

**Some Cute Sayings
By Little Ones**

THE following batch of little stories is contributed by children to the Little Chronicle, the children's supplement to the Chicago Chronicle:

When Louise was washing her face her mamma told her to be sure to wash all around her mouth. Soon afterward Louise said: "Well, mamma, I can't. My nose is in the way."

"Where's Little Boy Blue, who looks after the sheep?" Baby Helen was asked.

"He's under the hiccoughs, fast asleep," she replied.

A few months ago a small hay and feed store near our home was partially destroyed by fire. The next morning mamma sent little Roy on an errand near there. He soon came running back, saying, "Oh, mamma, that straw house down at Twelve Points had its face burned off last night!"

Aunt spoke in a low tone to Allan, aged four, who immediately asked: "Why do you tiptoe your voice, Aunt Janie?"

Little Dorothy ran to her grandma and said: "Grandma, I am afraid I did wrong. I ate the last peach, but I didn't have any conscience till afterward."

A three-year-old girl sat on a stool with her doll in her arms, looking so sad that her mother said, "What is the matter, dear?"

"I was just finkin'," she said in a plaintive tone, "at my poor little dollie hasn't dot any papa!"

The five-year-old son of a lawyer listened to a conversation in which his mother was insisting on her husband accompanying her to visit a neighboring town, while he was objecting, and finally said:

"I have a woman's excuse, 'I have nothing to wear.'"

Whereupon the son, in order to end the matter, suggested: "Why, papa! Why don't you wear a lawsuit?"

A Mighty Small One.



Gentleman of the Old School (to new athletic daughter-in-law)—My dear, I want you always to look to me as your father and protector.

Gloom.

You talk as if the Waldrons were twice as well off as we are. Our house is as large again as theirs, and everybody knows that they're not half as rich as us."

"I know it," she sadly answered, "but I went and got a hat just like hers without knowing it, and she's worn it three times out in public."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Late Caller.

"What are his shortcomings?" asked her mother.

"Principally his long goings," answered the daughter, who had been entertaining the tiresome caller for more than three hours.—Chicago Post.



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CAMILLE OF MARTINIQUE

By MARY WOOD

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Under the brilliant southern stars the white camellias gleamed waxlike. Between the glossy leaves a slender figure leaned over the low white wall that skirted the garden. It seemed a spirit of the night, that face shadowed by dusky hair, gazing down with troubled eyes into the passionate one raised to her own.

"Camille," he whispered, "mia bella, must I still implore you? It is that you do not love me, cruel one."

He seized her hands imperiously as if to draw her to him. They trembled in his hot grasp as her voice sighed:

"Filipe, it is you who are cruel. You know—the granpere is so old. He has none but me. It would kill him if I should fly with you."

The girl's charming patois betrayed the daughter of France, while her deep, mysterious eyes were the heritage of some Indian beauty—a quadroon girl, but none the less vaunted as the heiress of old M. Le Moyne and the belle of St. Pierre, where the color line is but loosely drawn. Her granpere planned great things for her when they should go to Paris in the fall. She was so beautiful; a prince perhaps, or at least a count.

And she? She had already given her heart to the keeping of Filipe, he who only owned a small lugger plying between Martinique and Guadeloupe.

She loved him, and yet she answered all his prayers with "Wait!" Filipe could not understand it. As the night wind, perfumed with the scent of a hundred flowers, caressed her cheek his heart was suddenly filled with a passionate jealousy. She was so beautiful, and she loved him alone, and yet the fates had placed her high above him, so that, as now, he could barely touch the tips of her delicate fingers with his lips. The hot blood of Spain that lent color to his swarthy cheek and fire to his dark eye could not brook such thwarting.

"Camille," he cried impetuously, "let me again implore you! Come with me. The white sails of my Santa Maria will bear you safely to Basse Terre.



THERE, AMID THE BLACKENED STEMS, LAY A BODY.

and there I have a friend, a good padre, who will make us one. Come, my flower."

His voice had softened to infinite tenderness. Camille leaned heavily against the wall, and her words were broken by longing as she whispered, "I cannot!"

A hot tear splashed down upon his hand, but he drew it away roughly. "Enough of tears!" he cried bitterly. "They cost you nothing, while I—I am eating my heart out for you. But you have said 'No' once too often. I swear to you"—and he raised his hand and pointed to the distant mountain peak half cloaked in vapor—"I swear to you that your sleeping Pelee shall wake to life before I again seek for your love!"

Camille gave a cry of anguish, but it fell on ears all unheeding. Filipe strode down the road toward the quay with never a backward glance. The girl's face was as waxen as her namesake's, and like a rudely broken flower she sank on her knees against the wall. Above her sobs came the rumble of Pelee's voice, but she did not hear.

It was at Basse Terre that the news came to Filipe—came in a swift succession of horrible rumors, each more terrifying than the last. Pelee had awakened. And St. Pierre? No one knew.

And Camille? Filipe prayed in his heart when his dry lips refused to move. So benumbed were his senses from anguish and suffering that the memory of his oath had no longer power to move him. The Santa Maria was headed directly for the port of St. Pierre. Her decks were strewn with ashes and stones, her sails and rigging torn and broken, yet gallantly she rode this unknown sea of dirty smog color, whose sullen water was cumbered with wreckage. She had met huge tidal waves that swept away her crew, for she could not fall the hand of the man at the helm. The pilot's eyes, bloodshot by long hours of vigil, were fixed on the blazing heaps which alone remained to tell the story of St. Pierre.

Swollen bodies were now added to

the wreckage on the water. Filipe had sunk on his knees, as if fearful of recognizing a beloved face among them. But the Santa Maria, driven on by a sudden breeze, headed straight for the quay that lay nearest to where the white wall still showed amid the stricken garden.

Hardly conscious of having made the landing, he staggered up the walk and leaped the wall. A groan escaped his lips. There, amid the blackened stems of the camellias, lay a body. It was burned to a crisp far beyond recognition, but the lover could not doubt. Around was silence, desolation, death. And here lay Camille.

"She was watching for me—for the heartless one," he muttered.

Then sudden fury seized him. "I shall not leave you here, my flower one!" he cried. "There must be places on this accursed island still untouched by fire. I will lay you to sleep there under fragrant blossoms, and then perhaps the saints will ease me of my misery."

Stripping off his coat, he wrapped it tenderly about the body, hiding the face, and bore it down to the quay.

Again the favoring wind sprang up, and the Santa Maria crept slowly down the bay, and still the voice of Pelee thundered from the peak wreathed in forked lightnings. Her ashes fell ceaselessly on the shrouded figure at the foot of the mast and on the head of the pilot. His hands and face were blackened and burned and his eyes were blinded by smoke and dust, but his hand still kept the helm and the Santa Maria her way.

The Dixie's deck was crowded with anxious men, for were they not already entering the great zone of ashes that surrounded the fated island? Through the gloom came the gleam of a sail. "Ship ahoy!" brought no answer.

"Probably refugees and too dazed to speak," one man said commiseratingly. "No; not dazed—only dead," another replied, for Pelee had added another victim to her list, and the saints had released Filipe from his misery. Perhaps—who knows?—he found his lover one again in all her radiant beauty where camellias ever bloom.

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