

woman came forward, and, with the most hospitable smile and voice, invited the Wayfarer to come in and rest. "You look very tired; will you not lie down on the couch and I will hide you with the screen? That's what we're here for," she added, brightly—"to make people comfortable. Are you a King's Daughter?" The Wayfarer knew the question was asked in a technical sense. "No," she answered, confessing by her manner her consciousness of delinquency. "I am sorry," was the response; "but it does not matter; come in and rest."

The Wayfarer declined, but she had learned another lesson.



At the Lunch-Table

By Rachel Dunkirk

"Well, Mollie, you fortunate person, I think it your bounden duty to sit down and enlighten the poverty-laden woman who could not go to Chicago."

"I thought you never wanted to hear another word about the Fair, Kit."

"That was before you, my dear chum and other self, had been there. I always want to hear you."

"Beautifully done! It is impossible, Kit, to give an adequate conception of the Fair in words, nor even by using the camera, industriously as that recorder of events has been used. To appreciate it, it must be seen in its entirety."

"Yes, but if the length of your purse forbids that, then you must depend on your friends. In the first place, what did you enjoy most?"

"The waterway at night. It was the very acme of enjoyment. The noiseless launch came to the steps—"

"You took those when there were gondolas!"

"Yes. The gondola involved a working gondolier; the launch apparently involved no labor. Turning a little brass wheel was play. You sank down with a feeling of gratitude that at last muscular effort was unnecessary. Noiselessly the launch left the steps, and you passed wooded islands, under graceful arches, in front of magnificent buildings whose beauty was made weird by the play of light and shadow upon them as the search-lights focused now on the roof, now on a doorway, here bringing out a warrior, there a Greek hero, as it rested for a moment now on an architectural group, now on a group whose outline, before you saw it clearly, was lost in the soft gray of a summer evening. At last you came out into the blaze of the Court of Honor. Just above the water is a fringe of electric lights—the outline of the roofs just below the leaders, the pediments, here and there an arch, all with a fringe of electric lights, adding new beauty to that which is beautiful. The golden Republic looks benignantly down upon the floating population at her feet, and the lighted dome of the Administration Building forms a fine background for the fountain whose figures seem bounding out to take part in the active life about them. Softly, quietly, you move, asking nothing more in life than this sense of happy freedom—under the bridge, back into the quiet and semi-darkness, past the wooded island, the soft gleaming lights of the Japanese tea-garden, under the shadow of the Government Building, catching a glimpse of a flock of geese on the bank which have not yet adjusted themselves to the strange conditions, roused by the quick, startled quack of a duck, who, grown restless in her effort to reconcile the darkness with the activity, has taken to her natural element and been almost run down by this strange water-animal, the launch."

"Looking back, you see through the archway of the bridge, with startling distinctness, the fountain as the search-light is focused upon it. Is it a dream, all that light and beauty and coloring, all that activity, that ripple of laughter and song? or is it true that you have reached that land of rest where the wicked and the weary cease their troubling and worrying? 'Woman's Building,' says the pilot; and you know you are at the Chicago Fair."

"Eloquent, Mollie! What next?"

"The Midway Plaisance. I really wished for you one afternoon. The sky was a glorious orange as we entered the Plaisance. Jack was in just the right mood. I took his arm, and we walked, careless as ignorant children, past the several attractions. Thatched roof, pointed gable, queer projecting window, tower, minaret, turret—all were seen without comment; sedan chairs, with their miserable-looking carriers and still more miserable-looking passengers, joggled and shaken by the uneven movements of the bearers; wheeled chairs, whose occupants seemed to have forgotten the human being who toiled, with more or less effort, to get them through the crowd; representatives of unknown peoples on every side. Suddenly we were startled by a strange, peculiar cry above our heads. 'Wa, hi, ho—lo—e'—guttural, discordant. We stopped, listened, and looked up, but saw no reason for the strange sound. Again and again it rose and fell, always in the air. At last we discovered, in the balcony of the minaret of the Turkish mosque, a lonely figure in dull blue robes, with turbaned head, and long, sweeping whiskers falling over the breast. It was the chief muezzin, praying, bowing at the four points of the compass, unconscious of the sneering, amused, or unsympathetic faces raised to him. The horrid sounds of the tomtom came from the Chinese theater down the street. At the very foot of the minaret was the babble of sound from the Turkish theater, with its group of players, both men and women, gathered in their stage costume, to attract an audience. Only a little further down, at the entrance to Cairo Street, were the Arab dancing singers, whose strange monotone was like the sound of waves heard when a band is playing, rising, falling, distinct and muffled. And all the time, in the air over our heads, the Eastern priest worshiped the God who knows no country and is of all."

"Do you wonder that we wandered on quietly, or that we spoke only of the sunset, whose last gleam shone on the muezzin as he disappeared into the minaret? It is the constant presence of the unexpected that gives the touch of poetry to the Fair, and makes it impossible to give impressions that are complete."



A Painted Lady

By Fanny C. Neale

Not a painted picture of a lady, but a real live Painted Lady butterfly, arrayed in beautiful shades of brown and gold, and living in a large white geranium, from the blossoms of which she gets whatever food she needs, while the leaves and stems afford her a happy home in the sunshine. I must tell you how this pretty creature came to me.

A friend at whose house I was calling, one morning in midwinter, putting a fresh log on her open fire, stopped suddenly and said to me, "Would you like a chrysalis? Here is one in a crevice of this log," and there, almost hidden out of sight by the loose bark, was a grayish-brown cocoon about an inch in length.

Rather indifferently, I took the fuzzy little thing to save it from being burned, and started out with it in my hand. Twice I accidentally dropped it in the snow, and the second time I lost it I queried whether or not it was worth picking up again. However, I carried it home and put it into a little box without a cover, and thought no more of the chrysalis. Two months later imagine my delight at seeing a beautiful large butterfly, out of all proportion to the small cocoon, flitting about my room!

With the mercury at zero that morning, I thought a butterfly a rare and most interesting sight, and, fearing it would live but a short time in such severe weather, not even the allotted day of a butterfly's life, I hastened to the dining-room with my beauty to greet the family as they came to breakfast. All were pleased and entertained at the sight of such an unusual visitor, and one member of the family who is a noted naturalist called it the Painted Lady species; a name that seems most appropriate on

account of the exquisite, delicate marking of the wings and the beautiful coloring.

Under a large tumbler it felt its limitations and began to beat its wings against the glass. So I let it out, and it immediately flew to the window and lighted on a white geranium; there, in the sunshine, it has lived ever since, eighteen days!

In the morning, when the sun's rays are warmest, my butterfly will flit about all over the window, seemingly joyful and happy; but when the sun disappears it goes back to the plant and moves about on that the rest of the day. Towards night it seeks a dark corner, between the flower-pot and window-frame, and there remains until the sunlight floods the window the next day.

Besides what the butterfly may get to eat from the blossoms, I put a little sugar and water on the leaves of the geranium; whether or not this manufactured honey has been palatable to the butterfly I cannot say. Although I have watched closely, I have not seen it taste of it.

Lately my Painted Lady has had some misery—yes, actual suffering, too—mingled with her joy. A pet cat is the disturber of her peace. The cat watches her chance to spring upon the butterfly, and twice I have rescued Painted Lady from her paws, and once from her very jaws; a shriek, which scared the cat, made her drop it from her mouth. I uttered the shriek involuntarily at seeing what had happened, and it saved my butterfly's life.

On examining, I found that its beautiful wings were injured somewhat, yet not to the extent one might imagine from the alarming situation. However, lately I have noticed that my butterfly is not so active as she was during the first week of her life. Since the cat has interfered with her freedom she has clung more closely to the plant. Perhaps she would prefer her cocoon existence to the life of a midwinter butterfly with a naughty cat threatening her destruction.

Who knows?



“A Lad—Dismissed”

By Mary Tappan Wright

In Six Parts—I.

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

—Old Song.

It was almost six o'clock on Friday evening, June 16, 1775, and the Continental troops in Cambridge, who had been ordered to provide themselves with packs and blankets and provisions for twenty-four hours, were gathering on the Common prepared to march to—some place, no one knew where.

All day long there had been drilling and drumming, orders flying and horsemen riding between Cambridge and Watertown, where the Provincial Congress was in session, and over everything hung a gritty haze.

From the high seat beside the driver of a heavy wagon, drawn up now at the edge of the Common, a boy was watching the dust rising around the feet of the soldiers as they paraded down the middle of the grass-edged streets. At every step it came up in billows like puffs of pale-brown smoke, so thick that the shadows of the foremost officers were cast across it by the low sun in long streaks, and growing so dense that the last of the companies disappeared altogether in a leathery mist which thinned gradually after they had passed.

“Once for all, Asa Pollard,” said the boy, imperiously, “will you take me with you or will you not?”

“Once for all, Tom Kettell,” said Asa Pollard, firmly, “I will not, and if you make any attempt to march with the troops you will be turned back before you reach the limits of the town.”

“Very well, then,” said the boy; “I shall go over there by myself.”

“Where?” asked the man, curiously.

“If you'll take me, I'll tell you.”

“You can't tell me, because you do not know.”

“I do know. Dr. Warren came over from Watertown this morning to see Colonel Prescott; I held his horse while they talked, and heard every word. They mean to intrench—” He stopped maliciously.

“That is no news to me. I have the intrenching tools in the cart here.”

“But you do not know where they mean to intrench. There will be fighting, too.”

“So much the more reason that boys should stay at home.”

“I don't believe it will be very *killing* fighting, Asa; let me come!”

“If you were only to be killed,” said Asa, unfeelingly, “it might be well enough. It would save your poor mother many an hour's anxiety; but to hand you over to her maimed, a burden on her for the rest of your natural life—that I will not risk! Or if you are taken prisoner—”

“I shall never be taken alive!” cried Tom, lifting his head haughtily.

“Hoots! toots!” said Asa, contemptuously. “Whom have we here! Dr. Warren, or Colonel Prescott! 'Tis said they are resolved to die before they will be taken prisoner, but small fry like you and me are not even worthy to be hanged for traitors!”

“Better die in battle than be hanged on a British gallows,” said Tom.

“Faith! in the end,” said Asa, philosophically, “it seems pretty much the same thing to me.”

A long silence followed; Tom kicked his toes against the dashboard, and watched the declining sun impatiently.

“What are they waiting for?” he said, nodding in the direction of the troops who were drawn up in line upon the grass.

“They are waiting for several things,” said Asa, dryly—“for the officers to eat their suppers and wrangle over the distribution of troops, for news from reinforcements, for fresh ammunition, and for the President of Harvard College to offer a prayer.”

“Then I am going; for if they keep on in this way they will not reach Bunker Hill before morning.”

“Good-by,” said Asa, stolidly, not betraying by the quiver of a muscle or the winking of an eyelash the satisfaction he felt over this unexpected information, while Tom, climbing from the wagon, strode off, his shot-pouch and powder-horn slung over his shoulder, and his long flint-lock musket resting comfortably, hunter's fashion, in the crotch of his arm. It was so warm that he had left his coat at home, and the sleeves of his light homespun shirt came from beneath a long brown waistcoat; his short gray breeches were buttoned tightly at the knee, over thick-ribbed blue woolen stockings, and on his feet he wore heavy low shoes with large bright buckles. He struck into the dusty road leading eastward to the town of Charlestown, walking slowly. He had been running about Cambridge in the heat all the day long, and was very tired; and so it happened that, in spite of the fact that he was in no very great hurry to reach Bunker Hill, he was not sorry when a man driving a light wagon overtook him and offered him a ride.

There was a saddle-horse fastened behind; it was a handsome black animal with a heavy mane and long sweeping tail. Tom looked at it closely, and then, with a little start, turned his eyes on its master. He had scarcely noticed the man before. As he had climbed into the wagon he had fancied, from the blue smock and wide-sweeping hat, that his new acquaintance might be one of the farmers owning the broad meadows above the town of Charlestown; but now, as he looked, an expression of recognition came into his eyes. He glanced downward; the leg appearing below the coarse blue blouse was clad in a silk stocking, and the fine shoe covering the foot resting carelessly against the dashboard was ornamented with a handsome buckle.

“I held your horse for you this morning,” he said, a little shyly.

“You did!” exclaimed the stranger. A slight expres-