" said Norah.

"Yes, but I should be afraid, I'm sure," said Mollie.

"After all, the day is the best time to be outdoors, and my bed at home is the safest place after dark."

When the lunch was eaten, the whole party crossed a bridge that spanned the water to Ross Island. The children played games over the smooth lawns, picked flowers, and told fairy stories.

Then Mollie's brother rowed the girls out on the lake. Many a time he rested on his oars while the children called out and then listened for the echo to answer them.

"There it is, hark!" said Tim.

A party of travellers came rowing toward them. They had hired an Irish piper to go with them. As he played a slow tune, the answer came back.

Tim whistled, and the echo repeated it. Then Norah sang the first line of "Come Back to Erin," and the echo sang it back again.

But the afternoon was going fast, and the children could now hear Mollie's father calling to them from the shore. They must get back to land as soon as possible.

When they reached the car, they jumped in, and all started at once for Muckross Abbey, at the other end of the

lake.

It had once been a great place of learning, but it was now in ruins. Ah! but such beautiful ruins, covered with mosses and creeping vines. How the ivy seemed to love the old stone walls!

Some of Ireland's greatest men were buried here. Poets and soldiers and wise men lie in their tombs. Norah and Mollie stepped softly and spoke in low tones as they walked among them, half-buried in moss and ivy.

But they did not linger long. They loved the sunshine and the brightness outside, and were glad to get back to them.

They took their places in the jaunting-car once more, and started on their homeward way.

As they drove along, they passed the grand home of a rich Englishman. A long and fine driveway led up to it from the road. It was almost hidden in a lovely grove.

Just as they drew near, a party of horsemen passed them and turned into the driveway, blowing their horns. They had been out hunting and were now returning.

"Arrah! they have a jolly life," said Mollie's mother.

"Hunting and fishing and feasting. That is the way they pass their days. But, glory be to God, I have my husband and childer and our little farm, and I am content."

She might have said, also:

"I live in the most beautiful part of beautiful Ireland. I can look to my heart's content at the lovely hills and lakes, the fields filled with flowers, and the cascades rippling down the mountainsides."

Yes, let glory be to God that the poor can enjoy these blessings, and it costs them nothing.

CHAPTER VI

Hallowe'en

"It's jumping wid joy I am," said Norah.

It was the eve of the first day of November, and the little girl was putting on a new dress. Her father had been to the pig fair at Killarney. He had sold his pigs for a good price, and had brought home enough blue cloth to make gowns for both Norah and Katie.

But what is a pig fair? perhaps you are wondering. It is like any other fair in the old countries, except that little else is sold besides pigs.

Pigs! pigs! pigs! Big pigs and little pigs. Pigs rolling in fat and weighing a good three hundred pounds. Little baby pigs, pink and white, and too young to leave their mothers.

Streets full of men and pigs. Everybody talking, and many of them laughing and telling each other funny stories.

And all along the sides of the roads were horses and

donkeys fastened to queer-looking wagons, in which the pigs had been brought to market.

Oh, a pig fair is a jolly sight, as Norah's brother would tell you.

The two blue dresses were made in a hurry by the mother, and now the whole family were going to a party at Mollie's house. It was to celebrate Hallowe'en. Patsy had to go, too, for there was no one to leave him with at home.

There was no baby-carriage for him. But that did not matter. He could go on his mother's broad back, after she had wrapped a big shawl over her shoulders.

The father led the procession. He felt very grand in a coat with long tails and a tall hat.

Of course, Norah and Katie felt fine in their new gowns. They walked behind their mother, looking from time to time at her new red petticoat, and then at their own dresses.

It seemed a longer walk than usual, because they were so anxious to get there and join in the sport.

"Hear the piper, hear the piper!" shouted Katie, as they at last drew near the farmhouse. And her little bare feet began to dance along the path.

A minute more, and the house door opened wide, and the visitors were made welcome.

The kitchen was not large, and it was already well filled. The big bed had been moved over into a corner to make room for dancing. The older people, who did not dance, sat on the edge of the bed, while the children nestled together on the floor against the wall.

The turf fire was glowing in the big fireplace, and giving a pleasant welcome to all. On the rafters overhead, some hens were fast asleep, not seeming to mind the music and laughter in the least.

The piper was playing his jolliest tunes, and two young people were dancing a jig when Norah arrived.

"Good! good!" cried the rest of the company, as the young girl went around and around the young man, her partner, never once losing the step. Her heavy shoes made a great clatter as they came down on the paved floor.

Her face grew redder and redder. Her breath came harder and harder, but she would not give up dancing till the piper himself left off playing.

"Let us bob for apples now," said the host. "We will give

these young folks a chance to get their breath."

A big tub of water was brought in, and some apples were set floating in it. Who would duck for the apples? Every one who had a chance. It did not matter how old or how young they might be.

It was such fun! One head after another went down into the water to see who could seize an apple between his teeth without using his hands to help him.

When the company grew tired of this sport, there were other games and more lively dances.

Then there were refreshments. There was plenty of tea for the big folks, and bread and cheese and potato cakes for all.

As they sat eating, the piper began to play a soft, sad tune.

"They do say he learned it of the fairies," whispered Mollie to Norah.

Just then, the children's school-teacher came and sat down beside them. He heard the word "Fairies."

"Do you believe in fairies?" he asked Norah.

She lifted her blue eyes in surprise.

"Sure, sir. They live in the hills and caves. And there be some, I have heard, who have their homes under the waves of the sea. This night they are more lively than at most times.

"Mother was careful this morning not to drain the milk-pail. She wanted to leave a drop in case the fairy folk should come along and wish for a sup. And sure, sir, father never puts the fire out at night. He says maybe the fairies might like to rest a bit on our hearth before the morning."

The schoolmaster smiled, but did not contradict the little girl. He thought it would only trouble the child.

Norah's father had once said, "The teacher is a man of great larnin'. And, strange to say, I have heard that people of larnin' have little belief in fairy folk."

"Would you like me to tell you a story?" asked the teacher, after a moment or two.

"Oh, plaze do, indade!" said Norah and Mollie together. They loved their teacher dearly.

Their school was kept in a plain, bare little room with rough benches and desks. There was nothing bright or pretty about it. But their teacher was kind, and tried to help

them learn. They were always glad to be with him and hear him talk.

"You have never been to the north of Ireland, have you?" he asked.

"Oh, no, sir. We've never been farther from home than the Lakes of Killarney," answered Mollie.

"But you know, of course, that this is an island, and if you travel to the northeastern shore of Ireland you must cross the sea if you want to go to Scotland."

"Yes, indeed, you showed that to us on the map at school."

"I will tell you of a giant named Finn McCool, who is said to have lived on that rocky shore. Do you know what a giant is?"

"Oh, yes. He's like any other man, only he's ever and ever so much bigger," answered Norah.

"Very well, then. This particular giant wished to fight another giant who lived in Scotland. He invited him to come across the sea to Ireland. But the Scotch giant was not able to swim. So he answered:

"'I would gladly come if I could, but I cannot get across.'

"'It's an aisy matter to make a road for you,' said Finn. 'It is hardly worth speaking about.'

"He set to work at once and built a road, or causeway, made of stone pillars. They were placed close together, and reached upward from the bed of the sea. Of course, the Scotch giant could not refuse to come now."

"Could we see it if we went there?" Mollie eagerly asked.

"You could see a part of it. But, according to the legend, it was broken in two by the sea. Even now, you could walk out upon it for quite a distance. But the causeway slopes downward into the water, and then seems to stop. Some people, however, believe it extends under the sea clear to Scotland.

"It is certainly a wonderful thing, and many people from other countries go to see it.

"Do you suppose it was really the work of giants, children?"

"Indade, whatever else could it be, sir? No common man could do it."

"No one knows; no one knows," said the schoolmaster, thoughtfully. "But come, let us join in the songs. We know

more about them."

How sweet and clear the voices sounded, as the favourite tunes of Ireland rang through the farmhouse.

Then came fairy stories and jokes, and the party broke up just as the little wooden clock on the mantel struck the hour of midnight.

CHAPTER VII

Fairies

"Wake up, me darlint. You have been dozing by the fire long enough," said Norah's father.

It was a cold evening in winter. Patsy was sound asleep in his bed. The good mother sat knitting socks for her husband; Mike was whittling a hockey stick to play with the next day. Little Katie was singing her rag doll to sleep, while Norah lay on the floor by the fireplace with eyes shut tight and breathing softly.

When her father touched her cheek and spoke to her, she sprang up with a sudden start.

"I've been dreaming. Oh, it was such a beautiful dream!" she exclaimed. "I was with the fairies in a big cave. They were having a party, and they looked just lovely. Indade, it was the sweetest dream I ever had."

"Do tell us about it," cried Katie. "Oh, do, Norah. And

don't forget a single thing."

Norah's cheeks were rosy red, and her blue eyes sparkled as she painted the dream picture to the listening family.

She had been in the grand hall of a cave. It was like no other hall she had ever seen. The walls were shining with precious stones. Shining pendants hung from the ceiling and glistened in the light given by hundreds of fairy torches.

But the fairies themselves were the loveliest sight of all. Oh, they were such tiny creatures! The young lady fairies were all in white, and their soft, fair hair hung far down over their shoulders.

The young gentlemen fairies wore green jackets and white breeches.

The fairy queen had a golden crown on her head, and when she waved her golden wand, every one hastened to do her bidding.

They all had sweet, kind faces, and looked lovingly at Norah as they danced around her to the fairy music.

When Norah had got this far in her story, she turned to her father, and said:

"Then you called me, and the fairies all looked sad, and

then – then – that's all I can remember."

"The fairies are wonderful people, and we must keep them for our friends, but I don't want them to call my Norah away from me. You must never turn your ears to the fairy music, my child."

Norah's father looked serious as he said these words. He had heard of a young girl who had listened to fairy music. It made her lose all love for her dearest friends. She forgot everything that had happened in her life. After that, she could only think of the fairies, and long to be with them. She died a short time afterward.

But, of course, Norah had only been *dreaming* of the fairies. That was quite different.

"Tell us some fairy stories, father dear. It is just the night for them," begged Katie.

Her father liked nothing better. He began at once to tell of a battle between two bands of fairies. It was in the night-time, and not far from the very place where they were living.

Norah's father had seen with his own eyes the man who told the story of the strange battle.

The fairies were no more than nine inches tall, but there

were millions of them. They marched along in rows just like any other soldiers. The men of one army were in green coats, and the men of the other in red ones.

When they had drawn up and faced each other, the signal was given to begin the battle.

What a fight it was! The man who saw it became so excited he began to shout. Then, lo and behold! every fairy vanished from sight, and he found himself lying all alone on the roadside.

Had he been asleep? Was it all a dream, like that of Norah's? He declared that was impossible.

The mother and children listened eagerly to the story. They believed every word of it.

The father did not stop here. He told now of a grand ball given by the fairies. A woman in Sligo saw it her very own self.

It was out in a big field, and the moon was shining on the beautiful scene. Hundreds of fireflies flew about the fairies, who were dancing like angels.

But the music! There was never anything like it in the world. A big frog played the big fiddle, and two kittens

performed on the little ones. Then there were two big drums beaten by cats, while fat little pigs blew the trumpets. It must have been a wonderful sight.

"The fairies are very fond of childer," said Mrs. O'Neil. "They are that fond of them, they sometimes carry away a sleeping baby to their own home and leave a fairy child in its place. And that's the very truth. But come, husband, tell one more story before we go to bed."

"Oh, do, do, father!" cried Mike, and Norah and Katie repeated, "Do, do," after their brother.

How could any father refuse when children begged like that?

Norah took possession of one of his knees, Katie of the other, while Mike stretched himself out on the floor at his father's feet. As soon as all was quiet, they listened to the story of "Ethna, the Bride."

Once upon a time there was a great lord, who had a beautiful young wife. Her name was Ethna. Her husband was so proud of her, he held feasts every day. All the noblest people in the land came to his castle and danced and sang and took part in these feasts.

It happened one evening that, in the very midst of a dance, as the fair Ethna was whirling about through the hall in her rich garments of gauze, studded with sparkling jewels, she sank lifeless to the floor.

"She has fainted, she has fainted," cried the company.

She was carried to a couch, where she lay for hours without knowing anything happening about her.

But as the morning light began to creep in through the window, she awoke and told her husband she had been in the palace of the fairies. It was very, very beautiful. She longed to go back now and listen to the fairy music. It filled her with such joy as she had never felt before.

All that day her friends watched her closely, so she might not leave them again. It was of no use. As soon as the twilight settled down over the castle, there was the sound of soft music outside the walls. Instantly the beautiful Ethna closed her eyes and sank to sleep.

Every means was tried to wake her, but in vain. Her nurse was set to watch her, but for some reason she could not keep awake, and before the night was over, she, too, fell asleep.

When she awoke, she discovered that her charge was missing. Ah! Where had she gone?

Every place about the castle was searched, but it was of no use. People were sent now in one direction, now in another, but every one brought back the same word—there was no sign nor trace of the fair bride. Then the young lord said:

"I know where she must be. She has gone to the fairies. I will go to their king, Finvarra. He has always been a good friend to me. He will help me to get her back."

Little did he dream that the king of the fairies, even Finvarra himself, had fallen in love with Ethna, and had spirited her away from her home.

The young lord mounted his horse, and away he rode at full speed till he came to the hill of the fairies. There he stopped.

All at once he heard voices. This is what he heard:

"Finvarra is happy now. He has won the fair young Ethna. She will never leave his palace again."

"Ah!" was the reply, "it may happen yet. For if her husband digs down through this hill, he can win Ethna again."

"We shall see! We shall see!" exclaimed the lord when he heard these words.

He sent off at once for workmen to come to the fairy hill. They were to bring pickaxes and spades.

"Dig without stopping," was his command. "Dig till you come to the fairy palace."

A great company of men was soon at work. The air rang with the noise of their spades striking against the rocks and earth.

When night came they had made a tunnel into the very heart of the hill. They went home to rest, and with the first light of morning they came back to go on with their work.

But, behold! The hill looked as though no man had touched it. The dirt had all been replaced at the order of the powerful fairy king, Finvarra.

The young lord did not give up hope, however. The men were set to work again, and again the same thing happened as before. The work of the day was undone the next night. A third time the lord tried, and a third time he failed.

He was overcome by sorrow and disappointment, when he heard a soft voice speaking somewhere near him. It said:

"If you sprinkle salt over the earth the men dig up, Finvarra will have no power over it."

Once more the young lord was filled with hope. He sent out into the land in every direction to get quantities of salt from the people. And when the workmen stopped digging at nightfall, the salt was plentifully sprinkled over the earth.

How anxious the young lord was now! Had he really found a way of defeating the fairies? The next morning he eagerly hurried to the hill to see.

What the voice said was really true. The tunnel was just as it had been left the night before. Another day's work was enough to see it dug clear to the middle of the hill, and far down into the earth.

And then the men, putting their ears to the ground, could hear fairy music. Voices, too, could be heard around them. This is what they heard:

"Finvarra is sad at heart. It is no wonder. His palace will crumble to dust, if one of these mortals touches it with his spade."

"Why does he not save us then, and give up the young bride?" said another voice.

Then King Finvarra himself spoke, in a true kingly way. He commanded the workmen to stop digging, promising that at sunset he would give Ethna up to her husband.

The young lord was glad of heart, and told the men to lay down their spades. He could hardly wait for evening to come. But it did come at last, and found the impatient husband sitting on his handsome horse and waiting by the hillside for his bride.

As the sun lighted the western sky with his most glorious colours, Ethna, dressed in her silver robe, appeared in the pathway before her husband.

He swept her from the ground in his strong arms, and away they galloped back to the castle.

But it was not the same Ethna as before the fairy spell had been cast upon her. Oh, no! She seemed like one half-asleep. Day after day she lay on her bed with her eyes closed. She did not move or speak.

"She has eaten of the fairy food," said the people. "It will be impossible to break the spell that has been cast upon her." And every one was filled with grief.

Three months passed by with no change in Ethna. One

night, as the young lord was riding through the country, he heard a voice speaking near him. It said:

"The young husband won back his beautiful bride. But what good has it done him? Her spirit is still with the fairies, and, as far as he is concerned, she is like one dead."

As soon as this voice became silent, another could be heard, saying:

"There is one way to break the fairy spell. Her husband must take off her girdle and burn it. Then he must scatter the ashes before the door. He must not forget to take the enchanted pin by which the girdle is now fastened and bury it in a deep hole in the earth. This is the only way of regaining the spirit of his wife."

At these words the young lord was filled with new hope.

He hurried home as fast as his swiftest horse could carry him, and went at once to the room of his sleeping wife.

He hastened to her side, and began to do exactly as the voice had directed.

He drew out the enchanted pin. He removed the girdle. He burned it in the fire. Then, carefully gathering the ashes, he scattered them before the door. The enchanted pin

was buried in a deep hole.

He went anxiously back to Ethna's room. She was already coming back to life. As her husband stood at her side, she began to smile at him in her old, sweet way.

And now she moved and spoke, and took up her life as in the days before the fairy spell was cast upon her.

Her husband and all others in the castle were filled with happiness. There was great rejoicing. The beautiful Ethna was safe, and King Finvarra never again tried to win her to the fairy realm.

Is it a true story? some one asks. If you do not believe it, you need only go to the hill through which the tunnel was dug. It can be seen, even now. And people still call it the Fairies' Glen.

When Norah's father finished the story, the children begged him to tell "just one more, plaze." But he pointed to the clock.

"Late, late it is for you childer to be up," he said. "It is to bed ye must go this very minute."

A quarter of an hour afterward, every one in the little cabin was settled for the night.

CHAPTER VIII

Blarney Castle

Norah's friend, Mollie, had just got home from a long journey. At least it seemed a long one to Norah, who had never been farther away from home than the Lakes of Killarney.

Mollie had been all the way to Cork and Queenstown with her father and mother. They went to see Mollie's uncle start for America on a big steamer.

Queenstown is at the mouth of the River Lee. It used to be called the Cove of Cork, but the name was changed to Queenstown in honour of Queen Victoria.

It seemed a very big place to Mollie. As she described the queer cars running through the city, and the great steamers at the docks, it was a wonderful picture that little Norah saw in her mind.

Mollie had gone there in a railway train. When the

guard shut her and her parents inside the car and locked the door, she was a little frightened at first. Then the engine gave a fearful shriek, and the train moved.

There were many other people in the car, or rather "compartment of the railway carriage," as they call it in the British Isles. Their cars are divided into three or four parts, with doors opening on the sides. Each part is called a compartment.

It was quite a jolly crowd. Every one seemed in good humour, and strangers were soon talking together as if they had always known each other. They told funny stories, they joked and laughed, and Mollie soon forgot her fear of the fast moving train. "It was just like a party," she told Norah.

At every station, the guard unlocked the door and let out those who were going no farther. Others then got in, so the company was changing all the time.

The compartment in which Mollie rode was a third-class one, and the floor and seats were quite bare. But these things did not trouble the little girl. Her parents could not afford to buy tickets to go first or second-class. They were glad enough to be able to go at all.

Cork was reached at last, and Mollie could hardly sleep nights after going about the city in the daytime and seeing the strange sights.

When her uncle had gone away on the big steamer, she went with her father and mother into some of the mills and factories. She saw glass spun into beautiful shapes, woollen cloths woven by huge machines, and many other things made as if by magic.

"Sure, it seems as if these big wheels must be turned by the fairies," she said to Norah, as she told her little friend of what she had seen.

It was all very interesting, but Norah liked best of all to hear of Mollie's visit to Blarney Castle. She asked her to repeat it over and over again.

Not far away from Cork is the busy little town of Blarney. And a little way out from Blarney is an old, old castle which is visited by people from all over the world.

Did you ever hear of the Blarney Stone? Or did you ever hear one person say to another, who has made a very polite or flattering speech, "Well, well, I think you must have kissed the Blarney Stone?"

Perhaps you did not understand the reason for such a remark. Now you shall hear it.

If you ever climb to the top of the walls of Blarney Castle and look down over the walls on the outside, you will see a certain stone.

It is a magic stone, you may be told. It has a great charm, for, if you kiss it, you will be blessed ever after with the power of eloquent speech. Your words to charm and wheedle will never fail you. You will always be able to say the right thing in the right place at the right time. You will say it so well you will make yourself very pleasing to your listeners.

But how is anybody able to kiss the Blarney Stone? It is too far down to be reached from the top, and too far up to be reached from the bottom. There is only one way. You must have a rope tied to your waist, and trust some one to let you down over the wall till you reach it.

There are some people foolish enough to do this very thing.

As Mollie stood looking and wishing she dared try it, she heard some one telling a story. It was about a young man



Norah and Her Father Visit Blarney Castle

who got his friends to lower him out over the wall.

But, just as his lips touched the stone, a shower of coins fell to the ground below. The young man had forgotten to take the money out of his pockets.

Every one laughed at the story, and Mollie wished she could have been there to see the funny sight.

"I didn't kiss the real Blarney Stone," she told Norah. "But there was one inside the walls. It was a sort of make-believe Blarney Stone, and we all kissed that instead."

"Daniel O'Connell must have been to Blarney Castle and kissed the stone," said Norah, quite seriously. "How else could he have had the power to move everyone by his words? He was a great man. When I grow up, I'll be after going to the great city of Dublin to see his monimint. You see if I don't, Mollie darlint."

"Maybe we'll be going together, Norah," was the answer.

And the two little girls skipped arm in arm across the fields of the beautiful Emerald Isle.

THE END.

Our Little Scotch Cousin

Blanche McManus

Illustrated by Blanche McManus



Donald Gordon

Preface

To the thousands of little American cousins the little Scotch cousins send their greetings.

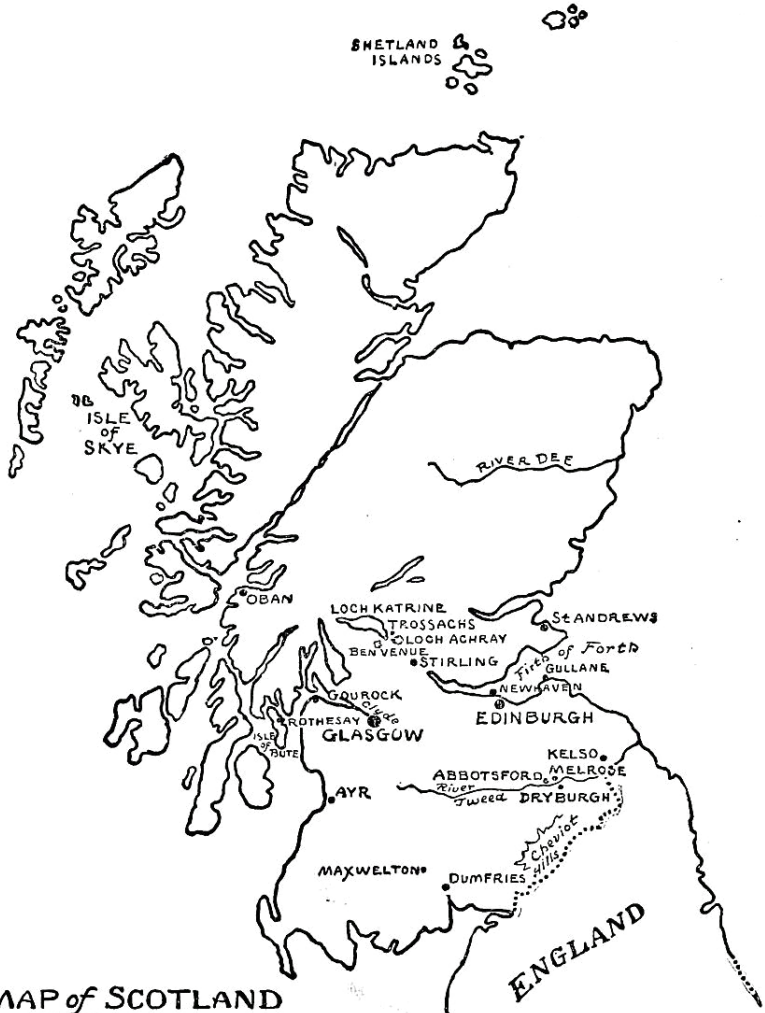
The Scotch, perhaps, are not so very different from the Americans, after all, and certainly there is so much in common between the English, the Americans, and the Scotch that each may be expected to have a lively concern in the affairs of the other!

Many of the Scottish legends and stories of romance and history have an abounding interest for Americans of all ages, and who shall say that Scott and Burns are not as great favourites in America as in Scotland itself? For this reason, and for the fact that thousands of Scottish-Americans have never severed the ties of sentiment which bind them to Bonnie Scotland, a warm welcome is assured to our little Scotch cousins whenever they may come to visit America.

As with our little English cousins there is the bond of

common speech; and Scotch institutions, though varied and strange in many instances, are in others very similar to those of America.

Of the historic and scenic charms of Scotland much has already been written in the romances and poems of Scott and Burns, so that little American cousins may be expected to have at least a nodding acquaintance with them. On the other hand, these charms are so numerous and varied that American cousins cannot but wish that some day they may be able to visit the land of purple heather.



MAP of SCOTLAND

Places mentioned in **OUR LITTLE SCOTCH COUSIN**

CHAPTER I

The Finding of "Rob Roy"

"Hello! Sandy, what do you think I have got here?" called Donald, over the low wall which separated his garden from that of his chum. He was quite excited, so Sandy knew that something out of the ordinary had happened, and quickly leaped over the wall. He found Donald carefully holding his muffler, which was wriggling about in the most extraordinary manner.

"What on earth is it—a rat?" asked Sandy, looking curiously at the muffler, which seemed trying to tie itself up in a hard knot.

"A rat!" exclaimed Donald, with great scorn.

"Do you suppose, Sandy MacPherson, that I'd be carrying a rat around like this? But you couldn't guess if you tried all day; look here."

He carefully undid one end of the muffler, and out

wriggled a little brown head.

"Did you ever see a finer pup than that?" and Donald, with great pride, showed a little puppy, who was trying to chew up his fingers.

"My! but he's a bonnie one; who gave him to you, Don?"

"I found him," and Donald went on eagerly to tell the story. "You know that lane which leads to the widow Calden's house? Well, I came through there to-day, thinking I might catch Andy and Archie playing marbles. You know we thought they had been trying to dodge us lately. All at once I felt something tugging at my shoe, and there was the pup. I looked around for its mother, but there was no sign of any other dog about. The poor, wee bairn whined, and was so glad when I picked him up, I could not leave him there alone, could I?" Donald explained, in self-defence. "You can see he hasn't had his eyes open very long, and he might have starved to death; so I wrapped him up in my muffler, as he was all of a shiver from the cold. Then I ran to the widow Calden, but she did not know any pup like it in the neighbourhood. The baker's boy drove up just then in his cart, but he did not know any one who had a

dog with a young pup, so I brought him home."

"But you can't keep him," said Sandy; "he must belong to some one."

"Perhaps they wanted to get rid of him," said Donald, hopefully. "I am going to show him to father, and he will know what to do about it. Perhaps he may advertise him in the paper, and then if no one claims him he will belong to me."

The two lads ran across the garden and burst into the sitting-room where Doctor Gordon and Mrs. Gordon were having afternoon tea.

"Well, laddies," called out the doctor, cheerfully, "you do not often neglect your tea like this. Hey! what is all this about?" he continued, as his son poured out his story.

"Poor, wee doggie," said the doctor, petting the pup, who licked his hand and wobbled all over with delight, "and a fine collie pup he is, too; he comes of a good breed, if I am not mistaken."

"Oh! then I shall have a fine dog when he grows up, father," cried Donald, with joy.

"Gently, my son," said his father. "We must find out his

owner if we can. A valuable puppy like that will be missed, and if we advertise him the notice will probably be seen by the right person. We must also give notice at the police station."

"But if no one claims him I can keep him, can't I?" pleaded Don, who had grown dismal at the thought that he might be deprived of his new pet.

"Surely," said the doctor, "we could not refuse to give him a good home."

Mrs. Gordon had meanwhile poured out a saucer of milk, and, warming it a little, placed it in front of doggie. It was the funniest thing to see him. First he dashed into the middle of the saucer, and stuck his little nose deep in the milk; then such a sneezing and choking followed. Finally, he found that it tasted good, and that it was for his mouth, and not for his paws, and he lapped away in earnest, while everybody knelt on the floor and watched him.

"He may stay in the armchair by the fire until I can find a basket for him to sleep in," said Mrs. Gordon, returning to the tea-table.

The boys were soon there as well, for the tea at half-past

four in the afternoon is the favourite meal of the four which the Scotch usually eat during the day.

There are such good things to eat then! First, there is shortbread, a sort of crisp cake, made with a great deal of sugar and butter, and very little flour, which melts away in your mouth. Then there are hot buttered scones, which, if you know anything at all about Scotland, you must have heard of, for they are one of their best-liked dishes; and until you have eaten a scone, well-buttered, you will have no idea how good they are.

Cakes, too; "layer cake," with chocolate between the layers; and nice little round cakes, fluted around the edge—all children know that pattern—hot from the oven, for Mrs. Gordon made her own cake and shortbread. Indeed, Scotch women consider it quite an accomplishment to make their own shortbread, which is far nicer than that which is bought outside.

Then there is jam and preserved ginger. Perhaps you did not know that Scotch people were very fond of sweet things. They are, indeed, and they make many different kinds, and they are all good.

Of course the talk around the table was all about the little puppy.

"Oh, father!" suddenly said Donald, with his mouth full of shortbread, "I can train him to be a sheep-dog, can't I? And we will take care of the sheep, like the herds and collies that Uncle Alan was telling us about."

"You are ambitious, my son," laughed the doctor. "You must get your uncle to tell you some of the wonderful feats performed by the sheep-dogs and their masters, and the difficult work that they have to do, and then you will not think it so easy to turn yourself and the little doggie into shepherds. And that reminds me that I had a letter from your uncle to-day, and he wants us to make him a visit next month, in time for Marjorie's birthday-party. 'We must have a meeting of the Clans,' he says, 'to celebrate the day.'"

"Oh, how jolly!" cried Donald, prancing about the room, and waving his napkin. "Uncle Alan's the best thing that ever lived; he lets you do just what you want when you go to see him."

"He has invited Sandy, also; but I must warn him," said the doctor, trying to look severe, and shaking a finger at the

boys, "that you laddies are not to do everything that you wish, such as wheedling old Dugald into letting you carry the guns, as happened once before when your uncle and I went shooting."

The doctor's effort to be stern did not last long, for Donald nearly choked him with a big hug, and then subsided panting beside Sandy. Whenever Sandy was very much pleased he grew speechless and shy, but he nudged Don with his elbow and grinned, so every one knew he was as delighted as the more talkative Don.

"But that is not all the news," said Mrs. Gordon. "Your cousins are coming to make us a visit first, and your Uncle Alan says we may look for them next week."

"Hurrah! won't we have fun going about seeing things," and Don started another dance, for he was very fond of his two little cousins, Janet and Marjorie Lindsay, and thought them far nicer than most lassies, for they could keep up with him on a day's climb over the moors, and play games almost as well as Sandy.

The boys were soon whispering together in a corner, and planning how much pleasure they could crowd into this

wonderful week. Don told for the hundredth time of the marvels of Skylemore, his Uncle Alan's beautiful home in the Highlands.

Uncle Alan Lindsay was a very wonderful person to Donald. He had gone to America when he was a young lad, and had made a great fortune in copper mines. He wanted to enjoy it in Scotland, his own country, however, for the Scotch are very clannish, and like nothing better than to be in their own land, and among their own people.

So he came back to Scotland, and bought a fine estate with a beautiful house, into which he put handsome furniture and good pictures and books—everything that could make a home attractive. To Donald it seemed a palace, and he did not think the king himself had anything so grand.

Around the house was a big park, with miles of rolling woodland well stocked with deer. Here one could shoot grouse and pheasants and small game of all kinds. There were several clear streams and a *loch*, as a lake is called in Scotland, where one could fish for salmon and trout, and catch them, too, if one only knew how.

Many were the stories that Don had told Sandy of his

adventures in company with old Dugald, the gamekeeper, who had taught him how to fish; and how together they had tramped miles over the wild moors covered with heather.

Donald never tired of hearing his uncle tell of his life and adventures in the far-away Western States of America, which seemed always to him to belong to another world. The story of how he had lived among real Indians, and had been lost in great snow-storms, was like a recounting of adventures of the olden time to the lad.

Donald was amazed, too, at the tales of the great cities that his uncle had seen in America, with big buildings so tall that they seemed like many houses piled one on top of another. Then again there were miles and miles of nothing but great wheat-fields. "Why, you could drop Scotland down in the midst of them and it would be so small that you would not be able to find it again if it were not for the mountains sticking up above the grain," Uncle Alan would say, with a twinkle in his eye. But he would always add: "It's a grand country, bonnie Scotland, if it is a wee one, my lad."

For many days after he had found the puppy, Donald

would rush home from school, not even stopping where the enticing rattle told him that a game of "boules" was going on. His heart would be in his mouth when he reached the gate of Kelvin House, as the Gordons' home in Edinburgh was called, for he was afraid that the doggie would be gone. But as day after day passed, and no one came to say that they had lost a little dog, Donald breathed easier, and the little puppy was looked upon as one of the Gordon family. Finally, even the doctor said it was time to give "doggie" a name.

The whole family talked the matter over a long time, but it was Don who finally decided to name him after the hero of his favourite story, "Rob Roy," written by the great Scotch author, Sir Walter Scott, which his father was even then reading aloud to him evenings.

The puppy's name was in time shortened to Rob. He loved the whole family, beginning with the doctor and ending with the stable-boy; but he adored Donald, and whined most dolefully each morning when he left him, and barked and wriggled about like an eel, with pleasure, when Donald came back again.

CHAPTER II

School-Days and Holidays

"Here is good news for you, laddie. Whom do you think we shall have with us for the New Year?" said Doctor Gordon, looking up from a letter he was reading, as Don came into the breakfast-room.

"Oh, father!" cried Donald, trying to reach the letter, as the doctor held it high above his head, "it's from Uncle Clarke, I know. When is he coming? and won't we have a good time?" he said, all in one breath, as he tried to dance a Highland fling about the room.

"Now, if you will sit down to your porridge, perhaps I can read it to you."

"Why didn't he write to me, too?" asked Don, as he took his place at the table, for next to his father and mother, Don thought there was no one he cared more for than this uncle. He was a younger brother of Doctor Gordon's, and

also a doctor. Just now he was in Paris, taking a special course at the University there, and he wrote to tell them that he had been offered a post in one of the government stations for the study of tropical diseases, but that he would spend some weeks with them before taking up his new duties.

Don put down his spoon in dismay. "I wish he didn't know anything about nasty old microbes, if he is going way off there," he said, half-crying, "I think he might stay here in Scotland like you, father."

"There, there, you must not mind, dear; this is the chance your uncle has always wished for. It is a distinction, too, for a young man like him to be offered this position; and when he comes to see us, think how much that is new and strange he will be able to tell you," said Mrs. Gordon.

"All about lions and elephants?" questioned Don, his spirits rising.

"Maybe," said his father, laughingly; "only I don't know that he will hunt big game like that in his profession; but he will tell you all about it when he comes."

"And he will be here for 'Hogmanay;' won't we have the

fun?" said Don, making his porridge-bowl dance a jig this time.

"Hurry, dear, or you will be late for school," said his mother, and Don dived again into his porridge, which American cousins call oatmeal.

All well-trained Scotch children eat porridge for their breakfast, though it is going a little out of fashion these days. But Don ate it each morning, served in an old porridge-bowl which his father used when he was a lad. Around the rim of this rare old bowl was the inscription, "There's mair in the kitchen," "mair" being the old Scotch word for more.

You must know porridge is a good thing to begin the day on in winter in Scotland. Donald was eating his breakfast by gaslight, even though it was eight o'clock, while in mid-winter it does not grow really light until ten in the morning, and is dark again soon after three in the afternoon. In summer, things are turned around, and the light of day lingers well on into the night, and begins again at an astonishingly early hour in the morning. You may read out-of-doors very often, in the northern cities and towns, at eleven o'clock at

night. All this is because Scotland is so far north, but some day you will understand more about this strange thing.

There were other things for breakfast besides porridge. Eggs and bacon and fish and nice brown toast, and sometimes toasted cheese on bread, which seems a funny thing to have for breakfast; and always plenty of marmalade, for the best marmalade is made in Scotland.

It is said that the word marmalade comes from the word "marmalada," which is a jam made in Portugal from the quince, which fruit the Portuguese call the marmello. The Portuguese think it strange that the Scotch make their marmalade from oranges.

"There is Sandy calling to you at the gate," said Mrs. Gordon, and Don, hastily swallowing his last bit of toast and picking up his strap full of school-books, joined him at once.

The two lads ran up the street quickly, for school began at nine o'clock, and they were already behind their usual time. At the corner Don turned and waved his hand to his mother. He never forgot to do this, for he knew that she was always waiting there to bid him good-bye. Though

Donald was the only child, he was not a bit spoiled; he was a warm-hearted laddie, and staunch in his affections and friendships.

The schools and colleges in Scotland are among the best in the world, and there is nothing a Scotsman prizes more, whether he be rich or poor, than a good education. Many a lad who has not enough money will go through all sorts of hardship, and live on a little porridge and milk, in order to save enough to put him through one of the four famous Scotch Universities.

All little American cousins must have heard of the wealthy Scotsman, Mr. Carnegie, who is so fond of making presents of libraries to the cities and towns throughout the English-speaking world. Well, he has greatly helped the Scotch boys to get an education by giving large sums of money to the Universities of Scotland, in order that they may be able to lend substantial aid to those entering their colleges.

"Let's play 'beezee;' there's Willie and Archie now with the ball," said Sandy, as he and Don came out of school for the half-hour's recess at eleven o'clock.

"Beezee" is a game which would remind American boys of baseball. The boys wrap their mufflers around their hand and throw the ball, which is an India-rubber one, instead of using a bat, and run to bases in much the same way as in baseball.

At two o'clock, when the school work is over for the day, Donald and Sandy lost no time in getting home for dinner, which was awaiting them. And so was "Rob Roy," who soon learned just what hour Donald might be expected, and rushed to meet him the minute Don opened the door.

To-day, when Don had finished his soup, his father helped him to some of the "jiggot." You probably wonder what that is. Well, it is simply a leg of mutton, and comes from the French word "*gigot.*" You will find that the Scotch use many words which must have come originally from the French, though most of them have been changed so much that the real French words wouldn't know them for cousins even.

In the old days there was a strong friendship between Scotland and France. One of the early French kings, Louis

XI, had a body-guard of Scottish archers; for the Scotch soldiery have always been famous for their bravery. Mary, Queen of Scots, was partly French herself, and was the wife of a French king, François II, as well as Queen of Scotland. When he died she came back to Scotland to live, and with her, no doubt, came many French people and French customs. So this may account for many of these French words in the Scotch speech of to-day.

Don called his napkin a "serviette," which is just the same as in French; and was very fond of eating "petticoat-tails" at tea-time—a name which you would never imagine came from the *"petits-gateaux"* of the French, meaning "little cakes."

Also he would get very "fash," which means angry—or *"fâché,"* our little French cousin would say—if a boy struck him a "coochard's" blow; that is, a cowardly blow. This word, too, seems likely enough to be French, and to come from *"coup,"* meaning a blow, though where the coward comes in, it is difficult to see.

If Donald, while playing a game, found things growing too hot for him, and wanted a breathing-spell, he often

would call out, "barley." He did not mean that he wanted barley at all, but to parley, which is the way the Scotch have changed the French word *"parlez"*—speak.

Afternoons Donald and Sandy generally spent together, and very good times they had, too, for they were very "chief," or chummy. They played games with their little neighbours, or took long walks into the country, which could be easily reached from Kelvin House. Often they went fishing. At other times, Sandy's chickens took up some of their spare hours. Sandy had an idea that he could make a lot of money raising chickens; so he talked it all over with his father, who was much amused, but gave him the money to buy his first chickens. Then Sandy himself built a little house for them in the back-garden, and fenced off a piece of ground for his three hens and one cock, and even got his mother to subscribe for a paper which told all about "Poultry for Beginners."

All Sandy had to show for his summer's work, however, was one little "tewky," which is the Scotch cousin's name for a chicken. Sandy was very proud of his one little chicken, and made quite a pet of it. It would eat out of his

hand, and even from his mouth, and would go anywhere with Sandy, perched upon his shoulder.

But the best holiday for Donald and Sandy was when their fathers would take them to the beautiful golf-links along the seashore at Gullane, not far from Edinburgh.

Golf is the great national game of Scotland, and is played both by old folk and young people alike. Some one tells the story that it was first played by the shepherds, who would take a small round stone and knock it about with their sticks, as they strolled behind their flocks, over the moors and along the seashore. All any one really knows about the game, however, is that it has been played in Scotland for a very long time.

Once, as a very great treat, Donald's father took him to play golf at St. Andrews, where the links are so fine that they are known the world over as being the most famous of all these playgrounds.

There is a saying that the people of St. Andrews do nothing but play golf, but this cannot be true, as St. Andrews has one of the four great Scotch Universities, and many very great and wise men have come from there; and

you don't get to be a wise man by playing any kind of a game all of the time.

Another favourite excursion for Edinburgh children was to go to Newhaven for a fish dinner. Newhaven is a little old fishing-town not far distant, on the Firth of Forth.

A Newhaven fishwife, or fisherwoman, looks funny and dumpy in her short petticoat with her dress pinned up about her waist, a white cap on her head, and over all a big shawl; while on her arm she carries a great basket of fish.

The fisher-folks' cottages are queer little houses built of stone, with a stairway on one side.

You have already heard what nice things Donald had to eat at his afternoon tea. Oh! and there were currant buns, also, just black with currants. After tea Donald would read, or, better still, his father or mother would read aloud some of his favourite stories from the "Tales of a Grandfather," which tell a great deal about Scotch history. Between eight and nine o'clock there would be supper, of cold meat, cheese, bread and butter, and sometimes fish, with plenty of milk for Don, after which he was ready for bed.

Little Scotch children are more careful how they spend



A Newhaven Fishwife

their Sundays than the children of most other nationalities. The Scotch keep Sunday, or the Sabbath, as it is usually called, in a very strict manner indeed, though they are not as strict in these days as formerly.

When Donald's father was young no trains were run on Sundays, and even now there are no trains in some parts of Scotland on the Sabbath. In those days children did not even take a walk on Sunday, but went three times to "kirk," as church is called. But Donald often took long walks with his father after Sunday school in the afternoon. His father did not, however, approve of their riding in street-cars, which in the great cities have only recently begun to run on Sundays, and many people even now will not make use of them on that day.

CHAPTER III

A Walk in Edinburgh

Janet and Marjorie had arrived in Edinburgh, and one of the first of the pleasures was a walk around the city to see the sights, as Don expressed it.

"I know those lads will keep us waiting," said Janet, as she pinned on her tam-o'-shanter.

"I think I know where they are; around the corner playing 'boules,'" answered Marjorie, as she stood before the mirror, carefully tying her neck-ribbon. Marjorie was rather fond of getting herself up as nicely as possible. She must place her tam at just the right jaunty angle on her curly yellow hair; her ribbons must be made into just the proper bows; her tall boots neatly laced; her gloves and muff were always in the right place, and she liked to have a little posy pinned on to her jacket. The boys teased her, and called her the "Ladies' Fashion Page," but you know what

boys are, and after all her little vanities were quite harmless.

Janet was quite her opposite. She dashed on her tam without ever stopping to look in the mirror. Her gloves were more often rolled up in her pocket than on her hands; she never could be made to see why one colour of ribbon was not as good as another, and always wondered why Marjorie made such a fuss over her curls and bows. But in spite of the difference in the two girls they were devoted chums, and never quite happy unless they were together.

Janet now stood looking at her sister impatiently. "Marjorie," she said, "how many times are you going to tie that bow; we must hurry up Don and Sandy."

"Now I am ready, 'Miss Flurry,'" said Marjorie, with a final pat to her bow, and the two little girls ran together into the garden.

"Here they are," said Marjorie, as she opened a little gate which led into a lane back of the house, where Donald and Sandy were playing "boules."

Boules and the button-game, where buttons are thrown toward a hole scooped out in the ground next a wall or a fence, in much the same manner that American boys and

girls play marbles, are favourite games with Scotch children. Various sorts of buttons are used, each sort having a different value. A button from a soldier's coat is worth ten times as much as an ordinary button, and a coloured button more than a plain white one. So you see that loose buttons are very valuable property with a Scotch boy. Generally he goes around with his pockets full of them, and trades them off among his playmates for others that he fancies more; and one of the most acceptable gifts which a boy's mother or sister or aunt can give him is a long string of buttons.

"I can do that," declared Marjorie, as she watched Sandy make several successful shots.

"Lassies never throw straight," said Sandy, scornfully, flipping another button toward the hole.

"Marjorie can," said Donald, standing up for his favourite cousin; "let her try."

"Where are those children?" the doctor was heard calling, and the young people forgot all about games, and made a rush for the house.

It was the Saturday holiday, and Doctor Gordon had promised to take them for a walk through the old town of

Edinburgh. The doctor enjoyed these walks as much as the children, for he was very fond of his city, and took a deep interest in its old buildings and the famous people who had lived in them.

The doctor, moreover, had written, in his spare moments, a valuable book on Edinburgh, and there was nothing that Donald enjoyed more than to spend his holidays tramping with his father through old and new Edinburgh. Edinburgh, you must know, was the capital of Scotland in the old days, and virtually is so to-day, and one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

Donald knew most of the "sights" of the town as well as the doctor himself, but to the lassies all these marvels were much more of a novelty.

It was a gay little party that got off an electric car (the Scotch call it "electric," as do the Americans, and not a "tram," as do their English cousins just over the border), Doctor Gordon leading the way, with a niece on either side of him, and the boys walking before.

"Let us go to the castle first," said Don, who rather thought that he ought to help his father do the honours.

"I don't believe Marjorie and Janet have ever seen it really well. You know, father, you always tell me something new about it every time we go there," said Donald, eagerly.

So they crossed Princes Street Gardens, which divide Edinburgh into the "Old Town" and the "New Town." The "Old Town" is on a high hill, and on the highest part of all is Edinburgh Castle. It was not long before our party found themselves before its grand old walls.

"Don, there is your favourite Highland Regiment coming out of the castle now," said the doctor.

"Oh! they are going to drill; can't we stay and watch them awhile?" cried all the children, as with one voice.

I know that American children would think the Scotch regiments the most picturesque soldiers in the world, in their old-time Highland costume. Here is a picture of the piper, playing on the Scotch bagpipes, so you can see for yourself what a wonderful uniform it is.

His kilt and stockings are made of the tartan which shows the Clan to which he belongs. In the olden time, each one of the great families of Scotland banded itself together, with its followers, into a Clan for protection, and



The Highland Piper

thus each Clan was really a little kingdom and army in itself.

The piper's plaid, which is a sort of shawl, is pinned on his shoulder with a great silver brooch. In this brooch is set a "cairngorm" stone, which is the yellow stone called a topaz; the national stone of Scotland, one might call it, as it is found there in great quantities.

That funny-looking bag which hangs in front of him is called a "sporran," and by his side is a short sword called a "claymore," and in the olden time there was thrust into the stocking a dagger called a "skean-dhu." Would you not think he would be cold, with his knees bared to the cold east wind which blows over the castle high up on its rock? But no such thing ever enters his head, for Scotch children from infancy are used to going about with bare knees, winter and summer alike.

"Isn't the piper splendid, father?" said Donald, as the squad marched by. "I should like to be a piper in the Gordon Highlanders, for that is our regiment; and their uniform, white with the Gordon tartan, is the handsomest of all," and Donald tossed his head with quite an air of

pride.

"It's just because you are a Gordon that you think so," grumbled Sandy. "What's the matter with the MacPhersons?"

"That's right, laddies, stand up for your own Clans," said the doctor. "You would be a very important man in the regiment if you were the piper," he continued. "When the regiment makes a charge on the battlefield it is the piper who marches in front playing the national Scottish airs on his pipes. Nothing inspires the men so much. The Scotch regiments are the bravest of soldiers, and their records are among the best in the world."

"You remember that story father told us, Marjorie," said Janet, "of the brave piper who was shot in one leg, and who kept on playing and marching until he was shot in the other, so that he could not move either; and then kept on playing just the same seated on the ground, with shot and shell falling all around him, until his regiment drove back the enemy. He was a brave man," continued Janet, and tears came into the little girl's eyes.

"He was indeed a brave man, and there are many like

him," said her uncle, "but we must go on if we are to do everything which we have planned for to-day," and he led the way into the old castle, with its massive walls and dark, winding passages.

Our party viewed the Crown jewels of Scotland, not so many nor so magnificent as those of England, but more interesting, perhaps, for many of the pieces are much older.

The little girls were much interested in the crown of Robert Bruce, who was one of the greatest of Scotch kings.

"We have just finished reading 'The Days of Bruce,'" said Janet, "and that, you know, tells all about the Scottish king, Robert Bruce, and his little band of Scotch patriots, who, after great hardships and sufferings, finally drove the English invaders out of Scotland."

"They did have a hard time," chimed in Marjorie, "but still it must have been fun, living in caves and fixing them up with beautiful mosses and flowers, and having brave knights in splendid armour sing songs to you." Marjorie was of rather a romantic turn of mind.

"I'd rather read about the battles, and how they captured the standards from the enemy," said Sandy.

"I like the 'Scottish Chiefs' better," Don put in, "all about Wallace, who died so gloriously for his country."

They saw the tiny room, not much larger than a cupboard, where Mary, Queen of Scots, lived, and where her son, James VI of Scotland, was born. It was James VI of Scotland who afterward became James I of England, and thus, for the first time, Scotland and England were united under one crown. Later the two countries were called The United Kingdom of Great Britain, and thus they have remained ever since.

However, in manners and customs, and in many details of their daily life, the peoples of the two nations are still very different. A Scotsman is very proud of being a Scotsman, and he does not like it a bit if you call him an Englishman.

Donald always took great pains to explain to his young English cousins, when they came to visit him, that Scotland had given a king to England, instead of England sending a king to rule over the Scotch.

"King Edward is Edward VII of England, but he is Edward I of Scotland, because we never had another king

by the name of Edward before him; is it not so, father?" asked Donald, earnestly.

"All the same, I don't know any one who cheered louder than you, Don," said Sandy, "when King Edward came here to review the Scottish Volunteers last autumn."

"Of course, he is our king, and I like him very much," said Don, with dignity; which made them all laugh, and Janet said King Edward would feel complimented.

The doctor showed them where they could look over the parapet, and see how steep and straight was the wall of rock on which the castle stood; and pointed out the very steepest side, where he and his brother Clarke once climbed up the rock from the bottom to the top, when they were boys. "And a stiff climb it was, my lads," continued the doctor; "you need not be putting your heads together, and planning to do the same. It was a foolhardy thing to have done."

The children were always greatly interested in the "Dogs' Cemetery," where are buried all the dogs of the regiment, and each time they came to the castle they always looked to see if there was another little grave, though, as

Doctor Gordon said, they could not expect dogs to die off so quickly as all that.

"Where are we going now, uncle?" said Janet, slipping her hand into the doctor's.

"How would you like to see Holyrood Palace, where Queen Mary lived?" he asked, as he led the little band down the Cannon-gate, the old winding street which leads down the hill from the castle, through the heart of the old town, to Holyrood Palace.

"Great things have happened on this narrow street, and many great people of Scotland have lived here," said the doctor, pointing to the tall old buildings, so close together that hardly any daylight gets between them, set back, as they are, in narrow courtyards and alleyways called "closes" and "wynds." On one side is the house where John Knox, the great religious reformer, lived.

"Do you see a heart carved on that stone yonder?" said Doctor Gordon, as he pointed out a stone in the pavement. "That marks the spot where once stood the old 'Tolbooth.'"

"Of which Sir Walter Scott wrote in 'The Heart of Midlothian,'" broke in Donald, anxious to show his know-

ledge. "Father has read several of Scott's novels to me; they are splendid stories—all about the old days in Scotland."

"And of other countries as well, Donald," said his father.

"When you children are older, you will enjoy reading for yourselves Sir Walter Scott's 'Waverley Novels.' Scott was a splendid story-teller, and his books are famous and read the world over. And this reminds me," continued the good-natured doctor, "that perhaps you young people would like to see Abbotsford, where the great Scotch author lived; and Melrose Abbey, which he loved so well."

"No need to ask," he laughed, as the children gathered about him, with delighted oh's and ah's!

"Well, I had half-promised Don that I would take him there this autumn. Perhaps we can persuade your father and mother to spare you girls another week, and we will all go together. Eh! what do you think?" and the doctor playfully pulled Marjorie's tam.

The children were so excited over this that they were in front of Holyrood Palace before they knew it.

Of course, the first part they visited were the rooms where once lived the beautiful Mary, Queen of Scots, who

was beheaded by the order of her cousin Elizabeth, then Queen of England.

Queen Mary had many faults, no doubt; but surely she did not merit such a cruel death.

"Isn't it strange what wee bits of rooms kings and queens lived in? Why, this bedroom is not nearly so large as our room at home, and the little room out of it, which she used as a sitting-room, is hardly large enough for a doll," said Marjorie.

For a fact, they did seem small for a great queen. There was the very bed she had slept on and other furniture of her time. The children peered down the narrow stairs up which had stolen the murderers of poor Rizzio, the queen's faithful friend.

"I should not have liked to have lived in Queen Mary's time," said Janet, shaking her head, and the little girls shuddered when the guide pointed out what are said to be the blood-stains of Rizzio.

The girls would not go near the place, but Don and Sandy went boldly up, and declared that they saw the stains; but it is just possible that their imaginations helped

them out a little, for it was many hundreds of years ago that all this happened, and, besides, it is too dark in that particular corner behind the door to see anything. Some day when you are older you will read about Queen Mary and her sad fate.

Afterward the little party went into the great hall of the palace, where are hung the portraits of all the Scottish kings. They all look alike, having been painted by some bold artist from imagination; which seems a strange thing to have done, does it not? Don said he could paint as good pictures himself.

Again Doctor Gordon led his little tourists up through the "old town," and this time they saw the great school of medicine of the University of Edinburgh, where Donald's father and uncle had taken their degrees to become Doctors of Medicine.

This great school stands higher in rank, perhaps, than any other similar school in the world, and many distinguished men have graduated from it.

"I am going to study there, too, some day, like father and Uncle Clarke, and be a great doctor," said Don.

"I thought you were going to be a piper a little while ago," laughed Sandy. "And it was a 'herd' you were going to be just the other day," echoed Marjorie.

"I don't care," retorted Don, stoutly, "I am going to do something great, anyway."

"That's the right spirit, my son; whatever you do, do it well," said his father, patting him on the shoulder. The children laughed, but his father was very pleased.

CHAPTER IV

Another Walk in Edinburgh and a Visit to Abbotsford

"The lassies are going with me to do a bit of shopping in Princes Street," said Mrs. Gordon, as they all sat around the breakfast-table one morning.

"We want to buy a present for mother's birthday while we are here. It is week after next, you know," said Janet.

"I don't suppose you want to go with us, Don; lads don't like to buy things," she added, with a twinkle in her eye.

"Oh! Well, if you are only going after trinkets, I wouldn't give a 'bawbee' for that kind of fun. Now, if you were really going to *see* things, that might be different," said Donald, eagerly.

"You have not seen the 'Dog's Monument,' and lots of things yet," he continued, thinking it a little beneath his dignity to go shopping, but in his heart really wishing to go, if only he were begged hard enough.

"No one can tell the story of the faithful dog better than Don, so you lassies ought to get him to show you his grave and that of his master," said the doctor, who saw Don's trouble, and was ready to help him out.

Of course this made the little girls wild to hear all about it, so Don had to promise to go with them and show them the spot.

It did not take long to reach Princes Street, which the Scotch people think the finest street in the world. It is a splendid broad thoroughfare; on one side are the beautiful "Gardens," with flowers, statues, and walks, while rising high above is the old castle on its height. On the other side of the street are the great shops and hotels. The shops are full of pretty Scotch things. There you may see all the different kinds of "Clan" tartans, and there are a great many of them. There also are heaps of "cairngorms" and purple amethysts, which is another precious stone found in Scotland, and is almost as much of a favourite as the "cairngorms." Both of these stones were much used to ornament the ancient Scotch swords and daggers, and were often set into brooches used to fasten the tartans, as you see in the

piper's picture.

The jewellers now make them up into all kinds of souvenirs of Scotland; little claymores and daggers for pins, and copies of old-time brooches, and all kinds of quaint things.

"Well, dearies, what do you think your mother would like?" asked Mrs. Gordon, as they passed by the gay shops.

There were so many beautiful things to choose from it was difficult for the little girls to make up their minds. At last Mrs. Gordon said a brooch would make a pretty present, which pleased Marjorie, who was so fond of pretty things to wear.

Janet was in favour of a gold pen. So at last it was agreed that Marjorie should buy the brooch with an amethyst set in it, and Janet should get a pretty pen with a cairngorm set in the handle. Don by this time was as much interested in "shopping" as the girls, and bought a pretty blotter, with the handle made of Scotch pebbles, for his aunt. So everybody was highly pleased, and most of all was Mrs. Lindsay, when she received her presents.

After this, Mrs. Gordon bought them all some "Edin-

burgh Rock," which is a nice, creamy candy, that isn't a bit like a rock, but which just melts in one's mouth.

Then they all climbed to the top of the Scott Monument, which stands in the Princes Street Gardens, from which place they had a fine view of the beautiful city of Edinburgh.

Don now led the way to the memorial which was put up to the faithful little dog called "Grey Friars Bobby." "This is his story," said Don: "When his master died, and was buried in Grey Friars churchyard, the poor little dog was so broken-hearted that for twelve years he never left his master's grave except at night, when the caretaker of the cemetery took him into his house and fed him. As soon as the door was opened each morning, he would run to his master's grave and stay there until he was taken in again at night. One day the caretaker went for him as usual, and found him lying dead, stretched across the grave. He was buried in the same grave with his master, to whom he had been so faithful."

The monument, in the street without, is in the form of a drinking-fountain, with a statue of the little dog on the

top. It was put up so that the story might not be forgotten.

Don pointed out the grave to the little girls, through the railing of the churchyard, and then Mrs. Gordon said they must hurry home, for it was late, and the doctor would think they were lost.

Janet and Marjorie had received permission to remain away from home another week for the visit to Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott's old home, so one day soon after the young people boarded the train bound for Abbotsford.

"We are now not far from the English boundary-line, or 'Border,' as the Scotch call it," said Doctor Gordon, as they approached Melrose, the station at which they were to alight.

This "Border" land was the scene of countless fights and feuds between the Scotch and English in the old days when the two nations were enemies. The English would dash across the Border, seize the sheep and cattle belonging to the Scotch, burn their homes, and then quickly escape to their own territory.

Then the Scotch would take a turn at the same game, and so it went on for ages. Because of this warfare the

Border had to be strongly fortified on each side, and many ruins of these old castles and watch-towers are yet to be seen in these parts.

Much has been written by Scottish authors and poets about the daring deeds of the Border Clans of that time.

Sir Walter Scott could claim relationship with most of the Border Clans, and was very proud of it, and many of the most romantic tales and daring deeds of which he has written dealt with these same Clansmen.

"This is Melrose, now," said the doctor, looking out of the window.

So it was, and the young people lost no time in gathering up their belongings, and in a few minutes they were standing before Melrose Abbey.

Formerly this famous abbey was a large establishment where lived many monks, presided over by an abbot. What one sees at Melrose to-day, however, is only the church of the great institution. The rest of the buildings have disappeared with time, for it is over five hundred years since the last of its stones were laid.

The caretaker unlocked a small door, and they entered



Melrose Abbey

what centuries before had been the beautiful abbey church, but was now a ruin, though still so beautiful as to be the marvel of all who see it. It was here that Sir Walter often came, and Doctor Gordon showed the children the stone which was the great man's favourite seat.

After a walk through the old churchyard, they strolled around the little town of Melrose. In the High Street stands a very old memorial cross. Many of the old Scottish towns (and English ones, too, for that matter) have these old stone crosses, usually set in the middle of the main street, or in the public square.

After eating their dinner at one of the old-fashioned inns of the town, Doctor Gordon stowed his small tourists away in a carriage, and off they went for Abbotsford, chattering most gaily; for while the Scotch people are often very shy and quiet among strangers, they are as lively as possible among themselves.

"Over there, not far away, is Kelso," said Doctor Gordon, pointing over the rolling hills. "It has been called the most beautiful town in Scotland, but you know we Scots all think our own town the handsomest. Eh, lassies?" laughed

the doctor.

"There is Abbotsford now," said Mrs. Gordon, and the children looked eagerly at the big stone house and the "silvery Tweed" which flows by its gardens and lawns.

The place is still the property of a member of the Scott family.

Our little party were shown many of the rooms where the great author lived and wrote, and they also saw many curious and beautiful things, for Sir Walter loved to collect relics of his country. Don was greatly interested in the sword and other belongings of the *real* Rob Roy, and the picture of Scott's favourite dog, for he was a great lover of dogs.

But time was short, and so our travellers had to hurry away, for they were to take a drive to Dryburgh Abbey, situated a few miles away.

This is another old ruined abbey. It is here that Sir Walter Scott is buried. There are only a few walls of the abbey still standing, and where the old abbey church formerly stood is now a garden set about with walks and trees. In one of the ruined aisles of the church which stands

in one corner of this garden can be seen the tomb of Scott and the other members of his family.

The children went back to Edinburgh tired, but happy, after a day which they will never forget.

CHAPTER V

The Gathering of the Clans

There was a great bustle and running about at the Gordon house one morning. Doctor and Mrs. Gordon, Don, and Sandy were leaving for their visit to Skylemore, Uncle Alan's home in the Highlands.

Don was torn between the delight of going, and the sorrow at having to leave "Rob Roy" behind. He had begged to be allowed to take him, but it was decided that "Rob" was too young to travel, and Sandy's mother promised to take care of him. So that the only thing that marred Don's pleasure was the last look of "doggie," whining sadly in Mrs. MacPherson's arms, as the carriage drove away.

But even "Rob Roy" was forgotten for the moment, when they all stood on the platform of the great Waverley Station. There were crowds of people about, all bound for the country. Hunting parties, with their guns and dogs,

were everywhere; for the autumn is the season for shooting grouse over the Scotch moors. Everybody was greatly excited, the dogs as much as anybody. Sandy said that they seemed to know that they were going off for a good time, too.

"Take your places, children," said the doctor, as he bundled them into their compartment in the train.

It was a fine autumn day, and there are not too many such days in Scotland; for it is a rainy little country, and hardly a day passes without some rain falling. Not heavy rains, as in our country, but a soft, misty drizzle which nobody seems to mind in the least. There would be no use in staying indoors, for this is the way it is most of the time. Besides, Scotch people dress for bad weather. They are fond of having their clothes made of the thick tweed and cheviot cloths, which, as their names show, are made in Scotland, for the Tweed is a Scotch river, and the Cheviot Hills are on the border between England and Scotland.

Donald and Sandy wore jackets made of the celebrated "Harris tweeds," which have a queer smoky smell which comes from their being made in the crofters' cottages on

the island of Harris, off the north coast of Scotland. The "crofters" are those who live in tiny houses built of rough stone, and their principal occupation and industry is the weaving of this coarse cloth, from wool, by hand, as they sit before their peat fires. For this reason the genuine Harris tweed always smells smoky.

"Sandy, what on earth have you got in that bundle that you have been carrying so carefully ever since we left home?" asked Donald.

"Hush!" said Sandy, giving him a violent kick.

"Don't you want to put your package in the luggage-rack?" said Doctor Gordon, looking over the top of his morning paper.

"No, thank you, sir," said Sandy, growing very red, "it's no trouble to carry."

"I do believe there is something moving about in it," cried Donald, getting more curious and moving nearer. Another kick came from Sandy. But just then the train began to cross the great Firth of Forth bridge, and everything else was forgotten as they all put their heads out to see this wonderful bridge, nearly a mile and a half long.

"Can't you see a castle yonder?" said Doctor Gordon, presently. The boys were on the lookout, and Don soon spied it on its high hill rising above the trees.

"That is Stirling Castle, and next to Edinburgh Castle it is probably the most famous in Scotland," said Doctor Gordon. "Many stirring deeds and brave battles have taken place there in the past."

"Castles were always built on high hills, were they not?" asked Donald.

"Yes, so that they could be more easily protected, and also that a watch could be kept over many miles of country, in order to guard against any surprise by an enemy.

"Over yonder lies the Field of Bannockburn, where was fought one of the greatest battles in the history of Scotland, when Robert Bruce defeated the English, and broke their power in Scotland."

Doctor Gordon pointed out many other historic spots as they were whirled along. Soon the scenery became more wild and beautiful; and they passed lovely rolling hills covered with purple heather, forests, and a background of distant mountains. In a few minutes the train was drawing

in to Skylemore Station.

"There's the break now," shouted Don, "and Andy Maclose driving; and there's Uncle Alan and the lassies."

Such a welcome as they all got! Then everybody packed themselves into the big break, or carryall, and the trunks and bags were all piled into a cart, all except Sandy's parcel, which he stoutly refused to part with for a moment.

Then they drove off, everybody trying to talk at the same time. The young people were full of the birthday party which was to be the next day.

A drive of a few miles brought them to Skylemore, where Aunt Jessie was waiting for them at the door, and soon they were enjoying a good tea around a blazing fire in the big hall.

The next morning the birthday celebration began at the breakfast-table, where all of Marjorie's presents were spread out around her plate. Marjorie herself was so excited that she could hardly open the parcels, and Mrs. Lindsay had to help her.

There was a nice writing-desk from her father, and a silver inkstand from her mother; a pretty pen-holder from

her aunt, and a pearl pin from her uncle. Donald had brought her a dear little silver bracelet, engraved with the words "Dinna forget."

"Why, this is the package that Sandy brought with him," said Donald, after all the others had been opened and examined; "it was for Marjorie all the time."

So it was, and when Marjorie opened it what do you suppose gravely walked out? Sandy's one, little, fluffy "tewky" that he was so proud of! Such a shout of laughter as went up from everybody! Marjorie was delighted, for she had so often admired Sandy's pet, and its accomplishments.

"To think, Sandy, that you brought it all the way, and never told us what you had," said Don, as soon as he could speak for laughing. "I did hear something 'cheep,' though."

After Marjorie had thanked everybody for her presents the merry crowd of young people finished their breakfasts, put the "tewky" in a basket with something to eat, and all went out for a walk.

First they went down through the little village of Skylemore, where the village people gave the children a hearty greeting and asked after the "Laird," as they called Mr.

Lindsay, which is the way the country-folk always speak of the owner of a large estate.

The little girls were great favourites in the village, and Marjorie stopped to tell everybody about her presents.

"Let's go up on the moor and around by Allan Water," said Janet. So they climbed up over the hills, hiding from each other in the deep purple heather, and playing that they were lost.

"There's 'Auld Wullie,' the 'herd,'" suddenly called out Donald. "Herd" with the Scotch means a shepherd. And sure enough there was "Auld Wullie" sitting on a rock wrapped in his plaid—a small black and white check—which is the kind generally worn by the shepherds, and has so come to be known as "shepherd's plaid."

Around him were his sheep, which were carefully watched by three fine collie dogs, who marched around the flock, and kept them in order, as an officer does his soldiers. "Auld Wullie" was a great friend of the children, who never tired of hearing his tales of sheep-dogs and shepherds, and their lonely lives on the moors and hillsides. "Auld Wullie" was a descendant of an old Highland shepherd family, who

always among themselves spoke the old Gaelic tongue, and it was great fun for the children to get him to address them in the tongue of his forefathers. Gaelic is even yet much spoken in the north of Scotland.

One of "Auld Wullie's" great stories was how Dindie, his old collie, had won the prize at a sheep-dogs' contest. These matches are held in different parts of Scotland, and the dog who can handle his sheep the best wins the prize. It is a great event in the particular neighbourhood where the contest is held, and only the best trained dogs are entered.

"An' it's the lassie's birthday. Ay, but she's a braw lassie now," said the herd, as they tramped over to his cottage not far away.

It was a tiny cottage of rough stones, with a roof also made of flat stones, and a large enclosure at the back for the sheep. There were only two rooms, but "Auld Wullie" asked them into the front one, which the country people call the "ben room," and for a moment went himself into the back one, which they call the "but room." Presently he came back with something in his hand, and as the party left

the little house, he turned to Marjorie, and said: "Just a wee giftie for the lassie," and, to her surprise, put into her hands a number of Scotch pebbles.

These pebbles, which are all sorts of bright colours, are found in the clear mountain streams, and are set in all kinds of trinkets—brooches, pins, and the like—and sold as souvenirs of bonnie Scotland. The old man had gathered them in his lonely walks over the hills, and you can imagine how pleased Marjorie was.

As it was getting near dinner-time our young people said good-bye to "Auld Wullie" and the collies, and set out for home as quickly as they could.

The afternoon was spent in getting ready for the party which was to be held in the evening. It was to be a fancy-dress affair, and there was much flying around with excitement, you may believe, before everything was arranged.

Marjorie was dressed to represent a bluebell in a blue dress trimmed with bluebells and a little blue cap on her head shaped like one of these flowers. Janet was heather. Her dress was pale pink, with garlands of real heather bloom, and a wreath of heather on her head. These two



“Just a wee giftie for the lassie.”

flowers are great favourites in Scotland.

Don was gotten up as "Rob Roy," dressed in the Macgregor tartan, which his uncle had loaned him, with a fierce-looking skean-dhu stuck in his stocking, and a great claymore hanging by his side, which got in his way most of the time.

Sandy tried to look kingly, like Robert Bruce, with a gold-paper crown on his head. Altogether they made a very splendid showing.

The children had barely time to exhibit themselves before the company began to come, a number of their little neighbours from roundabout.

They all played games. Aunt Mary started them off with "Merry Metanzie," which is played with a handkerchief while singing a song, much after the style of "Dropping the Handkerchief."

Another favourite game is "Scotch and English." Two sides are formed, each lining up opposite the other, and an attempt is made to capture any opponent who puts his foot over the imaginary border. This, as you may suppose, is a game which usually ends in a great romp.

After this they all went in to a fine supper, with a big cake in front of Marjorie's plate, with ten candles stuck in it, all alight, one for each year of her age. After the young folks had eaten much more than was good for them, there was dancing, and somebody said: "Let's have a 'Sword Dance,' and a real 'Highland Fling.'" So nothing would do but that they should get a "*gillie*" who would dance the "Sword Dance," across two crossed sword-blades, with much agility and apparently much risk to his person.

Everybody gathered in the big hall, and presently in came old Dugald with his bagpipes, while behind him walked a splendid looking fellow, dressed in his tartan, who went through the difficult steps of his dances in a way that won the applause of every one.

Mr. Lindsay took down from the wall two old swords and laid them crossed at right angles on the floor, when the dancer pranced in and out and between their sharp edges without ever touching them, which is a great feat.

How everybody applauded! Then old Dugald struck up his pipes again, and everybody sang the old Scotch song, "The Bluebells of Scotland," in honour of Marjorie. After

this everybody took partners and danced the reel, what we call the "Virginia Reel," up and down the big hall. In the midst of it all in walked the little *"tewky,"* Sandy's gift to Marjorie. Where he came from nobody seemed to know; but probably he was lonesome, and being so friendly thought he would like to join the company.

This broke up the dancing pretty effectually, everybody was laughing so. Don tripped over his claymore and fell against Sandy, while Sandy's gilt crown went rolling down the hall. But this only added to the fun, and it was a tired but happy lot of young people that Mrs. Lindsay bundled off to bed, at a very late hour for Scotch children.

CHAPTER VI

Some Scotch Customs

Our little Scotch cousins do not make so much of Christmas as the American children. Their great holiday is the New Year. On the eve of "Hogmanay," as it is called, everybody stays up to welcome the New Year, with great jollification.

"Do you think that Uncle Clarke will get here in time?" Don asked for the hundredth time on New Year's eve. The Gordons had been expecting him all the week, but he had not yet come, and Don went about grumbling that "Hogmanay" would be no fun at all without Uncle Clarke.

The MacPhersons and the Gordons were all sitting in the library of Kelvin House, to see the old year out and the new year in. A table was spread with cakes and many other good things to eat, and the children had been wondering all the evening who would make the "first-footing."

A "first-footing" is made by the first person who enters the house after the stroke of midnight; and if he wishes well to the household, he should bring a cake of shortbread with him.

There is always great hilarity at a "first-footing." Everybody kept their eyes on the clock, and Doctor Gordon pulled out his watch every little while to be sure that the clock had not stopped.

Just as the stroke of twelve rang out, all the bells of the city began to ring, and great shouts went up from the throngs of people who crowded the streets, and there was a great kissing and shaking of hands among the happy households who had assembled for the ceremony.

In the midst of all the gaiety at Kelvin House the front door-bell rang. "Oh! there's our 'first-footing,'" shouted the children in one voice, and they all rushed to the door. Who should it be but Uncle Clarke, with a big cake of shortbread in his arms!

"I knew he'd come, I knew he'd come," shouted Don, triumphantly, dragging him into the room. Well, wasn't there a great time! and wasn't everybody pleased!

After this other friends came in to wish the family a "Happy New Year," and then everybody joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne," that best known song of Robert Burns, Scotland's greatest poet.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
We'll drink a cup of kindness yet,
For the days of Auld Lang Syne."

Another great event for the children of Scotland is to hear a "Royal Proclamation," which is a message from the king, read out at Mercat Cross in Edinburgh. It is carried out with great ceremony, and is another old-time custom which has lived to this day. The heralds come in their gorgeous costumes, all red and blue and gold, with a military escort from the Highland Regiment at the castle, and the band plays as the procession makes its way to the cross.

There is a great fanfare by the trumpeters, after which the king's message is read out to the people assembled. Then there is another fanfare blown on the long trumpets, which have gorgeous banners hanging from them, after

which the band plays "God Save the King," and the people all take off their hats.

One morning a shrill whistle brought Sandy to his garden wall.

"What's up?" he called out.

"Whist!" It was Don who swung himself off an overhanging branch of an old pear-tree, and dropped down on Sandy's side of the wall.

"There are a lot of the Irish lads behind the churchyard wall; they didn't see me, so I sneaked around the back way. Our crowd is going to be at the top of the street, so hurry up," said Don, in a most excited manner.

"I'm ready," said Sandy, "but we haven't got a bit of blue."

"Here's a ribbon that will do; I saved it off the last box of sweets," said Don, with the air of a general planning a campaign, as he took a bedraggled bit of blue ribbon out of his pocket and hastily cut it in two with his knife.

Each of the lads tied a piece in his button-hole as they ran out by all the back alleyways in the direction of the church.

What was it all about? Well, it was St. Patrick's Day, the seventeenth of March, and when any of the Scotch and Irish lads met on that day, there was bound to be a battle between them. The Irish boys wore green ribbons, and the Scotch boys blue ones.

This is one of the many old customs which still go on in some parts, though probably not many know just why it has survived; and the boys themselves perhaps never stop to realize that it is an old custom, and do not care what its origin may have been, so long as it furnishes them some fun and no serious hurts come of it. On one occasion Don came home after the fray with a big bump on the side of his head which had frightened his mother, but at which the doctor laughed, and said a few knocks like that wouldn't hurt any lad. As for Donald, he gloried in going around and showing off his injury, his head meanwhile wrapped in a great poultice. For this he was quite a hero in the eyes of his playmates.

To-day the Scotch line of battle was preparing to move from its position when our lads came up panting and breathless. The idea was to surprise the Irish boys

entrenched behind the churchyard wall, who were guarding themselves only against an attack which they expected to come from an entirely different direction.

Our little Scotch band crept carefully along, taking advantage of the shelter of every wall and tree. They had drawn up in the rear of the enemy, and were just gathering their forces for an onslaught, when a head popped round the angle of the wall, and out rushed the whole troop of Irish lads, and the battle begun.

First one crowd was driven down the hill and then the other; and so it went on until from sheer fatigue both sides drew off, each claiming a victory; which probably was as good a way of deciding it as any, for it is very hard to say which are the bravest, the Scotch or the Irish. Both nations have proved themselves fair fighters in the past.

The next day Sandy and Don were seen playing games with some of the enemy, so it is seen no hard feelings came from the encounter.

Donald and Sandy always enjoyed the fun of egg-rolling at Easter, which is much the same kind of sport that children amuse themselves with in some parts of America,

though nobody seems to know just how the custom originated.

Then the children have "Hallowe'en" parties, when they play many kinds of queer games. Often there is a cake in which there has been baked a small china doll, a brass ring, a thimble, a button, and a threepenny silver piece, each of which means some sort of good or bad fortune for the one who finds it in his or her piece of cake. But, generally speaking, the children are most anxious to receive the coin, for that can be spent, you know.

We must not forget the "haggis," which Donald sometimes ate for dinner. It is a favourite old-time Scotch dish, a sort of a pudding, made of various kinds of meat and meal, and put into a bag and boiled a long time. It is not eaten so much to-day as formerly, but Mrs. Gordon always made a point of having it on certain special occasions, as a great treat. As it is very rich, and quite unsuited as a steady diet for children, perhaps it is just as well that they do not have it too often.

CHAPTER VII

Summer Holidays

It was the beginning of the summer holidays, and the Gordons, with Sandy, had come to Skylemore that the young people might spend their holidays together.

Many pleasant trips had been planned, and the first was to be a picnic on Loch Katrine, which was not far from Skylemore.

It was early on a bright summer's morning when Dugald, with his four prancing horses, appeared at the door, and the two Clans of Gordons and Lindsays, to say nothing of Sandy, who was a MacPherson, piled into the big break, along with many baskets full of good things.

With a waving of caps and handkerchiefs off they went, and soon they were driving along the beautiful mountain glens and through the Trossachs, which means literally a wooded gorge or ravine.

"There is the loch now," cried Don, presently.

"No, that is Loch Achray," said his uncle, "and that mountain is Ben Venue, but we shall see Loch Katrine very soon;" and it was not long before Dugald drew up on the very edge of the loch itself, and a camping-place was soon found under the trees and in sight of Ellen's Isle.

Rugs were brought from the break and spread on the ground around a big rock which was to serve as a table. Everybody helped to unpack the big baskets, for all were as hungry as if they had had no breakfasts.

Not much was said for a time but "Please pass that," and "Please pass this," and "Isn't this good?" until finally even the boys decided they had eaten enough.

"Papa, tell us about Ellen's Isle," said Janet, as they all sat around after lunch, and tried to see who could throw a stone the farthest into the water.

So Mr. Lindsay told them the story of the "fair Ellen," whom Sir Walter Scott wrote of in his great poem called "The Lady of the Lake." Ellen was called "the lady of the lake," and lived with her father on the little island yonder. Then Mr. Lindsay told them of "Roderick Dhu," and of the

gatherings of the Clan Alpine which took place in the old days in a glen not far away, and how at a signal armed men wrapped in their plaids would spring up out of the seemingly lonely dells and glens as if by magic.

Those were wild days in Scotland long ago, days of fierce fights and brave deeds, when Clans met and rushed into battle with a wild "slogan," as their battle-cry was known.

"Sandy says that he does not believe that 'Rob Roy' was a real person; but he was, and lived right here, didn't he, Uncle Alan?" said Don, eagerly, in defence of his hero.

"Indeed he did, and you would like to see his old home, wouldn't you, Don?"

"Wouldn't I!" said Don, and his eyes shone.

"Well, we will go there sometime; it is now a sheep-farm, but was once the old home of the Macgregors. In 'Rob Roy's' time bands of lawless men came down from the north to steal cattle and do other kinds of mischief. So the 'lairds' in these parts paid 'Rob Roy' and his little band of followers to protect their property from these invaders and robbers. In after days the band was formed into a regiment called the 'Black Watch,' which to-day is one of the most famous

of the Scotch regiments."

Sir Walter Scott has done much to make this part of Scotland well known, and people come from all over the world, and especially from America, anxious to see the beautiful country of rocks and glens and heather-clad mountains of which he wrote in his famous novels and poems.

From the telling of stories our Clansmen soon turned to singing songs, for the Scotch are full of sentiment, and are very fond of music. Some of the most beautiful of our popular songs have come from Scotland. There is one which is known the world over, and sung as often by little American cousins as by little Scotch cousins; and that is "Annie Laurie."

So when Aunt Jessie began to sing "Annie Laurie," all joined in with a will, and sang one of the sweetest songs the world has ever known:

"They sang of love and not of fame,
Forgot was Scotland's glory.
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang 'Annie Laurie.'"

After this there was a general scramble to get the things picked up. The whole party mounted again to their seats in the break, and Dugald made the four horses just fly for home; though they did not need much urging, as every horse seems to know when his head is turned homeward.

* * * * *

"Is that Robert Burns's house?" said Janet, in a disappointed voice.

"Yes, my dear," said her father, "great men have often been brought up in small houses like this. Bobby Burns was only a ploughboy, but he became a great poet, one of the greatest in the world."

Our little Scotch friends were standing before the little house at Ayr, where Robert Burns was born. They had come down from Glasgow for the day to visit that part of Scotland made famous by the poet. It is hard to say of whom the Scotch people are most fond and proud, Scott or Burns. The young people had looked forward with a great deal of pleasure to this visit, and they all felt pretty much as Janet did.



"Our little Scotch friends were standing before the little house at Ayr, where Robert Burns was born."

It *was* a tiny house, what the country people call a "clay biggin," with a thatched roof. Inside are many relics of Burns, but the children were, perhaps, more interested in "Alloway's Auld Haunted Kirk." This is the small church of which Burns wrote in his poem, called "Tam-o'-shanter," where Tam saw the witches dance, and from whence he started on his wild ride, with the witches after him riding on broomsticks. It is one of the chief attractions for visitors.

"Oh! it is a creepy poem," said Don; and you will all think so, too, when you have read it.

They saw the "Auld Brig of Ayr," which means the old bridge, across the river Ayr, and they walked along the "Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," of which Burns wrote and which he loved so well. They visited the monument to Burns. Marjorie remarked that it was not a very grand monument, not nearly so grand as that to Scott in Edinburgh; and she was quite right.

"Not far from Ayr was the home of Annie Laurie," said Mr. Lindsay, as the train speeded them back to Glasgow.

"Was she a real person, father?" eagerly exclaimed the little girls together.

"Indeed she was, though her eyes were black and not blue," said Mr. Lindsay.

"How do you know?" asked Janet, who liked to be exact.

"Because her portrait is still to be seen at Maxwelton House, near the town of Dumfries, where she lived," replied her father.

"Well, I'd rather her eyes had been blue," said Marjorie, and the children kept talking about blue and black eyes until they reached the great St. Enoch's railway station at Glasgow.

There are so many delightful journeys to be made from Glasgow by rail and steamer that it is one of the best starting points in all Scotland for excursions, of which all children and most old folks are so fond. The Lindsays and the Gordons were accordingly to stay in Glasgow for a week, that the young people might enjoy more of these rare treats, and take some of the lovely sails on the river Clyde and among the near-by islands.

Don and Sandy were having some hot discussions as to which was the finest city in Scotland—Glasgow or Edinburgh. This was about the only thing that the boys ever

disagreed on. Sandy's father came originally from Glasgow, so Sandy always stood up for it.

"It's a big city, and lots richer than Edinburgh; and think of all the business that is done here, and of the lots and lots of ships that come and go from all parts of the world. It's the largest city in Scotland, too, and the second city of the kingdom," Sandy would say.

"But it's not so beautiful as Edinburgh. It hasn't anything like Princes Street, nor so many famous old buildings and historic places, nor our great colleges. Anybody had rather live in Edinburgh—you know you would, Sandy," Don would argue.

And the truth of it all was, both boys were right.

Early one morning found our party gathered on the steamer *Lord of the Isles* for a cruise around the islands off the coast. They passed the great ship-building yards of the Clyde, the largest in the world, as they steamed down the river. The ships built upon the Clyde have always been famous all over the world.

"There is Gourock Bay, where the great racing yachts anchor," said Mr. Lindsay. "It was always thought to be a

lucky place to set sail. It was from this bay that many of the yachts sailed for America when they were to make the attempt to capture the 'America's Cup,' that you doubtless all know about; but while these Clyde-built boats were fine yachts, none of them have been lucky enough to bring back the cup."

Next was seen the Island of Bute and the old Castle of Rothesay. Here they entered a narrow bit of water, called the Kyles of Bute, from which they entered Loch Fyne, famous for its fresh herrings.

Another steamer took them through the Crinan Canal, and thence to Oban, the capital of the Western Highlands.

In this part of Scotland, called by every one the Highlands, are the great deer forests of many thousands of acres, belonging to some of the great families of Scotland, where the wild deer is hunted, or "stalked," as it is called. Here, too, are wild moors, stretching for miles and miles, where few people live except the shepherds who look after the flocks.

There was another fine summer which was enjoyed greatly by our little Scotch cousins, and that was when

some young American cousins came to visit the Lindsays, and they all went on Uncle Alan's yacht for a lovely sail of many days, among the islands which fringe the northern and western coasts of Scotland. It was on this occasion that they all went to the Isle of Skye (some of you have probably heard of the Skye terriers), and they stopped, too, at the Shetland Isles, where the little horses come from. Every girl and boy wants to own a dear little Shetland pony.

Didn't they have a splendid time on this trip! That was the time, too, when Donald and Sandy got left behind on one of the islands where they had all landed for a picnic—but that's another story!

So many little cousins are waiting to talk about themselves that we must really get our little Clan safely back home, and leave them for the present to talk over the good times they have had together.

THE END.