

that it is not worth while. I hope you understand the difference quite clearly now between the cotton-tree and the cotton-plant.

We must go back to the slowly-assembling party by the roadside. Nurse was still in the tree, for, warned by Jessie's fate, she thought it better to stay quite still till plenty of help arrived, which it did in a wonderfully short time; for long before we thought Joe could even have reached the Moneague he had returned, accompanied by every officer and soldier in the place, and a couple of carts with mattresses and pillows inside, and, best of all, some large stone bottles of water, for we were all dreadfully thirsty. How kind everybody was! I can remember a big soldier attempting to tidy me a little, and saying, "Why, little lady, you'll frighten your poor Mamma to death if she sees you like this;" and he actually contrived to make me more presentable by arranging my hair, tying my sash properly, rough, kindhearted nurse that he was. But all these were trifles compared to the great anxiety every one felt about poor Aunt Nelly's fate. After a hurried search among the upper terraces of the steep mountain-side and along the track of broken boughs caused by the rapid descent of the carriage and horses, it was resolved that a party of soldiers, Papa, and the surgeon should go quite down to the bottom of the precipice and search for her. I do not remember how long they were away, I only know I was very unhappy; for all my first excitement had died away before the real trouble and sorrow around me. I was so frightened to see Mamma's pale face and closed eyes. Nurse, who had been extricated from her lodging among the topmost branches of the tree, was giving her something out of a teaspoon, and whenever I came near she said, half-crossly, "Now go away, Miss; pray go and play with Miss Jessie:" but Jessie and I had no heart to play; we were getting very hungry and sleepy, and thoroughly terrified at the position of affairs.

The most vivid of all my recollections of that sad afternoon is hearing a soldier say that he saw the exploring party returning, and he added, "The young lady is alive too, I am certain." I rushed off to Mamma with the news, but I suppose, as usual, I managed to tell it in the worst way, for my joy was damped by nurse saying in great anger, "There, Miss, you've made your poor Mamma faint again; now go away, *do!*" So I returned, just in time to see Aunt Nelly, who had been brought up in a shawl carried by soldiers, lying on the white dusty road, her pretty dress all torn

and soiled, her dark curls dabbled in blood, the kind, smiling eyes closed, and her face as white as the handkerchief with which the doctor was preparing to make a bandage. I am told that I gave such a shriek of terror and dismay that my voice roused her from the long swoon in which they had found her; and nothing which happened yesterday is half so plain before me as her bewildered face, as she unclosed her eyes, and looked at me. To the surprise of every one, she almost immediately raised herself on her elbow—and oh how well I remember the deep, horrible cleft in her head which I then saw!—and, putting up the other hand to clear away the blood which was streaming over her face, said feebly, "My hair is getting into my eyes, I wish you would keep it away," and then sank back again. I think my story is getting so much too dismal that I must hasten to tell you she is alive and well at this moment, and the only lasting consequence of her terrible fall was that all the hair which grew where the cut on her head had been turned quite grey. It does not matter now, for all the rest matches it, but for many years this long thick lock of silver was very conspicuous among her brown curls. Now that I have eased your minds a little, I will go back to that dreadful evening. We were all packed in the carts and conveyed to the barracks, where everything was done to make us as comfortable as circumstances would admit of, but I do not remember much after the fright I had at my first glimpse of my dear pretty aunt with her head cut open. I have been told since that she had passed her arm inside the long strap at the side of the carriage, just as she knew we were going to have an accident, thinking to save herself from tumbling out; but when they found her at the bottom of the precipice she was lying near the dead horses, and the surgeon said he fancied the blow on her head must have been given by a kick from one of them. The carriage was broken into little pieces, so small that they could be carried up the hill again in a man's hand. The poor horses were frightfully battered and cut I heard, but fortunately they were quite dead, and so was a little pet spaniel which I have forgotten to mention, and which had been lying under the box-seat during the journey. Our own escape was so marvellous, and we were so thankful to God for preserving our lives, that I never heard a regret wasted on either horses or carriage, though I mourned in secret for a long time over the sad fate of poor beautiful Whitefoot and Firefly.

Aunt Nelly lay for a long time dangerously