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Love Better than Fame.

"I'll win a name," the warrior cried,
"To crown the maiden of my heart!
Her eyes will flash with loyal pride
When forth upon my quest I start."
The lady watched, with undimmed eye,
The soldier ride upon his way,
Nor sobbing moan nor tender sigh
Enticed his stay.

And yet she pined from hour to hour.
"Twas love, not fame, I craved," she said.
"He little knows love's mystic power."
And lower still she drooped her head.
The days and months sped swiftly past;
The warrior's brow was wreathed with fame.
And home he rode. "Tis mine at last—
An honored name."

He met her in her father's hall,
And knelt to kiss her slender hand.
"Lo! at thy feet I lay them all—
Love, honor, fame!" She bade him stand.
"Thy love was all I craved," she said.
"With that my heart was all content!"
And on his breast she laid her head,
Her sorrow spent.

—*Ethel May.*

BERTHINE'S RUSE.

There was scarcely a sound in the forest as the snow fell upon the trees, a fine snow that made their branches appear as if covered with an icy moss. Before the door of a house a young woman was chopping wood. She was tall, and, though slender, was strong. She was a child of the forest.

A voice was heard coming from the house: "Berthine, you should come in soon, for there are Prussians and wolves roaming about."

Berthine replied, as she split a block of wood with a powerful stroke, "I have finished, mother. I am coming. I am coming. It is still light."

Then she carried in the wood, went out again to fasten the oaken doors of the shed, and again entered the house, fastening the large bolts of the door.

Her mother, an old woman whom age had rendered timorous, sat near the fire spinning.

"I like it not," she said, "when the father is away. Here we are, two defenceless women."

"Ah!" replied her daughter, as she glanced toward a large revolver suspended over the fireplace, "I can easily kill a wolf or a Prussian—it is all the same."

Berthine's husband had joined the army at the beginning of the Prussian invasion, and she lived with her mother and father, the old forester, Nicholas Pichon, who had obstinately refused to quit his woodland dwelling for the town.

The nearest town was Rethel, an ancient stronghold perched upon a rock. The inhabitants were patriots and had decided to resist the invaders. They had procured cannons and muskets and equipped a militia. The soldiers were drilled daily by M. Lavigne, the haberdasher, who was an ex-officer of dragoons.

Thus they awaited the arrival of the Prussians, but the Prussians did not appear. They were not far off, however, for twice already their scouts had pushed through the wood as far as the house of Nicholas Pichon, which was the outpost in the forest of Aveline. Twice each week Pichon went to town for provisions and informed the citizens of whatever had occurred in his neighborhood. He had gone to town this very morning to announce that two days before a small detachment of German infantry had halted at his place for about two hours and then departed. The officer who commanded them spoke French.

That evening, when Berthine was about to put the pot on the fire to make the soup, two violent knocks were heard at the door. As the women made no reply a loud, guttural voice said, "Open the door!" Then, after a brief silence, the same voice continued, "Open the door or we will break it in."

Berthine took down the revolver from above the fireplace and slipped it into her pocket. Then she said, "Who are you?"

The same voice replied, "The detachment of soldiers who were here the other day."

"What do you want?" said the young woman.

"We have been lost in the wood since morning. Open the door or we will break it in!"

Berthine had no choice. She quickly drew the large bolts, and opening the door saw before her six men—six Prussian soldiers, the same who had stopped there two days before.

"Why do you come here at this hour?" she said in a resolute tone.

"We are lost," replied the officer. "We recognized your house. We have had nothing to eat since morning."

"Come in," said Berthine, as she stood aside to let them pass.

They entered the house. They were covered with snow and appeared to be completely exhausted.

The young woman pointed to the wooden benches at either side of the large table, saying, "Sit down. I will make soup for you."

When the soup was prepared the Prussians ate voraciously. As they were thirsty, Berthine descended into the cellar to draw cider for them. She remained there a long time. The cellar was a little vaulted cave, which, it was said, had served during the revolution both as a prison and a hiding place. It was reached by a narrow winding stairway, to which access was gained through a trap in the centre of the kitchen.

When Berthine reappeared she wore a cunning smile. She gave the jug of cider to the Prussians.

When the soldiers had finished eating they lay down to sleep about the table. They stretched themselves on the floor with their feet toward the fire, their heads supported by their cloaks rolled up for pillows, and soon they were snoring in six different tones.

They had slept some time, when suddenly firing was heard without, and so plainly that it seemed to be directed against the walls of the house. The soldiers rose at once. Two more reports were heard, followed presently by three others.

Berthine appeared. She was apparently frightened. Her feet were bare, she wore a short skirt and carried a candle in her hand.

"The French are coming!" she exclaimed. "There are at least two hundred of them. If they find you here they will burn the house. Go into the cellar quickly and make no noise. If you make a sound we are lost.

The officer, thoroughly frightened, said in a low tone, "We will; we will. How shall we descend?"

The young woman quickly opened the trap door and the six men disappeared, one after another, down the little winding stair.

When the point of the last helmet had disappeared Berthine lowered the heavy oaken plank, thick as a wall and hard as steel, which was held in place by hinges and a lock, and, turning the key in the lock, began to laugh. It was a low, hysterical laugh. Then she suddenly evinced an irresistible desire dance over the heads of her prisoners.

Soon, however, she heard murmurings under her feet. The prisoners had divined the ruse, and presently the officer mounted the little stair and began to pound the trap door with his fist. Again he cried, "Open the door!"

"What do you want?" she asked.

"Open the door."

"I will not."

The man became angry, and exclaimed, "Open the door, or I will break it in."

Then she began to laugh, saying, "Break it, my good man; break it," and he began to knock with the butt end of his musket against the door of oak closed above his head, but it resisted the force of his blows.

The young woman went to the outer door of the house, and, opening it, looked out into the night and listened. A distant sound fell upon her ear. Then she cried with all her might:—

"Ho, father!"

"Ho, Berthine!" a voice replied.

Presently the large shadow of a man appeared where the moonlight fell between two trees.

"I have the Prussians in the cellar," said the young woman.

"Prussians in the cellar? What Prussians? How did they come there?"

Berthine said, laughing:—"They are those who were here the other day. They were lost in the forest, and I am keeping them cool in the cellar." Then she related the adventure, how she had frightened them with the report of the revolver, and had fastened them in the cellar.

"Well, what would you have me do at this hour?" asked the old man.

"Go and fetch M. Lavigne and his troops. He will make them prisoners, and will be glad to do it."

"Yes, he will be glad," said Father Pichon, with a smile, as he departed.

For a long time Berthine remained alone, with her eyes fixed on the clock. From time to time the Prussians were heard battering away at the trap door with their muskets. At length, thinking it time for the troops to arrive, Berthine opened the door and listened. Soon she saw shadows moving in the forest. They were the shadows of M. Lavigne's men. There were 200 of them, and each carried 200 cartridges.

M. Lavigne arranged his troops so as to surround the house. Then he entered the dwelling and informed himself of the force and position of the enemy.

M. Lavigne stamped on the trap door, calling to the Prussian officer. The latter made no reply. Again M. Lavigne called, but in vain. After a lapse of twenty minutes he summoned the officer to surrender, promising that the lives of himself and his men should be spared and that they should receive good treatment. There was no sign of capitulation. Then the commandant arranged his plan of attack.

"Let Planchut and his men come here," he said. Planchut, who was a zinc worker, and two of his assistants approached.

"Tear down the gutters and the waterspout from the roof."

In a quarter of an hour fully fifty feet of these wooden gutters were brought. Then he had a little hole made at the edge of the trap door and formed a conduit from the pump to this opening.

"Now we will give these Prussians something to drink," he said.

Then he ordered a number of men to the pump, who relieved each other every five minutes. A stream of water glided through the conduit and fell into the cellar. The work of pumping was continued for three hours, the commandant in the meantime marching up and down the kitchen wondering why the men did not capitulate. About eight o'clock in the morning a voice was heard at the little grated aperture which served to ventilate the cellar, saying:—

"I want to speak with the French officer."

Lavigne replied from the window, advancing his head only a little:—

"Will you surrender?"

The Prussian officer answered that he would.

"Then pass your muskets out," added Lavigne.

Presently one musket was passed through the aperture and fell upon the snow, then another and another, until all had been passed out. Then the same voice said:—

"We have no more. Make haste and let us out, for we are nearly drowned."

The commandant opened the trap door. Four dripping heads appeared—four heads with pale faces and long yellow hair. Then, one by one, the six Prussians emerged, wet, shivering and frightened. They were seized and bound. The commandant at once led away his prisoners, with whom he entered Rethel in triumph. M. Lavigne was decorated for having captured a Prussian advance guard.—*From the French.*

How Savages Count.

It is very amusing to see the people of Kamtschatka attempt to reckon above ten, for, having reckoned the fingers of both hands, they clasp them together, which signifies ten; they then begin at their toes and count to twenty, after which they are quite confounded, and cry "Matcha," that is, "Where shall I take more?"

A Moravian missionary relates of the Greenlanders that they in counting proceed beyond twenty with great reluctance, and generally apply to all numbers above twenty a name which means "innumerable."

Parry, the great Arctic explorer, says of some tribes of Esquimaux that they require to use their fingers to count as high as three, and generally make some mistake before they reach seven.

Many South American tribes are said to have no more than four distinct numerals; and the consequent difficulty in understanding high numbers is well illustrated by a statement of Humboldt, that he never met an Indian who would not, if asked his age, say, indifferently, sixteen or sixty, not conscious that there was much difference between the two.

The following anecdote of a South American traveller confirms the statement. This traveller, when out with a party of ten or a dozen Indians, asked one of them, "Are we many?" "Yes, we are many." "Are we innumerable?" "Yes, we are innumerable." "That tribe," he says, "when they wished to tell how many captives they had taken were unable to state the number, but would mark out a space of ground and say there were as many as could stand in it."

The inhabitants of some West Indian islands are said to exclaim whenever a number exceeds ten, "As many as hairs of my head," or "As the sand of the sea."

The Yancos, a tribe dwelling near the Amazon, have no name for any number beyond three, "and lucky it is for those who have to do with them," says the traveller who records the fact, "for their name for three is 'Po-et-tar-ra-ro-rin-co-a-ro-ac,'" a word of ten syllables. Who can wonder that arithmetic has not flourished in these lands?

A Superfluous Boy.

William Trotter has been paying his addresses to Miss Rosa Hedsteer, of Wace. His visits have not been very frequent of late, and last night Tommy, Miss Rosa's younger brother, said:

"You ought to come and see us every evening, Mr. Trotter."

"Why, Tommy?"

"Because it makes sister Rosa so happy to have you go away. You ought never to miss an evening."

They missed Trotter for the rest of that evening.—*Texas Siftings.*

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Dolly-house Week.

Monday does the washing; puts it out to dry;
Tuesday does the ironing; lays it nicely by;
Wednesday does the mending; folds the socks in pairs;
Thursday does the sweeping of the rooms up stairs;
Friday sweeps the parlors in a thorough way;
Saturday is baking—such a busy day;
Sunday hears a sermon; listens to the choir;
Wonders if the singer's voice can go much higher.
Gets so very tired that—would you believe?—
Falls asleep a-leaning 'gainst her papa's sleeve.
—*Youth's Companion.*

Climbing Up.

Baby had thrown away her dolly, abuttoned her own shoes and pulled pussy's tail until pussy ran away where baby could not catch her. Then the bright eyes looked about for something else to do. Gracie ought to have been watching the little one, but she was studying a picture-book instead, and baby, finding the door unfastened, crept out into the hall.

"Why, where is baby?" asked mamma, coming in two or three minutes later.

A merry little laugh sounded from the hall, and baby was found half-way up the stairs, and brought back in time to save her from a fall.

"Baby wants to do what our Sunday-school teacher told us yesterday," said Gracie, "climb a little higher.' Teacher said that every good deed lifted us a little higher, and every bad habit overcome was a step to climb on."

"So, when Gracie learns to forget her own pleasure and take care of her little sister, she will have climbed above a step of selfishness and will stand on the higher one of usefulness," said mamma.—*Sunbeam.*

Reindeer Hunting.

One sport that amuses the Esquimau boys very much would probably be called in our language "reindeer hunting." Having found a long and gentle slope on a side hill they place along the bottom of the hill a number of reindeer antlers, or, as we sometimes incorrectly call them, deer horns, (for you boys must not forget that the antlers of a deer are not horn at all, but bone.) These antlers of the reindeer are stuck upright in the snow, singly or in groups, in such a manner that a sled, when well guided, can be run between them without knocking any of them down, the number of open spaces between the groups being equal to at least the number of sleds. The quantity of reindeer antlers they can thus arrange will, of course, depend upon their fathers' success the autumn before in reindeer hunting; but there are nearly always enough antlers to give two or three, and sometimes five or six, to each fearless young coaster. The boys, with their sleds, numbering from four to six in a fair-sized village, gather on the top of the hill, each boy having with him two or three spears, or a bow with as many arrows. They start together, each boy's object being to knock down as many antlers as possible and not be the first to reach the bottom of the hill. You can see that in such a case the slower they go when they are passing the antlers the better. They must knock over the antlers with their spears or arrows only, as those thrown down by the sled or with the bow or spear in the hand do not count. They begin to shoot their arrows and throw their spears as soon as they can get within effective shooting distance; and, even after they have passed between the rows of antlers, the more active boys will turn around on their flying sleds and hurl back a spear or arrow with sufficient force to bring down an antler. When all have reached the bottom of the hill they return to the rows of antlers, where each boy picks out those he has rightfully captured and places them in a pile by themselves. Then those accidently knocked over by the sledges are again put up and the boys return for another dash down the hill, until all the antlers have been "speared." Sometimes there is but one antler left, and when there are five or six contesting sleds the race becomes very exciting, for then speed counts in reaching the antler first. When all are down the boys count their winnings, and the victor is, of course, the one who has obtained the greatest number of antlers.—*Lieut. Schwatka, in St. Nicholas.*

Best Time to Gather Peaches.

At the Agricultural College at Bryant one of the professors asked Frank Elliott, one of the most promising students:—

"Which is the best time to gather peaches?"

"When the farmer has got his back turned, and the dog is tied up," was the reply of Frank, who has had considerable experience in raising fruit.—*Sift ings.*

SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

Some Noteworthy Characteristics of the Feejees.

A Finely-Formed People: their Houses, Food, Language and Habits.

It is a common impression, says a Feejee letter to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, that the South Sea Islanders are all cannibals and that the islands are filled with wild beasts. Such is not the case. There are no quadrupeds there except pigs, and cannibalism has ceased to exist except in the most remote and unapproachable of the islands. The natives are indolent and far from being savage, and in their relations with the whites are easy going and simple. There is little romance and less adventure in exploring these Southern archipelagoes. The islands are all of volcanic origin, and in the lowest strata show no evidence of ores or minerals. The vegetation is tropical and luxuriant and the forests abound in every variety of birds.

It is a common supposition that the islanders are physically dwarfs and the women shriveled and hag-like in appearance, resembling the Indian squaw. The truth is, however, that no finer race exists in the world as regards physical structure. The men are tall and well formed. The women have magnificent proportions, pleasing faces, are neither flabby nor fat, and the contours of their bodies are harmonious. By actual measurement they approach the Venus of Milo nearer than the European.

Their houses are built of a framework of saplings, put together without any nails, fastened by sennit made from the cocoanut fiber, and thatched with a long grass to the thickness of several feet. The sides and ends are filled with a lattice-work of reeds that admit the air. The floors are covered with soft grasses to the depth of several feet, over which are spread mats. One end of the floor is raised about one foot above the rest, and is used as a bed, upon which is laid from fifty to one hundred of the softest mats. One corner is reserved as a small fireplace, consisting of bare ground and a few stones, where are always kept smoldering a few cocoanut husks, used for the purpose of making the *suluka*, or native cigarette. The tobacco which they smoke is simply the raw leaf dried in the sun. They hold the leaf over the fire until it is crisp and then roll it in dried banana leaf to a sharp point at one end and broad at the other. One cigar usually does for several persons, each taking a few whiffs and passing it to the next.

The food staple of the natives is fruit, but they have more sumptuous edibles prepared by their own ingenuity. The chief of these is the *madrai*, made from any fruit, yams, taro, or bananas, pounded into a thick paste and buried on the shore between high and low water mark. There it is left to decompose for a year, when it is dug up and steamed in a large pot. When unrolled from the dried banana leaves the odor is that of bad sourkrout sliced with Limburger cheese. The natives relish this condiment as a master-piece of their art and eat it without even holding the nose. It is sweet to the taste and easily digestible. Another Polynesian delicacy is a raw fish about the size of a sardine, which the natives scoop out of the water and bolt while the fish is still wriggling. They taste like sardines.

The natives are very polite in their intercourse with each other. When one sneezes his companion says, "Sabula," your health; the person sneezing replying, "Moli," thank you. They never meet in the morning without saying, "Sa yandra," it is awake, and in departing say, "Sa la'ki moce," go to sleep. The common term in their language for white men is "kai papalagi," the first word meaning "of the race of," and the last, "beyond the horizon." The Polynesians have words to express even metaphysical ideas, and the language is flexible enough to convey new notions when first presented to them. They call a steamer, "laca linka," or sail of fire, instead of incorporating the English word into their speech. The language abounds in poetry, without rhyme, and mainly of the trochee metre, as the accents of the words usually fall on the penult. They celebrate love, martial deeds, feats of strength, and drinking feats in verses which are handed down by oral tradition.

Why He Was Thankful.

Bub—Are you going to be my new papa?

Accepted Suitor—"Yes, my dear child."

"Have you got your wig yet?"

"Wig? Why, no; I don't need a wig. Why do you ask?"

"My other papa always said he was so thankful his hair wasn't fast to him."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Voudouism.

Ten years ago Voudou dances were of common occurrence in the lower part of Louisiana. A mysterious whisper would circulate from one cabin on the cotton and sugar plantations to another, and on a certain evening a crowd of colored people would be found congregated in a lonely place on the bayou.

The Voudou women, aged negresses clad in bright, parti-colored rags, feathers and shells, with black cloths wound about their heads, would brew a mess of herbs, blood, etc., in a caldron hung over a fire close to the water, chanting, meanwhile, wild unintelligible words over it. When the fumes began to rise in a black cloud, the other negroes caught hands and danced in a circle, joining in the song.

Most of them were in a state of abject terror and excitement. Their song ended in shrieks, writhings and epileptic convulsions, which were all counted as sacrifices to the Evil Spirit. The old Voudou women were its priestesses, and to them, it was believed, was given the power to torture or to murder their victims.

In one of the low-lying parishes near the bayou Atchafalaya, every field-hand, twelve years ago, joined in these orgies. The people were completely under the dominion of the Voudou women, struck work at their bidding, and would remain idle for days. Any poor wretch whom the priestess cursed was driven out into the swamps like a wild beast and left to perish there.

One or two enterprising planters at at last established schools for the children of their laborers and brought in skilled mechanics to teach them trades.

Last spring, a Voudou priestess appeared on her old camping-ground, and sent around a summons to a dance, with a threat that she would curse all who refused to come. Not a single man or woman replied to her call. The overseer (a colored man) appeared when she had kindled her fire, and arrested her as a thief.

"She scare foolish women into stealing from white folks to bring money to her. That she pretend to throw into her pot. That's all the black spirit she knows!" he said, contemptuously. Voudou worship was at an end in that parish.—*Youth's Companion.*

Gypsy Peculiarities.

Few more fantastic scenes can be conceived than a gypsy wedding. The place usually chosen is a sand pit. In two long rows, fronting each other, the attendants take their stand leaving a path in the middle, half-way down which a broomstick is held up about eighteen inches above the ground. The bridegroom is called, walks down the path, steps over the broomstick, and awaits the maiden's arrival. She, too, is called, walks down between the rows of gypsies, lightly trips over the stick, and is then received into the arms of her husband. A few days of feasting follow, and then the wild wandering life is resumed. Children grow up in the tent or van, and as the wants become greater, the gypsy matron adds another to her resources of making a livelihood. The fortunes she predicts to the farmer's blooming daughter bring many a meal to her hungry family, and the elegant lady who allows her to stealthily enter her rich home rewards her with money or cast-off clothes when from the lines of her hands she has been foretold a future full of splendor. Old age comes slowly to the gypsy race; weakness, pain and suffering are strangers among them, and the physician's craft is despised as are all the other institutions of the Gorgios. But when death at length enters the gypsy's tent he is borne uncoffined to his last resting place, deep in the forest or on the lonely heath, and as often as their wanderings bring the gypsies to the place where one of "our people" is laid to rest they stop and pay a short tribute to the memory of him who sleeps beneath the moss of the heather.

The Ass and the Fox.

One day, as an Ass was journeying along toward a rich meadow, he chanced upon a Fox who was quietly sitting by the roadside.

"Ah, friend Fox," said he, "I was just looking for you. I am going to Feed in yonder meadow."

"But," answered the Fox, "You cannot get in; that meadow is reserved for animals of Beauty."

"Exactly," said the Ass, "but I have a beautiful Voice. Listen."

And he brayed loud and long. When the last echo had died away, turning to the Fox, he asked:

"Now, friend Fox, you have heard it. What does that Show?"

"It shows," said the Fox, quietly, as he took up his cane and spring overcoat, "that you are an Ass."

MORAL.—This fable teaches that there is always more than one way of looking at a thing.—*Puck.*

What Recompense?

He might have sung a song the world should hear,
Whose clarion notes had rung so loud and clear
That men had listened and been made
The better for the fray.
The moil and care of every day;
Stronger to bear the heavy burdens laid
By life on toilers in the onward way:
But fate said nay!

She might have had the right to say "My own,"
The joy of being loved she might have known,
Had wrapped around her as a shield
From every stinging, poisoned dart
Of envy, hatred, or malicious art,
The mantle of a love that would not yield
To any foe, but die to save her heart!
But fate said nay!

She wept her vanished hopes; yet sweeter trod
The path of self-denial that leads up to God.
He did his work in the small sphere
That God had given him, and labored well;
The future world alone can tell
What recompense should come to those who bore
How meekly and work on, nor cease the knell
That sounds fate's nay!

HUMOROUS.

A round dozen—A dozen of oranges.

The place to live in when the next flood comes—New-ark.

A roller skate may gather no moss, but it barks a good many shins.

"We meet to part no more," said the bald-headed man to his hair brush.

Men's heads are something like omnibuses—the empty ones make the most noise.

Man is always popping at woman with the blowgun of his sarcasm, but it comes her innings when she gets the bonnet and he is alone with the bill.

"What is a lake?" asked the teacher. A bright little Irish boy raised his hand. "Well, Mickey, what is it?" "Sure, it's a hole in the kittle, mum."

An exchange asks: "How shall we prevent mice from gnawing the bark off fruit trees?" Kill the mice of course. A dead mouse never gnaws bark.

A Philadelphia woman says she was kissed by a spirit at a seance. That sensation must be almost as gratifying as being hugged by the ghost of a chance.

An exchange notes that the Horse-shoe Fall at Niagara has receded some 300 feet from its original position. Probably an attempt to get away from the hackmen.

First Boston Girl—"Going to vocal practice this morning, Minerva?" "Second Boston Girl "No, my dear Calliope, I have a bad cold and am quite hoarse." "Ah, been exposing yourself to the weather?" "Yes, I went out yesterday and forgot to put on my spectacles."

Grant and the Kentucky Ladies.

The Kentucky women are as enthusiastic about horses as the men. They unhesitatingly place the horses before themselves as the great attractions of the state. I remember hearing a conversation between General Grant and a Kentucky girl at the St. Louis Merchants' Exchange in 1875, when President Grant was visiting the St. Louis fair. A number of ladies were introduced to the President, whereupon he spoke in very high terms of St. Louis, the fair, &c. "You are mistaken, Mr. President—we are not from St. Louis," laughingly said one of the girls, "we are from Kentucky, a very fine state, you know, which possesses three things all men of taste must appreciate." Smilingly, the President asked her what they were. She answered: "We have the fastest horses, the prettiest women and the finest whiskey in the world." The President replied: "Your horses are certainly justly renowned; I have some on my farm near here; yourself and party prove the correctness of your second observation, but whiskey is one of the things that require age, and your men consume it so fast that it rarely has a fair chance to become good." The girls thought that if General Grant could not make a long speech he was apt at repartee.

Changing the Subject.

"Always," said papa, as he drank his coffee and enjoyed his morning beefsteak, "always, children, change the subject when anything unpleasant has been said. It is both wise and polite."

That evening on his return from business he found his carnation bed despoiled, and the tiny imprint of slippered feet silently bearing witness to the small thief.

"Mabel," he said to her, "did you pick my flowers?"

"Papa," said Mabel, "did you see a monkey in town?"

"Never mind that. Did you pick my flowers?"

"Papa, what did grandma send me?"

"Mabel, what do you mean? Did you pick my flowers? Answer me yes or no."

"Yes, papa, I did; but I thought I'd change the subject."