THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

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 prancing round Shanno and the baby fondling. 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 only covered 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 sweetmeats, and a large 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 curled himself in the corner.

When Captain Herbert entered the hut the new baby was squalling like an infant Stentor, and if he 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 bouncy 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, bettiting a sailor, which he was. The baby fixed his large black eyes upon his face, and the cry changed, gradually, into a crow.

"Cynric every inch of him," he said, while he dandled the baby knowingly. "Black eyes, round cheeks, and a voice like 'Boreas bustling 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. We must do it with him. Nothing but the union, I'm afraid. Titty baby, too."

"Oh, sir! better be leaving him in the ditch than taking 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, he is such a one how stood 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, take you the pig, Davvy bach," cried he, out of breath, "I didn't see a woman 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 away.

The infant was so 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.

"I was a ghost, sir," said Sam, "for I did see something, sure."

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

"He shan't go to-day, sir," said Shanna decidedly, "'tis 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 baby. I 'ont have no other pippie's children. Nor cast out the bondwoman," muttered old Mally.

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 it has a stem of a single leaf. 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 succeed. In the act of flowering, in the centre 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 is removed. 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 on 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 by the hundred. The rest of the restoration of the Norman Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, E.C.

The pod should be unwound to remove the seeds as each should then be treated like a hardy annual. They will grow as well out of doors as in a cool greenhouse, and may be sown 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."

(To be continued.)