

youngest of eleven, a hale, rosy, well-preserved man of seventy, and the father of Sam Jones. Half a dozen children of different ages, bare-footed, shock-headed, and ruddy as peonies, were pressing round Shanno and the baby foundling. Health reigned in that poor dwelling, if rosy faces and stout limbs are signs of it.

There was a bright fire of peat in the grate, and the room was hot enough even for Old Mally, who sat cowering over it, unless when directly appealed to. A small round table was spread for the home-comers with coarse barley bread, hard cheese, and tea-cups and saucers. Such superfluities as tablecloth and plate were wanting; but various articles of many-coloured crockery and a few glasses shone from the corner cupboard, sole ornament of the dark little room. A few stools, a rickety table, a clock, two chairs, and a huge cupboard bedstead occupying one side of the hut, made up the furniture. Cocks and hens roosted here and there. A sheep-dog lay under the settle, and a cat on Old Mally's lap.

When Captain Herbert entered the hut the new baby was squalling like an infant Stentor, and if it be true that as a baby makes his cry so will he make himself heard in after-life, this youthful thunderer's future promised to be famous.

"Billo tells me you've found a ghost's baby, Shanno," said Captain Herbert. "Let's have a look at him. Well, he is a bouncing boy! Give him to me; I can always quiet children."

As Captain Herbert took the baby he looked as if he spoke the truth. He was a good-humoured, stout, middle-aged man, with a hearty voice, befitting a sailor, which he was. The baby fixed his large black eyes upon his face, and the cry changed, gradually, into a crow.

"*Cymric* every inch of him," he said, while he dandled the baby knowingly. "Black eyes, round cheeks, and a voice like 'Boreas blustering railer.' Billo's right. He must have had a ghost for a mother. A flesh-and-blood woman would not have left him in a ditch. What's to be done with him? Nothing but the union, I'm afraid. Tidy baby, too."

"Oh, sir! better be leaving him in the ditch than tacking him to the union," said Shanno.

"That to me, Shanno, and I one of the Board! Why we've just given old Mally an extra shilling a week."

Mally, hearing her name, looked up.

"The age of man is threescore years and ten," she began.

"Hark to granny," said a child.

When old Mally spoke her words were considered oracular. She knew the Bible by heart, and generally poured forth a string of texts.

"Here's a young 'un, Mally," said Captain Herbert. "Found in a ditch. What shall we do with him?"

"The son of the bondwoman shall not be heir," she began, when Sam entered with his baby and the pig.

"Hold you the child, Peggy *fach*, tak' you the pig, Davvy *bach*," cried he, out of breath. "I did see a 'ooman by there. I'm thinking she's the mother."

"We'll send the police after her," said the Captain, giving the foundling to Shanno and hurrying after Sam.

The infants were making such a noise that poor Shanno was obliged to quiet them as babies will alone be quieted. Sitting down on a low stool she fed the little stranger first, then her own baby, and peace reigned in the darkening room.

By-and-by Captain Herbert and Sam returned.

"'Twas a ghost, sir," said Sam, "for I did see something, *seure*."

"We must set the police to work, and take the child to the union," said Captain Herbert. "You may bring him down in my trap, Shanno."

"He sha'n't go to-day, sir," said Shanno decidedly, "and to-morrow's Sunday. We 'ont break the Sabbath, so leave you him here, eh, Sam?"

Sam looked in consternation on his wife, the two babies, and the group of children that surrounded them. He rubbed his whiskers contemplatively and said—

"Eight children's enough, and one a babby. I 'ont have no other pipples children!"

"Cast out the bondwoman," muttered old Mally.

"Treu for you, granny," said Sam.

Shanno began to cry.

"Only till Monday, Sam?" she said imploringly.

"Keep the bappa till Monday, *Datto bach*," cried the children in chorus.

"I'll pay for him till Monday," said Captain Herbert; "he is such a beauty that I could find it in my heart to adopt him. I wonder what Mrs. Herbert would say to that? There's half a crown, Shanno. I'll manage the union for you and set the police on the unnatural mother. Bring the baby to me on Monday. Good-night."

When Captain Herbert was gone, the babies were consigned to two of the elder children, and Sam, Shanno, and Billo, began to eat their supper. When the meal was ended, Shanno put the children through a course of Saturday night washing and combing, while Sam saw to the pig. When Shanno had scrubbed a little variegated body white, it went to kneel down at its great-grandmother's knees and say its prayers. Old Mally joined in every prayer, stroked each rough little head, and murmured a blessing and many a text of Scripture, while Sam finally sat down upon the settle, and sleeping, snored a bass to the old woman's treble.

When all the children were stowed away either in the big cupboard bedstead, or in a room not much larger within the kitchen, old Mally aroused Sam from his slumbers. None of the events of the evening had escaped her observation.

"Have nothing to do with the son of the bondwoman. To the parish with him. Sam and Shanno, he shall not be heir with your children. Herbert Arymor was right. Let him go—let him go!"

Sam looked at Shanno, who hung down her head. Her tender heart yearned over the boy, and she had been thinking that she could as easily nurse two as one. But she dutifully helped to put old Mally to bed, and then climbing herself into that capacious cupboard, slept with the infants by her side as best she could.

(To be continued.)

## CALVARY CLOVER.

THERE is a plant, said to be a native of Palestine, but which will grow freely in the open air in London, called Calvary Clover. In appearance it is like a trefoil or clover, but its real Latin name is *Medicago echinus*. The plant derives its name of "Calvary Clover" from one or two peculiarities connected with its growth and habit. In the first place, the seed must be sown in the spring, and those who have a fondness for the plant allege that it must be sown on Good Friday if the seed is to grow and the plant to thrive. The leaves as they appear above ground have a deep red spot like freshly-spilt blood on each division of the leaf, which will remain for some weeks, eventually dying away. The three leaflets, of which each leaf is composed, during the day

stand erect in the form of a cross, with head erect and arms extended; but with the setting sun the arms are brought together, and the upper leaflet is bowed over them as if in the act of prayer. In due time a small yellow flower appears, and after that a little spiral pod covered with sharp thorns. As it proceeds to ripen, these thorns interlace with one another and form a globular head, which, when quite ripe, may be unwound from its spiral coils, and the striking resemblance to a "Crown of Thorns" is evident, especially if the soft inner lining be removed from the part which carries the thorns, and the latter be then wound round two fingers to form a circle.

It is thus by its blood-stained leaves, by its

extended arms and bowing head, and by the day when the seed is placed in the ground to await its resurrection, that it has gained for itself the name of Calvary Clover.

These pods contain about eight seeds each, and are sold for 6d. a pod for the benefit of the restoration of the Norman Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, E.C.

The pod should be unwound to remove the seeds, which should then be treated like any hardy annual. They will grow as well out of doors as in a cool greenhouse, and may be planted either in the open bed or in pots as desired.

They may be had of the verger at the church, or of Mr. E. A. Webb, 60, Bartholomew Close, E.C.