

had no. i never noticed. just about as long sometimes as it takes him to shut his eyes. nonsense and sometimes not so long, for hes asleep before theyre shut. old griggs is making this up, ned, said chris. no, he isnt, my lad, for ive seen it; and i tell you what ive often seen too a man go off fast asleep on horseback. there, now lie down and get your own share. i wish id told father. tell him in the morning over your breakfast, when youre eating fizzled bird. now then, no more talking. i havent done yet, said chris stubbornly, and now feeling wonderfully wide awake. look here, im not going to have father wake up in four hours. hes more tired than i am, and you are going to wake me to take your place. no, im not, boy. yes, you are. i order you to, said chris. are you boss of this expedition you know im not. who is, then dont ask stupid questions, said chris irritably. you know: father. thats right, and he gave the orders of the night that i was to watch four hours before calling him, and i was to see that all was right in the camp. now then, youre kicking up a disturbance instead of going to sleep and resting yourself so that you may be useful in the morning. but, griggs you obey orders, sir, said the man sternly. do you want to wreck the expedition by breaking rules no. then go to sleep. but i cant sleep now. then lie down and keep awake. yes, ill do that, said chris, spreading out his blanket. come on, ned; well lie down and wait till he calls father, and then well talk to him and get him to lie down again while we take his watch. will you of course, said ned eagerly. hah thats better, said griggs. now youre talking sensibly. it doesnt do to oppose your captain at a time like that. well rolled up, both of you yes, was the reply, from the ground where the boys were seated. better lie down, my lads; youll

leonax. how much these two women, to whom fate had allotted lives so widely different, found to tell each other the older felt transported to the past, the younger seemed to have naught save a present rich in blessing and a future green with hope. she had good news to tell of her sister also. helena had long been the happy wife of gorgias who, however, spite of the love with which he surrounded the young mistress of his house, numbered among his most blissful hours those which were devoted to overseeing the progress of the work on the mausoleum, where he met cleopatra. time flew swiftly to the two women, and it was a painful surprise when one of the eunuchs on guard announced that the queen had returned. again charmian embraced her lovers grandson, blessed him and the young mother, sent messages of remembrance to dion, begged barine to think of her affectionately when she had passed from earth and, if her heart prompted her to the act, to anoint or adorn with a ribbon or flower the tombstone of the woman who had no friend to render her such a service. deeply moved by the firmness with which charmian witnessed the approach of death, barine listened in silence, but suddenly started as the sharp tones of a well known voice called her friends name and, as she turned, iras stood before her. pallid and emaciated, she looked in her long, floating black robes the very incarnation of misery. the sight pierced the heart of the happy wife and mother. she felt as if much of the joy which iras lacked had fallen to her own lot, and all the grief and woe she had ever endured had been transferred to her foe. she would fain have approached humbly and said something very kind and friendly; but when she saw the tall, haggard woman gazing at her child, and noticed the disagreeable expression

church and town records, we plainly discover that each laic, deacon, elder, criminal, singer, and even the ungodly boy had his allotted place as absolutely assigned to him in the old meeting house as was the pulpit to the parson. much has been said in semi ridicule of this old custom of seating and dignifying, yet it did not in reality differ much from our modern way of selling the best pews to whoever will pay the most. perhaps the old way was the better, since, in the early churches, age, education, dignity, and reputation were considered as well as wealth. vi. the tithingman and the sleepers. the most grotesque, the most extraordinary, the most highly colored figure in the dull new england church life was the tithingman. this fairly burlesque creature impresses me always with a sense of unreality, of incongruity, of strange happening, like a jesting clown in a procession of monks, like a strain of low comedy in the sober religious drama of early new england puritan life; so out of place, so unreal is this fussy, pompous, restless tithingman, with his fantastic wand of office fringed with