

THE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



The Princess of the Purple Palace.

A Story of the Pekin Siege.
By William Murray Graydon.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Captain Fang made a rapid, furtive gesture of assent. "Give me the girl," he said. "And we will be off."

The captives, their new-born hopes thus dashed to the ground, looked at each other with white, despairing faces. But Li Sheng and Captain Fang, in working their cunning deal, had not reckoned with the princess. The sacrifices that Dan and Alec had made in the past were now to be repaid. Freeing herself from Mow Chang's grasp, Loo-Lao darted forward and stood protectively before the lady.

"Take them with you," she cried, addressing the imperial officer. "Do not leave them in the hands of these wicked men, to be tortured to death. Did not the Emperor receive my message? Tell me, surely he gave you a written authority?"

Captain Fang reluctantly displayed a paper, with a purple seal attached. He was visibly ill at ease.

"What were your orders?" demanded the agitated girl. "Speak!"

"To bring you safely to the palace," was the reply.

"But that is not all. You are concealing something. You were told to rescue my friends as well as myself. Is not that true?"

"It is the truth," Captain Fang admitted. "Such were the instructions given to me by the Son of Heaven."

"Then obey!" At this point Li Sheng, whose features were working with rage and disappointment, signaled to his companions. They seized hold of the lady and attempted to drag them away.

"Stop!" cried Loo-Lao. She turned to the officer, with flashing eyes. "You dare not take me along to the palace, the Emperor, nor would he consent to go with you," she exclaimed. "These two are my friends and protectors—I owe them more than I can ever repay. They must accompany me."

"But they are foreign devils," demurred Captain Fang.

"I command you to save them. Refuse, and you will lose your head. From my own lips the Emperor shall learn of your disobedience."

This was not an empty threat, as Captain Fang knew well. He no longer wavered from the path he had chosen, though that was opposed to inclination.

"What must be, must be," he acquiesced. "The foreign devils shall go to be judged by the Son of Heaven."

A furious cry burst from the Tiger, as he saw his intended victims slipping out of his clutches. In his passion he gnashed his teeth and nearly foamed at the lips.

"It is not he cheated thus," he screamed, brandishing his arms in the officer's face. "The foreign devils belong to me!"

"You could have them and welcome," said Captain Fang, "but am helping in the matter. You heard— and he jerked a hand toward the Princess.

Li Sheng swore till he was fairly black in the face.

"To the temple with the prisoners," he cried, chokingly. "Remove them!"

"Touch them not," shouted Captain Fang.

With that he nodded to his soldiers, who quickly advanced a few paces and leveled their rifles. Such a determined attitude cowed the Boxers and showed them the folly of resistance. With angry threats and curses they fell back, and the Tiger, and Dan, with the girl, in a little group by themselves. Li Sheng, maddened beyond control, made a move to attack the lady with a drawn sword.

"Stand aside, or I'll blow your brains out," vowed Captain Fang, as he presented a pistol to the ruffian's head.

The blade was lowered, and the Tiger, suddenly appearing to be resigned to the inevitable, quietly joined his grumbling comrades. The dragon-soldiers of Kuang Hsu closed about the rescued prisoners, and Ping Tung, who was hanging on the outskirts, caught Dan's eye and gave him an anxious, questioning glance, that said as plainly as words could have done:

"What of my words?"

With equal clearness Dan's answering nod, and the slight shrug of his shoulders toward the wall of the Imperial City conveyed to the Chinese lad the welcome news that old Nan was safe and in hiding. A moment later, when the soldiers were on the point of starting, Ping Tung was nowhere to be seen. He had watched his chance and slipped away into the sheltering darkness. Now that those for whom he had done so much no longer needed his services, his sole thought was for his aged mother.

"Forward, march!"

The Chinese equivalent of that command fell from Captain Fang's lips. He let his men tramp by, and then, lolling behind them for an instant, he called to Li Sheng, in a conciliatory tone:

"There is no help for it, my friend. I am under orders."

The Tiger laughed, and it sounded like a genuine wild beast's snarl. "Look you, this is not the end," he said, "drivily, with an oath. 'You are only a dog, that cannot stand when the string is pulled—' paws that move at the will of him who owns you. But it is a dangerous game you play, and I, though now a loser, will win back what I have lost before two more days have set. You acknowledge the Son of Heaven, I the Emperor Dowager. And she is all-powerful—remember that."

Again Li Sheng laughed, and the refrain of it seemed to linger, as he and his evil crew, having swung away all but one of their torches, sullenly climbed the bank. Captain Fang, pondering uneasily on the beautiful words he had just heard, pushed to the lead of his little company of dragon-soldiers, who rapidly proceeded with military step and precision, along the bed of the ditch in a southerly direction.

But several minutes later, to the amazement of both lads, the party reversed sharply to the right and halted at one of the massive gates in the wall. They were promptly admitted by sentries, who asked no questions, and then followed a quick march across a quarter of a mile of the Imperial City, by a dark and apparently deserted avenue. Under the lofty portals of the east gate of the forbidden city, which was opened to them by men wearing the white dragon on their sleeves,

strode Captain Fang, his soldiers and the three prisoners.

"By heavens, we're actually inside the Imperial Palace," gasped Dan.

"I wonder if we ever get out again," said Alec. "We won't if the Empress Dowager can help it. But so far they seem to be taking every precaution to keep us in the dark."

It was a brief passage, but every step of it was fraught with interest. First came a long alley with stone steps at the end of it leading up to a triple gateway, then another alley and a wooden door, and after that half a dozen courts and squares, where stunted trees and rank weeds grew out of the flagging, and ancient, bronzed candelabra and storks, marble elephants and dragons and deaved sedan chairs were planted in picturesque confusion. The group halted, an elderly Chinese man, Captain Fang and addressed him in a low voice.

He was accompanied by a soldier carrying a lantern, and the light flashed brightly on the surrounding walls of terra cotta, crowned with blue and yellow tiles.

"Farewell, I shall not forget you," said the Princess Loo-Lao, extending her hand to Dan and Alec.

She was gone almost before they could find voice to reply, hurried away by three of the dragon soldiers. The rest of the party, passing on through two more courts at the heels of the old Chinese man, mounted a dozen marble steps to the threshold of a long, low-roofed building, and entered a dingy chamber that contained a gilded throne flanked by great vases of cloisonné ware. A narrow passage opened from the rear, and at the far end of this was a small room destined for the reception of the two lads. They were thrust inside, and Captain Fang spoke a few earnest and significant words to them.

"Your presence here must not be known or suspected," he said. "As you value your heads, make no noise, and on no account show your faces at the window."

Then the heavy door was closed and barred, and the footsteps of the officer and his companions gradually died away. The young prisoners were left to silence and solitude, with leisure to reflect on their strange position—so strange a one, indeed, that they could scarcely realize it. The time it will be remembered, was the night of the 11th of August. Somewhere below the window referred to a light was burning, and its faint reflection penetrated to the room and cast a couple of couches of European construction. Dan and Alec had much to say to each other, much to tell and explain, and while they talked they occasionally heard voices and passing feet at a distance. The hour was late when they retired, and they slept without waking until far into the morning.

By daylight their prison turned out to be a comfortably furnished apartment, hung with curtains of frayed and dusty satin.

In the court lowest from the window tramping-foot soldiers, as messengers arrived and departed. But nobody came near the prisoners; for some reason the dreaded summons was delayed.

"By Jove, perhaps Kuang Hsu has checkedmate the tiger!" Dan hopefully suggested.

"I'm afraid not," said Alec. "It's more likely that the Empress Dowager is too busy with her councillors to give the tiger an audience at once."

Another quarter of an hour passed, and then a slight sound in the distance quickly drew the attention of the two lads. Voices were heard, as the sentry challenged and was answered.

"Here they are!" said Dan, huskily. "The door swung open, and on the threshold appeared a tall figure. By the dim light that penetrated the room from the courtyard it was not difficult to recognize Captain Fang, and his unexpected presence animated the lady with a ray of hope.

"Hush; be very quiet," the officer began, in a low tone. "I have come to save you if I can."

"Then the Emperor—" exclaimed Alec.

"The Son of Heaven is confined to his apartments. Li Sheng arrived a short while ago—here now. The Empress Dowager, alas! and I am helpless in how the Princess Loo-Lao and two young foreign devils had been smuggled into the palace. Her rage was terrible to witness. She immediately put the Emperor under arrest, and ordered that the foreign devils should be found and delivered to Li Sheng and his companions."

"Is our hiding place known?" asked Alec.

"Not yet; but the search has begun, and at any moment the Boxers and the soldiers of the Empress Dowager may be here. Come; follow me in silence."

"Tell me one thing more. The Princess—"

"She is quite safe, but she will be held as a hostage for the future conduct of her father. Prince Lan, it has just been learned, and his life is in danger. He fled from the Province of Shan Se, where he has been in the keeping of the Viceroy."

This was an interesting piece of news, for the recovery of Shan Se had been a firm friend of Captain Drury's, and on that foundation was based what hopes Alec had entertained of his father's safety. But his eyes were now turned to the friendship and protection of Chinese officials, who were evidently trusted by the Empress Dowager? The question woke ominous fears in Alec's heart, and added to his depression at the thought of the corridor at the heels of their guide.

The sentry, a young dragon-soldier, brought up the rear. Captain Fang led the two lads, and the Chinese man, and from here, by means of a door that opened onto a balcony, the four dropped one by one to a dark courtyard overgrown with grass and stunted trees. The officer unlocked a narrow gate, and a walkway led to a room beyond. The gate swung noiselessly shut, and the little party proceeded. They heard sounds close behind, but could not distinguish the nature of them, whether the distant booming of cannon and the spluttering of rifles. So far as the lads could tell they judged that they were being driven in opposite direction to the Legation quarter.

"Do you expect to get us out through one of the gates?" Dan ventured to ask.

"That is impossible," Captain Fang replied. "The gates are watched; the Empress Dowager lost no time in sending soldiers to all of them."

"Then how can we escape?" Alec inquired anxiously.

"It is doubtful if you can," was the curt answer; "though I shall do all in my power to carry out the plan that his majesty the Emperor found means to communicate to me. It may succeed, but only by courage and daring, and by surmounting peril and difficulty. The Son of Heaven greatly desires that your lives should be spared."

That Captain Fang himself wished the reverse, or at least cherished no friendly feeling toward the fugitives, was evident from the tone in which he spoke, but the lads felt that he was in earnest, and that he would keep his word and do all he could for them.

The soldier hung back a few yards, for the obvious purpose of guarding the rear and being able to give timely warning. The officer led the way on rapidly, and for more than half an hour the little group threaded a part of the forbidden city that bristled with danger, though fortunately they managed to elude observation. No definite noise of pursuit could be heard behind, but the lads well knew, nevertheless, that the Tiger and his bloodthirsty companions were actively searching for them.

It was as bewildering and confusing as a rabbit warren, this maze quarter of the Son of Heaven's sacred abode, and strange

and fascinating things were to be seen at every step. Captain Fang, with a knowledge born of familiarity, turned and twisted, burrowed and mounted, traversing courts and passages, climbing lofty buildings of wonderful architecture, creeping through cool grooves and down avenues lined with superb stone figures, climbing broad steps of polished marble, unlocking carved gates and doors that no man guarded, now pausing to listen warily, now darting confidently on. And unerringly the dragon-soldier followed, keeping watch at the rear.

"If we pull through this all right," said Dan, "nobody will believe us when we tell our experiences."

"Very likely," assented Alec. "Never before, I should think, have foreigners been inside the Forbidden City of Peking."

The way was upward now—steadily up by steps that led between shady trees and plants and reflected the steel blue of the empyrean where stood a tall, many-balconied tower of pure copper, a sharp turn to the left and next a glimpse of fairyland, as it seemed to them, burst sud-

denly upon the lads' vision—a sloping path that wound downward by flights of glittering marble terraces, through flowers and trees, to a great sheet of water that matched and reflected the steel blue of the night sky and the flashing radiance of the stars. This was the lake within the famous palace. Yagou objects thickly dotted its glassy surface and far across on the opposite side, against the horizon, the western wall of the Forbidden City loomed dark and dim. It was a scene of enchantment, and very strange by contrast sounded the rattle of firearms and the crash of cannon that told of barbarian savagery and the lust of massacre.

"Glorious, isn't it?" whispered Dan.

"By Jove, they do you suppose the lake has an outlet under the walls?"

"It is doubtful," Alec replied. "I never heard of one."

"Then, how by all that's marvelous, are we going to escape?"

(To be Continued.)

Familiar Phrases in Japanese.

O-Hayo! Good morning (greeting).

Konban wa! Good day (greeting).

Konban wa! Good evening (greeting).

Sayo-nara! Good-bye.

Arigato gozaimasu! Thank you.

Go-men nasai! Please excuse me.

Sayo de gozaimasu! Yes, or that is so—Exchange.

ANY BOY MAY CLIMB A TREE AFTER READING THIS.

About this time of the year young people begin to make preparations for gathering the Autumn harvest of nuts. There are a great many ways of doing this, and nutting parties will always be popular. But the best way of doing it is to use a long strap, and one of the boys could only have reached those lower branches, what showers of nuts he would have shaken down!

Here is a way to make a climber, which will enable you to climb any nut tree you may find, and if you use it you will find it responsible for many a full basket:

Take a strip of leather about three inches wide and eight inches long. Stitch the ends together as firmly as you can, using waxed thread, such as cobblers use for shoes. Then further secure the ends by riveting them tightly with copper rivets.

Now get a very strong piece of leather about

How New York Took the News.

Scenes in Metropolis Over President McKinley's Death.

NEW YORK, Sept. 28.—My Dear Friends: Thirty-six years ago, after four terrible years of Civil War, when our country was in a most precarious condition, President Lincoln was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth. Sixteen years later President Garfield died by the hand of an assassin, the infamous Giteau. And now to the list of Presidential martyrs is added the name of William McKinley, who was shot by the Anarchist Czolgoz.

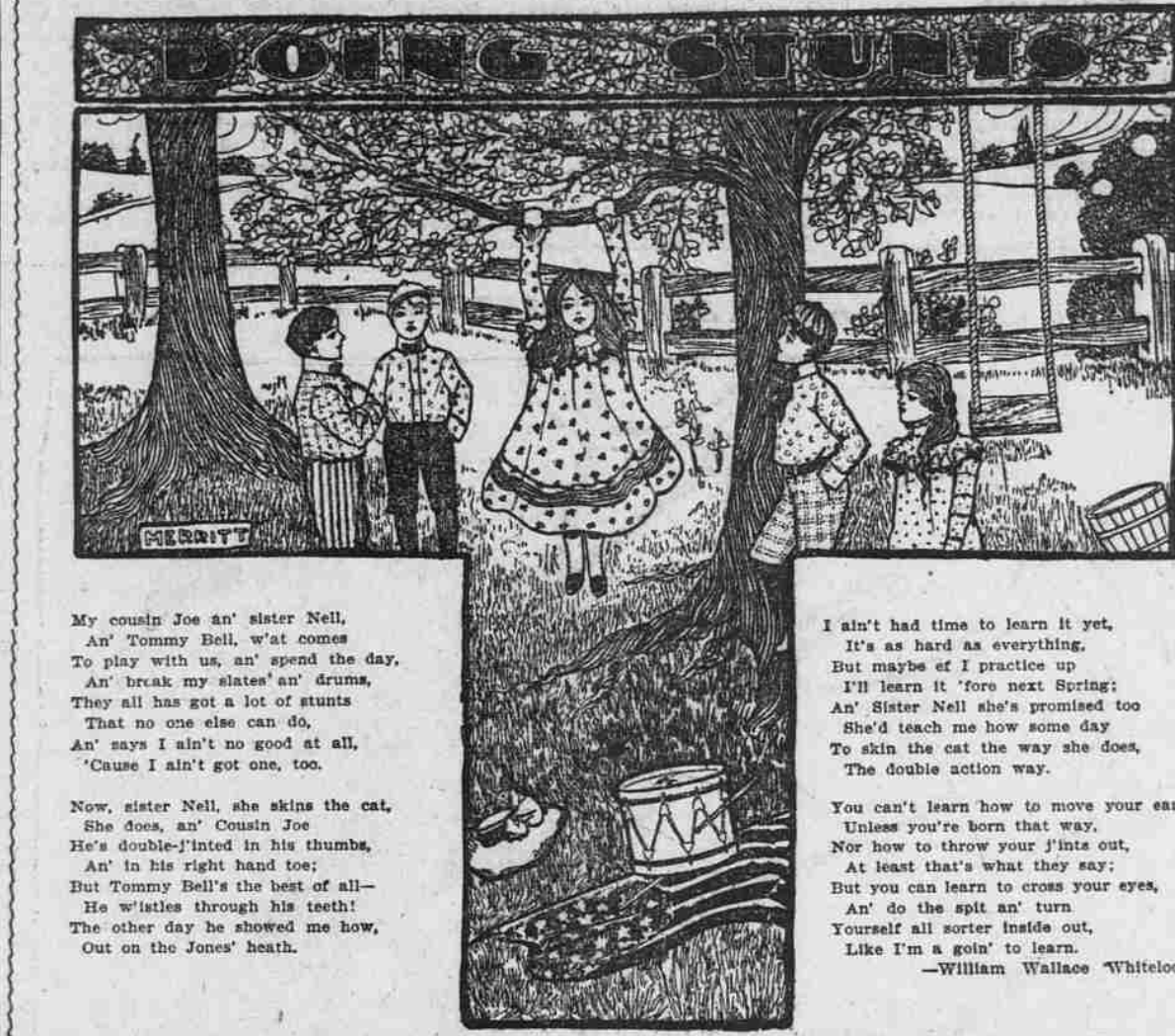
In the days of mourning and sorrow which followed the dreadful event at Buffalo all partisanship was forgotten; we

still; newsmen and vendors of McKinley souvenirs stopped selling their wares, men, with uncovered heads, and women, with grief pictured on their white, tear-stained faces, bowed in silent prayer.

By an undercurrent of association and sympathy, the largest crowd in the city was gathered at the statue of Abraham Lincoln, at Madison Square. Here the silence was broken by the singing, with hushed voices, of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," by thousands of men, women and children. Outside of Grace Church, one of the landmarks of the city, could be heard the choirboys chanting, "Lead, Kindly Light," while the multitude stood with bowed, uncovered heads.

For the first time in the history of telegraphy for five minutes not a single message was sent over any wire. At the Battery and along the wharves throngs gathered to see the river craft drifting with the current, for not a wheel turned, and one could almost imagine that the beautiful Hudson itself stood still.

In New York, where, at no hour of the day or night, is noise usually absent, the intense quiet, the appalling silence of



My cousin Joe, an' sister Nell, An' Tommy Bell, w'at comes To play with us, an' spend the day, An' break my sister's an' drums, They all has got a lot of stunts, An' say I ain't no good at all.

Now, sister Nell, she skins the cat, She does, an' Cousin Joe, He's double-fisted in his thumb, An' in his right hand too, But Tommy Bell's the best of all— He w'atles through his teeth! The other day he showed me how, Out on the Jones' heath.

I ain't had time to learn it yet, It's as hard as everything, But maybe I'll practice up, I'll learn it 'fore next Spring; An' sister Nell she's promised too, She'd teach me how some day To skin the cat the way she does, The double action way.

You can't learn how to move your ears Unless you're born that way, Nor how to throw your f'ints out, At least that's what they say; But you can learn to cross your eyes, An' do the split an' turn Yourself all sort inside out, Like I'm a goat, to learn.

—William Wallace Whitlock.

those moments cannot be described, and never will be forgotten. Of course, traffic was resumed and large crowds were on the streets, but this quiet was not wholly lifted during the rest of the day. Every where flags were flying at half-mast, on every building were hung mourning festoons of all materials, from calico to velvet, and crepe. After the first day, the stores were no longer able to supply black goods, so great was the demand. Pictures from the cheapest prints to the handsomest photographs, were in almost every window. In the tenement districts were hung strips of red, white and blue cloth, tied with bits of crepe, black ribbon or calico; from one fire-escape hung an old ragged black shawl, and in it was President McKinley's picture.

I was down on Wall street, where the immense buildings, on both sides of the narrow thoroughfare, were draped magnificently. A little street gamin was riding down Wall street in a small, home-made wooden cart that was covered with black flags.

Looking up the street, from William street to Broadway, where it is blocked by "Old Trinity," I saw hundreds and hundreds of solemnly dressed people coming out of the church, where services were held during the funeral hour. Noiselessly down the silent street surged the crowd, looking reverently from side to

side to the side of the further side of the tree, and you are ready for any nut tree you may find.

When you have selected the tree you wish to climb, put your belt through the smaller leather band and refasten the belt tightly around your waist, with the band in front, near your belt buckle. Now pass the long strap around the trunk of the tree, pass it through the band on your belt, buckle the ends securely and you are ready to climb.

Raise the long strap as high as you can, until the side on the further side of the tree is about level with your neck. Lean back as far as the belt will allow you and you will find that you can walk several feet up the tree by pushing against it with your feet. Now push your feet against the tree harder than ever, holding on the sides of the long strap, lean forward suddenly without moving your feet and lift the strap upward with both hands. The strap will slide up the trunk for several feet and you will be supported and can walk upward as before. Repeat this, always pushing away from the tree trunk as far as possible with your feet. In a very few minutes you will find yourself up in the branches, having walked directly up the tree trunk with the help of your feet.

There is no danger whatever in this, if you are always careful to see that your straps and belt are perfectly sound, and you can scale any tree that your long strap will go around.

Her Kitten.

The "Watchman" tells the story of an odd contribution made to a regiment of Union soldiers by a loyal little citizen of the Republic during our Civil War. The Federal Army was encamped on a hillside near the Staunton River, in Virginia, where there came the cry: "Hail! Who goes there?"

Several of the more curious among those who heard ran to the guard line to find out what the trouble might be. Presently everybody knew that there was no enemy. A little girl about 10 years old, holding a white kitten in her arms, came forward into the campfire light. Two soldiers were conducting her with ceremonious courtesy. The men gathered about her to hear her story. The Colonel was among them.

She lived near by, she said, with her father, who was sick and poor. They were Northerners and "Union folks."

"I wanted to give you something," she concluded, "but I hadn't anything except my kitten."

So the kitten was formally presented, and the colonel kissed its little owner, and made a gallant speech of thanks. Then the child, loaded with gifts, was escorted home.

The kitten stayed, and became the pet of the regiment. It was the particular joy of the colonel, and when the war was over, the kitten went home with him.

An Odd Pig Pen.

A Canadian farmer had on his land a very deep hole, twelve inches wide, resulting from an unsuccessful attempt to form an oil well. Four little pigs belonging to the farmer tumbled into this hole, probably in search of food, and fell 45 feet to the bottom, where a little cave had been formed by the caving in of some sand from the sides. The farmer dropped corn into the hole every day for a month, knowing the pigs were alive, from hearth contented grunts ascending from below ground. At last he had the hole widened, and descending by the aid of a strong rope, he rescued two pigs from their strange prison. The other two were dead.

side at the emblems of mourning. And there, in the midst of these manifestations for our late President, stands the statue of the Father of His Country, on the steps of the stately Treasury building, where he took the oath of office, as the first President of the United States.

MARION EUGENIE BAUER.

TRAINING OF A KING.

Discipline of Italy's Present Ruler When a Prince.

Professor Morandi, who was tutor to the present King of Italy when he was a boy, has just published a book describing that same boyhood and the rigidity of his discipline.

It was in 1881, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, that Professor Morandi was notified by the Prince's "governor," Colonel Oslo, that he had been appointed royal tutor. Proceeding at once to the castle, Professor Morandi was received by Colonel Oslo, who explained that the Prince was to be treated like an ordinary pupil without special indulgence or respect. The hour for beginning the lessons was 1 o'clock.

Colonel Oslo, being a military man of the most rigid training, was a severe disciplinarian and could not endure the slightest breach of discipline. The life of the young Prince was regulated as though he were in training for a military career. Through the year he rose at 6 o'clock, took a bath and a cup of coffee or bouillon and at once began his studies. When he was late in rising, his breakfast was postponed until after lessons, but under no circumstances was the bath neglected. After the studies of the morning the Prince went riding with his governor.

Every hour of the day had its share in the program, which could not be neglected. There were study, riding, military exercises and regular gymnastics. Meals were served at certain hours without variance, and were prepared with regard to the best hygienic results, and with no regard for the tastes of the Prince. Hunting was one of the recreations, which was made a matter of careful study, and when he was 13 years old the Prince was a clever shot.

Rest from study came on Sundays, Thursdays and holidays, but in no other respect was the routine interrupted. The Prince rose at 6 and went to bed at 9 o'clock every day in the year throughout his boyhood and during the greater part of that time he kept a diary, making daily entries.

In his book Professor Morandi quotes many occasions when the severity of the governor was marked. During one of his first lessons under Professor Morandi the Prince was instructed, Colonel Oslo, who was present, was annoyed at this, and, rising, said:

"Your Highness should remember that a King's son, as well as a cobbler's, if he grows up a blockhead will remain one all his life."

Then the Colonel strode away, clanking his spurs and banging the door behind him.

"He did it for your good," said the tutor, in consolation.

"I know it," said the Prince.

The Prince was subject to colds in the head. One day, when he had a bad one, Morandi suggested to the governor that it might be well to omit the horseback exercises.

"There was a battle," said the Colonel, "would the Prince refuse to mount and lead his troops on account of a cold?"

And the riding lesson took place.

HOW JAPANESE DWARF TREES.

Very Simple When You Know How It's Done—Remarkable Results.

The Chabo Hiba, a dwarf Japanese pine tree, was recently sold for \$100. It is six feet high and alleged to be 300 years old. It has long been supposed that the process by which Japanese gardeners succeeded in dwarfing forest trees was a long and costly one. It is now said that it is a simple process, and that any one can do the trick. The following directions are given in the New York Press for producing a miniature oak tree:

Take an orange and scoop out the pulp. Fill the interior with a rich mold and plant an acorn in the center of it, leaving a hole in the rim for it to sprout through.

Put the orange in a sunny place, and frequently. Soon after the first shoots have appeared the roots begin to break through the orange skin. Take a sharp knife and shave these off carefully and keep them covered. The tree will grow about five or six inches high and then stop. In a year it will be a perfect miniature oak. When the roots cease to grow the orange skin should be varnished over and imbedded in a flower pot.

The Japanese dwarf all kinds of trees and make them live to a great age. Some of these dwarfs, like the Chabo Hiba, are well known, and their owners have documentary evidence attesting their age. The old trees are the only ones that are closed. All the others are open, and the course, they are. In Japan certain families follow the calling, trade, art, or what you will, of growing dwarf trees from generation to generation; and you can buy a miniature oak 300 years old from a descendant of the man who first planted the acorn. Not only forest trees, but fruit trees and flowering shrubs are dwarfed by these clever gardeners.

Curious Adventure.

One day the mother of Small John started for a walk to the center of the town. Rover thought he'd like to go, too, but he was ordered back. He turned, and went, dutifully, into the pasture, and John's mother considered the incident closed. Alas! the pasture gate was not closed, and the dog, who was not to be trusted, slipped through it, and his friend must not approach at once, so they ambled out of the pasture and along the road unit far enough to become bold, when he took to the side-walk. The cow also thought the side-walk better, and followed him.

When a considerable distance from home, the dog came up pretty close to John's mother. The first thing the poor lady noticed was that she seemed to be attracting considerable attention, and the next was the tramp of hoofs upon the plank walk behind her. She turned to face the dog and the cow, surrounded by a crowd of amused pedestrians and small boys. No amount of driving or coaxing would get them back. When Rover saw that he was discovered, he bolted to the front, the cow following him, and left the mother with the crowd.

There being nothing else to do, she turned about and went home. The dog dutifully turned and trotted at her heels, and the cow trotted at the dog's heels, the three forming an interesting procession, so very interesting that all the small boys of the neighborhood joined in.

The Sand-man.

The Sand-man carries him. Made of raveled twine—down. All powdered o'er with pollen. From dreamy poppies blown. And cures all Baby's hums— With his sleepy, soothing hand, As he rubs on his salve from Dreamland.

Come, Whack-on-the-Forehead, And Bump-on-the-Nose, And Cut-on-the-Finger, And Toss-Stumped-Toes, And Pout-Little-Bee-Sting, And Stumble-and-Fall, And Slap-Bang-and-Bruiy. Come one, and come all, And use the salve of the Sand-man.

Just lay your little head In your own dear mamma's lap And close the tear-dewed lashes As if to take a nap; Then listen for the Sand-man, Crouching low a slumber song, While he rubs on the salve from Dreamland.

Come, Whack-on-the-Forehead, And Bump-on-the