gram in fright and fear)—There's something wrong with—with my boy!—The Lord 'a' mercy on us, it's bad news from Willy—Oh. (She stoops and picks up telegram, and reads): "Sorrel, No. 7 Balaclava Row, Aldershot: Greatly regret—your son, Sergeant Sorrel, No. 51,130, died of wounds on board, and was buried—at sea. Colonel Commanding 5th Northumberland Fusiliers." Oh, poor old fellow.

(From the kitchen comes the sound of "Old Crimea's" voice singing loudly and cheerfully "See, the Conquering Hero Comes." Mary's sobs grow louder.)

Mrs. Peppercorn (dropping the telegram and putting apron to her eyes)—Oh, poor "Old Crimea." All of 'em took!

"Old Crimea" (within)—Mary! Mary!

Mary (coming suddenly down to Mrs. Peppercorn with blanched face)—Mrs. Peppercorn, it'll—it'll kill father.

"Old Crimea" (within)—Mary! Mary! Dag it, where is the girl?

Mary—He's comin'. Oh, what am I to do? What am I to do? (She clings, crying, to Mrs. Peppercorn.)

Mrs. Peppercorn—Child, child, what is there to be done? Don't let 'im see you're cryin'. Best break it gently. He's an old man now!

("Old Crimea's" voice grows nearer, humming vigorously. Mary flies to the door and stands there, choking back her tears. Mrs. Peppercorn hastily wipes her eyes and bends over the table. "Old Crimea" enters.)

"Old Crimea"—Now, my girl, no dawdling. Bustle's the word. There's none too much time to finish the decorations afore the boy comes. (He rubs his hands excitedly.)

Mary—Yes, father.

"Old Crimea"—That's it, my girl, that the—why, what's the matter? You've been cryin'?

Mrs. Peppercorn (hastily, with mock zeal)—Well, sergeant, and why shouldn't the girl cry? Isn't the regiment a-comin' 'ome, and don't all girls cry when they're goin' to see their sweethearts? For joy, that's what she's a-cryin' for, an' so am I. But she's laughin' now, ain't you, child?—ain't you, Mary?

Mary—Yes, Mrs. Peppercorn, I'm—I'm laughing now.

"Old Crimea" (gravely passing his hand a little feebly over his face)—I'm—I'm glad o' that. I—I thought for a moment—something seemed to tell me——

Mary (putting her arms tenderly round her father's neck)—No, no, father darling. You mustn't think such things, just because a woman cries. A woman's tears—don't mean—that—always! See! I'm laughin' now, father darling, I'm laughin' now! Ha! ha! ha!

"Old Crimea" (patting her shoulder and kissing her)—That's right, my lass, that's the way. Now, lend me a 'and with the festoon over the door, will 'e? (He suddenly sees Mrs. Peppercorn, with a sudden change of face, put her foot on the telegram.) Mrs. Peppercorn (his voice is shrill with fear), what—what's that?

Mary (running forward and picking it up)—It's a telegram, father darling.

"Old Crimea" (putting his hand on the table to steady himself)—A—a telegram? What's in it?

(Mrs. Peppercorn puts her finger on her lips warningly.)

Mary—It's from Willy Peppercorn, father.

"Old Crimea"—Oh! it's from Willy, is it? (He looks wonderfully relieved, and heaves a big breath.) Give it to me.

Mary (breathlessly)—But you can't read it without your glasses, father!

Mrs. Peppercorn (hastily)—Let Mary read it, sergeant.

"Old Crimea"—Aye, aye, my girl. Read it, read it!

Mary—Thank you, father! (She struggles with her emotion, and then reads. Mrs. Peppercorn bends eagerly forward.)—"With you soon. Love to Mary. Best respects to 'Old Crimea.'"

"Old Crimea"—Best respects to "Old Crimea." Thankee, lad; thankee. Mrs. Peppercorn, mum, bring in your boy to tea. The winkles 'll go round, and it's right and proper to be all together to-day, seein' as 'ow we're all in the regiment and you're goin' to belong to the family. 'Arry 'u'd like it. They're chums, your Willy and my 'Arry, good boys, and good soldiers, both. (Distant sound of military music.) Ah! there they are. Train's in. Did you 'ear the band? Mrs. Peppercorn, hang up this festoon over the door while Mary gets my old tunic. (Mrs. Peppercorn bustles to do so.) Now, then, my girl. Must receive my boy with all the honors, that's sartin, and 'im a sergeant. Top drawer, Mary, under the tissue paper. Bustle, lass, bustle. Tut, tut, I'm that stirred I can't get out of this dagged coat!

Mary—I'll help you, father darling. (She hurries back to him, putting the tunic on the table.)

"Old Crimea"—That's right, my girl. (He gets out of it and turns to Mary, putting his arms round her.) My little blessin' calls her old dad "Father darlin'" quite a lot to-day, don't she? More than she has for quite a long time. Are you fond of your old father?

Mary (clinging tightly to the old man)—Oh, father, you're all I've got in the world!

"Old Crimea" (pushing her indignantly away)—What's that? You're not proud of your brother, then? You've got no love for your brother, who's to carry on the good name of Sorrel after 'is father sends in 'is papers? For shame, darter, for shame!

Mary—No, no, father. 'Tisn't that. I love 'Arry as much as you do. I'm as proud of him as you are!

"Old Crimea"—No, that you're not, Mary. 'Elp me on with the tunic, my dear. No one's as proud of his boy as 'is father. He's the only son left to me now. Johnny was overtook by them dagged black men on the West Coast, Billy was shot through the 'eart, along of Lord Kitchener, and Charlie laid down 'is life for a friend on the Indian frontier.

Mrs. Peppercorn—Poor lads!

"Old Crimea"—Poor lads? No, no, lucky lads to 'ave 'ad the good fortune to die for Queen and country. Ah! many's the time I've envied 'em that privilege? Seems a strange thing that their father should 'a' begun at the Crimea as a drummer boy and ended at Tel-el-Kebir as a sergeant without so much as a limb gone, while three of my boys stay on their first battlefields! At times I fret to think of dying in cold blood between the blankets. It's an unnatural endin' for a Sorrel, Mrs. Peppercorn. But there's always compensations, mum. (He brightens and grows excited again.) If I 'ad been put away in Egypt, I shouldn't 'a' been 'ere to welcome the last of my sons 'ome again, a sergeant, like 'is father. It's the last time, maybe, I shall wear the tunic. Listen! Can you 'ear 'em? They're in the barricks now, and the colonel is a-speakin' to 'em. Where's the soft cloth to polish up the medals? Their faces must all be clean.

Mary (rubbing them with her handkerchief)—Here they are, father. I can see my face in 'em. Kiss me, father.

"Old Crimea" (kissing her)—My girl! Why, you're trembling, and the tears is runnin' down your cheeks!

Mary—Are they, father? It's because I love you so. Although I'm not a son and a soldier, I'm a Sorrel, and I'll do my duty, whatever it may be. I want you to remember this, father, and if, in the future, you'd like me to put off marrying Willy, tell me so, and I'll do it—because I'm a Sorrel, too!

"Old Crimea"—Come, come; it'll never do to let your brother catch you like this. ("Auld Lang Syne" can be heard on a distant band.) Do you hear that? The band's a-playing, the boys is a-cheerin'; in another minute my son will be 'ome agen! So stand clear of the door, mum, so he can see the decorations as soon as it's opened. (Mary gives a sob. Mrs. Peppercorn grasps her arm.) Ah! what did I tell 'e? I knowed it. Jest like 'is father. No staying behind in barricks to drink at the canteen. Can you 'ear the firm step? That's my 'Arry, Sergeant 'Arry Sorrel, mentioned in dispatches. 'Ere 'e comes! Past the pillar box at the corner, a-swinging down the Row, smiling at the cheerin' children; past your cottage, Mrs. Peppercorn. (A helmet passes the window.) "Company! 'Shun! Eyes right!" The old man draws himself up to attention, with his eyes on the door.)

"Old Crimea" (darts forward with hands outstretched and a great cry)—'Arry, my boy! (Mrs. Peppercorn runs toward him and flings her arms round her son's neck. The movements are almost simultaneous.)

"Old Crimea" (draws back, and fumbles at Mary's arm, with a terrified face, in which there is almost a touch of feeble irritability)—Why, dag it, Mary, it ain't my boy, it ain't 'Arry! 'Tain't like 'im to stay behind at the canteen, his father being so close and all? My lad, where's my son, Sergeant Sorrel?

(Private Peppercorn takes his mother's arms away, steps silently two paces to the front, and takes off his helmet, hanging his head.)

"Old Crimea" (with a loud cry, catching hold of Mary for support)—No, no!—I'll not believe it! 'Arry! 'Arry! The last of my sons! Oh! Gawd, the last of my sons! (He puts his hands to his eyes.)

Mary—Father!

Mrs. Peppercorn (on his other side)—Sergeant!

For a moment there is a pause, the old man shaking with grief. Then a bugle rings out, followed by the roll of a drum. The old man throws off the women's hands, pulls himself smartly up, brings his hand to his forehead to the salute, and cries loudly: "God save the King!"

(Curtain.)

BENDIGO'S ANNIVERSARY.

From The London Chronicle.

Bendigo, perhaps the most famous of Australian gold fields, is preparing to celebrate its jubilee by holding a mining exhibition. It was in October, 1851, that the first nuggets were found by an old shepherd on the spot where Goldensquare now stands. Since then Bendigo has contributed 17,169,680 ounces to the gold output of the world. The old shepherd was a pugnacious and quarrelsome person, hence he was christened by his comrades "Bendigo," the name of the most renowned English prizefighter of the period. Thus, while the pugilist of the past is forgotten save in the annals of the P. R., his name is perpetuated by the great gold field of the antipodes.

At the time "Bendigo" made his valuable discovery the place was a pastoral solitude, forming part of a squatter's sheep run called Ravenswood. One of the attractions of the exhibition is to be a reproduction of Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon, in which a collection of early Bendigo newspapers, pictures, proclamations, etc., is to be displayed. There is something queer about that combination; but who bothers about incongruities at exhibitions?

BETWEEN TWO LOVES.

A STORY OF CORNISH CHILDREN.

G. Stanley Ellis, in The Pall Mall Magazine.

The sorrows of the little people are, if less lasting, more acute than the sorrows of the grown ups. When Sam Nicholls, who had been adopted by Dicky Wade, was eight years old, he still possessed a wonderful doll. Of course, it is an unusual thing for a boy to keep a doll, but even a boy must have something upon which to vent his love. Dicky Wade, being a gardener, hated dogs professionally, and did not keep one. He justified his objection to them by the terms in which they are mentioned in the Bible, but his real reason was a professional one. So Sam had no dog to love. He had once been in the habit of hunting hens into a cul-de-sac formed by the winding of a brook. Then it struck him that most hens had reddish brown feathers. According to an old colored daguerreotype, his mother's hair had been of that color, so he felt sad and begged pardon of the hens, of whom he then tried to make pets and friends. But, apart from any recollection of the hunting, the hens continued shy. Therefore Sam lavished his love on the doll, or rather on what remained of it. It had been one of those wooden dolls cut out of a piece of pine, with black hair painted in bands, blue painted eyes, and crimson painted cheeks. The arms and legs used to be of wood and attached with wooden screws to the body, so that the result had once been a very imperfectly jointed lay figure. Now arms and legs had gone, leaving four gaping holes. A weekly washing with hot water, soap, soda and a scrubbing brush had made the complexion and the hair vanish, and had blinded the beautiful blue eyes.

"You'm gettin' tu big bwoy for these doll, Sam," said Dicky Wade. "For bwoy, tu, 'tes no kind of play. Ef 'ee ded want gun, or boat, or swoord, or spade, I'd not mind. But dolls be not fitty for bwoys."

Sam only hugged Guinevere—pronounced Gwinver—the closer.

"'Ee'd better throw 'n away," continued Dicky, who used to preach at the little chapel at Trebarrow. "For 'tes borne in upon me 'tes a graven image, an' does smack o' the Scarlet Woman."

"Her's not scarlet," said Sam. "Her's as white as snaw with soap an' hot water."

"'Tes not thiccy scarlet I be thinkin' on. Beware o' idolatry, bwoy. Bethink 'ee o' the braazen calf 't the children of Israel ded set up."

"What's this I do hear of 'ee, young Sam Nicholls?" said Farmer Nale, of Trenale, next Windingford market day. "Is't true that you've got a doll just as if you were a little girl?"

"Iss," said Sam, sullenly.

"I'm 'shamed of 'ee—a boy of your age. When I thrashed 'ee for stealin' my apples 'ee were a good plucked 'un. An' good plucked 'uns don't keep dolls."

"I be daggin' for somethin' to be fond of," growled Sam.

"I'll give 'ee a bull pup, grandson to my old Pincher, if you like."

"Will 'ee?" said Sam exultantly. "I should like 'n very much."

"You shall have him then. But throw that old doll away."

"I wun't do thiccy," said Sam.

"I am surprised at you, Farmer," said Mrs. Nale, "offering him a dog. It's time he was put to work, and then he'd get the maggots out of his brain. Let Dicky Wade send him over on Monday early to scare the birds, and he'll have no time for dolls."

"I wun't give 'n up," said Sam. "But I ded knaw 'ee'd complain, Mrs. Nale, when Farmer ded spake of givin' anythin' away."

"You rude little bye!" creaked the sharp nosed Mrs. Nale; "I won't have you on our farm for anythin' now."

Farmer Nale winked disconsolately at Sam. The wink conveyed that they both knew Mrs. Nale and her ways, and that the farmer only wished he might speak as freely to her as Sam could. But he sent the pup after all.

"Es et true, Sam," said Jack Chown, when he met Sam on the Clays, as they were both bound for the old school, "that 'ee've got a doll to home that 'ee do nurse like as ef 'ee was a maid?"

"What be that to you, Jack Chown?"

"'Tes true, es 'n? You gert baby! You're no better 'n a maiden, be 'ee, then, Miss Nicholls?"

And the boys around took up the call—"Miss Nicholls! Miss Nicholls!" And they pointed the finger of scorn.

Now Sam felt inclined to cry. For it is hard at the age of eight to be likened to that inferior creature, the maiden. To be called a lion, or a tiger, or a wolf, or—by another Cornishman—a chough, is a compliment. But to be called an ass, a goose, a dog (why a dog I cannot tell, unless on the authority of Dicky Wade and the Bible), a chough—by a Devonian—or a maiden, is a deadly insult. Sam gulped down the lump in his throat, held back his tears, and smote Jack Chown a mighty blow that sent him to school with unusual punctuality and a bloody nose, all for the honor of Gwinver.

And then it chanced that Sam met Alice Treweekes, the seven-year-old daughter of the parson. She was spick and span, in a white dress and a cream Leghorn hat; but Sam remembered a day when her frock had been torn, her shoes muddy, her mouth blackberried, and he had stolen apples for her, and a thrashing had followed.

"How be 'ee, Miss Alice?" said he.

"Very worried, Sammy. Jus' like mother at spring cleaning."

"How be thiccy, missie?"

"I hear you have a doll. I have a doll, but then I'm a girl. I don't think I can ever love a boy who has a doll."

Then bitterness seized Sam. To be called a maiden was the direst insult. Yet his ideal was a maiden, Alice Treweekes.

"I have got a doll—my Gwinver. An' I do love she. But I dun't love 'ee any less for thiccy."

"But it's only girls who have dolls. It's not manly for boys to have 'em. I won't ever love you any more, an' I won't ever kiss you any more, so long's you keep a doll."

Then began a struggle grim and great in the heart of Sam. And it was the harder to bear that it was inarticulate outwardly and inwardly. For the good and the bad did not marshal themselves within him as the advantageous and the disadvantageous would have done within a grown up child. He did not see clearly. He only felt the pain.

At last he said, "Here be a match. Do 'ee make fire on the grass while I do go fetch Gwinver."

When he came back the dead branches were crackling merrily on the grass between the stone hedge and the road, and Sam laid the dismantled body in the flames. He had never heard the name of it, but he understood the feeling of suttee. He watched and watched till nothing was left of Gwinver; then he threw himself face downward on the cool lush grass and sobbed passionately. Alice, who had been watching him curiously, was overpowered by the feelings she had raised. She crept slowly to him and laid her little hand on his shoulder.

"Don't cry, Sam," she said. "Be a good boy, an' I'll give you a kiss."

"Go 'way. Go right 'way. I'll never spake to 'ee again. 'Ee've a-made me burn my Gwinver. I ded et for you, an' now I do hate 'ee. Go 'way."

And, half frightened at what she had done, half joyous in realizing so early the power of the woman over the man, Alice went. Sam lay sobbing, and dimly discerning somewhere in the back of his head that, if the choice were again put to him, he would again choose in the same way.

THE VAQUERO'S SPLENDID RIDING.

DARING MOUNT ON A BAREBACKED BULL.

From The Milwaukee Sentinel.

In his journeyings over the grazing country Dr. Toussaint, of Sonora, Mexico, has had several opportunities to see the Mexican cowboy as he is at home and at his best. "At riding bucking horses, throwing the lasso and bullfighting," he says, "they are experts. Pansho, who is recognized as the most expert and daring lasso thrower and rider in these parts, is a typical Mexican cowboy. He was dressed a day or two ago, when I saw him on his native heath, in full Mexican style—high-heeled boots, large spurs, spangled and frilled leather leggins, short, closefitting jacket, large, broadbrimmed and silver braided high hat. He made a rather attractive figure as he gracefully rode his prancing, fiery little horse, adorned with silver mounted saddle and bridle, up to our dinner camp.

"He told us in the majestic language of Castile—for he seemed to be something of an orator—that he never saw the horse, cow or bull that he dared not ride, and to make good his assertion he rode into a herd of cattle that was feeding close by and singled out a four-year-old bull that had not been handled by man since the time in his canicular days when he was roped and thrown to be branded. Soon they were running at full speed, the bull in advance, the horseman close behind. After a short run, in which Pansho had an opportunity to display his fine horsemanship, the bull was turned toward our camp. On they came at full speed, directly toward us, the cowboy a little behind and at the left of the rushing bull, swinging his lasso in a circle over his head.

"When they were within fifty yards we all jumped to our feet, shouting and waving our hats, hoping to turn the animal and save the tinware and dinner. Our alarm was premature, however. The next moment the lasso shot forward over the bull's shoulders, one part of the loop striking the ground in front of the bull and the other part on his breast. Both front feet went into the loop, and a quick jerk drew it around the legs. Giving the lasso two turns around the pommel of the saddle, Pansho stopped his well trained horse, which braced for the jerk that came when the bull had the full length of the lasso. Then the bull was thrown violently to the ground. In less time than it takes to write it Pansho jumped to the ground, ran to the bull, and tied the forelegs together. Then tying a rope around the bull's body, he removed the lasso. Up jumped the bull and away he went, with Pansho on his back, holding on to the rope. In his frantic efforts to get rid of his rider the infuriated bull ran first in one direction and then in another, bucking, kicking and bellowing, but all in vain, for Pansho stuck like glue. When he slowed down into a trot and headed for the herd the rider slipped to the ground and came back to camp to receive the congratulations of his admirers, who appeared to be as proud of the feat as Pansho was."

"I HOPE YOU LIKED THAT PINEAPPLE I SENT YOU, PAT?"
"WELL, YIS, SORR, THANK YE. BUT UT TOOK A DALE O' COOKIN,' SORR."
"HOW DID YOU EAT IT, THEN?"
"WE BOILED UT WI' A LEG O' MUTTON, SORR."—(Sketch.