

morning in the public schools, in order that the children might know the value of clean hands, or more particularly the danger of having dirty hands, etc. This physician has been a most successful worker in boys' clubs, and had learned how to interest children. The matter was brought to the attention of the Board of Education; for two or three days space was given it in the daily papers of the city; and it ended there. Had there been the right amount of public sentiment, had the women of New York met this opportunity as they should have, supported this young woman in her most practical suggestion, brought the pressure of public sentiment to bear on the Board of Education, this excellent plan would have been carried out, and we should have had the little children made to see disease in the dirty hands, in the dirty face and dirty clothes; a foundation would have been laid for the preaching of the Gospel. When you have made a little child see that his own cleanliness is a protection to his brother, that his brother's dirt is a menace to him, you have made him answer that tremendous question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Women's clubs are a force in our national life. Homes are better, children are better trained, because of the interchange of thought in women's clubs. The value of a body of enthusiastic women in the accomplishment of a given purpose is fully recognized, and there is not a woman's club in the land that could not affect the public life of the community in which it is located if once it devoted its energies to the consideration of public questions affecting the home life. It is improving to sit in a library preparing a paper to be read before a club of intelligent women; it is a benefit to the women to listen and discuss the subject of the paper; but few will deny that greater benefit would result if at least every other meeting of the club were devoted to the consideration of topics that affected the life of the community, its morals, its health, its education. Ignorance and its natural product—sin—cannot exist in one part of the community and not affect the life of the other part. You may leave the city which cholera threatens, but you cannot escape the stagnation of business or the depreciation of property that follows the visitation. You may let Johnny live under conditions that open only the criminal's life to him, but you cannot escape paying the taxes his trial and conviction and after support make necessary; nor can you prevent your own boy reading the account of that trial. You may let wayward Katy alone from the time she is born with her legacy of evil tendencies, but you cannot escape paying for the hospital and foundling asylum Katy compels you to support. You may let Mr. and Mrs. Haggerty support the corner liquor-stores that the Excise Board protects by license; but you must support Mr. and Mrs. Haggerty when, their presence being unwelcome because of an empty purse, their ejection from the liquor-saloon is resented with stones and oaths, and they find lodgment on the Island for ten days; the young Haggertys must be cared for at your expense, and your children must struggle with them as you have with the parents—through taxation.

Philanthropy has done much to lessen the burdens of society, but it will have less to do when its workers and supporters do their share as citizens of a great commonwealth—when to vote shall be recognized as a small part of a citizen's duties.



### Working-Girls' Vacation Fund

Previously acknowledged.....	\$734 43
C. G. C., New York.....	5 00
G. M., New York.....	25 00
E. H. N., Green Lake, Wis.....	15 00
C. W. K., Seabright, N. J.....	1 00
Mrs. G. E. F., North Amherst, Mass.....	5 00
E. B., Hot Springs, Va.....	5 00
Parsonage Circle King's Daughters, Andover, Mass.....	3 00
K. M. H., Watertown, N. Y.....	5 00
W. M. K., New York, N. Y.....	15 00
P. and A. W., Annisquam, Mass.....	30 00
Rosebank, Staten Island.....	7 00
Sunday Evening Contributions at Clifton.....	30 00
Total.....	\$880 43

### "A Lad—Dismissed"

By Mary Tappan Wright

In Six Parts—VI.

In their ragged regimentals  
Stood the old Continentals,  
Yielding not.

—Old Song.

Tom knelt by the side of his fallen leader, stupefied but not afraid.

"Stop! Oh, stop!" he cried, as men from the rail fence hastened by him, turning, as they fled, to ward off the stab of a bayonet or falling wounded from more distant shots; but none heeded.

Fewer and fewer grew the numbers of the flying Continentals, and the hillside was soon covered by their pursuers; the troops on Bunker Hill stampeded at last like frightened sheep. "Make a stand here!" shouted old Putnam, swearing and cursing like a madman. "In God's name form and give them one shot more!" But they swept by him like a stampede of wild cattle. "It is enough to make an angel swear!" he cried, with tears of rage.

And through it all the boy stood guard, striding across his beloved dead. Amid the sickening thud of the heavy gun-stocks on living flesh, the sudden breathless "Ah!" of dying wounded, remorselessly stabbed by the brutal grenadiers; through the sights of maddened faces, staring, blood-injected eyeballs, agonized forms sinking member by member into contorted death—in the midst of that rout he watched without flinching, his broken gun clubbed fiercely in his hands.

Cheers of triumph began to go up from the victors. The thought of the exultation with which a knowledge of the death of Warren would fill them gave Tom almost the strength of madness. With incredible exertions he dragged the body from their path, and sank down with it under a low tree a little to one side. "Run, boy, run!" shouted the last of the fugitives; but Tom shook his head.

"They may desert you," he muttered, looking at the dead, set face; "but not I."

Approaching in the distance came a party of prisoners under the guard of three or four grenadiers, whose leader, a tremendous fellow with his arm in a sling, called loudly to Tom to surrender.

Mechanically Tom staggered to his feet, still clutching his broken musket; then, stooping, he drew the dead man's hat over his face.

"Come," said the grenadier, impatiently, leaving his party, and advancing to where the boy was standing. "Come, surrender!"

"You?" said Tom, dully, allowing the broken weapon to be taken from his hands. "You? I thought I had shot you."

"You did?" said the grenadier, dryly. "Who is this fine gentleman?" advancing his foot towards the prostrate figure.

"Dare to touch him!" shrieked Tom, throwing himself upon him furiously. The big man laughed, and caught him with his single hand.

"You have surrendered," he said. "You are beaten, you know."

"We are not beaten!" shouted Tom. "We will never be beaten!" To own to defeat seemed like treachery to the dead.

"Why, you young catamount!" said the grenadier, giving him a good-natured shake. "Come along!"

Poor Tom! he felt coming over him again that terrible inclination to cry; to throw himself down on the ground, and sob and groan until his tired nerves were stilled in exhaustion. Struggling painfully against it, he followed his captors to the ferry, where the prisoners were being embarked for Boston.

"This is but a little lad," said the grenadier in the ear of the sergeant who was entering the names. "Let him go; he will be of more hindrance to us than help to the enemy."

"It is well," said the sergeant, scribbling in his list; the grenadier looked over his shoulder at the entry and smiled.

"It is a poor reward for a day's fighting to be put down

plainly as '*A Lad—Dismissed*;' and then—to be beaten to boot," he said, tormentingly.

"My name is Tom Kettell," said Tom, trying to be dignified, while he struggled obstinately with his tears. "And I told you that we were not beaten; but even if we were, I suppose it is English generosity to twit us with defeat."

"Ah, well," said the grenadier, leading him off by the shoulder, "you are poor shots, you Americans. If you had only been able to handle a musket better, I should not have been here to ask the sergeant to let you go."

"You asked him to let me go, when you knew I shot you?" cried Tom.

"Your aim is too bad to make it worth while to keep you," said the other, tauntingly.

"But I *meant* to hit you in the arm!" Tom burst forth, impetuously, "and when you fell I thought you were dead; I did not want to kill you, but"—he broke off abruptly.

Giving him a little push, with a great laugh, the gigantic grenadier strode away.

"Soldiers do not cry!" he called over his shoulder. "Go home to your mother."

But Tom had neither home nor mother to whom he could turn. He was so weak that he reeled a little in his walk, as he set his face towards the battle-field. Skirting the burning town to the north, he found his mother's house still blazing, the barn in ruins. He only shook his head and staggered onward, intending to walk out along the main road to the foot of the hill where Warren was lying. As the houses grew more scattered, there seemed to have been less destruction from fire, and although they were all of them riddled with balls, some few were left standing. Behind one of them—it happened to be the very house where he had left the wagon the night before—a low spring-house nestled under a thick clump of lilac-bushes. Tom stumbled to the step and looked down through the open door; inside the pans of milk were standing about unhurt. Conscious all at once of his hunger and fatigue, he plunged into the cool, damp place, and, after drinking greedily, climbed quickly up the hill, and, propping himself against the apple-tree, set himself to watch the dead.

With a great parade, the British, under General Howe, took possession of Bunker Hill; on the main street two regiments were stationed in a long line from the Burial Hill in Charlestown to the Neck. The artillery fire had stripped the trees below him like an autumn gale, and through their broken and almost leafless branches he could catch glimpses of red coats and shining arms. Once in a while a bugler would send some call, or a burst of cheering would come over from the other height; and at intervals a long roar proclaimed where the British guns, like angry dogs afraid to follow, growled threateningly in the rear of the retreating Continentals.

"They will be careful how they tackle us again!" said Tom, scowling fiercely; and then, pulling his hat over his eyes, he remained so still that the British soldiers who came out later with stretchers to take up their wounded thought that he also had fallen, and left him for dead.

Fortunately, he had been able to drag the body of Warren away from the general path, and now, as a little more quiet fell on the British encampment, about sundown he fell into a fitful sleep.

A sound of low voices near him waked him. He sat up, quietly; he was too tired to be startled, and, noiselessly taking off his heavy hat, looked about him.

The night had fallen, and a little below him, on the grass, two British officers were standing looking down to the left where Charlestown still lit the sky with the glare of its blazing houses.

"Why does the General insist on all this intrenching? We ought to advance upon the enemy without delay and follow up our victory," said one of them.

"We shall be well off if they do not fall upon us in the early morning and drive us straight to our ships."

"They fought like devils," said the first.

"Like men, you mean," said the other; "and they caused our tough old soldiers to feel it as well. I doubt not an order to advance would cause them to mutiny now.

We hung two grenadiers this morning for trying to desert to the Continental lines."

"And well they deserved it," said the first; "but it has been a disastrous day for us from the beginning. They tell me those louts in the redoubt had worked in relays the whole night; and then to inflict such crippling loss on our best troops! Nigh upon fifteen hundred men among the killed and wounded—a greater number than they had in the field themselves! They are dangerous, and I do maintain that we should follow up our victory. They know they are beaten now, and we should crush them in the beginning."

"The trouble is that, with the spirit they have shown to-day, they will never know that they are beaten. They have made a fortification in a single night that would do credit to the work of days. They have held it at fearful odds against the flower of the British Army. They have quitted themselves like heroes; and as for crushing them—I promise you that the forces of the universe will not crush them so long as they hold to the right as they held to-day! Our policy is to recognize them as brave men and honest gentlemen, and treat them with the fairness their merit demands."

"These are un-English doctrines, worthy of a disciple of Mr. Burke. I tell you they are a set of rascally traitors and rebels," said the first; "and those who abet them are in no whit better than they!" He strode off up the hill as he finished, but the other sprang after him.

"I demand an explanation," Tom heard him say, in an angry tone; but the reply was lost in the distance.

Tom leaned his elbow on his hand and looked about him; he had no idea of the hour. The fires of Howe's bivouac on Bunker Hill had died down to spots of glowing embers; but the flames in Charlestown still mounted high, with the threatening roll of far-off thunder. To see men's homes thus going to destruction had something about it even more calamitous than battle itself. On the long street below, the watch went back and forth with moving lights; sharp orders, the clatter of horsemen, even shouts, rose above the steady murmur of voices that filled the night. Below lay the silent gray tombs on Charlestown Burial Hill, and at its foot the broad water stretched across to the marshes slowly disappearing under the flowing tide. Far to the right, on Winter and Prospect Hills, flickered the fires of the American encampments. The whole country seemed to be restless, fevered, and sleepless; even the stars looked hot and dim in the angry, smoky sky.

Little by little, Tom sank down now by the side of his dead commander. Over from above came a long, sighing groan. Some one, deserted, was dying; but the boy did not know it. Unconscious of the terrible things hidden beyond the hill, Tom slept the deep slumber of youth and utter weariness, murmuring even in his dreams, "*We are not beaten!*"

THE END



## Some Egg Hatchings

By C. H. Bennett

Some years since, by way of recreation, I became interested in microscopy, and, having secured a suitable outfit, I decided to turn my attention along the line of entomology and kindred subjects. Having a wide-range battery of objectives, including several high powers, I was prepared to observe the minutest forms of organic life, and had soon trespassed (my work was so unsystematic and unscientific that I can but call it trespassing) on the field of insect oölogy. My ambitious watchfulness soon made me quite expert in gathering and mounting a variety of eggs, ranging in size from silkworms' to mosquitoes'. Each new acquisition yielded a rich harvest of delight, for my microscope revealed a diversity in size, form, color, and markings fully equal to those larger varieties we are accustomed to find in the nests of birds.

I had frequently noticed on the flanks and legs of horses that were not thoroughly groomed, a profusion of bot-fly (*Æstrus Equi*) eggs, and, awaiting the proper time (August), I picked from the legs of a patient nag a number of hairs