



**ST  
NICHOLAS**

**ILLUSTRATED**

**1889**

Part Two.











Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2012 with funding from  
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

<http://archive.org/details/stnicholasserial162dodg>





THE BABY'S SUNNY CORNER.

DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.



# ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

## FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

---

VOLUME XVI.

PART II., MAY, 1889, TO OCTOBER, 1889.

---

THE CENTURY CO. NEW YORK.

T. FISHER UNWIN, LONDON.

Copyright, 1889, by THE CENTURY CO.

THE DE VINNE PRESS.

Library, Univ. of  
North Carolina .

# ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XVI.

PART II.

SIX MONTHS—MAY, 1889, TO OCTOBER, 1889.



# CONTENTS OF PART II. VOLUME XVI.

	PAGE
"A FAIRY'S BROKEN WING." Verse. (Illustrated by Laura C. Hills).....	<i>Cornelia P. Stone</i> . . . . . 868
ABOUT A SKILLED CHINESE YOUTH. Verses. (Illustrated and engrossed by } the Author).....	} <i>Charles Howard Johnson</i> . . . . . 935
ABOUT TED RUSSELL. (Illustrated by W. A. Rogers).....	<i>Eleanor Putnam</i> . . . . . 906
ALMOST A TRAGEDY. (Illustrated by A. B. Davies).....	<i>Celia Thaxter</i> ..... 890
ALPHABETICAL WOOING, AN. Verse. (Illustrated and engrossed by Jessie } McDermott).....	} <i>Margaret Johnson</i> . . . . . 888
AMONG DOGS OF HIGH DEGREE. (Illustrated).....	<i>Noah Brooks</i> . . . . . 883
AMONG THE FLORIDA KEYS. (Illustrated by Meredith Nugent).....	<i>Charles Frederick Holder</i> . . . . . 674
	777, 844, 927
APRIL. Jingle. (Illustrated and engrossed by the Author).....	<i>Jessie McDermott</i> . . . . . 501
ARTIST'S DAUGHTER, THE. Picture, drawn by A. Brenon.....	. . . . . 768
ARTIST'S GLIMPSE OF NORTHERN ARIZONA, AN. (Illustrated by the Author). <i>F. S. Dellenbaugh</i> . . . . .	854
AUGUST DAY AT THE SEA-SHORE, AN. Picture, drawn by A. B. Davies.....	. . . . . 786
AWFUL THING THAT TILLY ANN DID, THE. (Illustrated by C. T. Hill).....	<i>Arlo Bates &amp; Eleanor Putnam</i> . . . . . 594
BEATRICE: A LITTLE FLORENTINE LADY. (Illustrated from photographs).....	<i>Eleanor C. Lewis</i> . . . . . 813
BELLS OF STE. ANNE, THE. (Illustrated by Henry Sandham).....	<i>Mary Hartwell Catherwood</i> . . . . . 492
"BINGO WAS HIS NAME".....	<i>Annie Howells Fr�chet�te</i> . . . . . 613
BIT OF COLOR, A. (Illustrated by C. T. Hill).....	<i>Sarah Orne Jewett</i> ..... 514, 572
BOATS, A PAGE OF. Pictures, drawn by H. L. Bridwell.....	. . . . . 951
BREAD AND JAM. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Henry Bacon</i> . . . . . 620
BRIDGMAN, THE STORY OF LAURA. (Illustrated).....	<i>Joseph Jastrov</i> . . . . . 746
BROWNIES' GARDEN, THE. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Palmer Cox</i> . . . . . 546
BUBBLYJOCK, THE. Verses. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	<i>Emma Smuller Carter</i> ..... 873
BUNNY STORIES, THE. (Illustrated by Culmer Barnes).....	<i>John H. Jewett</i> . . . . . 704
	787, 869, 946
"CALICO FOR WORKING DAYS." Jingle. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>C. McCormack Rogers</i> . . . . . 790
CAPTAIN DUCK. (Illustrated by W. A. Rogers).....	<i>Joaquin Miller</i> ..... 753
CHALLENGE, THE. Pictures, drawn by Dorothy Tennant.....	. . . . . 600
CHARLIE AND THE HEN. (Illustrated by W. Taber).....	<i>Sylvia A. Moss</i> ..... 630
CLIMBING THE PIERCED ROCK. (Illustrated by H. Sandham and T. Moran).....	<i>Ripley Hitchcock</i> ..... 581
CLOSE CORPORATION, A.....	<i>Ruth Putnam</i> . . . . . 954
CREATURE WITH NO CLAWS, THE. (Illustrated by E. W. Kemble).....	<i>Joel Chandler Harris</i> ..... 887
"CUFF," THE ORPHAN BEAR-CUB. (Illustrated by W. M. Cary).....	<i>George A. Martin</i> ..... 538
DADDY JAKE, THE RUNAWAY. (Illustrated by E. W. Kemble).....	<i>Joel Chandler Harris</i> ..... 485
DANCE OF THE DAISIES, THE. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>Sarah M. B. Piatt</i> . . . . . 731
DANCING LESSON, ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, A. Picture, drawn by F. H. } Lungren.....	} . . . . . 511
DAY AMONG THE BLACKBERRIES, A. (Illustrated).....	<i>Fannie W. Marshall</i> ..... 820
DAYS OF THE DAISIES, THE. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>Helen Thayer Hutcherson</i> . . . . . 569
DEER-HUNTS IN THE ADIRONDACKS, NY. (Illustrated by H. Sandham).....	<i>Treadwell Walden</i> . . . . . 806
DISCOVERED. Poem.....	<i>Helen Thayer Hutcherson</i> . . . . . 723
DOGS OF NOTED AMERICANS. (Illustrated from photographs).....	<i>Gertrude Van R. Wickham</i> . . . . . 541
DOLL ON MOUNT ETNA, A. (Illustrated by T. Moran and C. T. Hill).....	<i>E. Cavazza</i> ..... 894
DOOMED! Picture, drawn by Albert E. Sterner.....	. . . . . 673
DORA MILLER'S WONDER BALL. (Illustrated by W. H. Drake).....	<i>Lucy Lincoln Montgomery</i> . . . . . 922
DRAGON'S STORY, THE. (Illustrated by Oliver Herford).....	<i>Tudor Jenks</i> . . . . . 816
EIGHT-DAY CLOCKS. Verses.....	<i>Joel Stacy</i> ..... 668

182622

	PAGE
ESCAPING A SHOWER. Verse.....	<i>Malcolm Douglas</i> ..... 731
FAIRY MIRRORS. Poem.....	<i>William H. Hayne</i> ..... 604
FERN-SEED. Poem.....	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i> ..... 856
FIRST AMERICANS, THE. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>F. S. Dellenbaugh</i> ..... 935
FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Oliver Herford</i> ..... 629
FISHING IN THE SEINE. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Adeline Valentine Poud</i> ... 696
FIVE CENTS' WORTH OF FUN. Picture, drawn by Culmer Barnes.....	709
FLOWER LADIES.....	<i>Elizabeth Bisland</i> ..... 794
FLOWER, THE STORY OF THE. Poem.....	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i> ..... 752
FRIGHTENED FISHERMAN, THE. Jingle. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>J. G. Francis</i> ..... 523
GOBLIN STORM, THE: A Legend of Bigstoria. (Illustrated).....	<i>Benjamin Webster</i> ..... 608
GOOD-MORNING AND GOOD-NIGHT. Verses.....	<i>Rose Evangeline Angel</i> ..... 631
GRANDPAPA'S COAT. (Illustrated by G. W. Edwards and F. H. Lungren).....	<i>Alice Maude Exwell</i> ..... 643
GREAT PROCESSION, THE. Poem.....	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i> ..... 906
GUN AT NEW YORK HARBOR, A BIG. Picture, from a photograph by Robert L. Bracklow.....	} ..... 867
HAPPY CLOVERS, THE. Poem. (Illustrated by A. B. Davies).....	<i>Helen Gray Cone</i> ..... 593
HELEN KELLER. (Illustrated from photographs).....	<i>Florence Howe Hall</i> ..... 834
HEMLOCK-PEELERS, THE.....	<i>Ernest Ingersoll</i> ..... 590
HIDDEN HOMES. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Anna Botsford Comstock</i> ... 605
HIS MAJESTY THE KING. Verses.....	<i>N. P. Babcock</i> ..... 537
HOW A BATTLE IS SKETCHED. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Theodore R. Davis</i> ..... 661
HOW DID THEY COME THERE? (Illustrated).....	<i>Anne Bigelow Day</i> ..... 634
HOW I SAW "OLD CAROLUS." (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>George Wharton Edwards</i> ... 563
HOW JOHNNY-JUMP-UP TURNED INTO A PANSY. Jingle.....	<i>Jessie M. Anderson</i> ..... 555
HOW MATTIE WENT TO A MEETING, AND WHAT CAME OF IT. (Illustrated by A. B. Davies).....	} <i>Mary E. Hawkins</i> ..... 698
HOW POLLY AND PETER KEEP HOUSE. Verses.....	<i>Dora Read Goodale</i> ..... 673
HUM-UM-UM. Verses.....	<i>Margaret Eyttinge</i> ..... 551
IN THE BLOOM OF MAY. Picture, drawn by Rose Mueller Sprague.....	527
IN THE HAY-LOFT. Poem.....	<i>Helen Thayer Hutcheson</i> ... 484
INTO THE OCTOBER WOODS. Picture, drawn by F. H. Lungren.....	893
INVITATION, AN. Verse. (Illustrated by Albertine Randall Wheelan).....	<i>Tudor Jenks</i> ..... 756
JAPAN, THE CHILD OF MODERN. (Illustrated from a photograph).....	<i>Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore</i> ... 670
JINGLES.....	501, 523, 555, 695, 715, 731, 790, 868, 935
JOURNEY, THE. Verses. (Illustrated by Laura C. Hills).....	<i>L. Frank Tooker</i> ..... 920
KELLER, HELEN (Illustrated from photographs).....	<i>Florence Howe Hall</i> ..... 834
KING'S DUST, THE. Poem.....	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i> ... 585
LAETITIA AND THE REDCOATS. (Illustrated by C. T. Hill).....	<i>Lillian L. Price</i> ..... 687
LAMB THAT COULD N'T KEEP UP, THE. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Mary Hallock Foote</i> ..... 803
"LAND OF NOD" ON A PLANTATION, THE.....	<i>Octave Thanet</i> ..... 529
LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	<i>M. C. Harrison</i> ..... 533
LAWN PARTY, A. Picture, drawn by F. H. Lungren.....	843
LITTLE FLORENTINE LADY, A. (Illustrated from photographs).....	<i>Eleanor C. Lewis</i> ..... 813
LITTLE MENAN LIGHT. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>George Wharton Edwards</i> ... 724
LITTLE PERSIAN PRINCESS, THE. (Illustrated by A. Brenon).....	<i>Mary E. Wilkins</i> ..... 757
LITTLE PINE-TREE, THE. Poem.....	<i>Eudora S. Bumstead</i> ..... 510
LITTLE TO-BO. (Illustrated).....	<i>Rossiter Johnson</i> ..... 602
LITTLE YOUNG MAN IN GOLD, THE. Verses. (Illustrated by C. T. Hill).....	<i>S. Isadore Miner</i> ..... 629
LOST OPPORTUNITY, A. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	<i>Tudor Jenks</i> ..... 502
LOUIS THE RESOLUTE. (Illustrated by H. A. Ogden and from photographs).....	<i>Harriet Taylor Upton</i> ..... 653
LOVE. Poem.....	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i> ... 690
MAKE-BELIEVE.....	<i>Elizabeth Robins Pennell</i> ... 901
MAKING OF A GREAT STEEL GUN, THE. (Illustrated by J. W. Beatty).....	<i>G. F. Muller</i> ..... 913
MAMMY'S STORY. Verses.....	<i>Susan Archer Weiss</i> ..... 581
MATTER OF TASTE, A. Verses.....	<i>Esther B. Tiffany</i> ..... 692
MAY SONG, A. Poem. (Illustrated by A. B. Davies).....	<i>Anna M. Pratt</i> ..... 528

	PAGE
ME AND BRUNO. Picture, drawn by A. Brenon	545
MERMAIDS AND THEIR PETS. Picture, drawn by Mildred Howells	716
MIDSUMMER PIRATES. (Illustrated by W. H. Drake)	<i>Richard H. Davis</i> 737
MODERN HARBOR DEFENSES. (Illustrated)	<i>Lieut. W. R. Hamilton</i> 863
MOTHER GOOSE SONNETS. (Illustrated by F. G. Attwood)	<i>Harriet S. Mergridge</i> 852, 944
MOTHER HUBBARD IN JAPANESE PICTURES	549
MUTINY ON A GOLD-SHIP, A. (Illustrated by John Steeple Davis)	<i>Frances Stoughton Bailey</i> 762
MY DEER-HUNTS IN THE ADIRONDACKS. (Illustrated by H. Sandham)	<i>Treadwell Walden</i> 806
MY DOG. (Illustrated by C. T. Hill)	<i>William Dudley Foulke</i> 938
MY PETRIFIED BIRD'S-NEST. (Illustrated from a photograph)	<i>Harlan H. Ballard</i> 627
NAN'S CRITICISM. Verses	<i>Cornelia Atwood Pratt</i> 610
NARROW ESCAPE, A. (Illustrated by W. H. Drake)	<i>Myra Goodwin Plantz</i> 693
NATIONAL FLOWER, THE. Poem	<i>Lucy Larcom</i> 868
NECKLACE, THE VALUE OF AN EGYPTIAN GIRL'S GOLD. (Illustrated)	<i>Charles S. Robinson</i> 732
NELL'S FAIRY-TALE. Poem. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Oliver Herford</i> 791
NOT A FAIR GAME. (Illustrated)	<i>Charles Barnard</i> 691
NOT A LIVELY BOOK. Picture, drawn by Mary Hallock Foote	580
NO-WHEN AND NO-WHERE. Poem	<i>Helen Thayer Hutcheson</i> 484
OLD QUARREL, AN. (Illustrated by Katharine Pyle)	<i>Frances Courtenay Baylor</i> 512
ON APPLIEDORE. Verses. (Illustrated by C. D. Gibson)	<i>Willis Boyd Allen</i> 889
ON THE FARM. Verses. (Illustrated by A. R. Wheelan)	<i>Francis Randall</i> 686
"ON THE ROAD TO LONDON TOWN." Jingle. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>A. Brenon</i> 695
PAGE OF BOATS, A. Pictures, drawn by H. L. Bridwell	951
PETRIFIED BIRD'S-NEST, MY. (Illustrated from a photograph)	<i>Harlan H. Ballard</i> 627
PHOTOGRAPHY, SOME APPLICATIONS OF AMATEUR. (Illustrated from photographs)	} <i>Harlan H. Ballard</i> 617
PICTURES. Drawn by A. Brenon	524, 545, 612, 622, 669, 695, 768, 793, 926
PICTURES. 511, 524, 527, 545, 549, 553, 555, 558, 580, 600, 612, 622, 669, 673, 709, 711, 716, 768, 786, 793, 795, 823, 833, 843, 867, 875, 893, 904, 919, 926, 951, 953	
PORTRAIT, A. Verse	<i>Mary E. Wilkins</i> 745
QUEER PET, A. (Illustrated from pictures by the Author)	<i>E. H. Barbour</i> 525
RAIN-HARP, THE. Poem	<i>Frank Dempster Sherman</i> 736
REDBREAST'S RIDE. Verses. (Illustrated by George Wharton Edwards)	<i>Esther B. Tiffany</i> 500
RIPE SCHOLAR, A. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>William Ludwell Sheppard</i> 623
ROAD-RUNNER, THE. (Illustrated)	<i>C. C. Haskins</i> 766
SAD REASON FOR TEARS, A. Verses	<i>Eudora S. Brumstead</i> 491
SEASIDE FLOWERS. Poem. (Illustrated)	<i>Celia Thaxter</i> 588
SHAG BACK PANTHER, THE. (Illustrated by C. T. Hill)	<i>Rowland E. Robinson</i> 769
SKETCHES AT THE DOG SHOW. Picture, drawn by J. Stuart Travis	711
SMALL AND EARLY. Verses. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	<i>Tudor Jenks</i> 684
SOAP-BUBBLES. (Illustrated from a photograph)	<i>Thomas W. Chittenden</i> 714
SOAP-BUBBLES. Jingle	<i>M. M. D.</i> 715
"SOFT" STEP, THE. Pictures, drawn by E. W. Kemble	919
SOLDIERS' BURIAL GROUND, THE. Poem	<i>Helen Thayer Hutcheson</i> 484
SOLDIER'S RETURN, THE. Picture, drawn by F. H. Lungren	823
SOME APPLICATIONS OF AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY. (Illustrated from photographs)	} <i>Harlan H. Ballard</i> 617
SONG OF THE CAGED CANARY, THE. Poem	<i>Helen Thayer Hutcheson</i> 483
SOUTH WIND, THE. Poem	<i>Charles B. Going</i> 819
SPRINT-RUNNER, THE. Verses	<i>Joel Stacy</i> 532
STANLEY'S MAGIC BOOK	<i>David Ker</i> 611
STORY OF LAURA BRIDGMAN, THE. (Illustrated)	<i>Joseph Jastrow</i> 746
STORY OF THE FLOWER, THE. Poem	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i> 752
STORY OF TURK, THE. (Illustrated by James C. Beard and others.)	<i>F. H. Throop</i> 857
STRANGE NIGHT-WATCHMAN, A.	<i>David Ker</i> 850
SUMMER HOLIDAY THOUGHTS. Poem	<i>Charles B. Going</i> 786
SWEET PEAS. Verses. (Illustrated by Oliver Herford)	<i>Mildred Howells</i> 776

	PAGE
TEDDY AND THE WOLF.....	<i>Tudor Jenks</i> ..... 586
TEDDY O'ROURKE. Verses.....	<i>Malcolm Douglas</i> ..... 905
TEN LITTLE MONKEYS. Jingle. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Charles Howard Johnson</i> ..... 555
THEY HAVE COSTUMES, BUT NO PARTS. Picture, drawn by Rose Mueller } Sprague.....	} ..... 904
THREE BLIND MICE. Picture, drawn by Frank Drake.....	558
THREE LITTLE ASTROLOGERS. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>A. D. Blashfield</i> ..... 554
TURK, THE STORY OF. (Illustrated by James C. Beard and others).....	<i>F. H. Throop</i> ..... 857
VALUE OF AN EGYPTIAN GIRL'S GOLD NECKLACE, THE. (Illustrated).....	<i>Charles S. Robinson</i> ..... 732
VERY CONCEITED LITTLE MAN, A. Verses. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch) ..	<i>Malcolm Douglas</i> ..... 590
WATER-LILIES. Picture, drawn by A. B. Davies.....	795
WEE WORLD OF MY OWN, A. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>Helen Thayer Hutcherson</i> ..... 571
"WE SAIL THE OCEAN BLUE." Picture, drawn by A. B. Davies.....	833
WHERE SALMON ARE PLENTIFUL. (Illustrated from a photograph).....	<i>Julian Ralph</i> ..... 942
W. JENKS'S EXPRESS. (Illustrated by C. D. Gibson).....	<i>Thomas A. Janvier</i> ..... 824
YOSHI HITO, HARU NO MIYA, THE CHILD OF MODERN JAPAN. (Illustrated } from a photograph).....	} <i>Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore</i> ... 670

## FRONTISPIECES.

"The Baby's Sunny Corner," by Mary Hallock Foote, facing Title-page of Volume — "The First Holiday of the Summer," by A. B. Davies, facing page 563 — "Off We Set in the Great Coach," by G. W. Edwards, facing page 643 — "The First Ride," by Mary Hallock Foote, facing page 723 — "It Took No Notice of All the Children's Care," by Mary Hallock Foote, facing page 803 — "The Hounds of the Count de Barral," after the picture by L. G. Jadin, facing page 883.

## DEPARTMENTS.

PLAYS AND MUSIC.	
Housekeeping Songs. (Illustrated by Miss L. B. Humphrey).....	} Words by <i>Mary J. Jacques</i> } } Music by <i>Theresa C. Holmes</i> }
Song of Sifting.....	550
JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT. (Illustrated.)	
Introduction — When the Apple Blossoms Stir — A Very Knowing Phœbe Bird — A Wise Reply — South American Indians — A Hanging Matter — Who Knows? — Spring Lassitude (picture), 552; Introduction — Talking Dolls — The Russian Alphabet — A "Nine" Year Again — Those Ice-tanks — "Pansies are for Thoughts" — The Æsthetic Wasps (illustrated), 632.	
FROM OUR SCRAP-BOOK. (Illustrated.)	
How Rockets Are Made.....	<i>Lieut. W. R. Hamilton</i> ..... 712
Pussy in the Witness-box.....	<i>Thomas W. Chittenden</i> ..... 712
Won By a Bird.....	<i>Selected</i> ..... 713
Cornish Lullaby.....	<i>Selected</i> ..... 792
A Ducal Home for the Blind.....	<i>Ella F. Mosby</i> ..... 792
An Athletic Spelling Lesson.....	<i>Selected</i> ..... 793
A Scrap of Sunshine. Picture, drawn by A. L. Brenon.....	793
Water Life and How to See It.....	<i>Julian Ralph</i> ..... 874
The Truthful Fisherman.....	<i>Henry Tyrrell</i> ..... 875
The Sportsman and the Alligator. Picture, drawn by E. W. Kemble.....	875
Electricity for Snakes.....	<i>Selected</i> ..... 952
Minute Screws.....	<i>Selected</i> ..... 952
Sand-drifts.....	<i>Selected</i> ..... 952
A Country Coroner's Verdict.....	<i>Selected</i> ..... 952
Quick and Strong.....	<i>Selected</i> ..... 952
A Story That Tells Itself. Pictures, drawn by E. de v. Vermort.....	953
FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK.	
Tiger. (Illustrated by Louis Ritter).....	<i>Elizabeth F. Parker</i> ..... 710
THE LETTER-BOX. (Illustrated).....	556, 636, 717, 796, 876, 956
THE RIDDLE-BOX. (Illustrated).....	559, 639, 719, 799, 879, 959



# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVI.

MAY, 1889.

NO. 7.

## THE SONG OF THE CAGED CANARY.

—  
BY HELEN THAYER HUTCHESON.  
—

O my happy Islands, O my happy Islands,  
O my happy Islands where the south winds blow !  
Lying sea-encircled, steeped in sunny silence,  
O my happy Islands that I shall never know !

O my happy Islands, O my happy Islands,  
O my happy Islands that lie anear the sun !  
Purple seas are darkling, murmuring and sparkling ;  
Round my happy Islands the shining ripples run.

O my happy Islands, O my happy Islands,  
O my happy Islands that I have never known,  
Where the ripe seed falls down in the forest shadows,  
And the strange flower blossoms that no hand hath sown !

There my mate hath waited, in a dream belated,  
Lingering belated in the shadow of a palm,  
In a land sun-haunted, with the voice of seas enchanted,  
In my happy Islands, lost in seas of calm !

In my island mazes hang the purple hazes,  
Round my island beaches runs the rippling gleam.  
There 's my love belated, while I go unmated ;  
Warble, warble softly, lest I break her dream !

Copyright, 1889, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

NO-WHEN AND NO-WHERE.

—  
If it happened so that I felt inclined,  
And nobody hindered me of my mind,  
Shall I tell you what I would do, my dear?  
I would find some lost, forgotten old Year,—  
Some dull old Year, all dead and dry,  
With nothing in 't to remember it by;  
Some Year uncalendared, lost to fame,  
That nobody lived in to give it a name,  
That went unrecorded from green to sere,  
And never knew that it was a Year;  
And out of that Year I would take a Day,  
Not too rosy and not too gray,—  
Some Day when Fate, awary of doom,  
Fell fast asleep by the side of her loom,  
And left it a mere tarnished circle of sun,  
Without a chance in it to trip upon;—  
And on that Day of a dateless Year,  
I should not hate you, nor hold you dear,  
I should go on a journey, and none should know  
where,  
No one should ask, and no one should care.  
I would find some ship that had lain alone,  
Long becalmed in a Sea unknown,  
And the ship in a lazy course should run,  
To some Land that is nowhere under the sun.  
I would have no wind to fret the sail,  
I would have no oar when the wind should fail.  
But a tide should ripple along the keel,  
A slow, warm tide that she scarce could feel,  
And so we should float, in nobody's sight,  
Wrapt in a wavering sort of light,  
That is neither sunlight, starlight, nor shade,  
But just the kind that never was made.  
And when we had come to that Doubtful Land,  
The Land that is nowhere, you understand,  
How long I should linger, or what I should do,  
Or whether I ever should come back to you,  
In that long Day of a dateless Year,  
—Why, how can I tell you all that, my dear?

THE SOLDIERS' BURIAL GROUND.

—  
THERE 'S a camp upon a hill-top  
Pitched in many a gleaming line,  
And above that still encampment  
Droops the banner of the pine.

Never clang of lifted weapon,  
Oath, nor jest, nor haughty boast,  
Never song of martial measure  
Breaks the stillness of the host.

But the name of every hero  
Answers from the carven scroll,

In a white, eternal silence  
To the calling of the Roll.

And the light rains beat reveillé,  
And the winds their bugles blow,—  
As they keep their stern, still bivouac  
'Neath the white tents of the snow.

And no sentinel doth guard them,  
For they fear not any foes,  
And their pass-word is the secret  
Of the land that no man knows.

IN THE HAY-LOFT.

—  
UP in the hay-loft — kitten and I!  
With a window open to the sky,  
Curtained with boughs of the chestnut-trees  
That toss and sway in the cool west breeze.

The dome of the sky with a cloud is lined,  
And the rain comes down when it has a mind,  
Pelting the leaves of the chestnut-tree:  
Never the rain can touch kitten and me.

Up in the hay-loft — kitten and I!  
The hay behind us is mountain high;  
The beams across are dusty enough;  
Darkness broods in the peak of the roof.

In pearly lines the daylight falls  
Through the chinks of the boarded walls;  
The air is fragrant with clover dried,  
Brake and daisies and things beside.

Queer little spiders drop down from on high;  
Softly we welcome them — kitten and I!  
Swallows chirp in a lazy strain  
Between the showers of the summer rain.

Let the rain come down from the clouded sky,  
We're quiet and cosy — kitten and I!  
We muse and purr and think out a rhyme,  
And never know what has become of time.

People down there in the world below,  
They toil and moil and get dinner and sew;  
Up in the hay we lazily lie;  
We have no troubles — kitten and I!

Kitten purrs and stretches and winks,  
She does n't speak, but I know what she thinks:  
Never a king had a throne so high,  
Never a bird had a cosier nest;  
There is much that is good, but we have the  
best—  
Kitten, kitten and I!

*Helen Thayer Hutcheson.*

## DADDY JAKE, THE RUNAWAY.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

### CHAPTER III.

LUCIEN and Lillian, cuddled together in the bottom of their boat, were soon fast asleep. In dreams of home their loneliness and their troubles were all forgotten. Sometimes in the starlight, sometimes in the dark shadows of the overhanging trees, the boat drifted on. At last, toward morning, it was caught in an eddy and carried nearer the bank, where the current was almost imperceptible. Here the clumsy old bateau rocked and swung, sometimes going lazily forward, and then as lazily floating back again.

As the night faded away into the dim gray of morning, the bushes above the boat were thrust softly aside, and a black face looked down upon the children. Then the black face disappeared as suddenly as it came. After a while it appeared again. It was not an attractive face. In the dim light it seemed to look down on the sleeping children with a leer that was almost hideous. It was the face of a woman. Around her head was a faded red handkerchief, tied in a fantastic fashion, and as much of her dress as could be seen was ragged, dirty, and greasy. She was not pleasant to look upon, but the children slept on unconscious of her presence.

Presently the woman came nearer. On the lower bank a freshet had deposited a great heap of sand, which was now dry and soft. The woman sat down on this, hugging her knees with her arms, and gazed at the sleeping children long and earnestly. Then she looked up and down the river, but nothing was to be seen for the fog that lay on the water. She shook her head and muttered:

“Hit ’s pizen down yer fer dem babies. Yit how I gwine git um out er dar?”

She caught hold of the boat, turned it around, and, by means of the chain, drew it partially on the sand-bank. Then she lifted Lillian from the boat, wrapping the quilt closer about the child, carried her up the bank, and laid her beneath the trees where no dew had fallen. Returning, she lifted Lucien and placed him beside his sister. But the change aroused him. He raised himself on his elbow and rubbed his eyes. The negro

woman, apparently by force of habit, slipped behind a tree.

“Where am I?” Lucien exclaimed, looking around in something of a fright. He caught sight of the frazzled skirt of the woman’s dress. “Who is there behind that tree?” he cried.

“Nobody but me, honey—nobody ner nothin’ but po’ ole Crazy Sue. Don’t be skeerd er me. I ain’t nigh ez bad ez I looks ter be.”

It was now broad daylight, and Lucien could see that the hideous ugliness of the woman was caused by a burn on the side of her face and neck.

“Was n’t I in a boat?”

“Yes, honey; I brung you up yer fer ter keep de fog fum pizenin’ you.”

“I dreamed the Bad Man had me,” said Lucien, shivering at the bare recollection.

“No, honey; ’t want nobody ner nothin’ but po’ ole Crazy Sue. De boat down dar on de sand-bank, an’ yo’ little sissy layin’ dar soun’ asleep. Whar in de name er goodness wuz you-all gwine, honey?” asked Crazy Sue, coming nearer.

“We were going down the river hunting for Daddy Jake. He ’s a runaway now. I reckon we ’ll find him after a while.”

“Is you-all Marse Doc. Gaston’ chillun?” asked Crazy Sue, with some show of eagerness.

“Why, of course we are,” said Lucien.

Crazy Sue’s eyes fairly danced with joy. She clasped her hands together and exclaimed:

“Lord, honey, I could shout,—I could des holler and shout; but I ain’t gwine do it. You stay right dar by yo’ little sissy till I come back; I want ter run an’ make somebody feel good. Now, don’t you move, honey. Stay right dar.”

With that Crazy Sue disappeared in the bushes. Lucien kept very still. In the first place, he was more than half frightened by the strangeness of his surroundings, and, in the second place, he was afraid his little sister would wake and begin to cry. He felt like crying a little himself, for he knew he was many miles from home, and he felt very cold and uncomfortable. Indeed, he felt very lonely and miserable; but just when he was about to cry and call Daddy Jake, he heard voices near him. Crazy Sue came toward him in a half-trot, and behind her—close behind her—was Daddy Jake,

his face wreathed in smiles and his eyes swimming in tears. Lucien saw him and rushed toward him, and the old man stooped and hugged the boy to his black bosom.

"Why, honey," he exclaimed, "whar de name er goodness you come f'um? Bless you! ef my

They made so much fuss that they woke Lillian, and when she saw Daddy Jake she gave one little cry and leaped in his arms. This made Crazy Sue dance again, and she would have kept it up for a long time, but Randall suggested to Daddy Jake that the boat ought to be hauled ashore and hid-



"LUCIEN SAW HIM AND RUSHED TOWARD HIM."

eyes wuz sore de sight un you would make um well. How you know whar yo' Daddy Jake is?"

"Me and sister started out to hunt you," said Lucien, whimpering a little, now that he had nothing to whimper for. "and I think you are mighty mean to run off and leave us-all at home."

"Now you talkin', honey," said Daddy Jake, laughing in his old fashion. "I boun' I'm de meanes' ole nigger in de Nunitid State. Yit, ef I'd 'a' know'd you wuz gwine ter foller me up so close, I'd 'a' fotch you wid me, dat I would! An' dar's little Missy," he exclaimed, leaning over the little girl, "an' she's a-sleepin' des ez natchul ez ef she wuz in her bed at home. What I tell you-all?" he went on, turning to a group of negroes that had followed him.—Randall, Cupid, Isaiah, and others,—“What I tell you-all? Ain't I done bin' an' gone an' tole you dat deze chillun wuz de out-doin'est chillun on de top-side er de roun' worl'?"

The negroes—runaways all—laughed and looked pleased, and Crazy Sue fairly danced.

den in the bushes. Crazy Sue stayed with the children, while the negro men went after the boat. They hauled it up the bank by the chain, and then they lifted and carried it several hundred yards away from the river, and hid it in the thick bushes and grass.

"Now," said Daddy Jake, when they had returned to where they left the children, "we got ter git away f'um yer. Dey ain't no tellin' w'at gwine ter happen. Ef deze yer chillun kin slip up on us dis away w'at kin a grown man do?"

The old man intended this as a joke, but the others took him at his word, and were moving off. "Wait!" he exclaimed. "De chillun bleeze ter go whar I go. Sue, you pick up little Missy dar, an' I'll play hoss fer dish yer chap."

Crazy Sue lifted Lillian in her arms, Daddy Jake stooped so that Lucien could climb up on his back, and then all took up their march for the middle of Hudson's canebrake. Randall brought up the rear in order, as he said, to "stop up de holes."

It was a narrow, slippery, and winding path in

which the negroes trod — a path that a white man would have found difficult to follow. It seemed to lead in all directions; but, finally, it stopped on a knoll high and dry above the surrounding swamp. A fire was burning brightly, and the smell of frying meat was in the air. On this knoll the runaway negroes had made their camp, and for safety they could not have selected a better place.

It was not long before Crazy Sue had warmed some breakfast for the children. The negroes had brought the food they found in the boat, and Crazy Sue put some of the biscuits in a tin bucket, hung the bucket on a stick, and held it over the fire. Then she gave them some bacon that had been broiled on a stone, and altogether they made a hearty breakfast.

During the morning most of the negro men stayed in the canebrake, some nodding and some patching their clothes, which were already full of patches. But after dinner, a feast of broiled fish, roasted sweet-potatoes, and ash-cake, they all went away, leaving Crazy Sue to take care of the

“Nothin’, honey; I wuz des a-settin’ yer a-studyin’ an’ a-studyin’.” Lots er times I gits took dat a-way.”

“What are you studying about?” said Lucien.

“‘Bout folks. I wuz des a-studyin’ ‘bout folks, an’ ‘bout how come I whar I is, w’en I oughter be somers else. W’en I set down dis a-way, I gits dat turried in de min’ dat I can’t stay on de groun’ sca’cely. Look like I want ter rise up in de elements an’ fly.”

“What made you run away?” Lucien asked with some curiosity.

“Well, you know, honey,” said Crazy Sue, after a pause, “my marster ain’t nigh ez good ter his niggers ez yo’ pa is ter his’n. ‘T ain’t dat my marster is any mo’ strick, but look like hit fret ‘im ef he see one er his niggers settin’ down anywheres. Well, one time, long time ago, I had two babies, an’ dey wuz twins, an’ dey wuz des ‘bout ez likely little niggers ez you ever did see. De w’ite folks had me at de house doin’ de washin’ so I could be where I kin nuse de babies. One time I wuz



POOR OLD SUE TELLS HER STORY.

children. After the men had all gone, the woman sat with her head covered with her arms. She sat thus for a long time. After a while Lucien went to her and put his hand on her shoulder.

“What ‘s the matter?” he asked.

settin’ in my house nursin’ un um, an’ while I settin’ dar I went fast ter sleep. How long I sot dar ‘sleep, de Lord only knows, but w’en I woked up, marster wuz stan’in’ in de do’, watchin’ me. He ain’t say nothin’, yit I knowed dat man wuz mad. He des turn on his heel an’ walk away. I let you know I put dem babies down an’ hustled out er dat house mighty quick.

“Well, sir, dat night de foreman come ‘roun’

an' tole me dat I mus' go ter de fiel' de nex' mornin'. Soon ez he say dat, I up an' went ter de big house an' ax marster w'at I gwine do wid de babies ef I went ter de fiel'. He stood an' look at me, he did, an' den he writ a note out er his pocket-book an' tol' me ter han' it ter de overseer. Dat w'at I done dat ve'y night, an' de overseer, he took an' read de note, an' den he up an' say dat I mus' go wid de hoe-han's, way over ter de two-mile place.

"I went, kaze I bleeze ter go; yit all day long, whiles I wuz hoein' I kin year dem babies cryin'. Look like sometimes dey wuz right at me, an' den ag'in look like dey wuz way off yander. I kep' on a-goin' an' I kep' on a-hoein', an' de babies kep' on a-famishin'. Dey des fade away, an' bimeby dey died, bofe un um on de same day. On dat day I had a fit an' fell in de fier, an' dat how come I burnt up so.

"Look like," said the woman, marking on the ground with her bony forefinger—"look like I kin year dem babies cryin' yit, an' dat de reason folks call me Crazy Sue, kaze I kin year um cryin' an' yuther folks can't. I'm mighty glad dey can't, too, kaze it 'ud break der heart."

"Why did n't you come and tell Papa about it?" said Lucien, indignantly.

"Ah, Lord, honey!" exclaimed Crazy Sue, "yo' pa is a mighty good man, an' a mighty good doctor, but he ain't got no medicine w'at could 'a' kyored me an' my marster."

In a little while Daddy Jake put in an appearance, and the children soon forgot Crazy Sue's troubles, and began to think about going home.

"Daddy Jake," said Lucien, "when are you going to take us back home?"

"I want to go right now," said Lillian.

Daddy Jake scratched his head and thought the matter over.

"Dey ain't no use talkin'," said he. "I got ter carry you back an' set you down in sight er de house, but how I gwine do it an' not git koted? Dat w'at troublin' me."

"Why, Papa ain't mad," said Lucien. "I heard him tell that mean old overseer he had a great mind to take his buggy whip to him for hitting you."

"Ain't dat man dead?" exclaimed Daddy Jake in amazement.

"No, he ain't," said Lucien. "Papa drove him off the place."

"Well, I be blest!" said the old man with a chuckle. "W'at kinder head you reckon dat w'ite man got?—Honey." he went on, growing serious again, "is you *sholy sho* dat man ain't dead?"

"Did n't I see him after you went away? Did n't I hear Papa tell him to go away? Did n't

I hear Papa tell Mamma he wished you had broken his neck? Did n't I hear Papa tell Mamma that you were a fool for running away?" Lucien flung these questions at Daddy Jake with an emphasis that left nothing to be desired.

"Well," said Daddy Jake, "dat mus' be so, an' dat bein' de case. we 'll des start in de mornin' an' git home ter supper. We 'll go over yander ter Marse Meredy Ingram's an' borry his carriage an' go home in style. I boun' you, dey 'll all be glad to see us."

Daddy Jake was happy once more. A great burden had been taken from his mind. The other negroes when they came in toward night seemed to be happy, too, because the old man could go back home; and there was not one but would have swapped places with him. Randall was the last to come, and he brought a big fat chicken.

"I wuz comin' 'long cross de woods des now," he said, winking his eye and shaking his head at Daddy Jake, "an', bless gracious, dis chicken flew'd right in my han'. I say ter myse'f, I did, 'Ole lady, you mus' know we got comp'ny at our house,' an' den I clamped down on 'er, an' yer she is. Now, 'bout dark, I 'll take 'er up yander an' make Marse Ingram's cook fry 'er brown fer deze chillun, an' I 'll make 'er gimme some milk."

Crazy Sue took the chicken, which had already been killed, wet its feathers thoroughly, rolled it around in the hot embers, and then proceeded to pick and clean it.

Randall's programme was carried out to the letter. Mr. Meredith Ingram's cook fried the chicken for him and put in some hot biscuit for good measure, and the milker gave him some fresh milk, which she said would not be missed.

The children had a good supper, and they would have gone to sleep directly afterward, but the thought of going home with Daddy Jake, kept them awake. Randall managed to tell Daddy Jake, out of hearing of the children, that Dr. Gaston and some of his negroes had been seen at Ross's mill that morning.

"Well," said Daddy Jake, "I bleeze ter beat marster home. Ef he go back dar widout de chillun, my mistiss 'll drap right dead on de flo'." This was his only comment.

Around the fire the negroes laughed and joked, and told their adventures. Lillian felt comfortable and happy, and as for Lucien, he felt himself a hero. He had found Daddy Jake, and now he was going to carry him back home.

Once when there was a lull in the talk, Lillian asked why the frogs made so much fuss.

"I speck it 's kaze dey er mad wid Mr. Rabbit," said Crazy Sue. "Dey er tryin' der best ter drive 'im outen de swamp."

“What are they mad with the Rabbit for?” asked Lucien, thinking there might be a story in the explanation.

“Hit ’s one er dem ole-time fusses,” said Crazy Sue. “Hit ’s most too ole ter talk about.”

“Don’t you know what the fuss was about?” asked Lucien.

“Well,” said Crazy Sue, “one time Mr. Rabbit an’ Mr. Coon live close ter one anudder in de same neighborhoods. How dey does now, I ain’t a-tellin’ you; but in dem times dey want no hard feelin’s ’twix’ um. Dey des went ’long like two ole cronies. Mr. Rabbit, he wuz a fisherman, and Mr. Coon, he wuz a fisherman —”

“And put ’em in pens,” said Lillian, remembering an old rhyme she had heard.

“No, honey, dey ain’t no Willium-Come-Trimbletoe in dis. Mr. Rabbit an’ Mr. Coon wuz bofe fishermans, but Mr. Rabbit, he kotch fish, an’ Mr. Coon, he fished fer frogs. Mr. Rabbit, he had mighty good luck, an’ Mr. Coon, he had mighty bad luck. Mr. Rabbit, he got fat an’ slick, an’ Mr. Coon, he got po’ an’ sick.

“Hit went on dis a-way tell one day Mr. Coon meet Mr. Rabbit in de big road. Dey shook han’s dey did, an’ den Mr. Coon, he ’low:

“‘Brer Rabbit, what you git sech a fine chance er fish?’

“Mr. Rabbit laugh an’ say: ‘I kotch um ouden de river, Brer Coon. All I got ter do is ter bait my hook,’ sezee.

“Den Mr. Coon shake his head an’ ’low: ‘Den how come I ain’t kin ketch no frogs?’

“Mr. Rabbit sat down in de road an’ scratched fer fleas, an’ den he ’low: ‘Hit ’s kaze you done make um all mad, Brer Coon. One time in de dark er de moon, you slipped down ter de branch an’ kotch de ole King Frog: an’ ever sence dat time, w’enever you er passin’ by, you kin year um sing out, fuis’ one an’ den, anudder — *Yer he come! Dar he goes! Hit ’im in de eye; hit ’im in de eye! Mash ’im an’ smash ’im; mash ’im an’ smash ’im!* Yasser, dat w’at dey say. I year um constant, Brer Coon, and dat des w’at dey say.’

“Den Mr. Coon up an’ say: ‘Ef dat de way dey gwine on, how de name er goodness kin I ketch um, Brer Rabbit? I bleeze ter have sump’n ter eat fer me an’ my fambly connection.’

“Mr. Rabbit sorter grin in de cornder er his mouf, an’ den he say: ‘Well, Brer Coon, bein’ ez you bin so sociable ’long wid me, an’ ain’t never showed yo’ toofies w’en I pull yo’ tail, I’ll des whirl in an’ he’p you out.’

“Mr. Coon, he say: ‘Thanky, thanky-do, Brer Rabbit.’

“Mr. Rabbit hung his fish on a tree lim’, an’

say: ‘Now, Brer Coon, you bleeze ter do des like I tell you.’

“Mr. Coon ’lowed dat he would ef de Lord spared ’im.

“Den Mr. Rabbit say: ‘Now, Brer Coon, you des rack down yander, an’ git on de big san’-bar ’twix’ de river and de branch. W’en you git dar you mus’ stagger like you sick, an’ den you mus’ whirl roun’ an’ roun’ an’ drap down like you dead. Atter you drap down, you mus’ sorter jerk yo’ legs once er twice, an’ den you mus’ lay right still. Ef fly light on yo’ nose, let ’im stay dar. Don’t move; don’t wink yo’ eye; don’t switch yo’ tail. Des lay right dar, an’ ’t won’t be long ’fo’ you year fum me. Yit don’t you move till I give de word.’

“Mr. Coon, he paced off, he did, an’ done des like Mr. Rabbit tol’ ’im. He staggered ’roun’ on de san’-bank, an’ den he drapped down dead. Atter so long a time, Mr. Rabbit come lopin’ ’long, an’ soon ’s he git dar, he squall out, ‘Coon dead!’ Dis roused de frogs, an’ dey stuck dey heads up fer ter see w’at all de rippit wuz ’bout. One great big green un up an’ holler, *W’at de matter? W’at de matter?* He talk like he got a bad col’.

“Mr. Rabbit ’low: ‘Coon dead!’

“Frog say: *Don’t believe it! Don’t believe it!*

“’N’er frog say: *Yes, he is! Yes, he is!* Little bit er one say: *No, he ain’t! No, he ain’t!*

“Dey kep’ on ’sputin’ an’ ’sputin’, tell bimeby hit look like all de frogs in de neighborhoods wuz dar. Mr. Rabbit look like he ain’t a-yearin’ ner a-keerin’ w’at dey do er say. He sot dar in de san’ like he gwine in mourmin’ fer Mr. Coon. De Frogs kep’ gittin’ closer an’ closer. Mr. Coon, he ain’t move. W’en a fly ’d git on ’im, Mr. Rabbit, he’d bresh ’im off.

“Bimeby he ’low: ‘Ef you want ter git ’im ouden de way, now’s yo’ time, Cousin Frogs. Des whirl in an’ bury him deep in de san’.’

“Big ole Frog say: *How we gwine ter do it? How we gwine ter do it?*

“Mr. Rabbit ’low: ‘Dig de san’ out fum under ’im an’ let ’im down in de hole.’

“Den de Frogs dey went ter work sho nuff. Dey mus’ ’a’ bin a hunderd un um, an’ dey make dat san’ fly, mon. Mr. Coon, he ain’t move. De Frogs, dey dig an’ scratch in de san’ tell atter while dey had a right smart hole, an’ Mr. Coon wuz down in dar.

“Bimeby big Frog holler: *Dis deep nuff? Dis deep nuff?*

“Mr. Rabbit ’low: ‘Kin you jump out?’

“Big Frog say: *Yes, I kin! Yes, I kin!*

“Mr. Rabbit say: ‘Den ’t ain’t deep nuff.’

“Den de Frogs dey dig an’ dey dig, tell, bimeby, big Frog say: *Dis deep nuff? Dis deep nuff?*

“Mr. Rabbit ’low: ‘Kin you jump out?’

"Big Frog say: *I des kin! I des kin!*

"Mr. Rabbit say: 'Dig it deeper.'



"MR. RABBIT SQUALL OUT, 'COON DEAD!'"

"De Frogs keep on diggin' tell, bimeby, big Frog holler out: *Dis deep nuff? Dis deep nuff?*

"Mr. Rabbit 'low: 'Kin you jump out?'

"Big Frog say. *No, I can't! No, I can't! Come he'p me! Come he'p me!*

"Mr. Rabbit bust out laughin', and holler out:

"'RISE UP, SANDY, AN' GIT YO' MEAT!' an' Mr. Coon riz."

Lucien and Lillian laughed heartily at this queer story, especially the curious imitation of frogs both big and little that Crazy Sue gave. Lucien wanted her to tell more stories, but Daddy Jake said it was bedtime; and the children were soon sound asleep.

The next morning Daddy Jake had them up betimes. Crazy Sue took Lillian in her arms, and Daddy Jake took Lucien on his back. As they had gone into the cane-brake, so they came out. Randall and some of the other negroes wanted to carry Lillian, but Crazy Sue would n't listen to them.

She had brought the little girl in, she said, and she was going to carry her out. Daddy Jake, followed by Crazy Sue, went in the direction of Mr. Meredith Ingram's house. It was on a hill, more

than a mile from the river, and was in a grove of oak-trees. As they were making their way through a plum orchard, not far from the house, Crazy Sue stopped.

"Brer Jake," she said, "dis is all de fur I 'm gwine. I 'm 'mos' too close ter dat house now. You take dis baby an' let dat little man walk. 'T ain't many steps ter whar you gwine." Crazy Sue wrung Daddy Jake's hand, stooped and kissed the children, and with a "God bless you all!" disappeared in the bushes, and none of the three ever saw her again.

Mr. Meredith Ingram was standing out in his front yard, enjoying a pipe before breakfast. He was talking to himself and laughing when Daddy Jake and the children approached.

"Howdy, Mars' Meredy," said the old negro, taking off his hat and bowing as politely as he could with the child in his arms. Mr. Ingram



"DEN DE FROGS DEY WENT TER WORK SHO NUFF."

looked at him through his spectacles and over them.

"Ain't that Gaston's Jake?" he asked, after he had examined the group.



“Yasser,” said Daddy Jake, “an’ deze is my marster’s little chillun.”

Mr. Ingram took his pipe out of his mouth.

“Why, what in the world!—Why, what under the sun!—Well, if this does n’t beat—why, what in the nation!”—Mr. Ingram failed to find words to express his surprise.

Daddy Jake, however, made haste to tell Mr. Ingram that the little ones had drifted down the river in a boat, that he had found them, and wished to get them home just as quickly as he could.

“My marster bin huntin’ fer um, suh,” said the old negro, “and I want ter beat him home, kaze ef he go dar widout deze chillun my mistiss ’ll be a dead ’oman—she cert’n’y will. suh.”

“Well, well, well!” exclaimed Mr. Ingram. “If this don’t beat—why, of course, I’ll send them home. I’ll go with ’em myself. Of course I will. Well, if this does n’t—George! hitch up the earriage. Fetch out Ben Bolt and Rob Roy, and go and get your breakfast. Jake, you go and help him, and I’ll take these chaps in the house and warm ’em up. Come on, little ones. We’ll have something to eat and then we’ll go right home to Pappy and Mammy.” They went in, Mr. Ingram muttering to himself, “Well, if this does n’t beat—”

After breakfast Mr. Ingram, the children, Daddy Jake, and George, the driver, were up and away, as the fox-hunters say. Daddy Jake sat on the driver’s seat with George, and urged on the horses. They traveled rapidly, and it is well they did, for when they came in sight of the Gaston place,

Daddy Jake saw his master entering the avenue that led to the house. The old negro put his



hands to his mouth and called so loudly that the horses jumped. Dr. Gaston heard him and stopped, and in a minute more had his children in his arms, and that night there was a happy family in the Gaston house. But nobody was any happier than Daddy Jake.

THE END.

## A SAD REASON FOR TEARS.

BY EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

THERE sat a silly little lass  
 Upon a bed of posies,  
 Her tears bedewed the summer grass  
 And twinkled on the roses.  
 “Now, why is all this grief?” I said,  
 “And all this doleful crying?”  
 The maiden sadly shook her head,  
 And answered, softly sighing,  
 “All yesterday I wept,” said she,  
 “And then this morning I could see  
 ’T was quite without a reason;  
 So now I mourn the stupid way  
 In which I spent that lovely day—  
 The fairest of the season!  
 O dear—O dear—O dear—O dear—  
 The fairest of the season!”

So there she sat, the silly lass,  
 And nothing could content her;  
 The roses and the summer grass  
 No grain of comfort lent her;  
 Nor any word that I could say  
 Would ease her doleful crying.  
 “I can but weep for yesterday,”  
 She answered, sadly sighing:  
 “’T was all so foolish—that I see—  
 And that is not the worst,” said she:  
 “’T is not my greatest sorrow;  
 I can not eat—I can not sleep—  
 And all the day I weep, and weep—  
 For fear I’ll weep to-morrow!  
 O dear—O dear—O dear—O dear—  
 I fear I’ll weep to-morrow!”

## THE BELLS OF STE. ANNE.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### INDIAN PIPES.

THAT Saturday dawn, while Alvine and Mother Ursule were trudging toward Ste. Anne, Bruno Charland and the Algonquin walked the same road, but in an opposite direction. Where François found the boy, and where they bivouacked together, the Indian did not afterward tell. Bruno trod the cool road with sprightly feet, putting the Indian's moccasins to unwonted effort to keep in line with him. A glistening white hat of rough straw caricatured François's copper face. He looked as if somebody had set the hat on him in derision. But Bruno's black poil was bare, and roughened with bits of dry leaves among which he had slept.

There was a sweet odor in the air like that which comes from the gummy buds of the balm-tree, and every bird was awake up the mountain.

Bruno carried his accordion under one arm, and carefully, without jarring their delicate structure, half a dozen Indian pipes. They were very perfect, short-stemmed ones, and to keep them from turning black with decay from the warmth of his fingers he had stuck the stems in wet river-sand which he carried in a hollow piece of bark. The Indian pipe must be the rarest and most beautiful of sudden growths. It springs in a night, on high land, near beech shade. It is a flower without petals, a perfect bowl bent over on a leafless stem, mother-of-pearl in color, exquisitely clear.

As these companions stalked along, silent or speaking short occasional sentences, even François had no suspicion that between them and the rising sun a figure was toiling after them on patient moccasined feet, stopping to rest by shrines, but for the most part keeping in sight.

The Algonquin intended to spend half a day on the ten miles which lay between that part of the road and the bridge over Montmorenci river. To this end he induced Bruno to sit down by one of the running springs and eat a long breakfast with him. François had provisions in a leather bag which he carried behind his shoulders. He felt it necessary only to keep the boy in sight, and Bruno was willingly going toward the Montmorenci.

"I am going to finish running my slide there," he informed François.

"That no slide," said François. "That falls. Logs go jam—every way—knock all to pieces."

"I have to finish my slide," insisted Bruno stubbornly.

"I show you where that slide is, one these days. That slide in Ottawa. Hundred—two hundred mile—maybe more. When I go back see my old mother I show you that slide."

Bruno heard him inattentively.

"Falls, Montmorenci," repeated François.

"Did you ever go lumbering?" inquired Bruno, fixing the Indian with his eye.

"No," said François, disparagingly, "I hunt. Lumber—that work for Frenchman."

"*You* don't know how to drive logs," observed the boy. "Up above the gorge in Montmorenci river I have three logs fastened ready for a slide. The trees are bad up there. I dragged them so far it made my knees tremble. So I left them there, to run the slide with, another day."

"No slide at all," asserted François, vainly repeating his uneasy gutturals.

Petit-Père had seen this haunting Indian the day before, and he rose early to gather his child in from such a danger. Walking the mountain with a wallet of good bread and cream and black pudding, he saw—the only moving objects, in vapor upon the road below—Bruno's bare head and the Algonquin's straw hat, leaving home behind them; and he came down and set himself upon their track. Where the road was level he made good progress, and the descents were easy, but every hill he climbed took toll of the little father's breath, so that he had by and by to sit and pant.

He saw Bruno and Bruno's leader go up a branching mountain road to the huge brick church set there. They were gone long before he reached the spot, for Bruno's restless feet were hard to restrain. Petit-Père did not know that, however, so he climbed to the church and remained two or three hours before the altar, crying and saying his prayers, so tired and disheartened was the little father.

Before noon he was following them again, somewhat cheered by prayers and black pudding. Thus the day grew, and miles stretched out behind him.

He heard a castanet patter of hoofs on the road, as a calf galloped past him, followed by a gentle old horse drawing a buckboard. The buckboard had a hood-cover, under which sat a woman and boy, the latter driving. Their slim and pliant vehicle vibrated under the weight of chests and household movables. So anxious were these peo-

ple during some rods of his journey. She rolled her piteous eyes at him as she lowed.

"Yes, yes," he said to her with perfect sympathy; "I know how you feel. A young one of mine is running away from me, too."

It was a little after noon by the sun when François saw the toll-house of the Montmorenci



"I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL," SAID PETIT-PÈRE. "A YOUNG ONE OF MINE IS RUNNING AWAY FROM ME, TOO."

ple about their calf they failed to notice the aged Frenchman as they passed him. For the calf, at intervals as it ran, turned back with a reproachful countenance and lowed to its mother who trotted behind the vehicle, as afraid to pass it as the calf was. Thus separated, they moved on calling to each other.

Petit-Père's moccasin shoes kept pace with the

bridge. Bruno and he were passing one of those earthen caverns made for preserving fruit and milk, and the door stood open, showing a dusty, dark interior. François's quick eye could detect no inmate at home in the house to which it belonged, so he stopped and said to Bruno:

"No hurry. Hot day. Go in hole and sleep."

Bruno regarded the plan with disfavor.

"I am not a fox nor a bear," said he.

"Fine hole," urged François.

"I am going to the Montmorenci," said Bruno.

"Sun too hot on Indian pipes," suggested François. "Turn black. Die."

Bruno examined the treasure he carried in his hands.

"Old father not like black Indian pipes," added François.

"I wish my father had them," said the boy.

"I have carried them so far for him."

"Save in shade. Take in hole," persisted the Algonquin.

"I will take them in," decided Bruno. "But you stay outside. I don't want you in this place with me. You might step on my pipes. I'll set them down in the coolness and play 'Roule ma bou-le.'"

Accordingly he ventured into the cave, and François promptly clapped the door shut and held it by the latch. He expected to hear the boy shout and remonstrate in that thick and musty darkness, and braced himself to maintain the door, grinning as an Indian grins. But Bruno was silent for the space of a dozen breaths, when his laugh made jollity in the tight hole; and directly his accordion began, though its scope was smothered and pent.

A calf careered past, followed by a buckboard whose occupants stared suspiciously at François. A cow followed trotting, and shaking her head because of grievances, and last came a little old man, sweating into the red kerchief which bound his forehead, and he did not pass by, but stood still listening to Bruno's muffled music.

François was an ugly Algonquin to look at. From his arm-pits he towered above Petit-Père, as that small father took hold of the latch and struggled with him.

"What matter?" remonstrated François, thinking it might be the owner of the cave who attacked him. "Got nothing but boy in there. Boy not do any harm."

"It is my Narcisse!"

"No," said François, "this another boy. Man hire me to catch this boy."

"Give him up to me," said Petit-Père, ceasing to wrench at the latch, and opening his wallet of French dainties. "I will give you all of this black pudding if you will let my son out."

"No," grinned François.

"Father," said the muffled voice of Bruno within, where he listened with silenced accordion. "I have some Indian pipes for you."

"Hear my pretty dear!"

Petit-Père pressed his face to the door and called,

"Narcisse, art thou hurt?"

"No, father, I came in to keep the pipes from the sun."

"Will you come out?"

"When I have finished my tune," said Bruno.

"Will he let thee out?"

Without troubling himself about that, Bruno burst into a shout of singing, and his accordion throbbed on.

The French grandfather, during this performance, negotiated. He pleaded with the grinning Algonquin, offering in turn every item of clothing on his person for the ransom of this son. He offered the undugged potatoes on the slanting hill at home, and his son Elzear's cherished pigs. So winningly did he beg, and so loud did Bruno carelessly roar in the cave, that François thought it advisable to yield before the sun had tilted as much as he wished it to tilt; and Bruno came out with the Indian pipes sticking in sand. His two sisters were among the objects erased from his mind. The tenderness which he had felt for them now set toward this stranger who persistently adopted him; and, half ashamed, he made his offering to the delighted creature.

"O Narcisse, my boy!" cried Petit-Père, "you then thought of me even while your face was turned from me! But will you come home? The Algonquins and Hurons, what can they teach my children? This Indian hath been hired to lead thee off again to the woods. Was I not a good father? Did I ever say to any of you, 'The house is crowded, and the ground will yield only potatoes and peas enough for me and Elzear and Ursule?' No. Some fathers do so, but I never could."

"But you did," asserted Bruno, struggling with his memory.

"No, Narcisse; no, Narcisse!"

The boy regarded the weeping old countenance with a wistful softening and relaxing of all his own facial muscles.

"It is nothing, father," he soothed. "Be content, be content."

"I am desolated of my children!"

"Be content, father. I will go home with thee. I will go home with thee as soon as I have run my slide."

"Wilt thou, then, — wilt thou?"

"Come on with us, father, and see me go down my slide."

Petit-Père, holding the bark tray of Indian pipes in his hands, sparkled through his tears.

"No slide to run," muttered François.

The Algonquin hung back with unhurried steps, but the two others walked on chattering, ahead of him.

As they approached the Montmorenci, he examined the road beyond it with anxious eyes. Monsieur Lavoie did not appear.

Keeping uneasy watch over Bruno, he induced the old man and the young one to sit down. The roar of the falls and war of water along the descending bed visibly affected Bruno. He turned his ear to the sound; his eye brightly measured its sweep.

The Montmorenci, though scarcely fifty feet wide, whirls through a crooked gorge and down an inclined plane—a torrent before it takes its plunge of two hundred and fifty feet from the face of the precipice. A clear brown stream, ready to sparkle—anxious, every atom, to contribute to that eternal spectacle in which water seems spiritualized and glorified.

The sun was so pleasant that Bruno stretched himself on the grass, his accordion dropping from relaxed fingers and lying where ants could travel over it. The watchful Algonquin saw Petit-Père nod over his Indian pipes. A number of empty cabs stood before the toll-house waiting for tourists who had gone down to see the falls.

When Monsieur Lavoie left Quebec with his daughter and Marcelline Charland, he rode in the largest of his vehicles—a roomy landau, which could be opened. But while they threaded narrow descending streets—better fitted to two-wheelers or horseback riders—it came into his mind that another vehicle and another assistant might be necessary for the comfortable taking of a boy more or less unsettled in wits.

“Turn away from here and go back to Buade street,” he said to his coachman. “There is something more to be done.”

But a flock of sheep were ahead, trotting on stones, their fleeces packed from wall to wall. A brutal drayman drove into the flock and over a lamb. Aurèle screamed.

“It would give me delight to take the carriage-whip to that fellow,” said the poet, hotly.

“Papa, I am so glad you could see him.”

“But every privilege has its reverse side,” said her father. “Two or three days ago I could not have been so outraged through my eyes.”

While drayman and shepherd threatened and shouted at each other, the sheep with their dust passed an outlet through which the landau could turn up the ascent to a street frequented by cabmen. Then the poet engaged a sturdy French driver to follow with his empty cab to the falls.

François went to the door of the toll-house to ask what time it was, and heard with relief that it was quite two o'clock. Just as he turned away he saw Monsieur Lavoie's carriages coming toward the bridge, but he also saw the aged Frenchman standing up alone, with lifted arms, shouting.

The coming party halted; they had seen Bruno Charland run over the road and leap up a bank.

Perhaps the boy, dozing, was stirred by his repeated dream. At any rate, François saw it was a fatal mistake to have left him an instant. He was already around the gorge of the Montmorenci and probably launching his wind-fallen timber for a slide.

The resources of an Indian—bold, agile, and intensely muscular when he chooses to exert his strength—were put to instant test. François did all that any man could have done.

The poet leaped from his seat and ran to help, but all was done before he reached the spot.

Bruno came down the foaming gorge,—not floating as he had fancied he would float, shouting “Roule ma bou-le,” bowing under the bridge, and pausing an instant to view a world at his feet before taking that sublime plunge;—he was coming down the descending rock-bed turned over and over, spun in a whirlpool, and shot like an arrow down the flume, already a helpless and lifeless object. The three logs he had fastened together for this voyage darted ahead of him toward the falls, struck against rock and turned obliquely in their course, giving François the only instant's advantage he could have. François, holding with an Indian's grip to a rough point which he had tried to loosen and knew to be safe, leaned out with stretched arm and caught the tumbling figure as it came to that acute angle made by logs and bank. He teetered in his struggle. The screams in Monsieur Lavoie's carriage, the roar of the falls, the boiling of water up the gorge,—all buzzed in his ears like bees. He thought Bruno had him, and they should go over the falls together. But he had Bruno, and, not knowing how he did so, drew the boy out of that rushing force and dragged him up the bank. Before he had done this the logs shot on and went over like passing blots in the descending sheen of satin, shivering to splinters on the rocks below, but hiding their fragments in everlasting mist.

Bruno's accordion was left sprawling in the grass, where one of the toll-man's children afterward found it beside the Indian pipes Petit-Père dropped when he jumped up to restrain the boy. Some of them were trampled to a smear; others looked shattered like porcelain.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE BELLS OF STE. ANNE.

THE cabmen at the toll-house came running to help Monsieur Lavoie and the Indian.

Aurèle resolutely held Marcelline against her own person, covering the child's face. Marcelline stood

still, trembling and crying in her silent way; she made no louder outcry when the poet was obliged to tell her that Bruno was lifeless, but still rained tears and shook under Aurèle's arms.

"Put him in my carriage," said Monsieur Lavoie as the bearers brought forward their load.

He got in himself and turned the cushions so Bruno could lie lengthwise of the vehicle.

"Yes, put him in a wagon," repeated the child's grandfather, following. "For he is wetter than his little father ever got, hunting him down, the rogue."

The poet placed his daughter and Marcelline in the cab he had brought with him from Quebec. He stood beside it in the irresolution which stupefies people after a shock.

"Where shall we go?" he inquired.

"Shall we not take him home with us, Papa," whispered Aurèle.

"My Aurèle, it is this little girl I ask. She should determine."

"I don't know," wept Marcelline. "Monsieur, he ought to go to Alvine. Alvine would know what to do."

"She is somewhere along the Beaupré road?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Very well. We will then move toward Beaupré. I do not myself know what to do — since nothing can be done."

It was Petit-Père at his elbow reaching after the young lady and her crying companion in the cab.

"Two more besides Olivier and Narcisse!" said Petit-Père, his hands quivering with eagerness. "Four of my children have I now together."

"Who is he, Papa?" inquired Aurèle in English.

"I don't know," Monsieur Lavoie replied in the same language.

"But Flavie is crying," lamented the grandfather,—"my little Flavie that was scalded and never grew well after it."

Marcelline sobbed at him over Aurèle's handkerchief, "Monsieur, I was burned."

"Little Flavie," urged Petit-Père, pushing between the wheels and using gestures and winning grimaces to fortify what he said, "the boy is well drenched, but listen to me. This is an old trick of his. He has been to see the world. He is very clever and can run slides through rapids for the amusement of it. He has told me all these things, so do not cry. For we will dry him and give him a dose of my daughter Ursule's medicine, and tomorrow he will be as well as ever."

The three gazed at this animated aged face, so jubilant over calamity. Afternoon sunshine glittered on the waiting carriages. Monsieur Lavoie's coachman, having covered Bruno with a robe,

sat immovable on his box. Tourists and people at the toll-house were making inquiries of the Algonquin.

"What is your name, father?" kindly inquired the poet, feeling comforted by the innocent presence.

"What is thy name, Olivier!" he responded in sweet derision. "Oh, you rogues. You went away with red faces, and you came back with faces red. My Olivier, and my Marie, and my Flavie."

"Do you know him at all?" murmured Aurèle to Marcelline.

"No, mademoiselle. I never saw him before. And he claims even my brother."

"Let us now go home," said the grandfather — an aged cherub in red kerchief and gray tasseled cap — to the poet, whose fire-shorn face, changed to a caricature of itself by peeling cuticle and lashed eyelids, yet responded with the complete sympathy of a poet.

"How far is it home, little father?"

"All of two leagues, Olivier, my son. I have the ache of two leagues in my limbs, for I followed Narcisse all the way."

"Is my sister there?" demanded Marcelline.

"Yes, yes, yes. Flavie. She hath been home a week."

"It must be Alvine, mademoiselle. How does she look, monsieur?"

"Do ye all forget each other?"

"Monsieur, is it a girl taller than I am?"

"Much taller, my Flavie. Thou art the only one that was scalded and checked in growing."

Bare places were left on the seats of the landau at each side of the cushions. The poet helped Petit-Père to one of these, and sat down facing him. François came to the carriage-step and received his pay.

"This has been an unfortunate appointment, François," said Monsieur Lavoie.

"Yes, monsieur. He bound to run that slide."

"I think you did all you could. If any one is to blame, it is myself."

"Ought to tied boy," said François. "Bad job."

"Do you say he intended to run these falls before you brought him here?"

"Yes, monsieur. Had him raft made ready. Bound to make his slide some time."

"I wish I had held to Beauport church and not changed the place to Montmorenci bridge."

"That boy like the wind," pronounced François, in some excitement. "Wish I kept him in hole. But old French father came begged him off."

"Do you know him, François?"

The Algonquin glanced at Petit-Père sitting contentedly in a corner of the back seat of the



"FRANÇOIS LEANED OUT WITH STRETCHED ARM AND CAUGHT THE TUMBLING FIGURE."

carriage, as inattentive to their talk as a sleepy infant would have been.

"No, monsieur. He from up Beupré road hunting him stray family."

"Very well, François."

The Algonquin turned to his own course, and this procession of two vehicles began to wind the curves of the Beupré road. It was a familiar way to the poet. He had seen the far blue mountains in many moods. But this drive which he began in great sadness seemed afterward the most beautiful one of all. People in calèches and cabs, on buckboards and hay-carts, passed, all with inquir-

ing glances at the carriage turned into a litter. But the burden it carried lost all tragedy to the mind of the poet, as they proceeded on their way. Petit-Père, worn out with his long tramp, put his arm across the boy and fell asleep; both of them blameless children, one bound a little deeper in slumber than the other, but cared for quite as well. All this seemed a natural—even a wholesome—sequence to Bruno's beginnings in the world. A robin dropped one instant to stand on his covered shoulder, turning its serious head before it flew, as if trying to remember when robins had alighted on sleeping children before. Pain had probably

spared Bruno — companion of woods and mountains and water in its various forms.

The voice of the Quebec cabman was the only voice heard from either vehicle as the wheels ground softly on and on. Habit made him urge his steady horse with explosive notes, "Haut-tu, Marsdon, Marsdon!"\*

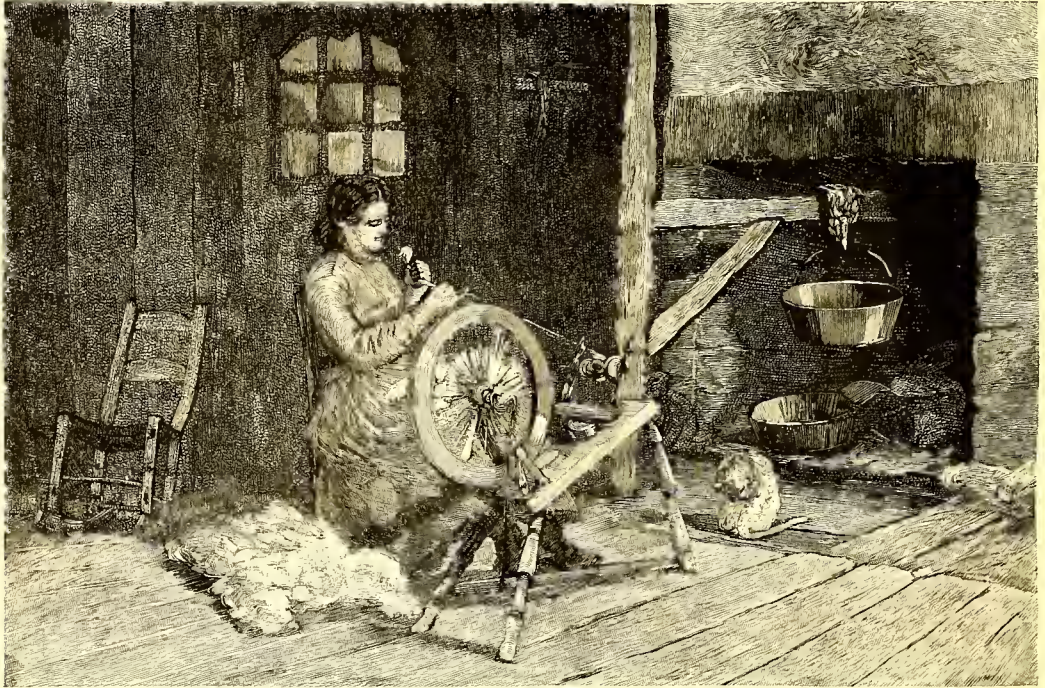
Marcelline, watching for her sister's face at every window and gate, saw none familiar.

Late in the afternoon they passed Pelletier's cottage without knowing it was their destination. The smithy was shut. The blacksmith, in great anxiety at his grandfather's long absence, had taken Gervas and gone to seek him.

As this walking company parted to give the slow carriages the right of way—"There is the little father!" exclaimed Madame Pelletier, recognizing first a gray tassel and then his whole sleeping contour.

"Si,—so!" cried Pelletier. "Monsieur," with his hand to his cap, "has he been hurt—that you have the kindness to bring my grandfather in your carriage?"

Monsieur Lavoie's reply to Pelletier was overcome by younger voices. Marcelline stumbled out of the cab to her sister. Their talk, their stormy sorrow together, and the clamor of sympathy which rose around them—none of these disturb-



IN THE VILLAGE OF BEAUPRÉ.

Petit-Père had settled down against the cushions, absorbed in rest.

Thus they drew nearer and nearer to the village of Beaupré itself. They could see the populous center, the church towers, and two fresh pilgrim-boats side by side making ready to pour their loads out on the dock.

People were also coming from Beaupré in such numbers as to fill the road: Mother Ursule and her husband Pelletier, who had gone quite to Ste. Anne in his vain search; Gervas behind, his head crowding against one of the twelve Pelletier children from Quebec; and Alvine, wearing like the others a pilgrimage medal pinned to her dress.

ances waked Petit-Père. He slept through the first shock which began for these two girls the common lesson of sorrow. He slept while the Pelletier children from Quebec, his relatives whom he had never seen, stood on each side of the landau, open-mouthed, dark-eyed, starred with pilgrim medals, a stupid young troop; excepting Hermenegilde the eldest, who checked their whispers and kept the imps from climbing the carriage steps. He slept while his son Elzear and his daughter Ursule made low-spoken arrangements with the poet. He slept while Hermenegilde led her flock ahead, and the carriages were turned back toward Pelletier's house.

\* Perhaps a corruption of "Marchons."



By that time the dock was black with landing pilgrims. Up the long causeway from the river they started, singing, banners nodding at intervals along the line.

Now the bells of Ste. Anne burst out in welcome and response.

Petit-Père sat up in his seat. He was wide-awake, tingling with excess of consciousness, like a child when its night sleep ends. He saw the Pelletier children of Quebec walking ahead, the others on each side and behind him. A smile, so broad that it became a grin of delight, expanded his visage. Yet, with caution the forefinger of his right hand counted the fingers of his left three times and two fingers more, his eyes tallying the person each finger represented.

"Let me out!" said Petit-Père, combing his scarf to a streamer on the top step in reckless haste, and unconscious that Monsieur Lavoie pushed him from the moving wheels.

His children were all together, marching home! Two of them were crying; but our children must fret sometimes. Sorrow and joy run so close together. His watchings, and his winter-tears—they were done with.

"Cling, clang, boom! Cling, boom, boom! Cling, clang!" rejoiced the bells of Ste. Anne.

"Now I have all my children again!" cried the French grandfather, taking off his cap and shaking it as he walked backward like a drum-major at the head of the troop, his eyes wild with joy. "Ring, bells, ring! They have all come back! I have them all gathered together once more!"

"Cling, clang! Boom, boom! Cling, boom! Cling, clang!" rejoiced the bells of Ste. Anne.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### "THEY ARE WELL."

THE body of Bruno Charland was placed in the sloping cemetery of Ste. Anne's old chapel, not far from the grotto where pilgrims kneel and say prayers. The poet Lavoie marked his bed with a marble cross, small and slender, yet conspicuous among the black wooden and slate crosses which have leaned there from the east wind a quarter of a century. There was one French boy less among the swarming surplus who leave old hives and crowded garden-sized farms along the rivers.

His father wept over him in the Chaudière valley when the tardy news came to his knowledge, in a letter tenderly written by Aurèle Lavoie for Alvine and Marcelline. But he had been obliged to send the boy out as Abraham sent Ishmael, the customs of his people and the scantiness of his stony farm operating like a decree from which there is no appeal. Jules remained to comfort his old age.

And his other children, from whom he heard at long intervals, were moderately prospering in northern Illinois and western Ontario, in Michigan and Maine and Quebec.

That traveled Frenchman called the "Wanderer" was the influence that directed Bruno's unpaid lumber wages to the hands of his sisters; and they devoted every penny to religious purposes for Bruno's sake.

Alvine and Marcelline, living the contented and unambitious lives of their people, see each other every day: two dusky, growing, French girls chattering rapidly in that language, and having always much to say of Mademoiselle Aurèle. For Marcelline lives in the family of the poet Lavoie, a fixture like Philoménie, sometimes assistant nurse, sometimes assistant maid, and at all times an affectionate and willingly helpful inmate of the lavish house.

In July of each year, these girls will go to Beau-pré, leaving by the pilgrim-boat which departs from Quebec dock at six every morning during the season, and returning by the Beau-pré road.

Perhaps—and perhaps not—they may find Petit-Père sitting in the long gallery behind the geranium pots of his daughter Ursule. He does not wander on the hills any more, nor trouble himself with any care. If it is a bright day he basks, and if there is a rainy drizzle, sheltered by his Norman eaves he can hear the birds sing in the rain. The salt breath of the river comes to him, and the bells of Ste. Anne send their sound waves from the east. He can watch laborers at work on the new railroad which is being built out of the marsh land below Beau-pré road, to bring tourists by the thousand in a brief rush from Quebec.

"My daughter Ursule," he says every fine morning, "I will go au fort—the great fort, Quebec—to see my children to-morrow." But he has never in his life been to Quebec.

"That will be a long journey for thee, my Petit-Père," says Mother Ursule, while she knits.

"And, therefore, I will rest to-day. Since Olivier keeps an eye over the young ones, and my roving Narcisse stays with him off the hills, I am not desolated to know where they are. It is not, after all, possible to keep our children always around our knees."

"No, no, no," says his daughter.

"My children came home," muses the grandfather, shining with satisfaction. "But they would go again. They need me no longer to knit for them. They are well. I have rest now from seeking them. But to-morrow I must go to Quebec to see my children," repeats Petit-Père, white hairs slipping from his red kerchief as he turns his head to gaze at one of the fairest landscapes in the world.

# REDBREAST'S RIDE:

BY

ESTHER B. TIFFANY

S

AID Mr. Redbreast to his love,  
"Do come and take a ride!  
I have the prettiest little nag  
In all the country-side.

"I'll sit in front and hold the whip,  
And you shall sit behind."  
"Perrup peree," Miss Robin said,  
Which means, "You're very kind."

"Good-bye, Mamma! good-bye, Papa!  
If I'm not back to tea,  
Don't be alarmed, I'll be quite safe  
In Redbreast's care," said she.

And so in gallant Redbreast's care  
To Farmer White's she flew,  
Where on the stable-roof there pranced  
A charger full in view.

Then Redbreast took his seat in front,  
Miss Robin perched behind,  
"Perrup peree," Miss Robin said,  
"I'm sure you're very kind."

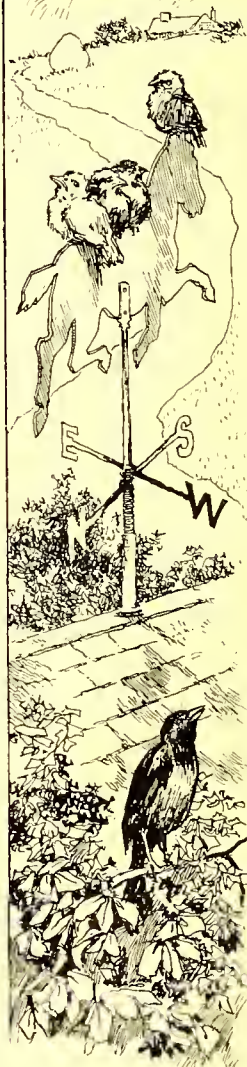
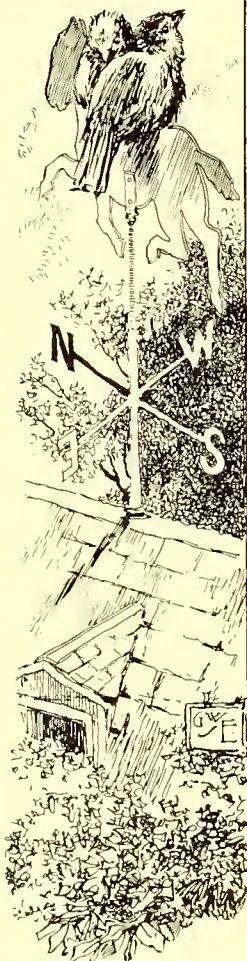
The swallows skimmed about their heads,  
The oriole and jay  
Sailed singing round the happy pair,  
"How fast we go!" said they.

"A last spring's nest," fond Redbreast trilled,  
"I've taken for this year.  
The slight repairing that it needs  
Won't make the rent too dear.

"A shaving here, some horse-hair there,  
And now and then a twig,  
Together with a little mud,  
Will make it neat and trig.

"It's half-way up a cedar-tree;  
No pussy lives near by.  
A cherry-orchard's close at hand.  
Can you make cherry-pie?"

"And, best of all, this pretty nag  
Is just across the way.  
I need a little housekeeper.  
Miss Robin — don't say nay!"



You should have seen bold Redbreast then, and how he cocked his head,  
And how his manly bosom swelled beneath his waistcoat red.

You should have heard Miss Robin then. "Peree perrup," said she,  
"Peree perro," which means, "With joy I'll share your cedar-tree!"

But when some sunny weeks were past, you would have seen, indeed,  
Four chubby little robins perched upon the prancing steed.

Near by were Redbreast Ma and Pa,—Mamma with anxious mind.  
"Cling tight, my little dears," she warned, "and don't fall off behind.

"I've always heard from Dr. Wren, and he is wondrous wise,  
There's nothing better for the young than horseback exercise."

Piped up the little Robins then, upon the prancing steed,  
"We quite agree with Dr. Wren, he's very wise indeed!"



# A Lost Opportunity

by

Tudor  
Jenks



MY BIOGRAPHER, if I should ever have any, would say in his first chapter: "From boyhood he evinced an aptitude for the Natural Sciences. He was seldom without a magnifying-glass in his pocket, and put it to most excellent use in familiarizing himself with those exquisite details of Mother Nature's handiwork which are sure to escape the mere casual observer." And in a later part of the same future rival to "Boswell's Johnson" will probably be seen these words: "In later life we see the traits of his boyhood deepened and broadened. The magnifying-glass of his school-boy days has become the large and costly binocular microscope surrounded by all the apparatus which the cunning workers in metals know so well how to produce in limitless profusion for the ruin of the scientific amateur."

If such statements should be made, they will be based upon facts.

There are, however, other facts which no biographer will dare to tell, and which, therefore, I must write for myself. The following experience is one of them. Whether to my credit or to my discredit, I shall tell the plain story and leave it, with all its improbability, to your fair judgment.

Already knowing my taste for the use of the microscope, you can understand the following letter without further introduction:

"AMAGANSETT, L. I., Aug. 5.

"DEAR PHILIP: I suppose the thermometers in the city are the only scientific instruments now studied with

any interest. Being cool enough here to be reasonably unselfish, I am willing to divert your mind from the thermometer to the microscope.

"I inclose what seems to my prosaic mind a pebble. It was picked up on the beach and playfully thrown by me at our 'Professor.' He, of course accidentally, caught it. After an examination, he declared that it differed from anything he had ever seen: that it was neither animal, vegetable, nor mineral. In short, he knows that he does n't know what it is, and therefore says (speaking in true scientific vein) — 'Although of indeterminate nature, certain fusiform bosses, in conjunction with a general spheroidal tendency, seem strong *a priori* indications of aërolitic flight through our own atmosphere, or other gaseous medium of similar density'! I make no comments. So bring out your microscope and let us know what it is. If you should come and join us you would find little but sand and salt-water; but then there is plenty of each. Sincerely yours,

CARROLL MATHERS."

He inclosed a small rounded object wrapped in tissue-paper. It was light blue in color and a trifle smaller than a hazel-nut. The surface seemed, as the Professor hinted, to have been somewhat melted. It certainly had claims to be considered a curiosity.

That evening, after dinner, I took out my microscope, and after carefully cleaning the pebble, I examined the surface under a strong condenser, but thereby simply magnified the irregularities. "I shall have to cut it in two," I said to myself. It was very hard, and I succeeded only after some effort. I cut it through a little away from the center, and so divided it almost into halves. Ex-

aming the flat surfaces, I found a small dark spot in the center of one of them.

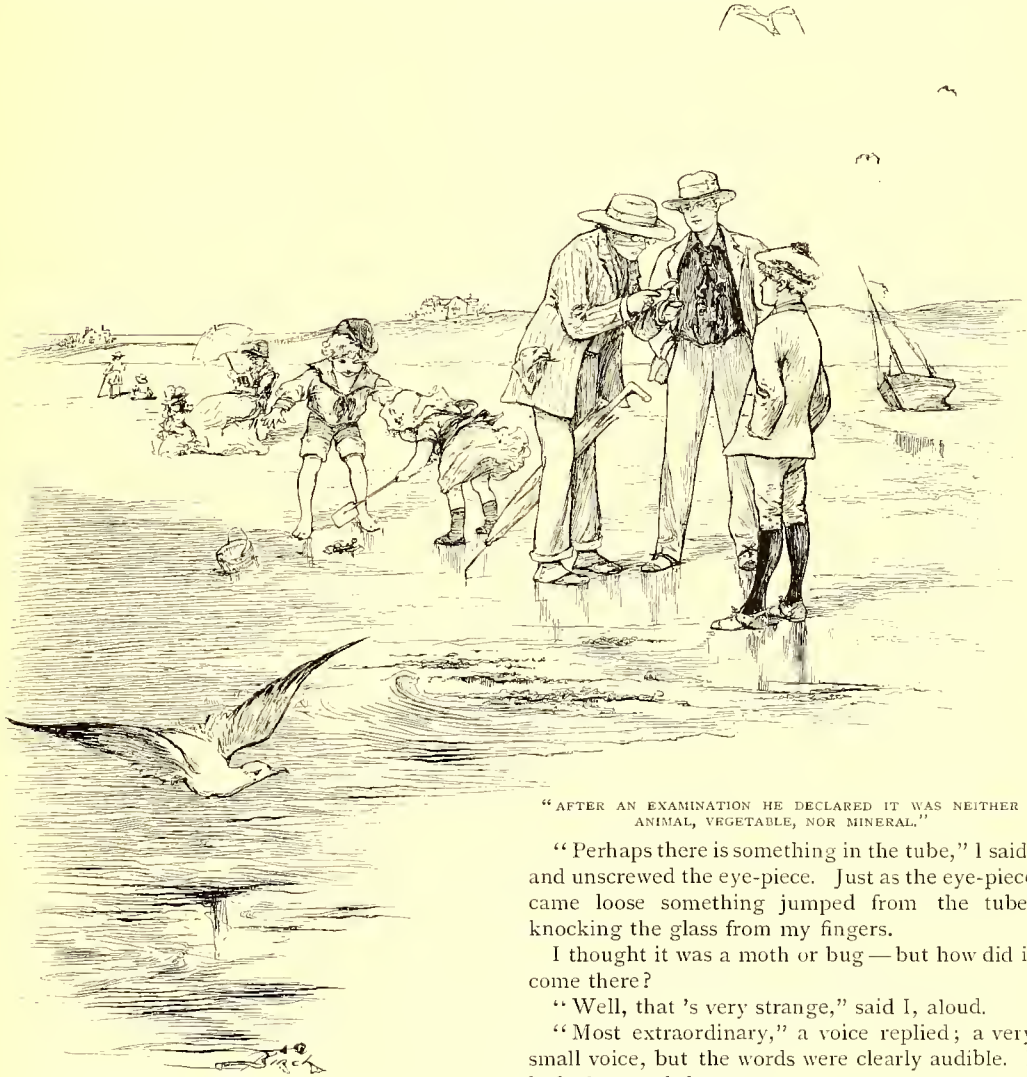
"I thought so!" I exclaimed triumphantly; "I will now cut off a section and shall undoubtedly find a petrified insect — perhaps of an extinct species!"

I sawed away the rounded side and, when I could see that the dark spot was nearer the surface, polished the section down with oil and emery-paper until I had obtained a thin disk with a dark spot in the middle.

itself and seemed about to assume the appearance of an insect — when, just at the point where I had expected it to be plainly visible, it suddenly disappeared, leaving a hole in the disk through which the light streamed! I was perplexed and gazed stupidly. The light seemed suddenly to flicker and then was shut off altogether.

I inspected the instrument carefully, but all seemed to be in perfect order.

I picked up the disk. There certainly was a hole through it.



"AFTER AN EXAMINATION HE DECLARED IT WAS NEITHER ANIMAL, VEGETABLE, NOR MINERAL."

"Perhaps there is something in the tube," I said, and unscrewed the eye-piece. Just as the eye-piece came loose something jumped from the tube, knocking the glass from my fingers.

I thought it was a moth or bug — but how did it come there?

"Well, that 's very strange," said I, aloud.

"Most extraordinary," a voice replied; a very small voice, but the words were clearly audible. I looked around the room.

"Don't trouble yourself to search. I am not afraid. I'm right here on the table!"

I faced the table again and discovered that what I

It was now ready for the microscope. The focus was carefully found by slowly turning the fine-adjustment screw. The spot gradually defined

had supposed to be a bug was, apparently, a man; and a very commonplace, quiet, and gentlemanly man, not at all remarkable, except for the fact that he was only about three inches tall. When I saw him he was straightening out his odd little hat, which had in some way become slightly crushed.

This seemed to mollify him, for he replied, with a smile, "It is a strange sensation to hear one's self styled a *lusus naturæ*, but I can not in justice complain, as I was about to apply the same term to yourself; and you certainly are colossally enormous — prodigious! I trust, however, that I have controlled my curiosity, and have accorded you such treatment as is due a gentleman — even on the very largest scale!"

He paused and gazed upon me with undisguised amazement.

"How did you get here?" I asked, after a moment's silence.

"I should be delighted to know," he answered, with evident sincerity. "It may be I can tell you, when you are good enough to begin by letting me know where I am."

"Nothing easier," I said. "This is my room."

"A valuable piece of information," he said, with some sarcasm, "and the apartment appears to be comfortable and rather well arranged — with exceptions. I see you cling to antiquated styles."

"Indeed! I was not aware of it."

"Why," he said, seeing I did not understand, "you light the room with coal-gas, as the ancients did. You still use the mechanical clock instead of the vocable chronophotometer; your furniture is, I see, of wood, instead of coherent alcyite, while — but I do not object to the effect — it is delightfully archaic in tone!"

"I really don't follow you," I replied, somewhat piqued, "but you might remember that, archaic or not, this room is my own, and your criticism upon it is as gratuitous as your presence in it!"

I admit that this was not precisely courteous, but his manner was very supercilious and provoked me.

"Why did you bring me here? I am sure I did not request it," he angrily retorted.

"My atomic friend," I said, impressively, "who or what you are, I neither know nor care. But kindly bear in mind this fact: I did *not* bring you here. I don't ask you to stay here, — whenever you wish to go, I can bear your departure without a pang. Nevertheless, so long as you remain I shall expect you to behave in a gentlemanly man-



My eyes at times deceive me somewhat, as my microscope work has made them sensitive. So I stooped to take a closer view of my visitor.

He appeared to be startled, and cried:

"Keep off! Do you mean to eat me? Beware! Giant though you be, I can defend myself!"

"Eat you!" I answered, laughing. "I am not a cannibal, even on a *very* small scale! And I have just dined. It was but curiosity. What in the world are you?"

"Curiosity, indeed!" he replied. "What in the world are *you*?" and he mimicked my tone to perfection.

I saw that he stood upon his dignity, and thought it best to humor him.

"You must pardon me," I began. "if my surprise on seeing a gentleman of your small presence caused me for the moment to forget the respect due to a stranger. But you yourself will not deny that the sight of such a mere atomy — a *lusus naturæ*, if I may be allowed the expression — would tend to excite curiosity rather than to remind one of the demands of courtesy."

ner!" Here I thumped upon the table, and he fell over. He recovered nimbly and, drawing himself up to his full three inches, replied with the greatest dignity:

"My colossal acquaintance, there is one fact you must kindly bear in *your* mind: Who or what you are is of little or no importance to me. How I came here, I know no more than yourself. Suffice it to say, I did n't come of my own accord; and, from my experience so far,"—here he paused and glanced scornfully about him,—“I have no desire to prolong my stay. But while I *do* stay I shall insist upon all proper courtesies and all due respect!"

His dignity was so absurdly out of keeping with his size that I could not refrain from a burst of laughter, and I became better-natured at once.

"Well," I replied, when I had recovered my composure, "now that we have come to an understanding, tell me quietly, in a friendly way, as one gentleman to another, something about yourself. If you will allow me the question, where do you live? Were you born a dwarf, or——"

"Born a dwarf!" he broke in angrily, "born a dwarf! You great, coarse, overgrown giant—what do you mean, sir?"

"What do I mean?" It was too absurd. "You ridiculous diamond-edition of humanity, what do you suppose I mean? I have always heard that dwarfs were sensitive; but, really, when one is only about half the size of a respectable jack-knife——"

"And I," he broke in again, "have always heard that giants were invariably thick-witted and rude; but I *did* suppose that any human being, even if he were as tall as the tallest trees and had a voice like a clap of thunder (which is far from agreeable to your hearers, by the way), might be sensible enough to——"

"So you think," said I, interrupting him, "that I am as large as the tallest trees?"

"Certainly," he said, with perfect seriousness.

I thought it worth while to convince him of his error, and therefore invited him to step to the window, against which the table stood. He did so, and, upon looking out, threw up his arms in sheer amazement.

"It is a land of giants!" he said, slowly and in an awe-struck tone.

"Ah!" I remarked quietly, pleased with my little object-lesson, "you now see how much smaller you are than ordinary men."

"Ordinary men," he repeated very slowly and with an absent expression. "What then can he think me?"

He stood in silence, with his hands clasped behind him, and appeared to be deep in thought.

When he spoke again it was with an entire change of manner.

"Am I to understand you, sir, that all the men, women, and children known to you are proportionately as large as yourself, and that everything is on the same gigantic scale?"

"It is exactly so," I replied seriously.

"And may I ask you to believe that I have never seen anything or anybody except upon the smaller scale which you can see exemplified in me? Did you never see any one of my size before, nor hear of us?"

"Never! except in fairy stories," I said frankly, for now he seemed to be really a very sensible little man.

"This is not a question of fairy tales, nor of joking!" he said, with great solemnity. "We are in the very midst of some great mystery. I must belong to a different race of beings—for I never heard, read, or dreamed of such enormous people. Where I live, all are like myself!"

This seemed incredible, but finally I asked, "And where do you live?"

"I live," he answered, "in the twenty-first range of precinct forty, Telmer Municipal, Waver, Forolaria; and by profession I am an Official Arranger."

"You are very exact," I said, with mock admiration.

"And where do you live?" he inquired.

"This is my home," I said; "the Alfresco, Madison street, New York City."

"Thank you," said he, with sarcastic gratitude. "I am as wise as before!"

"You know as much of my residence as I of yours!" I answered sharply.

"You can not be ignorant of Telmer?" he asked, raising his eyebrows in surprise at my ignorance.

"You surely know New York City?" I rejoined, in the same manner. "The largest city in the United States!"

"United States," he repeated, "and what are those—who united them?"

"Perhaps a history would give you the clearest information," I suggested.

"I think it might, if I had the time," he replied soberly, as he drew from his pocket what I supposed to be a watch; but it was too small to be clearly distinguishable. He pressed it in his hand, and I heard a sound or voice clearly enunciating: "Thirty-four degrees after the eighteenth." Before I could say a word he resumed, "It is too late to-night; perhaps you will save my time by telling me the substance of it?"

"Flattered, I'm sure." I felt as if I was again in school; but after a moment's reflection I cleared my throat and began:

"The Kingdom of England——"

"The what?" he asked, with a puzzled look.

"The Kingdom of England—where the English live——"

"What are the English?"

"Oh, come," said I, laughing, "you are talking English! We are both talking English!"

"Well, well," he said; "I was thinking a while ago how it could be that you were able to speak good Forolarian," and he burst out laughing. Then suddenly ceasing he went on, "But if we begin on the mysteries we shall never get to the invited states. Pray go on."

"These English, you see, colonized a portion of America——"

"A portion of America—that is the name of a place?"

"Oh, what is the use!" I broke off angrily. "If I define every word I use, I shall never reach a conclusion. If you would like to pursue the subject further, my library is at your service."

"Thank you," he replied, with dignity; "perhaps I could glean some information from *that* source." I made no reply.

Presently, seeing that he wandered about the table in rather an aimless way, I asked, "Can I be of service?"

"If you could suggest some method of reaching the floor——"

I offered him the ruler. He seated himself cautiously upon it, and I lowered him gently to the floor.

"Quite a walk to the book-case!" was his next observation. I had n't thought of it, but proffered my services once more.

"A matter of indifference to me, sir," he replied, with a mite of a bow.

"Equally one to me," I replied, with a bow in return. I was resolved that he should do some thinking for himself.

"Let us say the lowest, then"; and he glanced at the upper shelves, perhaps calculating the possible result of a misstep.

I left him on the lowest shelf, returning to the table to put away the microscope. A slight cough drew my attention to the book-case.

"I admire the bindings," said the little fellow, as he paced to and fro along the shelf.

"I am gratified by your approval," was my indifferent reply.

"Particularly this one," he went on. "Let me see," he leaned far backward, and with much difficulty read the title: "'The Works of Shakespeare.'" I should like to read them."

"Very well," I answered politely.

"Much obliged," said he fiercely. "Please lend me an electric derrick!"

"Pardon my stupidity—let me take it down for you." I stepped to the book-case, laid the book upon the floor, and returned to my work. A silence then ensued, which lasted so long that I looked up to see how he was progressing.

He was sitting on the shelf with his tiny legs hanging despairingly over a gulf of some six inches between himself and the floor. He was afraid to jump and ashamed to ask help. Catching my eye, he laughed and said:

"I am rather out of training just now, and not fond of jumping!"

"Say no more!" I lifted him to the floor, and



"I LOWERED HIM GENTLY TO THE FLOOR."

"Which shelf would you prefer?" I asked, as respectfully as possible, for certainly it was not an ordinary question.

turned away; but only to be recalled by a faint ejaculation. His mishaps were truly ingenious. He was caught beneath the cover of the book.



"My foot slipped," he explained with some confusion; "but if it had n't, I believe I could have opened the book all by myself!"

"I will not leave you, now, until everything is in proper order," I replied; for it occurred to me that to have any accident happen to him might be a very perplexing thing. Opening the book, I picked him up gingerly between my fingers, first asking pardon for the liberty, and deposited him softly upon the first page of "The Tempest."

"Are you all right now?" I inquired, to make sure.

"I believe so," said he, as he began to read—running to and fro upon the page. However, I sat down near by and watched him, fearing some new difficulty. He read with much interest, and seemed to enjoy it thoroughly, except when he came to the turning of a page. That was a nuisance indeed, as he had to turn up one edge, crawl over it, and then lift the page over.

"Have n't you a smaller edition of this fellow's writings?" he asked, somewhat exhausted by his efforts. "This is like reading sign-boards!"

"No," I replied shortly, "but if it tires you, you can read something else."

"But," said he, with some enthusiasm, "this is really quite good. It's equal to some of Wacoth's earlier and cruder work! It shows a talent that would well repay cultivation!"

"Yes, it *is* very fair," I replied, quietly; "Shakespeare certainly has produced some creditable plays—at least, we think so."

"I should like to have known him," went on my undisturbed visitor. "I think we would have been congenial. Don't you think so?"

I paid no attention to this. What could I say?

"We consider him one of the best writers in the language," I said, finally.

"I would like to hear about them," he said.

I pretended not to understand this hint: but he

waited very patiently and returned my gaze with quiet expectation.

"Now, look here," said I, calmly weighing my words, "I have, at present, other occupations

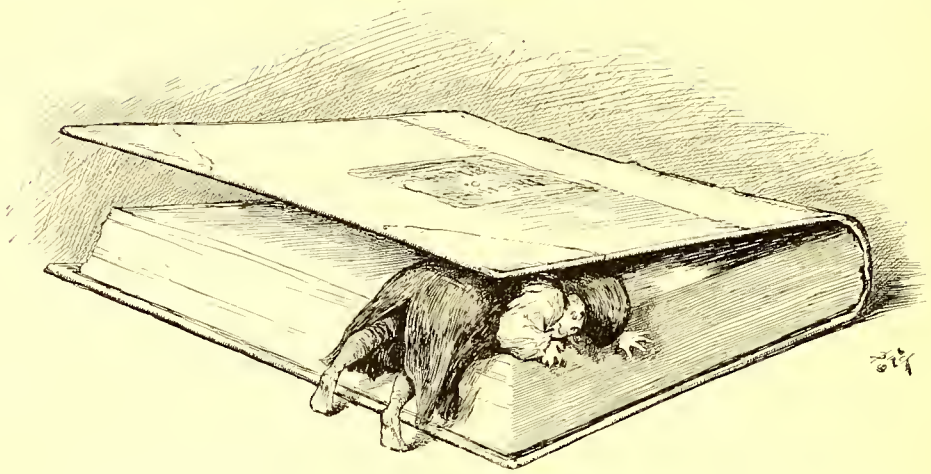


"I ADMIRE THE BINDINGS," SAID THE LITTLE FELLOW, AS HE PACED TO AND FRO ALONG THE SHELF."

which, I regret to say,—this was sarcastic,—“prevent me from undertaking to give you a really thorough course in English literature. I might be more inclined to do so if I had something to begin on. Have you ever heard of Homer?”

"Yes," he answered eagerly, "my father has a cousin of that name—Homer Woggs!"

"I can not believe it is the same man," said I, soberly. He seemed much disappointed. "At all events," I went on, "you can not fail to see the folly of expecting me to explain to you all the events which have taken place since the world



"HE WAS CAUGHT BENEATH THE COVER OF THE BOOK."

began. I finished school some years ago, and have no desire to review the whole curriculum."

I turned resolutely away and left him to his own devices. I worked quietly for a few moments, only to be interrupted by a "Whew!"

"What's the matter now?" I asked, irritably.

"I'm tired of lugging over these pages!"

"Well, don't do it. Sit down. Repose."

"But I'm interested in the play!"

"I could, but I won't," I replied, rudely enough; but I was provoked at his impudence.

"You are very obliging," he said, sneeringly.

I made no reply. After a pause he made a suggestion.

"Although determined not to aid me to an occupation, perhaps you will not object to my sitting by and seeing what you are doing?"

I could not refuse so reasonable a request. I raised him to the table and gave him a paper-weight to sit upon.

He quietly watched me until I began to unscrew the glasses from my microscope, when he said carelessly: "I myself am a microscopic amateur!"

"It is an interesting subject," I replied.

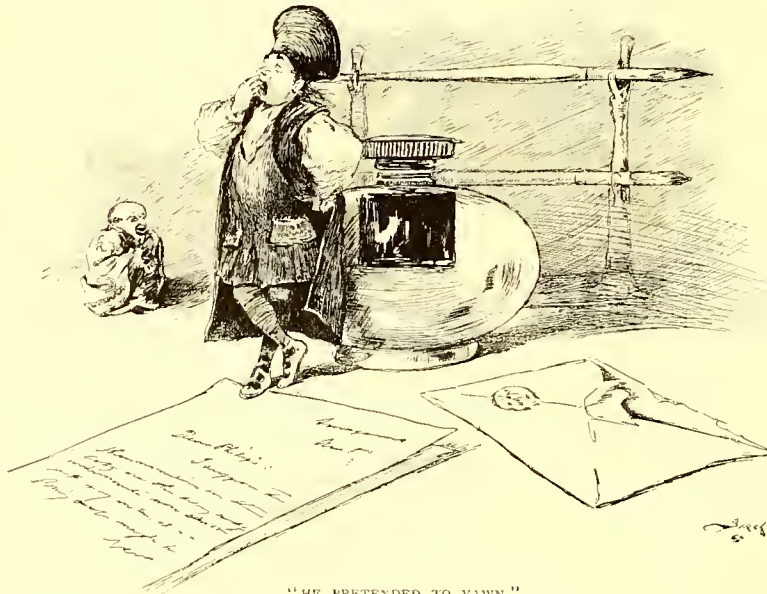
"Yes. My success with the Mincroft glass was remarkable."

"The Mincroft glass,—I do not know it,—what is its nature?" I asked, with some natural curiosity.

"Why, the composite lens invented by Mincroft, which enables one to see the whole of a large object at

once, all parts being equally magnified—but I bore you?" He pretended to yawn.

"On the contrary," I said, eagerly, "it has



"HE PRETENDED TO YAWN."

"I'm not going to turn the pages for you."

"Could n't you read it aloud to me?" he asked, with cool assurance,

been my keenest desire to invent such an instrument. Pray describe it!"

"But it is *so* simple; any schoolboy can explain it to you," he said, with feigned indifference.

"But how can such a marvel be accomplished?" I insisted, carried away by curiosity.

"Do you really mean to say you never heard of it?" he inquired in a drawling tone, designed, I thought, to annoy me.

"Never! And I would give anything to understand it!"

He seemed amused by my eagerness, and, smiling indulgently, continued in the same tone, "Why, that is a trifle—a mere toy compared to the wonderful Angertort Tube. Now, that is what *I* should call an *invention!*"

"What! another discovery of which I have never heard? The Angertort Tube, did you say? When were these inventions made?"

"I believe it was during the third century, before the second great migration, but for exactness I shall have to refer you to the school-books. I never was good at dates. However, it does n't matter; these were but the first-fruits of the revival of science—when chemismication first superseded steam and electricity."

This was too much. "Steam and electricity superseded? They are yet in their infancy with us!"

"Oh," he replied, laughing, "you are far behind the times. We disused both as soon as we learned to control dynamic atomicity."

"You must be ages in advance of us. I beg you to explain some of these marvels to me."

"I have other occupations," said he, roguishly, "and, to my great regret, they will prevent my tutoring you in the A B C's of science. You must think me very obliging!" and he arose, put his hands in his trousers-pockets, and sauntered away across the table, whistling softly to himself.

I lost my temper.

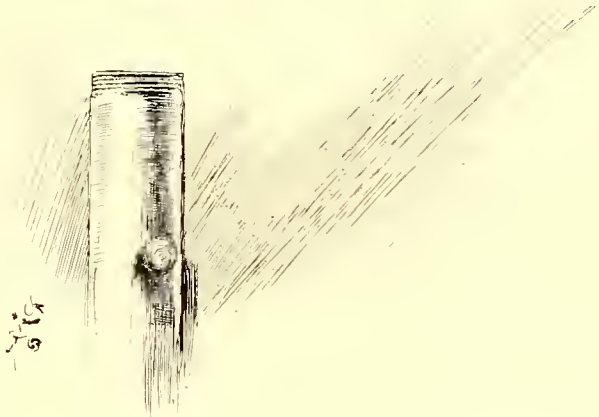
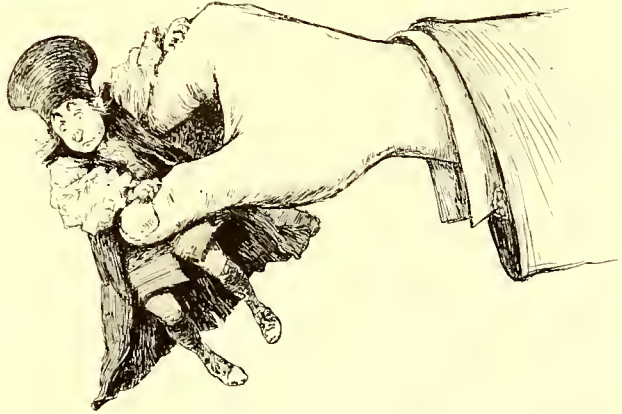
"You cantankerous little midget, you will answer my questions or I'll send you back where you came from!"

He turned sharply upon me and exclaimed:

"You great hulking booby, do you expect me to bore myself by giving lessons in primary science to a cross-grained, disobliging fellow who will not

take the trouble to tell me who excited the states, who Shakespeare is, or to read me even one of his plays? No, sir! YOU KEEP YOUR SECRETS AND I'LL KEEP MINE. As to going back where I came from, I would be glad to rid you of my presence instantly—if only I knew how."

"I'll try it, anyhow!" I cried, so angry that I hardly knew what I said. "You came out of my microscope, and into it you shall go again!" I



caught him up, dropped him into the tube, screwed on the top, and was pleased to see the little black spot reappear in the disk. Opening the window, I threw out the disk and was amazed to see that, instead of falling, it floated away through the motionless air like a piece of thistle-down before a summer breeze. It soon left the area of light coming from my window and was lost to view.

"Aha!" I said, with deep satisfaction. "Now you can go back where you came from!"

I sat down beside my table and, as my anger cooled, began to think it all over. At first I felt great relief to be rid of the little pest, who fretted

me by his pertinacity and piqued my self-esteem by his air of superiority.

But gradually my temper cooled, and as I recovered my sane judgment I began to reflect that ordinary civility to the little manikin might have induced him to tell me enough to have secured me fame and fortune, or even to have made me a

benefactor to my whole race ; and I felt bitter shame that my ill humor and foolish pride had caused me pettishly to throw away an opportunity greater than had ever been granted to any human being. Still, he was so provoking and so altogether irritating that I am inclined to think you yourself would have done very much the same.

## THE LITTLE PINE-TREE.

*From the German.*

BY EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

ONCE a little Pine-tree,  
 In the forest ways,  
 Sadly sighed and murmured,  
 Thro' the summer days.  
 "I am clad in needles—  
 Hateful things!"— he cried;  
 "All the trees about me  
 Laugh in scornful pride.  
 Broad their leaves and fair to see;  
 Worthless needles cover me.  
 "Ah, could I have chosen,  
 Then, instead of these,  
 Shining leaves should crown me,  
 Shaming all the trees.  
 Broad as theirs and brighter,  
 Dazzling to behold;  
 All of gleaming silver—  
 Nay, of burnished gold.  
 Then the rest would weep and sigh;  
 None would be so fine as I."  
 Slept the little Pine-tree  
 When the night came down,  
 While the leaves he wished for  
 Budded on his crown.  
 All the forest wondered,  
 At the dawn, to see  
 What a golden fortune  
 Decked this little tree.  
 Then he sang and laughed aloud;  
 Glad was he and very proud.  
 Foolish little Pine-tree !  
 At the close of day,  
 Thro' the gloomy twilight,  
 Came a thief that way.  
 Soon the treasure vanished;  
 Sighed the Pine, "Alas!  
 Would that I had chosen  
 Leaves of crystal glass."  
 Long and bitterly he wept,  
 But with night again he slept.

Gladly in the dawning  
 Did he wake to find  
 That the gentle fairies  
 Had again been kind.  
 How his blazing crystals  
 Lit the morning air !  
 Never had the forest  
 Seen a sight so fair.  
 Then a driving storm did pass ;  
 All his leaves were shattered glass.

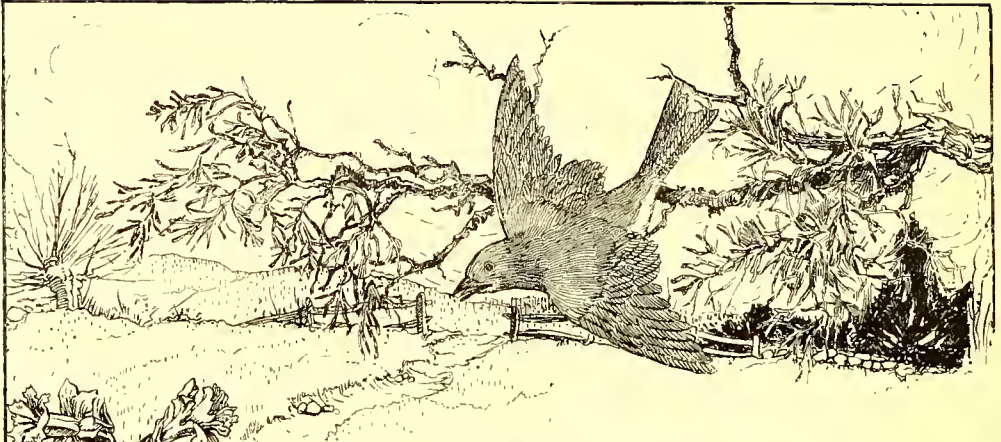
Humbly said the Pine-tree,  
 "I have learned 't is best  
 Not to wish for fortunes  
 Fairer than the rest.  
 Glad were I, and thankful,  
 If I might be seen,  
 Like the trees about me,  
 Clad in tender green."  
 Once again he slumbered, sad;  
 Once again his wish he had.

Broad his leaves and fragrant,  
 Rich were they and fine,  
 Till a goat at noon-day  
 Halted there to dine.  
 Then her kids came skipping  
 Round the fated tree ;  
 All his leaves could scarcely  
 Make a meal for three.  
 Every tender bud was nipt,  
 Every branch and twig was stript.

Then the wretched Pine-tree  
 Cried in deep despair,  
 "Would I had my needles ;  
 They were green and fair.  
 Never would I change them,"  
 Sighed the little tree ;  
 "Just as nature gave them  
 They were the best for me."  
 So he slept, and waked, and found  
 All his needles safe and sound !

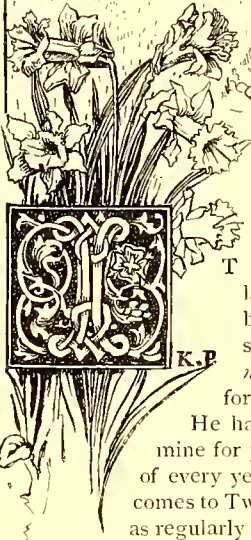


A DANCING LESSON, ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



# An Old Quarrel.

BY FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.



It was one morning this last April that a blue-bird lit on my window-sill,—a *blue*-bird, not a *new* bird, understand, for we are very old friends.

He has been a neighbor of mine for years,—a part, at least, of every year for a decade,—and comes to Twig Lodge, every spring, as regularly as possible.

“Well, friend, how are you? Welcome to Virginia again! When did you leave the South?” I said in greeting, but had no answer; for a moment, indeed, was thinking him rude and surly for a traveled bird, when he cocked his head to one side, as if listening, and, looking down, said: “There they are! At it again! They have been quarreling in just this way, now, ever since anything was anywhere. There ’s a regular feud between them. Hark!”

“Between who?” said I, curiously, regardless of grammar.

“Between *them*,” replied he, impatiently. “They are all alike. Hark! Don’t you see that snow-flake down below, and that blade of grass?”

“Where are you going? I don’t hear anything,” said I. But he was off, and I was about to leave the window when I was arrested by the sound of voices, very fine and clear, and apparently at some distance from me. I stopped and listened; I was so taken by surprise and so interested that I quite forgot that one should never listen to con-

versations not intended for one. I did n’t remember ever to have heard I must n’t listen, for fully a week, and this was the dialogue:

SNOW-FLAKE: “Well, the season is over, thank goodness, and we shall all be off very soon. I am so glad!”

BLADE OF GRASS: “The season *over*. Why, what are you talking about? It has just begun.”

S. F.: “That shows what you know of times and seasons! But I don’t know why I should express the least surprise, when you don’t know anything about Christmas even, nor do any of your family. I never knew such ignorance. We’ve told you the story over and over again; but some persons never learn anything.”

B. OF G.: “Oh, yes! You’ve told us stories enough and to spare. *That*, I am quite willing to grant. But when it comes to the truth!—that is quite another matter. Christmas! Christmas! Christmas! It is always Christmas with you the whole year around, and I am perfectly sick and tired of hearing of it, for it is really yourself that you wish to bring into notice all the time. If you could only hear one-half of the disagreeable things that are said of you, you would certainly be a good deal less openly conceited. Wherever I go it is always the same thing. Thank Heaven, the snow is gone at last! That dirty, slushy, wretched snow! How I hate it!”

S. F.: “What an abominable fib! Wherever I go I hear nothing but good of myself and my family! ‘Ah! Here’s the snow at last! Now we are all right! Now we shall have some fun! Ho!

for coasting and skating and sleighing, and larks generally,' they say. And as for being *dirty*, we are the purest, whitest, most beautiful thing in all this white world."

B. OF G. : "The world is n't white at all. It is *green*. I have told you that a thousand times at least. I have been all over it, and I know."

S. F. : "It is white, all white, except where the sun strikes it in the evening. I should think I ought to know."

B. OF G. : "You ought to know many things that you don't know, and never will, moreover. I can tell you that there are whole countries where nobody has ever seen or heard of you, and where we have lived and flourished for thousands of years."

S. F. : "And I can tell you that there are other countries where not so many as one of you has ever been seen, and where *we* have lived and flourished the year round for millions of years."

B. OF G. : "Oh! Pooh! Tell that to the marines! What is the name of those countries, pray? Where *did* your family come from, anyway, I should like to know!"

S. F. : "My family is of high origin—far, far above yours, as everybody knows: for though you are a most impudent young blade, your low origin is a thing that you can never, never alter. Grow as you will, you will never rise to the height I came from, I can tell you."

B. OF G. : "Well, I would rather strive upward than to be always falling into the mire, if that is what you mean. You are like poor Rain-drop, who can't keep out of the gutter to save his life, and is always talking of having 'left heaven so recently.' Earth is good enough for me; and I flatter myself that it would n't be much of a place for anybody, but for us."

S. F. : "Well, your conceit is something colossal. It gets along perfectly, I can assure you, without you or yours, for all you think yourself so important. Who is it that puffs you up with such ideas? You *are* green to believe them. Where were you on the 25th of last December, pray?"

B. OF G. : "Where *you* will be on the 4th of July next,—precisely!"

S. F. : "The dog-days! Everybody that is anybody always *would* make a point of escaping them. They are only fit, as the Turks say, for mad dogs and Englishmen—and you."

B. OF G. : "They are too good for such as *you*, certainly."

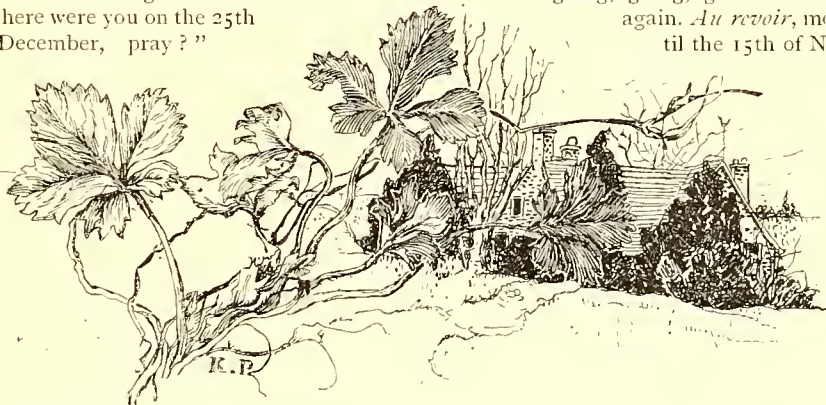
S. F. : "Look here! Don't you go too far! Just you remember that I can call on my family and we can kill you all out, whenever we choose to act in concert—freeze you right out! Yes, kill and bury you, one and all, and tell no tales."

B. OF G. : "Oh! no! You can't, either. At worst you could only stun us for a while. Kill us you never can, nor conquer us, either; you have been trying to, ever since the world was made; and look at you, you poor miserable thing, dying by inches, like all your family, on this 5th of April, 1889! and no nearer doing it than in the year one! The less you talk about fighting us the better. We can put a million billion spears in the field in three weeks without making the least commotion, and sustain them for months without troubling anybody to lend us a cent. You had better be civil, I can tell you—for you are almost alone, and we are Legion. Besides, whenever any of you are attacked by enemies you always run away! You know you do. Run away now, and join the rest of your family. It will be better for you, and we would be ashamed to tackle you—quite ashamed, I assure you."

S. F. (bursting into tears of rage): "I go, but it is because I promised to, six months ago, and not because of anything *you* have said or can do."

B. OF G. : "Was it furious, perfectly furious? Hold on a bit, and we 'll all sing 'The Wearing of the Green' for you. That always puts you in a melting mood, icy as you are in general. It is so pathetic. Hold on, I say."

S. F. (indignantly): "I will *not* hold on. I am going, going, gone! But I will come again. *Au revoir*, monsieur, until the 15th of November."



## A BIT OF COLOR.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

### CHAPTER IV.

THERE was a gnarled old pear-tree of great age and size that grew near Betty Leicester's west window. By leaning out a little she could touch the nearest bough. Aunt Barbara and Aunt Mary said that it was a most beautiful thing to see it in bloom in the spring; and the family cats were fond of climbing up and leaping across to the window-sill, while there were usually some birds perching in it when the coast was clear of pussies.

One day Betty was looking over from Mary Beck's and saw that the west window and the pear-tree branch were in plain sight; so the two girls invented a system of signals: one white handkerchief meant *come over*, and two meant *no*, but a single one in answer was for *yes*. A yellow handkerchief on the bough proposed a walk; and so the code went on, and was found capable of imparting much secret information. Sometimes the exchange of these signals took a far longer time than it did to run across from house to house, and at any rate in the first fortnight Mary and Betty spent the greater part of their waking hours together. Still the signal service, as they proudly called it, was of great use.

One morning, when Mary had been summoned, Betty came rushing to meet her.

"Aunt Barbara is going to let me have a tea-party. What do you think of that?" she cried.

Mary Beck looked pleased, and then a doubting look crept over her face.

"I don't know any of the boys and girls very well except you," Betty explained, "and Aunt Barbara liked the idea of having them come. Aunt Mary thinks that she can't come down, for the excitement would be too much for her, but I am going to tease her again as soon as I have time. It is to be a summer-house tea at six o'clock; it is lovely in the garden then. Just as soon as I have helped Serena a little longer, you and I will go to invite everybody. Serena is letting me beat eggs."

It was a great astonishment that Betty should take the serious occasion so lightly. Mary Beck would have planned it at least a week beforehand, and worried and worked and been in despair; but here was Betty as gay as possible, and as for Aunt Barbara and Serena and Letty, they were gay too. It was entirely mysterious.

"I have sent word by Jonathan to the Picknell girls; he had an errand on that road. They looked so old and scared in church last Sunday that I kept thinking that they ought to have a good time. They don't come in to the village much, do they?"

"Hardly ever, except Sundays," answered Mary Beck. "They turn red if you only look at them, but they are always talking together when they go by. One of them can draw beautifully. Oh, of course I go to school with them, but I don't know them very well."

"I hope they'll come, don't you?" said Betty, whisking away at the eggs. "I don't know when I've ever been where I could have a little party. I can have two or three girls to luncheon almost any time, especially in London, but that's different. Who else now, Becky? Let's see if we choose the same ones."

"Mary and Julia Picknell, and Mary and Ellen Grant, and Lizzie French, and George Max, and Frank Crane, and my cousin Jim Beck,—Dan's too little. They would be eight, and you and I make ten—oh, that's too many!"

"Dear me, no!" said Betty lightly. "I thought of the Fosters, too——"

"We don't have much to do with the Fosters," said Mary Beck. "I don't see why that Nelly Foster started up and came to see you. I never go inside her house now. Everybody despises her father——"

"I think that Nelly is a dear-looking girl," insisted Betty. "I like her ever so much."

"They acted so stuck-up after Mr. Foster was put in jail," Mary went on. "People pitied them at first and were carrying about a subscription-paper, but Mrs. Foster would n't take anything, and said that they were going to support themselves. People don't like Mrs. Foster very well."

"Aunt Barbara respects her very much. She says that few women would show the courage she has shown. Perhaps she has n't a nice way of speaking, but Aunt Barbara said that I must ask Harry and Nelly, when we were talking about tonight." Betty could not help a tone of triumph; she and Becky had fought a little about the Fosters before this.

"Harry is like a wild Indian," said Mary Beck; "he goes fishing and trapping almost all the time."



He won't know what to do at a party. I believe he makes ever so much money with his fish, and pays bills with it." Becky relented a little now. "Oh, dear, I have n't anything nice enough to wear," she added suddenly. "We never have parties in Tideshead, except at the vestry in the winter; and they're so poky."

"But I don't know what Harry will say," she added doubtfully.

"Please ask him to be sure to come," urged Betty. "I should be so disappointed, and Aunt Barbara asked me to say that she depended upon him, for she knows him better than she does almost any of the young people." Nelly looked



"I HOPE THEY 'LL COME, DON'T YOU?" SAID BETTY "

"Oh, wear anything; it's going to be hot, that's all," said industrious Betty, in her business-like checked apron; and it now first dawned upon Becky's honest mind that it was not worth while to make one's self utterly miserable about one's clothes.

The two girls went scurrying away like squirrels presently to invite the guests. Nelly Foster looked delighted at the thought of such a pleasure.

radiant at this, but Mary Beck was much offended. "I go to your Aunt Barbara's oftener than anybody," she said jealously, as they came away.

"She asked me to say that, and I did," maintained Betty. "Don't be cross, Becky, it's going to be such a jolly tea-party. Why, here's Jonathan back again already. Oh, good! the Picknells are happy to come."

The rest of the guests were quickly made sure

of, and Betty and Mary went back to the house. It made Betty a little disheartened to find that her friend took every proposition on the wrong side; she seemed to think most things about a tea-party were impossible, and that all were difficult, and she saw lions in the way at every turn. It struck Betty, who was used to taking social events easily, that there was no pleasuring at all in the old village, though people were always saying how gay and delightful it *used* to be and how many guests *used* to come to town in the summer.

The old Leicester garden was a lovely place on a summer evening. Aunt Barbara had been surprised when Betty insisted that she wished to have supper there instead of in the dining-room; but Betty had known too many out-of-door feasts in foreign countries not to remember how charming they were and how small any dining-room seems in summer. And after a few minutes thought, Aunt Barbara, too, who had been in France long before, asked Serena and Letty to spread the table under the large cherry-tree near the arbor; and there it stood presently, with its white cloth, and pink roses in two china bowls, all ready for the sandwiches and bread and butter and strawberries and sponge-cake, and chocolate to drink out of the prettiest cups in Tideshead. It was all simple and gay and charming, the little feast; and full of grievous self-consciousness as the shyest guest might have been when first met by Betty at the doorstep, the fun of the party itself proved most contagious, and all fears were forgotten. Everybody met on common ground for once, without any thought of self. It came with surprise to more than one girl's mind that a party was so well worth the trouble. It was such a pity that somebody did not have one every week.

Aunt Barbara was very good to Harry Foster, who seemed at first much older and soberer than the rest; but Betty demanded his services when she was going to pass the sandwiches again, and Letty had gone to the house for another pot of chocolate. "I will take the bread and butter, and you may pass these," she said. And away they went to the rest of the company, who were scattered along the arbor benches by twos and threes.

"I saw you in your boat when I first came up the river," Betty found time to say. "I did n't know who you were then, though I was sure you were one of the boys whom I used to play with. Some time when Nelly is going down, could n't you take me too? I can row."

"Nelly would go if you would. I never thought to ask her. I always wish there were somebody else to see how pleasant it is"—and then a voice interrupted to ask what Harry was catching now.

"Bass," said Harry, with brightening face. "I

do so well that I am sending them down to Riverport every day that the packet goes, and I wish that I had somebody to help me. You don't know what a rich old river it is!"

"Why, if here is n't Aunt Mary!" cried Betty. Sure enough the eager voices and the laughter had attracted another guest. And Aunt Barbara sprang up joyfully and called for a shawl and foot-stool from the house; but Betty did n't wait for them, and brought Aunt Mary to the arbor bench. Nobody knew when the poor lady had been in her own garden before, but here she was at last, and had her supper with the rest. The good doctor would have been delighted enough if he had seen the sight.

Nothing had ever tasted so good as that out-of-door supper. The white June moon came up, and its bright light made the day longer; and when everybody had eaten a last piece of sponge-cake, and the heap of strawberries on a great round India dish had been leveled, what should be heard but sounds of a violin. Betty had discovered that Seth Pond,—the clumsy, good-natured Seth of all people!—had, as he said, "ears for music," and had taught himself to play.

So they had a country-dance on the green, girls and boys and Aunt Barbara, who had been a famous dancer in her youth; and those who did n't know the steps of money-musk and the Virginia reel, were put in the middle of the line, and had plenty of time to learn before their turns came. Afterward Seth played "Bonny Doon," and "Nelly was a Lady," and "Johnny Comes Marching Home," and "Annie Laurie," and half a dozen other songs, and everybody sang, but, to Betty's delight, Mary Beck's voice led all the rest.

The moon was high in the sky when the guests went away. It seemed like a new world to some young folks who were there, and everybody was surprised because everybody else looked so pretty and was so surprisingly gay. Yet, here it was, the same old Tideshead after all!

"Aunt Barbara," said Betty, as that aunt sat on the side of Betty's four-post bed; "Aunt Barbara, don't say good-night just yet. I must talk about one or two things before I forget them in the morning. Mary Picknell asked me ever so many questions about some of the pictures in the library; but she knows more about them than I do, and I thought I would ask her to come some day so that you could tell her everything. She must be an artist. Did n't you see how she kept looking at the pictures? And then Henry Foster knows a lovely place down the river for a picnic, and can borrow boats enough beside his own to take us all there only it 's a secret yet. Harry said that it was a beautiful point of land, with large trees,

and that there was a lane that came across the fields from the road, so that you could be driven down to meet us, if you disliked the boats."

"I am very fond of being on the water," said Aunt Barbara, with great spirit. "I knew that point, and those oak-trees, long before either of you was born. It was very polite of Harry to think of my coming with the young folks. Yes, we'll think about the picnic, certainly, but you must go to sleep now, Betty."

"Aunt Barbara must have been such a nice girl," thinks Betty, as the door shuts. "And, if we go, Henry must take her in his boat. It is strange that Mary Beck should not like the Fosters, just because their father was a scamp."

But the room was still and dark, and sleepiness got the better of Betty's thoughts that night.

#### CHAPTER V.

EVERYBODY was as kind as possible when Betty Leicester first came to Tideshead, and best company manners prevailed toward her; but as the girls got used to having a new friend and playmate, some of them proved disappointing. Nothing could shake her deep affection for honest-hearted Mary Beck, but in some directions Mary had made up her inexperienced and narrow mind, and would listen to none of Betty's kindly persuasions. The Fosters' father had done some very dishonest deeds, and had run away from justice after defrauding some of the most trustful of his neighbors. Mary Beck's mother had lost some money in this way, and old Captain Beck even more, so that the girl had heard sharp comments and indignant blame at home; and she shocked Miss Barbara Leicester and Betty one morning by wondering how Henry and Nelly Foster could have had the face to go to church the very Sunday after their father was sent to jail. She did not believe that they cared a bit what people thought.

"Poor children," said Miss Leicester, with quiet compassion. "the sight of their pitiful young faces was enough for me. When should one go to church if not when in bitter trouble? That boy and girl lately look years older than the rest of you young folks."

"It never seemed to me that they thought any less of themselves," said Mary Beck, in a disagreeable tone; "and I would n't ask them to my party, if I had one."

"But they have worked so hard," said Betty. "Jonathan said yesterday that Harry Foster told him this spring, when he was working here, that he was going to pay every cent that his father owed, if he lived long enough. He is studying hard, too; you know that he hoped to go to college before

this happened. They always look as if they were grateful for just being spoken to."

"Plenty of people have made everything of them and turned their heads," said Mary Beck, as if she were repeating something that had been said at home. "I think I should pity some people whose father had behaved so, but I don't like the Fosters a bit."

"They are carrying a heavy load on their young shoulders," said Miss Barbara Leicester. "You will feel differently by and by, about them. Help them all you can, Mary!"

Mary Beck went home that morning much displeased. She did n't mean to be hard-hearted, but it had seemed to her like proper condemnation of wrong-doing to treat the Fosters loftily. Now that Betty's eyes had filled with tears as she listened, and Miss Leicester evidently thought less of her for what had been said, Mary began to feel doubtful about the matter. Yes, what if her father had been like theirs—could she be shut up like a prisoner, and behave as she expected the Fosters to behave? By the time she reached her own house, she was ashamed of what she had said. Miss Leicester was at that moment telling Betty that she was astonished at such bitter feeling in their young neighbor. "She has never really thought about it. I dare say she only needs a sensible word or two to change her mind. You children have such tremendous opinions." And Aunt Barbara smiled.

"Once when I was staying in the Isle of Wight," said Betty, "I belonged to such a nice out-of-door club, Aunt Barbara."

"Did you? What was it like?"

"Oh, not really like anything that I can think of, only we had great fun together. We used to walk miles and miles, and carry some buns or buy them, and get milk or ginger-beer at the farms. There are so many ruins to go to see, and old churches, and homes of eminent persons of the time of Elizabeth, and we would read from their works, and it was so pleasant coming home by the foot-paths afterward," announced Betty with satisfaction. "The governesses used to go, too, but we could outrun all but one of them, the Duncans' Miss Winter, who was as dear as could be. I had my lessons with the Duncans for quite a while. Oh, it was such fun!—the others would let us go on as fast as we liked and come poking along together, and have their own quiet pleasures." Betty was much diverted with her recollections. "I mean to begin an out-of-door club here, Aunt Barbara."

"In my time," said Aunt Barbara, "girls were expected to know how to sew, and to learn to be good housekeepers."

"You would join the club, would n't you?" asked Betty, anxiously.

“And be run away from, like the stout governesses, I dare say.”

There was an attempt at a serious expression, but Miss Leicester could not help laughing a little. Down came Miss Mary at this moment, with Letty

have no demands made upon her. There were days when Betty had a plan for every half-hour, remarked Aunt Barbara indulgently.

“Suppose you come out to the garden with me to pick some currants?” and Betty was quietly



BETTY'S TEA-PARTY.

behind her, carrying cushions, and Betty sprang up to help make the couch ready.

“I wish that you would belong, too, and come with us on wheels,” said she, returning to the subject that had been interrupted. “You could drive to the meetings and be head-member, Aunt Mary.” But Aunt Mary was tired that day, and wished to

removed from the weak nerves of Aunt Mary, who plaintively said that Betty had almost too much life.

“Too much life! Not a bit of it,” said Serena, who was the grandniece’s chief upholder and champion. “We did need waking up, ’t was a fact, Miss Leicester; now, wa’ n’t it? It seemed just like

old times, that night of the tea-party. Trouble is, we 've all got to bein' too master comfortable, and thought we could n't step one foot out o' the beaten rut. 'T is the misfortune o' livin' in a little place."

And Serena marched back to the kitchen, carrying the empty glass from which Miss Mary Leicester had taken some milk, as if it were the banner of liberty.

She put it down on the clean kitchen-table. "Too much life!" the good woman repeated scornfully. "I'd like to see a gal that had too much life for me. I was that kind myself, and right up an' doin'." All these Tideshead gals behave as slow as the month o' December. Fussin' about their clothes, and fussin' about 'you do this' and 'I can't do that,' an' lettin' folks that know something ride right by 'em. See this little Betty now, sweet as white laylocks, I do declare. There she goes 'long o' Miss Barbary, out into the currant bushes."

"Aunt Barbara," Betty was saying a few minutes later, as one knelt each side of the row of white currants, "Aunt Barbara, do you like best being grown up or being about as old as I am?"

"Being grown up, I'm sure, dear," replied the aunt, after serious reflection.

"I'm so glad. I don't believe people ever have such hard times with themselves afterward, as they do growing up."

"What is the matter now, Betty?"

"Mary Beck, Aunt Barbara. I thought that I liked her ever and ever so much, but I have days when I want to shake her. It's my fault, because I wake up and think about her and feel cross before I even look at her, and then I can't get on all day. Then some days I can hardly wait to get over to see her, and we have such a good time. But you can't change her mind about anything."

"I thought that you would n't be so intimate all summer," said Aunt Barbara, picking very fast. "You see that you expect Mary Beck to be perfect, and the poor child is n't. You made up a Mary Beck in your own mind, who was perfect at all points and just the kind of a girl you would like best to spend all your time with. Be thankful for all you do like in her; that's the best way."

"I just fell in love with a girl in the Isle of Wight last summer," said Betty sorrowfully. "We wanted to be together all the time, and we wrote notes and always went about together. She was older than I; but one day she said things that made me forget I ever liked her a bit. She wanted to make up afterward, but I *could n't*; and she writes and writes me letters, but I never wish to see her again. I am sorry I ever liked her." Betty's eyes flashed, and her cheeks were very red.

"I suppose it has been hard for her, too," said Aunt Barbara; "but we must like different friends for different reasons. Just try to remember that you can not find perfection. I used to know a great many girls when I was growing up, and some of them are my friends still, the few who are left. To find one true-hearted friend is worth living through a great many disappointments."

Two or three weeks went over before Betty ceased to have the feeling that she was a stranger and foreigner in Tideshead. At first she said "you" and "I" when she was talking with the girls, but soon it became easier to say "we." She took great pleasure in doing whatever the rest did, from joining a class in Sunday-school to carrying round one of the subscription-papers to pay for some Fourth of July fireworks, which went up in a blaze of splendor on the evening of that glorious day.

After the garden tea-party, nothing happened, of a social nature, for some time, although several of the boys and girls gave fine hints that something might be expected to happen at their own houses. There was a cheerful running to and fro about the Leicester house, and the large white gate next the street was heard to creak and clack at least once in every half-hour. Betty grew fond of the minister's daughters, who were sweet-faced girls, but very timid and anxious about every-day life. Nelly Foster came seldom, but she was the brightest and merriest of all the girls when she grew a little excited, and lost the frightened look that had made lines on her forehead much too soon. Harry was not seen very often, but Betty wondered a great deal about him, and fancied him hunting and fishing in all sorts of dangerous places. The Picknell girls came into the village on Sundays always, and often once or twice in the week; but it was haying time now, and they were very busy at the farm. Betty liked them dearly, and so did Mary Beck, who did not get on with the minister's daughters at all, and had a prejudice, as we know, against Nelly Foster. These made the little company which seemed most closely allied, though there were three or four other young people who made part of the larger enterprises. Betty had proposed the out-of-door club, and had started a tennis-court, and devoted much time to it, but nobody knew how to play very well yet, except Harry Foster and Julia Picknell, and they were the most difficult ones to catch for an idle afternoon. George Max could play, and one or two others could stumble through a game and like it pretty well; but as for Mary Beck, her shoes were too small for much agility, and she liked to wear her clothes so tight that she was very clumsy with a racket. Betty's light little gowns looked prim and plain to the Tideshead girls, who

thought their colors very strange to begin with, and had not the sense to be envious when their wearer went by, as light-footed and graceful as they were awkward. They could not understand the simplicity that was natural to Betty, but everybody liked her, and felt as much interested in her as if she were an altogether new variety of human being. Perhaps we shall understand the situation better if we read a letter which our heroine wrote just then:

"MY DEAR PAPA: This is from your Betty, who had intended to take a long walk with Mary Beck this afternoon, but is prevented by a thunder-shower. It makes me wonder what you do when you get wet, and who sees that you take off your wet clothes and tries not to let you have a cold. Is n't it almost time for you to come home now, Papa? I do miss taking care of you so very much. You will be tired hearing about Mary Beck, and you can't stop it, can you? as if you laughed and then talked about something else when we were walking together. You must remember that you said we must be always fighting an enemy in ourselves, and my enemy just now is making little funs of Mary, and seeing that she does n't know so much as she thinks she does. I like too well to show her that she is mistaken when she tells about things; but it makes me sorry afterward, because, in spite of myself, I like her better than I do anybody. I almost love her, Papa; indeed, I do, but I like to tease her better than to help her, and she puts on airs about the very places where I have been and things I have done. Aunt Barbara does n't like her, and wishes I would 'play with' Nelly Foster and the minister's girls, but Nelly is like anybody grown up. I suppose it is because she has seen trouble, as people say here; and the minister's girls are *little 'fraid cats*. That is what Serena says, and is sure to make you laugh. 'Try and make 'em hop 'round,' Serena told me at the party, and I did try; but they are n't good hoppers, and that's all there is to say. I sent down to Riverport and bought Seth a book of violin airs, and he practiced until two o'clock one morning, so that Serena and Jonathan were saying dreadful things. Aunt Mary is about the same, and so is Aunt Barbara, and they send their love. Papa, you must never tell, but I hate the one and love the other. Mary Beck is n't half so bad as I am to say that, but now it is written down and must stay. There is one awful piece of news. The Fosters' father has broken out of jail and escaped, and they are offering a great reward, and it is in all the papers. I ought to go to see Nelly, but I dread it. I am writing this last page another day, for yesterday the sun came out after the shower and I went out with Aunt Barbara. She is letting Mrs. Foster do some sewing for me. She says that my clothes were in ruins. She did, indeed, and that they had been badly washed. I hope that yours are not the same. Mrs. Foster looked terribly frightened and pale, and asked Aunt B. to come into the other room, and told her about Mr. Foster. Then it was in the paper last night. Papa dear, I do remember what you said in one of your letters about being a Tideshead girl myself for this summer, and not standing off and finding fault. I feel more like a Tideshead girl lately, but I wish they would n't keep saying how slow it is and nothing going on. We might do so many nice things, but they make such great fusses first, instead of just going and doing them, the way you and I do. They think of every reason why you can't do things that you can do. The currants are all gone. You can't have a currant pie this year. I thought those by the fence under the cherry-tree might last until you came, because it is shady, but they all spoiled in the rain.

Now I am going to read in 'Walton's Lives' to Aunt Mary. She says it is a book everybody ought to know, and that I run wild more than I ought at my age. I like to read aloud, as you know, so good-bye, but my age is *such* a trouble. If you were here we would have the best good time.  
Your own child,

BETTY."

## CHAPTER VI.

THAT afternoon Betty's lively young voice grew droning and dull after a while, as she read the life of Dr. Donne, and at last she stopped altogether.

"Aunt Mary, I can't help thinking about the Fosters' father. Do you suppose he will come home and frighten them some night?"

"No, he would hardly dare to come where they are sure to be looking for him," said Aunt Mary.

"Dear me, the thought makes me so nervous."

"When I have read to the end of this page I will just run down to see Nelly a few minutes, if you can spare me. I keep dreading to see her until I am almost afraid to go."

Miss Mary sighed and said yes. Somehow she did n't get hold of Betty's love,—only her duty.

Betty lingered in the garden and picked some mignonette before she started, and a bright carnation or two from Aunt Barbara's special plants. The Fosters' house was farther down the street on the same side, and Nelly's blinds were shut, but if Betty had only known it, poor Nelly was looking out wistfully through them, and wishing with all her heart that her young neighbor would come in. She dreaded the meeting, too, but there was such a simple, frank, friendliness about Betty Leicester that it did not hurt as if one of the other girls had come.

There was the sound of the gate-latch, and Nelly went eagerly down. "Come up to my room; I was sitting there sewing," she said, blushing very red, and Betty felt her own cheeks burn. How dreadful it must be not to have such a comforting dear father as hers! She put her arms around Nelly's neck and kissed her, and Nelly could hardly keep from crying; but upstairs they went to the bedroom, where Betty had never happened to go before. She felt suddenly, as she never had before, how pinched and poor the Fosters must be. Nelly was determined to be brave and took up her sewing again. It happened to be a little waist of Betty's own. Betty tried to talk gayly about being very tired of reading "Walton's Lives."

"Harry reads 'Walton's Angler,'" said Nelly. "That's the same man, is n't he? It is a stupid-looking old brown book that belonged to my grandfather."

"Papa reads it, too," said Betty, nodding her head wisely. "I am in such a hurry to have him come, when I think of Harry. I am sure that he

will help him to be a naturalist or something like that. Mr. Buckland would have just loved Harry. I knew him when I was a little bit of a thing. Papa used to take me to see him in London, and all his dreadful beasts used to frighten me, but I feel very differently now, of course. Harry makes me think of Robinson Crusoe and Mayne Reid's books, and

two of Miss Barbara Leicester's new tea-napkins. Betty had many things to say about her English life and her friends. Mary Beck never cared to hear much about England, and it was delightful now to have an interested listener. At last the sewing was finished, and Nelly proposed that they should go a little way farther, and come out to the river



"THE YOUNG MAN SHADED HIS EYES WITH HIS HAND AND LOOKED TOWARD THE SHORE." (SEE NEXT PAGE)

those boys who used to do such wild things fishing and hunting."

"We used to think Harry never would get on because he spent so much time in the woods, but somehow he always learned his lessons, too," said Nelly proudly; "and now his fishing brings in so much money that I don't know how we shall live when winter comes. We are so anxious about winter. Oh, Betty, it is easy to tell you, but I can't bear to have other people even look at me"; and she burst into tears and hid her face in her hands.

"Let us go outdoors, just down through the garden and across into the woods a little while," pleaded Betty. "Do, Nelly dear!" and presently they were on their way. The fresh summer air and the sunshine were much better than the close-shaded room, with Nelly startled by every sound about the house, and they soon lost their first feeling of constraint as they sat under a pine-tree whipping

bank. Harry would be coming up about this time with his fare of fish, if he had had good luck. It would be fun to shout to him as he went by.

They pushed out together through the open pasture where the sweet-fern and bayberry bushes grew tall and thick; there was another strip of woods between them and the river, and just this side of it was a deserted house. It had not been lived in for many years and was gray and crumbling. The fields that belonged to it had been made part of a great sheep pasture, and two or three sheep were standing by the half-opened door, as if they were quite at home there in windy or wet weather. Betty had seen the old house before and thought it was most romantic. She proposed now that they should have a picnic there by and by, and make a fire in the old fireplace, but Nelly Foster thought there would be great danger of burning the house down.

"Suppose we go and look in?" pleaded Betty.

"Mary Beck and I saw it not long after I came, and she thought it was going to rain, so that we did n't stop. I love to go into an empty old ruin and make up stories about it and wonder who used to live there. Don't stop to pick these blueberries; you know they are n't half ripe," she teased Nelly; and so they went over to the old house, frightening away the sheep as they crossed the doorstep boldly. It was all in ruins, the roof was broken about the chimney so that the sun shone through upon the floor, and the light-red bricks were softened and sifting down. In one corner there was a heap of withes for mending fences, which had been pulled about by the sheep, and there were some mud nests of swallows high against the walls, but the birds seemed to have already left them. This room had been the kitchen, and behind it was a dark, small place which must have been a bedroom when people lived there, dismal as it looked now.

"I am going to look in here and all about the place," said Betty, cheerfully, and stepped in to see what she could find.

"Oh, come back, Nelly!" she screamed, in a great fright, the next moment; and they fled out of the house into the warm sunshine. They had had time to see that a man was lying on the floor as if he were dead. Stop! as they held their breath and heard a groan, which made them go away in breathless haste, a terrible fear possessed them. Betty's heart beat at last so that she could hardly speak.

"We must get somebody to come," she panted, trying to stop Nelly. "Was it somebody dead?"

But Nelly sank down as pale as ashes into the sweet-fern bushes and looked at her strangely. "Oh, Betty Leicester, it will kill Mother, it will kill her! I believe it was my father; what shall I do!"

They looked fearfully at the house; the sheep had come back and stood again near the door-way. There was something more horrible than the two girls had ever known in the silence of the place. It would have been less awful if there had been a face at the broken door or windows.

"Henry—we must try to stop Henry," said poor pale Nelly, and they hurried toward the river shore. They could not help looking anxiously behind them as they passed the belt of pines, but for some reason or other the fugitive gave no sign of wishing to pursue. "He is afraid that somebody will see him. I am so afraid he will come home to-night."

"He must be ill there," said Betty, but she did not dare to say anything else. What an unendurable thing to be afraid and ashamed of one's own father!

They looked down the river with eager eyes.

Yes, there was Harry Foster's boat coming up slowly, with the three-cornered sail spread to catch the light breeze. Nelly gave a long sigh and sank down on the turf and covered her face as she cried bitterly. Betty thought, with cowardly longing, of the quiet and safety of Aunt Mary's room and the brown-covered volume of "Walton's Lives." Then she summoned all her courage. These two might never have sorer need of a friend than in this summer afternoon.

Henry Foster's boat sailed but slowly. It was heavily laden, and the wind was so light that from time to time he urged it with the oars. He did not see the two girls waiting on the bank until he was close to them, for the sun was in his eyes and his thoughts were busy. His father's escape from jail was worse than any sorrow yet; nobody knew what might come of it. Harry felt very old and careworn for a boy of sixteen. He had determined to go to see Miss Barbara Leicester that evening and to talk over his troubles with her. He had been able to save a little money, and he feared that it might be demanded. He had already paid off part of the smaller debts that were owed in the village; but he knew his father too well not to be afraid of getting some menacing letters presently. If he had only fled the country; but how could that be done without money? His father would not work his passage; Harry was certain enough of that. Would it not be better to let him have the money and go to the farthest limit to which it could carry him?

Something made the young man shade his eyes with his hand and look toward the shore, then he took the oars and pulled quickly in; that was surely his sister Nelly, and the girl who wore a grayish gingham dress with a scarlet handkerchief at her throat was Betty Leicester. It was just like kind-hearted little Betty to have teased poor Nelly out into the woods. He would carry them home in his boat; he could rub it clean with some handfuls of hemlock twigs or river grass; then he saw how strangely they looked, as he pushed the boat in and pulled it far ashore. What in the world had happened?

Nelly tried to speak again and again, but her voice could not make itself heard. "Oh, don't cry any more, Nelly dear," said Betty, trembling from head to foot, and very pale. "We went into the old house up there by the pasture, and found—Nelly said it was your father, and we thought he was very ill."

"I'll take you both home, then," said Harry Foster, speaking quickly and with a hard voice. "Get in, both of you—this is the shortest way—then I'll come back by myself."

"Oh, no, no!" sobbed Nelly. "He looked as if he were dying, Harry; he was lying on the floor."

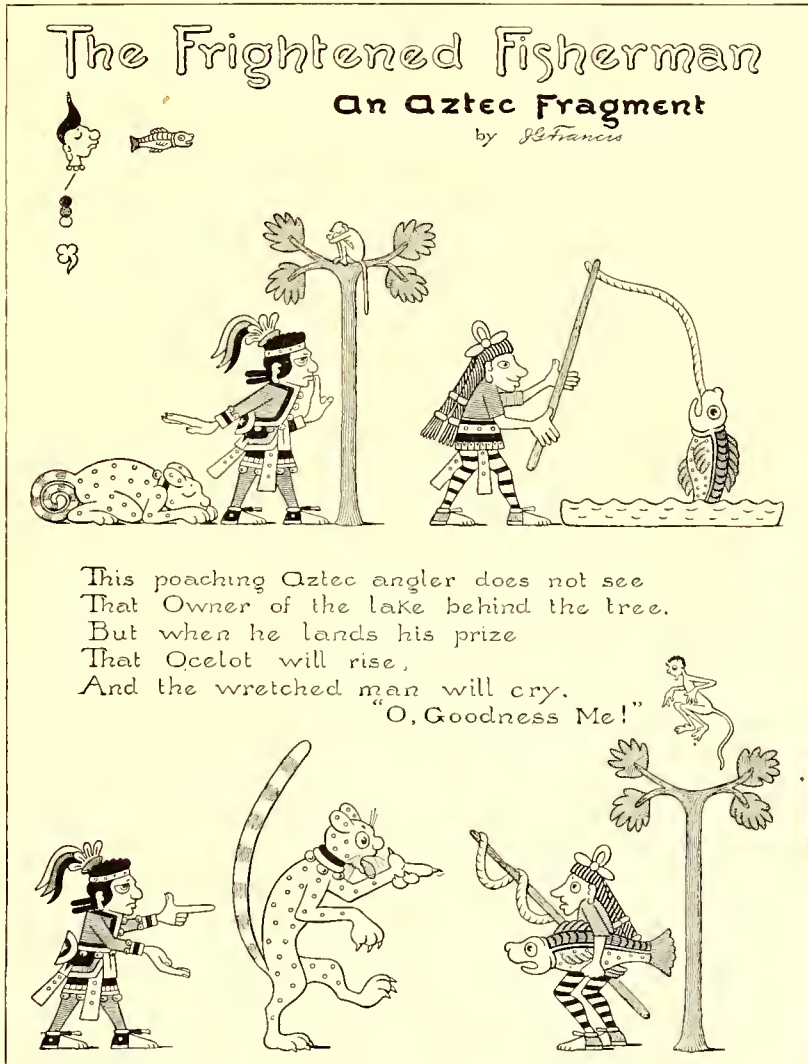


"We will go, too; he could n't hurt us, could he?" And the three turned back into the woods. Betty's heart almost failed her. She felt like a soldier going into battle. Oh, could she muster bravery enough to go into that house again? Yet she loved her father so much that doing this for another girl's father was a great comfort, in all her fear.

The young man hurried ahead when they came near the house, and it was only a few minutes before he reappeared.

"You must go and tell mother to come as quick as she can; and hurry to find the doctor and tell him; he will know what to do. Father has been dreadfully hurt somehow. Perhaps Miss Leicester will let Jonathan come to help us get him home." Harry Foster's face looked old and strange; he never would seem like a boy any more, Betty thought, with a heart full of sympathy. She hurried away with Nelly; they could not bring help fast enough.

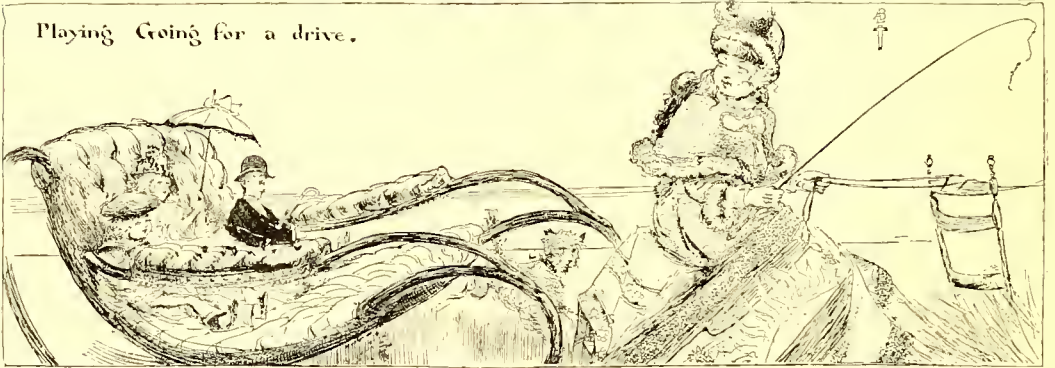
(To be concluded.)



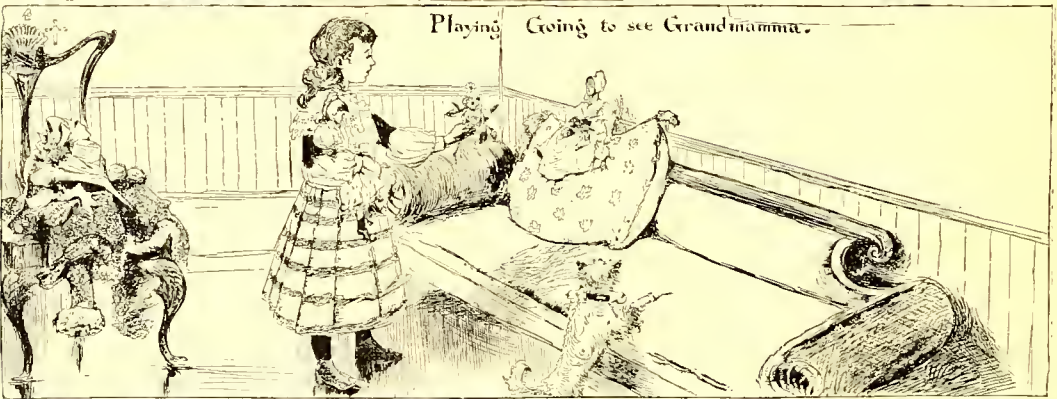
Playing Going to the Opera.



Playing Going for a drive.



Playing Going to see Grandmamma.



Playing Going to see the Play of Little Lord Foulcroy, and enjoying it most of all.



## A QUEER PET.

BY E. H. BARBOUR.

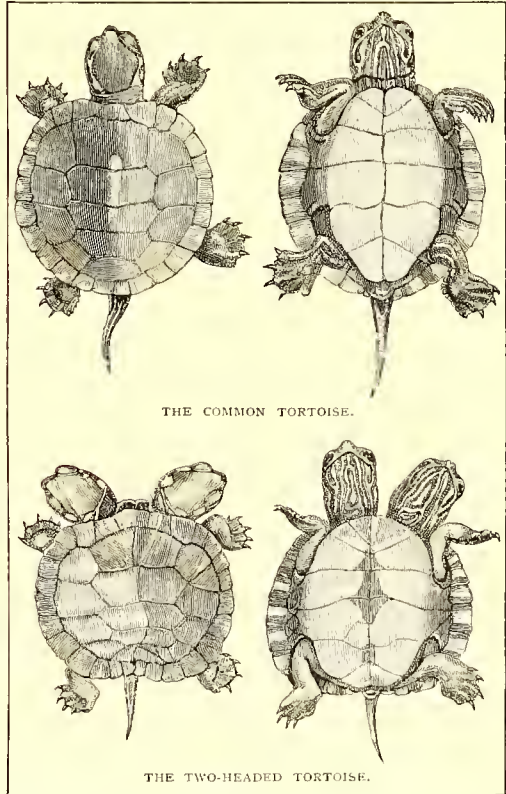
THE prettiest little "monster" that I have ever seen was a young two-headed painted tortoise (*Chrysemys picta*), caught last June by Master Leighton Foster, while hunting for Natural History specimens in the marshes bordering West River, in New Haven, Connecticut.

This pretty little pet, the shell of which was quite normal save that it was a little broader than long, had the usual four legs and a tail, but was furnished with two perfectly formed heads and necks, which acted independently of one another—so independently, in fact, that the right and left heads fought like little Trojans, whenever there was occasion for jealousy or spite.

Now, the tortoise is generally thought a dull and stupid creature, but this little fellow knew the hand that fed him and refused to eat anything, however tempting, from strangers. The favorite morsel of these twin heads was a cricket or grasshopper. But the head lucky enough to seize it first, found its right to sole possession stoutly contested by the other. Since they were equals in age and strength, and had fair and equal advantages in every way, these spirited little tugs-of-war ended only when the morsel separated. Then each, thinking itself the hero, gulped its portion with great satisfaction. They seemed healthy and ate with evident relish, and consumed equal amounts; but often their appetites were not the same, for at feeding-time the greed of one and abstinence of the other showed they were not equally hungry. Repeatedly I have seen one little head turn slyly around and snap at the bright eye of the other, plainly mistaking it for something to eat, and causing that head to withdraw hastily into the shell. And thereby there is suggested a point of continual discussion between these two heads which I fear was never settled amicably. For it often happened that both heads were inclined to withdraw into their common shell or house at the same time, which they could do, it is true; but when both were in it was plainly very crowded.

Now, if there is any one privilege peculiarly that of the tortoise, it is the privilege of withdrawing at its own sweet will into its own private shell, without any considerations for outsiders. Certainly, it would be a very lax and easy-going tortoise that would yield its long-established right to seclusion,

and submit peaceably to the encroachment of another; so these heads quarreled daily. Sometimes one head wished to look around, and then the other enjoyed the luxury of the shell in peace, but in course of time the twin was sure to withdraw, too. Then the two heads would fidget irritably; only for a brief moment, however, for they came out almost at once, as indignant and angry as their tender years would allow, and, closing their eyes, beat their heads together and fought with all their



might, till some compromise was effected. These were the most amusing and absurd little scimmages imaginable. Just think of one *itself* engaged in deadly combat with another itself; what an absurdity!—but so it was. And neither one could go away to leave the other and sulk and pout

about it, so they generally gave up when tired out and wisely agreed to disagree.

When sleep overcame one head, it withdrew, together with its two feet, into the shell. But the companion head, wide-awake and looking about in all directions, might simultaneously decide to be up and doing, and then it would start off vigorously with the two feet belonging to its side of the house; but its efforts were vain: it only went round and round in a circle, the sleeping side acting as a dead-weight. It did not seem to mind it much, however, but continued on its journey uninterruptedly till the sleeper awoke, whereupon the two sides started off in unison, but with the most awkward gait possible. For, instead of putting a fore foot forward, like the normal tortoise, following immediately with a diagonally opposite hind foot, this little monster stepped out with its front feet at once, so that its fore parts were left without support, and dropped; then the hind feet stepped forward, leaving the hind parts without support, and they dropped in turn; and thus, bobbing up and down, it advanced by an awkward, rocking gait.

But the sleeper, roused abruptly, was not always disposed to start off at once with its companion, so the other scurried around as best it could till convinced that a circle is endless, and that it must have recourse to other expedients than those provided by nature. Out of its necessity, surprising as it may appear, this little monster had invented a way of getting about. Extending its two feet, it clutched at grass and weeds, and so dragged itself sideways, and went when it would, or where it chose, whether the other side slept, or, being awake, took its ease, refusing to budge. I have seen them walk thus, repeatedly; but it was the invention of the right head, and the left never resorted to it so far as I could observe. Thus it will be seen that there was no concerted action between the right side and the left, and yet they started together, with surprising frequency, to do precisely the same things: to eat, to swim, or to walk.

A smooth concrete walk was a favorite place for giving this pet an occasional sun-bath. When placed on this, or on a smooth piece of ground, it went through some queer antics before starting. First, the left head turned to the left, the right to the right, after gazing vacantly about for a time, they at length started off with a will in these two opposite directions at once. The result is, of course, that opposing one another as they did, they went backward, sometimes two or three feet, before they found how useless were their efforts to go each his own way. But when they ascertained this, they stopped short, and, after a moment's rest, started off together, teetering up and down, but traveling straight along till a stalk of grass or a weed was

encountered. This was sure to bring them to a standstill, for one insisted upon turning to the left of it, the other to the right, which brought them astride the weed, where they stood, tugging away obstinately till strength failed them.

A ledge along the concrete walk, not over three-quarters of an inch high, easily scaled by other pet tortoises of the same age, proved an insurmountable barrier for a long time. But, finally, the two-headed tortoise, with its two wills and two walking systems, learned to stand up on tiptoe by the ledge, and, giving a sudden kick, to throw itself over, but so violently at first that it invariably landed on its back, a most unfortunate predicament in its case, from which, unlike the normal tortoise, it could not extricate itself without help. But it soon learned to clear the ledge and alight right side up on the other side.

Every one who saw these queer maneuvers and the intelligence displayed in the adapting of means to ends for which it was so poorly fitted by nature, was charmed with the little pet.

In the water of its aquarium it paddled about slowly, sometimes diving to the bottom, at other times resting on the surface, with one head, perhaps, under the water, the other above; showing that the heads breathed independently, a fact easily verified by watching the two throats as they expanded and contracted. At the same time, it was noticed that the two heads opened their mouths and gaped occasionally, as if to breathe more air. This was the only sign of weakness. It may seem strange that any two so completely one should have differed in temperament, for they were certainly brought up under identically the same treatment; yet the right head, on many occasions, was the more irritable and timid,—ready to pick a quarrel with its other self, or to dodge at a fly or strange animal, while the other head seemed stolid and self-confident at all times.

But I had not reached this point in its simple history, nor had I satisfied my desire to study all its ways, when the little prize met with a serious accident. Its aquarium was carefully provided with clean, fresh water and a liberal supply of water plants. Now, while they were renewing the water and supplies, one day, this little curiosity was put out on the smooth grass almost within easy reach. Suddenly there was a rush and spring, and before even the most watchful could interfere, a prowling, stray cat had pounced upon the favorite inmate of the aquarium. Of course it was rescued at once, but it was thought that the ruthless cat had killed the pet outright. To their great satisfaction, it seemed to be unhurt. There was no trace of blood, not even a scratch visible.

The right head ventured at once to peer out

cautiously, but the left was too frightened to leave its protecting shell for fully half an hour. But finding itself in familiar hands the pet was soon itself again, and was restored to its aquarium.

The next morning it walked, swam, and ate as it was wont to do, although the left head was not hungry, and refused to eat at all, which was not uncommon. The next day, also, the left head ate nothing, and on the third it drooped. It was evidently very weak and sick, yet courageous and bound to hold out as long as possible, for, when petted, it straightened up resolutely and tried to make off with its companion, as it had done for so many weeks, to the wonder and delight of all who saw it. But in less than an hour it was dead, and the left legs also; leaving its companion apparently in great distress, for it was exceedingly uneasy. Undoubtedly the living head had some intimation of its approaching end and restlessly walked

about as if to escape. But in two hours and a half the right head was dead also. The cat's claw had pierced the neck of the left head. Careful examination showed, close to the shell, a small but fatal wound in the neck. But for this tragic end, it might have lived on through the winter, or possibly even longer.

During its short life, from the 1st of June to the middle of September, many people from many cities visited it, and enjoyed its queer pranks, its quarrels for more room, its tugs-of-war for food, its many misunderstandings of itself, its awkward gait and wise look.

Large sums of money were offered for it, but this rare pet had so endeared itself to its owners that they were not tempted to part company with it. Now that it is dead, they keep the body carefully preserved, and feel that its memory deserves to be perpetuated.



IN THE BLOOM OF MAY.



## A MAY SONG.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.

THE orchard is a rosy cloud,  
 The oak a rosy mist,  
 And oh, the gold of the buttercups  
 The morning sun has kissed!  
 There are twinkling shadows on the grass  
 Of a myriad tiny leaves,  
 And a twittering loud from the busy crowd  
 That build beneath the eaves.

*Then sing, happy children,  
 The bird and bee are here,  
 The May time is a gay time,  
 The blossom time o' the year.*

A message comes across the fields,  
 Borne on the balmy air,  
 For all the little seeking hands  
 There are flowers enough and to spare.  
 Hark! a murmuring in the hive,—  
 List! a carol clear and sweet,—  
 While feathered throats the thrilling notes  
 A thousand times repeat.

*Then sing, happy children,  
 The bird and bee are here,  
 The May time is a gay time,  
 The blossom time o' the year.*



## “THE LAND OF NOD” ON A PLANTATION.

BY OCTAVE THANET.

How many years ago was it that the “Land of Nod” appeared in ST. NICHOLAS? My volume is not at hand (in fact, it has been literally worn out in the service); but, last spring, I could repeat most of the songs by heart. You see we used the play for our school exhibition in the little white school-house by the cypress brake. And a great success it was, too. Some of the thousands of ST. NICHOLAS readers who have laughed over the droll little operetta may like to know how it fared far away from stages, costumes, or even a dry-goods store.

Our plantation is on a little river six miles (and a swamp) from the railway. The black old mill grinds corn, saws lumber, and gins cotton for us, because we are a cotton plantation; and the big white store sells all the dresses, hats, and coats for the “renters” and the farmers scattered through country across the river,—all the groceries, also, and the medicines, stoves, meat, and farming implements.

Whatever else we may need, we must order through the mail-rider who comes every day to the post-office in the store.

The Carrolls’ house overlooks the devious willow-shaded river; but the Planter’s house (the planter is Mrs. Carroll’s partner) is farther back.

Half-a-mile away is the school-house, where all the little white children go to school. In the spring, the grassy ways about the school-house are speckled with “bluets” and white “spring beauties,” and countless violets. In the cypress “slash,” behind the house, tall cypress-trees show a sprinkling of dainty green, fine as fern-fronds, mingling with the star-shaped foliage of the tupello gum and the beautiful hackberry leaves — all these delicate forms are in strange contrast to the huddle of “cypress knees” below or the hideous trunks of the hackberry. Cow-lilies, yellow as gold, spatter the black water, which is like a line of ink drawn through roots and “knees.”

When spring comes, school closes. It is time for the children to help “make a crop.”

So it was in April that we gave “The Land of Nod.”

The school-teacher suggested it — not the regular school-teacher. A regular school-teacher would have thought it far too much trouble, and, recoiling

before the thought of costumes, have substituted a “dialogue”; but Ethel, who took the school because she happened to be visiting her aunt, Mrs. Carroll, knew little about trouble, and proposed it hopefully.

Dora, one of that class who look before they leap, glanced over the pages.

“There appear to be many costumes required,” she observed without enthusiasm.

“Well, but, my dear,” Mrs. Carroll replied quickly,—Mrs. Carroll has that divine quality, hope,—“there is pretty, light-colored silesia at the store, and we have silver-paper.”

Dora’s eyes ran down the *dramatis personæ*, as she answered: “One, two — *four* royal personages. You can’t dress kings and queens in silesia.”

“Oh, yes, you can,” said her mother, cheerfully, “by lamplight. It will be at night.”

Ethel was delighted. She offered to make the sword and armor for the standard-bearer; but we abandoned the standard and Mr. Planter borrowed a spear instead, from a “Wheel” society; a large, bright, tin spear that was a comfort to us, as the only solidly built article in our paraphernalia, and in consequence the only thing which could be handled with impunity.

Our first qualms about costumes soon vanished. Mrs. Planter was captured by Mrs. Carroll, who, though a gentle creature, sweeps discouragement before her like dust before a broom. Dora herself felt the contagion. Daily she went up to the school-house to drill the young actors. And even the humble person who writes this chronicle, and who has no gifts in costuming, was moved to offer an idea on decoration. She made gold and silver lace for the high-born personages of the drama. Gold and silver paint and common cotton lace were all she needed. Mrs. Planter is a lady of wide resources; but none can be named in the same breath with Mrs. Carroll. She can copy a picture in cloth; and beyond my praise is the manner in which she adapted, and, as it were, *enchanted*, our common hats and gowns and house-furnishings. She made wigs of horse-hair dyed blonde with curry powder; provided wings for the sprites, lovely ethereal wings of tarlatan and wire taste; shimmering, too, because sprinkled, regardless of expense, with diamond-dust; she turned

a red piano-cover into the royal robe; she inked bands of cotton judiciously into a life-like similitude of ermine; she cut round pieces out of pasteboard, punched two holes in them, covered them with tin-foil, and, behold, dazzling silver buttons!—in fine, there was no end to her ingenuity.

Of course we had to make all the costumes. Shoes were the first difficulty. "Your pages," said Dora, "must wear *something* on their feet!"

"What do they usually have?" inquired the humble person.

"Boots," replied Ethel promptly; "boots with red tops and copper toes—or they go barefoot."

The humble person suggested our own low shoes; but, alas! the small actors' feet would not expand to fit them.

Ethel's bold idea was that the pages should act in stocking feet; shoes might be "simulated," she thought, with buckles and bows of ribbon, that would pass—by lamplight.

But Mrs. Carroll was shocked. "I should rather make the shoes myself!" cried she. "I believe I could, as well as not."

As good as her word, she cut them out of canton flannel matching the hose, and slashed them mediævally with blue and pink. They were a triumph. And Ethel converted the tin horn from the store into a knightly trumpet, by ends of waving ribbon and a flaring rim of repoussé silver—otherwise, tin-foil. She, also, was the architect of the helmet, built of pasteboard and tin-foil until it glittered from afar, and (except for being a trifle large and slipping down over the unfortunate child's eyes) was everything that could be reasonably desired.

The Standard-bearer wore a coat-of-mail over a green jerkin. Coats-of-mail are best wrought out of sleeveless under-vests, silvered over with close-lapping scales of tin-foil (*sewed* on). The effect is startling.

Where we least expected trouble, it came. The six little Sleepy-heads were to wear nightgowns, but it appeared that long white nightgowns were articles of luxury on the plantation, and not all the children had them. Luckily, one kind little girl owned many, and lent to her companions, so that difficulty was conquered.

One regular costume only did we have on hand, and this one we gave to the Dream Prince. It was our pride,—a suit of brown velveteen, coat, waistcoat, and small-clothes complete, trimmed with store gold-braid,—a centennial costume, to be sure, but why need one be particular about imprisoning the *dramatis personæ* in one epoch?

Neither were we slavish in our following of the fashion of the time. The Prince should have worn a cocked hat; not having one, he wore a

Henry VIII. cap and a paper feather, which really did quite as well.

Ethel had all the responsibility of the cast.

Not knowing which children could act, parts were distributed according to good behavior and good looks. The King of the Land of Nod was the best boy in school, who lives with his grandfather and does a man's work in the cotton-field; the Dream Prince received promotion on account of his beautiful dark eyes; Old Mother Goose was so kind to the children; My Lady Fortune's clean, white aprons singled her out; while both the Queen of the Dollies and the Dream Princess had always neatly brushed their hair; Jack o' Dreams turned out a bright young actor, but was appointed solely because of good temper; the Goblins were young Arkansans of French descent, whose black eyes and olive skins made them look their parts; the Sand Man was helping his father plow, and had a small part, since he could not be at rehearsals; all the Sprites were nice little girls who learned their lessons and kept their faces clean; the Standard-bearer was chosen in recognition of his fortitude when he fell off the tree (which he climbed to get Ethel some mistletoe) and sprained his ankle; he carried the noble tin spear and wore the shining helmet; as for the Sleepy-heads, they were chosen as being just little, chubby, and pretty, and the Pages had good looks rather than good behavior to thank; but then, since fairy tales began, pages have been mischievous.

Page Edgar was (in Arkansas phrase) "chilling," while Page Sebastian had a chronic cold in the head. But chills and colds are both common in the Arkansas river bottoms. If one lives in a "balloon frame" house, with only one thickness of wood between winter and the family, or in a house of hewn logs, feebly plastered with mud, he is very likely to catch cold by spring; while we who have never had chills, too often ascribe the malaria as much to the Arkansas fondness for pork and strong coffee three times a day, as to the climate.

However, be the fault where it may, it is certain that last spring there was hardly a day at the school-house that two or three of the scholars were not laid out on the benches. If one were to ask them what was the matter they would answer quietly, as though it were quite a matter of course, "Jes' chillin'."

They had probably walked from one to four miles that morning, to school; they would have to walk back again, but they never thought of not coming. When the chill ceased they would get up and go back to their books. "I never saw such patient children," Ethel often said.

Rehearsals were sometimes interrupted by chills, but more often by "wash-days" or the crops.



Some days the school-room looked dismally empty, because the girls were home at housekeeping work, and the boys were busy on the farm.

I will not detail all our small disasters. Somehow, we persevered, in spite of everything. The plantation carpenter built the platform, and laid boards across between benches, for additional seats. The lamp chimneys were cleaned, and we thought of cleaning even the windows, but gave it up as being a life-work; besides, as Mrs. Carroll truly said, they never would show at night.

In spite of the carpenter, the platform was too small; but we drilled the Sprites to dance chiefly up and down in the same place; and since the wide circles of a wheelbarrow were quite out of the question, the Sand Man and the Jack o' Dreams carried the Sleepy-heads upon the stage.

We rigged a calico curtain with two ropes, and (if you were careful and did not pull the wrong rope and pulled the right one hard enough) it worked quite as well as most unprofessional curtains.

The appointed evening came at last. There was a great outpouring of all the families of the renters and farmers round about.

Families came together,—father, mother, and children, down to the patient Arkansas baby in its red flannel gown. They arrived on foot, in wagons, in mud-splashed buggies, on horseback and mule-back, with saddles or without. They crowded the school-room, and rows of black faces were flattened against the window-panes outside.

Meanwhile, we were dressing the performers. The "Land of Nod" was only the climax of the exhibition. Speeches and readings were all to be heard beforehand. It must be confessed that we were in a great hubbub, only one room being available for dressing. It was the room where the children hung their hats and coats, the boys on the right-hand row of nails, the girls on the left. But with screens and curtains we made two dressing-rooms.

Perhaps we should have been more speedy "dressers" if we had not needed to do so much pinning. It was a tragic interval when the paper of pins was lost, and everything came to a dead halt! However, every one was dressed before the good-natured audience had finished their talk about the speaking.

The procession was imposing. The King of the Land of Nod looked truly regal in our piano-cover, his black doublet blazing with gold paper moons and stars, and gold lace from raisin-boxes; Ethel's laces, at his throat and wrists, and a pair of Dora's black silk stockings darkly gleaming below, Rhine-stone shoe-buckles, one of the most elaborate pasteboard crowns ever made,

bédecked with red paper poppies, encircling his beautiful gray horse-hair curls and a brass curtain-rod scepter in his carefully washed hand. The Pages were pretty little fellows, and if, like the Marchioness, you "pretended" very hard, their doublets and trunk-hose of gray silesia slashed with pink and blue looked very like silk. The Queen of the Dollies wore a flowered cretonne gown richly embroidered with gold paint. Her raiment, I believe, started in life as a lounge cover. The Dream Princess looked charming in an ex-window-curtain. The Sprites, or Fairies, were visions of white tarlatan, crimped hair, powder, and spangled wings. Lady Fortune wore a Greek dress. Snowy folds of cheese-cloth draped her with classic grace. Gold fillets bound her dark hair; and no one who did not know it would ever suspect that the blue Grecian pattern adorning the hem of her gown was made of paper. She had a wheel-of-fortune fine enough to make a paid supernumerary jealous. Altogether, she was an object of pride.

The Jack o' Dreams was in a clown's dress of red and yellow. We sent to town for his bells. He capered about the stage with as much abandon as if space had no limits, instead of there being barely room to spin round.

As the curtain rose majestically, with only two hitches, to the strains of the mice-eaten organ, and the procession filed on the stage, there was a loud murmur of applause. The overworked mothers, who had risen before daylight to get scrubbing and cooking out of the way and the family into their Sunday best and everybody safely packed on the mules, and "the old man" persuaded to come and see "Bud" and "Sis" in their "pretty clothes," all smiled at each other with a sense of pleasurable excitement.

The King's grandfather sat in front. It was to be the King's last year in school, which seemed a great pity to us all, but the grandfather needed him and did n't "low he needed no more larnin', onyhow." We were surprised to see the old man. There he sat, however, his gnarled old face aglow in spite of himself over the King's magnificence. "Fine 's a circus, ain't it?" Dora overheard him mutter to the mother of the Standard-bearer.

Dora was at the organ, while Mrs. Planter was stage-manager, Ethel was prompter, the humble person had the task of keeping the Sleepy-heads in good humor, and Mrs. Carroll sat in her good clothes among the audience.

Occasionally her artist's anxiety sent in (by one of the children) such messages as: "Tie the small-clothes on, don't pin them. I know there is a pin sticking into the Jack o' Dreams!" "You must rub off the powder a little, it shows from the front!"

"Melancthon Bates can't come, his sister says he 's chilling; you 'll have to get another Sleepy-head. I 'll find somebody." "You must *pin* on the shoes—Page Edgar has lost onc of his, already." And so forth.

We fared prosperously until we began to carry the Sleepy-heads upon the stage. This was done by the Jack o' Dreams and the Sand Man. Three Sleepy-heads were laid carefully in the wrong position, while the audience laughed and cheered; then the Jack o' Dreams was observed to hold back, clutching at his garments—those fatal pins!

"Come on!" whispered Mrs. Planter from the right wing.

"Go on!" whispered Ethel from the left.

"I don't guess he *can*," apologized the Sand Man, in an audible aside.

"Have Miss Ethel pin you up, then," said Mrs. Planter. "Make haste!"

"Oh, hitch 'em up, Bud, an' go on!" called an impatient listener on the front seats.

Jack wisely followed this advice, and so got within easy reach of Mrs. Planter's arm, being instantly captured and pinned into shape again.

"I think I 've pinned through his very skin," was Mrs. Planter's calm remark; "but he 's a plucky boy, and he won't mind."

He did not mind. He jumped, and leaped, and grimaced, to the delight of the audience; he was the dramatic success of the evening. But nothing could be prettier than the Sprites' singing and dancing, unless it was the little Sleepy-heads' sweet little, high voices, and the way they sat up

so drowsily when they were awaked. That is, all the girls sat up, but all the little boys lay still,—fast asleep in reality as well as in play.

In vain did the Sprites sing: "Wake! wake! the charm we break!" In vain did Mrs. Planter and Ethel and the humble person call in loud whispers which every one else in the house but the sleepers could hear: "Johnny! Freddy! Bertie! Wake *up*!" They were in much better company than the King of the Land of Nod or the Queen of the Dollies, and not even the loud applause of the kindly audience could bring them back.

So their fathers and mothers quietly bundled them home to their own little beds.

Then Mr. Planter made a speech,—wise, and kind, and funny,—which pleased everybody; the school prizes were announced, and there were so many of them that everybody grew more pleased, except the babies, who felt that it was high time to go home, and said so quite plainly and loudly, if not in so many words. By this time the moon was up, and the muddy places and fords could be seen, and the exhibition was ended.

Many were the compliments paid Ethel, with that natural courtesy that belongs to the very humblest Southerners; but none pleased her so much as the few words the King of the Land of Nod's grandfather spoke to her in passing, "Wal, Miss, that was a mighty good show. I b'lieve in boys larnin' to speak. I reckon I kin make out without my boy fur a spell nex' year, an' let him come to school. He keeps all my cotton accounts now,—that boy!"

---

## THE SPRINT-RUNNER.

BY JOEL STACY.

---

"LEARNING? Where 's the use of learning?"

Johnny cried, his lesson spurning.

"As for me, I 'd rather run!"

So from morn to set of sun,

Johnny's legs were never still;

He could distance Bob and Bill,

Jim and Tom, and Dick and Peter.

Not a youth in town was flecter.

Grammar, Algebra, and History

Glimmered in a hazy mystery,

School terms softly sped away,

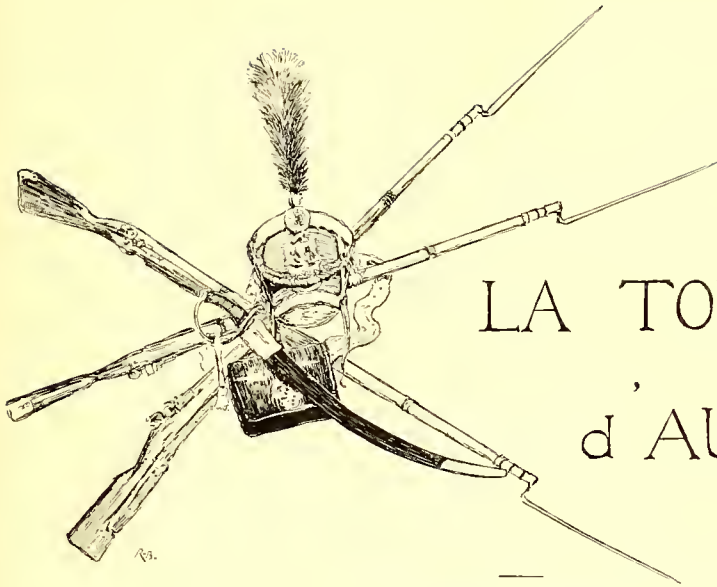
While he practiced day by day,—

Week by week, and through vacation.

Then his friends, in desperation,

Vowed the boy was not for knowledge;

So they sent him off to college.



# LA TOUR d'AUVERGNE

BY M. C. HARRISON.

"THERE goes your Uncle Harry," exclaimed a chorus of voices, as I passed the school playground; "he has just come home from Europe, and so he ought to be able to tell us all about soldiers and drilling."

"Yes, Uncle Harry," said my nephew Tom, who made himself spokesman for the crowd of boys, "we want to drill like real soldiers,—'shoulder arms!' 'march!' and all that."

"I never was much of a soldier, my boys. I was wounded in one of the battles of our civil war, and so my military career was cut short, but I can tell you a story my grandfather once told me, of a noble soldier whose example of humility and bravery you would do well to follow."

The boys forgot their play in a moment and crowded around me, eager for my story:

"It was on a lovely evening, my grandfather used to say, that he was at the little town of Carhaix in the west of France. A company of stalwart grenadiers was assembled on the parade-ground of the village, and the rays of the setting sun gilded their polished arms. The long roll of the drum ceased, and the roll-call began. Name after name was called, and was echoed by its owner.

"'La Tour d'Auvergne.'

"No voice responded to that proud name. There was a short silence, and then an old gray-headed color-sergeant, raising his cap as if in salute, stepped forth from the ranks and solemnly answered:

"'Dead on the field of honor.'

"When the company had been dismissed, my grandfather sought the veteran and asked if he could tell him the story of La Tour d'Auvergne.

"'La Tour d'Auvergne? Yes, sir,' he replied, 'I can tell you all about him. He was born here in Carhaix, in 1743, and I can show you his grave in yonder little church-yard. His parents are buried there, too,' and, as they walked slowly to the church-yard, the old man told the story of the valorous soldier of France, to honor whose memory was his daily duty.

From boyhood, La Tour d'Auvergne longed to be a soldier. He was among the earliest to volunteer when the French revolution began; after the peace of Basle, he fell into the hands of the English, and for a year was a prisoner in England. His name was one of the first enrolled on the glorious list of the grenadiers of France, when Napoleon's bugle-notes sounded. He seldom took part in a battle without distinguishing himself by some heroic action, for which honors were pressed upon him. La Tour d'Auvergne gratefully but firmly refused all honors, declaring his unworthiness of them. He accepted only one favor from his beloved Napoleon. The Senate had offered La Tour d'Auvergne a seat in the legislative body, which he declined, saying, "Where shall I serve the Republic to greater purpose than in the army?" He then rejoined his company of grenadiers, which had become famous under his leadership, with the army of the Rhine, and there he received a letter from

the Minister of War informing him that Napoleon had created him "First Grenadier of the Republic" and had awarded him "a sword of honor." He

within two hours' march of the place where he then was; thought and action were simultaneous with La Tour d'Auvergne, and before the enemy had



WATCHING THE APPROACH OF THE AUSTRIANS.

refused the title, but accepted the sword, which, however, he was never willing to carry into battle.

When La Tour d'Auvergne was about forty years of age, an event occurred which increased his reputation as a soldier who knew not fear. He was sent on important business, so the story goes, to a region far distant from the main body of the army, and he thought it prudent to examine his situation in the event of a surprise from the enemy. While thus engaged, intelligence reached him of the proximity of a regiment of Austrians pushing on to besiege a fort which commanded a narrow pass, the possession of which by the enemy would be very disastrous to the French troops. The pass was ten miles away, and the Austrians were

commenced the ascent of the mountain, he had reached the fort. To his dismay he found it deserted!

Thirty excellent muskets and a large supply of ammunition had been left behind by the fugitives. The lookout in his haste had even left his telescope on the watch-tower: and by the aid of this, La Tour d'Auvergne spied the enemy still far distant. A few hours' detention of the enemy would be invaluable to Napoleon. The pass was steep and narrow. The Austrians could enter it only in double file, and while they were ascending the pass in this order the fire of even a single musket from the fort would be exceedingly effective. These thoughts flashed like lightning

through D'Auvergne's mind, and he descended from the watch-tower with the resolve to attempt the defense of the pass, though alone against a regiment.

Being exhausted, he first took a hasty luncheon; then, barricading the main entrance with all the lumber in the fort, he loaded every gun and placed the ammunition conveniently near. It was dark before his preparations were completed, and there was nothing left for him to do but calmly to await the approach of the Austrians. About midnight he heard the tramp of many feet. In an instant his hand grasped a musket, and when the footfalls came so near that he felt certain the Austrians had entered the pass, he discharged the contents of two guns into the darkness to let them know they

commander summoned the garrison to surrender. La Tour d'Auvergne received the flag of truce.

"Report to your commander," he said, in reply to the messenger, "that the garrison will defend the pass to the last extremity."

The Austrians hesitated no longer, but at once hauled a gun into the pass, and opened fire on the fort. The only situation available for the piece was directly in front of the tower, within easy musket-range. As soon as the gun was placed in position, La Tour d'Auvergne poured so destructive a fire upon the gunners that the enemy were compelled to withdraw after the second discharge, with a loss of five men.

The Austrians were brave men, and a second time boldly followed their leaders up the defile



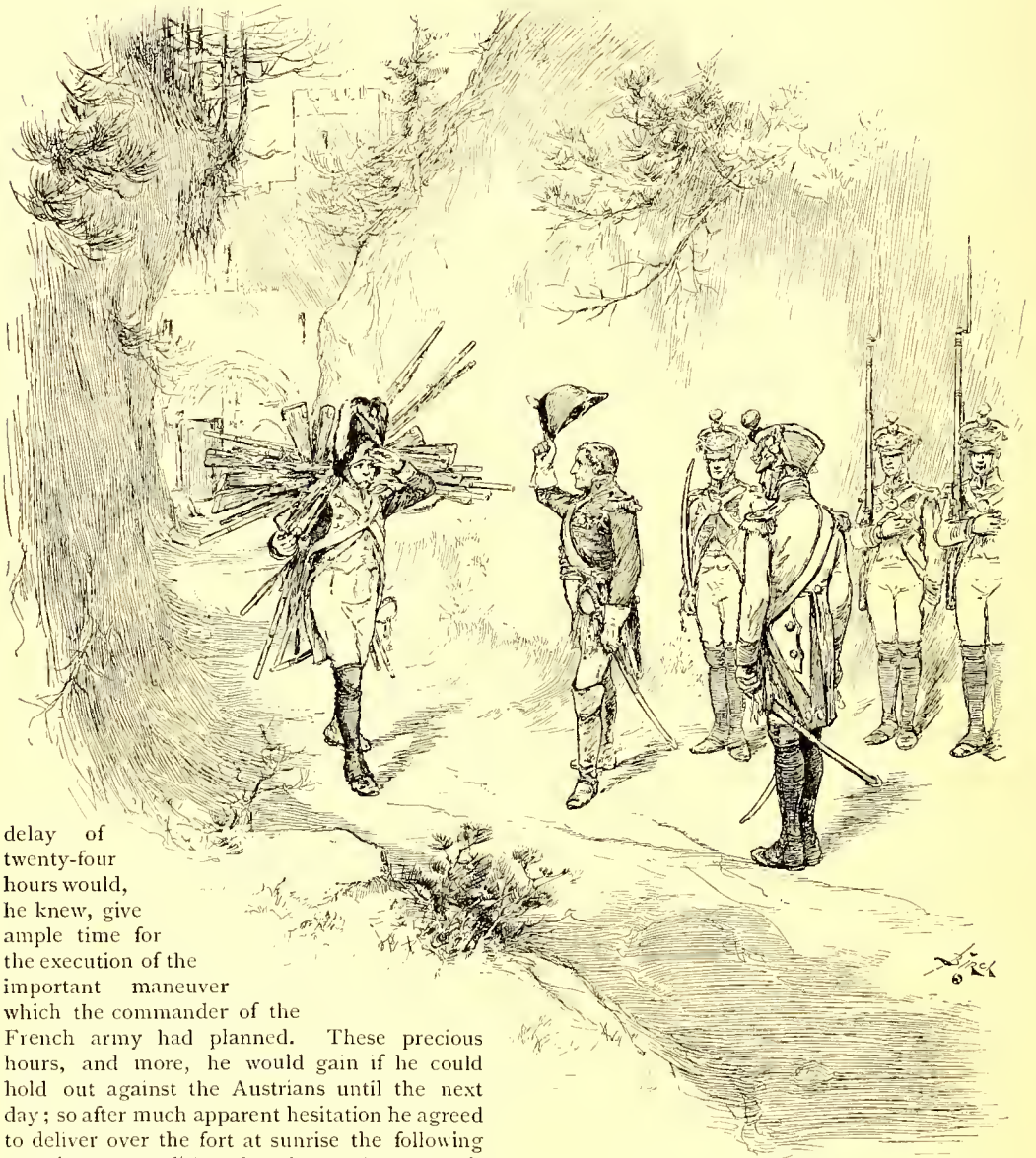
THE AUSTRIANS ATTACKING THE FORT.

were expected. The shots brought no return fire from the enemy, and from the quick, short commands of the officers, he decided that the ranks of the invaders were thrown into confusion by his ruse. He heard nothing more of them that night. At sunrise the next morning the Austrian com-

but so rapid and accurate was La Tour d'Auvergne's fire, that fifteen men fell in the pass, and the whole body retreated to the foot of the defile. A third assault resulted in further loss to the Austrians, and again they withdrew. By sunset they had lost forty-five men, and at dark the Austrian

commander sent a second demand for surrender. To La Tour d'Auvergne it seemed as if that one day in the tower would never end. Soul and body had almost failed. But what were pain and fatigue to him if he could but accomplish his aim? A

leaving a broad space for the retiring garrison from the fort. All was so quiet within the walls of the fort, and the huge door remained so obstinately closed, that the Austrians were becoming impatient; but at last the heavy door swung slowly



delay of twenty-four hours would, he knew, give ample time for the execution of the important maneuver which the commander of the French army had planned. These precious hours, and more, he would gain if he could hold out against the Austrians until the next day; so after much apparent hesitation he agreed to deliver over the fort at sunrise the following morning on condition that the garrison was allowed to march out with its arms, and to retire unmolested to the French army. These terms were gladly accepted.

At sunrise the next morning the Austrian troops were drawn up in line on either side of the pass,

open, and La Tour d'Auvergne appeared, and, staggering under his load of thirty muskets, slowly passed down between the lines of troops. Not a soul followed him from the fort.

THE GARRISON MARCHES OUT.

Surprised and indignant at this apparent contempt from the conquered foe, the Austrian colonel turned to the grenadier and demanded why the garrison did not appear.

"I am the garrison, Colonel," said La Tour d'Auvergne.

"What!" exclaimed the Colonel, "do you mean to tell me that you have held that tower single-handed against my whole regiment?"

"I have had that honor, Colonel."

"What possessed you to make such an attempt, grenadier?"

"The honor of France was at stake."

With undisguised admiration the Colonel gazed at the hero for some time in silence, then raising his hat he exclaimed:

"Grenadier, I salute you. You have proved yourself the bravest of the brave."

Under a flag of truce, La Tour d'Auvergne returned with the honors of a conqueror to his army, the trophies of his valor borne before him.

The Austrian colonel sent a dispatch, written with his own hand, to the French commander, giving a full account of La Tour d'Auvergne's heroic exploit.

Napoleon would have conferred high rank on La Tour d'Auvergne for his acts of patriotism and bravery, but he steadily refused all honors. The title of "First Grenadier of France," however, bestowed on him by special order of the Emperor, was accepted by friends and foes alike.

La Tour d'Auvergne fell at the battle of Oberhausen, near Neuberg, in Bavaria, June 27, 1800. The honors he so resolutely refused while living were bestowed upon him tenfold after death. A shaft bearing the record of his heroic deeds was erected on the spot where he fell; in his native village a monument was consecrated to his memory; and the simple, touching, memorial ceremony, which was witnessed at the roll-call of his regiment, was instituted, and it was kept up for nearly fifteen years.

"Now, boys," said I, when I had finished the story which my grandfather had told me, "you have heard one of the many brave exploits of this French grenadier. Your books will tell you others as interesting, and convince you that La Tour d'Auvergne was indeed a soldier worth telling about."

---

## HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

BY N. P. BABCOCK.

---

THAT baby 's a puzzle to me,  
With his "queer little snubity nose";  
His clothes are put on, I can see,  
As thickly as leaves on a rose;  
    They don't seem to fit  
    The least little bit,  
Yet he has such an air of repose!

They turn him around, upside down,  
And dandle him high in the air;  
He 's the loveliest baby in town,  
The sweetest, in fact, anywhere.  
    They say "Baby 's King,"  
    And then shake the poor thing;  
It 's a wonder to me how they dare.

Of what earthly use to be king  
When all of your subjects are mad,  
And imagine a wild Highland fling  
Can alone make your majesty glad—  
    Or fancy a poke  
    In the chin is a joke  
Your highness delights in when sad?

Oh! yes, you 're a puzzle to me,  
You solemn-eyed, infantile king;  
A bishop might climb up a tree  
And *you* would n't say anything,  
    Though he sat on a bough  
    And whistled till now,  
"The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring."

And yet you will smile at a wink,  
Or chuckle aloud at a sneeze,  
Though your life is made up, I should think,  
Of things more amusing than these;  
    As when, half the night long,  
    Your Mamma sings a song  
But allows *you* to sound the high Cs.

Perhaps in the far Baby-land,  
The joking is finer than here.  
Perhaps we can't quite understand  
The pre-mundane funny idea.  
    Perhaps if we knew  
    What most amused you,  
We'd feel very foolish and queer.

## "CUFF," THE ORPHAN BEAR-CUB.

BY GEO. A. MARTIN.



CHARLIE AND "CUFF" HAVE A SPARRING BOUT.

THERE were four of us in the party, and we had built our sylvan camp upon the shore of Tupper's Lake in the Adirondacks. Three of us were enjoying a brief vacation from the turmoil of business in New York City. The fourth, Richard Dryver, familiarly known as "Dick," was a skillful woodsman, learned in all the lore of forest, lake, and mountain. He was born in a log-cabin, and spent his early boyhood amid the woods and waters of the great northern wilderness. He afterward

lived with an uncle in one of the thriving villages of Central New York, where he learned the carpenter's trade, and ultimately became a partner in the business. But the love of forest life remained strong within him, and so it was that for several successive seasons we had regarded ourselves as fortunate to have him with us in the Adirondacks; not as hired guide, but as friend and companion.

It was a summer evening. We sat in camp, while



the sun threw a bright gleam across the lake and then sank behind the forest-clad mountain, leaving the western sky all aglow. We were talking over the events of the day, one of which was the discovery of the tracks of a full-grown bear, and several broken twigs among the branches of a wild black cherry tree, which showed that Bruin had been feeding upon the cherries. Dick, however, had pronounced the tracks to be a “cold trail,” which meant that several days must have elapsed since the bear’s visit. And then, after a pause, in which he seemed to be recalling some incident almost forgotten, he added: “Bears are not as plenty as they were when I caught Cuff.”

“Who was Cuff?” we asked.

“Oh, he was a black bear that I captured when he was a baby, and brought up by hand. It happened in this way: I was going through the woods with my dog one afternoon just about this time of year. I heard the dog barking a little way ahead, and suspected by the racket he was making that he had stirred up a bear. The dog was a little fellow, half bull-terrier, active and plucky. It did n’t take many minutes to reach the spot where he was barking, and, sure enough, there was an old bear with a cub. The path led along the foot of a rather steep slope. The old bear was up on the top of the bank down which the cub had tumbled and rolled, and the dog attacked him just as I came in sight. The old bear sat up there with her fore paws hanging over the edge of the bank, and her great red mouth wide open, growling and snarling. I wondered why she did n’t come down and take care of her cub. But I did n’t stop to ask her. I raised my rifle, took aim, and fired, and the ball finished her at once. I climbed up the bank, and then saw why the old bear had stayed there. She had another cub with her. As I started along the edge of the bank toward them the little cub ran. The brush was rather thick, but I managed to keep up with the cub. When I was close upon him the little brute scrambled up a young spruce-tree. The branches were so thick that I could not get through them to follow the cub until I had cut some away with the hatchet I always carry in my belt. Then I shinned up, caught him by the scruff of the neck, and brought him down. The little savage squirmed and squealed, but I held him with his back toward me until I could peel some strips of basswood bark and tie his legs. The other cub was so badly bitten by the dog that I killed him, out of mercy. Then I skinned the old bear and started for home with the hide and the cub.”

“How far had you to go?” asked one of the party.

“It was about thirty miles home, but I left the

bear-skin with a friend who had a shanty about ten miles from where I killed the old bear and caught the cub. I got home the next day, and put the cub into an empty pig-pen, roofed over so that he could n’t climb out. We fed him milk and such food as we ate ourselves. My boy Charlie and the cub soon became great friends. Charlie would get into the pen with him at first, but in a little while the cub was so tame we let him out a good part of the time, only shutting him into his pen at night. He learned everything. But the greatest fun the boy had with the cub was to stand him up in a chair, so as to bring him on a level, and then have a sparring bout. After a little, the boy had to fight in earnest to hold his own, for at intervals the cub would give him a cuff that set him spinning. That’s the way the cub got his name.”

“How long did you keep the cub?” we asked.

“About a year. The summer after I caught him, he had grown to be quite a young bear, and was as tame as a kitten. He and the boy were steady chums, going all over the place together, and indulging in all sorts of tricks. The cub developed an uncommon talent for getting into scrapes. One Sunday, while I was off in the woods, the folks

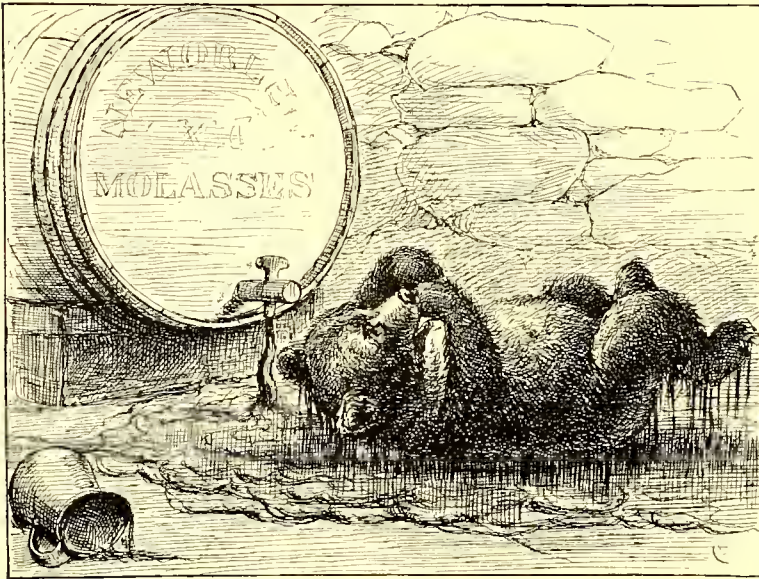


CUFF COMES TO GRIEF WITH A PAN OF MILK.

all went to meeting. They first shut up Cuff in his pen, but they forgot to fasten it. The door slid up and down, and the cub managed to get his paw and then his nose under it, and raised it so that he got out. The day was warm, and the folks had left one of the kitchen windows open. Cuff climbed

in, and then the mischief began. The cellar-door was unfastened, and he went down to see what he could find. First he climbed up to a swing-shelf

hard, that I bought a collar and chain and fastened Cuff to a stake in the orchard. We built him a comfortable little house to sleep in, and he was fed regularly; but he seemed lonesome and unhappy during the hours when Charlie was at school. Just as soon as school was out, Charlie would make straight for the orchard, hoping to have a great frolic with Cuff. But one afternoon, when he went there — Cuff was gone! The ring of the chain had worn his leather collar so thin that he had broken it by pulling. Charlie followed the trail across a meadow and into a piece of woods beyond; there he lost it. The next morning I went there, but the cub had probably traveled all night, and I gave up the search."



CUFF ENJOYS A TREAT.

where the milk was kept, and managed to tip a pan of it all over himself. Then he went sniffing round till he found a barrel of molasses. You know a bear has a great fondness for sweet things, and he licked around the head of the barrel, and mumbled away at the spigot until it came open, and the molasses flowed in a full stream. Cuff drank in the flowing sweetness until he could hold no more. Then he lay down and rolled in it. Soon after he began to feel unhappy, and he started up the stairs with molasses dripping from his shaggy hide at every step. It was n't long before the folks came home from meeting. The first thing they noticed was the open cellar-door, and the track of molasses leading from it through the hall to the girls' room. The girls hurried to their room, and there on the clean white bedspread was Cuff, lying on his back, with a big swarm of flies buzzing around him. Maria — one of my daughters — ran out and picked up a broom and vigorously belabored poor Cuff over his head and ears. He tumbled from the bed and ran out of the house. They got him into his pen, shut and fastened the door, and kept him there till I came home."

"What did you do with him?"

"Oh, Mother and the girls were so indignant over the damage he had done that they wanted me to shoot him or sell him. But Charlie begged so

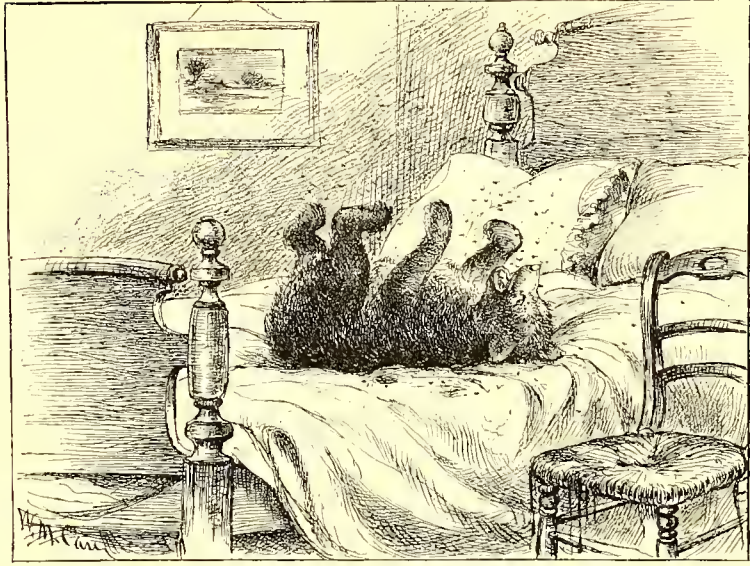
"Was that the last of him?"

"Not quite. For the next year I was up in the



"CUFF STARTED UP THE STAIRS WITH MOLASSES DRIPPING AT EVERY STEP."

old place for a few weeks. Early one morning as I awoke, there stood a young bear a little way from the open side of my little bough house. I jumped up mighty quick, but, just as I reached for my gun, the bear sat straight up and held out his paws just as Cuff used to when he was sparring with Charlie. I called out 'Cuff!' and he came straight up to me, acting as if glad to see his old master again. I patted his head and talked to him. Then he followed me down to the lake and sat watching me while I fished. I gave him part of the fish and he went away. I stayed there several days after that, and he came every morning for his breakfast and a little frolic. I would have tried to get him home with me, only the wife and girls had never forgiven him. So the



"THERE ON THE CLEAN WHITE BEDSPREAD WAS CUFF."

last morning, I gave him a good breakfast, and while he was eating it, leaving him there, I packed up my traps and started, and never heard or saw anything more of the little fellow."

last morning, I gave him a good breakfast, and while he was eating it, leaving him there, I packed up my traps and started, and never heard or saw anything more of the little fellow."

## DOGS OF NOTED AMERICANS.

### PART III.

BY GERTRUDE VAN R. WICKHAM.

"TURK"—GENERAL WINFIELD S. HANCOCK'S  
DOG FRIEND.

TURK was an army dog, who knew the meaning of drum-taps and bugle-calls as well as any soldier.

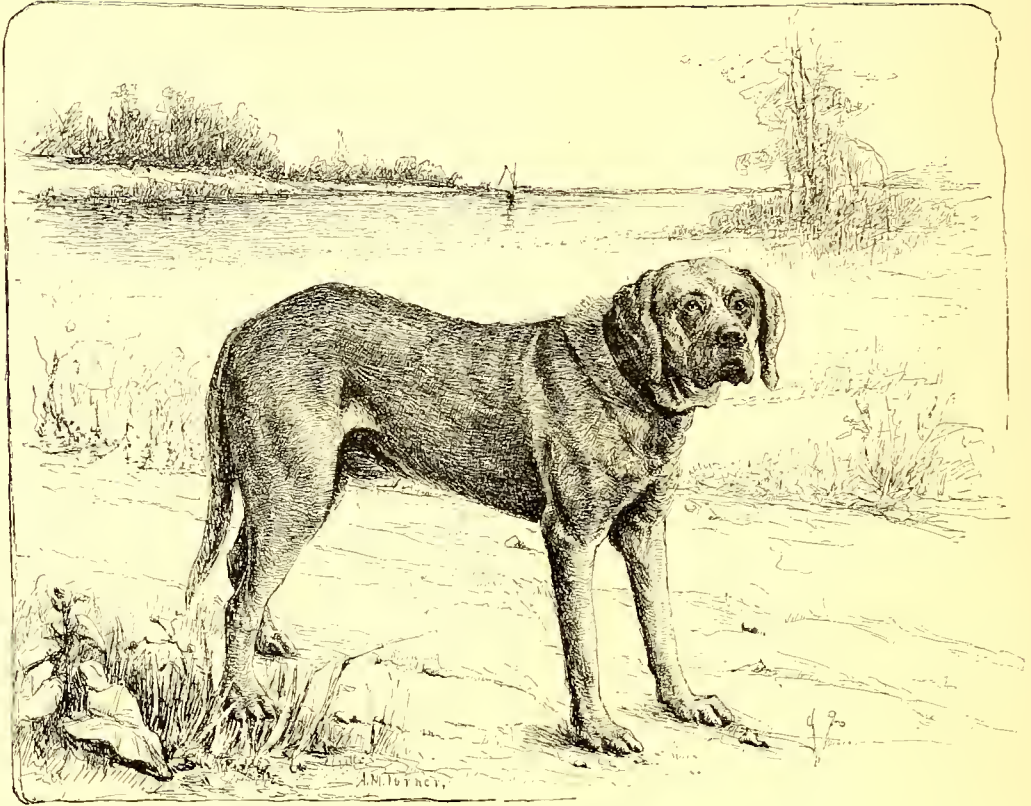
His military education was acquired in a garrison, where he lived for nearly four years, and where, being an intelligent, observant animal, he learned many details of martial law and discipline, and, soldier-like, always wished to see them enforced.

Visitors to Governor's Island in 1880, and for

three years thereafter, will recall the huge, silent mastiff that escorted them from the wharf to the parade-ground; for Turk seemed to consider himself a standing Committee of Reception.

He was, however, very undemonstrative, and quite indifferent to the word or smile of any one save General Hancock, and the Superintendent of the Island, William Kirchelt. But his devotion to these two made up for any lack of interest toward others.

Turk was born in the spring of 1878, and was of pure, English mastiff breed, his progenitors having been imported by the Hon. John Jay,



TURK.

formerly minister to Austria. When about two years of age, he was sent for a time to General Hancock by General W. F. Smith, who had owned the dog from puppyhood, and to whom he was returned after General Hancock's death.

While at Governor's Island, Turk was greatly admired and petted; for, though reserved, he was very amiable, and never began a quarrel. But if a dog, visiting the Island, attempted any domineering, Turk soon showed the canine stranger that *he* was the dog of the garrison, and could easily whip ill-mannered intruders.

His attitude toward animals smaller than himself was one of gentle indifference. Little dogs might take liberties with him that larger ones dared not attempt. If the little fellows became too familiar or troublesome, he would gently pick one up with his teeth and shake it, not enough to hurt it but just enough to frighten it into running away when released.

William Kirchelt had the entire charge of him, and Turk always accompanied him when he made his rounds as Superintendent of the Island. At such times the dog would notice no one they met

except the commandant; but at the first glimpse of General Hancock, Turk would wag his tail vigorously, bark, and in other ways express his delight.

When the General wished to see William, he usually advised the orderly sent in quest of him, to look for Turk, as wherever the dog was, there William would be; and the General used to call the dog a "tell-tale," for when William slipped over to New York without leave, everybody would know it through Turk, who would lie on the wharf during William's absence, gazing intently out over the water, toward the city.

He very much disliked to have the General or William leave the Island, and if they went in a rowboat he would swim after them, and insist upon being taken in. Once he nearly lost his life by following a steamboat which was conveying the General and William to the city on their way to take part in the Yorktown celebration in 1881. At first, every one who witnessed the scene thought that the dog would soon give up the attempt; but on and on he swam, until a boat had to put out from the Island to drive him back. He was nearly exhausted when he landed, and but for

this interference of the people on shore would have kept on so long as he could swim.

When his master and keeper returned from Yorktown, and were nearing the Island, General Hancock exclaimed:

"Look, William! There is Turk watching for us! Won't he be glad to see us!"

In a garrison, after what is termed the "Retreat" is sounded, no one is allowed to pass in or out without the pass-word. William's quarters were on the line of the sentinel's beat. Turk never seemed to notice any passer-by particularly, until Retreat, but after that he would permit no one to pass except the sentry.

One cold, rainy night, the sentinel on duty carried his rifle at "secure arms," his overcoat cape nearly covering it. As he passed Turk the dog made a charge upon him. The soldier, frightened and perplexed at this sudden and unexpected hostility, remained motionless.

William heard the noise, and, going to the door, took in the situation at once.

"Put your gun on your shoulder and walk on," he called out. When the sentry did so, Turk immediately lay down, looking very foolish, and plainly showing that he realized his mistake and was mortified by it.

After General Hancock died, William Kirshelt's company was ordered to California, and General Smith took the dog again. For three summers, Turk was at Bar Harbor, where he made himself indispensable, not only as a watch-dog but as a protection to the ladies of the family in their long walks and rambles. They never were afraid of tramps when Turk was with them.

At home, strangers, especially doubtful-looking ones, were escorted about the premises with stately watchfulness, never being interfered with unless they meddled with something, when he instantly would show disapprobation. A slight hint from the huge dog was all that was ever required to keep even the most unscrupulous within the strict line of honesty.

He was left nearly alone one summer, and upon General Smith's return had disappeared. No trace of him has ever been discovered.

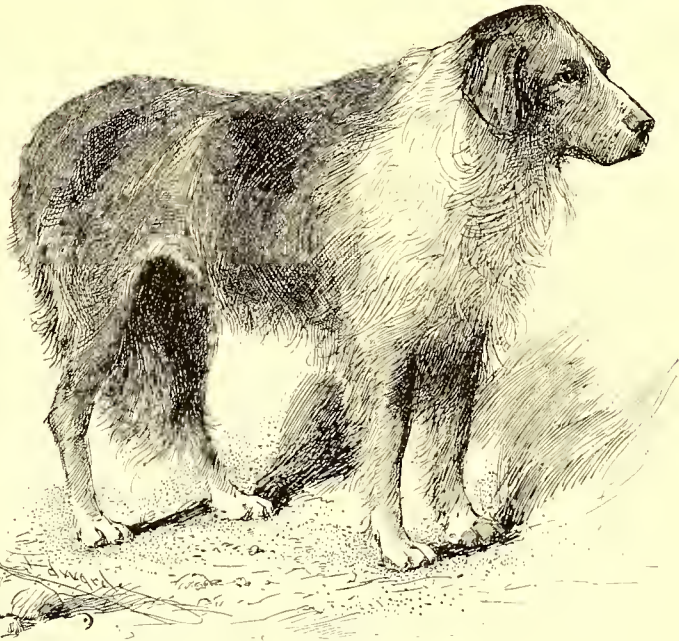
#### ADMIRAL PORTER'S DOG "BRUCE."

ALL boys who love the water, and especially those who think that they would like to be sailors, will be interested in "Bruce," once the favorite dog of Admiral David D. Porter, of our Navy.

Dogs have been favorites with the Admiral all his life, and within the last twenty years, or since making Washington his headquarters, he has owned no less than twenty-two!

But Bruce, early in his career, earned the highest place in his master's regard by one of those feats of sagacity which seem to prove that animals sometimes reason, and that, too, often more wisely than their recognized mental superiors.

Admiral Porter had a little grandson, who lived near a deep and rapid water-course about twenty-five feet wide. The stream was crossed by a narrow plank. One day, the little fellow—who was



BRUCE.

but three years of age—attempted the perilous crossing alone. There was no one near to warn him of danger or prevent him but the dog. Realizing the child's peril, Bruce ran to him, and, catching hold of his dress, tried to pull him back. The youngster was determined to have his own way, and vigorously resented the dog's interference by beating poor Bruce in the face, with a big stick he carried, until the dog was forced by pain to relinquish his hold.

The faithful animal then jumped into the water, and swam slowly across the stream, below the plank, evidently with the intention of saving the child, should he happen to fall in.

When they were both safely across, and Bruce had shaken the water from his shaggy coat, he artfully induced the little fellow to get on his back for a ride, a treat he knew the youngster much enjoyed and for which he was always ready.

The moment the dog felt the child's arms around his neck, and the little feet digging into his sides, he trotted back across the plank, and homeward, never stopping until his young charge was safely beyond any temptation of repeating his dangerous performance.

Bruce was a famous watch-dog, and guarded the Admiral's premises in Washington more effectively than any night-watchman, for it would have taken more courage to confront him than to encounter any average watchman. He weighed one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and was very large around the body. His hair was long, shaggy, and of a dark drab color, except upon his neck, breast, and feet, where it was pure white; and he was noted among those who knew him for his gentle, expressive eyes.

Poor Bruce met his death in rather an ignominious way. Despite his bravery and sagacity, he possessed a weakness that in the end cost him his life. He *would* overeat! We can best try to excuse him for this by the supposition that living in Washington, a city so given to feasting and good living, had its effect on a dog prone to observation and emulation.

One day he gained access to a tub which, from a dog's standpoint, contained something so exceedingly good, that he ate the entire contents. Perhaps some other dog stood by, hoping to share the meal, or awaiting a possible surplus—a state of affairs that always serves to lend added relish to a canine feast. A rush of blood to the head, following close upon this foolish overindulgence, unfortunately proved fatal.

## SARA ORNE JEWETT'S DOG.

"ROGER" is a large Irish setter, of wide and varied information, and great dignity of character.

He has a handsome set of fringes to his paws, a fine, glossy coat, and eyes that ask many questions, and make many requests. It is nearly impossible for his mistress to refuse him anything, so that he was in danger of being quite spoiled, or rather he would have been, if less sensible.

Once, when he lay stretched out on a soft rug before the library fire, the Rev. J. G. Wood, who understands dog-life as well as anybody in the world, asked Miss Jewett, reproachfully, whether Roger ever had to do anything he did n't like; and for some time afterward she doubted whether she had given proper attention to the dog's moral education!

Roger spends his winters in Boston, where luckily



ROGER.

he has a very large garden on the shore of the Charles River, in which to run about. But he much prefers a long walk, and always follows his mistress very carefully and politely.

When they go into the business or manufacturing part of the city, it is sometimes touching to see

sad faces light up as he goes by with tail wagging, and to notice how many tired hands reach out to pat him. At such times, Miss Jewett will often forget her errand in stopping to talk with others about him.

But any account of the dog would be incomplete without a word about his best friend, Patrick Lynch. All Roger's truest loyalty and affection show themselves at the sound of Patrick's step, for it means — all outdoors, and the market, and long scurries about town, and splashes in the frog-pond.

All day Roger is expecting some sort of surprise or pleasure from this most congenial of friends; but every evening he condescends to spend quietly with the rest of the family, and comes tick-toeing along the hall floor and upstairs to the library, as if he were well aware that his presence confers a pleasure. Alas! he sometimes meets bonnets outward bound, and this is a cause of much disappointment when he finds, as often happens, that he must stay at home.

But if he be invited to come, what barking and whining in many keys! What dashing along the snowy streets! — what treeing of unlucky pussies,

and scattering of wayfarers terrified by his size and apparent fierceness.

But the best place to see this dog is by the sea-shore in the summer, where he runs about with his beautiful red coat shining like copper in the sunshine. He is then always begging somebody for a walk, or barking even at the top of an in-offensive ledge for the sake of being occupied in some way. Mrs. James T. Fields is at such times his best friend, for she oftenest invites him to walk along the beach and chase sandpipers. Strange to say, his interest in this pursuit never fails, though the sandpipers always fly seaward, and so disappoint their eager hunter.

We who have thus been introduced to Roger and become, as it were, almost intimate with him, will regret that he must some day grow old and sedate. Yet in that respect we shall always have the advantage of his closest friends, for with us he will have perpetual youth. In our thoughts he ever will be scurrying through the streets of Boston, stopping only to receive with majestic complaisance the petting of strange hands; or at the sea-shore, exercising his scale of dog-notes, or scattering the timid sandpipers — a joke of which he seems never to tire.



ME AND BRUNO.

# THE BROWNIES' GARDEN.

BY PALMER COX.



ONE night, as spring began to show  
In buds above and blades below,  
The Brownies reached a garden square  
That seemed in need of proper care.  
Said one, "Neglected ground like this

Must argue some one most remiss,  
Or beds and paths would here be found  
Instead of rubbish scattered 'round.  
Old staves, and boots, and woolen strings,  
With bottles, bones, and wire springs,



Are quite unsightly things to see  
 Where tender plants should sprouting be.  
 The crows are cawing on the limb,  
 The swallows o'er the meadows skim ;  
 I heard the robin's merry note  
 This evening through the valley float,  
 While bluebirds flew around in quest  
 Of hollow stumps fit for a nest.  
 This work must be progressing soon,  
 If blossoms are to smile in June."  
 A second said, " Let all give heed :  
 On me depend to find the seed.  
 And neither village shop I 'll raid,  
 Nor city store of larger trade ;  
 For, thanks to my foreseeing mind,  
 To merchants' goods we 're not confined.  
 Last autumn, when the leaves grew sere  
 And birds sought regions less severe,  
 One night through gardens fair I sped,  
 And gathered seeds from every bed ;  
 Then placed them in a hollow tree,  
 Where still they rest. So trust to me  
 To bring supplies, while you prepare  
 The mellow garden-soil with care."  
 Another cried, " While some one goes  
 To find the shovels, rakes, and hoes,  
 That in the sheds are stowed away,  
 We 'll use this plow as best we may.  
 Our arms, united at the chain,  
 Will not be exercised in vain,  
 But, as though colts were in the trace,

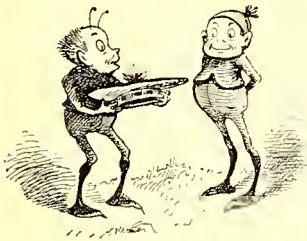
We 'll make it  
 dance around the  
 place.

I know how deep  
 the point should  
 go,

And how the sods  
 to overthrow.

So not a patch  
 of ground the size

Of this old cap, when flat it lies,  
 But shall attentive care receive,  
 And be improved before we leave."



Then some to guide the plow began,  
 Others the walks and beds to plan.  
 And soon they gazed with anxious eyes  
 For those who ran for seed-supplies.  
 But, when they came, one had his say,  
 And thus explained the long delay :

" A woodchuck in the tree had made  
 His bed just where the seeds were laid.  
 We wasted half an hour at least  
 In striving to dislodge the beast ;  
 Until at length he turned around,

Then, quick as thought, without a sound,  
 And ere he had his bearings got,  
 The rogue was half across the lot."

Then seed was sown in various styles,  
 In circles, squares, and single files ;

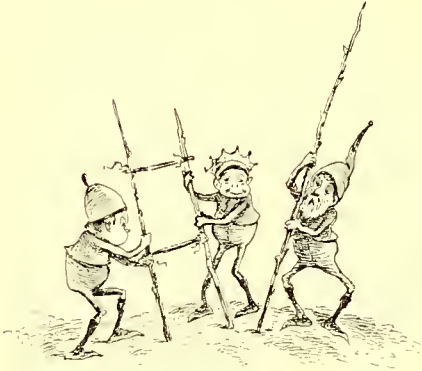


While here and there, in central parts,  
 They fashioned diamonds, stars, and hearts,  
 Some using rake, some plying hoe,  
 Some making holes where seed should go ;  
 While some laid garden tools aside



And to the soil their hands applied.  
 To stakes and racks more were assigned,  
 That climbing vines support might find.  
 Cried one, " Here, side by side, will stand  
 The fairest flowers in the land,—

The stately hollyhock will tower  
O'er many a sweet and modest flower.  
Here, royal plants, all weighted down  
With purple robe or golden crown,  
Away their pomp and pride will fling  
And to their nearest neighbor cling.  
The thrifty bees for miles around



Ere long will seek this  
plot of ground,  
And be surprised to  
find each morn  
New blossoms do each  
bed adorn.  
And in their own pe-  
culiar screed  
Will bless the hands  
that sowed the  
seed."

But morning broke (as  
break it will  
Though one 's awake or sleeping still),  
And then the seeds on every side  
The hurried Brownies scattered wide.  
Along the road and through the lane  
They pattered on the ground like rain,



Where Brownies, as away they flew,  
Both right and left full handfuls threw,  
And children often halted there  
To pick the blossoms, sweet and fair,



That sprung like daisies from the mead  
Where fleeing Brownies flung the seed.





THE STORY OF MOTHER HUBBARD, TOLD IN JAPANESE PICTURES.



HOUSEKEEPING SONGS. No. X.

SIFTING.

WORDS BY MARY J. JACQUES.

MUSIC BY T. C. H.

*Allegro.*

*p*

I. Jin - gle, jin - gle, Tam - bour - ine, Rub and thump the bells be - tween,

Here's a mu - sic on - ly seen, Here's the sieve a - shak - ing,—

*cresc.* *f*

Laught - er is the on - ly peal, As we shed the gold - en meal,

*cresc.* *f*

*poco rit. et dim.* Or the cream - y flour we deal, *f a tempo.* Read - y for the bak - ing.

*poco rit. et dim.* *f a tempo.*

## II.

Rattle-tattle, Castanet,  
 All the clatter that we get  
 Comes through such a noiseless net  
 That the elves must listen,  
 While we magic circles make,  
 With a rhythmic rock and shake,  
 Dreaming of a birthday cake,  
 Fit to make eyes glisten.

## III.

Tint-ta, tin-ta, Mandolin,  
 Ring the scalloped baking-tin,  
 Bring the doughty rolling-pin,  
 Whirl away the "Dover"!  
 Now we've piled it mountains high,  
 Here's for bread and buns and pie,  
 Here's the wheat, the corn, the rye,—  
 So, the sifting's over.

## HUM-UM-UM.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

SAID little brown Bee to big brown Bee:  
 "Oh! hurry here and see, and see,  
 The loveliest rose — the loveliest rose  
 That in the garden grows, grows, grows.  
 Hum-um-um — hum-um-um,"  
 Said little brown Bee to big brown Bee.

Said little brown Bee to big brown Bee:  
 "Much honey must be here, and we  
 Should beg a portion while we may,  
 For soon more bees will come this way.  
 Hum-um-um — hum-um-um,"  
 Said little brown Bee to big brown Bee.

Said big brown Bee to little brown Bee:  
 "The rose is not for me, for me,  
 Though she is lovelier by far  
 Than many other flowers are.  
 Hum-um-um — hum-um-um,"  
 Said big brown Bee to little brown Bee.

Said big brown Bee to little brown Bee:  
 "No honey-cup has she, has she,  
 But many cups, all brimming over,  
 Has yonder little purple clover,  
 And that's the flower for me, for me.  
 Hum-um-um — hum-um-um,"  
 Said big brown Bee to little brown Bee.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WALK in, Lady May, and many welcomes to your sweet ladyship! Lady May, allow me to present my children of ST. NICHOLAS!

Ah! your ladyship has had the pleasure of meeting them before? Then all is well.

And now, your ladyship, my friend Lucy E. Tiley shall tell you and the children a true story:

#### WHEN THE APPLE BLOSSOMS STIR.

THE buds in the tree's heart safely were folded away,  
Awaiting in dreamy quiet the coming of May,

When one little bud roused gently and pondered  
awhile,—

"It's dark, and no one would see me," it said with a smile.

"If I before all the others could bloom first in May,  
And so be the only blossom, if but for a day,

How the world would welcome my coming,—the first  
little flower,—

'T will surely be worth the trouble, if but for an hour."

Close to the light it crept softly, and waited till Spring,  
With her magic fingers, the door wide open should fling,

Spring came, the bud slipped out softly and opened  
its eyes

To catch the first loving welcome; but saw with  
surprise,

That swift through the open doorway, lo, others had  
burst!

For thousands of little white blossoms had thought to  
be "First."

SOME time ago, a little Illinois girl named Rose, sent so strange a story of bird sagacity to this Pulpit, that the Little School-ma'am kindly wrote to the lady mentioned by Rose to inquire if the little girl had been rightly informed. In due time the

reply came, verifying the story in every particular, save that the lady "thought it was a Phœbe bird, but could not be sure."

So you shall hear it now, word for word:

#### A VERY KNOWING PHŒBE BIRD.

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Having noticed many curious stories of animals and birds in your columns, I will now write and tell you what a little Phœbe bird did.

It built its nest on a ledge over the door of a house in this neighborhood. When the little birds were still quite small, the lady of the house was standing on the porch, and seeing one of them fall to the ground, she picked it up and put it back into the nest. A few days later she saw one of the little birds fall again; but this time it fell only about ten or eleven inches, where it stopped and hung in the air. The lady climbed up to the nest, and found that every one of the baby birds had a horse-hair tied around its leg and then fastened to the nest. Was this the mother bird's way of keeping them safe at home while she was gone?

I enjoy reading the ST. NICHOLAS very much, especially the "Pulpit" and "Letter-box."

Your interested reader, ROSE R.

#### A WISE REPLY.

DEAR FRIEND JACK: I have lately been reading of an incident which, with your permission, I'd like to send to your crowd of hearers, many of whom, I dare say, are amateur photographers who practice with their own cameras and delight themselves and their friends with many a startling picture.

Well, sixty-four years ago, in 1825, M. Dumas, the French writer, was lecturing in the Theater of Sorbonne on chemistry. At the close of his lecture, a lady came up to him, and said: "M. Dumas, as a man of science, I have a question of no small moment to me to ask you. I am the wife of Daguerre, the painter. For some time he has let the idea seize upon him that he can fix the image of the camera. Do you think it possible? He is always at the thought; he can't sleep at night for it. I am afraid he is out of his mind. Do you, as a man of science, think it can ever be done, or is he mad?" "In the present state of knowledge," said Dumas, "it can not be done; but I can not say it will always remain impossible, nor set the man down as mad who seeks to do it."

Twelve years afterward, Daguerre worked out his idea, and soon became known far and wide as the discoverer of the daguerreotype process. To-day he stands alone as the father of modern photography.

Yours truly, JOEL S.—.

#### SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

PARÁ, BRAZIL.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I would like to tell you about some tribes of South American Indians, of whom, until very lately, nothing, or almost nothing, has been known. These tribes live on the Xingu and Araguaya rivers, parts of which have only lately been explored, and consequently the discovery of these tribes is quite recent. The discovery was made by some German travelers, one of whom, Carl von Steinen, has written in German a very interesting book about it all. I wish you could see, as I have seen, the feather dresses and ornaments, arrows, and carved gourds of these strange Indians. Some of the tribes had never, of course, seen white men till these travelers came, and they were at first afraid and ran off into the woods, gaining confidence little by little. Unfortunately,

on one occasion, a gun accidentally went off, and the tribe, a few of whom were peering out, were never seen by their white friends again. These tribes seem to have no form of worship, not even hideous little images as some of the Amazonian Indians have. But they must have their superstitions, as one tribe (the tribes are small) believe that their souls change into araras (birds of brilliant plumage) and the souls of black men into urubus, a sort of scavenger bird, black as a crow.

Some tribes were quite polite, offering the travelers food, *i. e.*, game and farina, but if they did not begin to eat very quickly the Indians would grab it all up themselves. The funeral rites of one of the tribes are quite strange. The men (the women are not allowed to assist) take the body to the woods and remove all the flesh. The bones are carefully put into a basket, and the skull is decorated with feathers and placed under a canopy of leaves. The leader, "medicine man," I suppose, gesticulates and wails before this skull, then begins a dance in which all join. Finally, with sharp pieces of stones all cut their arms, one by one, letting the blood drop on the skull. The sharp stones are afterward wrapped in leaves and given to the relatives of the deceased. The skull and bones are buried with solemn rites. When a member of this tribe dies everything belonging to him is burnt,—though little it must be,—sometimes to the disgust of certain near survivors. The men of one tribe have annual dances, in which the dresses represent fish, birds, and animals. They are kept in a hut devoted to the purpose. No woman is allowed to touch the dresses or to enter the hut; she would die, so is the belief, on the very moment.

Yours very truly,  
ONE LITTLE GIRL'S MAMMA.

#### A HANGING MATTER.

CRESTON, IOWA.

DEAR JACK: Do bananas, when growing upon the tree, turn up or down?

In the stores, from the way the bunches are hung up, they look as if they grew down; but I have looked it up in several books, and all, with one exception, have pictures with the fruit turned up. Among the books were two encyclopedias and one physical geography. I never saw but one bunch of bananas growing, and that bunch turned down.

Now, I do not know whether the pictures are wrong, or the bunch I saw was an unusual one. My sister says she does not think any one who undertook to furnish illustrations for an important book would make such a mistake. Your devoted admirer,

AIMÉE LEQUEUX D—.

#### WHO KNOWS?

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Do you answer questions? If not, please ask some one to answer this one.

Prof. Starr told us, in February, about the "Rose in a Queer Place," and it must be very pretty, but I want to know how they keep the tanks from bursting when making the blocks of ice. I can not understand it.

Yours inquiringly, RUTH HERTZELL.

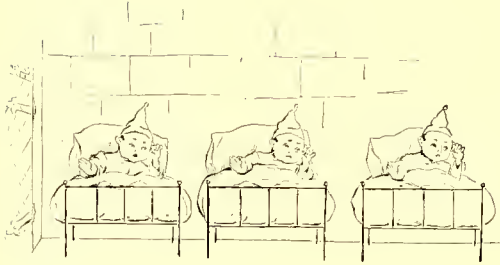
Who knows? There is no such thing as non-bustible ice, I believe. The boys in the Red Schoolhouse will have to think this matter over. Meantime Prof. Starr will be asked to reply to Ruth next month.



SPRING LASSITUDE.

# THREE LITTLE ASTROLOGERS.

BY A. D. BLASHFIELD.



THREE little Astrologers who dwelt on a hill,  
Where each lived at ease, ate and drank to his fill,  
Were awakened one morn by a cry of distress  
Which made them all start and most hurriedly  
dress.



Soon wrapped in their hoods, down the hill,  
through the snow,  
They run to the rescue, all in a row,  
And each one declared he'd not been so excited  
Since the old black cat's tail from the candle ignited.



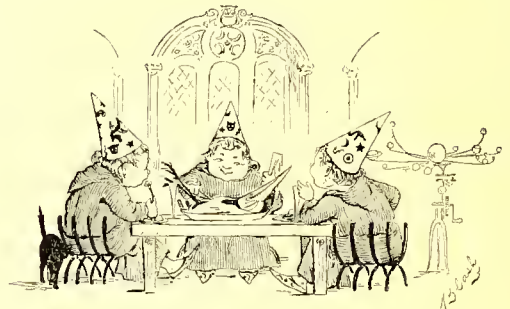
But hunt as they will and dig deep as they may,  
They're about to relinquish the search in dismay,  
When, once more!—that sad cry they'd heard  
from their beds,  
Seemed to come from a tree right over their heads!



Three little heads start, in a sudden surprise,  
To a bare branch above turning three pairs of eyes;  
There sits, with an air more pompous than craven,  
Their slumber's disturber—a wicked old raven.



Then those three little men, in their three little rages,  
Said words more becoming to teamsters than sages,  
Till fat little John, a firm friend to the platter,  
By catching the bird changed the face of the matter.



While the snow falls without and the day coldly ends,  
Round a pie rich and savory are gathered our friends;  
And they smile as they think, in their warm, cosy  
haven,  
How the tables are turned on that plague of a raven.



# Ten Little Monkeys and What they are About



JINGLE. HOW JOHNNY-JUMP-UP TURNED INTO A PANSY.

BY JESSIE M. ANDERSON.

THERE was a little boy  
Whom his mother did employ  
In doing all the errands she could trump  
up;  
And she sent his feet so nimble  
After scissors, spool, or thimble,  
Till the neighbors always called him  
Johnny-Jump-Up.

Now this Johnny,— little boy  
Whom his mother did employ,  
Saying, "Johnny-jump-up dear, and fetch  
the tarts, please!"  
Or, "Run, Johnny, to the spring,  
And a pail of water bring,"  
Don't you see he grew to be his mother's  
Heart's-ease?

## THE LETTER-BOX.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sure you will be glad to hear how much good some of your plays are doing in the world.

Not long ago at the National Theater in this city several of these plays were performed by children and the proceeds given to charity. It was a bright afternoon, and the theater was filled. The audience included many well-known people, and in the boxes were some members of the Cabinet and foreign diplomats, including the Chinese minister,—who must have found the performance very different from those at home.

The curtain rose and showed "Mistress Mary" sprinkling her flower-beds, which immediately sent forth brilliant living flowers, who followed after the sweet little gardener.

There was much curiosity to see "Bobby Shaftoe," for that character was played by the son of Mrs. Burnett, the boy whose loving ways suggested the pure-hearted "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; and Mrs. Burnett herself had helped to drill the little fellow to play the difficult part.

Bobby Shaftoe courted one of the little village maidens, and looked so pretty in his long flaxen curls and wine-colored satin suit that she seemed very hard-hearted when she refused him. And, indeed, she herself repented it in the very next verse, after he had departed in despair. The little girl sang this part with a sweetness, clearness, and precision of voice which delighted the audience; and all sympathized with her grief expressed in the spinning-wheel song, and with her joy over his most unexpected (?) return in a sailor-suit even prettier than the wine-colored satin. The two little lovers sang a joyful duet, the peasants thronged in to congratulate, and all ended in a merry dance.

I have heard that the operetta "Bobby Shaftoe," alone, has been the means of earning more than \$10,000 for charity, and has been played at least once in each month since its publication in ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1877.

Another ST. NICHOLAS favorite, "Mother Goose and her Family," came next, and the characters in this play also were represented by children of some of our most distinguished legislators and statesmen.

I was fortunate enough to attend some of the rehearsals, and was surprised to see the spirit and power Mrs. Burnett threw into the preparation of the play and the respectful love and tenderness shown her by her son.

Another play, "The Enchanted Princess, or Triumph of Ether," ended the performance. It was a decided success, delighting the large audience, and raising a large sum of money for excellent purposes.

G. B. B.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to describe to your readers something I made at home.

Take a piece of wood six and a half inches long and two inches wide, and cut five little slits at each end; then take a piece of wood one and three-quarter inches long and half an inch high. Buy two pieces of rubber; take one end of one piece of the rubber, pull it into one of the slits, and when you see that you have enough to stretch from one of the slits to the other, then cut it and fasten the other end in the opposite slit. Make and adjust four

more of these pieces, and then take the small piece of wood and put it in under the strings, and you have your harp, or guitar, or whatever you choose to call it. It can be tuned by making each string tighter or looser.

Yours truly, M. M. R.—

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old. I have never written to you before, though my mamma has taken you for my brothers and sisters before I was born, and ever since I was old enough to read I have looked forward eagerly to your arrival. I am frequently sick, and can not run and play very much. I have been very sick for the last three weeks, but I am getting better fast now. I have a very pretty little bird who sings a great deal. I play with paper dolls all the time. I got a ring on Christmas when I was sick in bed; I lost the stone out of it; I felt very bad about it, but Mamma found it again.

Your devoted reader, HELEN L.—

WEIMAR, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read you all the time. I am almost seven years old. I go to a German school and wear a leather apron, and carry my books in a knapsack on my back, like all the German boys. I can write and read German better than I can English. I was very much interested in the story of "The Golden Casque," because I have been to Scheveningen and have seen the peasant girls with their dog-carts. I liked the story about the Christmas play. We had a Christmas-tree of our own, and went to a German Christmas-tree, and we had two at school.

Your little friend, ALLEN M.—

GLENOLDEN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to tell you how much we all like you; we have you bound and unbound. All the grown-up folks in our family read you and think you are the best magazine for children. You must hear about our little dog named "Rover," a brown and white spaniel. I throw him a ball, and he catches it in his mouth and throws it back. He had a cut foot once, and when we would say, "Rover has a sore foot," he would hold it up; but when it got well and we would say that, he would forget which foot it was, and would hold up the wrong one. I had a pony; he died in the fall; so I got a bicycle for Christmas. Hoping you will always come to our house, I remain,

Your little friend, ED. M. T.—

CLIFTON, BRISTOL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have written to you, but I must write to you now, to tell you how much I like your stories, especially "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Juan and Juanita." My little brother is delighted with the "Brownies," and is always looking forward to the next number.

I have been living in Switzerland for three years, and am now in Clifton.

The Swiss mountains are lovely, and I went to the top of a great many. My sister went out once with a friend and a guide. They came to a big precipice, so their guide had to tie them round their waists with a rope, and they were let slowly down the edge of the precipice from where they could continue.

I hope you will put these few lines in your "Letter-box." I remain,

Your great friend and admirer, S. N.—.

MURRAY, IDAHO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from the *Cœur d'Alenes* in your book, but I hope to see this there. We live in a mining-camp, in Idaho, named Murray. It is built in a gulch. The mountain on one side is eight hundred and fourteen feet high; on the other it slopes back, in benches. Quite high up is the water-tank; it supplies the town with water. We have two horse-carts. My friend Jim Hemmons is Chief.

I have one brother older, and a sister younger, than I, named Vaughn and Mabel. I am ten years old.

Last year Aunt Annie sent us ST. NICHOLAS. She sends it this year again. Is it not a fine Christmas present? I want to take it till I'm a man.

Last summer Dr. Littlefield brought in a little bear three weeks old; they fed it bread and milk, and we had fun with it; but it died in a few weeks—a big box fell on it.

The chief products of this country are huckleberries, mines, and bears!

We have "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and think it a fine book.

I go to school, and Sunday-school. I remain,  
Your friend, CHASE K.—.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am thirteen years old, and live in New York. Ever since I can remember Mamma has taken the ST. NICHOLAS for me. I showed the February number to Papa to-day, as in the article on the "White Pasha" it says that Stanley served in our navy during the war, on board the U. S. iron-clad "Ticonderoga."

Now, Papa was an officer in our navy, and on board the Ticonderoga from the time she was built until the war ended; and although Papa has often told me stories about the war, he never told me anything about Stanley, which he would be likely to do, if they had served together in the same ship, because the whole world is now interested in everything pertaining to the famous explorer of the Dark Continent.

When I showed your "White Pasha" to Papa he said it was a mistake about Henry M. Stanley being promoted to Acting Ensign on board the Ticonderoga, as no officer of that name was appointed in our navy during the war; but it is possible that Stanley may have served as one of the sailors. He did not then do anything to attract attention to his name or to show any promise of the wonderful part he was to play in our century's history.

While lying at the Philadelphia navy-yard, in the fall of 1865, the Ticonderoga received orders to join Admiral Porter's squadron at Hampton Roads, which was getting ready to attack Fort Fisher. As the war had then been going on for four years, it was very difficult to get seamen for the navy, even more so than to get soldiers for the army.

The Ticonderoga, when she received her orders to go to sea, had only a few able-bodied seamen on board,—probably not more than one-tenth of her complement,—but as, a few days before, a draft of about two hundred

landsmen had been sent to the ship the captain decided to put to sea, for he was afraid he would miss the attack on Fort Fisher by waiting for more seamen.

The landsmen who had just been received on board were almost all Confederate prisoners who, being tired of our Northern prisons, took the oath of allegiance to the United States Government and enlisted in our navy, on the condition that they should not be sent ashore to serve in any of the land attacks against the Confederates, because, in case of recapture by their former comrades, they might suffer the unpleasant fate of being shot as deserters.

The Ticonderoga had a pleasant passage from Philadelphia to within sight of the Capes of the Chesapeake. In half an hour she would have been safely moored in Hampton Roads with the rest of the squadron when a furious snow-storm came on, and she was driven out to sea for three days in one of the worst storms that have ever been known on our coast, with a ship full of sea-sick landsmen. They were so sick that they could not even hoist the ashes out of the fire-room to keep the ship from sinking. Only by the heroic efforts and gallantry of the officers was the ship finally brought safely through the storm in which the "Ré Galantuomo," one of the finest frigates in the Italian navy, foundered with all on board.

It was in this detachment of Confederate landsmen that Stanley must have served, if he served at all, on the Ticonderoga during our war, so Papa tells me.

My father's initials are W. W. M., and you can find all about the Ticonderoga's officers in the United States Navy Registers for 1864 and 1865, of which we have in our library all the copies bound.

I did not mean to make this letter so long, but I must tell you that I think "Sally's Valentine" too cute for anything. Your fervent admirer,

ALICE B. M.—.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mamma took you two years before I was born, and I have read you, or had you read to me, ever since I was old enough to understand anything, so I love you very much. I remember when Mamma first read me "Behind the White Brick," I thought I had never read a nicer fairy story.

I have all the bound volumes since 1875 in my room. I went to the theater for the first time a few weeks ago, to see my favorite story, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," acted. It was perfectly lovely. I saw little Elsie Leslie, and I think she is wonderfully sweet and acts beautifully. I have five photographs of her and five of Tommy Russell.

I think Mrs. Burnett writes such lovely stories.

I have no brothers and sisters, but I have a few very pretty pets, one of which is a beautiful, intelligent Japanese pug, named Jap.

He has very bright eyes, beautiful soft white and black fur, and a long leathery tail that always curves upward.

He is so funny. Every time the bell rings for breakfast, if I am a little bit late, he goes tearing to the head of the stairs and barks, and then comes back and puts his paws on my lap, cocks his head on one side, and looks at me with his bright impertinent eyes.

If I take no notice, he begins barking and pulling my dress with his sharp little white teeth. When I come, he goes down stairs very slowly, turning his head at each step to see if I am following. When we take safely in at the dining-room door he is perfectly happy. He stands up on his hind legs and looks so coaxingly that we have to give him something.

I also have a large Irish setter, "Bruno," and as we live right near Gramercy Park I can take him there sometimes for a run. I have two canary birds, one of which is blind. He is very tame, and will sit on my finger and sing. Your constant reader,

ETHEL KISSAM.

FOR the benefit of our young readers who have a liking for mathematics we reprint from a recent number of "The Universal Tinker," the following item concerning

A CURIOUS NUMBER.

Here is something to scratch your head over. A very curious number is 142,857, which, multiplied by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6, gives the same figures in the same order, beginning at a different point, but if multiplied by 7 gives all nines:

142,857 multiplied by 1 equals 142,857  
 142,857 multiplied by 2 equals 285,714  
 142,857 multiplied by 3 equals 428,571  
 142,857 multiplied by 4 equals 571,428  
 142,857 multiplied by 5 equals 714,285  
 142,857 multiplied by 6 equals 857,142  
 142,857 multiplied by 7 equals 999,999

Multiply 142,857 by 8 and you have 1,142,856. Then add the first figure to the last, and you have 142,857, the original number, with figures exactly the same as at the start.

WEST NEWTON, MASS.

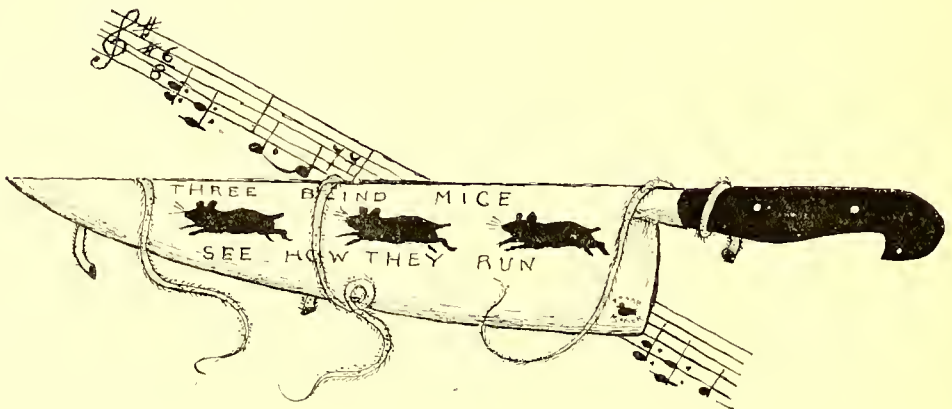
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you might like to know of an interesting and very pretty experiment to try in the spring. Break off some twigs from apple-trees, or from any other tree that has pretty blossoms, and put them in water. You do not have to wait more than two or three days in the case of apple buds, before you begin to see signs of their opening. I have apple buds that I cut a little over two weeks ago, and I can already begin to see the pink of the blossoms. Horse-chestnut branches are interesting, for the leaves have a kind of woolly substance on them when they first come out. Warm water forces them out faster, I think. I have lilac branches that are out enough to see the flower-buds.

Ever your friend,      ETHEL P.—

WE thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters which we have received from them:

Jessie C. Knight, Vivian, Frances Marion, H. F., Lucy P. W., Alice B. C., Hattie B. Thompson, Carl F. Hayden, Mary A. Lincoln, May Lyle, Frances Gibbon, A. D., Caroline E. Condit, Olive C. K. Bell, Norton, Fannie, and Edith T., Harold S. P., Amy W., May E. W., Maude J., Mabel B., May M., Emily M. W., Maud S. M., Amanda and Bertha, Ethel C., Julia E. R. M., Howard B., Walter G. K., Alice E. A., Lyman H. G., Arthur Williams, Mary, Catherine Cook, Alice P. W., Helen T., L. M. Gaskill, H. Ellis, Annie R. L., Amy E. D., Helen Parker, K. R., May S., Hope C., Dorothy R., Helen Blumenthal, Mary D. Sampson, Lida Schem, William S. B., Arthur E. Fairchild, Nannie La V., Alice Brayton, Charlotte E. B., H. A. S., L. B. V., Alice Y., Robbie M., Mamie C., Herman Holt, Jr., Harry O., Fay F., L. M. H., Frank T., Bessie D., Josie and Anna, A. Hooley, Harry Emerson, M. I. H., Arthur T. P., Dora, Alice, Charlie, Carrie K. T., R. Larcombe, E. K. S., Ruth M. M., Robert Bond, C. H. Ferran, Elsie B. M., Gertrude M. J., Ella S. M., Emma M. M., H. P. H., Charles H. L., Gundred S., Dora K. and Emily D., Bertha C. H., Nellie, Ruth Tuttle, Marshall Miller, Glenn M., Phillip C., Henry K. M., MacC. S., Sara G., Elizabeth T., "Penny," "Rollo II.," Ida G. S. E., Ivy C. S., Madge H., Robin H. W., L. A., Ellen W., Joel W., W. F. Morgan, Ross Proctor, Clara E. McM., J. W. Ferguson, Lawrence L., Jennie L. M., Grace S. O., Eleanor K. B., W. H., Lizzie S., Edith N., Helen R., A. C. Derby, Margaret R., Elizabeth E. B., Jennie S., May I. C., Charles C. Whitehead, Annie R. R., Annie P. F., Worthington H., Marguerite, Florie Cox, Alice M. G., Mamie G., Thos. McK., Charles G. M., M. M., Carrie C. F., R. and M. H., Emma I. G., Agnes J. A.

Lilian Bonnell, of Shanghai, China, sends a list of eighty-one characters found in the King's Move puzzle, printed in ST. NICHOLAS for January. The list arrived too late to be acknowledged in an earlier number.



# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

QUARTERED CIRCLES. From 1 to 4, lane; 5 to 8, gear; 9 to 12, lyre; 13 to 16, anon; 1 to 5, long; 5 to 9, gull; 9 to 13, Lama; 13 to 1, Abel; 2 to 6, abode; 6 to 10, entry; 10 to 14, yearn; 14 to 2, Norma; 3 to 7, Nevada; 7 to 11, abider; 11 to 15, Kialto; 15 to 3, Oberon; 4 to 8, elector; 8 to 12, reserve; 12 to 16, eastern; 16 to 4, naive.

PECULIAR ACROSTIC. Centrals, wrong. Cross-words: 1. sa-w-as. 2. fa-r-ap. 3. tw-o-ne. 4. ma-n-ap. 5. fi-g-un.

RIDDLE. Nothing.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Verse. 2. Emily. 3. Rigor. 4. Slope. 5. Eyes.

ZIGZAG. Washington's First Inauguration. Cross-words: 1. Wade. 2. malt. 3. vaSt. 4. dash. 5. crib. 6. eNvy. 7. Gasp. 8. aTom. 9. drOp. 10. braN. 11. hoSt. 12. aFar. 13. Iris. 14. iRon. 15. maSk. 16. lasT. 17. sllm. 18. ENid. 19. Avon. 20. buLk. 21. saGe. 22. PerU. 23. paRk. 24. dAte. 25. Tody. 26. mInk. 27. loOn. 28. wreN.

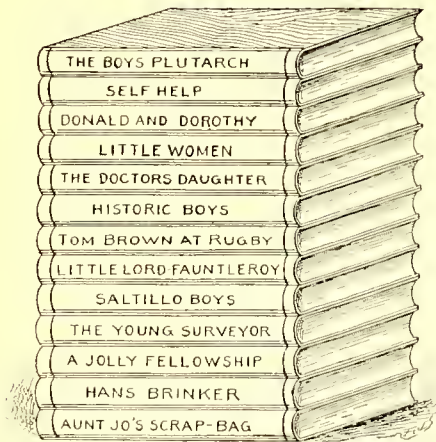
ANAGRAMS. Hawthorne. 1. Hermetically. 2. Absolutism. 3. Wardsenpish. 4. Thermometers. 5. Humanitarians. 6. Opinion-ateness. 7. Revocableness. 8. Numeration. 9. Establishment.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Maude E. Palmer—May L. Gerrish—Louise Ingham Adams—Aunt Kate, Mamma, and Jamie—A. L. W. L.—William H. Beers—Jo and I—"May and 79"—I. F. Gerrish and E. A. Daniell—"Mohawk Valley."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Edwin Murray, 1—Margaret G. Cassels, 1—Mary Prince, 1—"Training Dept.," 1—Madeline D., 1—Lawrence Hills, 1—Agnes J. Arrott, 1—L. and S. Ebert, 1—Miriam V. Cooke, 1—Myrat, 1—"Uncle Tom," 1—J. B. Swann, 9—"Meantedly," 1—"Queen Vic," 1—Clover, 1—Ada E. Fischer, 1—M. S. A., 1—"Alicia," 1—Fay B. Miner, 1—Katie Van Zandt, 9—Antoine Schmidt, 2—Jennie, Mina, and Isabel, 10—L. Lavanda Stout, 1—L. C. H., 1—"Miss Ouri," 5—Carrie Holzman, 1—Elaine, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 6—Alice Wilcox, 2—Lalor Burtzell, 1—Susie Deangelis, 1—Sidney Sommerfeld, 1—"Frolic and Mirth," 1—Astley A., 1—Clara O., 8—M. L. Robinson, 2—Maxie and Jackspar, 11—Lillie Waite, 1—Edith Allen, 8—Nettie Carstens, 1—Papa and Bessie, 11—Thomas I. Bergen, 1—No Name, Fulton, Ill., 4—Irma Boskowitz, 1—L. D. Lawrie, 1—Roxy's Chum, 3—"Shyler," 9—Emma and Clara, 1—Edith Norton, 1—Annie W. Jones, 3—Blanche and Fred, 11—Madcap, 2—Lillian A. Thorpe, 11—"Nodge," 5—Paul Reese, 13—Anna G. Pierce, 1—Nellie L. Fifield, 1—Papa and Elsie, 12—A. W. B., 6—E. E. Whitford, 3—"Infantry," 13—John and Bessie, 2—"Ivy Green," 3—Bella Myers, 1—Roxana H. Vivian, 9—"Peggy," 1—H. H. Trancine, 2—"Ramona," 3—Hattie Gage, 12—Ida C. Thallon, 11—Nellie L. Howes, 11—"Nig and Mig," 11—Annie, Susie, and Amey, 5—Mabel H. Chase, 11—Ems, 7—Mattie E. Beale, 10—"Wilmington," 12—Judy, 9—A. Rutgers Livingston, 2—"M. M. Barstow and Co.," 11—Florence L., 9—"Tom, Dick, and Harrie," 13—P. and M. T., 8—Freddie Sutro, 2—L. H. F. and "Mistie," 11—Paschal R. Smith, 1—H. P. H. and M. R. H., 2—"Pheer," 5.

## A BOOK PUZZLE.



MOVE some of the books in the pile to the right, and others to the left, and the name of a popular story, first printed in ST. NICHOLAS, may be formed in a perpendicular line. In other words, by taking a letter from each title, not far from the center, the name of another story may be formed.

## ANAGRAMS.

THE letters in each of the following sentences may be transposed so as to spell the name of a fruit.

I. Song era. 2. One law term. 3. In a center. 4. Mop, eager ant. 5. I is a crop. 6. Plain peep. 7. Rich seer. 8. A speech. 9. Ere brass writ. 10. Brier scanner. "ALPHA ZETA."

## WORD-SQUARES.

I. I. A feminine name. 2. A feminine name. 3. Unshaken courage. 4. An iron block upon which metals are hammered. 5. Parts of the body.  
 II. I. A scriptural name. 2. Spry. 3. Taunts. 4. Vigilant. 5. Musical terms.  
 III. I. A feminine name. 2. The pope's triple crown. 3. Detests. 4. To build. 5. Continues.  
 IV. I. A masculine name. 2. A feminine name. 3. To incline. 4. Understanding. 5. To enlist in.  
 V. I. In the latter age of Rome, a god of festive joy and mirth. 2. Oxygen in a condensed form. 3. A character in Shakespeare's play of "A Winter's Tale." 4. Not set. 5. Places on a seat.  
 O. A. C.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals name a holiday; my finals, a poem or song heard on this day.

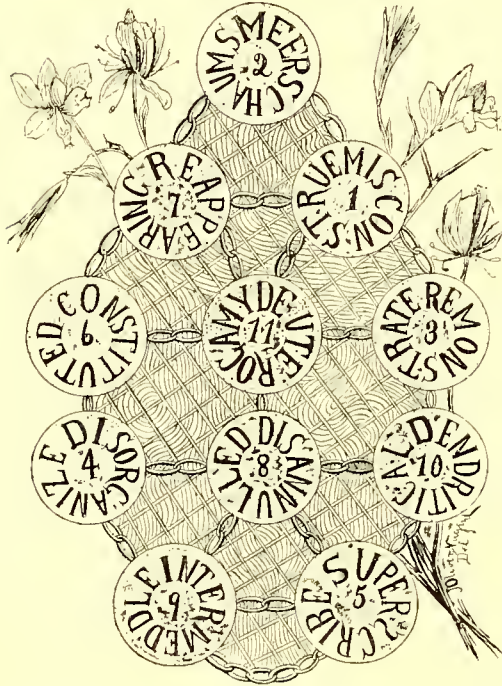
CROSS-WORDS: 1. Stripped of feathers. 2. To mount and enter by means of ladders. 3. Inclined to anger. 4. The name of a town in Sardinia, on a river of the same name. 5. The answer of a defendant in matter of fact to a plaintiff's surrejoinder. 6. A repetition of words at the beginning of sentences. 7. A kind of velvet. 8. A mountain peak of the Bolivian Andes. 9. Sacred musical composition. 10. The act of swimming. 11. A musical term meaning "pathetic." 12. One of the small planets whose orbits are situated between those of Mars and Jupiter. 13. A companion.

CYRIL DEANE.

**WORDS WITHIN WORDS.**

EXAMPLE: An insect in a poem. Answer, C-ant-o.  
 1. A fish in an old-fashioned bonnet. 2. A dog's name in a wise saying. 3. Rocks in promises. 4. An Autumn flower in a horse's foot. 5. A game in a coach. 6. A river in distress. 7. One of the United States in given up. 8. Something singular in a sea-fowl. 9. A letter herb in a liquid food. 10. A grain in market values. 11. An animal in a distribution of prizes. 12. Belonging to us in the banker's exchange in Paris.

**DOUBLE DIAGONALS.**



DIVIDE each of the eleven letter-circles in such a way that the letters, in the order in which they now stand, will form a word. When these words are ranged one below the other, in the order in which they are numbered, the diagonals, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell a certain day in May; the diagonals, beginning at the upper right-hand corner, will spell what the slaves were, at the close of the civil war.

**A PENTAGON.**

1. In sailor. 2. A sailor. 3. Implied. 4. Concise in style. 5. A small water-course. 6. Covered with pieces of baked clay. 7. To resign.

**SINGLE ACROSTIC.**

1. SKILLFUL in using the hand. 2. The surname of an English spy. 3. Dating from one's birth. 4. A sweet crystalline substance obtained from certain vegetable products. 5. A tract or region of the earth. 6. Disposition. 7. A word which rhymes with the last word described. 8. One who spends his time in inaction. 9. Scandinavian legends handed down among the Norsemen and kindred people. 10. A Roman emperor. 11. An empress of Constantinople. 12. To vary in some degree. 13. Out of the ordinary course. 14. The surname of a President of the United States. 15. A French

savant who introduced tobacco into France. 16. An evil spirit. 17. A lighted coal, smoldering amid ashes. 18. A foreign coin which is worth less than one dollar. 19. That at which one aims. 20. A fixed point of time, from which succeeding years are numbered. 21. A running knot, which binds the closer the more it is drawn.

All of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other in the order here given, the initial letters will spell the name of an author who was born on the second day of April, 1805.

"LOU C. LEE."

**CHARADE.**

My first we all do every day,  
 In some or other fashion;  
 My next the first step on the way  
 That leads to heights Parnassian.  
 My third the smallest thing created:  
 My whole with deadly danger freighted.

K. N. F.

**NUMERICAL ENIGMA.**

I AM composed of eighty letters, and am a quotation from one of George Eliot's works.

My 44-10-63-26 is one of the United States. My 40-76-22-4-51-55 is a country of Europe. My 46-73-14-60-35-70-48 is a quack medicine. My 42-65-32-24-1-80 is somnolent. My 29-56-9 is a creeping vine. My 19-59-17-67 is a mouthful. My 20-28-69-61 is to discern. My 43-15-50-11 is unfeeling. My 53-27-8-38 is an old unused ship. My 21-25-6-13-75 is to search blindly for. My 62-2-77-71-79 is a joint of the arm. My 58-37-33-47 is a fleet. My 30-66-41-12-34 was considered in early history the northernmost part of the habitable world. My 16-72-36-8-5-78-52-18 is a small dagger. My 74-57-23-54-31-45 is a tropical fruit; my 64-39-36-49-7 is also a tropical fruit.

"LOU. C. LEE."

**PL.**

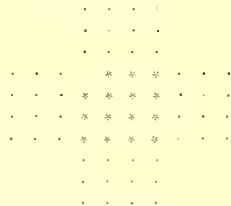
HOUT slupe fo yjo, sewho broth stabe meit  
 Rof siedadi flude, rof slimsbong prays!  
 Ot cande fo flea dan nog's dribb chemi  
 Tes lal teh ropes fo file ot hyrem.  
 Grin in the yam!

**DIAMOND.**

1. In cambric. 2. To decay. 3. The projecting angle in fortification. 4. A small quantity. 5. Implied. 6. A hard shell inclosing a kernel. 7. In cambric.

"ANTHONY GUPTIL."

**EASY GREEK CROSS.**



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A crustaceous fish. 2. To revolve. 3. A wood used for perfumes. 4. Puffed.  
 II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A point like that on a fish-hook. 2. A plant that yields indigo. 3. To stir up. 4. Kindled.  
 III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Inflated. 2. Good will. 3. Always. 4. A verb.  
 IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To Stiffen. 2. Black. 3. A way. 4. Concludes.  
 V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. A verb. 2. Uniform. 3. To sever. 4. Ceases.

M. A. R. AND H. A. R.

**SYNCOPIATIONS.**

1. SYNCOPIATE lamentation, and leave to establish. 2. Syncope a thin turf, and leave an American author. 3. Syncope a feminine name, and leave a sticky substance. 4. Syncope a duet, and leave to perform. 5. Syncope to reside, and leave a metallic vein. 6. Syncope to praise, and leave a boy. 7. Syncope a conceited fellow, and leave an animal. 8. Syncope an ache, and leave a useful little article. 9. Syncope dull, and leave firm. 10. Syncope a Scottish lord, and leave a substance used in cooking. 11. Syncope an animal, and leave to ponder. 12. Syncope a sharp spear, and leave a delicate fabric.  
 The syncoated letters will spell the name of an imposing ceremony.

"RAMONA."





THE FIRST HOLIDAY OF THE SUMMER.

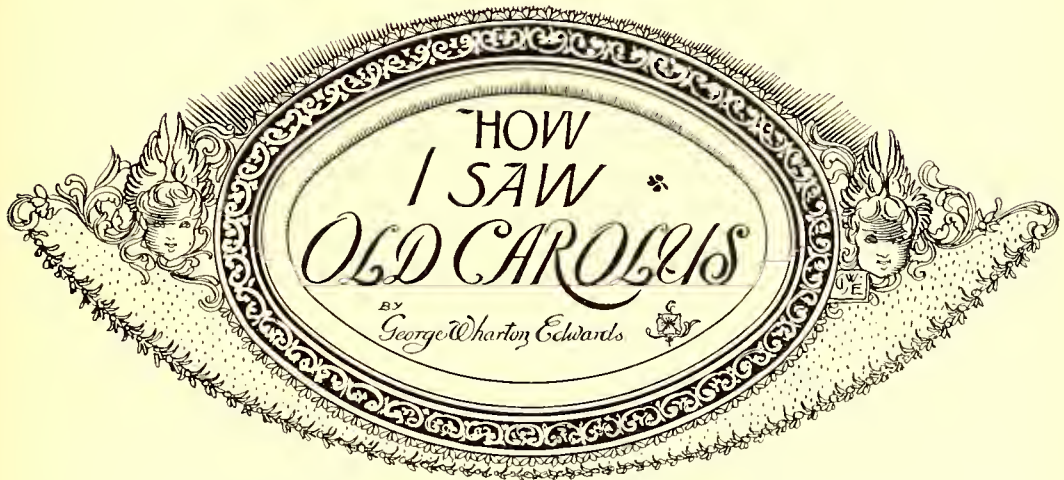


# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVI.

JUNE, 1889.

No. 8.



"ALLEZ toujours, monsieur! et vous le trouverez," said the ancient dame with the snowy lace cap, who sat at the little door in the tower wall of Antwerp Cathedral knitting, knitting—always knitting—the live-long day. "You will find Annette at the top of the stairs." "Merci, monsieur,"—as I gave her fifty centimes—"Le voilà!"—opening the door—"mount slowly, and, above all, take care!"

Then the door closed with a bang, shutting out the pleasant afternoon, the bright sunlight, the cries of the venders, and the clattering of wooden shoes in the "Place Verte."

There was a damp, close, unpleasant smell in the air, a flight of steps rose straight before me, and I began my climb to the spire, whence the cross rises at a height of four hundred and three feet. Up and up, round and round the slender

stone column I climbed, until at last I was forced to rest, from dizziness and lack of breath. The winding staircase appeared to have no end, the tiny slits of windows were so far apart that, in the scant light which they afforded, the steps seemed to disappear above and below in a faint, blue mist. Through the gloom I saw above my head a small opening—a mere slit in the circular wall, from which there came no light. I rose and looked into it. For a moment I could distinguish nothing, but gradually a wonderful sight grew as I gazed. I found that I was on a level with the lofty ceiling of the cathedral, at a height of over two hundred feet. Through huge timbers, hewn centuries ago, inclining toward and joining each other at all possible angles, I looked down upon a scene which made me feel almost as if I was in Liliput. Tiny black specks, which I saw to be people, were mov-

ing over the floor of the cathedral far below. At one side there was a small black patch in front of an altar, and with my glass I discovered that it was a group of a hundred or more people assisting at a christening. I saw the clouds of incense rise from the principal altar, and the candles were but tiny points of yellow light in the gloom, like far-off flickering stars. Then faintly came up to me the notes of the powerful organ. It was a fascinating spectacle, and I found it hard to leave it and to resume my climb.

Up, up, higher and higher I mounted, constantly finding the stone steps more and more worn and cracked. It became lighter, and soon a brilliant shaft of sunlight appeared through a narrow Gothic window in the tower. I was now considerably above the roof of the cathedral. Just beneath the window a huge gargoyle shaped like a dragon stretched out its length above the roofs far below. From the square beneath, I doubt if one could have distinguished its form, but from where I stood above him, the stone dragon seemed to be at least twelve feet long. About him, all carved in stone, were huge roses and leaves,—each rose as large as a bushel basket. Doves were flying around at that great height, or, resting upon the grim figures, cooed softly to one another. As I stood gazing out at the wonderful carvings for which this cathedral is famous, a massive, flat piece of metal came jerkily up before the narrow window out of which I was looking. For a moment I was puzzled, but then suddenly it dawned upon me that the object I had seen must be a part of the minute-hand of the huge clock in the tower. It was quite near the window, and I put out my hand and touched it. In three jerks the minute-hand had passed on, making its mighty round at the rate of a foot a minute.

From the window where I rested, the panorama was unsurpassed. It is said that one hundred and twenty steeples may be counted, far and near, upon a clear day. I did not attempt this, however. Toward the north, the river Scheldt wound its silvery way until it was lost in the mist of the horizon as it joined the North Sea. Looking east, toward Holland, I saw dimly the towns shining in the sunlight. When the atmosphere is clear, the guide-book says, one can see towns fifty miles away. Below, the great square seemed to have contracted, and the few lazily-moving cabs, drays, and people looked like flies creeping across a piece of coarse bagging. Soon I realized that it was quite late in the day and that if I wished to see the famous carillon I should lose no time. The bells in the tower of Antwerp Cathedral are doubtless quite as interesting to many tourists as are the great pictures by Peter Paul Rubens in the cathedral itself. These

bells have curious histories, and quaintly worded inscriptions may be deciphered on many of them. Besides the forty bells comprising the Carillon, there are five bells of great interest in the tower. The most ancient of these is named "Horrida"; and is said to date from 1316. It is a peculiar pear-shaped bell, and is rarely rung. Next in importance comes the "Curfew," and it is the sweet note of this bell that is heard far over the polders of Belgium, every day at five, at twelve, and at eight o'clock. Next in rank is the bell called "Ste. Marie," said to weigh between four and five tons. Charles the Bold heard its first peal as he entered the city in 1467. At its side hangs "Silent St. Antoine," so called because its voice has not been heard for nearly a century; and, finally, we come upon grand "Old Carolus," the greatest of them all. It was to examine this famous chime that I was making the ascent of the tower, an undertaking in which I knew that I ran the risk of breaking my neck by a misstep or fall as I clambered about the gloomy spaces of the tower, which were coated with the accumulated dust of centuries. A few steps higher I came upon a little door in the wall, beside which hung a long iron handle with a knob at the end, and on the door was painted the word "Sonnez!" Obeying the instruction, I rang the bell, and at the same instant I sneezed. I shall never know whether it was the sneeze or the ring which brought a response. At all events, while I heard no sound from the bell, the door opened of itself, seemingly, into a dim passage, and I heard a thin, reedy voice, like a clarionet out of tune, asking:

"What will you?"

"To see the carillon!" I replied.

The reedy voice then called out, "Joséphine, Jo-sé-phine!" A pause. "Fillette!"

Then a little voice answered:

"Oui, Bonne Maman!"

"Venez donc! Tenez—take monsieur to see the carillon."

"Yes, Bonne Maman!" and, with these words, there appeared in the doorway the quaintest, brightest little face one could wish to see. She wore a tight little black cap on her head; and her dress consisted of a short-waisted black bodice with brass buttons down the front, and a skirt of some plain stuff, over which she wore a blue apron. An orange-colored handkerchief was tied around the slender neck and on her feet were woolen shoes.

"Entrez, monsieur!" and, taking me by the hand, the odd-looking little girl led me into a narrow passage dimly lighted by a brass lamp which hung on the wall. Being without a chimney this lamp filled the passage with smoke. Holding my hand tight in hers, little Joséphine led me along the passage,

and as we passed the door through which she had appeared, I saw within, in a room paved with red tiles, a little, humpbacked, faded-looking woman, sitting at work before a lace-cushion. She spoke, and I recognized at once the thin, reedy voice which had greeted me.

"Bonjour, monsieur. Prenez garde toujours!"

"Tell me, little one," I said, as the door of the passage closed upon us, "how long have you been up here in the tower?"

when she makes the lace. Oh, the beautiful lace! and she gets twenty francs the mètre,—croyez-vous, monsieur!"

"Stand just as you are now, Joséphine," I said, and there in the belfry I made a sketch of her, while she watched me, following with wondering eyes every motion of the pencil.

When I had finished the sketch, I said quickly, "Look there, Joséphine," and as she turned her head I dropped a franc into the little pocket of her



THE HOME IN THE CATHEDRAL TOWER.

"Moi, monsieur? Oh! I have always been here. I was born here."

"Was that your mother whom I saw just now, making lace?" I asked.

"Oh, non! monsieur. I have no father, no mother. She is Bonne Maman! She is really my aunt, but she is Bonne Maman all the same. My own Maman died when I was very little, like that,"—measuring off the supposed size with her hands,— "and I am nine now, presque."

"But you don't stay up here all the time! You go to school?"

"Oh, non! monsieur. Bonne Maman teaches me the lessons. I read much to the Bonne Maman

apron. I have often wondered what she said when she found it.

"And don't you ever go downstairs?" I asked curiously, as we continued to ascend the steps together.

"Mais oui, monsieur! I was down in the world at the Kirmess. Oh! the Kirmess, monsieur, it was grand, and Bonne Maman bought me a real dolly with a glass head. Tenez! it cost deux francs. Écoutez, monsieur,—with a glass head! Look! is she not beautiful?" and she held up a cheap, poorly-made doll as she spoke.

"Beautiful!" I said, taking the doll from her and affecting the greatest surprise at the idea of a

real glass head. Joséphine meanwhile critically studied my face, with a delighted expression on her own, as we went on climbing, hand in hand.

Soon we came to the top of the final stairway, and after unlocking the door with a huge key that hung



"BONNE MAMAN."

from the ring at Joséphine's waist, we entered a large space in which, by the aid of a feeble light from overhead, I saw confusedly piled around and above us and stretching dimly away in the shadows a huge framework of timbers that supported the weight of the bells and machinery of the clock. The sound of the organ reached us for a moment from far off and was suddenly drowned by the noise of a prodigious rattling and clanking and creaking among the ropes and chains which almost filled the space in which we stood. It was the machinery of the huge clock making ready to strike. For this it prepares itself by a preliminary winding beginning quite ten minutes before the hour.

I followed my little guide and groped among the wilderness of massive timbers, stirring up dust which had been gathering undisturbed through

the long years, and lay thick on everything about us. At length we reached a rickety staircase which led into a large room. At first it seemed quite filled with mighty beams crossing one another in every direction, but soon I distinguished the dark forms of the bells which were suspended above our heads.

"Voilà, monsieur," said my little guide, pointing to a line of dark objects hanging from a beam overhead. "Voilà, the evil spirits!"

"They are bats!" I said, as one of them seemed for a moment to fall, and then spreading its wings flapped away still higher among the beams.

"Yes, monsieur. But never disturb them! Bonne Maman says that they are the spirits of the bad, who have come back to be under the cross. Bonne Maman says it, and she knows everything!"

Now, having grown accustomed to the dim light,



JOSÉPHINE.

I was able to see the bells, which are said to be forty or more in number, hanging in tiers above us. Some of them are connected with the machinery

of the clock and ring of themselves. Others are rung from below, by hand. To the right, I saw a little room, between the upright beams, in which there stood a huge drum or barrel, a repetition, on an enormous scale, of the ordinary revolving cylinder one may see in a music-box. This drum or barrel, which is connected in some ingenious manner with the bells, plays the melodies one hears every seven minutes of the day and night. Here is also the keyboard of the carillon, which was formerly played by hand. It resembles a common board with what seem to be a number of baseball bats extending from it.

"Now, little Joséphine," I said, "show me the great Carolus!"

"Oh, monsieur, it is forbidden to go up to that! And then the stairs are bad, too. Since the English gentleman had a fall there, no one has been admitted!"

But I was determined not to lose this opportunity of seeing "Old Carolus" from a near point of view. So, quieting the fears of my little guide, I took the key from her ring and, mounting the rickety stairway, unlocked the door. Little Joséphine sat on the steps and watched me. Soon I was on a level with the body of the huge bell, the greatest and best beloved of all the bells of Antwerp, and, indeed, of all Belgium.

It is called Carolus, because it was given by the Emperor Charles V. The popular belief is that gold, silver, and copper enter into its composition, and it is valued at nearly \$100,000. I saw where the clapper, from always striking in the same place, had worn away the metal from the sides. Far below hangs the rope, by which it is rung on rare occasions, with sixteen ends for as many ringers; and even sixteen strong bell-ringers are none too many.

While standing on a board which ran from one beam to another, I made several notes in my pocket sketch-book, and was stooping over to look at the enormous clapper, when there came a sudden cry from my little guide, who was standing directly below: "Prenez garde, monsieur! The board is slipping!" And before I could take a step to one of the beams, or catch hold of the huge wheel that swings "Old Carolus," down came my frail support, dropping me on my back in a cloud of dust. Happily, the fall was not great, only six feet or so, and I was congratulating myself that it was no worse, when I saw that little Joséphine was lying on the floor, her eyes closed and with an ugly gash upon her forehead. I ran to her, caught her up in my arms, and, covered with dust as I was, I hurried down the shaky stairway, ran along the passage, and finally reached the little room paved with red tiles, where the crippled lace-maker was still busily at work over her cushion and bobbins.



"Quick!" I said, anxiously, forgetting in my excitement that probably I should not be understood. "Hurry! Some water! The little one has been hurt — not badly, I think, — but we must look to her wound at once!"

I remembered afterward that the little lace-maker did just as I bade her, although I am sure I did not speak anything but English to her.

Tenderly putting little Joséphine down, I carefully washed away the blood and dust from her temple, the little old lace-maker meanwhile chafing her hands. I soon found that the hurt was not a serious one. The edge of the board had merely grazed along her forehead in coming down. I am not an adept in surgery, but I flatter myself that on that day, I made a most artistic effect with sticking plaster. Soon Joséphine opened her eyes, and her first words were for the doll, "Lisette." Alas! when I found "Lisette," her beautiful glass head was broken to splinters; but a whispered promise of a larger and grander "Lisette" brought back the smiles to the face of my little friend, and as I

left the snug abode high in the tower of Antwerp Cathedral, late that evening, the old grandam showing me down the steep, dangerous steps, a smoking lamp in her hand, little Joséphine was sleeping quietly. I should like to have seen her next morning, when, upon awaking, she found the shining twenty-franc goldpiece which, in a very mysterious manner, had dropped from somewhere, and tucked itself between the pillow and her cheek, where it lay all night. And here is a little letter which I received in Paris not long afterward. I have translated it for you, and I have been glad to think that perhaps the new doll is as dear to little Joséphine as the other "Lisette" once was:

ANVERS, BELGIQUE, 15 June, 18—.

CHER MONSIEUR: I thank you very much. Oh, how large she is! — large like a real baby! Yes, I call her "Lisette," because you asked me to. My head is all well, only a little mark shows. I thank you very much for your goodness. With great consideration and assurances of my high esteem [poor little Joséphine!], accept, monsieur, the sincere homage of your devoted,

JOSÉPHINE DEETJEN.



A VIEW FROM THE TOWER OF ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.



## THE DAYS OF THE DAISIES.

BY HELEN THAYER HUTCHESON.

Heigh-ho ! the daisies !  
The saucy frank faces  
Laugh up one by one.  
Heigh-ho ! the daisies,  
And every one gazes  
Straight at the sun.  
They leap while we sleep,  
In a night, the world's white  
With the wind-shaken mazes.  
Swinging and swaying,  
and linking and locking,  
Leaning, careening,  
and sinking and rocking,  
Heigh-ho ! the dance of the daisies !

Heigh-ho ! the daisies !  
The soncy, slim graces !  
Jostling the roses  
In trim garden closes,  
Elbowing clover  
All the world over ;  
Standing by waysides,  
All the green May-tides,  
Ragged and dusty,  
Like blithe beggar lusty,  
Lusty and lazy,  
Heigh-ho ! the vagabond daisy !

Heigh-ho ! the tipsy  
Jolly-faced gypsy !  
Wayside soothsayer,—



Whom shall I marry?  
 How long will he tarry?  
 Soothsayer, truth-sayer,  
 Shall it be Rick, Rob, Harry or Larry?  
 Say marry, say tarry,  
 Say ever, say never,  
 Or say what you may  
 Of a late-lagging lover,  
 But give me a breezy life,  
 Give me an easy life,  
 Give me a lazy life,  
 Give me a daisy life,  
 Heigh-ho! the daisy, all the world over!

Heigh-ho! the days of the daisies!  
 The sheens and the shades and the hazes!  
 A dream o' the noon,  
 A gleam o' the Moon,  
 Three weeks o' May and two weeks o' June,  
 Heigh-ho! the days of the daisies!

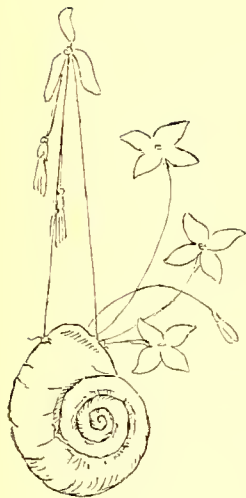
They sprang tall  
 By the wall;  
 They shone still  
 In the rill;  
 They stood pale  
 In the vale;  
 They possessed  
 The hill-crest;  
 They were white  
 In a night;  
 In a day they lay low,  
 All the host,  
 Like the ghost  
 Of the last Winter's  
 Snow!  
 They sank  
 Rank by rank,  
 They bowed lithe  
 To the scythe,  
 By the rill, by the wall  
 Did they nod to their fall,  
 With the plume,  
 And the bloom,  
 Of the grass  
 and the clover.  
 Heigh-ho! for a merry life,  
 merrily  
 over! °





## A WEE WORLD OF MY OWN.

BY HELEN THAYER HUTCHESON.



There once used to be  
At the foot of a tree,  
Where moss grew across and the violets were blue,  
A wee world of my own.  
Where I played all alone,  
My small, naked fingers all dabbled with dew,—  
A green little world,  
Where the tansy uncurled,  
Small weeds dropped their seeds in the palm of my hand,  
And the snail in his castle  
Was my humble vassal,  
And crickets in caves — I was heir to the land!

I would creep  
Soft asleep  
To that wee world of mine,  
Subduing myself to the stillness of flowers,  
Breathing low,  
Hoping so,  
I might grow fairy-fine,  
And steal my long days out of other folks' hours.  
I hoped to grow smaller  
As others grow taller,  
To brew draughts of dew in a brown acorn-cup,  
And sit in the shade  
That the white pebble made,  
But I never grew down, and I always grew up.

The weeds have outgrown me,  
The crickets disown me,  
The snail moved away, I never knew where to —  
And it falls out to-day,  
In my big stupid way,  
I'm so blind I can't find that Wee World I am heir to.



## A BIT OF COLOR.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

### CHAPTER VII.

AFTER the great excitement was over, Betty felt very tired and unhappy. That night she could be comforted only by Aunt Barbara's taking her into her own bed, and being more affectionate and sympathetic than ever before, even talking late, like a girl, about the Out-of-door Club plans. In spite of this attempt to return to every-day thoughts, Betty waked next morning to much annoyance and trouble. She had felt as if the sad affairs of yesterday related only to the poor Fosters and herself, but as she went down the street, early, she was stopped and questioned by eager groups of people who were trying to find out something more about the discovery of Mr. Foster in the old house. It proved that he had leaped from a high window, hurting himself badly by the fall, when he made his escape from prison, and that he had been wandering in the woods for days. The officers had come at once, and there was a group of men outside the Fosters' house. This had a terrible look to Betty. Everybody said that the doctor believed there was but a slight chance for Mr. Foster's life, and that they were not going to try to take him back to jail. He had been delirious all night. One or two kindly disposed persons said that they pitied his poor family more than ever, but most of the neighbors insisted that "it served Foster just right." Betty did her errand as quickly as possible, and hastily brushed by some curious friends who tried to detain her. She felt as if it were unkind and disloyal to speak of her playmate's trouble to everybody, and the excitement and public concern of the little village astonished her very much. She did not know, until then, how the joy or trouble of one home could affect the town as if it were one household. Everybody spoke very kindly to her, and most people called her "Betty," whether they had ever spoken to her before or not. The women were standing at their front doors or their gates, to hear whatever could be told, and our friend looked down the long street and felt that it was like running the gauntlet, to get home again. Just then she met the doctor, looking gray and troubled, as if he had been awake all night, but when he saw Betty his face brightened.

"Well done, my little lady," he said, in a cheer-

ful voice, which made her feel steady again, and then he put his hand on Betty's shoulder and looked at her very kindly.

"Oh, Doctor! may I walk along with you a little way?" she faltered. "Everybody asks me to tell ——"

"Yes, yes, I know all about it," said the doctor; and he turned and took Betty's hand as if she were a child, and they walked away together. It was well known in Tideshead that Dr. Prince did not like to be questioned about his patients.

"I was wondering whether I ought to go to see Nelly," said Betty, as they came near the house. "I have n't seen her since I came home with her yesterday. I-- did n't quite dare to go in as I came by."

"Wait until to-morrow, perhaps," said the doctor. "The poor man will be gone then, and you will be a greater comfort. Go over through the garden. You can climb the fences, I dare say," and he looked at Betty with a queer little smile. Perhaps he had seen her sometimes crossing the fields with Mary Beck.

"Do you mean that he is going to die to-day?" asked Betty, with great awe. "Ought I to go then?"

"Love may go where common kindness is shut out," said Dr. Prince. "You have done a great deal to make those poor children happy, this summer. They had been treated in a very narrow-minded way. It was not like Tideshead, I must say," he added, "but people are shy sometimes, and Mrs. Foster herself could not bear to see the pity in her neighbors' faces. It will be easier for her now."

"I keep thinking, what if it were my own papa?" said Betty softly. "He could n't be so wicked, but he might be ill, and I not there."

"Dear me, no!" said the doctor heartily, and giving Betty's hand a tight grasp, and a little swing to and fro. "I suppose he's having a capital good time up among his glaciers? I wish that I were with him for a month's holiday," and at this Betty was quite cheerful again.

Now they stopped at Betty's own gate. "You must take your Aunt Mary in hand a little, before you go away. There's nothing serious the matter now, only lack of exercise."

"She did come to my tea-party in the garden," responded Betty, with a faint smile, "and I think sometimes she almost gets enough courage to go to walk. She did n't sleep at all last night, Serena said this morning."

"You see, she does n't need sleep," explained Dr. Prince, quite professionally. "We are all made to run about the world and to work. Your aunt is always making blood and muscle with such a good appetite, and then she never uses them, and nature is clever at revenges. Let her hunt the fields, as you do, and she would sleep like a top. I call it a disease of too-wellness, and I only know how to doctor sick people. Now there 's a lesson for you to reflect upon," and the busy doctor went hurrying back to where he had left his horse standing, when he first caught sight of Betty's white and anxious face.

As she entered the house, Aunt Barbara was just coming out. "I am going to see poor Mrs. Foster, my dear, or to ask for her at the door," she said, and Serena and Letty and Jonathan all came forward to ask whether Betty knew any later news. Seth had been loitering up the street most of the morning, with feelings of great excitement, but he presently came back with instructions from Aunt Barbara to weed the long box-borders behind the house, which he somewhat unwillingly obeyed.

A few days later the excitement was at an end, the sad funeral was over, and on Sunday the Fosters were at church in their appealing black clothes. Everybody had been as kind as they knew how to be, but there were no faces so welcome to the sad family as our little Betty's and the doctor's.

"It comes of simply following her instinct to be kind and do right," said the doctor to Aunt Barbara, one day. "The child does n't think twice about it, as most of us do. We Tideshead people are terribly afraid of one another, and have to go through just so much, before we can take the next step. There 's no way to get right things done but to simply *do* them. But it is n't so much what your Betty does, as what she *is*."

"She has grown into my old heart," said Aunt Barbara. "I can not bear to think of her going away and taking the sunshine with her!—and yet she has her faults of course," added the sensible old lady.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE Leicester household had been so long drifting into a staid and ceremonious fashion of life, that this visit of Betty's threatened at times to be disturbing. If Aunt Barbara's heart had not been kept young, under all her austere look and manners, Betty might have felt constrained more than once, but there always was an excuse to give Aunt Mary,

when she complained of too much chattering on the front door steps, or too much scurrying up and down stairs from Betty's room. It was impossible to count the number of times that important secrets had to be considered, in the course of a week, or to understand why there were so many flurries of excitement among the girls of Betty's set, while the general course of events in Tideshead flowed so smoothly. Miss Barbara Leicester was always a frank and outspoken person, and the young people were sure to hear her opinion whenever they asked for it; but she herself seemed to grow younger, in these days, and Betty pleased her immensely one day, when it was mentioned that a certain person who wore caps, and was what Betty called "poky," was about Miss Barbara's age: "Aunt Barbara, you are always the same age as anybody except a baby!"

"I must acknowledge that I feel younger than my grand-niece, sometimes," said Aunt Barbara, with a funny little laugh; but Betty was puzzled to know exactly what she meant.

IN one corner of the upper story of the large old house there was a delightful little place by one of the dormer-windows. It lighted the crooked stairway, which came up to the open garret-floor, and some bedrooms which were finished off in a row. Betty remembered playing with her dolls in this pleasant little corner on rainy days, years before, and revived its old name of the "cubby-house." Her father had kept his guns and a collection of minerals there, in his boyhood. It was over Betty's own room, and noises made there did not affect Aunt Mary's nerves, while it was a great relief from the dignity of the best bedroom, or, still more, the lower rooms of the house, to betake one's self with one's friend to this queer-shaped, brown-raftered little corner of the world. There was a great sea-chest under the eaves, and an astounding fireboard, with a picture of Apollo in his chariot. There was a shelf with some old brown books that everybody had forgotten, a broken guitar and a comfortable wooden rocking-chair beside Betty's favorite perch in the broad window-seat that looked out into the tops of the trees. Her father's boyish trophies of rose-quartz and beryl crystals and mica, were still scattered along on the narrow ledges of the old beams, and hanging to a nail overhead were two dusty bunches of pennyroyal, which had left a mild fragrance behind them as they withered.

Betty had added to this array a toppling light stand from another part of the garret and a china mug which she kept full of fresh wild flowers. She pinned *London Graphic* pictures here and there, to make a little brightness, and there were some of her favorite artist's (Caldecott's) sketches of country

squires and dames, reproduced in faint bright colors, which looked delightfully in keeping with their surroundings. As midsummer came on, the cubby-house grew too hot for comfort, but one afternoon, when rain had been falling all the morning to cool the high roof, Mary Beck and Betty sat there together in great comfort and peace. See for yourself, Mary in the rocking-chair and Betty in the window-seat; they were deep in thought of girlish problems, and, as usual, taking nearly opposite sides. They had been discussing their plans for the future. Mary Beck had confessed that she wished to learn to be a splendid singer and sing in a great church or even in public concerts. She knew she could, if she were only well taught; but there was nobody to give her lessons in Tideshead, and her mother would not hear of her going to Riverport twice a week.

"She says that I can keep up with my singing at home, and she wants me to go into the choir, and I can't bear it. I hate to hear 'we can't afford it,' and I am sure to, if I set my heart on anything. Mother says that it will be time enough to learn to sing when I am through school. Oh, dear me!" and poor Mary looked disappointed and fretful.

A disheartening picture of the present Becky on the concert-stage flashed through Betty's usually hopeful mind. She felt a heartache, as she thought of her friend's unfitness and inevitable disappointment. Becky—plain, ungainly, honest Becky—felt it in her to do great things, yet she hardly knew what great things were. Persons of Betty's age never count upon having years of time in which to make themselves better. Everything must be finally decided by the state of things at the moment. Years of patient study were sure to develop the wonderful gift of Becky's strong, sweet voice.

"Why don't you sing in the choir, Becky?" asked Betty suddenly. "It would make the singing so much better. I should love to do it, if I could, and it would help to make Sunday so pleasant for everybody, to hear you sing. Poor Miss Fedge's voice sounds so funny, does n't it? Sing me something now, Becky dear; sing 'Bonny Doon'!"

But Becky took no notice of the request. "What do you mean to be, yourself?" she asked her companion, with great interest.

"You know that I can't sing nor paint nor do any of those things," answered Betty, humbly. "I used to wish that I could write books when I grew up, or at any rate help Papa to write his. I am almost discouraged, though Papa says I must keep on trying to do the things I really wish to do." And a bright flush covered Betty's eager face.

"Oh, Becky dear!" she said suddenly. "You have something that I envy you more than your singing even: just living at home in one place and having your mother and the boys. I am always

wishing and wishing, and telling myself stories about living somewhere in the same house all the time, with Papa, and having a real home and taking care of him. You don't know how good it would feel! Papa says the best we can do now, is to make a home wherever we are, for ourselves and others—but we think it is pretty hard, sometimes."

"Well, I think the nicest thing would be to see the world, as you do," insisted Mary Beck. "I just *hate* dusting and keeping things to rights, and I never *shall* learn to cook! I like to do fancy work pretty well. You would think Tideshead was perfectly awful, in winter!"

"Why should it be?" asked Betty innocently. "Winter is house-time. I save things to do in winter, and—"

"Oh, you are so preachy, you are so good-natured, you believe all the prim things that grown people say!" exclaimed Becky. "What would you say if you never went to Boston but once, and then had a toothache all the time? You have been everywhere, and you think it great fun so stay a little while in poky old Tideshead, this one summer!"

"Perhaps it is because I have seen so many other places that I know just how pleasant Tideshead is."

"Well, I want to see other places, too," maintained the dissatisfied Becky.

"Papa says that we ourselves are the places we live in," said Betty, as if it took a great deal of courage to tell Mary Beck so unwelcome a truth. "I like to remember just what he says, for sometimes, when I have n't understood at first, something will happen, maybe a year after, to make it flash right into my mind. Once I heard a girl say London was stupid; just think! London!"

Mary Beck was rocking steadily, but Betty sat still with her feet on the window-seat and her hands clasped about her knees. She could look down into the green yard below, and watch some birds that were fluttering near by in the wet trees. The wind blew in very soft and sweet after the rain.

"I used to think, when I was a little bit of a girl, that I would be a missionary, but I should perfectly hate it now!" said Mary, with great vehemence. "I just *hate* to go to Sunday-school and be asked the questions; it makes me prickle all over. I always feel sorry when I wake up and find it is Sunday morning. I suppose you think that's heathen and horrid."

"I have always had my Sunday lessons with Papa; he reads to me, and gives me something to learn by heart—a hymn or some very, very lovely verses of poetry. I suppose that his telling me what things in the Bible really mean keeps me from being 'prickly' when other people talk about it. What made you wish to be a missionary?" Betty inquired, with interest.

"Oh, there used to be some who came here and talked in the vestry Sunday evenings about riding on donkeys and camels. Sometimes they would dress up in Syrian costumes, and I used to look Grandpa's *Missionary Herald* all through, to find their names afterward. It was so nice to hear about their travels and the natives, but that was a long while ago," and Becky rocked angrily, so that the boards creaked underneath.

"Last summer I used to go to such a dear old church, in the Isle of Wight," said Betty. "You could look out of the open door by our pew and see the old churchyard and look away over the green downs and the blue sea. You could see the poppies in the fields and hear the larks, too."

"What kind of a church was it?" asked Mary, with suspicion. "Episcopal?"

"Yes," answered Betty, "Church of England, people say there."

"I heard somebody say once that your father was very lax in religious matters," said Becky seriously.

"I'd rather be very lax and love my Sundays," said Betty severely. "I don't think it makes any difference, really, about what one does in church. I want to be good, and it helps me to be in church and think and hear about it. Oh dear! my foot's getting asleep," said Betty, beginning to pound it up and down. The two girls did not like to look at each other; they were considering questions that were very hard to talk about.

"I suppose it's being good that made you run after Nelly Foster. I wished that I had gone to see her more, when you went; but she used to act hatefully sometimes before you came. She used to cry in school, though," confessed Becky.

"I did n't 'run after' her. You do call things such dreadful names, Mary Beck! There, I'm getting cross, my foot is all stinging."

"Turn it just the other way," advised Mary eagerly. "Let me pound it for you," and she briskly went to the rescue. Betty wondered afresh why she liked this friend herself, so much, and yet disliked so many things that she said and did.

Serena always said that Betty had a won't-you-please-like-me sort of way with her, and Mary Beck felt it more than ever as she returned to her rocking-chair and jogged on again, but she could not bend from her high sense of disapproval immediately. "What do you think the unjust steward parable means, then?" she asked, not exactly returning to the fray, but with an injured manner. "It is in the Sunday-school lesson to-morrow, and I can't understand it a bit.—I never could."

"Nor I," said Betty, in a most cheerful tone. "See here, Becky, it does n't rain, and we can go and ask Mr. Grant to tell us about it."

"Go ask the minister!" exclaimed Mary Beck, much shocked. "Why, would you dare to?"

"That's what ministers are for," answered Betty simply. "We can stay a little while and see the girls, if he is busy. Come now, Becky," and Becky reluctantly came. She was to think a great many times afterward of that talk in the garret. She was beginning to doubt whether she had really succeeded in settling all the questions of life, at the age of fifteen.

The two friends went along arm-in-arm under the still dripping trees; the parsonage was some distance up the long Tideshead street, and the sun was coming out as they stood on the doorsteps. The minister was amazed when he found that these parishioners had come to have a talk with him in the study, and to ask something directly at his willing hands. He preached the better for it, next day, and the two girls listened the better. As for Mary Beck, the revelation to her honest heart of having a right in the minister, and the welcome convenience of his fund of knowledge and his desire to be of use to her personally, was an immense surprise; kind Mr. Grant had been a part of the dreaded Sundays,—a fixture of the day and the church and the pulpit, before that; he was, indirectly, a reproach, and, until this day, had never seemed like other people exactly, or an every-day friend. Perhaps the good man wondered if it were not his own fault, a little,—he tried to be very gay and friendly with his own girls at supper-time, and said afterward that they must have Mary Beck and Betty Leicester to take tea with them some time during the next week.

"But there are others in the parish who will feel hurt," urged Mrs. Grant anxiously, and Mr. Grant only answered that there must be a dozen tea-parties, then, as if there were no such things as sponge-cake and ceremony, in the world!

## CHAPTER IX.

THE Out-of-door Club in Tideshead was slow in getting under way, but it was a great success at last. Its first expedition was to the Picknell farm to see the place where there had been a great battle with the French and Indians, in old times, and the relics of a beaver-dam were to be inspected besides. Mr. Picknell came to talk about the plan with Miss Barbara Leicester, who was going to drive out to the farm in the afternoon, and then walk back with the Club, as besought by Betty. She was highly pleased with the eagerness of her young neighbors, who had discovered in her an unsuspected sympathy and good-fellowship at the time of Betty's June tea-party. It had been a pity to make-believe be old in all these late years, and grow more and more a stranger to the



BETTY AND MARY IN THE "CUBBY-HOUSE."

young people. Perhaps, if the Club proved a success, it would be a good thing to have winter meetings too, and read together. Somehow Miss Barbara had never before known exactly what to do for the young folks. She could have a little entertainment for them in the evening. Miss Mary Leicester was taken up with the important business of her own fancied invalidism, but it might be a very good thing for her to take some part in such pleasant plans. Under all Aunt Barbara's shyness and habit of formality, Betty had discovered her warm and generous heart. They had become fast friends, and, to tell the truth, Aunt Mary was beginning to have an uneasy and wistful consciousness that she was causing herself to be left out of many pleasures.

The gloom and general concern at the time of the Fosters' sorrow had caused the first Club meeting to be postponed until early in August, and then, though August weather would not seem so good for out-of-door expeditions, this one Wednesday dawned like a cool, clear June day; and at three

o'clock the fresh easterly wind had not ceased to blow and yet had not brought in any seaward clouds. There were eleven boys and girls, and Miss Barbara Leicester made twelve, while with the two Picknells the Club counted fourteen. The Fosters promised to come, later in the summer, but they did not feel in the least hurt because some of their friends urged them to join the cheerful company this very day. It seemed to Betty as if Nelly looked brighter and somehow unafraid, now that the first miserable weeks had gone. It may have been that poor Nelly was lighter-hearted already than she often had been in her father's lifetime.

Betty and Mary Beck walked together, at first, but George Max asked Mary to walk with him, so they parted. Betty liked Harry Foster better than any other of the boys and really missed him to-day. She was brimful of plans about persuading her father to help Harry to study natural history. While the Club was getting ready to walk two by two, Betty suddenly remembered she was an odd one, and hastily took her place between the

Grants, insisting that they three must lead the procession. The timid Grants were full of fun that day, for a wonder, and a merry head to the procession they were with Betty, walking fast and walking slowly, and leading the way by short cuts cross-county with great spirit. They called a halt to pick huckleberries, and they dared the Club to cross a wide brook on insecure stepping-stones. Everybody made fun for everybody else whenever they saw an opportunity, and when they reached the Picknell farm, quite warm and excited, they were announced politely by George Max as "the Out-of-breath Club." The shy Picknells wore their best Sunday white dresses, and the long white farmhouse with its gambrel roof seemed a delightfully shady place as the Club sat still awhile to cool and rest itself and drink some lemonade. Mrs. Picknell was a thin, bright-eyed little woman, who had the reputation of being the best housekeeper in town. She was particularly kind to Betty Leicester, who was after all no more a stranger to her than were some of the others who came. It was lovely to see how Mrs. Picknell and Julia were so proud of Mary's gift for drawing, and evidently managed so that she should have time for it. Mary had begun to go to Riverport every week for a lesson.

"She heard that Mr. Clinturn, the famous artist, was spending the summer there, and started out by herself one day to ask him to give her lessons," Mrs. Picknell told Betty proudly. "He said, at first, that he could n't spare the time; but I had asked Mary to take two or three of her sketches with her, and when he saw them he said that it would be a pleasure to help her all that he could."

"I do think this picture of the old packet-boat coming up the river is the prettiest of all. Oh, here's Aunt Barbara: do come and see this, Aunty!" said Betty, with great enthusiasm. "It makes me think of the afternoon I came to you."

Miss Leicester took out her eyeglasses and looked as she was bidden. "It is a charming little water-color," she said, with delighted surprise. "Did you really teach yourself until this summer?"

"I only had my play paint-box, until last winter," said Mary Picknell. "I am so glad you like it, Miss Leicester." For Miss Leicester had many really beautiful pictures of her own, and her praise was worth having.

Then Mr. Picknell took his stick from behind the door, and led the company of guests out across the fields to a sloping rough piece of pasture land, with a noisy brook at the bottom, where a terrible battle had been fought in the old French and Indian war. He read them an account of it from Mr. Parkinan's history, and told all the neighborhood traditions of the frightened settlers, and burnt houses, and murdered children and very old people,

and the terrible march of a few captives through the winter woods to Canada. How his own great-great-grandfather and grandmother were driven away from home, and each believed the other dead, for three years, until the man escaped and then went, hearing that his wife was alive, to buy her freedom. They came to the farm again and were buried in the old burying-lot, side by side.

"There was a part of the story which you left out," Mrs. Picknell said. "When they killed the little baby the Indians told its poor mother not to cry about it or they would kill her too; and when her tears would fall, a kind-hearted squaw was clever enough to throw some water in the poor woman's face, so that the men only laughed and thought it was a taunt and not done to hide tears, at all."

"I have not heard such stories for years. We ought to thank you heartily," said Miss Barbara, when the battle-ground had been shown and the Club had heard all the interesting things that were known about the great fight. Then they came back by way of the old family burying-place and read the quaint epitaphs which Mr. Picknell himself had cut deeper and kept from wearing away. It seemed that they never could forget the old farm's history.

"I maintain that every old place in town ought to have its history kept," said Mr. Picknell. "Now, you boys and girls, what do you know about the places where you live? Why don't you make town-clerks of yourselves? Take the edges of almanacs if you can't afford a blank-book and make notes of things, so that dates will be kept for those who come after you. Most of you live where your great-grandfathers did, and you ought to know about the old folks. Most of what I've kept alive about this old farm, I learned from my great-grandmother, who lived to be a very old woman, and liked to tell me stories in the long winter evenings when I was a boy. Now we'll go and see where the beavers used to build, down here where the salt water makes up into the outlet of the brook. Plenty of their logs lay there moss-covered, when I was a grown man."

Somehow the getting acquainted with each other in a new way, was the best part of the Club, after all. It was quite another thing from even sitting side-by-side in school, to walk these two or three miles together. Betty Leicester had taught her Tideshead cronies something of her own lucky secret of taking and making the pleasures that were close at hand. It was great good fortune to get hold of a common wealth of interest and association by means of the Club; and as Mr. Picknell and Miss Leicester talked about the founders and pioneers of the earliest Tideshead farms, there was not a boy nor girl who did not have a sense of pride in belonging to so valiant an old town. They could plan

a dozen expeditions to places of historic interest. There had been even witches in Tideshead, and soldiers and scholars to find out about and remember. There was no better way of learning American history (as Miss Leicester said) than to study thoroughly the history of a single New England village. As for newer towns in the West, they were all children of some earlier settlements, and nobody could tell how far back a little careful study would lead.

There was time for a good game of tennis after the stories were told, and the play was watched with great excitement, but some of the Club girls strayed about the old house, part of which had been a garrison-house. The doors stood open and the sunshine fell pleasantly across the floors of the old rooms. Usually, they meant to go picknicking, but to-day the Picknells had asked their friends to tea, and a delicious country supper it was. Then they all sang, and Mary Beck's clear voice, as usual, led all the rest. It was seven o'clock before the party was over. The evening was cooler than August evenings usually are, and after many leave-takings the Club set off afoot toward the town.

"What a good time!" said Betty to the Grants and Aunt Barbara, for she had claimed one Grant and let Aunt Barbara walk with the other, and everybody said "what a good time," at least twice, as they walked down the lane to the road. There they stopped for a minute to sing another verse of "Good-night, Ladies," and indeed went away singing along the road, until at last the steepness of the hill made them quiet. The Picknells in their doorway listened as long as they could.

At the top of the long hill the Club stopped for a minute, and kept very still to hear the hermit-thrushes singing, and did not notice at first that three persons were coming toward them, a tall man and a boy and girl. Suddenly Betty's heart gave a great beat. The taller figure was swinging a stick to and fro, in a way that she knew well, the boy was Harry Foster and the girl was Nelly. Surely,—but the other? Oh, *yes*, it was Papa! "Oh, *Papa*," and Betty gave a strange little laugh and flew before the rest of the Club, who were still walking slowly and sedately, and threw herself into her father's arms. Then Miss Leicester hurried, too, and the rest of the Club broke ranks and felt for a minute as if their peace of mind was troubled.

But Betty's Papa was equal to this emergency. "This must be Becky, but how grown!" he said to Mary Beck, holding out his hand cordially. "and George Max? and the Grants, and—Frank Crane, is it? I used to play with your father," and so Mr. Leicester, pioneered by Betty, shook hands with everybody and was made most welcome.

"You see that I know you all very well through Betty! So nobody believed that I could come on

the next train after my letter, and get here almost as soon?" he said, holding Betty's hand tighter than ever and looking at her as if he wished to kiss her again. He did kiss her again, it being his own Betty. They were very fond of each other, these two; but some of their friends agreed with Aunt Barbara, who always said that her nephew was much too young to have the responsibility of so tall a girl as Betty Leicester.

Nobody noticed that Harry and Nelly Foster were there too, in the first moment of excitement, and so the first awkwardness of taking up every-day life again with their friends was passed over easily. Nobody ever thought to ask how Mr. Leicester had happened to give Harry and Nelly a share in the surprise of his coming — but everybody was glad to know that Harry's collection of insects and his scientific tastes had won great approval from a man of Mr. Leicester's fame, and that the boy was to be forwarded in his studies as fast as possible.

Who shall tell the wonder of the Club over a phonograph which Mr. Leicester brought with him? and how can one short story tell the delight of the two weeks that he stayed in Tideshead? It was altogether the pleasantest summer that had ever been, and Papa and Betty had a rare holiday together. Aunt Mary and Aunt Barbara, Serena and Letty, and Seth and Jonathan, were all in a whirl from morning until night. Serena thought that the phonograph was an invention of the devil, and after hearing the uncanny little machine repeat that very uncomplimentary remark which she had just made about it, she was surer than before. Serena did not relish being called an invention of the evil one, herself, but it does not do to call names at a phonograph.

"It was lonely when I first came," said Betty, the evening before she was to go away, as she walked to and fro between the box-borders with her father, "but I like everybody better and better — even poor Aunt Mary," she added in a whisper. "It is lovely to live in Tideshead. Sometimes one gets cross though, and it is so provoking about the left-out ones and the won't-play ones, and the ones that want everything done some other way, and then let you do it after all. But I thought at first it was going to be so stupid, and that nobody would like any of the things I did, and here is Mary Picknell who can paint beautifully, and Harry Foster knows so many of the things you do, and George Max is a splendid scholar, and so is Jim Beck, and poor dear Becky can sing like a bird, when she feels good-natured. Why, Papa dear, I do believe that there is one person in Tideshead of every kind in the world. And Aunt Barbara is a duchess!"

"I never saw so grand a duchess as your Aunt



Barbara in her very best gown," said Betty's papa, "but I have n't seen all the duchesses there are in existence."

"Oh, Papa, do let us come and live here together," pleaded the girl, with shining eyes. "Must you go back to England for very long? After I see Mrs. Duncan and the rest of the people in London, I am so afraid I shall be homesick. You can keep on having the cubby-house for a very private study, and I know you could write beautifully on the rainy days, when the elm branches make such a nice noise on the roof. Oh, Papa, do let us come sometime!"

"Sometime," repeated Mr. Leicester, with great assurance. "How would next summer do, for instance? I have been talking with Aunt Barbara about it, and we have a grand plan for the writing of a new book, and having some friends of mine come here too, and the doing of great works. I shall need a stenographer and we are——"

"Those other people could live at the Fosters," Betty interrupted him, delightedly entering into the plans. She was used to the busy little colonies of students who gathered round her father.

"Here comes Mr. Marsh, the teacher of the Academy, to see you," and she danced away on the tips of her toes.

"Serena and Letty! I am coming back to stay all next summer, and Papa too," she said, when she reached the middle of the kitchen.

"Thank the goodness!" said Serena. "Only don't let your pa bring his talking-machine to save up everybody's foolish speeches. Your aunt said this morning that what I ought to ha' said into it was 'Miss Leicester, we're all out o' sugar.' But the sugar 's goin' to last longer when you're gone. I expect we shall miss you," said the good woman, with great feeling.

Now, everything was to be done *next* summer: all the things that Betty had forgotten and all that she had planned and could not carry out. It was very sad to go away, when the time came. Poor Aunt Mary fairly cried, and said that she was going to try hard to be better in health, so that she could do more for Betty when she came next year, and



BETTY AND HER FATHER IN THE GARDEN.

she should miss their reading together, sadly; and Aunt Barbara held Betty very close for a minute and said, "God bless you, my darling," though she had never called her "my darling" before.

And Captain Beck came over to say good-bye, and wished that they could have gone down by the packet-boat, as Betty came, and gave our friend a little brass pocket-compass, which he had carried to sea many years. The minister came to call in the evening, with his girls, and the dear old doctor

came in next morning, though he was always in a hurry, and kissed Betty most kindly, and held her hand in both his, while he said that he had lost a good deal of practice, lately, because she kept the young folks out of doors, and he did not know about letting her come back another summer.

But when poor Mrs. Foster came, with Nelly, and thanked Betty for bringing a ray of sunshine into her sad home, it was almost too much to bear; and good-bye must be said to Becky, and that was as hard as anything, until they tried to talk about what they would do next summer, and how often they must write to each other in the winter months between.

"Why, sometimes I have been afraid that you did n't like me," said Betty, as her friend's tears again began to fall.

"It was only because I did n't like myself," said Becky, forlornly. It was a most sad leave-taking, but there were many recollections that Becky would like to think over when her new-old friend had fairly gone.

"I never felt as if I really belonged to any place, until now. You must always say that I am Betty Leicester of Tideshead," said Betty to her father, after she had looked back in silence from the car-window for a long time. Aunt Barbara had come to the station with them and was taking the long

drive home alone, with only Jonathan and the slow horses—Betty's thoughts followed her all along the familiar road. Last night she had put the little red silk shawl back into her trunk with a sorry sigh. Everybody had been so good to her, while she had done so little for any one!

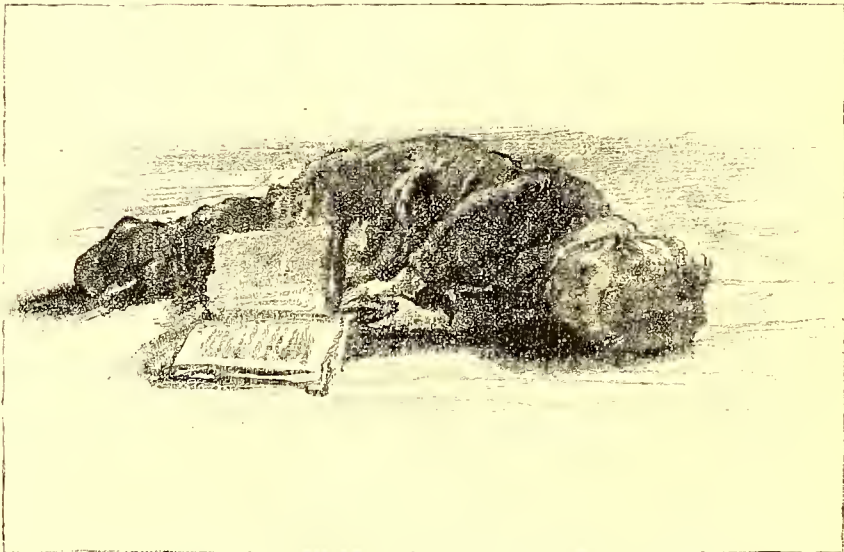
But Aunt Barbara was really dreading to go back to the old house, she knew that she should miss Betty so much!

Papa was reading already; he always read in the cars himself, but he never liked to have Betty do so. He looked up now, and something in his daughter's face made him put down his book. She was no longer only a playmate, her face was very grave and sweet. "I must try not to scurry about the world as I have done," he thought, as he glanced at Betty again and again. "We ought to have a home, both of us; her mother would have known;—a girl should grow up in a home and get a girl's best life out of the cares and pleasures of it."

"I am afraid you won't wish to come down to doing the hospitalities of lodgings this winter," said Mr. Leicester. "Perhaps we had better look for a house of our own near the Duncans?"

"Oh, we're sure to have the best of good times!" said Betty cheerfully, as if there were danger of his being low-spirited. "We must wait about all that, Papa dear, until we are in London."

THE END.



NOT A LIVELY BOOK, BUT SO INSTRUCTIVE FOR YOUNG FOLK!

## MAMMY'S STORY.

(With a Moral.)

BY SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

- AH! well do I recall how, in the happy olden days,  
I sat beside the nursery fire and saw the hickory blaze;  
While I heard the wind without, and the splashing of the rain,  
And the broad magnolias tapping at the dripping window-pane,  
When Mammy, rocking slowly, with the baby on her knee,  
Told many a wondrous story — “jus' ez true ez true could be!”
- “Well — once dar wuz two leetle boys, name' Jeems and Johnny Wood;  
An' Jeems wuz bad ez bad could be — an' Johnny, he wuz good.  
Deir Ma, she had a bag o' gol' hid in de cubby-hole,—  
An' Jeems he foun' it out, an' all dat heap o' money stole!  
An' den he run away, so fas' he los' a rubber shoe,  
An' lef' his Ma an' br'er so poo', dey dunno what to do!
- “Well — Johnny for his poo' Mamma he wucked de bes' he could,  
Tel once she sent him to de swamp to chop some piny-wood;  
An' dar a lot o' 'gators come — er *free*, er FO', er FIVE!  
An' de biggest gobbled Johnny up, an swollered him alive!!  
An' dar, inside de critter's maw, why, what did he behol'  
But de oder Injy-rubber shoe, an' his mudder's bag o' gol'!!!
- “Well — den he tuck his leetle axe, an' right away he hack  
Tel he chop a mons'ous hole right frough de 'gator's ugly back!  
Den out he pop, an' nebber stop tel he reech his mudder's doo'  
An' poured de shinin' money dar, right on de parlor floo'!  
Now, honey! min' an' 'member dis, from de tale you jes been tol',—  
*De bad, dey alluz comes to bad — an' de good, dey gits de gol'!*”

## CLIMBING THE PIERCED ROCK.

BY RIPLEY HITCHCOCK.

THE fishermen, in the little French-Canadian village of Percé, thought Moriarty had lost his senses when he declared that he would climb the Pierced Rock. There was no cliff like it on the coast of the Province of Quebec. One huge mass of mottled red-and-yellow limestone rose three hundred feet above the sea, with nearly perpendicular walls. It was a great ledge a quarter of a mile long, ending in a sharp point like the prow of a ship on the landward side, a pistol-shot from the shore. At low tide on the southern side one could walk along a sand-bar to the base of the rock,

although on the farther side the water was deep enough to float a ship. The waves thundered against the northern side of the rock and made rounded places and slippery slopes, and, on the other side, layers of stone peeled off and came crashing down.

The sea had gnawed away at the rock so long that two great openings were eaten through the base of the rock, toward the seaward end. The smaller opening, a perfect arch, was large enough for a fishing-boat to pass through. A coasting-schooner could have sailed through the larger arch. From this came the name of the Pierced Rock,

Rocher Percé, and the name of the village, but the large arch has now fallen in, leaving a tall stone needle beyond the outer end of the large rock.

No living creature, except gulls and cormorants, had ever reached the top of the Pierced Rock, and on that day, in the summer of 1818, when Moriarty said that he would climb the rock, his brother fishermen laughed at him. They thought it was boasting. Some whispered that he must be mad. But Moriarty had sailed around the rock and studied its lofty sides until he felt sure that he could see his way clear. His boat lay on the beach, near the rough tables where men in blue jerseys were cleaning codfish, while others were passing to and fro with willow creels filled with glistening herring and iridescent mackerel. From one of the little houses, near a yard where salted fish were scattered over the ground, or heaped in rounded piles like haycocks, Moriarty brought out a huge coil of rope, another of stout line, and an old oar. These he threw into his boat. And then they all saw that he really meant to try the rock. All the men left their work and came down the beach, crushing the whitened codfish bones under their heavy boots. In French and in English, with touches of Scotch and Irish brogue, they begged Moriarty not to throw away

his life, or told him that he was a fool to think of such a venture. But Moriarty was not alone, for his friend Dugai stood ready to go with him, and neither would be persuaded to give up the attempt. Some of the men turned their backs and said, "Let them go to their death." Others made their boats ready, meaning to see whatever might happen. Two or three offered to row Moriarty's boat out to the rock, and so at last they started.

It was a clear, bright day, and there was very little wind. If a gale had blown it would have been impossible to approach the rock, for Moriarty steered for its northern side, where, in rough weather, the waves dashed their spray almost mast-head high. When the boat had gone two-thirds of the way along the rock, Moriarty told the oarsmen to stop not far from the smaller arch. Just in front of them were hollows eaten by the waves, as mice nibble into cheese. Looking up, the rock seemed hanging over their very heads. Irregular ledges showed themselves beyond, almost red in the sunlight, with veins of quartz glistening here and there like diamonds. Now, it was along these ledges that Moriarty had marked out his path.

The boat touched a little rocky platform, and he



CLEANING FISH AT PERCÉ.

stepped out. One end of the line was fastened around his waist. Taking the stout oar, he rested it securely against a projecting mass of rock above and drew himself up, clinging partly to the oar and partly to the rock. This was his plan then, but some of the anxious men in the boats shook their heads. Suppose that he should come to a perfectly smooth place, or the oar should slip, or he should grow dizzy — what then? He reached the first ledge, planted his feet firmly, and turning drew the oar up after him. Setting it on a little crevice, he let it lean against a spur which jutted out ten feet above. It was a hand over hand pull this time, although his feet had some support upon the oar and rock.

Now he worked this way and that, clinging to points of rock, and digging his fingers into crevices, and again another ledge helped him directly upward. At first, the men below called to him occasionally to tell him of a friendly ledge on this side or that, although Moriarty knew the face of the rock better than they. But now they only spoke in whispers for fear that a cry might startle him, for at the height where he clung any false movement meant death. When he looked down it was only for a secure foothold; he did not look beyond, to the waves lapping the foot of the rock, and the boat which seemed to grow smaller beneath him, for he could run no risk of giddiness at that height. Cautiously he crept and climbed upward, using every crevice and ledge within his reach, now resting an instant and then crawling on, almost, it seemed, as a fly crawls up the surface of a wall. All was going well. He was nearing the summit. A moment more and the bold crag-climber would be safe; but just then there came a scream and a rush of wings. The cormorants and gulls had discovered their enemy close at hand.

Luckily they were too late. Moriarty beat back the first birds that swooped down upon him, then lowering his head, dragged himself with a last effort up to the edge, scrambled forward and threw himself on his face, safe! — the first man who had ever reached the summit of the great Pierced Rock! From below they saw the swoop of the birds, and Moriarty raising himself over the edge of the rock, with the cormorants gathering about him like a swarm of bees. They knew that he was on the rock, and a faint cheer floated upward, but they knew, too, that angry sea-birds were foes not to be despised. Over on a Buonaventure cliff the cormorants once picked out a man's eyes, and Moriarty

was now the center of a cloud of cormorants and gulls. But he knew his danger and lay where he had thrown himself, face downward, his arms guarding his head. There was almost a roar from the wings all about him. The screaming birds tore at his clothing with beaks and claws.



PERCÉ ROCK.

He must have repented his rash invasion of their homes. But as he continued to lie motionless the sea-birds finally grew tired of attacking him, and most of them sailed away over the water or back to their nests. When he ventured to rise some of them dashed at him again, but he struck right and left with the oar and presently he was left, by right of conquest, monarch of the Pierced Rock, a kingdom more difficult to conquer than Robinson Crusoe's island, but not a very satisfactory place to live on. For, suppose that he had found himself unable to get down again; he might have lived for a time on gulls' eggs and rain water and finally have perished in plain sight of his home. But, like a wise general, Moriarty had provided a means of retreat.

The handle of the oar had been sharpened and this he drove into a crack in the rock, clearing away the dirt and making all secure by piling large stones around the oar. Then, after a hard pull, he hauled up the rope to which the line he had brought up was fastened. Making the rope fast to the oar, ascent and descent of the rock became comparatively easy. Moriarty was followed by Dugai, and others clambered up by the help of the rope, until the cormorants and gulls hovering over their nests saw that their lofty home was given over to their natural enemies. Their nests had never before been disturbed, but now the poor birds were to be mercilessly plundered.

It was rather Moriarty's daring courage, an ambition to "achieve the impossible" than any hope of gain, that led him to climb the rock, but the others were more practical. They were wretchedly poor, these fishermen, living on little beside fish and coarse bread, and even the eggs of the sea-fowl were valuable to them. So, after the rude rope-ladder made the rock accessible for sure-footed

men, some of them visited it often, fought the birds away from their nests, and gathered eggs in baskets, which were carefully lowered. But the summit of the rock was made useful in a stranger way. It be-

to the sandy beach that there was very little chance for grass to grow. On the part of the rock where there were no nests, there was soil enough to support a fine growth of grass; and if this was not needed for



FISHERMEN, AROUND PERCÉ ROCK.

came a hay-field! Think of hay-making on a rock three hundred feet above the sea!

On the shore the pine forests came so close down

bedding it could be sold for the horses owned by officers of the great fishing company who ruled the coast. After all, it was not so difficult as cutting

grass with sickles from the ledges of Swiss precipices, while suspended by a rope. So, when the grass was fully grown, there was the first hay-making ever seen on the summit of the Pierced Rock. The grass was tied up in bundles, or packed into baskets, and lowered by ropes. And this curious hay-field yielded over three tons, so that Moriarty's bold feat was far from profitless.

But while Moriarty himself suffered no harm, his example cost a life. For some time the fishermen climbed the rock to cut grass or gather eggs, and some of them forgot how dangerous it really was to clamber three hundred feet up that steep side, helped only by a rope. Many protested against

the risk and said that it ought not to be permitted, but the rock-climbing went on until one day a young fisherman lost his hold and fell. The plundered sea-birds were at last avenged. Over his body the assembled fishermen solemnly resolved that the Pierced Rock should never be climbed again, and from that day to this it has never been ascended.

This is the story that Moriarty's daughter, now over eighty years of age, told me as I sat in her quaint old house at Percé, looking through tiny window panes at the Pierced Rock, where the cormorants and gulls now make their nests undisturbed by man.

## THE KING'S DUST.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

"THOU shalt die," the priest said to the king.  
 "Thou shalt vanish like the leaves of spring.  
 Like the dust of any common thing  
 One day thou upon the winds shalt blow!"  
 "Nay, not so," the king said. "I shall stay  
 While the great sun in the sky makes day;  
 Heaven and earth, when I do, pass away.  
 In my tomb I wait till all things go!"

Then the king died. And with myrrh and nard,  
 Washed with palm-wine, swathed in linen hard,  
 Rolled in naphtha-gum, and under guard  
 Of his steadfast tomb, they laid the king.  
 Century fled to century; still he lay  
 Whole as when they hid him first away,—  
 Sooth, the priest had nothing more to say,  
 He, it seemed, the king, knew everything.

One day armies, with the tramp of doom,  
 Overthrew the huge blocks of the tomb;  
 Arrowy sunbeams searched its chambered gloom,  
 Bedouins camped about the sand-blown spot.  
 Little Arabs, answering to their name,  
 With a broken mummy fed the flame,  
 Then a wind among the ashes came,  
 Blew them lightly,—and the king was not!



## TEDDY AND THE WOLF.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

THE Doctor had said, "Now, Mr. Rowland, I will be frank with you. Unless you get away from the city, and stay away, I will not answer for the consequences!"

Of course there could be no hesitation after that, and Mr. Rowland, Mrs. Rowland, and Teddy packed up their little keepsakes, sold everything else, and transferred themselves to Bartonville.

Here the breadwinner of the family bought a slender stock of goods and opened a small store.

"You will see how I shall prosper," he said to his wife. "My city experience will give me a great advantage over the other tradesmen. I shall be more business-like, and if you and little Teddy will only thrive as well as I shall make my trade thrive, we will not regret the stifling city!"

So far as Mrs. Rowland was concerned, there was nothing to complain about. After two months in the new home, she had grown rosy and bright; as rosy and pretty as Teddy himself; and he was by far "the finest five-year-old in town,"—even his father admitted it.

But, alas! for the thriving trade. Mr. Rowland had put all his money into the hoes and rakes, axes and brooms, which stood looking so clean and trim before the door. They stood bravely to their posts, and equally faithful were the rolls of cloth and barrels and boxes on duty indoors. But hardly a strange foot crossed the threshold to mar the freshly sanded floor; only a few villagers from curiosity strayed aimlessly in and out again, to make their purchases elsewhere. Many, in welcoming the new-comer, had reminded him that "competition was the life of trade," but he was beginning to think, sadly enough, that it was also the death of trade, in some cases at least. The rent, the butcher, the baker, and candlestick-maker, had taken the few dollars saved "to get a good start." Mrs. Rowland had darned and criss-crossed Teddy's red stockings into ridges and lumps; she had turned and "fixed" her few dresses until she felt that her worried little brain needed turning and darning, too. But their money was gone, and the thriving trade had not begun.

Mr. Rowland tried to be hopeful, but his set lips grew into a grim hardness; and he talked less and less of his prospects as the future became more uncertain.

Teddy found no fault. He admired his well-mended stockings, and pitied those who lacked the picturesque variety of contrasted patches. Soon after the sun was well above the hills, Teddy's bread and milk made its daily visit to his bowl, and Teddy never thought of asking awkward questions in the case of either mystery.

One morning the discouraged store-keeper went to the bank to draw out his last small balance.

"Going to close your account?" asked Mr. Prentice, the president, who always was particular to speak to his customers.

"For a time, only, I hope!" replied Mr. Rowland bravely, counting the few small bits of paper with thoughts far away from any consideration of arithmetic.

"You must not withdraw your patronage," said the smiling president, as he turned and walked back into his cosy office.

Mr. Rowland was unusually silent during the evening, and even forgot to tell Teddy his regular story before putting him to bed. The little boy noticed his father's depression, and kept very quiet. When his mother began to look meaningly at the clock, Teddy came and said good-night, and went to bed without a word of objection.

"Poor boy! He must be tired out," said Mrs. Rowland, when she returned to the room. Then she sat down to her stocking-basket.

But Teddy was not tired; he was thinking. He was wondering what troubled his father. Teddy did not mean to lie awake, much less to listen to the conversation between his father and mother. The door was ajar, and he could not help noticing that the usual reading aloud was omitted; nor could he fail to hear a word or two, now and then. What he heard convinced him that he was right in thinking his father out of sorts and worried, and also made him sure that he knew what was the trouble. He heard his father saying:

"So you see, Anna, there's no need for me to go to the store. I might just as well be here with you; at least I could be at work in the garden, and then there would be something done toward keeping the wolf from the door!"

Teddy heard no more, for he fell fast asleep. But when he awoke next morning his mind was made up, and soon after his plans were matured.



"Are you going to the store?" he asked his father with some surprise, when the good-bye kiss was given.

"Yes, Teddy; somebody may come in, and I must be there," replied the father, as he trudged slowly down the gravel walk.

Teddy watched him anxiously, and then turned briskly toward the house. The first thing to do was to get his bow-gun. He did not remember where he had put it, but that did not disquiet him—he would ask his mother.

"Mamma, where is my gun?" asked Teddy in perfect confidence.

"Where did you leave it?" asked his mother, a little absent-mindedly. Teddy leaned up against the kitchen-table with one small finger in his mouth and tried to think. But he had n't an idea. At length Mrs. Rowland said:

"You were playing African hunter yesterday, and borrowed your father's big boots. Go and find the boots, and perhaps you may find the gun, too."

Teddy climbed the attic stairs, two steps to each stair, found the gun stowed away in one of the boots, and was so impressed by his mother's suggestion, that he almost resolved to consult so clever a mother about the terrible wolf.

But Teddy was accustomed to rely upon himself, and had been so often told to try his own powers before seeking help, that he concluded to keep his own counsel. Now that he had the gun, he sought the next thing needed for his plan. This was something which had not occurred to him until just as he was parting his hair that morning, on the third trial, for Teddy liked "the little paf to the top of the head" very straight indeed.

"Mamma, can I go and get something from Papa's workshop?" he asked, when he came back to the kitchen. "I won't hurt myself a bit; and I don't want to tell you what it is!"

"Yes, Teddy," said Mrs. Rowland, hardly noticing the strange request,—she was thinking of the wolf, too!

Away went the sturdy, small cross-bowman through the thick grass, taking the shortest cut. Presently he returned carrying with him a steel-trap. After scouting a little, Teddy satisfied himself that the coast was clear, and dragged the trap around to the front door. He felt sure that this must be the door his father meant, for it was almost always closed and bolted. He placed the trap cleverly enough before the door, but by a trifling oversight forgot, or else did not know enough, to set it. Then Teddy retired to an ambush behind a thick evergreen, strung his cross-bow with a care which would not have been

discreditable to Denys himself, and awaited all comers.

About half an hour afterward Mr. Prentice, walking leisurely down to the bank, like a man who could afford to take his time, caught sight of a curly, golden head in Mr. Rowland's front-yard. He stopped, for he was fond of Teddy and often paused to say a word to him. Teddy thought Mr. Prentice the greatest man in the world—next to his own father. So, when the banker rubbed the little curls with his gold-headed stick and said, "Hullo, Curly-head! Are you too proud to pass the time of day with a friend this morning?" Teddy rose from behind the tree, tip-toed close to the fence, and replied almost in a whisper, "Dood-morning, Mr. Prentice. Please teep twiet, and go 'way, please, as twick as you can!"

Somewhat surprised and alarmed, the banker asked, "Is your mother sick, Teddy?"

"No, sir. She 's well; but she 's afraid!"

"Afraid? Afraid of what? Where is your father? Anything wrong?" Mr. Prentice was seriously troubled. He had little children of his own, and wild visions of contagious diseases, accidents, and disasters were jumbled in his brain.

"Papa 's gone to the store. I dess he was afraid, too," said Teddy, sagaciously.

"What is it, Teddy?" said the banker, sternly.

"It 's a wolf," replied Teddy in a mere whisper, looking uneasily around and wishing, for the first time, that Mr. Prentice would stop talking to him and not interfere with his plans.

"A wolf!" said Mr. Prentice, first looking blank and then laughing heartily. "Why, Teddy, you're a goose! There are no wolves for hundreds of miles around. Somebody has been making fun of you."

"Yes, there are! There 's one wolf, anyway," said the boy, with a nod of wisdom.

"What makes you think so?" asked Mr. Prentice, for he was one of those who think it not an unwise precaution to find out what children mean before laughing at them.

Teddy was pleased by the respectful tone, and felt a wish to be polite in return. So, trusting that the enemy would be kind enough to defer the attack for a few moments, he told his grown-up friend how he had heard "Papa tell Mamma that he did n't know how he was going to teep that wolf from coming in that door!"

"And," continued Teddy, "I got the wolf out of my Noah's Ark, so that I could tell him when he came, and I got the twap out for him, and my gun. Papa 's got to be down at the store, so 's if anybody *should* come there. And Mamma can't fight, 'cause she 's a girl, and there 's nobody home but me—unless you 'll stay?" Teddy glanced at the

kindly face above him, as if even his brave heart would not disdain a companion in arms.

"My gun *hurts*, too!" he resumed, with pride (for the banker had not said a word in reply). "Want to see?" and he offered to demonstrate its effectiveness against his friend's leg.

Mr. Prentice looked toward the door of the house. There lay the trap half hidden under a spray of evergreen. Then he picked up the brave little huntsman and gave him a kiss, put him down softly, and walked away without a word. His hands were clasped behind him and he was thinking something about "—and thy neighbor as thyself."

Teddy went back to his post, but he was puzzled, and his singleness of purpose was gone.

During the day, Mr. Prentice spoke to Mr. Dustan, one of the directors of the bank.

"Seen what a nice new store it is, that Mr. Rowland has? He 's a new-comer. You ought to give him a little of your custom now and then; he's one of our depositors, you know, and one good turn deserves another! Really, Dustan, he's got a nice family, and you 'd oblige me if you could favor him with an order now and then."

Mr. Dustan said he would—of course, he would.

Time he changed, anyway; the other tradesmen were becoming careless, competition was a good thing! Then they talked of banking matters.

Mr. Prentice managed to say another word to another friend that same afternoon; and to yet another the next morning, and he did not forget to take care that his suggestions should bear fruit.

The result was very bad for the wolf. Teddy did n't see him. In fact, after dinner, Teddy forgot all about the animal, for one of the older boys came along and took the hunter out fishing.

Mr. Rowland was at first much surprised at the sudden tide of custom and prosperity. Many came, and finding "the new man" civil and obliging, accurate and punctual, they came again.

Some weeks later Mr. Rowland said to his wife, with an air of some profundity:

"Anna, my dear, patience is sure to tell in the long run! I came very near to giving up in despair; but, you see, the darkest hour was just before the dawn. There is nothing like a bold front, to scare the wolf from the door!"

Mrs. Rowland looked lovingly at her husband and thought him a very clever man.

But Teddy was sleeping the sleep of the just, and as for Mr. Prentice, he never told the story of their little wolf-hunt.

## SEASIDE FLOWERS.

BY CELIA THAXTER.



LONG the edge of the curving cove the small, blue skull-cap sits,  
 Where the gray beach-bird with happy cry in safety feeds and flits,  
 There spreads or shuts the pimpernel its drowsy buds to tell  
 When rain will come, or skies will clear, the pretty pimpernel!  
 The pink herb-robert all the day holds up its rosy flowers,  
 While high above with a purple plume the lofty thistle towers,  
 The golden potentilla blows, and the crowfoot laughs in the sun,

While over rock and bush and turf wild morning-glories run.  
 They look down o'er the tiny cove, out to the blue, blue sea,  
 Neighbors and friends, all beautiful, a joyful company;  
 When the full tide comes brimming in, with soft and gentle rush,  
 It is as if the murmuring sound said to the silence, "Hush!"  
 All down the narrow beach the lilac mussel-shells are strown  
 Among the scattered pebbles and by the polished stone  
 Where the sea's hands have worn the ledge till smooth as ivory,—  
 Oh, such a place on summer days to put your cheek, and lie  
 Listening to all the whispering waves that round the point go by!  
 For the sun has warmed the hard cold rock till it almost human seems,  
 And such a pillow as it makes for childhood's blissful dreams!

The little, glad, caressing waves ! They bring their treasures gay  
 To deck the lonely, quiet beach, nor fail day after day  
 To strew the slope with crimson dulse and olive sea-weed sprays,  
 And lace-like, empty urchin-shells, rough with their dull green rays;  
 The limpet's hollow, mottled house, small amber snail-shells bright,  
 Broad brown and shining ruffled kelps, and cockles snowy white.  
 Oh, such a happy, happy nook ! Were I to talk all day  
 Not half the joy of that sweet spot could I begin to say !  
 There 's such a spell of pure content about the peaceful place —  
 As if the old earth wore a smile upon her rugged face.  
 And all the charming band of flowers that watch the sea and sky,  
 They seem to know and love the winds that gently pass them by,  
 They seem to feel the freshness of the waves at every tide  
 That sparkles in, — a gladsome flood, — from the wide waste outside.  
 The white sails go and come at will, the white gulls float in air,  
 The song-sparrow and sandpiper are flitting everywhere.  
 But the dark blue skull-cap never sighs to leave its pleasant home  
 With butterfly or thistledown or sandpiper to roam ;  
 The pink herb-robert nestles close, content in sun or rain,  
 Nor envies the far sails that glide across the ocean plain ;  
 The golden potentilla sees the dazzling gull on high,  
 Yet never does she wish for wings to join him in the sky.  
 For all these wise and lowly lives accord with God's intent,  
 Each takes its lot and bears its bloom as kindly Nature meant.  
 Whatever weather Fortune sends, they meet it patiently,  
 Each only striving its own way a perfect thing to be.  
 Oh, tell me, little children, have you on summer days  
 Heard what the winds are whispering and what the water says ?  
 The small birds' chirp, the cry of gulls, the crickets' quiet creak ?  
 And have you seen the charming flowers that have no power to speak, —  
 The dear, sweet, humble little flowers that ever silently  
 Teach such a lovely lesson, o'er and o'er, to you and me ?  
 Go, seek them, if you know them not, when summer comes once more,  
 You 'll find in them a pleasure you never knew before.





A little man's chief pleasure was in going out to walk,  
 And to himself while on his way, for hours he would talk;  
 "For there's nothing I enjoy so much," his friends he oft would tell,  
 "As to listen to a person who converses very well!

"It's perfectly astonishing to see the wondrous ease  
 With which I can discourse on any subject that I please,  
 And my views upon all questions are so sensible indeed  
 That I never in the slightest with myself have disagreed.

"There are many who would like to hear me very much, I know,  
 And I'm selfish to monopolize my conversation so,  
 But I grow so interested when I've anything to say,  
 That from myself I really can't tear myself away!

---

### THE HEMLOCK-PEELERS.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

---

ONE day I went up to see our neighbors the bark-peelers. Our own camp was upon a flat, rocky place beside the most marvelously beautiful trout-brooks and in the heart of the Catskill Mountains. Just at camp there was a cataract, the musical roar of which was always in our ears, forming an undertone to all the notes of the birds, humming of insects, and whispering of the breezes among the forest branches. Across the fall lay two immense bare trunks, forming a bridge, upon which, if we

used great care not to slip, we might cross to the other side. We did so, however, very rarely, for there was nothing there but a steep hillside densely clothed with underbrush and a perfect tangle of prostrate logs, among which stood a few tall hardwood trees and many saplings of second growth. This state of things showed that ruthless axes had been through those woods—for the same was true all about the head-waters of the Rondout and Esopus and Neversink; but it was noticeable that those who swung the axe had cut only hemlocks, and that all the fallen trunks were bare. This stamped the ruin of the ancient, beautiful forest as the work of the bark-peelers.

The use made of hemlock bark is to tan hides into leather; hence it is known as tan-bark, and when it has gone through the processes at the factory and has been deprived of its useful property for that purpose, it is spread upon garden walks, race-tracks, and the like, wherever a soft surface is wanted. In this shape everyone is familiar with it.

The hemlock is a tree which grows in damp and rocky places at a little elevation above the sea. It is an evergreen, as everybody knows, and has its twigs and foliage arranged horizontally upon the branches, so that the whole upper and under surface of each branch is flat. Its longest limbs are lowest down and there is a gradual decrease in length toward the top, while all droop instead of pointing upward, as in most trees. This gives a conical and somewhat dark and sorrowful aspect to the hemlock, very different from the cheerful appearance of the brighter-barked and more airy pines.

On some mountains the hemlocks grow in groves or copses by themselves, sometimes covering large areas, with hardly any other varieties. These are very somber woods, I assure you, but the most valuable. They are the ones beloved by animals in winter, for underneath the drooping, sheltering eaves of the great, low-limbed trees the wood-dwellers find spaces into which the snow can hardly penetrate, and so secure good housing from the storm.

My way up to where the bark-peelers were at work, however, lay through no such solid forest, but by a rough old road along the tumbling brook and upon the steep mountain side, through green groves and thickets that kept out the sun and kept in moisture for the nourishment of innumerable weeds, aromatic herbs, ferns, and late June flowers. These old roads are only lanes, cleared out enough to make a passable way down to civilization. They go nowhere in particular, are only used by the bark-cutters, by the lumbermen who drag logs down to the mill, and by occasional picnickers,

like ourselves. So small is the amount of travel, it does not pay to keep them in good order; hence they are full of holes, big rocks, and bridges to cross which would frighten any but a mountaineer, while it frequently happens that the first party to pass in the spring has to chop through a dozen or so of trees that have fallen across the track.

But this loneliness makes these old secluded wood-roads all the pleasanter as lounging places in mid-summer. Along their edges grow many more flowers than you can find in the shady recesses of the woods, and under your feet a firm turf takes the place of sodden leaves. Overhead stands a tall Gothic arch, where the tips of the branches meet from both sides, yet no array of trunks obstructs the eye as you look ahead down a sun-streaked path. Here the hemlocks had long ago been culled out, and there remained chiefly the strong beeches (which seem the most dignified and substantial of forest trees), black, shining wild-cherry trees, broad-reaching maples, lindens, and various inconspicuous kinds, while,— wherever the ground was low,—

“ Like beggared princes of the wood  
In silver rags the birches stood.”

These green aisles are a fine thing for the animals of every sort which make these lofty mountains their pleasant home. Here you may see the track of the fox, and find the run-way of the wild mouse or the minute footprint of the tiny shrew, and discover the porcupine searching by moonlight for his supper of beetles or the juicy young of grasshoppers and other insects. Butterflies are beguiled hither, far from the hot outside clearings where they love to play, and you will see more birds of every sort in half an hour here, than half a day in the forest could show you. The birds love these sunny openings, both because they are warm and pleasant and because here they find many times more small insects and weed-seeds, upon which to feed, than ever exist in the deep woods.

After tramping slowly a mile or so, along such an old road, I came upon a little clearing and saw a log house, with signs of inhabitants about it. I went up to it and learned that it was where the bark-peelers stayed at night. One of them had brought his wife and children here, and the family kept house for the rest, sixteen in all.

This log house was an old affair and a large one. It was about six logs high, above which was a roof of slabs, very good in dry weather, but not of much account on a wet night. There was a low door and only one window, so that at first the inside seemed to me as dark as a cave. There was no floor but hard-tramped earth, and benches were used to sit on. Upon the first floor were the primitive accom-

modations for the family that kept house for the lumbermen. The man, his wife, and their four children occupied all this part of the house at night. Overhead was a loft, covering the most of the room below, and reached by a ladder. Here the men slept upon pallets of straw spread on the slab floor.

This was the way the party lived, and as they were not soft-handed nor afraid to rough it, it was a sufficiently comfortable way during the summer days that they worked in the woods. The woman, however, thought she should be glad when she could go back to her pleasant home in the valley, and cook for a less numerous family.

The men were at work some distance up the side of the mountain, which was a spur of great Peakamoose, and I was guided up by a man who was taking them some addition to their dinners. The road ceased altogether, soon after we left the shanty, and it was not long before even the path disappeared, so that we had to force our way through the thick woods up the steep slope, guided only by the sounds of chopping and the crash of falling trees which came to our ears.

Most of the men were young fellows, with tall, strong, active frames and frank, honest faces. One or two of them wore red flannel shirts which looked very picturesque among the green trees, and all of them made so merry over their hard work that the felling of huge trees and lopping of stout branches seemed rather play than labor.

When bark-peelers go into the woods, they divide themselves into parties of four or five who work together. Each one of these parties contains *choppers*, *fixers*, and *spudders*.

The beginning of operations belongs to the first class. The chopper chooses the first good-sized hemlock that is seen, and it is attacked near the root with sharp and skillful axe until it tumbles headlong in just the desired direction. The fall of one of these trees, especially if it be a large one, is an impressive sight. The chopper cuts a broad opening on one side fully half through the great trunk, yet the tree stands firm and pays no attention to the blows, nor to the heavy chips that continually fly away from its dark, red heartwood. Then the chopper goes around on the other side, and cuts a new gash, a little lower than the first one, since he intends the tree to fall to that side. Here, too, he cuts deep in before there are any signs of conquest. As the axe begins to touch the center, however, the topmost limbs are seen to tremble, then to sway, and a cracking sound follows the repeated blows which warn the poor tree that its time has come. Then there is a tottering, a little leaning toward the weaker side, which has the lower cut, and the woodman, keeping his eye

upward and his feet ready to jump, hurls one last powerful stroke into the overstrained fibers. They fly apart with a loud noise, the great crown bows toward the earth, gains swifter motion as it descends, and comes crashing down upon the weak and resistless brushwood with a noise like the muffled roar of a whole battery and a force which shakes the earth.

Now comes the work of the "fixers." They leap upon the butt of the fallen giant, and, striking at the lowest limbs, first cut off every branch until all are lopped away to where the trunk grows too narrow to be worth trimming. As fast as a little space of the trunk is cleared, one of the men cuts a notch through the bark and around the trunk—"rings" it, as he would say. Four feet further on he cuts another ring, and then slits the bark lengthwise from one ring to the other, on three or four sides of the tree. This goes on every four feet, as fast as the tree is trimmed, until the whole length has been thus "fixed."

Last of all comes the "spudder," whose duty it is to pry off the great flakes of bark which have been notched and split for him. He takes his name from the tool he uses, which is a sort of small, heavy, sharp-edged spade, with a short handle; perhaps to call it a round-bladed chisel would describe it more nearly. To pry off the bark in this way seems very easy, but they told me it was the hardest work of all, and that it required considerable skill to do it properly.

• When the bark has been removed it must be made up into regular piles so as to be measured, for it is estimated and sold by the cord. This is hard work, for the green and juicy bark is very heavy and rough to handle. Sometimes a tree will be found so large as to furnish a cord, or even more, alone; but the average rate of yield is much less, so that experts calculate that four trees must be cut down to obtain a cord of bark.

It is only when the new wood is forming just underneath, and the cells are soft and full of sap, that the bark can be stripped from the log in large pieces. Peeling, therefore, can be carried on only during May and June. The cords of bark piled then are left to dry all the summer and fall, and are hauled out in winter by ox-teams with sleds, when the deep snow makes a smooth track over even so terribly rough a road as the one I have mentioned.

The bark-peelers were a very jolly lot of fellows, singing and joking as they worked, and at dinner there was one incessant rattle of stories and fun. They work hard, eat heartily, go to bed as soon as it is dark, and rise at dawn.

It is interesting work—but it leaves a ruined forest behind!



## THE HAPPY CLOVERS.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

IN June, when skies are soft and blue,  
 And, somehow, seem to smile like Mother,  
 In morning fields that flash with dew  
 The clovers laugh to one another.

The rosy faces dip and rise,  
 As if the breeze said something funny;  
 Or maybe 't was the bee, that flies  
 From head to head, to gather honey.

Or, if *he* has n't time to joke,  
 Perhaps it was the cat-bird's chatter,—  
 That noisy rogue in sober cloak.  
 You merry Clovers, what 's the matter?

You shake and shake about my feet,  
 And still on every side I meet you.  
 What makes you laugh? You know you 're sweet—  
 You 'd better tell, or else I 'll eat you!



“ The open secret 's this: (the breeze,  
 The bird, the bee, that surly hummer,  
 All know it, dear!) we 're laughing, please,  
 To think it 's really, really summer!”

# THE AWFUL THING THAT TILLY ANN DID



BY ARLO BATES AND ELEANOR PUTNAM.

OF all the things which made her poor little life miserable, and there were plenty of them, Tilly Ann disliked worst — excepting Miss Pinchimp, of course; always excepting Miss Pinchimp — the india-rubber tree. The india-rubber tree was Miss Pinchimp's dearest treasure, which perhaps was reason enough why Tilly Ann should not be fond of it; and so great was Miss Pinchimp's pride in the plant that she was constantly having its leaves washed. Whenever Tilly Ann was not washing dishes, or picking up chips in the back yard, or weeding in the garden, or sewing together the edges of an old sheet that had been ripped down the middle to bring the worn part to the edges, or doing some other chore of a like nature, she was set to wash the leaves of the india-rubber tree.

The india-rubber tree was five feet tall, to begin with, aside from the tub in which it grew, and to give it a more imposing appearance this tub was mounted upon a stool, so that when the plant was to have its bath Tilly Ann was obliged to begin operations by bringing in a wooden chair from the kitchen, on which to stand while she cleaned the great shiny leaves. Then she would wash away with patient care every stray speck of dust, for well did she know how narrowly Miss Pinchimp would examine to see whether the work were done thoroughly.

And Tilly Ann's chief treasure was a large clasp-pin. It was a little bent, and the silver wash was almost entirely worn away, but it was absolutely necessary for the killing up of the childish petticoats of Tilly Ann when she indulged in those gymnastics which were her only recreation, and which commanded the wondering admiration of all the village children, on those rare occasions when the strange little maid could escape from the eyes

of her mistress and give an impromptu exhibition of her talents.

For Tilly Ann was, by birth, a little acrobat. Her parents had been professionals who had come to Topton with a circus, and been unable to go on because the mother was ill unto death. The father and little Tilly Ann, a thin, half-starved morsel of five, had watched beside the death-bed, and then, just as they turned from the grave of the wife and mother to go forward to the town where the circus was exhibiting, the father fell down in a fit, and in two days more Tilly Ann was doubly orphaned.

The poor little mite was prematurely old, and of a certain uncanny wisdom in many matters. She had lived all her life in the atmosphere of the circus, and in many of the acrobatic tricks which her father and mother performed she had learned to take a part. It was often little more than being thrown from one to the other in a way which really was not at all dangerous, but which looked so; or than standing on the head of one or the other of them. But already Tilly Ann had figured in the bills as Mlle. Petite; and she was not without a pretty clear idea of what that meant, too. After her father's death, she had but one thought, and that was to get back to the circus again. There people had been kind to her, her father and mother had praised her, and the applause of the public had already touched her little head with its dangerous delight.

When she was sent first to the poor-farm, and then to the far less kindly dwelling of Miss Pinchimp, Tilly Ann's stout little heart was very nearly broken; and when, after three separate attempts to run away, she had been captured and brought back, the child must have fallen into utter despair had it not been for the secretly cherished hope that some day the same old circus would appear in Topton and take her away from all this hateful life. To this hope she clung, and meanwhile she improved every possible opportunity to



practice the gymnastics she had been taught, or which she remembered having seen her father and others do. The fence of the back yard was high, and a convenient row of tall lilacs cut off the view from the back windows, and on the turf of the back yard did Tilly Ann, her scant petticoats kilted up with the invaluable safety-pin, turn and tumble in a way that would have made Miss Pinchimp rigid with horror had she witnessed the spectacle.

For Miss Eliza Pinchimp was nothing if not proper. She was a large body, and might therefore have been expected to be good natured, whereas the truth seemed to be that there was only so much the more of her to be disagreeable. A big bowl of milk makes much more bonny-clabber than a wee pitcher full, and it may have been on this principle that Miss Pinchimp was the most completely cross and unpleasant person in the whole village.

One July morning Tilly Ann was, as usual, washing the india-rubber tree, but anybody who looked at her could see that her whole small person was fairly quivering with excitement. She craned her neck toward the window through which from afar came the sound of a band and a confused buzz as of the distant voices of small boys, all of which announced that the circus was coming to Topton. At any time this would have filled the soul of Tilly Ann with wildest emotion, but to-day she had especial cause for excitement. On one of the big, flaming posters with which the whole neighborhood had been decorated for a fortnight, Tilly Ann had seen a name she knew. It was Signor Bernassio, advertised as "the world renowned and unparalleled juggler and knife-thrower," and Tilly Ann remembered Signor Bernassio perfectly. His real name was Tim Bernaise, and he had been a warm friend of the father and mother of the poor little waif stranded in unfriendly Topton, and doomed to the continual washing of the leaves of Miss Pinchimp's india-rubber tree.

From the moment she saw this name, the mind of Tilly Ann had been in a ferment. She felt, with a quivering excitement, that the time for escape had come at last. How she was to get away she had no idea, but get away she must; and this morning, while she scrubbed away at the big leaves with unconscious vigor, her shrewd little head was full of wild plans that became more and more impossible as the sound of the far-off band increased her excitement. How the old days came back to Tilly Ann as she stood there, and how delightful did the past seem in contrast with the present. She leaned so far forward in her excitement, that at last the wooden chair on which she stood gave a sudden lurch, and Tilly Ann saved herself from a bad tumble only by jumping nimbly to the floor.

She saved herself and she even kept almost all the water in the basin from spilling; but, alas and alack! one of the stiff, shiny leaves of the india-rubber tree was broken short off in the middle. Tilly Ann stared at the broken leaf, with her mouth open and a dreadful feeling that the only hope for her must now be that the earth would open and swallow her. She knew Miss Pinchimp's affection for the plant, and she knew but too well Miss Pinchimp's temper and the weight of Miss Pinchimp's hand. Necessity and abuse had sharpened her shrewd little wits, and with the awful vision of one of her mistress's floggings before her eyes, Tilly Ann's small but keen brain was not long in devising a means of escaping at least present detection. With a long pin stuck through the rib of the leaf, she very cleverly fastened the broken piece in its place, and then turned the tub around so that the mended part of the plant came against the folds of the lace window-curtain.

Tilly Ann had scarcely accomplished this ingenious deception when she heard the approaching steps of Miss Pinchimp, and while her guilty little heart trembled with fear, that lady's big person appeared in the doorway.

"Well," Miss Pinchimp said, in a voice that showed that her temper, never very sweet, was unusually acid that morning, "I hope you have been long enough about washing the india-rubber tree."

"It is all done now, ma'am," Tilly Ann answered tremblingly.

Miss Pinchimp sailed across the room and examined the plant critically.

"You've made all the leaves streaked," she said. "What have you turned it round for? You—"

The words died on her lip. Her mistress had moved the india-rubber tree half-way about, when the mended leaf caught in the lace curtain and the broken portion turned, as on a pivot, on the pin with which it was fastened. Tilly Ann waited to see no more. She dashed out of the room and fled to her usual refuge, the roof of the shed, while Miss Pinchimp, fat and scant of breath, vainly tried to catch her before she could attain to that safe, but rather dangerous, elevation.

The roof of the shed was Tilly Ann's City of Refuge. Here she could look down in scornful triumph upon her enemy, who sometimes skir-mished about with a long bean-pole, vainly endeavoring, as Tilly Ann expressed it, "to whack the legs off of me," but who had learned from experience that, on the whole, the wisest plan was to wait until the fugitive came down, and then to pounce upon her.

For the unfortunate part of it was, that Tilly

Ann had to come down. She often wished, with all the passionate despair of eight years, that she were a bird, that she might take flight from the roof into the homeless freedom of the air, and she even had seasons of thinking that she would find consolation in being one of the cats who went so lightly from roof to roof and defied all attempts at capture. The race of Miss Pinchimp and Tilly Ann was not a dignified one, but it was funny, had there been anybody to see the droll side of it. Miss Pinchimp, however, was too angry and Tilly

was perched, and then she turned toward Miss Eliza, who, seated on an inverted tub in the yard below, was recovering her breath.

"And enough sight better off would I 'a' been in the poor-house," said Tilly Ann, boldly, "than I've ever been with you! You've beat me and starved me, and never done nothin' decent for me: and now I've stood it just as long as I could, and I'm goin' off."

"Going off!" echoed Miss Pinchimp, completely taken aback by the boldness of this address



"THE ROOF OF THE SHED WAS TILLY ANN'S CITY OF REFUGE."

Ann too frightened to look upon it lightly. The child scrambled up over the hen-house like a squirrel and gained the temporary safety of the woodshed roof, while her mistress, hot and breathless, stood below and shook her fist wrathfully.

"I'll settle with you, when you come down from there," panted Miss Pinchimp. "This is what I get for saving you from the poor house and being kind to you, you lazy circus imp!"

Now, in all the unhappy years poor Tilly Ann had lived with Miss Pinchimp she had never been impudent; she had received in silence whatever her mistress had chosen to say; but this taunt at her origin was too much even for her patience. She looked over to the gay flags fluttering from the tents, in full sight from the roof where she

"Oh, you think you're going back to the circus, do you? I knew you'd be up to that sooner or later. You just try it, and I'll send Cy Cates after you; and he's a constable, I'd have you to know."

Secretly, Tilly Ann was decidedly impressed by this threat, but the safety of the shed roof and the absence of any sign of the appearance of Cy Cates gave her courage to hide her fear.

"Oh, I ain't scared," she called down.

Then, from sheer recklessness and the excitement of having at last defied her mistress, she began to sing shrilly a saucy rhyme that the village children, who bore Miss Pinchimp no good will, were in the habit of singing for the benefit of Tilly Ann.

It would be hard to find any excuse for poor Tilly Ann, as she sat on the roof of the shed fling-

ing this wretched doggerel down at Miss Pinchimp, except that she had had little opportunity to learn any better. By a strange chance, the one person in all Topton who had tried to teach the child what was right and who had been kind to her, appeared on the scene at this moment. It was Miss Rose May, Tilly Ann's Sunday-school teacher, who, finding the house door open and nobody in sight, had walked in after the friendly fashion of country folk, and who had been led by the sound of Tilly Ann's shrill singing to the back door, which opened into the yard where sat Miss Pinchimp on the inverted tub, red with wrath and her exertions in the race.

Tilly Ann almost fell off the roof when she saw Miss Rose, but her attention was quickly diverted. Miss Pinchimp attempted to start up from her seat, when suddenly the bottom of the tub on which she was sitting gave way, and with a crash and a scream she fell back into the middle of the hoops and staves, where she was imprisoned helplessly. The child on the roof sent up a shriek of laughter, while Miss Rose ran forward to help the struggling prisoner.

"Tilly Ann," Miss Rose said, "stop laughing!—and come and help me."

"I dars n't," Tilly Ann answered. "She'll beat me if she catches hold o' me."

"No, she won't," Miss Rose returned. "I'll see to that. Come here quickly."

Tilly Ann scrambled down from her lofty perch, and came to the assistance of her teacher; but so firmly was Miss Pinchimp imprisoned in the tub that they had to break the hoops before she could be released. She glared at Tilly Ann with a look that meant, "Wait till I get you alone!" but she said not a word, marching in silence into the house.

Rose lingered a moment.

"Oh, Tilly Ann!" she said sorrowfully, "how could you do so?"

"She was going to lick me," Tilly Ann answered, defensively. "She's always beatin' me and I ain't goin' to stand it no longer."

Rose sighed, but she evidently thought that it was of no use to say more at this moment; so she turned and followed Miss Pinchimp into the house, there to be entertained with a lively account of the child's wickedness and unmanageableness.

Left to herself, Tilly Ann's first feeling was one of sorrow and shame that her teacher had seen her naughtiness; then she burst into a laugh at the remembrance of Miss Pinchimp's struggle in the tub; then, with a sudden light, it flashed upon her that here was her chance of escape. Her mistress was engaged with Miss May, and here was the tent of Signor Bernassio hardly a stone's throw

away. She struck her worn little hands together, and then ran swiftly up to the attic where she slept. She had a few relics of her father and mother, which she had kept hidden ever since she came into Miss Pinchimp's power, and with these done up in a small bundle, she was soon speeding over the fields to the circus tents. Signor Bernassio was just finishing the unpacking of his belongings and getting them ready for the afternoon's performance when the canvas of his tent was lifted, and a child's head appeared between the ground and the cloth. The shoulders followed, and then the hands and arms. Having wriggled herself in thus far, Tilly Ann paused and looked at him.

"Hullo!" said the sword-thrower, "who are you?"

"I'm Tilly Ann, 'Nimble Dick's' little girl—'Mlle. Petite.'"

The sword-thrower stared at her in amazement. Then he took her by the shoulders and dragged her into the tent.

"Where in the world did you come from? Where is your father?" he asked.

"Dead," Tilly Ann answered, tears of grief and excitement springing to her eyes. "and Mother's dead, and I wish I was dead, too."

Signor Bernassio examined her with curious eyes.

"Well," he said at length, "you don't look as if you'd been where they lived very high. Sit down here and tell me about things."

And so Tilly Ann told him her whole story from beginning to end. He laughed boisterously at her account of the events of the morning, but he said some extremely sharp words under his breath at other parts of the story. In his way the knife-thrower had been very fond of Nimble Dick, and he was ready enough to do a good turn to Nimble Dick's daughter, especially as it happened to suit his own convenience just then.

"Well, Tilly Ann," he said, when her story was told, "you're all right now. I'll take care of you!"

"Oh, thank you," she cried joyfully. "I'll do anything you want, and work for you all the time, if I need n't go back."

"Now, look here, little one," the knife-thrower went on, after a little more talk in which Tilly Ann had declared her intention of joining the circus once more, and taking up again her old life in the sawdust ring, "if you've got the pluck there's no reason why you should n't begin to-day. The girl that performs with me is sick, and I must have somebody to take her place. Do you think you'd have the grit to stand still and let me throw knives at you?"

"Oh, yes!" Tilly Ann cried, joyfully. "I've

seen you do it lots of times, and I know that you would n't hurt anybody for the world."

"That's so," the Signor returned, approvingly. "You're your father's own girl; and I would n't hurt Nimble Dick's girl, least of all."

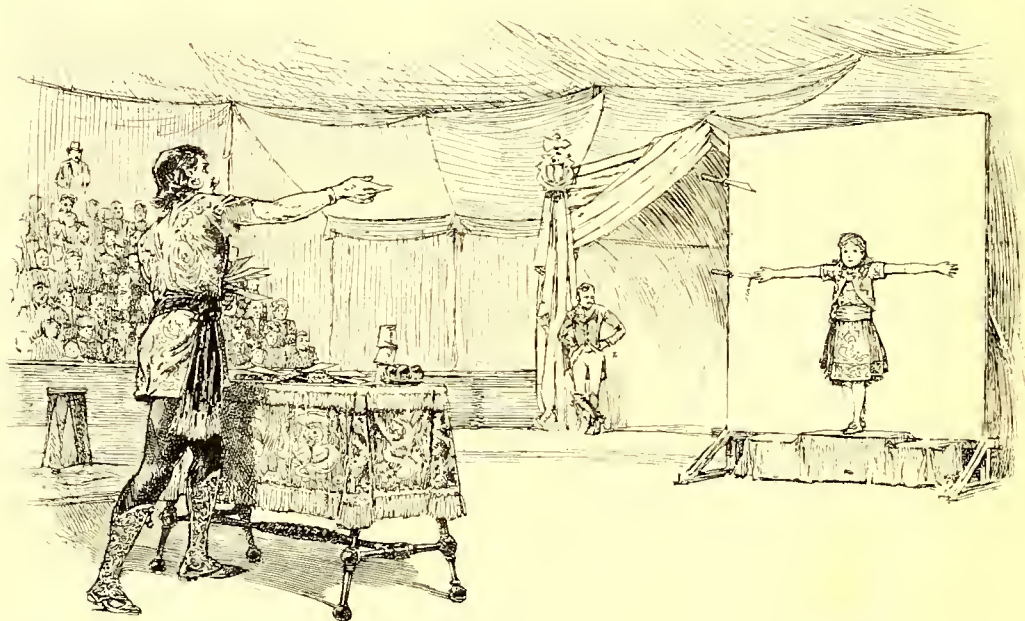
"Oh, I'll do it," Tilly Ann went on, clasping her hands in delight. "Shall I have a velvet dress with spangles on it?"

"You shall that," was the hearty response; "but mind, you need n't do it if you don't want to, and it's no use trying it if you'd be scared and can't keep as still as a graven image."

softly as he placed her with her back against the board into which the knives were to be thrown. "Now hold hard. I know my business, and you are as safe as if you were in your own bed."

Tilly Ann answered him with a happy and fearless smile. The excitement of it all, the joy of having escaped from Miss Pinchimp, and the gladness at getting back to the life of which she had dreamed and of which she had never seen the hard and cruel side, filled her with delight too great for words.

Swish! went the first knife from the careful and skillful hands of Signor Bernassio. It stuck



"TILLY ANN STOOD AS MOTIONLESS AS IF SHE HAD BEEN CARVED IN WOOD."

But Tilly Ann was not frightened and she was sure she could keep still. The dress of the sick girl was tried, and with a very little changing fitted Tilly Ann as if it had been made for her. They had a little rehearsal beforehand, at which Signor Bernassio assured Tilly Ann she behaved like a real trump; and that very afternoon, before the eyes of all Tipton, Tilly Ann danced into the ring in all the glory of a pink dress, a jacket of cheap red velvet, much bespangled, and a proud consciousness of her position in which the greatest actress had never excelled her.

At first she had only to hand Signor Bernassio the things he needed, and with the help of careful instructions beforehand, a hint now and then from the juggler, and her natural quickness she went through without a single mistake.

"Well done, little chicken," the Signor said

quivering into the board just at the end of one of Tilly Ann's fingers. She smiled at the thrower to show him that she did not mind, and stood as motionless as if she had been carved in wood. Swish! Swish! went two more in quick succession, and the thrower nodded to show that he felt sure she would do her part perfectly. Swish! Swish! Swish! the knives flashed toward her in a perfect shower, until they stood between her fingers, marked the width of her little thin body, and hedged her all about with their bright blades. Swish! Swish! until only her head and neck were free, and still Tilly Ann's eyes were as bright and fearless as ever, and not a nerve of her plucky little self knew a single quiver of fear.

"Steady!" she heard the Signor say under his breath, and then with a "Swish!" that seemed a hundred times louder than all the rest, a knife

landed so near her ear that, as it quivered, she felt the touch of its cold steel. She pressed her lips together, but she did not waver, and before she had time to think she felt the jar of the knife which struck the board beside her other ear.

Thus far she had kept her eyes fixed on Signor Bernassio, but now by some unaccountable and unhappy impulse she was moved to glance away from him. Perhaps it was that the knives in their flight toward her head now seemed as if they were coming straight into her face. Just across the ring, not sitting in the seats like the others, but standing by the rope, she saw the town constable, Cy Cates. The threat of Miss Pinchimp, to send the constable after her if she ran away, rushed upon poor Tilly Ann. She forgot the knives, forgot everything but a desire to hide, and she turned her head.

Swish! She heard the knife coming as she started, and with a horrible shock of despair she realized all. But she shut her eyes quickly and with an effort of the will, wonderful in a mere child, she held herself still. She felt a stinging scratch on her forehead and the spurt of warm blood. A cry went up from the people, and Signor Bernassio sprang forward.

"He has killed her!" somebody shouted; and the men started up from their seats.

Then it was that the real greatness of the forlorn little waif showed itself, and that for a moment Tilly Ann was heroic. She forgot herself, forgot her fright, her wound, and thought only that Signor Bernassio would be blamed for her fault. Like a flash, a sense of having brought harm to her father's old friend who was kind to her came into her mind.

"I'm not hurt," she cried out at the top of her voice. "It was my own fault. Throw the rest, please. I won't go back to Miss Pinchimp's."

The shrill tones, heightened by her anxiety to make everybody hear, rang through the tent above the growing noise. There was a hushed instant in which people took in the meaning of what she said, and then a roar of applause went up such as never before nor since shook a circus-tent in Tipton. Signor Bernassio, with tears in his eyes, was hastily pulling out the knives that surrounded her, and then and there, before them all, he bent over and kissed her.

"You are a trump," he said, in a voice somehow strange and hoarse. "You are your father's own child."

And once more the applause was so deafening that for the first time in her life Tilly Ann blushed hotly, although she could n't for her life have told why she did so.

Of course there was no more knife-throwing that afternoon; but before nightfall everybody in

Tipton, even to Miss Pinchimp herself, had heard the whole story. Tilly Ann became a heroine in an hour, and before it was time for the evening performance to begin, a pretty little basket-phaeton came driving down into the field where the circustents were pitched, and there was Rose May to see Tilly Ann.

Tilly Ann came across the dimly-lighted tent to meet her with the feeling that it was a great while since she had seen Rose that morning. She was silent while Rose took her by the hands and kissed her, and then, as Miss May softly laid the tip of her gloved finger on the strip of plaster that covered the hurt on her forehead, Tilly Ann, overcome by the excitement of the day and by this tenderness, broke into a sob which, with a strong effort, she strangled in its birth.

"I won't go back to Miss Pinchimp," she said.

"No," Rose said. "But will you go back to me?"

For Rose had had a conversation with her father, and then she had stopped on her way to the circus to speak a moment with Miss Pinchimp, whom she had found fairly quivering with rage and excitement.

"Think what an awful thing for a child to do," Miss Pinchimp had said, "to stand there, in that shameless way, to have knives thrown at her! And to call out my name in a circus tent, after all I have done for her. She shall never darken my doors again!"

"Very well, then, Miss Pinchimp," Miss May had answered, "of course you have no objection to my taking her home."

"Goodness, no!" the other had retorted. "If you will have the abandoned little wretch you are welcome to her."

At first, even the prospect of living with Miss Rose was hardly sufficient to make Tilly Ann willing to give up her cherished plan of going with the circus; but when Signor Bernassio added his voice, she was in the end persuaded.

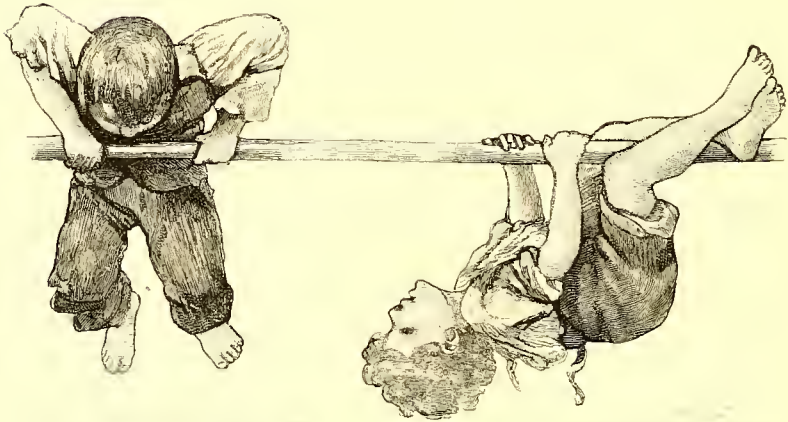
"It's much the best, little one," he said, "though it ain't often I see a girl so plucky as you, and you'd make your way; but with all I've seen of the life, it would n't be doing the square thing by Nimble Dick, if I was to tell his girl anything but to keep out of it. You ain't seen the rough side of it. but you would soon enough; and I tell you to stay with the lady, much as I hate to give you up."

And so at last Tilly Ann yielded, and from that day she began a new life, happy and well cared for;—although to the end of her life Miss Pinchimp, whenever she can find anybody to listen, will delight in painting in blackest colors what she always speaks of as "the awful thing that Tilly Ann did."



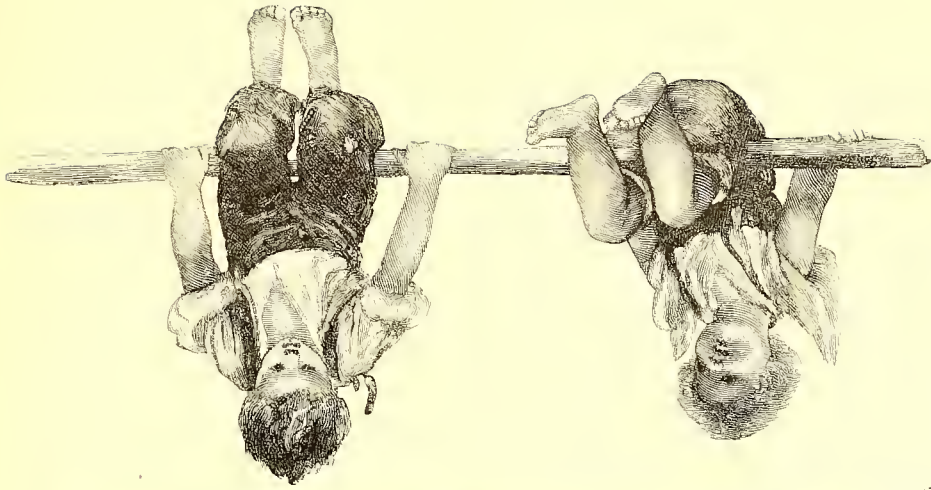
M.D.  
J. TENNANT. 57

1. THE CHALLENGE.



J. TENNANT. 57

2. ROUNDABOUT.



DOROTHY TERNANT '87

3. THE TURNING-POINT.



4. THE TRIUMPH.

## LITTLE TO-BO.

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

NO, not Chinese — not Japanese — not Burmese, nor Fiji, nor Crim-Tartar, nor Malagasy. Just plain American. Of course that was not her baptismal name. She came by it in a very odd way. When her attention was first called to the art of rhyming, she was deeply interested in it, and, like everybody else, thought she would like to do it herself. After thinking about it for a while, she said: "Papa, is to-bo a rhyme?" Being answered that it was, and assured that it was a perfect one in every respect, she seemed satisfied that she had now provided herself with every requisite for poetry. Thereafter she would tell a long story, all in plain prose, and suddenly end it by saying, "To-bo!" She thought that this conclusion, by some mysterious reflex influence, cast a glamour of poesy and the music of rhyme over the entire production. Fairy story, wild-beast story, domestic story — no matter what — "To-bo" for an ending turned it all into rhyme.

However, she had a good ear for rhythm, as was manifested very early. She was scarcely three years old when, being pleased — as children are wont to be — with the squeak of her new shoes as she walked on the tiling of the front hall, she expressed her delight to her mother in these words, "My feet made music in the marble hall," which is a rhythmically perfect heroic line.

After she had learned to write, being no longer dependent on a private secretary, her muse became more prolific. Here is a moral reflection that she scrawled on the back of a manuscript. I give it verbatim:

"Lifes everlastin trubbels lead to thoughts that takes hour atension to its self."

I suppose when she uttered that note she had about as much of the solid specie of thought behind it as proverbial philosophers usually have.

Here is a complete poem, on the birds in spring:

"Now it is spring!  
Do you hear the birds sing,  
And see them fly  
Up in the sky?"

"Now it is spring!  
The birds on the wing  
From the south take their flight.  
Ah, beautiful sight!"

"Now it is spring!  
To think they should know  
Just when they should go,  
Live happy and sing!"

Her early poems, like those of some famous writers, include many that have simply a girl's name for title. One of these, which describes a character called Madie, has a refrain, "Ever she." Here is a single stanza:

"Madie always thought life lovely,  
For she lived in tranquil troublu —  
Ever she."

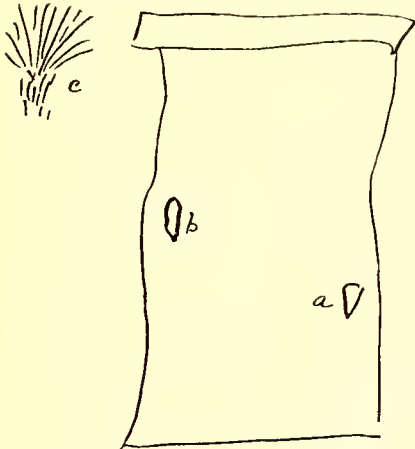
She had a passion for accuracy, and when she could not command the expression for an idea, would quickly make one. Thus she was overheard one day saying to a little playmate who had put a sand-pie into the oven and instantly taken it out again, declaring it was done, "You can't do it so. It could n't bake in just a *now*." And once when she was out riding with her parents, and for the first time saw a beautiful green hedge, she pointed toward it with her chubby finger and inquired, "Papa, in place of a fence, what?"

She spent a summer in the country with a family that had three dogs in which she was very much interested. One day when one of the dogs was amusing itself by turning over and tossing up a box-turtle, she ran around to the kitchen and got a bone. This she threw to the dog, and as soon as he was engaged with that, she snatched up the turtle and ran into the house. She explained that she knew the dog could not injure the turtle, but she should think it would "hurt the turtle's feelings to be tossed around in that way."

Her father used to say to her, as an inducement to good behavior, "If you are a good girl all this month, I will let you be so many years old on your next birthday." This was a very solemn consideration, and always had an immediate effect, till one day she answered, as a light suddenly burst upon her, "Why, Papa, you can't stop me from being four years old in January! You can't make me four years old, *and you can't stop me!*" She used to imagine not only that she must grow older, but that her mother must grow younger, and would say confidentially, "Mamma, when I grow big and you grow little, we'll do" thus and so.



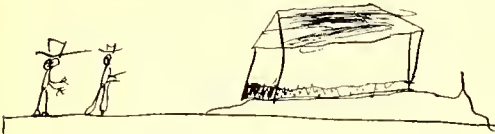
Like all children, she was fond of drawing pictures, and she seldom made one without some sort of story attached to it. Here is one:



THE DOOR WITH TWO KEY-HOLES.

This is her explanation of it (I put on the letters to make it intelligible): "This a door. This, [a] is a pretend keyhole; and this, [b] is the truly keyhole. When the burglars come, they are fooling around the pretend keyhole, and can't get in, and all the while the people inside are lying awake and laughing at them. These [c] are the airs those people put on because they had that kind of door."

Here is a picture that tells its own story:



*is not that a picturesque old  
shanty was the saving from  
both lips*

["IS NOT THAT A PICTURESQUE OLD SHANTY?" WAS THE SAVING FROM BOTH LIPS.]

She had a penchant for definitions, and occasionally made a good one. Being asked what she understood by "politeness," she answered, "I suppose it means to be good and graceful." Afterward, when the family removed to a house that stood at the top of a hill on a great turnpike, where there was much heavy teaming, she said, "I do like to live here; everybody is so polite. Even the horses bow to me as they come up the hill." This idea of politeness appeared to be coupled

with a natural sense of hospitality. Once when preparing for Santa Claus, she said, "I should think he must be tired, going so far and climbing up and down so many chimneys. I will set a chair for him by the stockings, so that he can rest." On further reflection, she said he might be hungry also. That day some crackers in the form of letters had been given her, and selecting those that would spell SANTA CLAUS, she placed them where he could see they were intended for him. Great was the delight of little To-bo in the morning on finding that about half of them were missing. Of course Santa Claus had eaten them; the crumbs on the carpet proved it. That Christmas Eve she was asked, "Suppose that Santa Claus should forget to come here, and you should not get any of the things that you have been wishing for, what would you do?" "Why, then," said she, "I'll just settle down and be happy with what I have." One other instance of her sense of politeness is amusing. Her parents were about to embark for Europe, and her aunt, in closing the last letter they would receive before sailing, asked what she should tell them for To-bo. "Tell them, my love. And tell them, when they bring the Paris dolly I shall thank them very much. And tell them: my dear friends, good-bye!" A year later she was not so complacent about ventures on the water, for she had begun to listen to the reading of newspapers, and was interested in tales of shipwrecks. Going on board a steamer for a short trip, she was anxious to know what were the relative chances of sinking and of being carried in safety, and asked, "Papa, which is the most, the times that we stay up, or the times we go down?" She soon got the better of her fears, however, and on being taken to the engine-room became very much interested in the machinery. Said she, "It is like the roaring of many bears."

She was not always fortunate in her use of large words. One day, discussing names, she said: "I think it is too bad that little children have to have names they don't like, and can't ever get rid of them. If I had a little girl, I'd just give her some name like Permanent Sarah, till she was old enough to choose her own name." She meant, *Temporary Sarah*.

Her first dim conception of the possibility of a pun showed itself one day when she heard the cook ordered to prepare some cocoa for breakfast. "The c-o-o-k will make the c-o-k-o—those are the same word." After the nature of a pun had been explained to her, she used to give out words for punning, as they are given out for spelling. "Papa, make a pun on a hotel"—which word she always pronounced "hootel." "Mamma, make a pun on a thunder-storm," and so on. She was not

wanting, however, in ideas more essentially witty. Once when she sat in the barber's chair, he kept saying, while he was cutting her bang, "Now keep your eyes shut, Miss." "Be sure to keep your eyes shut." After a time, the scissors were at work on the hair at the side, when she remarked with much gravity, "Now, I suppose, I ought to keep my ear shut."

After listening to a famous story, little To-bo took a pen and made a graphic representation of her idea of the hero as he must have appeared in the last year of his exile. Here it is:



One night, after she had been in bed for some time, she sent for her mother. "Mamma," said

she, "I wish you would stay with me, because I am so wakerous, and the shadows on the wall are so scaresome."

One Sunday evening, when the cook had gone away, she asked and received permission to try her hand at getting the supper all alone. After a prolonged struggle in the kitchen and dining-room, she appeared in the library, wrote a line, placed something under a box on the table, and went back again. Going to the table, her parents found on the box a scrap of paper inscribed thus, "Warent aptite and take tickets." Under the box were two tickets like this:

*No admittance  
without  
Aptite ticket*

Armed with these ingenious cards of admission they presented themselves with promptness at the door of the dining-room, where the tickets were duly demanded. When they were seated at the table, the explanation was given, to this effect: Everything in the kitchen had gone wrong. The toast was burned, and somehow had managed to get cold, besides; the tea did n't taste like tea; and there was a general air of failure over the whole supper. Little To-bo felt like sitting down and crying, and probably would have done so, but suddenly she remembered she had heard it said that a person with an appetite could eat anything. So she devised the plan of having the appetites warranted. Dear little To-bo! when the whole world turns sour and the feast of life threatens to be a dismal failure, you and such as you are the "aptite tickets" that give a zest and a charm beyond the power of any caterer. It is because you are on board that "the times we stay up" are more than "the times we go down."

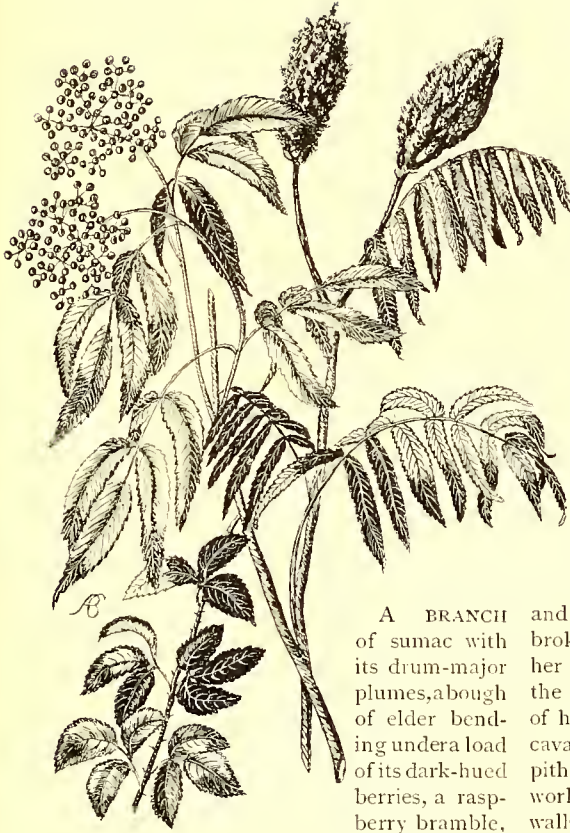
## FAIRY MIRRORS.

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

EACH dewdrop hanging on the grass  
Must be a fairy looking-glass,  
Wherein the proud, delighted elves  
See clear reflections of themselves,  
And from rude mortal eyes withdrawn,  
Make their gay toilets on the lawn.

## HIDDEN HOMES.

BY ANNA BOTSFORD COMSTOCK.



A BRANCH of sumac with its drum-major plumes, a bough of elder bending under a load of its dark-hued berries, a raspberry bramble, low trailing and

graceful; these were my trophies from Woodland, one sunny October afternoon; and to the uninitiated they doubtless would seem but random and commonplace mementos of an autumnal ramble. But listen, and I will tell you how such branches, seemingly uninteresting and aimlessly gathered, have been the scenes of great toil, brave deeds, faithful, loving devotion, and also, alas! of treachery and tragedy. I will relate to you the history revealed by these broken boughs; a history to discover which has required many patient hours and much close watching by eyes that loved the work.

One sunny morning last May, had you been watching, you might have seen a gay little insect,

not more than one-fourth of an inch long, flitting about among these branches, her body metallic blue, and with four gauzy wings flashing in the sunlight. Had you noted her then, you would have thought her created only for the enjoyment of a bright spring day. Little would you have dreamed of the strength of purpose and the power of endurance bound up in that wee body. You perhaps would have scarcely detected that she belonged to a family noted for their perseverance and industry. Yet, in spite of her diminutive size and metallic color, she is as truly a bee as the clumsiest bumblebee that ever hummed in the clover. She belongs especially, however, to the group of carpenter-bees; and she has a pretty scientific name, *Ceratina dupla*, that seems quite in keeping with her dainty appearance.

However, very little cares she by what Latin name mortal man has chosen to call her, for weightier responsibilities rest upon her active mind this bright May morning,

and so she hunts about until she finds some broken twig of elder or of sumac which permits her to come into direct contact with the pith of the plant. Then our little heroine, with the aid of her mandibles, or jaws, goes to work to excavate a tunnel in the branch by removing the pith mouthful by mouthful. Very carefully is the work done, the pith being neatly cut so that the walls of the tunnel are left straight and smooth. To bring her undertaking within our comprehension we might compare her to a man who should attempt to dig a well three or four feet wide and two hundred feet deep, with no tools but his hands with which to remove the earth.

The tunnel of the *Ceratina* is about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and often as much as eight or ten inches in depth. But when our little bee is through excavating her tunnel, and has finished it with all the nicety of her own fine sense of the fitness of things, she has really but begun her summer's work. However, her next task combines pleasure with duty, for it takes her into the fields to gather pollen from the flowers. This she carries by loading it upon her hind legs, which are furnished with long hairs for holding it in place. But

it requires a great many trips back and forth before she has packed the bottom of the nest with pollen to the depth of a quarter of an inch. This done, she deposits upon it a tiny white egg, and above builds a partition by gluing together bits of pith and other suitable material with a glue which she always keeps on hand (or rather *in mouth*) for the purpose. This partition is firmly fastened to the sides of the tunnel and is about one-tenth of an inch in thickness; it serves as a roof for the first cell, and as a floor for the next. Then the process is repeated; she gathers more pollen, lays another egg, builds another partition, and so on, until the tunnel is filled to within an inch or two of the opening; the last egg is thus necessarily deposited many days after the first one.

So you see this matron has her family in a sort of apartment-house, each individual occupying one entire flat. Then there comes a rest for the industrious little mother; for her next duty is to remain quiet and await future developments. But her fidelity is unfailing; the inch or two of space left at the top of the tunnel serves as a vestibule to her dwelling, and there she waits and watches over her home.

While she is guarding the door let us take a peep into the first cell and see what is taking place there; for what we find true of one cell will prove equally true of all the others. The egg soon hatches out a minute, white, footless worm or larva which falls to work immediately, eating with all its might the pollen provided by its careful mamma. On this food it thrives and grows, until it is a quarter of an inch long; by this time, usually, it has consumed all the pollen in the cell; however, the mother-bee's instinct does not seem to be infallible in this particular, for sometimes she provides more food than her child needs. After the larva has thus reached its full growth, it becomes rigid and turns darker in color, and queer-looking seams and excrescences appear upon it; these are the cases in which its legs and wings are developing.

In short, it becomes a *pupa*. After remaining thus for some time the pupa-skin bursts open, and a full-fledged bee appears, in size, color, and in every respect resembling its mother; for, you know, bees never grow after they have their legs and wings. Meanwhile, the patient mother, who has not shared our privilege of peeping into the cells, knows nothing of what has happened, unless perchance she remembers her own "larvahood." Her experience is a novel one; her first-born is the last one of the brood that she beholds. You see, patience is taught to these creatures, as an early lesson; for, of course, the egg first laid is the earliest to hatch and soonest reaches maturity. So the first experience of the eldest of a *Ceratina* brood is to wait until its youngest brothers and sisters have reached their adult form. We may



THE TUNNEL HOME OF THE CERATINA DUPLA, ONE OF THE GROUP OF CARPENTER BEES.

imagine that this idle waiting is rather hard work for a little creature with brand-new wings which it is longing to spread in the sunshine.

The next lesson that our *Ceratina* must learn is industry. For when the youngest of the brood has reached maturity, each one in the nest begins to work its way up and outward by tearing down the partition above it and pushing the particles of

waste material down toward the bottom of the nest. This arrangement is a comfortable one for the youngest, who has only one partition between it and its mother, but is not nearly so nice for the eldest, who has had not only the longest time to wait, but has now the most work to do: for he must push his way up through the débris of all the partitions above him. It reveals a funny sight to open a *Ceratina* nest after the material of the partitions has been stowed away in the bottom of the tunnel. There are all the bees,—sometimes as many as fourteen,—packed in as close as possible, each with its head toward the opening, and braced against the “heels,” so to speak, of his next youngest brother; for nature teaches them to face toward the door that leads out into the world. Finally, the sentinel mother, having become satisfied that all are ready, leads the way and chaperons her children in their first flight out into the sunshine.

Later, the remains of the partitions are removed from the nest, which is thus made ready for another brood. Sometimes the whole grown-up family are found in nests thus cleaned, which would indicate that the young bees dutifully lend their mother a helping mandible in house-cleaning and making the home attractive. And they doubtless find it pleasant to linger about the old homestead and make it their abiding place until they feel capable of setting up establishments of their own. This is certainly true of the fall brood; these children of the autumn, when the days become cool, crawl into the clean nest, head downward, one after another, and tuck themselves in, we might say, as cosy as cosy can be, and just go to sleep, and stay asleep, until the bright May sunshine calls to them through the open door and tells them to wake up and go to work. We found one family of eight thus housed for the winter; and the bee next the door was the faithful mother,—we recognized her because her wings were frayed and worn by her many flights and severe toil. I have often wondered if this long winter's sleep were not brightened by dreams of sun and flowers. How do we know that this is not a bee's way of spending the winter in Florida?

Thus we have learned the main facts in the life of our little *Ceratina* supposing that her life is a fortunate one from egg-hood to motherhood. But in our studies of these hidden homes we find records of wars and tragedies, and thus learn that our tiny friend has many enemies always watching for an opportunity to injure her. Among these foes are some of her own lazy relatives, first and second cousins, who certainly ought to have better manners and morals. Other species of bees, and some

wasps which build their nests in the hollow stalks of plants, take advantage of the tunnel excavated by the *Ceratina*, drive her away before her nest is finished, and take possession of her home. We may safely believe that the plucky little bee would not submit to such an outrage without vigorous remonstrance; and doubtless there are duels fought which equal in bravery and fierceness any that we read about in stories of the Middle Ages.

There are still other enemies of the *Ceratina*, too cowardly to achieve their objects by a fair fight. One of these, a light and airy insect, with a scimitar-shaped body, belongs to the *Ichneumonidæ*, a family noted for deceitfulness and immoral conduct, to say nothing of bloodthirstiness. This designing creature loiters about and watches the *Ceratina* building her nest. When the nest builder has filled a cell with pollen and deposited an egg, and has departed to seek material for a partition, the ichneumon sneaks slyly in and lays one of its eggs in the cell, too; so, when the bee comes back, she unconsciously walls in with her child its deadliest foe. When the young bee has nearly attained full size, the ichneumon egg hatches into a voracious little grub, which evidently looks upon the fat bee-larva as a hungry child might look upon a choice beefsteak. It at once falls to eating the helpless creature, which conveniently proves to be sufficient food to nourish the little interloper until the latter has completed its growth. When sufficiently grown, the young ichneumon spins a beautiful silken cocoon about itself, in the most innocent manner, and changes to a pupa. In this state it waits until the bees in the tunnel above it have matured and departed, and then issues forth a fully developed ichneumon, and flies into the world to play its hereditary tricks upon any unwary insect it may chance to meet. We found one of these ichneumon cocoons in the middle cell of a *Ceratina* nest. Only one of the mature bees was found in the tunnel below the cocoon, and it had its head pointed downward; thus telling, as plainly as words could have told, that, disgusted with the creature it found obstructing its upward pathway, it had turned about with a firm intention to dig out by way of China, or die in the attempt! And, undoubtedly, many which escape being eaten by the parasite, die thus from imprisonment.

This completes the record of what I know of the life-history of this little carpenter-bee. I hope, however, that the boy and girl naturalists who read this history will gather the dry twigs of elder and of sumac at different seasons of the year, and then, by patiently studying them, they may be able to supply for themselves many interesting particulars which I have yet to learn.

## THE GOBLIN STORM: A LEGEND OF BIGSTORIA.

BY BENJAMIN WEBSTER.



THE Sergeant was home from Tonquin—so said all the village—and was staying at the Inn, “too proud to speak to any one”—so added those who envied him the attention excited by his gorgeous uniform.

But Jules and Gaston, Jean and Emil, said bluntly that they knew better, and to show their faith in their old comrade invited him to take soup with them as he used to do before he went into the army.

Behold, then, the five friends around the table. What have they to talk of after their long separation? We will listen.

The Sergeant is speaking:

“Indeed, I hardly know how one lives at all in those tropics. Without boasting, I myself bear things as well as most of my neighbors, but—I confess it, my friends, I have been frightened by the tropics. Think of it, my boys, a French officer afraid of the weather!”

“Of the weather?” asked Emil.

“I can not see that!” said Jules.

“It is no more than the truth,” resumed the Sergeant. “In Tonquin we have thunder and lightning—for I can not otherwise name them—but not such as come to these villages: little groans of thunder here, and sparks of lightning there—but thunderstorms to terrify a bishop!”

“How so?” asked Gaston, curiously.

The Sergeant had enjoyed his soup and truly his tongue talked of itself.

“In Tonquin,” said he, rising to his feet—for so one gestures more easily, “the lightest of our thunder cracks cannon-balls in two; and one peal follows another so fast that there is never but one—which, however, lasts as long as the storm.”

“Strange enough,” said Jules, with his mouth open, his spoon in the air.

“And the lightning?” asked Jean, quickly.

“The lightning?” repeated the Sergeant, “much the same sort. It is never seen. All the world stays indoors and puts on green spectacles—one or two pairs!”

“A curious custom!” remarked Emil, looking sidewise at the veteran.

“As you say—curious indeed,” replied the Sergeant, smiling. “You would enjoy the oddity of it, I have little doubt. But there is something more worthy of notice. There is the rain. In Tonquin the rain falls so fast that it does not reach the ground!”

“But, Sergeant,” cried Gaston, rising to protest, “your last statement is hardly credible!”

“Oh, you demand an explanation,” said the Sergeant with some warmth, and pounding the table with his stiff fingers, “it is because the rain-drops fall so fast they are dried up by the friction of the air—that is, of course, all but a little. I do not mean to say that *none* of the water falls to the ground—that would be unreasonable.”

“So I thought,” said Gaston, nodding his head wisely.

“You were right, Gaston,” said the Sergeant, grandly. “Always tell me if you find my stories incredible. I am a little irritable, but not proud. And I know (since I, too, lived in this little village once—so long ago!) how seldom you hear such adventures!”

“My word, but I have heard things as strange!” said Gaston, dryly.

“Then my stories do not surprise you?” asked the soldier, with some disappointment.

“Why should they?” replied Gaston. “I have never been in Tonquin. I have heard of queerer things, however; yes, and in this very town!”

“Such as——?” said the Sergeant, looking hard at the other and twisting his moustache ends into two needle-points.

“Some people would say your Tonquin storms

were not large," Gaston said, frankly. "But I am not so foolish. Freely I admit that such storms are rare in this village. But I *do* contend that we have here the smallest storms that can well be."

The Sergeant moved uneasily on his four-legged stool, and gazed at Gaston with his eyelids half closed.

"Did you never hear of them?" said Gaston, seeming to be much surprised.

"Never," said the Sergeant, in a peculiar voice.

"It is said that once at the Inn, where you are staying, a man who had been a sailor,—I think it was a sailor,—came home from Algeria, and told of many wonderful experiences. Sea-serpents, land-slides, unicorns, rocs' eggs, and mermaids,—such was his stock



JULES BRINGS A LANTERN.

in trade. Well, one morning that soldier—"

"Sailor!" said the Sergeant, frowning.

"Sailor, of course,—that sailor came to breakfast telling of a terrible storm, a thunderstorm—a true Tonquin storm, if you will permit me, Sergeant." The Sergeant bowed, still frowning. "But, strangely enough," Gaston went on, "no one else had seen any signs of a storm, whatever. It had seemed to every one else a bright moonlight night! Now I call that worthy of remark!"

"Truly so," said the Sergeant, uneasily.

"And, strangely enough," went on the villager, "there is a legend that such storms are the work of goblins, who thus punish tellers of big stories, as, it seems, this sailor must have been!"

The Sergeant made no comment, but drummed a quickstep upon the table, whistling a noiseless life accompaniment.

Emil, Jules, and Jean had been listening open-mouthed and ransacking their brains to find some trace of this wonderful legend. But no one of them could recall it, and, while they were collecting their wits to question Gaston, the Sergeant asked:

"Where was it you said this sailor lodged?"

"At your Inn, in the front room on the left—your room, by the way, Sergeant, is it not?"

"That is where they have put me," replied the veteran. Then rising, he shook hands all round,

saying, "Good-night, my lads, good-night. Remarkable place, the tropics."

"Remarkable, indeed!" they answered.

No sooner was their guest out of sight than the others turned to Gaston, who was laughing to himself at their wondering faces.

After a short explanation, during which the four heads were very close together, Jules went in one direction for a dark-lantern, Gaston set forth in another to borrow a drum, Jean went in a third for the big watering-pot, while Emil was to fill a basket with sand and gravel. When they came back, later in the evening, each had succeeded in his errand.

"We will give the Sergeant a Goblin Thunderstorm," Gaston said, with a smile. Then all four laughed aloud. They were sharp fellows, and they comprehended his plan.

Although the moon shone brightly that night, the conspirators set forth for the Inn, walking in a single file, and grinning with anticipation.

About midnight they were in front of the window of the "front room on the left." Emil threw the sand against the panes, Gaston beat a terrible roll upon the drum, and Jules flashed the light of his lantern through the window, while Jean spattered water upon the glass.

The Sergeant arose, came to the window and gazed curiously out. Apparently there was bright moonlight and a cloudless sky; but he had seen the lightning, heard the thunder, and surely those were drops of rain upon the panes of the window.

The four mischief-makers had crouched closely against the wall, and with difficulty restrained themselves from noisy mirth.

The steps retreated from the window.

After waiting a moment, another "Goblin Storm" was created, and

brought the puzzled man again to the window; but so closely flattened against the Inn were the four friends that there was no clue to the mystery, and the Sergeant once more retired, too sleepy to make any further investigation that night.



GASTON SECURES A DRUM.

A third repetition of their trick brought their victim running to the door—as they had expected. Being ready for him, Jean deluged the poor



JEAN GETS THE WATERING-POT.

Sergeant with water, Gaston deafened him with the drum, Jules blinded his eyes with the lantern, while Emil pelted him with the gravel, and he staggered back indoors with his hands over his eyes and his breath almost gone.

Next day the Sergeant asked the landlord at breakfast-time whether the terrible storm had not kept him awake.

The landlord stared at him in silence for a moment, and then said: "Sergeant, are you crazy?" "Landlord, what do you mean?" replied the soldier with much dignity, rising to his feet.

"It was a calm, bright moonlight night, as any one will tell you. Why do you ask such a foolish question?—To make me ridiculous?"

"It *was* but a poor joke, was n't it, mine host?" said the Sergeant, with a twist at his big mustaches while his cheeks grew very red. "Pray say nothing about it, and I will promise not to repeat so ill-timed a pleasantry," and away he marched, very erect and very proud indeed.

Strangely enough, not only did the Sergeant seek no explanation of his remarkable experience at the Inn, but even his wonderful adventures in Tonquin were no more recalled.

As for Gaston, Jules, Emil, and Jean, they never met together without chuckling and poking one another, and this they continued to do until next fair-time.



EMIL COLLECTS SAND AND GRAVEL.

## NAN'S CRITICISM.

BY CORNELIA ATWOOD PRATT.

I WROTE some bedtime verses once,  
To send to Baby Nan,  
When she was West and I was East.  
This is the way they ran:

*"Good-night, dear eyes that close to-night  
A thousand miles away;  
My kisses lie upon your lids  
To guard them till the day.*

*"How did they get there? Oh, I threw  
A score or so in air,  
And some were caught as they flew by  
Your tangled, silky hair!"*

*"Good-night to two round rosy cheeks,  
To dimples, curls, and chin,  
I send a kiss for every one  
A kiss can nestle in."*

What do you think that baby said? —  
A captious critic, she,—  
"Mamma, I fink she 's said good-night  
To ev'ryfin' but *me*."



## STANLEY'S MAGIC BOOK.\*

BY DAVID KER.

ON the bank of an African river, upon a tiny clearing which — scooped out of the vast black forest that bristled along both shores as far as the eye can reach — betokened the neighborhood of a native village, a man was standing alone, taking rapid notes in a small book, while behind him lay moored along the water's edge a fleet of canoes, crowded with the dark-brown or black faces of Arabs and negroes, whose crooked swords and long ivory-stocked guns glittered in the morning sunshine.

The solitary figure on the bank seemed to be the only white man of the whole party, and even he, lean and ragged as he was, with his face burned almost black by the sun, and a matted mane of grayish-black hair and beard hanging loosely around it, seemed quite as savage as any of his followers. But, small and thin though he was, with plain, almost coarse, features, and a dress of which any respectable scarecrow would have been ashamed, he had in his sunken eyes that look of power and command which stamps the born leader of men. And such, indeed, he was, for this man was no other than Henry Morton Stanley.

So engrossed was Stanley with the notes which he was making, that he never saw the black scowling face and fierce eyes which peered out at him suddenly from the encircling thicket. Presently another head appeared, and another, and another still; and then the matted boughs shook and parted, and several men stole forth, with long spears in their hands.

But Stanley's quick ear had caught the rustle of the leaves, and, taking several strings of beads from his pouch, he advanced to meet them, uttering the long, shrill, bleat-like salutation of the country, "Sen-nen-neh!" (peace.)

But there was little sign of peace among the advancing savages, who darted threatening looks at him, and kept muttering angrily among themselves. Then a huge scarred warrior, who seemed to be their chief, said, with a flourish of his spear:

"If the white man wishes peace, why does he try to bewitch us?"

"How have I tried to bewitch you?" asked Stanley in amazement. "I come as your guest, not as your enemy. You all see that my men have laid down their guns and swords, and are waiting to be friends with you."

"The stranger's words are not straight!" answered the savage, fiercely. "Did we not see him making spells of witchcraft against us, and drawing them on the magic charm that he carries with him?" A sudden light flashed upon Stanley — it was his *note-book* that had offended them! "If the white chief means fairly by us, let him throw his magic work into yonder fire, and then he shall be our brother, and shall eat with us; but if not, our spears shall reach his heart!"

A ferocious growl from the rest, and a significant brandishing of spears and bows, added fresh point to this last remark.

For one moment the bold traveler stood aghast. To destroy his valuable notes, gathered with so much toil and suffering, would be to fling away the whole fruit of his weary and perilous journey! Yet, to refuse might cost his life and the lives of all his men, for the savages were evidently in earnest, and all the thickets around him were already swarming with fierce faces and leveled weapons. What was to be done?

All at once a bright idea came to him. In his pouch lay a small pocket Shakspeare (the companion of all his wanderings), which was sufficiently like the objectionable note-book to have deceived a keener observer than an African savage. Quick as thought he drew it forth, and held it up so that every one could see it.

"Is this the charm that my brothers wish me to burn?" he asked, loud enough to be heard by all present.

"It is! it is!" roared a hundred voices at once, while half a dozen bony, black hands were outstretched from the front rank of the crowd as if to clutch the formidable "witch-book."

"And if I burn it," said Stanley, "will you be friends with me, and give food to my men?"

"We will," chorused the black spearmen.

"Behold, then!" cried the great leader, and with one jerk of his hand he flung the Shakspeare into the fire beside him. In a moment it flamed up, shriveled away, and was gone!

Then broke forth a yell of delight from the superstitious savages, as they saw the dreaded "magic" vanish into smoke. A score of big, bare-limbed warriors, all smeared with paint and grease, rushed forward to overwhelm their "white brother" with sticky embraces, while others brought

\* This story is perfectly true, and is here given almost as Stanley himself told it. — D. K.

forward armfuls of fruit, fish, and potato-like casava bread. Stanley's hungry men ate their fill, and all went as merrily as a picnic.

Many a night after, while struggling wearily along the windings of the unknown river, the great

explorer missed the book that had been his companion in so many perils and sufferings. But the precious notes were saved, and the narrative which they formed has since been read and applauded from one side of the world to the other.



## “BINGO WAS HIS NAME.”

BY ANNIE HOWELLS FRÉCHETTE.

“I HAVE been thinking,” said Grandpapa, as he slowly clicked together the bows of the spectacles which he held in his hand, “that a dog would be a great entertainment to the children, and a protection as well. I don’t think they would ever get lost again if they had a good, trusty dog to follow them about.”

“Oh, there is no doubt that a dog would be a perfect joy to them,” replied Mamma, at whom he had looked. “But would n’t a dog be a great trouble to you?”

“No,—no very great trouble, and besides, even if he were, I want the children to enjoy their visit to fullness. I’ll speak to Randolph and have him hunt up a dog for me.”

“Why no, Father, don’t do that; there is Joey Vale,—if any one in Virginia can find you just what you want, Joey can. Randolph would be sure to bring some starved hound (what Sister calls a *scanty* dog), with a view to borrowing it to ‘hunt ol’ har’ with,” said Aunt Sie.

“Joey Vale’s collie has had pups lately, we might get one and train it,” remarked Aunt Lisha. She hated dogs, but loved her small relatives to that degree that she was ready to love their dog, if so doing would add to their happiness.

“Yes, I suppose Joey would be the right man to call upon,—can you girls manage to see him?”

“I might take the children and go over to-morrow,” assented Aunt Sie, who never found herself at a loss to “manage” to give others pleasure.

So it was settled.

“The children,” who were asleep up stairs, were two little people who had come from their Northern home to spend several months with their grandfather on a lovely old farm in Virginia. In the few weeks which had already passed they had succeeded in getting themselves lost for a whole day, with a pet calf, named Juno, as their companion. This adventure had thrown the household into a state of alarm which gave symptoms of becoming chronic, and which made a sense of security unknown.

A happier little couple it would have been hard to find anywhere — full of imaginings and theories concerning the wonders of country life, and always ready to leap from small facts to broad conclusions. They had names, but little use was made of these, as their circle usually adopted those they found for each other, and they were still generally spoken of

as Sister and Brother. Sister had enjoyed the good things of this life a year and a half longer than Brother, and was, in consequence, unquestioningly accepted by him as an authority on most subjects, though she kindly allowed him to know the most about blacksmithing, coopering, and similar industries which they had investigated in the neighborhood.

Each morning was a joyful awakening to them, but the morning which followed the foregoing conversation was happy beyond any that had ever dawned. At an early hour, Aunt Sie—dear Aunt Sie, who made even a dull day bright—came into their room just as they were waking. But she affected to think them still asleep, and began at once talking to Mamma:

“I’d like to go over to Mrs. Vale’s this morning, if I had some one to drive Charley for me. But the boys are busy in the corn-fields, and really I don’t feel like going alone with that frisky steed. I wonder if I could persuade one of the children—or both—to go with me. I’d feel perfectly safe if I had Sister to drive, and Brother to look after the buggy in case any of the bolts came loose or some strap should unbuckle.”

“Sister! d’ you hear *that*? Wake up—wake up,” whispered Brother.

Mamma answered, doubtfully, “Possibly you might persuade them to go.”

“Of *course* we’ll go!” came in a chorus, as the two scrambled out of bed.

“Why, are *you* awake? And how *good* of you to be willing to go! I was afraid you might want to stay at home—and *study*, perhaps,” cried Aunt Sie, in great surprise, catching them both in her arms.

“And what are we to go to Joey Vale’s for?”

“Grandpapa wants me to see Joey on business. You can ask him when you go down stairs.”

I did not take long for them to dress and get downstairs, where they called loudly in search of Grandpapa. At last they spied him coming from an early visit to the fields, and running to meet him, each secured a hand, and dancing along beside him, begged to know why they were to go to see Joey Vale.

“I want you to go and get me a dog.”

“A *what*?” unable to believe their ears.

“Yes, a dog. I hear that he has some for sale,

and I thought if you two would go over and have a look at them, it would save me a trip."

They looked at Grandpapa; then dropping his hand, they seized each other's, and began what they called a "joyful dance," which consisted of lifting up and down and squealing. To have had the bare privilege of paying a visit to Joey Vale would have seemed to them the acme of happiness, for the admiration which they felt for him was unbounded. He was thirteen years old—"a perfectly enormous boy, half as tall as Papa," according to their description as given to their mother after their first sight of him. And besides his weight of years, his acquirements were such as to command an awed respect. He had found Mistress Judy and her little pigs after all the men and boys on the place had hunted for her in vain, and they had heard Grandpapa say that he had more sense than all the crew put together. And long ago Aunt Sie had told them that a guinea-hen that could hide her nest so that Joey could not find it, would be sharp even for a guinea-hen. And then the flutter-wheels and weather-cocks that he could make! They felt much better acquainted with him when he was n't around than when he was, and they spoke familiarly of him in his absence, as "Joey," while in his presence they usually just coughed instead of addressing him directly; and they secretly marveled at the ease with which their grandfather and aunts carried themselves toward him.

And to buy a dog from a boy like that!

Just as they finished breakfast, Charley was driven up to the door. Brother made a careful examination of all the bolts and running-gear and put a stout rope into the buggy; for he and Sister had decided to tie the dog behind the vehicle, and let him trot home.

To the casual observer Charley was not a beast to inspire fear in the most timid breast. But the feat of driving him was greatly heightened by a current belief of the small people, that it was only superior horsemanship which kept him from galloping off at break-neck speed. He was twenty-four years old, but as his grassy pathway through life had been plentifully strewn with oats and corn, he was still sleek and fat, and shone like a ripe chestnut. He knew his own mind about the amount of labor that should be required of a horse of his age, and it mattered little to him what others thought. Nothing but a fly could cause him to alter the pace which he usually adopted as in keeping with a dignified demeanor.

After much talk the expedition set forth. Sister held the reins, Brother the whip, and Aunt Sie sat between the two, and received into either ear a steady flow of conversation.

"Now," said Brother, "I think as Sister gets to drive, I ought to be the one to pick out the road."

"I think that would be only a fair division," answered Aunt Sie, "if you can find the way."

"To be sure I can find it," and Brother stood up and pointed with the whip. "After you get through the woods you turn into another road, and *that* takes you to the road that runs along the top of the world—over there. D'ye see it?"

Sister nudged Aunt Sie with her sharp little elbow and whispered, "The top of the world! as if all roads were n't on top of the world!" Then aloud she asked, "Brother, what shape is the world?"

"I know; it's round."

"But does it *seem* round? It did n't use to, to me, when I was your age." Sister always kept Brother a good year and a half behind her in wisdom.

"How did it use to seem to you, Sister?" Brother asked meekly, not wishing to commit himself.

"It seemed like a high, level bluff, that you could have jumped off of, into the ocean."

"Yes, that's the way it used to seem to me,—only I used to think you could jump off into a river. I did n't use to know about oceans."

"Brother," said Sister, with a sternness she was occasionally obliged to employ toward him, "you have *always* known about oceans."

"I mean I did n't use to know when I was a young chap, and wore long dresses, and stayed in my crib."

"Now, Aunt Sie, I don't like that habit Brother has of getting out of things, and I wish you'd forbid it. As if any one expected him to know about the world when he was a goo-goo and stayed in his crib!"

"Oh! but Brother knew a great many things, even when he was only a goo-goo."

A fruitful theme was thus started, and poor Aunt Sie was kept busy with stories of their infancy until they reached the Vale farm. The fierce barking of a collie brought Mrs. Vale to the door, and Joey came from behind the house, where he was chopping wood.

Aunt Sie made their errand known, after a little chat with Mrs. Vale, and Joey was at once dispatched to the kennel and speedily returned with three squirming, big-headed pups in his arms, and jealously followed by their mother.

"How small they are!" exclaimed Aunt Sie.

"They'll grow fast, and they're just about weaned, now," Joey assured her.

"Oh! I dare say they'll grow. They are not just what I wanted,—still—What do you think of them, children?"

"They're just lovely!" answered Sister, stroking them.

"Will they always stand that way,—like stools?" asked Brother uneasily, as Joey put one down upon its widely spreading legs.

He felt thoroughly ashamed when Joey laughed and explained that the legs would soon stiffen into good shape. That wise young man also called their attention to the "two een on each side of the head," which showed them to be high-bred collies; and told of so many accomplishments possessed by their mother, that Aunt Sie closed the bargain, and received a promise that the pup should arrive at the farm that evening.

As they turned homeward Brother cast a regretful glance at the stout rope which lay useless in the buggy. He had pictured to himself the noble animal—very like those he had seen in pictures of Alpine snow-storms—which was to have trotted home at the end of it. He had intended to hold the rope kindly but firmly—in a manner to let the dog know that, while a master's kindness might always be depended upon, a boy's authority is something to be recognized, too. Still, Brother had the happy faculty of coming upon blessings, no matter how events turned, and finally said with a faint sigh:

"It's much better for Joey to bring him—he can explain to the pup's mother, and besides, if we *had* tied him to the buggy,"—a pause in order to have some good reason present itself,—"Juno might have chased after us, and hooked him."

"I think we won't let him associate much with Juno, she's so bad," replied Sister. In her heart she dearly loved Juno; still, since the day they were lost, she had assumed rather a condemning tone in speaking of her.

"Certainly, the less he has to do with Juno the better dog he will be," Aunt Sie concurred.

"Yes, but poor Juno is very young, you know, for a cow,—of course, she is a rather old calf,—I don't think she really *meant* to be bad that day," faithful Brother could not help saying.

The afternoon was employed in fitting up, for the use of the new dog, sumptuous apartments in a large box.

The windows of the dining-room commanded a view of the road, and during the evening meal two pairs of eyes scanned it constantly. At last a glad shout of "There he comes!" rose from Brother, and a hasty adjournment was made to the porch by all.

"He has n't got it!" wailed Sister.

"He—has n't—got it!" echoed Brother.

"Where is the pup, Joey?" called Grandpapa, as the boy came within speaking distance.

"He's here, sir," was the cheery answer.

"He's *there*, Sister. Oh, goody!"

"But *I* don't see him."

Joey patted an oblong bulge which showed itself on one side of his jacket. As he halted, the bulge was seen to ascend, and a moment later a silky head thrust itself out at the collar.

"It's a good way to carry a pup, and besides I had to slip away from the mother," said Joey, as he unbuttoned his jacket.

Grandpapa took the pup and held him up for inspection. "There is n't much of him!—is there, Joey?"

"Not yet, sir. But he's healthy and strong," and Joey enumerated the various marks of canine aristocracy which the small beast bore.

"Well, well, you know more about that than I do, and I'll take your word for it all. Here, children, get Joey to show you how to feed him and put him to bed. He's your dog, and you'll have to see that he's properly brought up. Come, Brother, take hold of him." Brother took him by the nape of the neck, which caused Sister to dance frantically from one foot to the other. "Don't carry him in that way—oh, you cruel boy! See how meek it makes him look, with his little paws curled down and his tail curled up—oh, oh, put him into my apron!"

Here the late owner interfered, declaring that dogs preferred to be carried in that way, and the procession disappeared around the house.

Six weeks passed, and six weeks make a great difference in the size of a pup, and in his character too. During that time he had been named—and "Bingo was his name." His legs had stiffened up; and now, instead of hanging on to a step by his chin, and whining when he wished to reach a higher altitude, or rolling over and over with a series of protesting yelps when he tried to reach a lower plane, he could thump up and down stairs at a fine rate. He had tried various means by which to ingratiate himself into an intimate friendship with Aunt Lisha, the least successful of which was to rouse her suddenly from her morning dreams by leaping upon her bed and frolicking over it until its snowy whiteness was starred with tracks of red clay. He had chased every turkey, chicken, and duck on the place; and he had insulted Pooley, the cat, over and over again by barking at her and trying to drive her out of the library. At first she had not thought it worth while to notice him, she despised him so, but one day he went a little too far—he pawed her tail, and squeaked around her, until she, who had been a respected member of the household for years, felt that he might be mistaking her contempt for fear. On that day she laid her ears back until her head looked quite round, made a straight line of

her mouth, and stared unblinkingly at him for several seconds; then with lightning swiftness dealt him a stinging blow on one ear first, and then on the other, and forever settled the question of supremacy. Bingo retreated with loud howls, and never halted until safely hidden under the sofa, from which refuge he complained loudly to his sympathizing young friends; and he allowed himself invalid manners for some time afterward.

But, while he was growing, his education was not neglected. He was taught to carry Grandpapa's cane, and although it usually took the whole family to recover it again, so thoroughly did he enter into the duty, still it was thought to look well to see a little dog so willing to make himself useful. Then he could play hide-and-seek probably more beautifully than any dog of his age ever played it before. All that was necessary was for Aunt Sie to sit down upon the grass, and cause him to hide his eyes by holding him with all her strength, until the children, snugly hidden behind the great rose-bushes, would shout, "Re-ad-y!"—when, with the warning,

"Ready or not,

You must be caught,"

she would release him, and he would tear madly off in search of them. The sight would prove too much for the small hiders, and they would betray themselves by suppressed giggles, whereat Bingo would pounce upon them and chew them joyously, until, panting and breathless, they would reach the safe goal of dear Aunt Sie's arms.

In spite of intending so differently, Sister and Brother had not been able to resist introducing Bingo to Juno, and many a gay frolic the four friends had together. There were, it is true, sham battles, in which Juno seemed on the point of hooking Bingo, and Bingo seemed on the point of biting Juno's legs; but these exciting little maneuvers only served to raise the spirits of the four, and put them into the humor for a dash down the long sloping pasture, at the lower end of which they usually landed in something of a heap.

But it was after a trip to Richmond, where they saw a goat-cart drawn by two goats, that the crowning accomplishment of Bingo's life was attempted.

"We'll train Bingo to draw the Express," said Brother that night, as he and Sister were recalling the glories of the day.

"Do you think he is strong enough?"

"Dogs are *very* strong."

"If only Pooley was n't so crabbed with him, we might have a span," said Sister, regretfully.

"Or if Joey would lend us one of the pups!"

"O-h!"

"We'll ask Grandpapa to lend us Charley, to-morrow, and we'll drive over and hire one of

Joey's pups, and we'll train them to trot together. Won't we zip!"

And the little heads settled down upon their pillows, full of beautiful plans, which, it is to be hoped, were realized in dreamland, for the next day dawned in a downpour of rain which put a trip to Joey Vale's beyond the limit of possibilities.

But about ten o'clock, they disappeared in the direction of the big barn, under a capacious umbrella, with Bingo demurely trotting at their bare little heels. After much consultation they had decided to take advantage of their enforced leisure to make a harness for Bingo. A rainy morning, and a big clean barn, are not a bad combination, and the little brother and sister were soon cosily ensconced in the back seat of the family carriage, while Bingo lay sleeping in the front. They were very busy with their harness making, and their fingers and tongues kept time. Now and then Bingo was disturbed while measurements were taken, but the steady rain on the roof speedily lulled him to sleep again.

At the further end of the barn, and connected with it, was an open shed under which the fowls could gather, out of the rain, and through the open door the little workers could hear the subdued remarks that the poultry seemed to be making about the weather. Prominent in the group was the stately turkey-gobbler, "Mr. Cornelius," who, as usual, was striving to impress his audience with his importance, and was strutting and swelling to the point of bursting.

"He's a fine fellow," remarked Brother, after watching him in silent admiration.

"He'd be much nicer, if only he were a swan," said Sister; "then we could harness him to a small boat and have him take us around the carp pond. What a lovely swan he'd make; only his neck ought to be longer and he ought to be snow-white."

"Sister!" exclaimed Brother, standing up, "Sister, I've *got* it. I've thought of something! It's much better that he's a turkey."

At noon, the clouds broke away and the sun shone out. Grandpapa, who had been having a long quiet morning in the library, looked up as the warm ray fell across his book.

"Where are those blessed children keeping themselves all this time?" he asked of his daughters, who sat near the porch door enjoying one of their never-ending talks.

"Oh! they and the faithful Bingo are down at the barn. They have—"

"Excuse me, Miss Sie, fur comin' in with my muddy feet, but I jes' want to ask de boss if he 'lows de chillun to 'buse Mr. Co'nelius!" interrupted Randolph, appearing excitedly at the door.

"Abuse Mr. Cornelius! Of course I don't. What in the world are they doing to him?" demanded Grandpapa, rising hastily to his feet.

"Dey 's dun gone an' hitched him to de spress-wagon, 'long with Bingo," and Randolph's severity melted into a broad grin, which showed that deep down in his heart there lurked some faint enjoyment of the situation.

"Cornelius and Bingo hitched into the express wagon! The boy must be crazy," and Grandpapa strode across the porch. His daughters followed and beheld a procession making its way toward the house.

Surrounded by ducks, geese, and chickens, each loudly adding to the confusion, came the express-wagon—the triumphal car. Beside it, with stately demeanor, walked Sister, with flower-bedecked head and wand. Behind, giving a helping hand to the wagon and holding the reins of his unruly steeds, puffed Brother; while harnessed to the car, came Dignity and Impudence—Mr. Cornelius and Bingo. Poor Mr. Cornelius! Pegasus chained to a plow must have been frivolous and jocular compared to him. His legs were hobbled, the better to regulate his speed, and his rotund body was encased in an ingeniously-contrived harness. That he felt the degradation of his position was apparent in every feather. His breast bulged, his wings strove to drag upon the ground, his "night-cap" hung far over his beak, and his wattles shaded from a bluish white to a wrathful red. From time to time he uttered ejaculations which must have been something terrible in turkey language, and made sidewise leaps at the joyous pup, who flopped and capered, and gave vent to

his pleasure by pawing him affectionately with his great muddy feet.

Brother was quite flushed with the combined exertion of pushing and urging, when he looked up and saw his family coming to meet them.

"They 'll—go—better after—while—Grandpapa. I have to boost—Mr. Cor—nelius a good deal;—he does n't under—stand yet. Sister's the Fairy—Queen and—this is her Chariot," he explained between puffs.

Sister waved her wand majestically.

Grandpapa had come out determined to scold them soundly, if he found them in mischief, and Mamma had intended to help him. But the absence of guile—their perfect good faith—completely disarmed both. They felt helpless under the circumstances, and looked about for something to blame. Bingo, with his open countenance, at once suggested himself as a suitable scape-goat.

"I *had* hoped that Bingo would keep them out of mischief," sighed Mamma, forlornly.

Aunt Sie began in this same desolate manner: "I thought he would be a protection to them—"

"And a comfort to father, in his old age, as well," added Aunt Lisha.

Grandpapa began in a rather high key through suppressed laughter: "Children, I am more pained than I can say to see you ill-treat a poor bird."

Sister's wand dropped in perfect amazement. "Have we been bad, Grandpapa?" and Brother stood up very straight, while his eyes and mouth shaped themselves into a very large and solemn "O," before he said, contritely, "We did not know it was bad, Grandpapa!"

---

## SOME APPLICATIONS OF AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY H. H. BALLARD.

---

ALTHOUGH photography has now been understood for many years, it has only fairly entered upon its term of service. Perhaps its chief importance may continue to lie in the reproduction of the faces of our friends, but it is rapidly coming to much wider fields of usefulness. The manufacture of cheap

apparatus has done much to hasten this extension of photographic possibilities.

All boys and girls can now take their own pictures, and each finds some new object on which to try the powers of the lens.

Jack must have photographs of his pony, at

rest, and also at full gallop so he can see how the horse moves its legs. Jill must have her favorite kitten pictured in all its graceful attitudes. Then

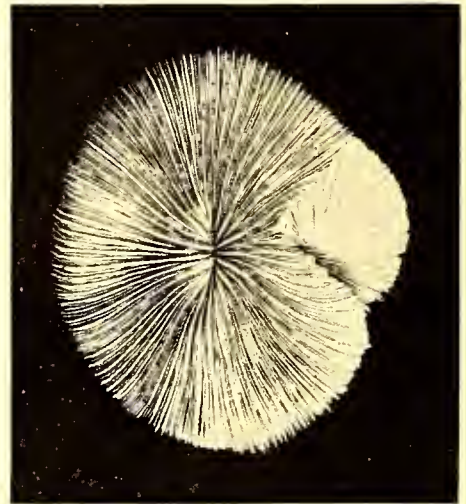


the father of Jack and Jill, who loves all animals, wild and tame, does not see why he should not borrow the camera and try a flying shot at a rising

heron or a startled deer; and their mother, whose tastes seek gratification in her garden, finds that she can preserve the graceful forms of roses and lilies in unwilting freshness by the same magician's glass.

One great advantage of the camera for the lover of nature is that the youthful and untrained student of nature is enabled by its aid to secure an exact reproduction of whatever interesting plant, or insect, or crystal he may discover—a representation more exact than the most skillful artist could produce without such help.

Suppose that you were visiting the sea-shore, and should find an exquisite shell or branch of coral. Would it not afford you unusual pleasure to be able to preserve in light and shade each graceful curve and delicate tone of the one, and the intricate structure,—nay, the very texture and roughness of the other? See how the camera,



in the hands of a young friend of mine, has brought one or two such specimens before us! So perfect is the reproduction that it almost seems that we can handle them!

The young astronomer may attach the camera to his telescope and make the moon herself draw her own picture for him. The young microscopist can so combine microscope and camera as to produce clear photographs of objects too small to be seen by the unaided eye. More wonderful still, the plate is so sensitive that it catches and preserves impressions too faint for the unaided eye. The astronomer finds more stars on his negative than were visible in the sky; the physician perceives symptoms in the photograph which he failed to discern from the skin of his patient; and

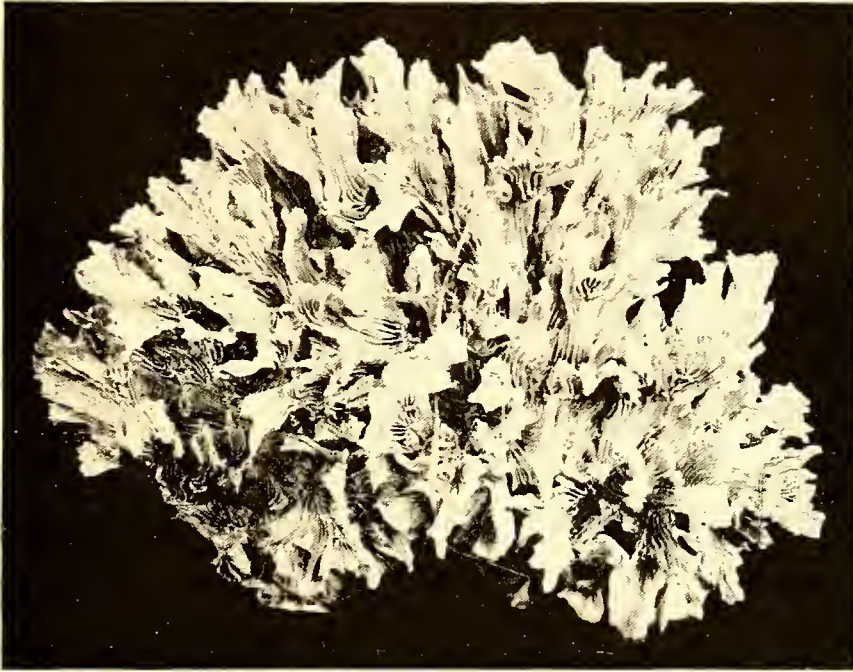


the lens arrests and pictures the whirring wing of the insect, the flying bullet, the very flash of lightning, showing, in the latter, thousands of delicate forkings of light, which escape the sight blinded

clock. An apparatus constructed on this principle could be used in many ways; only a few need be mentioned. Let the instrument be set in front of a rose-bush, and carefully focussed upon a rose.

Set the clock-work in motion and leave the camera to itself during a long period. Upon examining the paper, by and by, we should find a series of instantaneous photographs, taken at intervals of ten minutes, showing whatever insect visitors may have been attracted to the flower.

Set the camera in range for a wild bird's nest, and you should secure a series of pictures of bird-life, as it flows



by the excessive light. A writer in the *West American Scientist* says:

"A striking illustration of the value of the camera to astronomy is furnished by the recent discovery of a new nebula near the star 'Maia' in the Pleiades. Until photographed at the Paris Observatory, this nebula had never been seen by the best glasses, although it has since been detected with the great telescope of the Pulkova Observatory. The Emperor of Brazil now announces his determination to coöperate, at the Rio de Janeiro Observatory, in the general project of photographing the entire heavens, already begun at Paris with such unexpected success."

Before closing this paper, I wish to suggest to the ingenious young men who read ST. NICHOLAS, and who are amateur photographers, a new device, which they can easily make and apply; it will, I think, furnish many interesting results. It may be called an "automatic shutter." Let a disk with regular openings be caused to revolve by clock-work in such a way as, at stated intervals (say, of ten minutes), to expose the sensitive paper for a fraction of a second. The sensitive paper should be on rollers, as it is now in some cameras, and these rollers also should be operated by the

on undisturbed by the presence of man. Who knows what pretty domestic scenes of motherly care and fatherly providence might be revealed? Many woodland and meadow creatures are so shy as to be observed with difficulty. Would not this detective-camera give us the graceful attitudes of the squirrel, the rabbit, and the woodchuck in their free gambolings or daily labors? Set the clock to strike off pictures at longer intervals, and you will secure a record of the sprouting of seeds, the growth of plants, possibly even the development of embryonic life.

While our young inventors are considering the practicability of making an instrument that will "wink" us pictures of its own accord, let me hint to such owners of the lens as may be by the sea-side, that a little care and patience will enable them to secure what, so far as I know, has never yet been seen — a photograph of a tide-pool, wherein may be seen the waving tentacles of the sea-anemone, the curling arms of the starfish, the plumes of the barnacle, and the flash of the minnow, together with the exquisite forms of sea-weed and sunken rock; all in their natural condition, bathed by crystal water, and alive under the golden sun.

## BREAD AND JAM.

BY HENRY BACON.

IT happened in France.

Two little girls were on their way to school one morning in the summer-time. These little girls lived with their mother on the boundary of the village, and their school was in the village, so they had a long walk along a solitary road between their home and the "Sister's" school, as it was called, for the teacher was a Sister of Charity.

Each of these little girls had a basket on her arm, and in each basket were large slices of white bread, stuck together with plum-jam.

They were very fond of white bread made of wheat flour, for the principal food at their home was black-bread, which was made of buckwheat; and they considered white bread a luxury.

Later in the year, each would have had a big rosy apple to eat with the bread, instead of jam, but the apples were not ripe—as yet they were hardly larger than cherries. These little children were not sorry, however, for they liked plum-jam much better than an apple, even the ripest, rosiest apple. There was no danger the jam would soil their school-books, for they had none,—their lessons were written by the Sister with chalk on a blackboard, and they had no need of books.

Hand in hand, these little girls were trudging along the solitary road, when, turning a corner, they saw before them a man sitting on a log, with his head buried in his hands. The children were not much frightened; why should they be, by a man resting upon the side of the road? No one had ever harmed them. They could not see the man's face, but, thinking he must be some one they knew, they went on fearlessly, stopping when they were opposite the stranger.

The man did not stir, and they looked at him in silence for some seconds.

"What is the matter?" asked Marie, the elder.

The man raised his head slightly, and looked at the children. They could see his eyes shining through the long hair that hung about his face.

"Hungry," he answered in a voice between a whine and a growl.

Louise, the little sister, was frightened; the man's eyes reminded her of the wolf,—the wolf that she had heard about, that met Little Red-Ridinghood on the road as she was going to see her grandmother,—and so she was frightened. Away she ran, scampering down the road toward

the village as fast as she could. Marie also was frightened: not so much as her little sister, but she did not like being left alone with the stranger, and so she followed the younger sister, not looking behind her until they were again hand in hand. Then both looked back; the man had not stirred from his seat on the log.

"He is hungry," said Marie.

"Yes, he is hungry," repeated Louise.

"He must be very hungry," said Marie.

"Yes, he must be very hungry," repeated little Louise.

"It must be terrible to be so hungry," said Marie, standing motionless in the road, and still looking back.

"Yes, it must be terrible," Louise repeated again, pulling hard at her sister to prevent her standing still.

"Suppose we give him some of our luncheon," said Marie.

"And what would we do at noon?" asked Louise, opening her basket and looking in, to assure herself that her bread and jam were safe.

"Don't you remember, the Sister told us if we helped others, we would be provided for? Let us give the man some of our bread."

"But the plum-jam?" questioned Louise.

"Perhaps he likes jam," said her sister.

"So do I," half whimpered Louise.

"And then, the good Sister told us, the other day, about Saint Elizabeth. Don't you remember how, when she gave her best cloak to a beggar, she found another—a better one—hanging up in her room?"

"But the beggar did not eat up her cloak; it was not like bread and jam."

"No, but if we give our luncheon to the beggar, perhaps,—perhaps at noon we shall find a better luncheon in our basket, just as Saint Elizabeth found a better cloak when her husband sent for her to come down and see the kings who had come to make them a visit."

"Are you *sure*, Marie?"

"No, not *sure*, but *perhaps*. Let us try."

"I wish you would say *sure*."

"Sure!" said Marie.

"Say it again!" exclaimed Louise.

"Sure!" repeated her sister.

"He shall have my luncheon, then; but must

we go back? Let us put it down here, and then run. He will find it, like the birds."

Marie was not willing to leave the luncheon on the ground and then run, as her sister wished. She had listened to many wonderful stories, and wished that something wonderful might happen through her. Then, she thought, perhaps there might some day be another Saint Marie, and other little children would be told the story of this saint, and of her charities when a child. But it was not all vanity with this peasant child, for Marie's nature

into his mouth, Louise held out her portion: "Now, mine."

The man, whose hunger was somewhat appeased, and whose mouth was too full to speak, shook his head.

"Now, mine," insisted Louise, looking disappointed at the refusal.

"No," said the man, as soon as he could, still refusing, for now he was no longer terribly hungry, he was somewhat ashamed of having taken the child's luncheon.



"THEY SAW BEFORE THEM A MAN SITTING ON A LOG, WITH HIS HEAD BURIED IN HIS HANDS."

was kind and charitable. So, clinging to one another, back they went to feed the hungry.

"Did you say you were hungry?" asked Marie, when they had come nearer, but were still at a safe distance from the stranger.

"He is asleep," whispered Louise, for the man took no notice of the question.

"Here is something to eat," persisted Marie, thrusting her lunch almost into the man's face.

The man suddenly startled the children. With a low cry, he snatched the food, which he instantly began to devour like a wild animal. The children stood watching the hungry man, and as he stuffed the last morsel of Marie's bread and jam

"Now, mine," insisted Louise, thrusting her offering into the man's hands, and, as one child's luncheon was not much for a hungry tramp, and she would not be denied, he took a large bite through both slices of the bread and jam. It almost brought the tears to the eyes of Louise as she saw them going,—still, Marie had said "*Sure!*" But suppose Marie should be mistaken?

When recess came, the Sister told her pupils they could get their baskets and eat their luncheon in the school-yard, under the trees. Standing at the school-room door, the teacher watched over the children. Soon she noticed Marie and Louise sitting at the foot of one of the trees, their heads

close together, Marie looking very sad, and Louise crying. They had made themselves comfortable on the ground before opening their baskets, confident they should find a good luncheon — and both baskets were empty!

“Saint Elizabeth has forgotten us!” exclaimed Marie.

“But you said ‘sure,’ twice,” whimpered Louise, and began to cry and say she was hungry.

“Why do you not eat your luncheon?” asked the Sister.

“Saint Elizabeth has forgotten us,” answered Marie.

“And Marie said ‘sure,’ twice!”

It was with much difficulty that the Sister led the children to give an intelligible account of their attempt at charity. When at last she understood, she said:

“Wait; I will see. Perhaps you are not forgotten, after all,” and she went into the house, leaving the children wondering.

Soon, the teacher returned, holding in her hand a large piece of bread which she broke into halves, giving a piece to each of the sisters.

“There, children, you see you have been remembered,” and so saying, she left them to enjoy their lunch.

“But Saint Elizabeth has forgotten the jam!” exclaimed Louise, after taking a bite and finding it was only dry bread.

“Perhaps she did not know there was jam on our bread.”

“The good Sister ought to have told her.”

“She could not,” explained Marie, adding, “I never tasted such nice bread before.”

But little Louise did not echo as usual, for, to her, dry bread without jam was simply dry bread, and it may have been Marie’s imagination that helped her to enjoy her crust.

The adventure was told over again to the mother when the children went home from school.

“Was it not kind of Saint Elizabeth to have remembered us, after all, Mother?” asked Marie, when she had finished.

“She forgot the plum-jam,” said Louise.

“But suppose Saint Elizabeth was obliged to go hungry!” exclaimed the practical peasant mother.

“Surely not Saint Elizabeth, mother?”

“Some one must have gone hungry; probably the Sister gave you what she had intended to eat herself.”

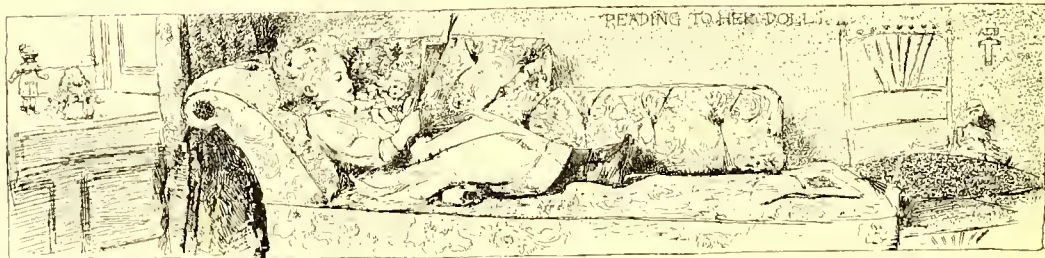
“And was it not Saint Elizabeth?” asked Marie. “I was so sure it came from her.”

“Not unless the good Sister is so named. No, my dear, when the Sister saw you were hungry, she gave to you out of her frugal store. My dears, it was very sweet of you, to wish to feed the hungry man. But remember, when you give, that you must not do so in the hope of being rewarded. That is not charity. Neither is it charity to give bread to one and take from the mouth of another. Probably the good Sister went hungry.”

“I am so sorry,” Marie said, disappointed and repentant, bursting into tears.

Louise only pouted and muttered to herself:

“But she forgot the jam!”



## A RIPE SCHOLAR.

BY WILLIAM LUDWELL SHEPPARD.

AUNT CLEMMY was working away at her knitting. For several months she had been working and nodding over the same stocking.

"T ain't wuth while to hurry over de heel, chile, 'cause you might spile it; and den — dah!" she would say to Elsie, who made inquiries from time to time as to the progress of old Aunty's work.

Elsie was curled up in the old-fashioned sofa that afternoon. Her chin was sunk deep into the frilled yoke of her apron, and her hair hung in bronze-colored tresses about her cheeks as she bent over the book in her lap. The light was beginning to fade, and the brown shadows to lurk in the corners of the old wainscoted room.

Aunt Clemmy, just awake from a refreshing nap, was quite ready for conversation. She had made to her companion several remarks that remained unnoticed; so, in a louder tone, she tried a general observation:

"I always he-ared dat 't was perlite to answer folks's perlite questions."

Elsie had ceased reading at that moment, as the words were becoming illegible in the waning light, and she heard Aunty Clemmy's voice, but did not distinguish the words.

"What did you say, Aunty?" she asked as she regretfully laid her book aside. Aunt Clemmy repeated her remark.

"But, Aunty," apologized Elsie, "I was so interested that I did n't understand you."

"Dat 's what I say. I ain't so suttin 'bout all dis readin', ef it 's goin' to draw folkses off from dere mahners an' ev'thing."

Elsie saw that there was danger of exciting a discussion, so she observed that she would go and find Mamma. The discussion which seemed likely to arise—at least Aunty's tone of voice was that which generally preceded debate—was an old one between Elsie and herself. As Aunt Clemmy stated it, it was: "Whether folkses was better wid book-larnin', or 'dout none," Elsie, of course, always stoutly maintaining the affirmative. Aunty was not alone in doubting the advantages of learning. Many of her race who had been slaves and never learned to read, were nevertheless prospering, so far as mere necessities were concerned, and consequently considered education superfluous. Several

days elapsed, and although Elsie spent a part of every afternoon in the old sitting-room with Aunt Clemmy, the favorite topic was not started by the old woman.

One afternoon, however, Elsie got up to draw her chair closer to a small fire which Aunty had lighted because it was growing chilly. Her stirring waked Aunt Clemmy, who immediately fell to knitting as fast as she could for a few moments.

(The older servants used to say that Aunt Clemmy, when a "li'l gal," used to knit by the side of her old mistress, who would give her a tap on the head with her thimble finger whenever she fell asleep, so that "the gal," on waking, would begin knitting as fast as she could, to pretend that she had not been napping,—and that Aunt Clemmy had retained this habit in her old age.)

"Honey," said Aunt Clemmy, after a vigorous spell of a few seconds at her stocking, to Elsie, who was blinking at the fire.

Elsie looked up, smiling, for the long delayed struggle "bout dat 'vantages of education."

"Honey," repeated Aunt Clemmy, "we 's been 'scussin' an' 'sputifyin' mightily 'bout 'Parnin'—but I 's done change my min'."

"Why, Aunty!" exclaimed Elsie, startled into rapt attention by Aunty's unhopd-for surrender.

"Yes, honey. Yo' knows dat raskil gran'son of mine, Beyouregard, who 's done got a prize at school. Well, las' night when I wuz 'bukin' him 'bout de 'lasses—which it wuz mos' all gone outen the jug, an' dey wa' n't *nobody* to eat it but him, 'cause de cat don' like it—and which I 'buked him outen de word o' Scriptor, he ups an' sez, sez he, 'Folkses better know *how* to *sarch* de Scriptor, 'fo' dey alway' bringin' of it up ag'inst dere neighbors.' 'Fo' I could git the broom, dat boy got outen de door; but he shut it to so quick, it done mash his fingers,—i—yi! Dat settle me! I gwine 'Parn how to read; dat what I gwine do."

"Why, of course, Aunty; and I 'm so glad of it. But how are you going to learn? Will Beauregard—?"

"Him! No, *marm*; not ef I *never* 'Parn. Who but you, honey? You 's de very one. Ain't I been 'sputin' 'g'inst you all de time 'bout de 'vantages, an' you been talkin' so be'utiful 'bout 'em, dat I hated to wi'stan' yo'? But I did n' mean nut'n';

yo' ole Auntie did n' mean nut'n', crowdin' uv yo' so clus in de *argyment*, sometimes."

She drew the shapely head of her little girl against her knee and stroked the heavy tresses. She could not see the laughing eyes — laughing as

I done 'scuss with you? An' don' I kno' how smart yo' is, teachin' me uv multication table — an' five an' fo' meks nine — an' all dem 'rethmetics?"

So it was agreed that Elsie should begin as soon as the old primer could be found.



"ELSIE SACRIFICES HER PLAY TO THE CAUSE OF EDUCATION."

well at the cause of Auntie's sudden conversion as at her ingenious plea for forgiveness.

"Well, Auntie, I will try. I'm only a scholar, myself, you know."

"'Tain' wuth while fo' yo' to talk dat way. Ain'

Auntie Clemmy knew her letters, but not in the order which is generally observed. Her favorite form was "a, b, c, d, q, r, s, t, v." She never would admit that there was any use in knowing the succession of the letters. "I knows 'em by sight, chile,

an' I knows 'em by name, so it don' mek no difference how dey comes arter one 'n'er."

The primer was duly found, and Elsie one afternoon sacrificed her play to the cause of education. Aunty was shown the mysteries of a-b, ab, and b-a, ba, etc. She was to learn the list for two days, and then to say it without the book.

Elsie sat up straight on the old hair-cloth Chippendale sofa and began.

"A, b, Aunty; what does that spell?"

"A, b, aby."

"Oh! Aunty — *ab*. Now b, a." She could not help making the little word on her lips, but Aunty answered confidently, "Beeyea." In like manner c, a, became "Seeyea." Elsie felt like both laughing and crying. The result was very mortifying to her as a teacher; but it was difficult to keep from laughing at Aunty's serene confidence in herself.

Several trials developed no symptoms of further advance, and Elsie began to lose hope of success. She prevailed upon her brother Tom, who generally came in from play every evening too sleepy to study his own lessons, to try his hand at hearing Aunty. Aunty gave very nearly the same answers to Tom, but when she answered that a, g, spelt "Agy," Tom rolled over on the floor and roared with laughter, until Aunty threatened to report him to "he paw soon's he come fum de Co't House." Elsie took the book from his hand and went crying to her mother.

But Elsie had much determination in her character, and would not abandon Aunty as a hopeless scholar. She consulted Mamma about the matter. Mamma proposed to her to try the old rhyming method, and gave her several rhymes connected with the spelling of words of one syllable. Elsie's hopes revived, and she renewed her lessons to Aunt Clemmy. The jingles amused the old woman prodigiously, and frequently during the day Elsie's Mamma would hear the old scholar running over,

"A-b, ab, I cotch a crab,

N-o, no, I let him go,

I-n, in, I cotch him ag'in."

The whole family became interested, and, as the old rhymes did not hold out very long, they began to devise new ones for Aunty's education. Every

advantage, too, was taken of the association of ideas in aiding the memory, as rat and cat, house and mouse, etc.

One jingle ran in this way:

"C and a and t, spell cat.

R and a and t, spell rat."

Aunty would frequently say *make* instead of *spell*, from the "rethmetics" coming into her head. Sometimes she twisted the first line into "C and a and cat, make tea," and when her attention was called to the change she never failed to laugh until the tears rolled over her "specs."

Unfortunately, the arrangement of the rhymes in couplets, being once fixed in Aunty's mind, became unchangeable. Consequently, in spelling a sentence the outcome was rather bewildering. In reading a little sentence like this one (she knew *is* and *in* and *the*, by sight), "The rat is in the pig-pen," the effect of the mixture of rhymed syllables in her mind would appear thus: "The r-a-t rat, and the c-a-t cat, is in the p-i-g pig, and j-i-g jig, p-e-n pen, and h-e-n hen." When Aunt Clemmy finished reading this, or some similar sentence, and Elsie would ask what it all spelled, she would get this for an answer:

"Hi! ain' I jes' done read it all over to you, lovely? an' you wan' me say it all over again?— Yo' ain' got no *mem'ry*!"

After some weeks' trial the lessons became fewer and fewer. Elsie saw that they were fruitless, though she never hinted as much to Aunty; and Aunty was so satisfied that her education was completed at two syllables, that she did not complain when the lessons stopped there. But the younger servants who could read were disposed to amuse themselves over Aunty's pretensions to "edication." "It 's hard to teach ole dog new tricks," some would say. And Beauregard, in spite of his relation to the old woman, was as bad as any of them, and so aggravated Aunt Clemmy that one morning she said to Elsie: "Honey, I been s'archin' de Scripters an' done see heap o' words I knows; 'specciallin' *a*'s and *the*'s, but I 's gettin' 'long slow, and would be glad if you could fin' me some good tex' fur bad boys, ez dat Beyouregard 's gittin' wuss an wuss! I ain' got no time to l'arn no mo' o' dish yer readin'."



# The First Rose of Summer

BY O. HERFORD.

“ Oh, dear ! is summer over ? ”  
I heard a rosebud moan,  
When first her eyes she opened,  
And found she was alone.

“ Oh, why did summer leave me,  
Little me, belated ?  
Where are the other roses ?  
I think they *might* have waited ! ”

Soon the little rosebud  
Saw to her surprise  
Other roses opening,  
So she dried her eyes.

Then I heard her laughing  
Gayly in the sun,  
“ I thought the summer over ;  
Why, it 's only just begun ! ”





## MY PETRIFIED BIRD'S-NEST.

BY HARLAN H. BALLARD.

SOME months ago, a man who was working for a lady in one of the larger towns of Pennsylvania brought her a very beautiful nest, containing three small white eggs.

"Why, Hans," she exclaimed, "where in the world did you find it?"

Hans replied that while he had been removing some stones from a ledge of lime-rock by the banks of the creek that flowed near the town he had discovered the nest on a projecting ledge, "unt I noticed, lady, dot dere vas a schmall zdream of vasser drigglin' down ofer dot nezd. Mebbe it vos lime-vasser dot made id zo hart like a sdone." The recipient of this unusual gift had not before noticed that it was, indeed, hard and heavy, and to all appearances completely petrified, or, at least, incrustated with a white calcareous deposit. The three eggs in it were, like the nest itself, entirely covered with the limy incrustation. "Dere vas anudder," Hans remarked, with a tone of regret and mortification; and, as if impelled to the confession by the power of a strong conscience, "bud I brogue id als I vas geddin' down from d' gliff. I vos fery zorry." With these words Hans withdrew, almost overcome by the gracious words of gratitude which followed him to the door.

After he had gone there was an opportunity for a close examination of the wonderful specimen. All the family were called in, and all agreed in declaring it the most beautiful natural curiosity they had ever seen.

"See, Mamma," cried little Mary, "it looks exactly as if it were made of moss."

"Undoubtedly it was," replied her mother; "do you not remember that piece of petrified moss Uncle Professor used to show you?"

"Yes, indeed, Mamma; and this is precisely like it, only made into this lovely nest. I wonder what kind of bird made it! Oh, here comes Will! he'll know; he knows everything about birds. Will, come here, and see this beautiful petrified bird's-nest! Hans found it on a ledge over by the creek."

"Petrified grandmother!" said Will, irreverently; but as his eyes fell on the graceful lines of the nest, in which each little curving twig and twining hair was perfectly outlined, he whistled, and exclaimed in an entirely different tone, "By

gracious, where in time did you get that? It's — a — dandy!"

Will now proceeded to give the nest an examination in what he was pleased to consider a thoroughly scientific manner. Each tiny root and blade of incrustated grass was scrutinized in turn. It was wonderful to see his boyish hands, sometimes so carelessly used upon fragile household articles as to be declared "clumsy," touching this delicate fabric as daintily as an artist. A boy may break your china vase, but never the infinitely more fragile porcelain of the eggs in his "collection."

"Well, sir, what is it?" said Mamma, after a few minutes had passed.

"It's a petrified phebe's nest," said the young ornithologist. "Phebes make their nests of green moss, and line them with rootlets and little twigs and grass just like this, and they lay little white eggs just this shape, and they always build on a beam or ledge of rock, and nearly always very near a creek. See there," he added, pointing to the end of one tiny stem inside the nest, which had been broken off, "that piece is hollow; it must have been a bit of grass."

"Is n't it rather contrary to our usual notions of bird intelligence that a phebe should place her nest where it should be in danger of so disastrous a flood as this little stream of lime-water has proved?" suggested Mamma.

"Birds often do that sort of thing," said Will; "I've known wrens to build in the sleeve of a coat hanging in the shed, and they have been known to build even in the mouth of a cannon."

When Will's father came home to dinner the nest was shown to him, and he was as much delighted as were the rest of the family. He took it down to his office and placed it in the window, where for many weeks it attracted the attention and aroused the admiration of all who passed that way.

Such was substantially the history of my petrified bird's-nest, prior to last January. At that time a friend of mine in passing the window where it lay, was arrested by its beauty, and, knowing that I was interested in all such things, kindly tried to buy it for me. His proposition was rejected, for no price would be set upon the unique curiosity.

He wrote me a description of it, however, and upon my expressing a strong desire to see it, succeeded in inducing its owners to lend it to him in order that my wish might be gratified.

Rarely have I experienced greater pleasure than when I carefully opened the box in which it had

tion of petrified birds'-nests was found save in Rees's old volumes, where I found fossils divided, according to the Linnæan system, into eight *Genera*, of which the third, *Ornitholithus*, includes "the body or parts of a bird changing into a fossil substance." Under this head is the remark: "The



safely traveled from Pennsylvania to Massachusetts, and with nervous fingers removed the cotton which protected the delicate treasure. I have had a photograph made of the nest as I then saw it, looking down upon it from above, showing the eggs. It corresponded perfectly with the description I had received, but was tenfold more beautiful than I had imagined. I wrote little notices of it for our local papers, and invited all interested in the wonderful works of nature to visit our Athenæum, where it was on exhibition, and inspect it. For a week it was the great attraction. Collectors came and saw and—envied; teachers brought their pupils, and mothers and fathers brought their children to see the wonderful petrified bird's-nest. All were equally enthusiastic. I began to wonder whether the specimen were not really unique. Encyclopædias were consulted. No men-

fossil remains of birds are very rarely met with, although, as Mr. Parkinson says, they are frequently mentioned, and even described, by different authors. Several of those specimens which have been spoken of as petrifications of whole birds, and of their nests, have been merely calcareous incrustations of very modern date."

But even these were only nests, nests without an egg. At this juncture I wrote to my friend in Pennsylvania to try to secure the nest for me. "Offer ten dollars," I wrote; "if that will not buy it, try fifteen; if that is refused, try twenty-five; and if that does not secure it, write me, and I may be willing to go higher still."

About this time I was pleased to see in one of the leading ornithological magazines that the discovery in one of the Southern States of a fossil bird's-egg was made the subject of a communica-

tion before one of our learned societies. What was one egg to a nest with three?

I rather wish that my story could end right here, but truth compels me reluctantly to continue. Among those who came to see the nest while it was on exhibition was one lady, whose manner of looking at it caused me a little annoyance. She did not appear to feel that restraint in its presence which I had remarked in others. She took it in her hands, and turned it upside down to see the bottom of it. I was afraid she would break an egg, and ventured to caution her as to the fragile nature of birds'-eggs in general and petrified birds'-eggs in particular. She smiled and returned the nest to me with the remark that she had one at home of which this one reminded her. The next day she sent hers for my inspection. Judge of my surprise when I found it to be *identical* in form, structure, material, size, and number of eggs. It differed only in color, and she informed me that she had had hers washed before bringing it over! She further informed me that she had procured it some years before from a traveling peddler, and had always supposed it to be the product of art, and man's device. The same day a small boy on seeing my nest remarked, "It's very pretty. My aunt in Saratoga has one just like it."

This was enough. Whether the same "bird" had made all three or not, one thing was evident — the specimen was *not* unique.

Within five minutes a telegram was journeying westward to this effect: "Withdraw all offers for the nest."

Fortunately the message reached its destination in time to prevent the joke on me from becoming too painful. The advantage of a little experience was illustrated by the remark of a distinguished Professor of Natural History when the specimen was mentioned to him. "It is a fraud," said he. "There is a place in Italy where they make these things. They put the nests in water impregnated with mineral salts, and leave them there until they become incrustated, and then sell them to travelers and — fools!"

The most puzzling thing about the nest is, what induced that workman to palm off his nest as he did with no attempt to profit by it? Until this problem is solved there remains a bare possibility that nature has done unaided in America what she frequently does in Italy under the direction of disingenuous peasants.

But, after all, is not a real "live" bird's-nest more beautiful and wonderful than any mere dead petrification ever could be?

## The Little Young Man in Gold.

BY S. ISADORE MINER.

OUTSIDE the nursery window,  
Before the spring was old,  
I found one morn, as I chanced to pass,  
Standing straight and tall in the dewy grass,  
A little young man in gold.

He was a saucy fellow,  
His look was bright and bold;  
Yet his nod was so blithe when he caught my eye,  
That I nodded again as I bade good-bye  
To the little young man in gold.

Next time I crossed the terrace,  
I turned me from my way,  
To visit the sprite; but a marvelous change  
Some fairy had wrought, and there stood,— oh strange! —  
A little old man in gray!





## CHARLIE AND THE HEN.

BY SYLVIA A. MOSS.

if you are not afraid of old Speckle, I should like to see you take her off yourself."

"You will see old Speckle in the barnyard in less than five minutes," said Charlie, as he took his hat and went out.

Before long, the people in the house heard a loud cackling like that of a very angry hen.

"That must be Speckle," said Johnny's mother.

CHARLIE was twelve years old; his brother Johnny was two years younger. Johnny was a sturdy little fellow, and Charlie was not always mindful of the two years' difference in their ages.

One morning in the early fall, the little boys were warming their hands over the stove, when their mother said: "Johnny, I wish you would go to the barn and see if 'old Speckle' is on her nest again. I do not wish her to set this fall, for the little chickens would freeze to death. If she is on her nest, I wish you would lift her off, and drive her out into the barn-yard."

Johnny went to the barn and found old Speckle on her nest in the hay-mow. He climbed up the ladder and put out his hand to take her from her nest. Old Speckle did not like this. She said, "Cluck! cluck!" and ruffled up her feathers and tried to peck Johnny's hands.

Then Johnny took off his hat and waved it at her, and said, "Shoo! shoo! shoo!" but old Speckle would not leave her warm nest for Johnny; so Johnny went into the house and told his mother he could not drive old Speckle off, and he was afraid to take her up in his hands.

"Oho!" said his brother Charlie, laughing at him. "Before I'd be afraid of a hen!"

"Well," said Johnny, "I don't deny it, and

"I suppose Charlie has taken her off the nest. He is a brave boy. Old Speckle is a fierce hen."

Then Charlie came in.

"Do you hear that hen?" said Charlie. "I told you I could take her off from her nest. I'm not afraid of a hen."

Then Johnny, who had been out, too, spoke up and said:

"'Most anybody could *rake* a hen off a nest."

"Rake a hen off a nest?" repeated Charlie, laughing, but looking sheepish. "How do you know I did?"

Then Johnny told how he knew.

The barn had both a back door and front door. The back door was kept open, and the front door was kept closed. As soon as Charlie had left the house, Johnny slipped out of the house door and in at the back door of the barn. He hid in the hay before Charlie had opened the front door of the barn. He saw Charlie climb the

ladder, and saw him wave his hat at old Speckle, and say, "Shoo, Speckle, shoo!" He saw Charlie try to take old Speckle off, but she pecked at him so defiantly that Charlie was afraid to touch her. So he took a long-handled rake, and reached over to old Speckle and raked her away from her nest, as if she had been a bundle of hay. Old Speckle still fought pluckily for the possession of the nest, and thrust her head between the prongs of the rake in her efforts to reach the eggs. It seemed almost cruel in Charlie to drag her farther away from them, but as he only pulled steadily it did not hurt her in the least. But she was soon con-

vinced that it was useless to struggle, and so she flew down on the barn floor, and ran out at the door, cackling an indignant "Cut! Cut! Curdar-cut!" as loudly as she could. Charlie went out after her, and, while he stopped to fasten the door, Johnny ran out at the back door and into the house.

After this, when Charlie would accuse Johnny of being afraid of anything, Johnny would answer, "Let me see: I believe I remember you. Are n't you the boy who raked the hen off her nest?" But when Johnny's mother heard this taunt, she quietly remarked, "It is not every boy who would think of as good a plan as Charlie's."

---

## GOOD-MORNING AND GOOD-NIGHT.

BY ROSA EVANGELINE ANGEL.

---

### I.

GOOD-MORNING peeped over her eastern gate,  
 To see if the children were up;  
 And laughed at a bumblebee coming home late,  
 Who was caught in a hollyhock cup.  
 Good-Morning has eyes like the glint of the skies  
 When they're bright as the sun and the stars  
 mixed together,  
 And her lips are so sweet, and her steps are so  
 fleet,  
 She can dance like a thistledown, fly like a  
 feather.  
 You "never have seen her?" Oh, me! Oh, me!  
 What a dull little sleepy-head you must be!

Good-Morning can sing like a brook or a bird;  
 She knows where the fairies all hide;  
 Some folk, hard of hearing, say they never have  
 heard  
 Her sing, though they often have tried.  
 Good-Morning has hair made of sunshine so rare,  
 The elves tried to steal it to weave in the  
 weather;  
 Which made her afraid, the bonny wee maid,  
 To swing on the gate many minutes together.  
 You "never have seen her?" Ah, me! Ah, me!  
 What a cross, lazy lie-a-bed you must be!

### II.

Good-Night is her neighbor, a dear little soul,  
 Who swings in a hammock, and not on a gate.  
 She half shuts her eyes with a great yawn, so  
 droll,  
 It would make an owl laugh, I will venture to  
 state.  
 Good-Night always brings the most wonderful  
 things,  
 To hide in the children's beds, glittering and  
 gleaming!  
 Such tales she can tell, and she tells them so well,  
 You could listen all night, and believe you  
 were dreaming!  
 You "never have heard her?" Oh, me! Oh, me!  
 What a small naughty wideawake you must be!

Good-Night has a house full of beautiful toys,  
 That she keeps for the children,—no grown-  
 folks are there;  
 And she carries them off, the wee girlies and  
 boys,  
 To her magical palace, and, oh, how they stare!  
 Good-Night never frowns when she sees the  
 white gowns  
 Come trooping to beg for more stories,—the  
 dear! —

But with kisses and smiles, the time she beguiles,  
 And bids them to come again soon,—do you  
 hear?  
 You "never have been there?" Ah, me! Ah, me!  
 What a very sad, grown-up young chick you  
 must be!



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

GOOD-MORROW, my young Summerers, and a fair June to you! Soon my young country-folk will be having the rosiest kind of a time, and thousands upon thousands of young citizens will be scampering through fields, rolling down hillsides, or splashing into the "shining tumult" of the breakers.

Now, suppose we take up the subject of

## TALKING DOLLS.

WHAT is this I hear? Are the dolls of this nineteenth century now to talk in earnest, laugh in earnest, cry in earnest, and, for aught I know, cough and sneeze in earnest when they catch cold?

And they are not to do all this with little squeaking sounds, such as have disgraced intelligent dolls up to the present date, but with real, human *child* voices, every shade of sound complete?

This is wonderful, and very hard to believe; yet it is *true*, I am told. Now, who can explain this matter?

## THE RUSSIAN ALPHABET.

IT appears, my hearers, that the "learned and sprightly correspondent," whom I quoted for you in December last, made a generous error in regard to the Russian alphabet. He gave it forty-one letters, when in truth it has but thirty-four, after all.

This I give you on the excellent authority of Nathan Haskell Dole, known to my dear Little School-ma'am and the rest of the world as the translator of Count Tolstoï's works. Tolstoï, the little lady says, is a great Russian novelist. Mr. Dole writes to this Pulpit: "The Ecclesiastical Slavonic, from which the Russian alphabet was derived, had forty-two letters, and literary Russian has thirty-four, strictly speaking, though it is com-

monly enough represented as having thirty-six, one letter being a form of *i* (ee) used only in a few church words, and the other still another form of the ninth letter, which is also *i* (called *I' Kratkoï*)." Besides Mr. Dole's message from Boston, the Little School-ma'am has received this from a military friend stationed somewhere on the outskirts of civilization:

"You might tell your friends (and mine), Jack-in-the-Pulpit," he says, "that there is a little boy here, only forty-two years old, who takes exception to a statement in the December number of ST. NICHOLAS about the number of letters in the Russian alphabet. My recollection of the same, re-enforced by a sly glance at my Russian Lexicon, is that thirty-six letters only are found in that alphabet. This includes all double letters, and the three forms of the letter 'i.' Possibly the alphabet may have grown since I studied the language. That was in 1867, and twenty years may have made changes in alphabets as well as in those who make use of them, but an addition of five letters is a large one."

Now, my chicks, you who are big may take in these facts with the dignity that so well becomes the new generation; but you who are little need not alter your daily life one jot, unless it be to sigh now and then for the poor little Russians who have had to learn eight or ten more letters than you did.

## A "NINE" YEAR AGAIN

TRENTON, N. J.

DEAR JACK: Although the open-air roses are again ready to bloom, which proves that this year is nearly half gone, it is not too late to mention the fact that the figure nine is again on top of the calendar. It has not been there for ten years, but now it has come to stay. We, or our children, or their children's children, shall see it every year until its grand disappearance for nine years at the close of the Christmas holidays in 1999. Nine is the queerest figure in numbers, anyway, and it is calling especial attention to itself nowadays in every letter that is written in all parts of the Christian world.

Yours, respectfully, A SCHOOLBOY.

## THOSE ICE-TANKS.

HERE is Prof. Starr's reply to Ruth Hartzell's inquiry, which your Jack read to you last month:

I have been asked why the metal tanks in the ice-factory (see "A Rose in a Queer Place," February ST. NICHOLAS) do not burst from the expansion of the freezing water within. The tanks are of galvanized iron usually, and though strong would yield somewhat to the pressure from within. More than this, the covers are loosely laid on, and the tanks may not be absolutely filled with water. This would allow of expansion *upward*. Of course, the ice expands only *while* freezing, and, when it is cooled much below freezing point, shrinks. So that the shrunken block would have no difficulty in slipping out of the tank, even if it had formed with the sides of the tank bulged out by pressure. To make the removal of these cakes still easier, the tank is usually a *little* larger at the top than at the bottom, and the sides gently slant downward.

I hope that this answer may be satisfactory to my questioner.

FREDERICK STARR.

## "PANSIES ARE FOR THOUGHTS."

OIL CITY, PA.

DEAR JACK: I am a little girl ten years old. I am in the Third Reader in school. In my reader there is a piece of poetry. I will tell you some of it:

Jack-in-the-Pulpit  
Preaches to-day,  
Under the green trees,  
Just over the way.  
Squirrel and song-sparrow,  
High on their perch,  
Hear the sweet lily-bells  
Ringing to church.

How do you like that, Jack? It is all about you.  
Your friend, PANSY COOPER.

I like it very much, little Pansy. It is an old song, but, like the lily-bells, always new. It came straight from the heart of a true poet. Whenever you see anything in your Third Reader or anywhere else as pretty as this poem about Jack-in-the-Pulpit, just you read it, Pansy. It will make you grow.

## THE ÆSTHETIC WASPS.

WHAT keen eyes they have! these busy little workers, flying hither and thither, over hill and valley, in the early spring days. House-hunting, that is what they are doing. In at your window, under the eaves of the barn, getting in the most inconceivable and, sometimes, unwelcome places. Nothing is beneath their notice; no, not even an old, discarded curtain-tassel, as a friend tells me who has seen the tassel.

Perhaps it was once one of the much-prized treasures of some small girl, rambling through the

loose hay, with her arms so full of toys that the treasure dropped, and was lost forever to the fond eyes of its owner. There it lay, unseen and useless, until, one day, a busy wasp came buzzing around the barn-yard, and, being a wasp of high æsthetic taste, this odd-looking, pretty-colored object in the long grass attracted its attention and gave it a most brilliant idea.

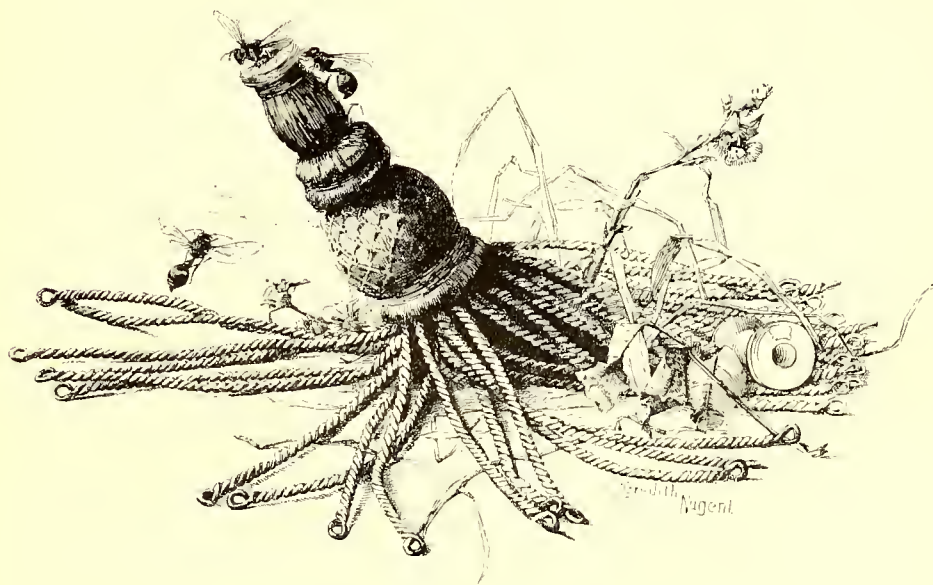
First taking a peep in at the top, it disappeared from view, only to reappear at the other end; then, the inspection revealing all that its cultivated taste demanded, flying off, with a satisfied buzz, to return with a whole colony of its fellow-workers, ready to begin on the new home.

So the wasp and its family worked day after day, from early morn until dusk, flying back and forth to their tasseled home, first making the cells for their eggs and food, then, all being snug and tight, hurrying off again to have the store-rooms well filled with provisions for the few who would live until another spring.

All through the summer months sounded their energetic, busy hum, telling a tale of lots of work to be done and six short months to do it in! *Buzz, buzz, buzz!*

Long since the little occupants deserted their æsthetic home, while the tassel, with the house still complete, reposes in the South Kensington Museum of Natural History, a lasting relic of the industry of those æsthetic wasps.

All this true and pretty story has been written out for you by M. B. Dickman, and your Jack has simply repeated it so that all the congregation may have it at the same time.





## HOW DID THEY COME THERE?

BY ANNE BIGELOW DAY.

THE Maudy family always keep a box full of caterpillars and worms. Is n't that funny? But, you know, these creatures turn into queer things





called cocoons, like the one in the picture. In this form they live for many days until their little houses open and they come out butterflies or moths.

This year the Maudy family expected moths of the kind called *Polyphemus*. One morning Peter and Phœbe Maudy went out to the box, which they kept in the garden, and in it they found four of the beautiful brownish moths just out of their cocoons. There they were, fluttering their wings for joy because they felt the warm sunshine for the first time, and troubled only because the thin muslin over the top of the box kept them from flying out to the flowers near by.

The children stood looking at their new pets, and suddenly they noticed a very strange thing — a number of moths' wings, like the wings of the newcomers in the box, lay scattered about. They counted six on the bench and ten on the ground. How did the wings come there? The new moths were quite perfect, every one having its two pairs of wings.

Outside there were no bodies to be seen, only wings, wings, wings!

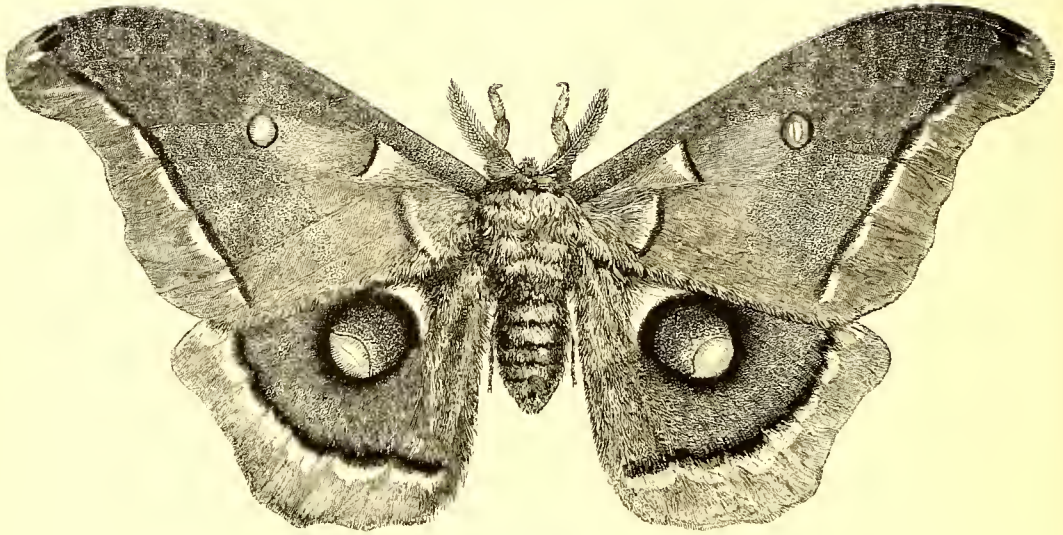
What had happened?

"Chirrup! chirrup!" said a saucy-looking robin on a neighboring tree. Another of the brown moths flew past, almost brushing Peter's nose. The new-comer flew to the box, settled on the muslin, and seemed to be saying good-morning to the prisoners.



Peter and Phœbe stood still, watching. Whir-r-r-r! Down came Mr. Robin. In a second he had snatched up the kind moth in the middle of the call, gobbled up his body, and left one more pair of brown wings to explain how all the other brown wings came there.

Peter and Phœbe told the robin how naughty he was, but he only looked saucier than ever. The children let the new moths fly away, and tucked in around their looking-glass the wings of the loving and unfortunate callers.



THE POLYPHEMUS MOTH.

(By permission, from Flint's edition of "Harris on Insects Injurious to Vegetation.")

## THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

NAINI TAL, INDIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy nine years old, living in the Himalaya mountains. My father is a missionary. I like your stories very much, especially "Juan and Juanita," "Sarah Crewe," "Two Little Confederates," and "Little Lord Fauntleroy." We always read "The Brownies," and like them very much. "We" means my sister Nora, eleven years old, and myself. We go to the high-schools here in Naini Tal. It is a beautiful town up in the mountains. We go down to the plains near the river Ganges, in the winter, as it is much warmer down there; and then we come up here when it gets very hot below. Our Christmas holidays are now nearly over.

When most of the English people and many natives went down, last winter, a lot of bears came through the

station; they were seen around everywhere, in people's gardens, and near their houses; a number of them were shot, though some were only wounded. One big black fellow swam right across the lake, nearly half a mile wide. Sometimes leopards come about our houses and take away our dogs; two of our dogs were taken away by them. They are very fond of dogs! One of these leopards gobbled up our little dog "Pudge" one night last summer. My mamma just heard one little yelp. Pudge stopped barking, and she never barked any more! The leopard got her. Her father was a water-spaniel, and her mother was a poodle; she had long hair, and we miss her very much. We have two white mice, which run about the house and live in holes in the stone wall.

This is my first letter to ST. NICHOLAS.

KARL W.—

## FORT DU CHESNE, UTAH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have lived at this post for more than six months, but not until the other day did I have an opportunity to go to the Uintah Indian agency, although it is only thirteen miles north from this place.

I am sure a great many readers of ST. NICHOLAS never saw a real Indian, and for that reason I will try and tell them what I saw at the agency.

Uintah is the name of one of the three tribes of Ute Indians that live about us. I have not heard what *Ute* means, but suppose it to be the Indian name for some animal.

This is the time of year for the Bear dance, which is quite an important event among the Utes, I think, as the dance lasts from seven to eight days, and is held every year. The Indians reckon time by the moon.

The Bear dance is the only dance in which the squaws are allowed to take part. The Indians were very oddly dressed; some wore buckskin suits, which were very handsomely embroidered with beads, others wore cloth of all colors.

The chief had his face painted with red and blue, and his hair was braided and tied at the end with a long fox tail. He had a long switch with which he switched the Indians if they did not dance.

The music was made by a lot of bucks (warriors) seated on the ground by a sort of wooden table. Each buck had a stick which was notched an inch or so apart. They were all cut differently so as to make different sounds; they had a piece of wood made round which they kept rubbing up and down over the other piece of wood which rested on the table. They kept singing, a low, monotonous chant without any music.

The Indians had their faces painted. I noticed one especially; his face was painted bright yellow, and he had a wreath of fox fur around his head.

The chief's son has been at an academy for six years, I was told; but he now refuses to speak a word of English, which makes one wonder if Indians ever will be civilized. Hoping this is not too long to be printed,

I remain your loving reader, KATE G. C—.

## NEW HAVEN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nearly five years, and have gained much amusement and instruction from your pages.

I live on the banks of a river, and in the summer we have great fun swimming, boating, and fishing.

In our front yard is a large maple-tree, and one night last fall we had a very heavy shower. In the morning forty-one dead sparrows were picked up under the tree. Under a cluster of trees across the river one hundred and seventy-five were found. *That* storm created great havoc among the birds.

Hoping to see this in the "Letter-box," I am still

Your loving reader, FRANK D. C—.

## WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONTANA TER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in a little frontier town in Montana, where I was born eight years ago. My papa has a ranch and lots of sheep, horses, and cattle. I like best to live at the ranch and go fishing and play at hunting. Sometimes we see deer and antelope there, and often prairie-wolves (coyotes) come around and kill sheep and lambs. Once my papa shot a bear there. In the summer the ground-squirrels are running in and out of their burrows nearly all of the time, and they eat everything green in the garden. So, when I go there, I trap as many as I can with a small steel trap.

It is great fun to watch the little lambs in the spring; sometimes there are two thousand in one flock, and they

run around in a circle and jump up and roll over in the jolliest way.

There were twin calves at the ranch last summer, and I tried to lasso them and ride on their backs, but did not succeed very well, though it was fun for me and seemed to be, for them.

Some Indians came into town, a few weeks ago, to sell skins of beavers and wolves that they had killed. They wore bright-colored blankets and rode Indian ponies. A gentleman here bought the beaver skins and had an overcoat made. It took twenty to make one coat.

Your loving reader, MORRILL.

WE take pleasure in showing the following delightful letter from two little French friends. We print the letter just as we received it:

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS—We are two little girls who have thirteen years. We are come from France the seventeen septembre, and visit our aunt, who teaches English to us. We like it much in America. When we are at home we live just outside of Nice and have very many of pets. We have fawns who run in the park around our house and 3 ponies, who have for names, Bayard, Emperor, Rénée, we have also one large dog of St. Bernard named Fidèle, we liked very much the story of Aimée as we have been often to Nice. We were charmed with Little Lord Fauntleroy, which our English governess aided us in reading. We fear this letter is too long, so bid you good-bye; and hope to see our letter in print, as it is the first we have ever written to you. Your admiring friends,

ELOISE and LUCIENNE DE V—.

PHOENIX, A. T.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I expect you will be surprised to get a letter from "far-away Arizona"; but my cousin has been sending you to me as a present for the last two years, and, for about five years before that, my aunt had been sending you to me. So I thought it was about time to be writing you a letter and telling you how much I like you.

I suppose that you think it must be very hot here, but it is not so hot as it is represented to be. We never have snow at Phoenix, but the mountains east and north are covered with snow. All around the vicinity of Phoenix the earth is spotted with mounds varying in height and size. Excavations have been made near Tempe (nine miles from Phoenix) by Lieutenant Cushing of the Smithsonian Institution, and human skeletons and many other interesting relics were unearthed. I visited the place, and it was very interesting. They were almost all lying with their heads toward the east, and near their hands was a little olla of corn and another olla supposed to have contained water. These were the provisions (I suspect) that they were going to eat when they were on their way to the Spirit Land.

All the skeletons were laid in a mold of hard substance like brick, and some of them had their mouths open.

There was also an altar with a skeleton of a little child on it. Where all these were unearthed is supposed to have been a burial ground.

There were many more interesting relics, etc., but it takes too much space to tell about them.

It is supposed that this race existed before the Aztecs, and it is not known where they went, came from, or anything else about them. I could write lots more about them, but I know your space is precious.

I hope I have not already made my letter too long. But I thought you might be interested to hear something about the mound-builders near Phoenix. Your true friend and admirer,

FANNIE H. B—.

## SIVAS, TURKEY IN ASIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Sivas is a city of fifty thousand inhabitants, composed of Turks, Greeks, and Armenians. There are only two American families and one English. It is nearly five thousand feet above the sea. There are some ruined gateways and towers over five hundred years old. The old houses all have flat roofs, and they are made of dirt and stones. The government now forbids citizens to build flat roofs, because sometimes the roofs cave in and bury the people inside, so now they must build their roofs of tiles. Very many of the customs of the people here are just contrary to the customs of America. They leave their shoes at the door and keep their fezes on in the house. In church or in school they sit on the carpets on the floor. When you meet a person in the street you turn to the left. When they shoe an ox or a donkey, they tie up his feet and make him lie on his back. A bride is the servant of the family, and she can not talk until her mother-in-law gives her permission. I have three bound volumes of the ST. NICHOLAS, and I like the stories very much. I am a boy, eleven years old. Your loving reader, LUKE CRESCENS H—.

## ST. MARY'S HALL, BURLINGTON, N. J.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken your magazine ever since it was published, and we are very fond of it.

St. Mary's Hall is a large boarding-school for girls; there are sixty pupils, counting the day-scholars.

Every afternoon the girls walk out in twos, and one day when we were walking through the country, a bull, which was feeding in a field near by, tore after the girls, who ran screaming in every direction.

The school is situated on the banks of the Delaware, and on summer evenings each girl is allowed to walk out with her favorite mate. There is a beautiful chapel joining the school, and on Sundays the service sung by the girls is largely attended.

We hope you will print this letter as we have never seen any letters from girls at a boarding-school.

We are very busy here and do not have much time for reading, but the ST. NICHOLAS is always welcome.

Your loving friends,

LOUISE MCA— and DAISY G—.

## JEANSVILLE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you since 1880, through the kindness of our uncle.

We live in the coal regions, and I do not like it very much.

I have been down in the mines several times, and it is very interesting.

If I had space I would tell you about the stable in the mines. However, I will just give you a short description of it.

Imagine going down into the earth about half a mile, with your hair standing on end from fright, and at last coming to a level tunnel which is called the gangway. About a hundred yards in, you come to the stable, which is just a large opening at one side, cut out of the solid earth. It is full of mules at night, and also rats,—hundreds of them. Sometimes the poor mules stay all their life in the mines and become perfectly blind to light.

I remain your loving reader, ROY B—.

## CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old, and have taken you for six years. I like all your stories, the Indian ones especially, because my grandfather has lived for a number of years in the Black Hills of Dakota, near an Indian Reservation, and has seen several of the chiefs mentioned in ST. NICHOLAS,—Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, Man-Afraid-of-his-Horse, and many others.

I have a real Indian blanket in which an Indian was killed; also a red pipe-stone battle-ax. My grandfather lives very near the place where General Custer was killed. I have just been reading "Boots and Saddles," an interesting book by Mrs. Custer.

Affectionately yours, PLINY S. H—.

## BORDENTOWN, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eight and a half years old. I like you very much, and especially the "Bunny Stories" and the children's letters. I send this poetry, which I wrote myself.

Your little friend, GRANT K—.

The rain was on the window pane,  
The sun was in a fright  
Because he could not find his house,  
That rainy, rainy night.  
The moon was just about to rise,  
But the stars put down their heads  
In their little beds,  
Until the moon said, "Stars, get up,  
The sun is in a fright  
Because he can not find his house,  
This rainy, rainy night." GRANT K—.

We thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters received from them: Nina T. Smith, Lotta B. Smith, Nathalie C. Wilson, Hattie Spencer, Chester, Fannie H. K., Lulu A. L., L. B., M. L. and E. B., Mattie W. N., Willis J. Hoyt, May E., S. Isabel Stahl, Florence Osborn, Emily Clary, Dora S., Jessie G. and Lizzie S., Belle Cady, S. W. F., C. R. H., J. W. L., Florence Thayer, Edith N. Jones, Elizabeth V. F. V., Grace Oakes, A. M. G., Harriet B. MacF., Kathleen H. Lovett, Percival Delafield, Ida C. J., Sam Chapin, Julia Jackson Chapin, A. E. J., Terécita and Juanita, Nannie W. Cotten, Lillian A. Sturtevant, Bessie Smith, M. Crane, G. K. P., Helen Porter, Mabel E. Dibble, Mabel and Jessie Henderson, Laura May Hadley, Daisy L. Brown, Lulu P. Manning, Mary C., Beatrice, Grace Elser, Fay Turner, Herbert G., Helen C. Ward, E. W. C., B. B. W., Robert Bond, Edith Whitmore, Enid W. D., Floyd R. Macy, Ellen G. Barbour, Cleveland Smith, Kate Alexander, Emma L. Campbell, John D. G. O., Edith Leslie, Gertrude Allen, A. T. Prouty, Clifford M. Balkam, Orville A. Howard, G. Dyer, Marie R. K., Ellen George, Elsie Bleecker, Florence B., Judith C. Verplanck and Marie B., E. Downs, Olive M., Frances H., May S. D., E. Holmes, Wm. MacKenzie, Eddie A. B., Beatrix D., Maude J. and Alice S., Paul Waller, Alice H. and Amanda G., Bertha Chase, Emily Wolff, Mary E. Hale, H. R. Edgar, Alfred A. Bell, Kate Gordon, Lloyd R. Coleman, Jr., Bessie M. Cooper, Dorothy F., Edith Edwards, L. Thorn, Jennie Boies, Kate Peet, Eula Lee Davidson, Nell M. T., Hattie A. J., Edward F. Johnson, and Luther J. Hamilton.

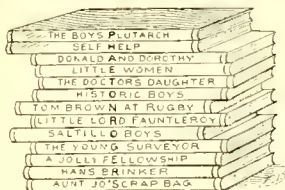
# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

ANAGRAMS 1. Oranges. 2. Watermelon. 3. Nectarine. 4. Pomegranate. 5. Apricots. 6. Pineapple. 7. Cherries. 8. Peaches. 9. Strawberries. 10. Cranberries.

WORD-SQUARES I. 1. Dinah. 2. Irene. 3. Nerve. 4. Anvil. 5. Heels. II. 1. Hagar. 2. Agile. 3. Gibes. 4. Alert. 5. Rests. III. 1. Ethel. 2. Tiara. 3. Hates. 4. Erect. 5. Lasts. IV. 1. Jesse. 2. Ellen. 3. Slant. 4. Sense. 5. Enter. V. 1. Comus. 2. Ozone. 3. Mopsa. 4. Unset. 5. Seats.

A BOOK PUZZLE.



DOUBLE ACROSTIC Primals, Decoration Day; finals, Decoration Ode. CROSS-WORDS: 1. DeplumD. 2. EscaladE. 3. CholericC. 4. OristanO. 5. RebutteR. 6. AnaphorA. 7. ThickseT. 8. IllimanI. 9. OratoriO. 10. NatatioN. 11. DolorosO. 12. AsteroiD. 13. YokematE

WORDS WITHIN WORDS. 1. S-hake-r. 2. P-rover-b. 3. P-ledge-s. 4. P-aster-n. 5. Stag-e. 6. M-iser-y. 7. F-oregon-e. 8. N-oddy. 9. G-ruel-l. 10. P-rice-s. 11. L-otter-y. 12. B-ours-e.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: As words to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

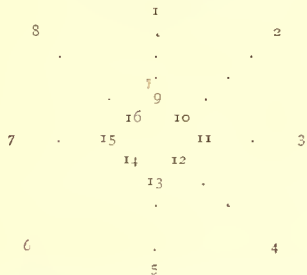
ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from Maud E. Palmer — Paul Reese — Russell Davis — Mary L. Gerrieh — "Infantry" — K. G. S. — M. D. M. — Aunt Kate, Jamie and Mamma — Pearl F. Stevens — "Mamma, Aunt Martha and Sharley" — Willoughby — Jo and I — Emily and Annie Dembitz — J. L. C. and L. H. M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from Margaret Lachenour, 2 — Ethelind, 4 — A. Ashhurst, 5 — C. Densmore Curtis, 6 — Annie R. F., 7 — May Martin, 1 — Dolly Chandler, 1 — Henry Guilford, 8 — Clara O., 7 — Maxie and Jackspar, 10 — Emma V. Fish, 1 — Edith Watt, 5 — Ida C. Thallon, 10 — May Hebbard, 1 — A. L. Babbitt, 1 — Paul P. Lyon, 1 — "Nig and Mig," 10 — J. R. Sharp, 2 — Jennie, Mina and Isabel, 5 — "R. M. A." 4 — Ray Swain and Wildrick Lentz, 3 — Effie K. Talboys, 7 — Arthur B. Lawrence, 5 — Edward Hitch, 1 — E. de F. and M. F. Heald, 1 — Anna G. Gilpin, 2 — W. N. S., 5 — Clara and Emma, 2 — Horace H. Francine, 2 — Laster and Gertie, 1 — Edith J. Sanford, 8 — Eva Kennahan, 2 — "Nodge," 8 — Angie C. Lyon, 4 — "May and 79," 5 — Charles C. Norris, 3 — Edwin W. Fullam, 3 — "A. Fiske and Co.," 10 — Joslyn Z. and Julian C. Smith, 4 — Nellie L. Howes, 6 — L. H. F. and "Mistic," 7 — Mathilde, Ida and Alice, 8 — Mabel C. Bird, 1 — "Tom, Dick and Harrie," 9 — M. B., 6 — P. F., 6.

### CHARADE.

OVER my *first* the school-boy moaning toils,  
Puzzling in vain his weary aching head;  
My *second* hid the feared Armada's spoils  
(But 't is in French its name must now be said).  
When comes my *whole*, radiant with sun and shower,  
The boy forgets my *first* in happy play;  
My *second*, all unconscious of its power,  
But gleams and sparkles through the sluggish day.

### RIMLESS WHEELS.



I. FROM 1 to 9, a small, spicy berry; from 2 to 10, a great artery proceeding from the heart; from 3 to 11, having power to grind; from 4 to 12, a city of Prussia; from 5 to 13, a kind of tea; from 6 to 14, a name found in the first chapter of Numbers, the ninth

verse; from 7 to 15, the title of a poem by Keats; from 8 to 16, divisions.

From 1 to 8, a poet who died on June 15th, 1844; from 9 to 16, the name of one of the apostles whose festival occurs on June 11th.

II. FROM 1 to 9, a large bird; from 2 to 10, a musical drama; from 3 to 11, pulverized sugar candy; from 4 to 12, an insect; from 5 to 13, an animal valued for its fur; from 6 to 14, common; from 7 to 15, to prohibit; from 8 to 16, to call out.

From 1 to 8, an American battle fought on June 28th, 1778; from 9 to 16, a European battle fought on June 18th, 1815.

III. FROM 1 to 9, a large bird; from 2 to 10, a musical drama; from 3 to 11, pulverized sugar candy; from 4 to 12, an insect; from 5 to 13, an animal valued for its fur; from 6 to 14, common; from 7 to 15, to prohibit; from 8 to 16, to call out.

From 1 to 8, an American battle fought on June 28th, 1778; from 9 to 16, a European battle fought on June 18th, 1815.

IV. FROM 1 to 9, a large bird; from 2 to 10, a musical drama; from 3 to 11, pulverized sugar candy; from 4 to 12, an insect; from 5 to 13, an animal valued for its fur; from 6 to 14, common; from 7 to 15, to prohibit; from 8 to 16, to call out.

From 1 to 8, an American battle fought on June 28th, 1778; from 9 to 16, a European battle fought on June 18th, 1815.

DIAMOND. 1. M. 2. Rot 3. Redan. 4. Modicum. 5. Tacit. 6. Nul. 7. M.

EASY GREEK CROSS. I. 1. Crab. 2. Roll. 3. Aloe. 4. Blew. II. 1. Barb. 2. Anil. 3. Rile. 4. Blew. III. 1. Blew. 2. Love. 3. Ever. 4. Were. IV. 1. Wire. 2. Ebon. 3. Road. 4. Ends. V. 1. Were. 2. Even. 3. Rend. 4. Ends.

SYNCOPIATIONS. Inauguration. 1. pla-1-nt. 2. po-N-e. 3. m-A-ud. 4. d-U-o. 5. lod-G-e. 6. la-U-d. 7. p-R-ig. 8. p-A-in. 9. s-T-olid. 10. la-I-rd. 11. m-O-use. 12. la-N-ce.

### OCTAGONS.

I. 1. A vehicle. 2. Governed. 3. One who has the superintendence of a museum. 4. One of the United States. 5. Recaptured. 6. Cupolas. 7. Moved swiftly.

II. 1. A vulgar fellow. 2. A name by which a pagoda is sometimes called. 3. A piece of furniture. 4. To excite. 5. Presented. 6. To prevent by fear. 7. To spread, as new-mown hay.

F. S. Y.

### CONNECTIVE WORD-SQUARES.

I. ACROSS: 1. A sprite. 2. A river. 3. An insect. Downward: 1. A feminine name. 2. Mankind. 3. To caress.

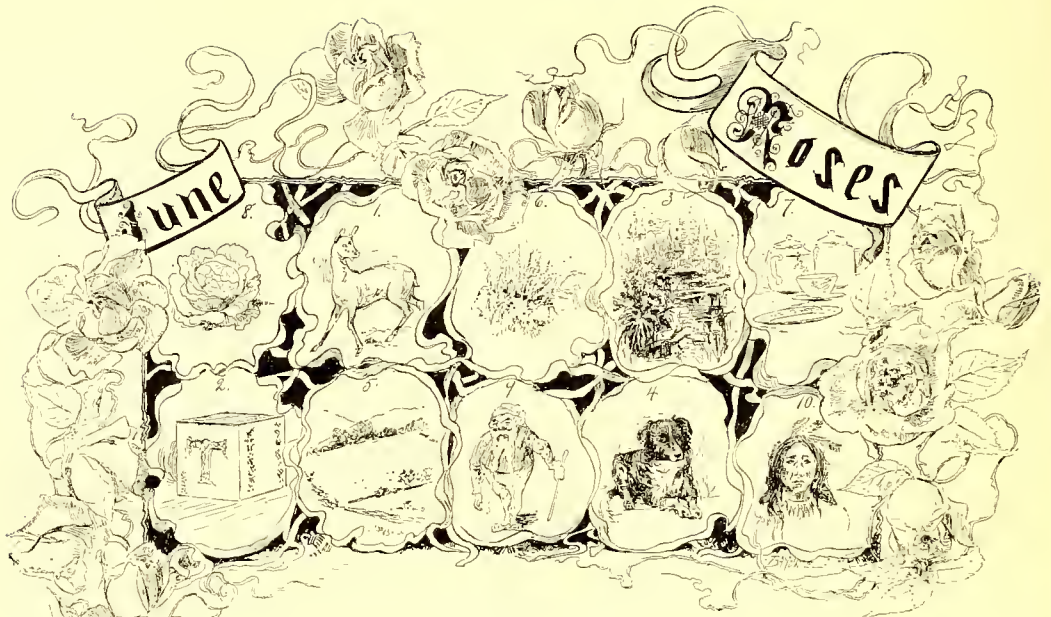
II. ACROSS: 1. An animal. 2. To look. 3. Appropriate. Downward: 1. A serpent. 2. A body of water. 3. Precise.

III. ACROSS: 1. The name of a tragedy. 2. A portion of time. 3. A verb. Downward: 1. A feminine name. 2. An implement useful to sailors. 3. An English theological writer.

IV. ACROSS: 1. Devoured. 2. Gained. 3. Enticed. Downward: 1. An implement. 2. Part of the body. 3. Finis.

When the four first words described in each of the four word-squares are read in connection, they will form a single word of twelve letters which means "strongly affected."

CYRIL DEANE.



In the accompanying illustration each of the ten small pictures suggests the name of a rose. What are the ten names?

**PL.**

A VOGLR pærsþpa het noor;  
 Het wedmoa karl looras eth norm;  
 Eth wed tnselig rove  
 Het sagsr dan teh rolvec  
 Sit eujn — nad het rumsem si nobr!

Het taindar sohur nodar  
 Tihw ginluseret weslof het hotrn;  
 Eth tosf zesrebe vohre  
 Het sagsr dan teh vecrol;  
 Ist neju — nad het musrem si robn!  
 MRS. H. C. S.

**HOOR-GLASS.**

The central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous general.  
 CROSS-WORDS: 1. Complaining. 2. Continuing for a long time. 3. One of the planets. 4. A short sleep. 5. In apple. 6. A vehicle. 7. A weapon. 8. A large shallow dish. 9. A walk for amusement.  
 "DAB KINZER."

**RHYMED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**

My *first*, a blossom white as snow  
 With pistil all of gold;  
 My *next* an overcoat will show,  
 For keeping out the cold;  
 My *third*, if you are in a fright,  
 Will overspread your cheek;  
 The laundress keeps my *fourth* in sight  
 The first of every week;  
 My *last* a bird you surely know,—  
 A near relation to the crow.

My *initials*, unless I'm mistaken,  
 Will show you a tricky wight  
 Who always is plotting some mischief;  
 My *finals*, his weapon of might.

**DIAMOND.**

1. In pattern. 2. A word used in old records meaning a kind of customary payment by a tenant. 3. Sherry. 4. Occupants. 5.

A species of spider. 6. A period of a hundred years. 7. The Scottish name for a young ox. 8. Cunning. 9. In pattern.  
 L. LOS REGNI.

**A RHOMBROID.**

ACROSS: 1. A certain order of architecture. 2. Surfeited. 3. Pertaining to a foot. 4. A firm, hard substance. 5. A portable chair.

DOWNWARD: 1. A letter from Russia. 2. A bone. 3. To doze. 4. A short notice. 5. Resigns. 6. Epoch. 7. A small boy. 8. A note in music. 9. A letter from India.

F. S. F.

**A HEXAGON.**

1. To incite. 2. Languished. 3. Idle. 4. Remnant. 5. To infer. 6. Pertaining to a duke. 7. Fishes of a certain kind.  
 F. S. F.

**FLORAL PUZZLE.**

In each of the nine following sentences there is concealed the name of a flower; the meaning, or sentiment, of the flower is given in italics in the same sentence. When the nine flowers are rightly selected, and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the initial letters will spell a title often bestowed upon June.  
 1. Did you hear us humbly beseech the governor to pardon the prisoner; and did he not listen to us with great *docility*?  
 2. In the play of "Hamlet" I assume the title rôle; and Erminie will perform "Ophelia." We shall endeavor to *behave* of over-casting.  
 3. Charles was affronted when I begged him not to drink; but I said, "*excess is dangerous*."  
 4. When I have heard Caleb, on yearly missions, preach on the beauty of charity, and then know how often he refuses to aid the poor, I think there is much *hypocrisy* in him.  
 5. I told William other worthy persons had had their *secret love* discovered.  
 6. Do not ever use deception, Carlos. I, ere this, have discovered that *frankness* is always best.  
 7. Some of the knights had endeavored to discover the *bitter truth* concerning some rumpus.  
 8. I hate a selfish person, and do not like to see one give way to *misanthropy*.  
 9. I strive to share Belle's burdens and to assuage her *grief*.  
 F. S. F.





"OFF WE SET IN THE GREAT COACH."

(SEE STORY, "GRANDPAPA'S COAT," P. 650.)



# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVI.

JULY, 1889.

No. 9.



[CONCERNING which Mrs. Clarissa Hardwick relates as follows, to certain youthful listeners, on the 4th of July, 1831]:

YOU 'VE all heard me talk often enough about my sister Nancy, and about Hardwick's Choice—the place where we two lived when we were little, with our Grandpapa Hardwick. 'T was a great estate of ten thousand acres or so, as good ground as any in all Maryland. And a fine old house it was, too, that we lived in, built after the old-fashioned plan in Grandpapa's father's time, out of bricks that came all the way across from England. We 'd all the space we wanted in our big hall, to play at graces, or go over one's dancing steps on a cold rainy day, with plenty of elbow-room for everybody, upstairs and down.—though, for that matter, 't was more than Nancy and I durst ever do, I promise you, to stick out our elbows when Mrs. Becky was round. Then, besides, for summer we had the finest spreading shade-trees and rose-hedges, and the pleasantest garden in all those parts,—or in the whole world, according to our notion! Everything, inside the house and out, was always well tended and in best order, for

Grandpapa Hardwick was mighty particular in that respect. All must be just so, to please him; and Mrs. Becky was ever on the lookout to keep things straight.

Nancy and I had lived there all our lives, being no more than babies—both of us—when our mother and father died. We 'd neither aunts nor uncles, nor first-cousins, for you see our father was Grandpapa Hardwick's only child (excepting Uncle Roger, who was drowned going across the ocean to school in France), and our mamma never had any brothers nor sisters either. So as to elders and betters, there was nobody belonging to us but Grandpapa and Mrs. Becky. She was some far kin to Grandpapa, though we never called her cousin,—just Mrs. Becky, as did 'most everybody else. Mrs. Becky Binns was her name, and she had been housekeeper at Hardwick's Choice ever since her husband died, long before our papa was married. A good soul and a very deserving woman, too, for all she was a trifle melancholic and given to the vapors sometimes; but then, as she often said, she 'd been through a deal of trouble in her young days, and there was no telling but what worse might happen yet before she died. However, she was very good to Nancy and me, and we set great store by her, in our turn. Besides the housekeeping she taught us our lessons,—reading, writing, and figures,—as far as her knowledge went; but Mrs. Becky did n't set up to be very book-learnt, and she used to call it a crying shame that Grandpapa would never have masters for us in French and music; but Grandpapa only said "Pooh, pooh!" that we would know what was needful for our sex, and more. He wanted no fine ladies about him, he said; and as for our tinkle-tinkling on the spinet from morning till night, 't would certainly give him St. Vitus's dance to

hear it. He was very kind, for all that, and fond of us in his way, though we knew well enough he must be obeyed no less. When he said "Clarissa!" or "Ariana!" in his short, sharp tone, we were quick to mind our manners, I can tell you. Indeed, nobody could ever have guessed by listening that my christened name was Clarissa Harlowe, or Nancy's, Ariana, if Grandpapa had n't been vexed with us now and then. They always called me Cis, in those days, which did well enough for a little brown thing like me. As for "Nancy," there 's nothing prettier than that, and nobody could ever think of *my* Nancy, I 'm sure, by any long, dismal title. She was just as pretty as her every-day name, and quick-witted, with the winningest ways, such as always made her peace when she chose, after any prank of mischief. We were different as could be in looks, she and I—even her hair was as short and curly all over her head as mine was long and straight; and it shows how apt people are to be discontent with what nature gives 'em that Nancy used to be always combing and combing her hair out smooth, and I a-trying, contrariwise, to make mine curl.

All the time that Nancy and I were good big children the war with England—what you now call the Revolution—was going on; and as Grandpapa was very warm for American independence, as well as all our neighbors and friends on the same side, why we thought and heard enough of it at Hardwick's Choice. It seemed to me, when I was turned twelve years old, or thereabout, that there had been nothing but war, war, all my life long—and so it well-nigh was, to be sure. Almost the very first thing that I remember was poor Mrs. Becky bemoaning the want of her tea, and all the talk and hubbub of that matter. The patriotic folks, like Grandpapa Hardwick, would n't have tasted a drop for anything in this world; but as for Mrs. Becky, I reckon 't was as Grandpapa said in his sarcastical way. He said that he believed truly one-half the women on earth, gentle and simple, high and low, all the same, would sooner choose their teapot even with a tempest inside of it than the freest country sun ever shone on—with peace and plenty, to boot. He 'd a mighty keen, sarcastical way with him, sometimes, had Grandpapa, and when he took on that tone, and tapped his silver snuff-box so sharp and quick with his forefinger, why then 't was never anything but "Ay, sir!" with Mrs. Becky, and her best curtsy besides; but she grumbled not a bit less behind his back. Many's the time I 've heard her wish for one of those chests of good tea that the Boston people emptied into the water, and it did seem a sinful waste, maybe to more than one poor old

peaceable body, who loved their comforting strong dish now and again, a vast deal more than they hated King George. I was right sorry for Mrs. Becky, drinking her raspberry-leaf tea with a wry face—just for the name of tea, I do believe, and because she 'd have something hot enough to pour out in her saucer; but as for Nancy and me, we wanted nothing better than good cow's-milk, and Grandpapa drank the same with a sharp dash of brandy, 'most always, to keep the coldness of it from hurting his stomach.

So after that, it was the Boston port-bill foremost on the tapis (as French folks say) and then the battle of Lexington; after which it seemed that amongst Grandpapa and his friends nothing was talked of but fighting, and raising troops, and arming men—with such warlike consultations, day in and out. Everybody knew, from Bunker Hill on, that war was fairly begun; and so it continued, till presently, when I was quite a sizable little girl and old enough to remember plain, came the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia.

Grandpapa Hardwick was in the best of humors, I promise you, when he heard that great news, and would have us all, big and little, drink success to the new government and confusion to its enemies, in his best Tokay wine. And so we did; only Mrs. Becky, for all she could not refuse the toast, was very low-spirited and shook her head dismally, saying she hoped Grandpapa's cousin, Mr. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and the other gentlemen with him in this business might come off better than the rebels in Virginia a hundred years ago, who were all hanged up in chains for pretty much the same thing—as she 'd many a time heard her grandfather tell of seeing with his own eyes when he was a little lad. To that Grandpapa said that a hundred years made a vast deal of difference in what might be dared,—ay! and done, too; and when Mrs. Becky, sighing in a doleful way, said 't was a sad risk—besides being beyond Scripture, no less—to turn against the king, why then Grandpapa cried out loud till it made everybody fairly jump, "The King! Zounds, madame! what king? and by what right and title? The true king was chased out of Scotland with a price on his head, this thirty years ago. I 'll be hanged if I know what 's become of him!" says Grandpapa, "and if I owe any faith to a set of interloping Dutchmen, I 'm a Dutchman myself!"

Then, as for Mrs. Becky, she just said, "Ay, sir," with never another word. I was too little to know the meaning of it all, that time, but I found out after a while when I learnt to read all about Prince Charlie and the battle of Culloden, and understood how 't was that Grandpapa Hardwick naturally turned from a Jacobite into a fiery, hot

republican. Folks say that extremes meet, and I reckon that was the way of it, pretty much, with him, as well as with many more old cavalier settlers in Maryland and Virginia. So after that the war went on, with a mighty talk, and telling of this battle or that, and of General George Washington, and the fine, gallant Marquis Lafayette, with those other Frenchmen that came under him to help the good cause of freedom. True, we saw no more of 'em at Hardwick's Choice than we did of the red-coats on t' other side—nor anything of sure-enough war; for 't was an out-o'-way part of the country from any fighting. I've set more store by the blessing of that since being an old woman than Nancy and I did then. We used to grieve mightily about it, after we got old enough to take an interest; but if we did n't see much of the great goings-on we heard a plenty. There were several neighbor old gentlemen who, like Grandpapa, were past their fighting strength, so stayed at home and sent money instead; and never a day passed that one or another did n't fetch something to talk about with Grandpapa over his wine in the big dining-room. 'T was Squire Parley, or Captain Puffanblow, or old Colonel MacGrumble— or maybe all three at once; never thinking of Nancy and me there on our crickets with our samplers before us, taking in every word.

Grandpapa gave the most of any, I do believe; and that, not only in money to the last penny he could spare, but of everything else besides; and a busy time that was for everybody on Hardwick Plantation. There was but little sale for the tobacco then; 't was 'most all stored up in the hogs-heads, year after year, till the war was over, when a fine price it sold for, to be sure; but there were many things besides tobacco that we made at Hardwick. It was a great big estate, kept orderly running (as was the common custom of those times) not from without, but inside, in a snug and sheltered fashion that folks have half forgot the way of now-a-days. We'd thè best blacksmith, the best carpenter, the best tanner, at Hardwick's Choice of all the country-side, as was commonly said by everybody, with weavers and shoemakers good as the best. You see, 't was nothing uncommon before the war for the poorer sort of comers-over to this country to be sold from the English ships at the price of their passage-money, for a certain space of time. It seems a cruel custom to look back upon, but we never thought so then. They were called "redemptioners," because they redeemed their freedom by their labor and good conduct,—not like the poor blacks, in slavery forever; and some of the very best working tenants and handicraftsmen on his land had Grandpapa Hardwick bought in this way from the ships, one

time or another. That showed he was not the hard master that some people would have made him out, for all a bit sharp-spoken and set in his ways, else they 'd not have stayed so contentedly when the service term was done. There they were when the war came; and very good English workers the most of 'em turned out to be, and pretty busy Grandpapa kept them, with everybody else, black and white, in those days. Every now and then 't would be a cart-load of home-made blankets, and shoes, and rolls of cloth, and warm thick stockings started off to Annapolis, to be sent from there to the soldiers fighting 'way off yonder somewhere, under General Washington or somebody. Spinning the wool was the women's business, and a vast deal of it to be done. Nancy and I learnt to spin on the big wheel, and very fine sport we thought it at first, though after a while, when it came to a task of so many cuts a day, why, then maybe we found it no such merry matter. We 'd our share of the knitting, too, and Grandpapa was mightily pleased to see us at it. He used to pat us on our heads and say, "That 's right, that 's right, my lassies! Knit away! We 'll knit up this business yet; ay! that will we! let the Britishers try hard as they please to ravel out our threads!"

So then we clicked away, with needles fairly flying, feeling mighty proud, though a man's long stocking to garter above the knee was no little bit of work, I can tell you.

Well, the days, weeks, and months passed along till Nancy was near sixteen and I turned fourteen years old, both of us grown big girls and up to all kinds of fun and mischief; but still the war was n't ended. As I tell you, we 'd heard and talked a vast deal more of it than we 'd ever seen. The horror and misery of fighting and wounds and death had all passed us by afar, off yonder. Hardwick's Choice was a home worth having, for all Mrs. Becky's vapors and the master's sharp tongue now and again. In spite of these, and the spinning and the knitting, I do think we 'd have lived happy as the day was long if it had n't been for Grandpapa's coat. 'T was a brand-new coat,—and put on for the very first time just that day we heard of the battle of Lexington,—made out of the best blue English cloth, with fine gilt buttons. Such cloth was both scarce and high, later on; but I don't think that was Grandpapa's main reason for wearing the same coat so long as he did, for, you see, he might easily have had a whole new suit of homespun, such as many gentlefolks wore in those hard times,—even the grand army-officers themselves,—if he had chosen. But he made a vow that very first day, like the old-time folks we read about, with a great pinch of snuff upon it,

too, that he'd wear that same coat, as long as 't would hold together on his back, till the war was ended, one way or the other. Maybe it was for setting the example that he first took up such a notion; for everybody knew how much he gave to the good cause, and that his going so, year after year, was but willing self-denial and nothing else. If all other rich people had done the like,—wearing the old clothes and giving the new ones to our brave soldiers,—maybe the war would n't have lasted as long as it did, nor Grandpapa's blue coat cither. However, there were precious few so much in earnest as he; so the years went by, and the

with gentlefolks of those days than now) about being Hardwicks of Hardwick's Choice, as Mrs. Becky and all the house-people, white and black, used to remind us, with a grand air twenty times a day ever since we could take it in. Then, after all, 't is only nature the world over, for lassies at fourteen and sixteen to set store by fine clothes and the brave looks of things. They've just got their eyes open, so to speak, to the outside of this life, and won't have learnt yet a while to tell the inside worth, hid maybe often enough under a patched old coat or frock. So in the matter of Grandpapa's coat we said to each other that patriotism and self-denying, and a good example to one's neighbors, were all very fine things; but we wished all the same he'd get a new coat, if only to wear on Sundays. True, we ourselves were very content with homespun linsey for every-day, but Mrs. Becky made out wonderfully for our best frocks from the great chests of clothes stored away upstairs by dear knows how many Hardwick ladies dead and gone before our time. There were brocade silks and sarcenets, and fine paduasoy petticoats, and quilted sacks, and all the best stuffs you might want, to be turned and made over, à la mode, for twenty years to come; and very grand we felt a-rustling in them, like any peacocks, to be sure,—never knowing till long afterward how unsuited such were to the likes of our age. But, dear me! dear me! what was the use of silks and satins and shining gold lace (as we used to say in private to each other) with Grandpapa right beside us, on Sundays at church, and on Christmas Day and Easter, and at the dancing-school,—always dressed in just the same outlandish fashion, year in and out? He was a very elegant, high-quality looking old gentleman, was Grandpapa, and no mistaking that: straight as a dart and with a mighty dignified way about him, though not above a middle height, and very spare in body. I remember now how taken aback I was to find out by chance one day, when I was none so little, either, that he was not the tallest and biggest man in the world, as I'd all along believed. His hair was white and thick all over his head; his mouth was tight-shutting and firm, as if made to tell people what they must do, or must n't; his eyes were mighty sharp and keen, with a vast many little wrinkles all round them, specially when he looked hard at you, and that was right often. But still there was some times a funny, laughing spark, 'way down deep inside, and then we knew that we'd nothing to be afraid of. Nancy and I were proud enough of him, and fond, too, in such a proper and respectful way as was then thought seemly in young folks toward their elders and betters; but we could n't be proud of the old ragged coat.



THE OLD COAT.

coat got worse and worse,—faded and patched and mean-looking,—whilst all the time Nancy and I were getting older and more high-notioned, till we hated the sight of it more every day.

Perhaps we needed a take-down to our pride, for we were mightily set up (as was more common

When it first began to break and give 'way at the elbows, and Grandpapa called on us to mend it, we were at great pains to match the color of the cloth and the thread, as well as to hide the stitches and make all smooth, best fashion. Nancy was "knowledgeable" and quick at her needle, as she was with everything else, and I must needs always have my share at helping. So, betwixt us, we put on, that time, two as pretty patches as you 'd wish to see, so that even Grandpapa praised them a heap. But after a while, when the cloth wore away into new holes all round those very patches, and down the front and on the shoulders besides,—why, then we were not so careful with our mending, because (as Nancy said) the better the coat was made to look the longer Grandpapa would wear it. Moreover, said she, there was the old saying that everybody knew, "Patch by patch is very good housewifery; but patch upon patch is downright beggarly"; and for all we must do what Grandpapa told us, she, for her part, was not a-going to waste any more "stitchery" than she could help, upon it.

Dear me! I'm afraid we were two very naughty girls, as well as uppish and full of false pride—for the crooked patches, and the puckerings, and the great long stitches we put on that coat, have made me blush to think of, a many a time since. Howsoever, Grandpapa Hardwick never noticed, at all, nor took any of those hints. He was n't going to put his coat in the rag-bag yet a while to please two fine misses, nor anybody else—not he, I promise you; so we 'd only the vexation of seeing it look worse than need have been, after all, besides being scolded by Mrs. Becky for our carelessness.

Now, it was in the fall of the year 1781, soon after Nancy's sixteenth birthday, when the dan-

cing-school ball came off at Folkstown, three miles from Hardwick's Choice. We 'd been going to the dancing-school a whole year. Nancy and I, along with the other girls of that neighborhood and the boys that were too young for soldiering. A merry



THE TWO SISTERS.

time we had of it, too,—war or no war,—and our master was as elegant a French gentleman as ever stepped a minuet. His name was Monsieur Tissot, and he had come to this country with General Lafayette in the year 1777, to help fight the British. However, at the battle of Monmouth he was shot and crippled in his right shoulder; so then, as he said, right wittily we all thought, he laid down his arms and took to his legs—though not to run away on 'em, either. He was well enough pleased with America to stay on a while longer.

There he came to Folkstown and set up dancing-school—and a more genteel, courtly-mannered gentleman never was seen, even at Paris, as Grandpapa himself said, who had been there and knew.

We met once a fortnight for our lesson in the big assembly room at the Folkstown Inn, or Ordinary, as we used to call it; with all the townspeople looking on, and country folks besides, as many as chose to come and see their youngsters learn the steps—so that, for numbers, 't was 'most like a public ball every time. No end of fine, fashionable figures Monsieur taught us, besides the minuet, with elegant deportment in general, after the latest court mode. 'T was heads up and shoulders down, to be sure, and elbows out of other people's way; and as for the curtsy—well, if you want to see it, young ladies—there now! If I *am* an old woman past sixty, let any of you show me the like of that. Well, well! it's over and done now; but we'd fine times whilst it lasted. Nancy and I went always in the coach, with Mrs. Becky to see after our pretty behaving, and 'most every time Grandpapa would come, too, on horseback, to look on and talk over war news with the elders, and see us safe home again by eight o'clock.

At last, Monsieur Tissot said he had taught us all he could. He was going to Annapolis to open a grand school for the fine city folks; and so we'd invitations out for a sure-enough ball—a grand parting ball, with half the country, old and young, bid to it, and a supper, and the best music in all those parts. Such a talk and a getting ready as there was! But you can figure it to yourselves pretty well, I reckon, for fifty years or so makes no great odds that I can see in the nature of youngsters. 'T is pretty much the same in every time and country; but you've no such contriving and smartening up of old clothes to keep you busy in these days, for a seven years' war makes a heap of difference in the matter of new ribbons and such settings off, I can tell you. However, maybe we enjoyed it none the less for that reason. I know that Nancy and I had lively enough frolicking over our finery and preparations; and Mrs. Becky, too, for all she often said that such doings were downright sinful waste of time, and balls the old Satan's main opportunities—why, even Mrs. Becky would have us looking our best, and herself no less, to boot. However, we were no little set-back whenever we thought of Grandpapa wearing the old coat, as we knew he was going to do. He'd more than one coat laid by in his great cedar chest-of-drawers vastly better, though older, than that; but, you see, there was his vow and the war not over yet; and as for his wearing any other one now, to please our notions, we knew 't was no use a-looking for any such thing. And then, to make bad worse, what should

happen on the very morning before the ball, but Grandpapa must come in from his ride round the plantation with a great big new rent just burst out in the back behind, from the collar down to the waist.

"Well, lassies," cries he, loud and lively, like as if 't was n't anything dreadful at all, "there's a bit of work for you, that old Dolly-mare made, cutting up her shines, out yonder just now. Lay by your bibs and tuckers and make me tight and whole for your fine ball this evening."

So he offs with it in a hurry, and there we were.

Well, we knew it was no good to say anything, but we did a deal of thinking. We took it away to our own room and spread it on the window-seat and looked at it. There was hardly a piece of it—body, sleeves, or tails—that was n't darned and patched. We had n't been over-particular of late about matching the colors, so some of the patches were lighter blue, and some black, and some brown, sewed with any sort of thread that came first—a sight to see, and no credit to our mending, to be sure. Then 't was shrunk and fady. My dears! such a downright disgraceful old coat, and another great patch to be set on it for Grandpapa to wear to the ball! We looked at it and we looked hard at one another; then says Nancy to me, a-stamping her foot, "Cis, if Grandpapa wears this coat to the ball I'll stay at home, I vow." Then I just gave one gasp and said, "Oh, Nancy!" for the notion of my going without her, clean took my breath away, and I'd no mind to stay at home, in spite of the coat. "Yes," says she, "that I will,—if I never go to another ball so long as I live."

Then I said, "Oh, Nancy!" again, like the little ninny that I was; and there she stood, looking at the coat, thinking, with her curly head first on one side, then on t' other, and her forehead all a-pucker and her rosy, saucy mouth screwed up like a button-hole. After a while she began to whistle, and though I knew 't was n't ladylike or pretty-behaved, I always made sure, when Nancy did that, of something worth while a-coming next.

Then all of a sudden she clapt her hands together, and says she, "I know what I'll do."

"What?" said I, but she just ran out of the room without saying a word, and in two minutes came flying back again with a long strip of yellow cloth in her hand. 'T was a piece left from Mrs. Becky's cutting out, one day, and a kind of homespun cloth called buckram, dyed bright yellow with saffron, and walnut leaves. I could n't think at first what Nancy would be at, when she came waving it for all the world like a flag before her; but I soon found out.

"Now, Cis," says she, a-laughing, but she

meant it, all the same, "I'm going to put such a patch on this coat that Grandpapa *can't wear* it to the ball."

I thought it a vastly ingenious notion, and one that just nobody in all this world but Nancy would have been keen enough to think about. However, being always a sad coward, I was afraid that Grandpapa would be mad. Besides, there seemed something very bad in it, anyhow; and so I told her; but Nancy only set her lips in another button-

Grandpapa Hardwick; but as for Nancy, she held her head up as brave as you please and marched along in front like any lion. "Here 's the coat, Grandpapa," says she, and gave it into his hand. I felt like running away then, only I wanted to hear what they said betwixt 'em. I did jump back, just ever so little, but after all I need not have been scared, for Grandpapa certainly did n't do or say what I 'd expected.

A box on the ear was nothing so uncommon in



THE BALL.

hole and untied her housewife, with a jerk. Then she threaded her needle and went to stitch-stitching away; and she sewed that yellow cloth on tight and fast, for a patch, all down the back of the coat.

I promise you my heart went pitty-pat when 't was done, and we fetched it downstairs to

those days, even if one had turned sixteen, when young folks misbehaved to their elders. I'm sure I 'd looked for nothing less that time; but Grandpapa did no such a thing. He did n't say a word at first; he only held the coat up and looked at it in a right-surprised way, and then a curious look came into his eyes, with that funny twinkle 'way deep

down. "Humph!" says he to himself, a-glancing sharply first at Nancy, then at me. "Very well, very well, and thank you, young ladies," says he; and with that he takes the coat and claps it right on his back. I had never thought before that Nancy could look so silly as she did then; and such a scolding as Mrs. Becky gave us, when she found out, we never had before nor after. There was the coat worse than need be, a sight to behold. Grandpapa was surer than ever to wear it to the ball, and nobody durst say a word against it. Howsoever, when the time came to dress and make ready, 't was more than Nancy could do to stay at home as she 'd said she would. She stuck to it a little while, but when she saw our frocks a-waiting to put on, and even Mrs. Becky so fine and gay in her very best silk gown that had never been abroad before for anything less than a wedding,—and the coach at the door,—why, then says she to me, "Cis, I'll have to go. I know I'll die when I see Grandpapa walking about with that patch on his back," says she, "but I'll go all the same and make the best of it." Whereupon I said I made sure I would die myself at that, but we'd see all the people first; so the long and short of it was that we dressed ourselves in all our fine rigging and started.

I'm sure our dresses could n't have been prettier if they'd been brand-new, whilst for the richness of the stuffs we could n't have touched it in those war-times for any money, I reckon. Our petticoats were of the best diamond-quilted Marseilles satin, Nancy's the beautifullest pea-green, and mine a crimson-red. Nancy's looped skirt was gros-de-Naples silk, of a pinkish color that Mrs. Becky said used to be called "great reputation," when 't was all the fashion in her and my mamma's young days, edged round with silver lace looking as good as new by candlelight, for all a bit tarnished in daytime. Then her bodice was of green satin to match the petticoat, laced up a-front with silver cord, and her neckerchief and ruffles of lace that had been Grandmamma Hardwick's own when she was a girl. Mrs. Becky was for having her hair dressed fine and powdered, but Nancy just shook her curly head and laughed at that notion; and sure enough the powder would have seemed as much a pity as snow on blooming buttercups, for every little ring was like shiny gold itself. For my part, I was willing enough for the powder on mine. But Mrs. Becky said I was clean beyond my age a'ready and should n't be any more stuck-up. However, I had my curls, too, as fine and glossy as the curling-tongs could make 'em, and tied with a cherry-colored ribbon to set off my brownness. My skirt was brocade, all flowered with red roses, and my shoes the best red French kid. So there was I, a

red bird from top to toe; and both of us with our handsome paste shoe-buckles on, that Mrs. Becky had never let us wear before in all our lives.

We left Grandpapa Hardwick behind when we set out. He told us to go along in the coach and he would come presently on horseback, which was always the way he liked best to travel. Mrs. Becky whispered us how maybe he was waiting for black Sam, his own man, that had been sent to Annapolis that morning early, to fetch the latest war news. 'T was good forty miles there and back, so that one might hardly in reason look for him before sundown at soonest, but there was Grandpapa at four o'clock a-walking the hall floor and glancing out every minute, already. He'd been mighty anxious and impatient of late days, ever since hearing that General Washington and Lord Cornwallis were marching their armies so close on each other in Virginia; and all the other elder gentlemen, too, shook their heads when they talked it over, and said there must be heavy fighting before long. According to the last report, they had begun it even then at Yorktown. Maybe some folks would say 't was no time to be having balls, but the war was like an old tale then, that might go on forever, and young human nature will have its way, somehow, trouble or no trouble, war or peace. Off we set in the great coach, Mrs. Becky almost as much a-flutter as Nancy or me, with four horses to draw us and two outriders behind. Quality traveled in quality fashion, those times. Very grand we felt, I can tell you, and very grand we found everything when we got to the ball.

It seems to me that I never see any candles now, shining as bright as those did that time, in every nook and corner; nor any floor polished to such a looking-glass; nor hear any music as sweet-sounding as those fiddlers, a-playing away, "Charlie o'er the Water," or "Devil 'mong the Tailors," or some such good old tune. Maybe it 's only the natural difference betwixt old eyes and ears, and young; but there is one thing for certain you never see now-a-days, my dears, and that 's any such elegant-looking gentleman so elegantly dressed as Monsieur Tissot, with his beautiful powdered hair, white as a snow-drift, and his sky-blue velvet coat and vest, and his ruffles fine as any lady's. No, no! you never see such as that in these days, with the men all choked up in black stocks to their ears and buttoned tight in their ugly straight coats, for all the world like field-marshal's in a nor'west wind, and never a bit of powder on their greasy, plastered-looking heads. As for the ladies, I never saw a flower-bed yet that could compare with the brightness of their dressing. Half the country was there,—that is, everybody that was anybody, as the old saying goes,—and all in their finest humor



as well as finest clothes, old and young. 'T was late in October month, when red and yellow leaves are turned to their prettiest prime, and the dancing-hall had been decked by the townspeople with wreaths of 'em all over the fireplaces, and the music gallery, and round the sconces, as fancifully as you please. I thought 't was like fairy-land, at the first look inside; and surely there never was any prettier, livelier sight in this world.

We began with the minuet, of course, mighty graceful and stately, and Monsieur opened the ball with Nancy, who was always his favorite scholar, as everybody said. Then 't was contradance and quadrille, turn and turn about. We'd a plenty of partners, Nancy and I, and footed it merrily with the best. Her cheeks were like roses and her eyes a-shining, but I saw her every now and then looking round toward the door as I did myself,—both of us none too easy in our minds and expecting any minute to see Grandpapa walk right in, with the great yellow patch on his back!

However, we looked and looked again, and still he did n't come. He'd never been so late before at any of the common meetings, and presently, after the clock struck eight, I fell to wondering so, about the reason why, that I could n't half remember my steps.

'T was 'most nine o'clock and I was standing with Tony Puffanblow, my partner, waiting our turn at hands across and down the middle, when I heard Grandpapa's voice outside the door. I saw Nancy, over on t' other side the room, give a great start, as if she'd heard it too,—and then I saw the people in the doorway making room for him to pass. There was nobody in the county treated with more respect than Squire Hardwick, of Hardwick's Choice. They all stepped aside with their best bows as he walked betwixt 'em right into a clear space in the middle of the room,—and soon as I set eyes on him, then, why,—I was like to drop!

He was n't dressed in the old coat at all, but in one that I never even saw before,—a beautiful black velvet coat, of a right queer old-fashioned cut, but glossy black and rich as new, with a gold-laced satin waistcoat and the beautifullest yellow lace ruffles at his neck and wrists. Then his breeches were velvet to match the coat, and he'd diamond shoe-buckles and silk stockings; whilst as for the look on his face—well, I'd never seen that before, neither, any more than the dress. His eyes they fairly sparkled like fire, with a queer, eager look in 'em that was almost fierce, and there were two red spots on his cheeks. In one hand he carried his three-cornered hat; in the other a folded paper. Everybody seemed to know somehow, all at once, that something uncommon was

happening. The music stopped right short and the people on the floor stopped dancing, in the midst of a figure, and turned round to look. Everybody in the room just gazed and listened to see what was coming next.

Then Grandpapa Hardwick stood up mighty straight, with his head high. "Ladies and gentlemen," says he, out loud and clear, only his voice it shook ever so little,—“Ladies and gentlemen, God save our country and the brave men, dead and living, who have helped to make her free! I bring you good news, neighbors. The war is over and done. Lord Cornwallis surrendered to George Washington two days ago, at Yorktown in Virginia!”

So that was the news that black Sam had fetched in writing from Annapolis, and that was the reason why Grandpapa had stayed behind us so long to take off the old ragged coat and rig himself in the very best that he could find in his great chest-of-drawers,—clothes that he had n't once put on since he was a young man visiting our grand kinpeople in England. What a time there was, to be sure, when he had said his say. The gentlemen cheered over and over again, till it was a wonder they did n't take the roof off atop of us, and bid fair to shake Grandpapa's hand clean away. As for the ladies, there was a great clapping and waving of handkerchiefs; some kissed each other, some of 'em laughed, and some cried, which last seemed to me very queer on hearing such joyful news, but Nancy vowed afterward that the tears were running down my cheeks, like the others, for all I did n't know it, and I saw 'em on hers, too. We both ran up to Grandpapa as soon as we might for the men crowding him, and he patted us on the head very kindly, never saying one word about the changed coat. I know he'd have worn the old one, yellow patches and all, if it had n't been for the turn of things. Maybe we deserved to be taken down a peg. However, be that as it may, we were none the less joyed at the surprise and the happy outcome, and, I do believe, felt as glad about the coat as about the country!

Then, what a dance there was next, when the ball went on again. The fiddlers were well "heartened up," as they called it, with a rousing toast to General Washington, and they fingered like folk possessed with a witchery. The violins seemed to speak, "Hold out your petticoats and dance like a lady," like live things saying the words with that tune, for Grandpapa would have a reel, which he said was the only thing worth dancing when one was in spirits; and there he led out in it himself, with Mrs. Becky to his partner; whilst even Squire Parley and Captain Puffanblow and Colonel Mac-Grumble were stepping it, too, as lively as any

youngsters on the floor. I promise you we had a fine appetite, one and all, for the good things when supper was ready that night.

Heigho! a fine, pleasant time it was whilst it

ask Grandpapa in her prettiest way if she might have the old coat!

"Humph!" says he, looking at her with that twinkle in his eyes. "Humph! Do you want to



"I BRING YOU GOOD NEWS, NEIGHBORS. THE WAR IS OVER AND DONE!"

lasted; but 't was over soon, though not quite by twelve o'clock, as was first planned for the breaking up. We were sleepy-headed and tired enough in the legs next day, but nobody quarreled about that, for though the ball was over the good news lasted on, and would last forever. The war was over and done, sure enough, and good times a-coming (as everybody said), with peace and plenty and prosperity all over our free republic land. Mrs. Becky was for tearing up the old coat that very day, for fear Grandpapa Hardwick might take a sudden notion to put it on again. I thought this was a very safe thing, but when we went to do it, who should say "No!" but Miss Nancy herself! and then, what does she do next but go and

preserve it as a sample of your fine needlework, young lady?" And at that Nancy blushed up red as a rose. Then he teased her a bit, saying 't would do very well yet for him to wear on a rainy day; but, however, at last he said, "Take it — and go!"

Goodness knows what had changed her mind on a sudden to set such store by the old worn-out thing! 'T was only fit for the rag-bag, but she kept it always a-hanging in her own closet as carefully as if it had been cloth of gold, till she was married and went away from Hardwick's Choice. Then she took it away with her, and her daughter — your Cousin Ariana — has got what's left of it to this very day.

*Alice Maude Erwell.*

## LOUIS THE RESOLUTE.

BY HARRIET TAYLOR UPTON.

IT was spring-time in the city of Chelsea, Massachusetts.

Many boys and girls were in the streets on their way to enjoy an outdoor holiday.

Louis W. F. . . ., as he sat on his aunt's great front porch, contrasted strangely with things about him. He was deeply occupied with his own thoughts. He took a map from his coat-pocket and began a careful study of it. This he continued till he was startled by the rattle of a window-blind back of him; instantly he crumpled the paper tightly in his hand and slipped it again into its hiding-place.

In his mind he counted over his money, and found the sum to be only a very small one.

"I do wish that he would go and play ball as he usually does on Saturdays," muttered Mrs. Beman, as she peered at him through the window; "but he won't; he has reached the crisis. I had hoped he would be like his mother,—contented,—but he is like his father," and she quietly fastened the blinds. She had made no difference between her own sons and her brother's youngest boy, who had been left to her care when a mere baby. And in her mind she had mapped out his whole future. He was to be a lawyer; to practice in Chelsea; to live and die in the old homestead, as his father and father's father had done before him. But now she was beginning to fear her plans would not be carried out; and she was not surprised when, later in the day, Louis said, "Aunt Hetty, let's go into the library, I want to have a talk with you."

So she accompanied him to the library, and they sat down opposite one another, with due solemnity.

"I have been thinking," began Louis, "that I should like to go to the war."

Mrs. Beman smiled. The idea seemed so ridiculous to her that she did not answer.

"I don't mean right now, because I am too young; but I should like to enter the United States service," Louis went on. "I have concluded I should prefer the navy. Every citizen of the republic, you know, should give his life for his country, if need be."

This was a set speech, and the speaker had rehearsed it several times in his own room.

Mrs. Beman remained silent. She knew just how that year, 1862, had stirred the hearts of all the people, and she considered this idea of her nephew's an outcome of the popular excitement. She knew that she had no political friends whose assistance she could ask, and she would make no effort to obtain an appointment for Louis. She disliked soldiers in peace, and did not wish to have her loved ones exposed to the perils of war.

"I'd like to go to Washington and apply for an appointment," persisted Louis. "Don't scowl, Aunt Hetty; and please don't say no till you have thought about it."

Before she could answer, he jumped through the low window, ran along the porch, and up the street, intending to leave her plenty of time for reflection.

The next morning at breakfast he seemed somewhat anxious as he awaited her decision.

"I suppose the sooner you know, the better, Louis," his aunt said, as she passed him a cup of coffee.

He nodded assent.

"Well, I consider the scheme a hopeless one, and it is not what I had expected you would do; but as soon as you can earn the sum needful for your expenses you can go and make a trial."

The boy's face brightened, and he attacked the brown bread and baked beans with unusual vigor. He went with his aunt to church, for he went with her every Sunday, but he heard little of service or sermon. He arose and sat down at the proper places, but his thoughts were far away.

The next morning, at school-time, he came downstairs with a bundle in one hand and a small pasteboard box under his arm.

"Good-bye, Aunt Hetty," he said, as he stopped to kiss her.

"Where are you going, child?" she asked, in wonder.

"To Washington. Did n't you say I might go when I had money enough? I am going to walk—that does n't take money. Besides, I have a little money of my own to pay other expenses. So good-bye; I'll write to you."

Seeing that he was resolved to go, his aunt would not interfere. But she advised him to secure the aid and influence of some prominent

man. Louis thought this an excellent suggestion, and thanked her for it. Again bidding her farewell, he passed out of the gate and hurried along the street.

Mrs. Beman watched him until he turned the corner. Then, as she went in, great tears trickled down her cheeks. She brightened up, however, as she said to herself, "He may be back all the sooner for having started on foot."

Meantime Louis was trudging on his way. That afternoon he entered the city of Boston, tired but little by his walk.

Like all Massachusetts boys he knew of the great orator. Edward Everett, and he had even heard him speak. Remembering his aunt's advice, he determined that he could not do better than to call on Mr. Everett and see whether he could secure the influence of so prominent a man. He found the address in a directory and called at Mr. Everett's residence. Having said that he wished to see Mr. Everett on a matter of business, he was invited into the library.

Mr. Everett was a man of dignified bearing and great reserve of manner. Rising, the old gentleman said, in a cold but courteous tone, "What can I do for you?"

"Please give me a letter," said Louis, entirely unabashed, "to some of the officials in Washington. I am going to get an appointment as midshipman."

Mr. Everett was surprised and not entirely pleased with the boy's blunt reply. He said coldly:

"But I don't know you, my boy, and I am not in the habit of giving letters to strangers."

Louis looked up with a smile and said stoutly, "But you will give *me* one!"

Mr. Everett, like most men in public life, was an excellent judge of character. He looked sharply into the boy's face for a moment and decided that the young fellow had not intended to be impudent or presuming, but had stated his wishes with native simplicity and directness. Smiling a little, in spite of his efforts to maintain a dignified expression, he said:

"Yes, I will. I believe you to be an honorable young man, and a brave one as well. I think I can trust you with my name, and I will do all that I can to assist you. You are a bright little fellow and should make your mark in the world."

Asking Louis to be seated, he wrote a letter of introduction to his son-in-law, Commander Wise, who was then stationed in Washington.

After a few moments' conversation, during which Louis heard not a few words of kindly advice and suggestion, Louis bowed and took his leave, much pleased by this first success.

He spent the night at the house of a school-

mate, where he had been welcomed on previous visits to town, and early the next morning he plodded manfully on until he had left the city limits. He had his path laid out carefully before him. He knew just when to take the railroad track and when to keep to the highway.

At noon-time he stretched out under a tree and opened his lunch-box. His long walk had made him so hungry that he nearly emptied it, though he had meant to make it last for a long time. After a drink from a brook near by, he started out refreshed. As the afternoon wore away, his feet began to sting and smart, but he still walked bravely on until, just as the sun was going down, he turned into a farm-yard, intending to secure lodgings and a supper.

A fierce dog successfully disputed his right to enter, and he walked on nearly a mile before he reached a dwelling. Here he found a kind old man and wife, who, after asking numerous questions, gave the lad a supper and lodging. And, as the old gentleman was going to town on the following morning, he took the young traveler several miles on his way.

For dinner Louis bought some bread and milk, and late in the afternoon he had an hour's ride with a tin-peddler. To be sure, he could have made greater progress had he walked, but his legs were stiff and sore, and he was glad even to jog slowly along behind the old gray horse, with the aged and talkative driver for a companion.

That night, however, he could find no one who was willing to give him a lodging. He bought his supper at a farm-house, and was permitted to sleep in the barn. His bed of hay was rough, and the air in the loft stifling. A storm came up, and the roof leaked in many places, so that he had to change to another spot to avoid the dampness. At daybreak he renewed his march. The roads were muddy, the streams swollen, and he began to show the effects of his travel; he looked dusty and tired. A man ordered him out of a yard he had entered. He did not come to a place where he could breakfast till nearly noon, and several times debated whether he should turn back or not. But he kept on.

About four o'clock in the afternoon he came upon a company of school-children, and for a little while trudged along with them. For a few pennies he bought a portion of their luncheons, and made his supper of boiled eggs and apple-pie.

He spent the night with a friendly farmer, whom he met on the road; and although he did not exactly relish his breakfast, he congratulated himself because he had paid very little for it. He seemed to be meeting with unlooked-for discouragements; but his feet and legs, which at

first had pained him, ceased to ache, and he comforted himself with the idea that he was becoming a pedestrian.

One day he happened to be at a small station just as a freight train was taking on fuel and water. A brakeman, with whom he fell into conversation, and to whom he told something of his plans, invited him to climb into a freight car, and he thus secured a ride to Philadelphia, and thereby gained fifty miles. After leaving Philadelphia he kept to the railway, and, being well hardened, made excellent progress, securing such fare and lodging as he could. He met with no peculiar adventures, however, until he was on the outskirts of Annapolis. He was walking sturdily along, looking toward a camp not far from the road, when he was challenged by a sentry:

"Who goes there?"

Louis halted, and, not knowing what to say, said nothing.

"Where 's your permit?" said the sentry.

"I have n't any permit,—what for?" asked Louis.

"You must have a permit before you can go on to Washington. I shall have to keep you under arrest until I am relieved," said the sentry, not unkindly.

Louis had been walking since early morning and had no objection to resting a while. At first he had been somewhat startled at the words "under arrest," but he soon reassured himself by reflecting that it surely could not be either a civil or a military offense to offer one's services to the country.

He talked with the sentry until the patrol came from headquarters, and then went with them as a prisoner. The Colonel was inclined to question Louis sharply at first, but when the boy had frankly explained that he was going to be appointed midshipman entirely on his own responsibility, the Colonel laughed heartily and they were soon on excellent terms. Louis stayed at headquarters for several hours, and then the Colonel said:

"Well, my boy, as the country needs you, we must not keep you here. Allow me to offer this as an apology for having detained you so long," and he thrust five dollars into Louis's hand. He pressed Louis to stay with them, but the boy was eager to go on. The Colonel made Louis promise to send him word as to the result of the journey. He insisted that Louis should take the money, and even secured him a place on a train which stopped only a short distance from Washington itself. After Louis left the train, it was not many minutes before the dome of the Capitol appeared against the sky.

The blood leaped in his veins for joy, and he quickened his pace. He walked on and on, still

keeping his eyes on the dome, apparently without coming any nearer it. He concluded, therefore, that the track curved away from the Capitol, and at Benning Station he turned into the highway and sat down to rest.

Presently a little girl came wandering down a path which led to a house high on an adjoining hill. She carried a small basket, and looked eagerly up and down the road. Louis spoke to her, and she told him she was waiting for "Pompey," who was coming to take her across the river on his way to the city.

"Thar 's a heap o' Yankees 'round yeah," she said. "Are you going to town, too?"

"Yes," said Louis; "but I have to walk."

"You can ride," she returned. "Pompey will be alone, and he 's right glad of company."

So the last few miles Louis jogged along by a dark-skinned, thick-lipped boy, who spoke a dialect he could scarcely understand.

"Dar am de jail," said the boy. "It hab a heap o' fellows in dar, now. Reckon it 'll be a right smart spell fo' dey git out, too!"

But the young traveler had little interest in jails, and made but short answers. As he approached the city, he dusted off his hat and clothes, and otherwise made himself as neat as he could. At the corner of Maryland Avenue and Second Street he bade his companion good-morning.

He walked briskly through the Capitol grounds without noticing any of the surroundings. He hastened up the broad steps, through the rotunda, not stopping till he reached the green swinging doors which guard the upper House of Congress. Then suddenly he found himself nervous and excited; his forehead was wet with perspiration, the air seemed lifeless to him, and his courage was gone. He turned about and walked wearily away. He did not stop until he was under the dome, and then, somewhat tired of carrying about the little carpet-bag in which he had packed all his outfit, he seated himself upon a bench and looked about him.

He soon noticed that the number of people increased as noonday approached, and he summoned up his courage to return to the entrance of the Senate. Forgetting, for the moment, the letter given to him by Edward Everett, he began to consider whether he could not secure the influence of some Massachusetts statesman. Of course, his first thought was of Charles Sumner. He approached a man sitting near one of the doors, and said:

"Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Sumner?"

"I suppose he is in his committee-room," returned the attendant.

"Where 's that?" asked Louis.

"It does n't make any difference to you, where it is. You can't see him till he comes out," was the ungracious reply. "You stay around here, and when he comes along I'll tell him you want to see him."

So Louis walked up and down, watching the people pass him,—black and white, rich and poor, ladies and char-women, excited politicians, jostling, dejected beggars, all intent on their own affairs.

But a boy can not feed upon sights, and he wandered down the hall until he found an old colored woman selling pies, cakes, buns, and fruit. Her stand was in a corridor between the rotunda and the Senate. She seemed much interested in Louis. She was, even then, a well-known character, and acquainted with many of the legislators, all of whom were kind to her, and, it is said, she occupies the same stand to this day, and has not forgotten Louis's visit.

"What makes you charge so much?" he inquired, when he had learned her prices.

"I keep fust-class victuals, and I sells to Congressmen, not to no common trash," she replied.

Louis thereupon invested in a piece of pie and apple, which he eagerly ate and found satisfying.

"I wonder if Congressmen like such hard crust?" he thought, as he went back to his post. It was then two o'clock, so he approached the doorkeeper again.

"Did you find Mr. Sumner?" he asked.

"I have n't seen him to-day; but when he comes along, I'll let you know," said the doorkeeper, grinning.

"So you told me this morning at eleven o'clock, and I have waited ever since."

"Have you?" chuckled the official. "I forgot about you entirely."

Soon a man walked up hastily and, giving a card to the doorkeeper, said, "Send that to Senator Sumner!" Before many minutes an attendant returned and the man was invited to enter.

Louis was quick to take the hint. Writing his name upon a blank card, which he found upon a table near the door, he said to the doorkeeper, "Send my name to Senator Sumner, and I think he will see me!"

Louis spoke so confidently, that the doorkeeper, after looking sharply at him, sent in the card.

Senator Sumner received the card just as he was about to come out, and so appeared with the card in his hand. As he reached the door, he asked the doorkeeper:

"Where is the gentleman who sent in this card?"

"It was that little boy standing there," said the doorkeeper.

The Senator turned courteously to Louis, saying, "Well, my boy, what is it?"

"I have come to Washington to be appointed midshipman," said Louis, simply.

Mr. Sumner looked at him with surprise. At length he said, "I'm too busy to see you now. Come and see me at my room to-night." Then he walked briskly away.

That night Louis had a long interview with the Senator, and told him the whole story.

"Did you walk all the way?" the Senator asked.

"No, sir," said Louis; "I contrived to get two little rides on the cars, and two or three persons helped me a few miles."

He saw the Senator's bright eyes twinkle, and his firm mouth break into a smile.

"Well, well, you have pluck! Did you think you could surely get the place?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I know I can."

Here Mr. Sumner looked serious again, and presently said, reluctantly, that he feared he could do nothing for Louis.

"It is no use, my boy. Even the President could n't do it. Why, I have from four to five hundred applicants whose fathers are influential men in high positions, all seeking to be appointed as midshipmen or cadets. You could get to be colonel in the army more easily. It is one of the few things that are absolutely out of the question. You'd better go home—Washington is no place for boys in such times as these."

Louis remembered his letter to Commander Wise, and, after telling Senator Sumner about his interview with the Massachusetts orator, he produced the letter of introduction.

"It will do no good to present it," said Mr. Sumner. "Possibly," said he with a smile, "the President might have influence enough to help you—certainly no one else has!"

Louis, having expected a different result, was for a moment discouraged. But recovering himself, he turned to the Senator and said sturdily:

"I've come to Washington to get that appointment, and sometimes even great men are mistaken. I shall not give it up until I have seen the President himself."

The following morning Louis made his way to the White House. He hung about the porch a while, and then followed some gentlemen inside and upstairs. They turned into one of the rooms and shut the door behind them. Soon another party arrived, and he noticed that they wrote their names on cards and sent them in by the messenger, who afterward admitted them. Louis then remem-



"MR. LINCOLN THEN LAID HIS HAND ON THE BOY'S ARM AND SAID VERY KINDLY, 'I REALLY CAN DO NOTHING FOR YOU.'" (SEE PAGE 658.)

bered his experience at the Capitol, so he took a leaf from a little note-book, wrote his name on it, and gave it to the man at the door, who seemed, from his accent, to be a German. The messenger quietly tore it up and said:

"You go 'vay! Der President hat no dime for you leetle poys."

"Every one tells me to go home," thought the boy, and for a moment or two he really wished

himself there. But he resolved to make another attempt, and wrote his name upon another piece of paper. The man at the door destroyed this also.

Indignant at this treatment, Louis said loudly: "You have no right to treat me in this way, and if President Lincoln knew it he would not allow it. I've as much right to see the President as any senator or governor in this country, and I know that the President will see a boy who has taken the

trouble to walk from Boston to Washington to see him! Are you going to let me in?"

The man said, "No," and, turning his back, paid no further attention to Louis.

Before many minutes, and while the door stood ajar, some one required the man's services and he went a few paces away from his post. In an instant Louis slipped in and ran literally into the President's arms!

It seemed that the President had heard the altercation at the door, and was coming toward the doorway as Louis entered. As he received Louis, he said:

"Would n't they let you in to see me, after your having such a long and wearisome journey?" Then, turning to the doorkeeper, the President went on, "When a boy walks from Boston to Washington to see me, as this boy has done, I'd rather see him than all the politicians in the United States!"

Mr. Lincoln laughed heartily at this.

Young as he was Louis saw that, though he had made a good impression, the President regarded the appointment as out of the question. Resolved to convince the President that it was a serious matter, he said in a determined tone:

"Mr. President, I am in earnest. I *must* have that appointment——"

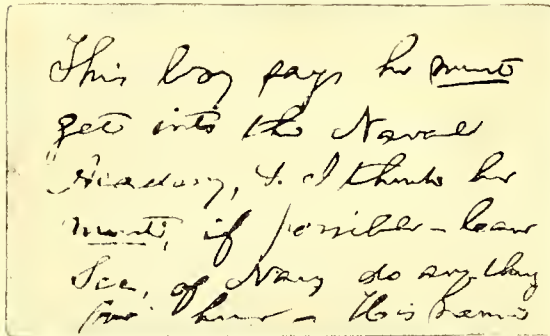
Mr. Lincoln was much amused at his peremptory tone and interrupted, saying, "You *must* have it, must you? Well, you *shall* have it! That's the sort of talk I like to hear. That's the kind of material to make a navy-officer out of! If we had more of it in the service, the war would soon be over."

Taking a little card from his desk. Mr. Lincoln wrote upon it as follows:

"This boy says he *must* get into the Naval Academy, and I think he *must*, if possible. Can Sec. of Navy do anything for him? His name is Louis W. F . . . .

"March 26, 1862.

A. LINCOLN."



Mr. Lincoln then laid his hand on the boy's arm and said very kindly, "I really can do nothing for you; but a boy who has trudged all the way from Massachusetts to Washington seeking an opportunity to serve his country ought to have what he came for. You go to Secretary Welles, hand him this card, and tell him I sent you to him."

A few words of thanks, and Louis slipped down the stairs and ran whistling along till he reached the Navy Department.

The doorkeeper went out, much abashed, and the President said in his kindly way:

"Sit down, my lad. I suppose you wanted to see the President and the other curiosities at Washington?"

"No, sir," said Louis; "I have come on business."

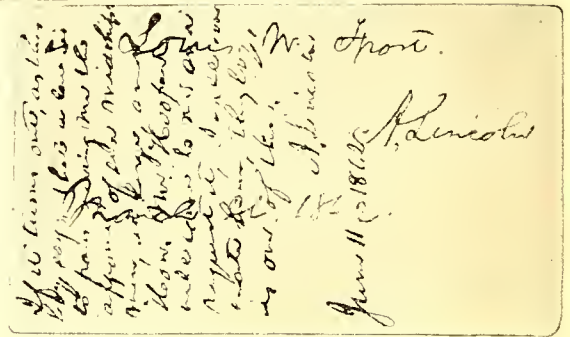
Mr. Lincoln sighed, and said to Secretary Seward, who stood near, "Even the boys must come on business! Well, what is your business?" he asked Louis, a little less cordially.

Then Louis made up his mind to do his best.

"Mr. President," he began, earnestly, "I want to be a midshipman in the navy, and have come to ask for an appointment as cadet in the Naval Academy——"

The President here interposed, "But are you aware that I have seventeen hundred applications on file?"

"Please add my name to the list, and make it seventeen hundred and one," said Louis, good-humoredly.



FAC-SIMILE OF THE CARD WHICH MR. LINCOLN GAVE TO LOUIS.

"I've got it, sure!" he thought. "The President can have anything he wants; he's king."

He easily gained admission to the Secretary's private room, as he announced he had a message from Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Welles read the card and smiled. "Did you say that to the President?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Louis, hopefully.

Mr. Welles was especially fond of boys and young



people, and he was, besides, a very good reader of character. He saw that Louis was a bright boy. He knew, too, how easily Mr. Lincoln's heart was touched by such a case, and he said:

"I could not appoint you, young man, without violating the law. You would not wish me to do that, I know. I have a son of my own whom I would like to see appointed, and I can't appoint him, either."

"I don't want you to do anything wrong, but I came down here to go to Annapolis," replied Louis; and, half choked with disappointment, he went back to Mr. Lincoln. The doorkeeper allowed him to go right in, and Mr. Lincoln stopped writing immediately to hear the result.

The President asked the boy how he had succeeded, and Louis repeated what had been said.

When he heard it, Lincoln's face looked as sad as Louis's.

Mr. Lincoln put on his hat and, taking the boy by the hand, started for the Navy Department. On the way the President asked Louis about his family, and finally inquired why he came alone, and was much amused by Louis's reply;

"I don't bring my aunt with me when I'm on business!"

On learning something of the boy's ancestry, the President said:

"I see where you get your pluck and perseverance. You shall have that appointment if I have power to give it to you;—if not, I will do something else for you."

Arriving at the Navy Department, the President said to Secretary Welles:

"Welles, I want you to appoint this boy of mine, a midshipman. Any boy of his age who has the pluck and perseverance to do what he has done. I call my boy. Will you appoint him? He tells me you were going to appoint your son. Now, Welles, you have n't any boy of his age but what is tied to his mother's apron-strings and would n't dare to leave home and go through the trials this boy has gone through."

"I have no appointments to make, Mr. Lincoln," replied Secretary Welles. "If I had, I would gladly appoint him."

After a few words more, President Lincoln took Louis by the hand, saying:

"Come, my boy, let us go home."

They returned to the White House, where Secretary Seward was waiting. Mr. Lincoln told of their interview with Mr. Welles.

Mr. Seward suggested that Louis might be appointed to West Point. But this would n't do at all. Louis said he did not care to be anything but a midshipman. Mr. Lincoln, pleased with the boy's resolution and singleness of purpose, said:

"It is no use talking. He has made up his mind, and that settles it!"

"Really, my boy," the President said, after a few moments, "I suppose Mr. Welles is right. We shall have to have a law passed for your benefit. You can have a bill drawn up."

Louis's fervor was beginning to cool. He was astonished that a real President and a real Secretary had to be governed just like other people. Still he did not give up.

He remained at Washington for a long time. His frankness, manliness, and cleverness won him friends everywhere. A bright clever boy, there were many ways in which he could make himself useful in those busy times, and he let no opportunity escape him.

Several senators and congressmen gave him work enough to enable him to support himself. He became intimate at the White House, particularly with the President's youngest son "Tad." But, pleasant as was his life in the capital, Louis never forgot his purpose. Whatever he could do to secure the appointment he did. More than one congressman offered to appoint Louis if he would qualify himself by changing his residence to another district, and Andrew Johnson, then Military Governor of Tennessee, who afterward became President, declared his willingness to give him an appointment, saying he would be glad to have Louis become a midshipman from Tennessee. But Louis neither cared to give up his native State, nor knew how to support himself in a new one; perhaps, also, he was unwilling to leave the field before his fate was settled one way or the other.

One evening, about half-past six, Senator Hale of New Hampshire met Louis just after the adjournment of a meeting of the Committee on Naval Affairs. Of this committee Mr. Hale was chairman. He stopped as he saw Louis, and, beckoning to him, said:

"Louis, I have just drafted a bill which is to be offered in the Senate, and that bill, if passed, will give to the President power to appoint six midshipmen-at-large to fill the vacant districts of Southern congressmen. Now, the bill provides that applicants must be recommended by the representatives of their districts. Now, you go tell the President what I have told you, and make him promise to give you one of those appointments. Don't say a word to any one else!"

Thanking the Senator warmly for his kindness, Louis hurried to the White House, and going to the President's room found him with his son "Tad," to whom he happened to be reading the Bible. Before long, having finished a chapter, he asked Louis, "What brings you here, at this time of the night? Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, you can, Mr. Lincoln," said Louis, eagerly. "Senator Hale has just told me—" and he told the story, ending with "and I am here to ask for one of those appointments."

"If it is so, yours shall be the first appointment I will make," said the President, warmly. "You deserve it—you have earned it."



PORTRAIT OF LOUIS IN HIS UNIFORM. (ENGRAVED, BY PERMISSION, FROM ENLARGED COPY, BY MORENO AND LOPEZ, OF AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH.)

Evidently Louis did not seem so well pleased as the President had expected, for he asked, with some surprise:

"What!—are you not satisfied?"

"Yes, sir," Louis answered, "more than satisfied. I am gratified and delighted, too, sir. But, you are a very busy man; you may forget it.

Won't you please put it down in writing upon the back of the card you gave me for Secretary Welles?"

Mr. Lincoln laughed heartily.

"Certainly," he said, "but—why don't you study law, Louis, instead of being a midshipman?" and he laughed again. Then, taking the card, he put it on his knee and wrote as follows:

"If it turns out, as this boy says, that a law is to pass giving me the appointing of six midshipmen-at-large, and Hon. Mr. Hooper will come to me and request it, I will nominate him, this boy, as one of them.

"June 11, 1862.

A. LINCOLN."

At length the bill was reported, but before it came to its final passage was so amended as to confine the appointments to the sons of officers, and thus make it impossible for Louis to be appointed under it.

Louis was almost in despair, but he still hoped that something might happen to change the bill before it became a law.

Among the great men who were interested in his story was Mr. Thaddeus Stevens. He promised to attend to the bill when it should come back to the House. Louis had been recommended to him by a lady who was a well-known writer, and Mr. Stevens became much interested in him. In fact, he had told Louis where to sit in the gallery, when the bill was to be passed. Louis sat in the gallery one morning expecting the bill to be read. It was, but Mr. Stevens was not present. The second reading,—and no Mr. Stevens! Louis grew so excited that he was on the point of calling from the gallery to stop it. He had risen in his seat and was looking wildly over the railing and waving his hand, when, just as the bill was passing to the third reading, in came the looked-for man.

Mr. Stevens at once declared in a loud voice, attracting the attention of all present, that this amended bill was all wrong; that it was made especially for a little fellow who had walked all the way from Massachusetts to serve his country, and, pointing up at Louis, he said:

"There he sits in the gallery, waiting for our verdict." This oratorical appeal had an immediate effect. There sat the boy, "pale as a sheet," as Mr. Stevens said afterward.

Mr. Stevens, who probably remembered his early experiences of adversity and trouble, told, in his usual strong and eloquent way, the entire story with great effect. The House at once passed the bill in its original form, and even the Senate receded, and the original bill thus became law. Mr. Hooper wrote to the President, requesting Louis's appointment, and it was among the first ten ap-

pointments of midshipmen made by Mr. Lincoln under this law.

Imagine the surprise of his aunt and the rest of the people of Chelsea when they heard the result! Louis came home, not as he went away, walking and carrying a little bundle, but in a luxurious car, and as an embryo officer of the United States Navy. After a little time spent at home he departed for his duties at the Academy. Here he likewise found himself well known. Visitors almost always asked for him.

Some time afterward Louis visited the field of the second battle of Bull Run, and to his great surprise met there the Colonel who had given him

the money and sent him on to Washington. Great was the amazement of that officer (who had become a General, meanwhile) to learn of the complete success of the boy's Quixotic plan.

Louis served as midshipman, with credit, and, after the war, resigned from the service and entered the legal profession, thus justifying Mr. Lincoln's keen recognition of the bent of the boy's character. He is still living and is now a prominent lawyer in New York City.

Among his most valued possessions is the tiny card written for him by President Lincoln, and here first published as an illustration to this story founded upon facts.

---

## HOW A BATTLE IS SKETCHED.

BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.

---

THE method of sketching a battle by "our special artist on the spot" is not known to most persons, and droll questions about such work are asked me by all sorts of people. Most of them seem to have an idea that all battlefields have some elevated spot upon which the general is located, and that from this spot the commander can see his troops, direct all their maneuvers and courteously furnish special artists an opportunity of sketching the scene. This would, of course, be convenient, but it very seldom happens to be the case; for a large army usually covers a wide extent of country,—wider in fact than could possibly be seen, even with the best field-glass, from any situation less elevated than a balloon high in air.

A battle is usually fought upon a pre-arranged plan, but most of the circumstances and actors during the actual conflict are unseen by the chief general. He, however, mentally comprehends everything and readily understands what is going on from the reports which are constantly brought to him by staff-officers.

It may happen that the point where the most important movement is to be made, is so located that no general view of it can be had, and it is only by going over the actual ground that one can observe what is going on. Now, the artist must see the scene, or object, which he is to sketch, and so, during the battle, is obliged to visit every accessible point which seems likely to be an important one, and there make a sufficient memorandum, or gain such information as will enable him to decide at the close of the action precisely what were its most interesting features.

Many persons have said that since my duty was only to *see*, and not to fight, they should think that I would not be shot at, and so did not incur much danger of being hit.

Ordinarily, of course, the fact is that, in a general engagement, special individuals who do not seem to be prominent are seldom selected as targets, but if your own chance is no worse, it is surely no better than that of others near you. To really see a battle, however, one must accept the most dangerous situations, for in most cases this can not possibly be avoided.

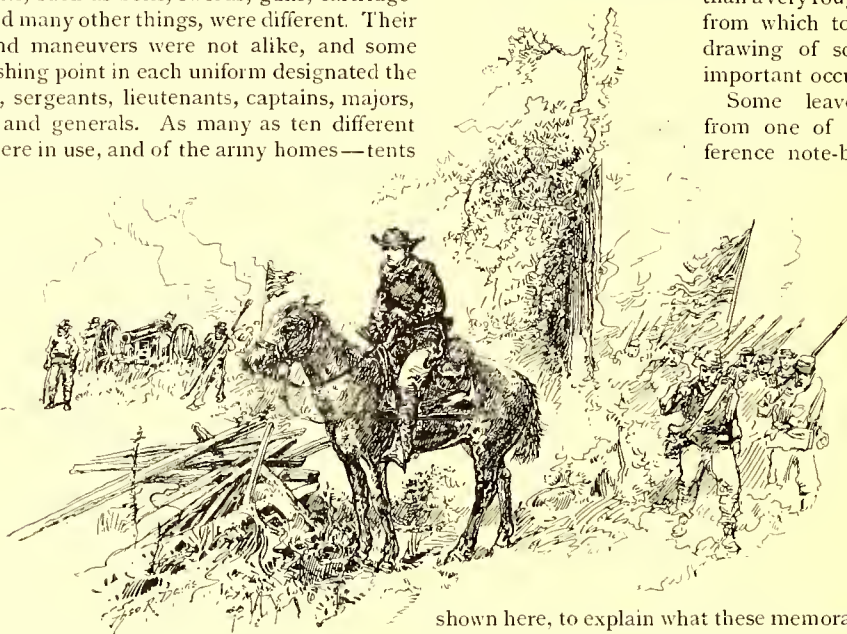
There have been occasions when some industrious sharp-shooter troubled me by a too personal direction of his bullets. No doubt the man regarded me as somebody on the other side, and considered he was there to shoot at anything or anybody on the other side. My most peculiar experience of this sort was having a sketch-book shot out of my hand and sent whirling over my shoulder. At another time, one chilly night after the day of a hard battle, as I lay shivering on the ground with a single blanket over me, a forlorn soldier begged and received a share of the blanket. I awoke at day-break to find the soldier dead, and from the wound it was plain that but for the intervention of *his* head the bullet would have gone through my own.

There are also incidents which would show the other risks, besides those during a battle, to which a special artist is exposed. But it is the work and not the adventures of the artist which I shall describe; and to make the subject clear it will be well to explain how much there was to be learned when I first entered the field as a campaign artist.

Infantry, cavalry, and artillery soldiers, each had their particular uniform, and besides these, their equipments, such as belts, swords, guns, cartridge-boxes, and many other things, were different. Their tactics and maneuvers were not alike, and some distinguishing point in each uniform designated the corporals, sergeants, lieutenants, captains, majors, colonels, and generals. As many as ten different saddles were in use, and of the army homes—tents

secure detailed sketches, and under some circumstances it would often be impossible to get more than a very rough sketch from which to finish a drawing of some very important occurrence.

Some leaves taken from one of these reference note-books are



OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON THE SPOT.

—there was a great variety. The harness for artillery horses was peculiar, as was that of the mules which drew the army wagons and ambulances.

Now, these are only some of the things,—a few of them,—but sufficient to show the necessity for a special sketch-book, in which to make, whenever I found an opportunity, memorandum sketches of every new thing. I thus provided myself with a reference book for use when active campaigning commenced; for then there would be no time to

shown here, to explain what these memoranda were like. They are somewhat smaller than the originals, but it should be mentioned that these note-books were small, so that they might conveniently be carried in my pocket, ready for use at any moment.

Now, a word about my army homes: There never was the slightest difficulty in finding quarters, and, when with the Western army, I sometimes had several different quarters at the same time, places where I paid a regular monthly mess-bill, whether present or absent, and thus was enabled to stay



Five



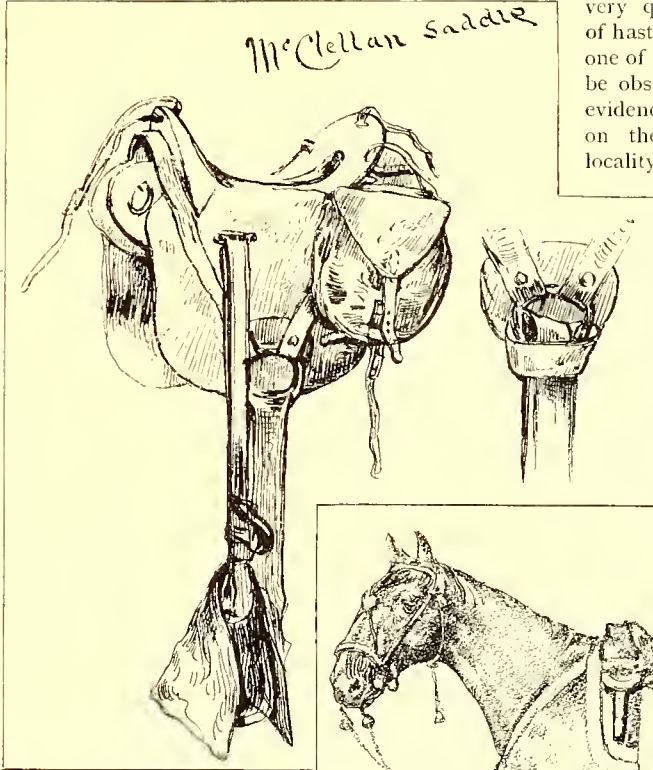
Load



3 inch Rodman Rifle

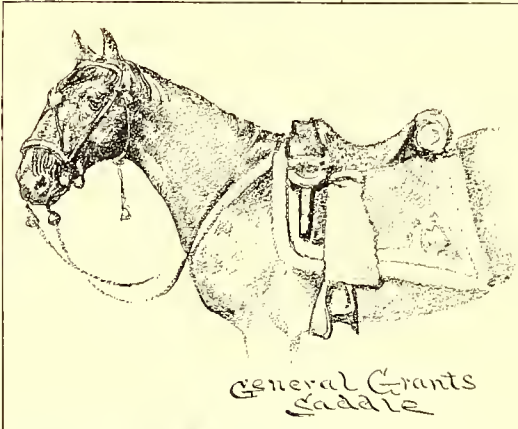
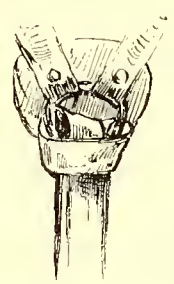
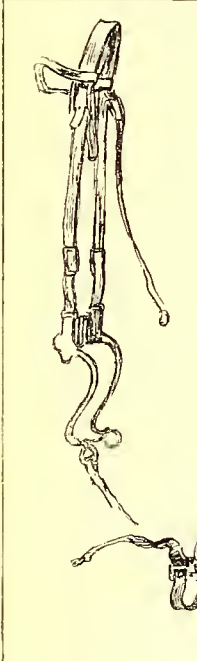
FROM THE ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK.

over night at the place nearest to the scene of the next day's work, or could immediately commence to prepare the finished drawings to be sent away to my journal at

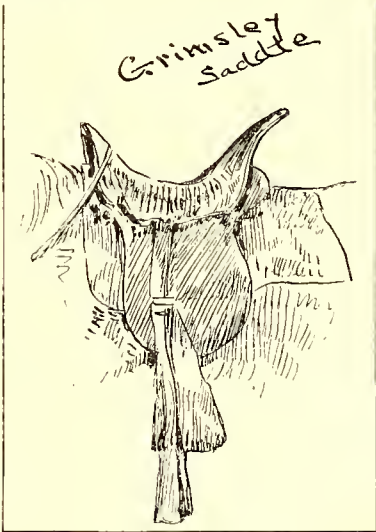


very queerest specimens of hasty memoranda, and one of these (which it will be observed bears every evidence of being made on the spot) shows a locality in which bullets flew thick and fast, and everybody was quite busy and active.

The place was the scene of a part of the battle of Raymond, and the note will no doubt amuse most of those who see it;

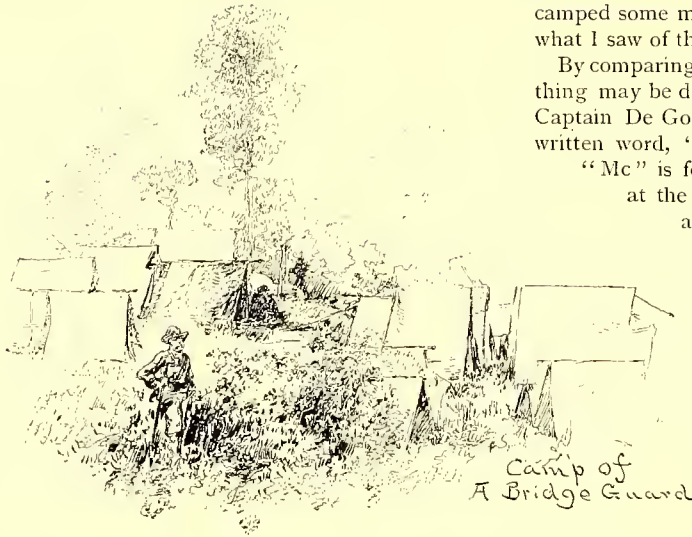


the very earliest opportunity. Of course the character of these drawings varied both according to the circumstances under which they were made and the time afforded for their elaboration from the sketches. And the sketches, or mere notes, as at times they were, might sometimes be absolutely unintelligible except to myself (although even now, and after twenty-five years have passed, many of these same rough notes bring back to my mind the scenes they indicate, and suggest many forgotten details). Probably my note-book of General Grant's Vicksburg campaign contains some of the



but, should it meet the eye of any of the veterans of the Vicksburg campaign who were in the Raymond fight, they will not, remembering the experience, wonder at the appearance of the memorandum. My horse had been shot a few moments before the sketch was made, and there is still a reminder of the incident in the form of a scar on my left knee as large as a half-dollar, made by the bullet that killed my horse—or some other bullet.

The Raymond fight was not a great battle, but one of those compact and vigorous engagements at close quarters, without any protecting earthworks.



camped some miles beyond the scene of the battle, what I saw of the field I saw during the action.

By comparing the note with the drawing, a something may be discovered which stands for one of Captain De Golyer's six-pounder cannon.\* The written word, "Logan," means General Logan;

"Mc" is for Colonel Ed. McCook, who was at the moment limping away, wounded,

and had taken two muskets for crutches; "M" shows where General McPherson was, and near him was the brave Lieutenant-Colonel W. E. Strong, who a year afterward rescued General McPherson's lifeless body from the battlefield of Atlanta. Trees and smoke are suggested, and a few marks (which might mean anything) stand for the road and a bit of destroyed fence. The word "dust" shows where there was

Under such conditions it could last but a brief time before one side or the other gave way, a dust cloud—an evidence of a movement of troops. The name of the division which was



and that time it was the Confederate soldiers who found the situation too uncomfortable to remain; and as we followed quickly after them, and

marching there, I took pains to learn afterward. There was an incident in this scene which was as amusing as it was characteristic of the chief actor,

\* Illustrating the chances of war—when the paper containing the illustrations of the Vicksburg campaign reached me, a copy was handed to Captain De Golyer, who at that moment was with his battery in the advance line in front of Vicksburg. The captain started for his tent, at some distance in the rear, and in a place of comparative safety, and while there, looking over the paper, a chance bullet struck him, inflicting a wound which caused his death a few weeks afterward.



ARTIST'S "NOTE" FOR THE PICTURE OF THE BATTLE OF RAYMOND.

Captain Tresalian, an Irish officer on the staff of General Logan. He was seated astride of the top-most rail of the fence, across which, in some places,

the fight was going on with clubbed muskets; which side the captain was most interested in was doubtful, for, with cap in one hand and sword in the



THE BATTLE OF RAYMOND.

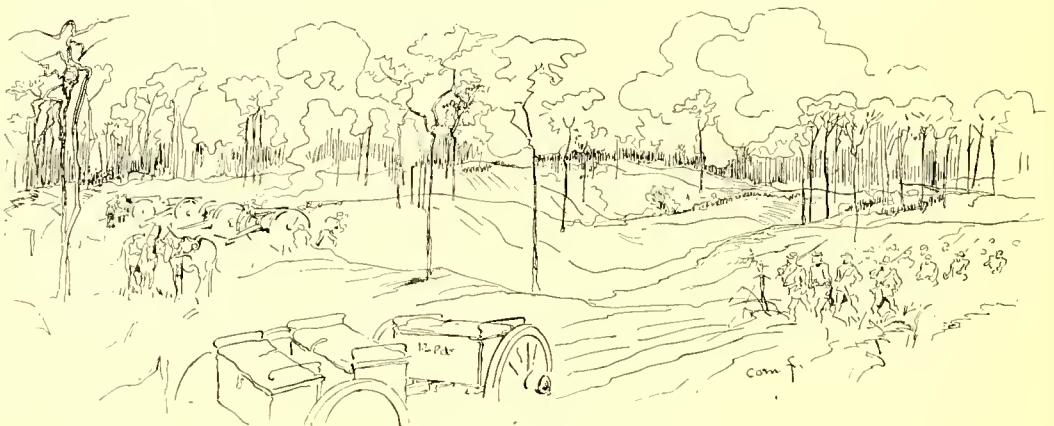


THE FIELD OF BATTLE AT CHAMPION'S HILL.

other, he was encouraging both parties to go in, and do their best, while he occupied a reserved seat, a most interested spectator.

This man was a type of the soldier who loves a fight, and true stories of some of his doings seem

almost too improbable to believe. I think he was unconscious of danger, and I know that I was not, for in some of my sketch-books there are memorandum sketches of some battlefield occurrences which show plainly that the hand holding



ARTIST'S "NOTE" FOR ABOVE DRAWING.





AN INCIDENT OF THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

the pencil was unsteady; and jerky marks here and there make it pretty plain that the locality was an unsafe one. The surroundings, as well as the danger, had some influence at the moment when such sketches were made; for most of these "Get-out-of-that" sketches, as my army friends called them, show simply the locality of some exciting incident, and not a general view, such as

that of the field at Champion's Hill (or Baker's Creek, as the Confederate soldiers called the battle). The memorandum sketch of that action shows a general view of the field, indicated with reasonable distinctness—even if "corn f" does stand for a field of corn! After leaving the spot, I saw General Grant and some of his staff at that point, and so introduced them in the sketch, to add inter-



"OUR SPECIAL ARTIST" WORKING AT NIGHT.

est to the scene. Of a number of sketches made during this battle, only one or two were finished to send to the paper, for during the Vicksburg campaign the movements and incidents occurred so rapidly that it was difficult to decide what to spare time for, so as to send sketches which would give the best general idea of what had happened.

An incident which is worth telling took place after the close of the battle of Champion's Hill. The Confederates had started back to Vicksburg, and some of our troops marched hastily in the same direction; clouds of dust rose from beyond the forest to the left of the road along which we marched, and we were not surprised, upon coming to a large field, to see soldiers marching along a road on the opposite side, nor astonished to see two mounted men leave the column and ride toward two of our officers who had immediately started to ascertain what troops those were. When, presently, we saw these horsemen firing their revolvers at one another, we knew that those were not our troops marching over there, and made arrangements accordingly.

Some time after the close of the war, two gentlemen met on a steamboat in the South, and each thought that he recognized the other, though where they had met neither could then recollect; but it soon came out that it was on that 16th of May, 1863, after the Champion's Hill engagement,

and as they shook hands for the first time each was glad that his pistol-shot had done the other no harm.

A glance at the illustration of "our special artist" working late at night to finish his sketches, makes me tired enough to stop right here; for it brings to mind the many nights, when a few hours' sleep was all the rest the Special could expect to have after a long day, during which nearly every part of an army covering miles of country had been visited and the general situation of the forces had been ascertained.

Of the different ways of forwarding sketches, the mail, next to a special messenger, was found to be the quickest and safest; and now, looking back at the prodigious work that was accomplished by those whose duty it was to forward and receive our army's mail, I know of nothing else wherein the Government's care of the soldiers was more fully displayed.

In closing this article, it ought to be stated that I have made sketches upon many battle-fields where the fighting was too extended for any single person to hope to reach more than a few of the most prominent points, and I have found that a sure guide to these points was to go toward the place where the heaviest musketry fire was heard,—not a pleasant thing to do, but quite in the line of duty for one who is "special artist on the spot."

---

## EIGHT-DAY CLOCKS.

BY JOEL STACY.

---

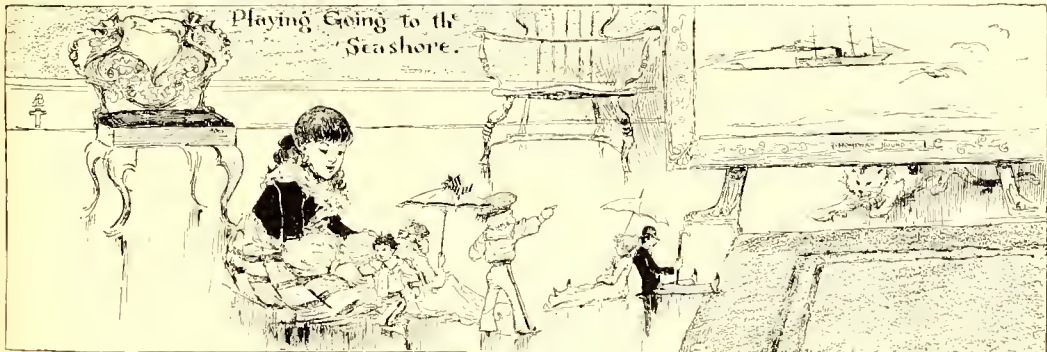
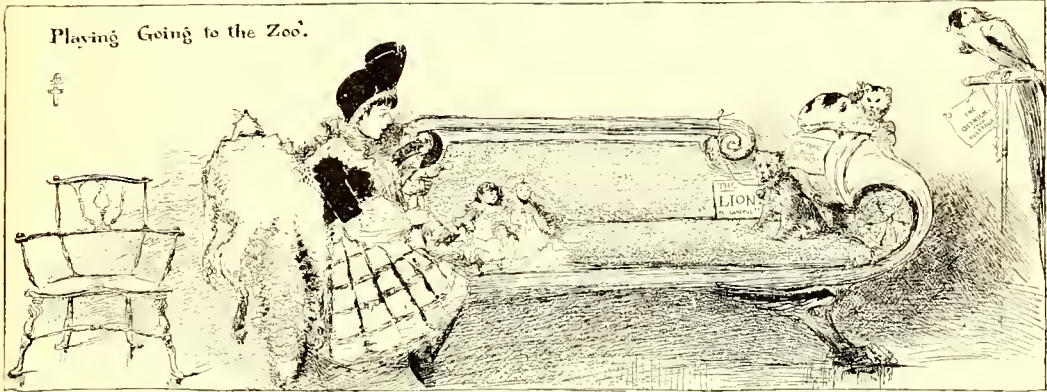
I.

HOW often I've sustained a shock,  
 Since I have owned my eight-day clock!  
 At first, I wound it once a week,  
 (Bless me! how the key did creak!)  
 And then I pondered: "Where 's the need?  
 The thing would go at even speed  
 A whole day longer, if neglected;  
 And I, for one, can't be expected  
 To wind and wind on every Sunday  
 A clock that 's bound to run till Monday."  
 And yet each week to add a day,  
 And recollect, is not my way;  
 And this it is that bothers me;—  
 My clock and I do not agree.

II.

Suppose *you* buy an eight-day clock,  
 And add it to your household stock,  
 And wind it every week, we 'll say,  
 Letting go that extra day;  
 How many times (to be quite clear).  
 Must it be wound within the year?  
 And on the other hand, suppose  
 You let it run till toward its close,  
 And so, on each eighth day, delight  
 In winding it with gentle might,  
 And never miss the task—'t is clear,  
 You 'll wind it fewer times a year;  
 But just how many times, you see.  
 May best be told by *you*, not me.

HOW  
I PLAY  
WITH MY  
DOLLIES.



# YOSHI HITO, HARU NO MIYA, THE CHILD OF MODERN JAPAN.

BY ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE.



YOSHI HITO, HARU NO MIYA, CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN.

OF the children of the Emperor of Japan only one son and one daughter remain to him, Prince Haru and the Princess Hisa. Yoshi Hito, Haru no Miya celebrated his ninth birthday on August 31, 1888, and if he lives will succeed his father on the throne. Princess Hisa is three years old, but although empresses have ruled Japan in the early centuries, the line of succession passes from Prince Haru to the cousins of the Emperor.

The word Haru in the Japanese language means spring-time, and Aki, the name of the last little

prince who died, means autumn, so that the imperial brothers, Prince Spring and Prince Autumn, were often spoken of together, and the play upon their names gave court poets many opportunities to turn graceful verses to them. Prince Haru was born in the Tokio palace, and until his second year lived in the imperial nurseries in the Nakayama Yashiki, a black-walled place facing the castle moats. After that he was transferred to the palace of the Empress Dowager, but he now resides with the Emperor. A new imperial palace has just

been built in Tokio, and in it there is a large wing or pavilion that contains the apartments of Prince Haru and his suite.

The present Emperor of Japan passed his boyhood, like his ancestors before him, in the seclusion of the old imperial palace in Kioto. When he came to the throne, in 1867, he was only fifteen years of age, and had dreamed and imagined less of the outside world than his little nine-year-old son now actually knows. His early life had been occupied with the study of "the classics" and the routine of the most elaborate etiquette and most long-drawn ceremonial known to any court of the world. There was in his existence none of the activity and excitement that crowd the daily life of a European sovereign or crown prince, and when he left the palace grounds it was in a closely covered palanquin, or cart, and he could go only to some other high-walled palace, temple, or monastery grounds. He wore flowing, large-sleeved garments of the heaviest brocades, that prevented him from doing anything more than walking at a most dignified pace, and a sedate promenade in the palace gardens was as much exercise as he ever took.

At the time the Emperor came to the throne the war between his followers and those of the Shogun, or military ruler, was fast approaching an open conflict, and it ended, as we all know,\* in the short campaign of 1869, the overthrow of the Shogun and the restoration of the secluded ruler to actual power. A few battles near Kioto, the siege and destruction of the Osaka castle, were the great incidents of the struggle, and the defeated Shogun escaped in disguise, first to a United States gunboat, and after leaving that refuge was captured by the imperial forces. His life was magnanimously spared; and, stripped of his power, titles, and estates, he now lives as a private gentleman in the small town of Shidzuoka, about one hundred miles south of Tokio.

After his restoration to actual power the Emperor moved his court to Tokio, the old military capital of the Shogun, and greatly changed his manner of living and of conducting the nation's affairs. He adopted for himself European dress as his costume of ceremony, and soon uniformed the army, the police, and civil-officers in the coat and trousers of Western nations. The old nobles were horrified to have their sovereign appear in the Tokio streets in the open day, and to have any one and every one looking upon his sacred countenance, but they have since become used to it.

Compared to his imperial father, even at the present day, Prince Haru is much more emancipated, and none of the old traditions seem to have

any weight in regulating his conduct. There was no precedent to follow in the education of a Japanese prince in the modern way, and Prince Haru has made many laws for himself. He is a wonderfully bright and precocious little fellow, and his small, twinkling black eyes are full of mischief and see everything. He is hardly taller than an American boy of six years of age, but he has at times the dignity, the pride of birth, and consciousness of station and power, of a man of sixty. His eyes are not slanting, nor indeed does one often see in a Japanese face the wonderfully oblique eyes beloved of the caricaturists. The peculiarity in the expression of their eyes is given by the eyelids being fastened in either corner, as if a few stitches had been taken there. This makes it impossible for them to lift the eyelids as high as we do, and gives the narrower slits through which they look the peculiar Oriental look. One often sees Japanese with as round, wide-open eyes as those of our race, and it gives an especial beauty to their countenances.

Prince Haru has the exquisitely smooth, fine yellow skin that is one of the points of greatest beauty in Japanese children, and a bright color sometimes shows in the pale yellow of his little cheeks. He has the rank of a colonel in the Japanese army, and wears his military uniform and his cap with the gold star all the time, his clothes being dark-blue cloth in winter and white duck in summer. He is fond of riding, and, when mounted, the miniature colonel trots along at a fine gait, giving and returning the military salute as he passes an officer or a sentry, like a young martinet. Being a prince, as well as a colonel, he has a suite of nobles in attendance upon him,—chamberlain, preceptor, secretary, equerry, and aide-de-camp all going with the establishment of this imperial mite. Many of these nobles are as old as his father, and a few are old enough to be his grandfathers. Even by taking their regular turns at duty, the suite and staff in attendance upon him are kept very busy by the active young princeling. One set escort him to school, stay on duty there and carry the books to and fro, and are relieved by those who attend the small Highness in his hours of ease and play.

While Prince Haru has his separate establishment in the palace, he often dines with the Empress Dowager, or sits in state at the table with the Emperor and Empress. He is as apt in handling the knife, fork, and spoon, as he is with the chopsticks, and comprehends all the etiquette of offering or receiving a "health" with one of the tall champagne glasses, as well as the formalities attending the use of the thin *saké* cups. He is said

\* See article entitled "Great Japan: the Sunrise Kingdom," in ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1888.

to talk to his father as unrestrainedly as to any member of his suite, to politely answer back, contradict and give his own little opinion, as if it were an ordinary father he addressed, instead of Mutsu Hito, Son of Heaven, and one hundred and twenty-first sovereign of the unbroken line of Japan's imperial family. The Emperor is said to greatly delight in the boy's ways, and his chatter about what he sees and does; and to the whole court the Heir Apparent is a wonderful and extraordinary child.

Prince Haru attends the nobles' school in Tokio and has private tutors besides. He is very quick to learn and an ambitious student, a little more assertive and argumentative than the usually timid, docile, gentle little Japanese boys in the classes with him. English is the foreign language that he has decided to learn first, and he already knows many conventional phrases of greeting and social intercourse.

He enters into the tugs-of-war, football, and other school games with the young noblemen who are associated with him, and is as earnest in his play as in everything else.

When he was only seven years old Prince Haru had an unexpected wrestling match with a small American boy of his own age. It was at a school entertainment in Tokio, and it began by Prince Haru's noticing that the young American kept on his Tam o' Shanter cap in the princely presence.

"Go and tell that boy to take off his hat!" ordered the small prince to his aide-de-camp.

Before the officer could reach the offender, the insulted princeling slipped from his chair, strode down, and knocked off the hat with his own hand. Young America never stopped to think who the aggressor was, but struck back, and in a few minutes the future emperor and one of our future presidents had clinched, and were slapping and pounding each other in the most democratic manner. The horrified nobles of the prince's suite and the frightened parents of the young American separated them, and led them apart, neither combatant feeling any regret for what he had done.

"That boy slapped me first, when I was n't doing anything to him!" persisted the young American, whose parents were almost expecting to be arrested or beheaded for the unprecedented

treatment of such a sacred being as the Imperial Crown Prince.

"I have punished that boy for his impoliteness in wearing his hat in my presence," said the pompous princeling, frowning at his suite, tightening his little sword-belt and strutting up and down like a young game-cock.

The tableaux and exercises went on quietly after that prelude, and when supper-time came, Prince Haru was seen eating pink and white ice-cream elbow to elbow with his late opponent, and gallantly feeding his own sponge-cake and *éclairs* to the opponent's pretty little yellow-haired sister.

Prince Haru inherits his father's love of horses and horse-racing, and at the spring and autumn races in Tokio is to be seen in the imperial box. When he attends without the Emperor, the Japanese national anthem is played by the military band to announce the arrival of an imperial personage, and he is received with the same honors as his father. The youngster carries a field-glass half as long as his arm, to watch the horses as they circle about the great lotus-lake at the Uyeno park track, and he is the most excited among the spectators when the horses are on the last quarter. He is critical and appreciative, too, at the fencing and wrestling matches, and the Japanese athletic sports and contests that survive from the old feudal days.

The old conservative nobles are not pleased with the idea of this very precocious and modern young prince going about so much and seeing so much of the world. They think him too advanced and too progressive, and consider that he is having his own way too much; but those nobles do not know boys and princes in other countries, and being first of the princes to grow up after the restoration, everything has to be new and experimental in his case. It is proposed, that when he reaches the age of fifteen or sixteen years, he shall go abroad with his tutors. Prince Haru will spend several years on his travels around the world, seeing the other nations of the earth, living for a time in the great capitals, and studying the methods and results of the different forms of government, so that he may have a broad and general knowledge of affairs before he is called upon to become the ruler of Japan.

# HOW POLLY AND PETER KEEP HOUSE.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

My uncle is threshing with Freddy;  
My mother has gone to the fair;  
I've vowed to be steady as steady,  
And baby, she's tied in her chair:  
I must brush up the hearth to look neater,  
And put all the tea-cups away,—  
There's no one to help me but Peter,  
And Peter,— why, Peter's at play.

Just hear how the turkeys are crying,  
And the calf is as hungry as two!  
I'll see if the cherries are drying,  
And then there's the churning to do:

In summer we churn in the cellar,  
So baby can come there to stay—  
I must think of a story to tell her  
While Peter,— but Peter's at play.

It is time that the chicken was over,  
And my mending is scarcely begun,—  
Here's Peter come up from the clover,  
And we never have dinner till one!  
I'll just make this sauce a bit sweeter  
And bring out some cakes on a tray,—  
He must be well treated, poor Peter,  
He does work so hard at his play!



DOOMED!

# AMONG THE FLORIDA KEYS.

## SUMMER VACATION ALONG THE CORAL-REEFS OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER,

Member of the N. Y. Academy of Science, Hon. Member of Linnæan Society, etc., etc.

### CHAPTER I.

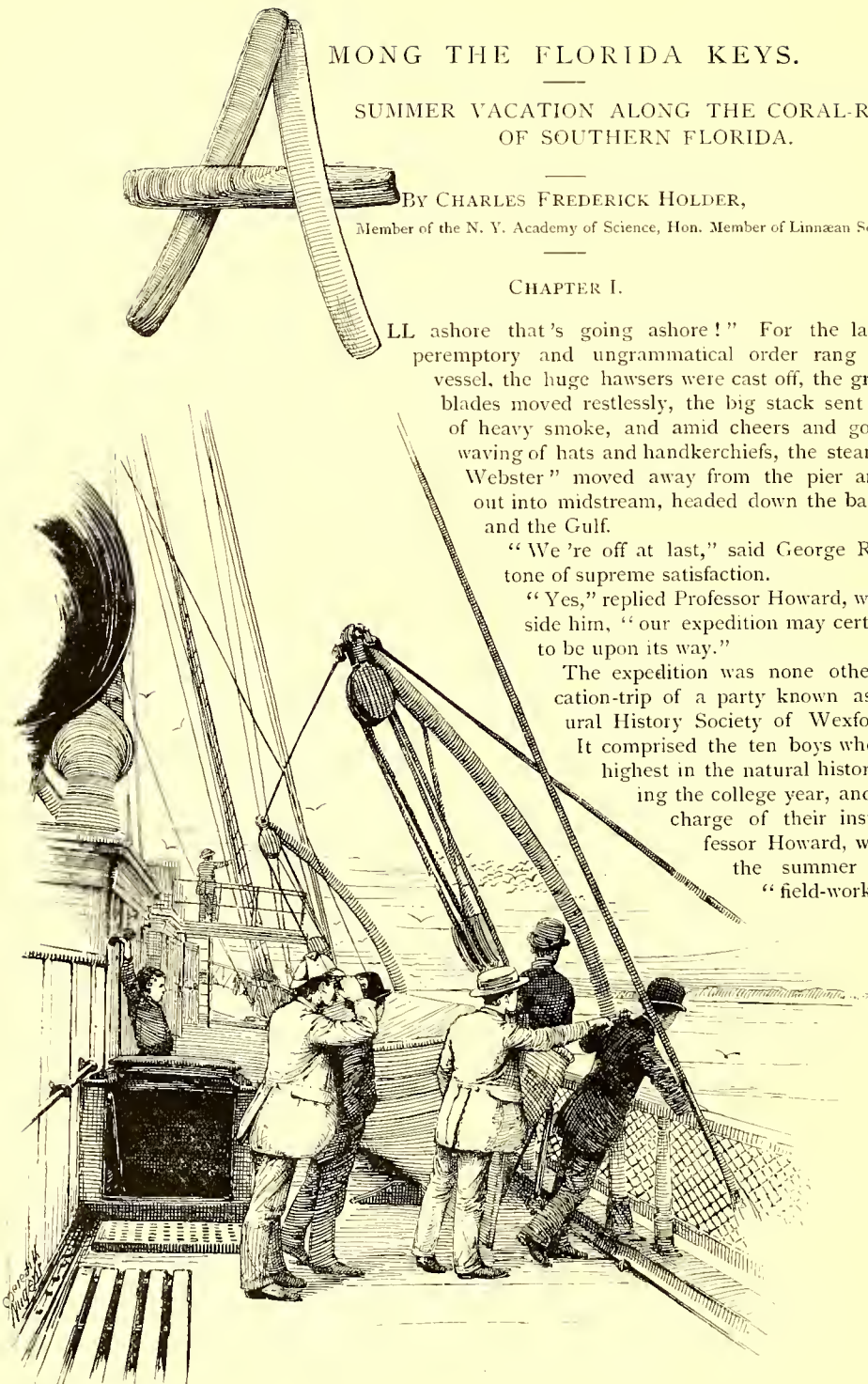
"All ashore that's going ashore!" For the last time the peremptory and ungrammatical order rang through the vessel, the huge hawsers were cast off, the great propeller blades moved restlessly, the big stack sent out volumes of heavy smoke, and amid cheers and good-byes, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the steamer "Daniel Webster" moved away from the pier and, swinging out into midstream, headed down the bay for Florida and the Gulf.

"We're off at last," said George Ramsey, in a tone of supreme satisfaction.

"Yes," replied Professor Howard, who stood beside him, "our expedition may certainly be said to be upon its way."

The expedition was none other than a vacation-trip of a party known as the "Natural History Society of Wexford College."

It comprised the ten boys who had ranked highest in the natural history course during the college year, and they, under charge of their instructor, Professor Howard, were to spend the summer months in "field-work" among the





coral reefs of the Gulf of Mexico and the Florida coast.

Old Mr. Redlow, one of the Board of Trustees was the college benefactor, and he frequently made large gifts of money to widen its scope and influence. Recently he had proposed to give to Professor Howard, who was in charge of the Scientific Department, a fund to cover the expenses of expeditions for field-work, to supplement the theoretical studies in the class-room. Before finally deciding upon this course, however, he proposed to send such an expedition to Florida as an experiment designed to show the need and benefit of field-work, especially in natural history.

Professor Howard was only too glad to take charge of the party, and not one of the ten students who ranked highest in the class refused this opportunity for a healthful and improving vacation. Much difficult work was to be required from the young students, but the idea of studying under such delightful conditions and surroundings had filled these ten boys with the brightest hopes, and they set forth for their summer schooling with scarce restrained exuberance.

Down the broad river that borders the great city glided the south-bound steamer. As the sun went down, the steady rolling swell suggested the deeper waters they were approaching.

"Oh, see that porpoise!" cried Frank Vail suddenly, as a black body rose, making a graceful curve in air several feet above the water. "I did n't know they ever leaped so high as that."

"Indeed they do," replied Prof. Howard. "I remember when I was a boy that a number of us cornered a school of porpoises in a small Connecticut inlet, and, stretching our five boats across the entrance, tried to drive them to the beach. The porpoises were frightened and made a rush for open water, dashing directly toward us. Most of them dived under the boats, but four big fellows leaped right over our heads, clearing, I suppose, some twenty feet in distance at one leap. I really don't know which were the most astonished, we boys or the porpoises!"

"Why did n't you hit them with an oar as they went over you?" asked Tom Derby.

"Well, Tom," said the Professor, laughing, "if I remember, we did n't think of it; we simply dodged."

Here the supper-gong sounded and the "expedition" was shortly seated at table, with the keen appetite of youth sharpened by the salty air.

"You may not be so hungry to-morrow at this time, my lads," said the captain, smiling at their eagerness. "It will probably take you a day or two to get your sea-legs on."

"Where do we get them, captain?" inquired

young Ramsey, to whom the expression was new.

"Why, old Davy Jones keeps them in his locker," said the captain, who thought the boy might be joking, amid the laughter of the rest, "and if the wind freshens up a bit you can expect him aboard to-morrow."

"Now, young gentlemen," said Professor Howard, as they all gathered in the cabin after supper, "it is a good time to say a word about our plans for work. Although our trip is to be for study, we wish to combine all proper pleasure with it. If we are not interested by our studies, there is little profit in attempting them. So, in the first place, we shall endeavor to busy ourselves with broad elementary observations, and the simpler facts of animal life. The investigation and study which is the real object of this expedition will, therefore, come easily to you all. As there are ten of you, I propose to make each of five couples responsible for a certain group of animal life, and that group is to be considered the specialty of each pair. You will be required to keep daily a brief journal of your discoveries, and to learn as much as possible about the structure and habits of such specimens as you may find. A portion of our evenings can usually be spent over the microscope, or in talks over each day's work, and find of specimens. I have heard it said that natural history is a dry study, but I hope to prove that a fallacy, and to show you that there is nothing more exciting, health-giving, and instructive than what is called 'field-work.' Here are your special divisions, arranged, I think, somewhat according to your tastes and leanings: Eaton and Douglas will take the *Radiates*—the star-fishes, corals, and all animals that spread from the center; Ludlow and Vail, the *Mollusks* or shell-fish, and so on; Hall and Ramsey, the *Crustaceans*—as crabs and craw-fish; Carrington and Raymond, birds and reptiles; Woodbury and Derby, the insects and such land animals as we may find. Although you have these special subjects, you are to collect everything and endeavor to learn as much as you can. Our specimens will be carefully preserved—the smaller or more delicate forms in alcohol; sea-weeds must be pressed, while some of the fishes and all of the birds need to be skinned." The boys listened attentively to the Professor's directions.

Although thoroughly enjoying the voyage.—after the much dreaded Hatteras, and the still more dreaded sea-sickness had been safely weathered,—they looked forward with keen expectation to the run ashore and to the study that was to be so much like play.

And so, late one afternoon, as they hung over the gunwale studying the frequent patches of gulf

weed which make up the celebrated Sargasso Sea, the Professor told them that this weed was the home of myriads of strange creatures.\* Suddenly they heard from the pilot-house the cheery cry, "Land ho!"

"Where, where?" shouted all the boys, as with straining eyes they looked across the great stretch of blue water.

The captain, who was leaning out of the pilot-house window, pointed to the west, and the boys, following with their eyes the direction of his finger, saw what seemed only a dim and hazy mist.

"That is Florida," said Professor Howard, "and we are near the capes."

Soon, out of the hazy mist came into view the long line of white beach and its background of trees, and then the course of the steamer was changed and both beach and trees passed from sight again. The weather was delightfully warm; strange sea-birds appeared on the water, which shone like a sea of glass; zigzag ripples formed behind the sickle-fin of a great shark as he sculled slowly along just beneath the surface. The setting sun was throned in gorgeous colors; eroded clouds floated in the background, upon which were lighter fleeces fringed with gold and gloriously tinted with purple and scarlet. The purest vermilion and lake, brilliant and gem-like, shone almost to scintillation, and rays of azure and gold spread quite to the zenith, lending reflected coloring to the ascending cloud-banks. The sea was lighted up to exceeding beauty. Around the throne of the slowly sinking sun, all was moving, changing, and dissolving, and the spectacle culminated in a scene of rarest brilliancy as the view closed behind the great curtain of the sea.

"My, though!" exclaimed Vail, as silently, almost solemnly, the members of the expedition witnessed their first really tropical sunset; "it's almost like a transformation scene, is n't it, boys?" And then as the Southern Cross hung over the dark water-line and Canopus of the South blazed out in all its splendor, the boys paced their last evening up and down the vessel's deck and enjoyed the full beauty of the brilliant heavens with all the more zest because they knew that early the next morning they would land in Key West.

## CHAPTER II.

THEY found Key West (the name of the island is an English corruption of the Spanish *Cayo Hueso*, or Bone Island) a curious town of some thirteen thousand inhabitants, built on the north-western part of a small coral-island, nowhere more than twenty feet above the sea, but with an excellent

harbor. There were sights enough on both sea and shore, to fill profitably the brief time they were to spend there while the Professor was arranging for the little smack in which to make their tour of the Keys—under which general name is grouped the line of coral reefs and sand-banks fringing the Florida coast-line beyond its southernmost cape.

The owner of the "Sallie," the smack they had engaged, was known to every one in Key West as Paublo. He was a good-natured fellow and was quite ready to give the boys every opportunity to make a tour of the island and the neighboring waters; and one morning, as he held his dinghy near the smack with his handy boat-hook, he called out:

"If any of you young men care to go turtling, hop aboard and I'll row you over to Conchtown."

The invitation was gladly accepted by the entire expedition, and Paublo soon pulled around to the head of the island to the mixed Spanish and Negro settlement, shaded by palms and tropical trees, known as Conchtown. As they approached the point the boys saw what seemed like a number of fences extending from the water. These, Paublo said, were "turtle-crawls," or pens about fifty feet square, in which the captured turtles are confined.

Seeing the boat, a number of dusky urchins, who were wading along the shore, rushed out and, before the boat had reached the crawls, had headed it off and begged to be allowed to catch the turtles. Paublo, perfectly willing to escape such hard work, readily consented, and having made the boat fast near one of the gates, he told the boys to catch three of the largest turtles.

Four of the "Conch boys," throwing off their scanty clothing, noiselessly lowered themselves into the water, which, within the crawls, was about five feet deep.

Some twenty or thirty large turtles, of the green and the loggerhead species, could be plainly seen through the clear water lying asleep on the white sandy bottom. Each Conch boy selected a turtle and, swimming toward it from behind, suddenly dived down and caught the sleeping victim by the rim of shell just over its head. Not one missed his grasp, and the next moment the amused watchers saw the captured turtles raise their heads as if in surprise and look quickly around. Then came a grand mixture of flippers, Conch boys' heads, and dashing spray, while the puffing and blowing from both turtles and riders would have done credit to a school of whales.

Up to the surface they came like shots, then down again at race-horse speed, dragging their captors after them, rousing all the other turtles in the pen and sending them tearing up and down

\* See article, "A Floating Home," in ST. NICHOLAS for October, 1888.

the inclosure. The Conch boys who were having so furious a turtle-ride seemed to enjoy the sport immensely; holding fast by one hand, they stretched themselves at full length on the turtles' backs, drawing deep breaths whenever they rose to the surface, and taking the dives and the waves as they came along, until the captured turtles — after a struggle of nearly twenty minutes — were finally tired out. Then the Conch boys, grasping the rims of the shells with both hands, kneeled squarely on the turtles' backs, and fairly forced their heads out of water and steered them toward the boat where Paublo and the boys of the expedition all "lent a hand" and soon had the game aboard. The flippers were then slit, those on each side tied together, and Paublo's marketing was done.

"I suppose that is our 'fresh beef' for two weeks to come," laughed Vail, surveying the captive monsters.

"Talk about lassoing wild horses!" said Douglas; "why, it 's nothing to catching turtles."

"I would n't mind trying a turtle-ride myself," said Tom Derby, as Paublo pulled away for the town.

"You 'll have opportunities enough at Garden Key," said Paublo, "and right on the clear reef, too. I 've had a big loggerhead tow me an hour before I tired him out, and they are likely to bite, too,—which makes it all the more exciting."

As soon as the Sallie was ready for her cruise the expedition went on board, bade farewell to Key West, shook out the mainsail, and were soon bowling along before the pleasant trade wind, with Sand Key light dead-ahead.

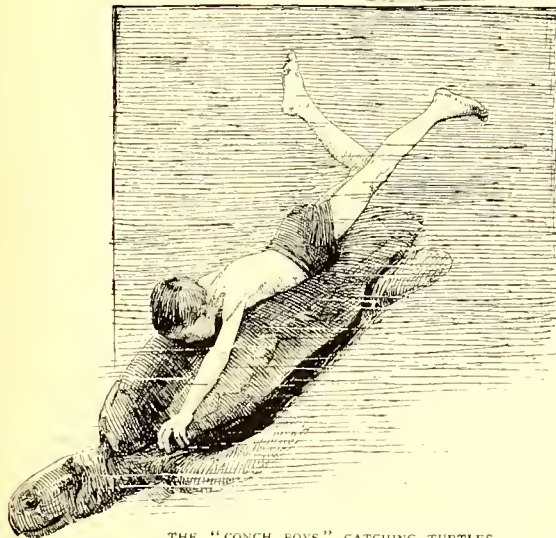
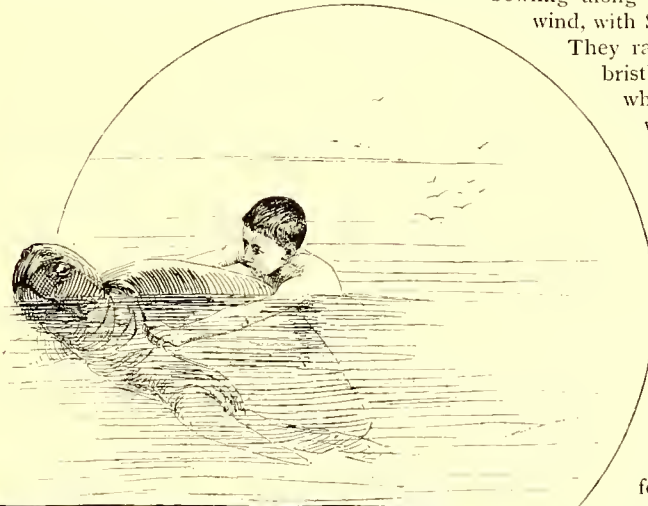
They ran by Fort Taylor, with its bristling guns, past the great white beach where the slaves were once barracooned (or penned in) during the cruel old "slavery days," and quickly were well off-shore and heading out into the south-west channel.

The smack was a roomy little vessel, and was provided with a nice cabin, containing four berths, each for two persons, while well-cushioned seats made good beds for the others. When they were fairly out of the harbor they threw their kingfish lines over the side, and so trolled along, half expecting a bite. Soon a cry from Carrington attracted their attention. He was braced against the bulwarks, hauling at his line with might and main.

"I 've got him!" he cried. But that became somewhat doubtful, as the fish gave a surge and took the line through the lad's fingers at a rate that made them burn. Paublo luffed the smack, and they shortly had the kingfish alongside. It proved to be a splendid fellow, about four feet long, of a steel-blue and silver color, and with a long and rakish jaw.

"Don't lift him by the line," said Paublo, unshipping a pair of grains that hung in the shrouds. "or you 'll tear out his jaw. Now, hold him up."

Carrington and Tom Derby lifted the fish



THE "CONCH BOYS" CATCHING TURTLES.

slightly, Paublo hurled the barbs into its neck, and by the combined efforts of the three the fish was lifted to the deck, where it threshed around and gave them all a lively few moments, dodging its dangerous tail.

Paublo took him in hand, however, and before long a rich odor floated aft that told of a coming dinner and a good one. Two more kingfish were caught during the afternoon, and by five o'clock that afternoon the smack anchored off the Marquesas — a group of picturesque coral-islands, covered with mangrove trees, half-way between Key West and Rebecca Shoals.

The boys soon had out the dinghy and were pulling toward the shore, when there came a loud splash not a hundred feet beyond them! Now one and then another great white fin was seen, and, with the cry of "Sharks!" the boat's head was turned toward the splashing.

"Don't make any noise, boys," whispered Tom, as he made a long lead- or sounding-line fast to the thwart and, grains in hand, stood prepared for action as the boat neared the mysterious fins.

"Here 's one coming this way," cried Tom, raising the iron as he spoke.

Hardly had he uttered the words when a great black body appeared near the bow and Tom let drive, with a result that appalled them all. An immense fish, over twenty feet long, and in appearance like a monster bird, rose into the air and then came down with a crash that sounded like the blast of a cannon. The waves nearly filled the boat, and the boys were thrown down in a body by the sudden shock. Bob Carrington had been holding the coil of rope, but had fortunately remembered to throw it overboard, leaving the end fast to the bow.

"That 's no shark!" said Ludlow, as he picked himself up from the bottom of the boat.

"I should say not," replied Tom; "but what do you suppose it is? Just see it go!"

The fish was rushing away, making the water foam and boil.

"Stand by the line," shouted Vail; "it 'll be taut in a second!"

"Away we go!" cried Douglas.

And go they did. For now the fish had run out the whole length of line, and, with a sudden jerk, away flew the boat, bow under, at race-horse speed.

"Cut the rope!" yelled Eaton excitedly, picking himself up for the third time.

"Hold on a minute," said Bob Carrington, who had caught the line at the notch; "I 've got the hatchet, and when I 'm sure he 's too much for us I 'll cut the rope."

But just then they heard Paublo's voice. He

was calling to them from the smack, between his rounded hands and at the top of his voice:

"Cut the line! Cut the line! — don't let him foul the line. It 's a devil-fish!"

### CHAPTER III.

THE boat tore along the channel at a terrible rate, but as it turned a curve, the excited boys saw that their strange steed was rushing to its own sure destruction, for the channel ended in a mud flat.

They were right. In its terror the great fish ran high up on the dead coral in about three feet of water. The line slackened at once, and the boys now put out their oars and, after stopping the boat's headway, pulled off to watch the dying struggles. The fish was beating the water with tremendous power. Its head was fully exposed, and as they pulled in range, Tom put a load of buckshot into it and ended its struggles.

When, shortly after, Paublo and the Professor were brought ashore, and they all walked round to view their capture, Paublo said, "Well! you boys had a narrow escape. I thought it must be a devil-fish, and so it was, sure enough! If the line had fouled, he would have upset you in a second."

The huge creature was measured, and found to be seventeen feet across, and it was estimated to weigh fully three tons.

"Its name," said the Professor, "is *Cephaloptera*, and it is one of the largest of the Ray family, to which belong also the skate, the thornback, and the torpedo."

The boys carried away the tail as a souvenir, and then pulled around to the sandy beach off which the smack was anchored.

"Give way hard!" said Paublo, and with a rush the boat was sent on the beach, whereupon the boys all tumbled out and hauled her above the water line.

They started at once to explore the beach, and soon came upon an old wreck, which the tides had evidently driven higher and higher, year after year, until it was now high and dry, the haunt of crabs and gulls, which had evidently taken complete possession. Tom noted one bird of so brilliant a red that he determined to secure it. A shot from his gun brought it down with a broken wing. It started for the water at once, but Hall dashed into the surf and caught it just in time.

"Is n't that a splendid fellow to set up in our collection?" asked Tom. "It 's a spoonbill, is n't it, Professor?"

"Yes," replied the Professor, "and a fine specimen, too. Its feathers, you see, are blood red, and its bill is spread out at the end, not unlike the

bowl of a spoon. Hence its name, the Roseate Spoonbill. The *Platulea*, or spoonbill, belongs to the same family as the heron, to which it is closely allied."

After a stroll, followed by a rest on the beach, the expedition took to the boat again, intending to make a circuit of the little island. As they pushed out, Eaton said, looking down through the clear water:

"Why, the bottom of the sea is as beautiful as a garden, is n't it?"

"Yes," replied the Professor, "just see it here, below us: the corals, fans, plumes, and sea-weeds are the plants; the Gulf Stream surges through their branches as wind plays through the trees on land; and as land-plants absorb the excess of carbonic-acid gas, these marine trees secrete the lime salts, rejecting the soluble salts of sodium and other substances that are not necessary for them. The land-plants purify the air so that we can breathe it, and the plant-gardens do a similar work in the ocean, purifying the sea-water, keeping down the excess of salts that would be unwholesome for the fishes and other animals."

"And how about the animal life, Professor?" inquired Ramsey.

"The likeness holds good," replied the Professor; "for there are many curious similarities. The seals, manatees, and whales are the cows of the sea; the sharks are the eagles; the crabs are the insects; the bird-of-paradise finds a worthy imitator in the fantastic angel-fish that may be seen among these very coral reefs. For every animal on land there is in the sea some creature which seems to fulfill the same office, though, of course, under changed conditions."

The conversation was here interrupted by the dinghy coming to a sudden stand-still. It had run into a great bunch of sea-weed.

"It's a regular young Sargasso Sea," said Woodbury, laughing. "We could almost use this as an anchor."

"That has been done with some species," said the Professor. "There is found near Tierra del Fuego a gigantic sea-weed called the *Macrocystis pyrifera*, which grows in water 240 feet deep, inclined at an angle of 45 degrees, and is so firmly rooted that vessels during smooth water are frequently made fast to it."

Here Tom Derby, who had been towing after him a mass of the weed, suddenly noticed that some spherical pieces of the weed had separated from the rest. Seizing one of them, he tossed it into the boat.

"Here 's a marine base-ball," said he.

Professor Howard picked it up.

"This is a very interesting discovery, Derby,"

he announced. "Your marine base-ball is really the nest of a peculiar fish, about four inches long, that lives on the surface of the water in this Gulf-weed. The nest is made up, as you see, of pieces of sargassum, wound in and out, and matted together in a curious fashion, and then pressed into its spherical shape by bands of a glutinous secretion from the fish that look like strings of jelly."

When the nest had been opened, the eggs of the fish were found, fastened to the leaves in great numbers; and Tom, who still retained some of the loose pieces, was fortunate enough to find among them the odd fish itself.

"It is called the *Antennarias*," said the Professor; "and a more curious fellow could scarcely be imagined. You will notice that he mimics the color of the sea-weed."

"And sec," said Vail, "these things that look like bits of the weed, on its head and fins, are really part of its flesh."

The Professor had placed Tom's prize in a pail of water. "They are slow swimmers, you see," he said, as the fish moved lazily about, "and prefer to lie undisturbed among the protecting branches of the sea-weed."

"I should like to see the baby-fish when they are hatched," said Raymond. "There must be a thousand of them."

"More than that," said the Professor. "Why, boys, if all the eggs of fishes were hatched, or if all the young grew up, there would not be water enough on the earth to float them. There is always another fish of some kind that preys upon each particular species, and they in turn are devoured by others. There must, therefore, be many born, if any are to survive. But, without this check to the increase, the fish would multiply with marvelous rapidity. Suppose, for instance, the eggs of the cod, which lays — by trustworthy calculations — over nine millions of eggs, should all be hatched and grow to maturity, the bodies of the cod alone would, before many years, seriously impede navigation."

The boys concluded that it was fortunate so many fish enjoyed a cod-fish diet.

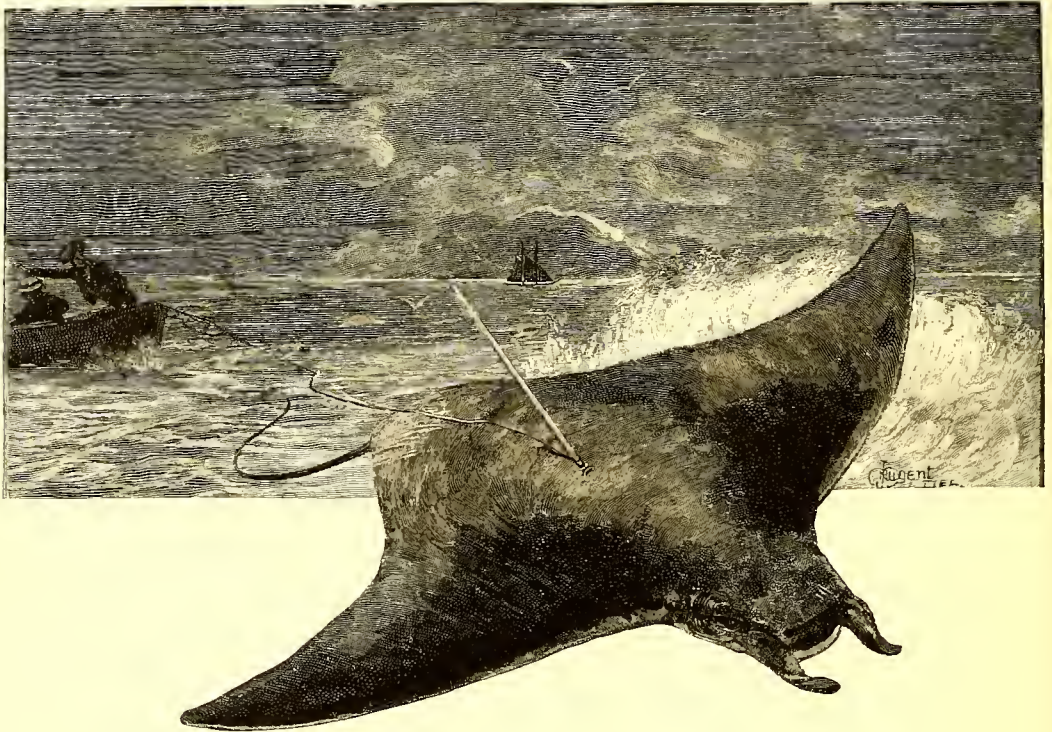
The boat had now nearly completed the round of the island when, on making a sudden turn, they came upon a number of white cranes and gannets. The cranes rose quickly, but the sportsman Tom, who usually had his gun ready, brought one down, very neatly, on the wing. The stupid gannets had not moved even yet, and Ramsey declared that they well deserved their name of "boobies." The boys pulled out and picked up the body of the crane. It was a beautiful white bird with a yellow patch on its breast.

"It is the *Ardea herodias*, or Great Heron," said the Professor. "This yellow spot on its breast is supposed to be capable of giving out a bright phosphorescence in the dark."

"Don't shoot," said Bob Carrington, as Tom took aim at the gannets, who were still regarding their strange visitors in stupid amazement. "Let me scare them." So taking a large piece of coral that he had picked up on the beach, he flung it toward the birds. The gannets rose slowly, as the coral splashed up the water, but, to the great

being full of air, the coral floats easily on the water."

"Hold on a minute," said Douglas, as the boat grated over some branch-coral, knocking off thousands of tips. The dinghy was stopped, and Douglas, leaning over the side, tore off a branch of coral. Hanging to it was a beautiful anemone. Douglas handed it, with a bow, to the Professor, and it was placed in a glass of water. Very soon the anemone threw out its beautiful tentacles like the petals of a flower.



"THE BOAT TORE ALONG THE CHANNEL AT A TERRIBLE RATE."

astonishment of the boys, Bob's piece of coral, instead of sinking, floated lightly on the water like a piece of wood.

"All stones don't sink, you see, Carrington," said the Professor, laughing to see Carrington's look of surprise. "That coral does n't mean to be left out of our collection; and seriously I think we had better keep that specimen," he added, and the floating coral was again picked up.

"But what is it,—and why is it,— Professor?" asked Hall.

"It is what might be called the skeleton of the coral called *Meandrina spongiosa*," explained the Professor; "and when the animals die, it becomes bleached. It is very porous, and the pores

"That is more like a flower than an animal, Professor," said Woodbury.

"Yes," replied Professor Howard, "and related to the corals. You can form a very good idea of the coral-animals from this anemone. They all belong to the class called *Actinozoa*. The body, as you see, is a cylinder, its top fringed with tentacles, while the base is a disk with which it adheres to the coral. The mouth is here, surrounded by tentacles, and directly below is the stomach, hanging in the body and held in place by six vertical partitions. Water in this animal seems to serve the purposes of blood."

"His blood is no 'thicker than water,' then?" said Douglas, with an air of sober inquiry.

The Professor smiled indulgently and resumed: "The tentacles, under the microscope, are seen to be covered with minute cavities, in each of which is coiled a delicate, hair-like javelin that is darted out on the slightest provocation. Now, if a small crab or shrimp bumps against these tentacles, myriads of these darts shoot out, striking and paralyzing the intruder, and the tentacles draw it down into the stomach of the anemone."

"Have they no eyes?" asked Tom.

"Yes," said the Professor, "they are here, at the base of the tentacles, but are too small to be seen in this little specimen. The anemone are produced from eggs, or by what is called budding. The latter process is extremely simple, the animal apparently tearing off bits of its disk as it moves along, each of which in a few days throws out tentacles and becomes a new anemone. I have manufactured them by hundreds, cutting off little pieces from the disk, each piece very accommodatingly turning into a young actinia."

"It would be a cheap business to go into — all you need is one anemone to start it," said Douglas with a laugh.

"Hardly a profitable one, nevertheless," said the Professor.

The mast of the smack could now be seen beyond the beach. Paublo, who had been searching for turtle's eggs, hailed the dinghy, and soon after they were alongside. An awning was rigged over the stern and tempered the heat so that it was not too great for comfort. Toward evening a breeze sprang up, and as they had nothing to detain them longer, Professor Howard proposed that they run on, the wind being favorable, so as to reach Garden Key in the morning. The smack was accordingly got under way, and they were soon driving along toward Rebecca Shoals, leaving Marquesas far astern.

#### CHAPTER IV.

WHEN the boys staggered up on deck about daybreak next morning, they found the Sallie spinning along at a brisk rate, a strange dinghy towing astern, and two men, evidently its owners, sitting on the weather rail of the smack. These, the boys soon learned, were "Long John" and Rob Rand, pilots and fishermen among the Keys, who had come aboard during the night, having been hired by the Professor to act as guides and assistants to the expedition, during its stay among the Tortugas. The morning was perfect. To the starboard and north, a large Key was seen apparently hanging in the water. This was East Key, while beyond it Middle and Sand Keys appeared like bits of silver against the blue of the Gulf. Dead ahead was Brush Key, beyond rose

the grim walls of a great fortress, while still farther away, seemingly from out a long line of mist, rose the tall tower of Loggerhead Light-house. All around the group and far to the south stretched a line of foam that seemed to indicate impassable reefs. Gradually the walls of the fortress came more plainly into view, the boys could distinguish the waves as they beat upon the coral shores and, running past Sand Key, the Sallie suddenly went about and headed up the narrow channel that led to the east of the fort.

At a word from Paublo, the boys manned the hayards and jib down-haul, Paublo luffed the smack and, as she came up, away went the anchor, the mainsail came rattling down, and the Sallie lay snugly moored under the frowning walls of Fort Jefferson on Garden Key.

Long John shoved off to bring the luggage-boat, and the Professor reported that he had made arrangements for the party to sleep on shore.

As Long John rowed away in his dinghy, the boys were surprised to see a pelican that had been quietly flying overhead suddenly circle down and alight on the boatman's head, flapping its great wings and uttering a queer asthmatic sound.

John pushed the bird away, and it then tried to alight on Bob Rand, but failing this, it settled down in the dinghy as if determined to have a ride anyway, whether welcomed or not.

"Well, that 's the queerest thing I ever saw," said Tom Derby, as the boys looked laughingly on. "Are all the birds around here as tame as that, Paublo?"

"Not all, sir," replied Paublo. "That 's one of John's pets. It follows him all over, just as a pet dog might; and when he 's too lazy to fish, the old pelican will do it for him. They are a queer pair. Long John could tame anything. You must see his pets. He has some of the oddest kinds."

Bob Rand was soon sculling back a large flat-bottomed boat, into which the luggage was thrown, and after its return the boys eagerly scrambled in, and quickly reached the shore. The land outside the fort was only about an acre in extent, and contained several old buildings used as store-house, hospital, and laborers' quarters, while the fort was garrisoned during the busy war-days. All were now deserted except the large building. Here the two pilots lived, and it was to be the temporary home of the expedition. The boys were conducted into a large room upon the second story, the windows of which opened on a large piazza, overlooking the harbor. They speedily made themselves at home. Knapsacks were emptied, boxes unpacked, the alcohol was poured into numerous small cans, books and drawing implements, microscopes and

other apparatus were placed in order on a large table in an adjoining room, and the expedition was now, as Tom said, "ready for business."

The weather was delightful; the mellow moon-

fort, and near by an overhanging boat-house they found an aquarium of rock-coral some twenty feet square. Here Tom Derby and Bob Carrington lingered, while the other boys ran along the sea-

wall that encircled the moat. Derby and Carrington were soon joined at the aquarium by Professor Howard and Long John. The latter had a piece of conch in his hand, and drawing a sheath-knife from his belt he proceeded to cut off little pieces of the meat and toss them to the motley crowd of fishes that scurried to the surface. The fish were so tame that they almost jumped out of the water in their efforts to reach their protector.

The fish were new to the boys, and most interesting, owing to the great variety of shapes and colors.

"Oh, is n't that an angel-fish?" cried Tom, as in and out among John's queer pets darted a fish of gorgeous colors. Slashes of blue, gold, brown, and white covered the body, while the long dorsal and ventral fins gave the marine dandy a most fantastic appearance, not unlike that of a gayly dressed harlequin.

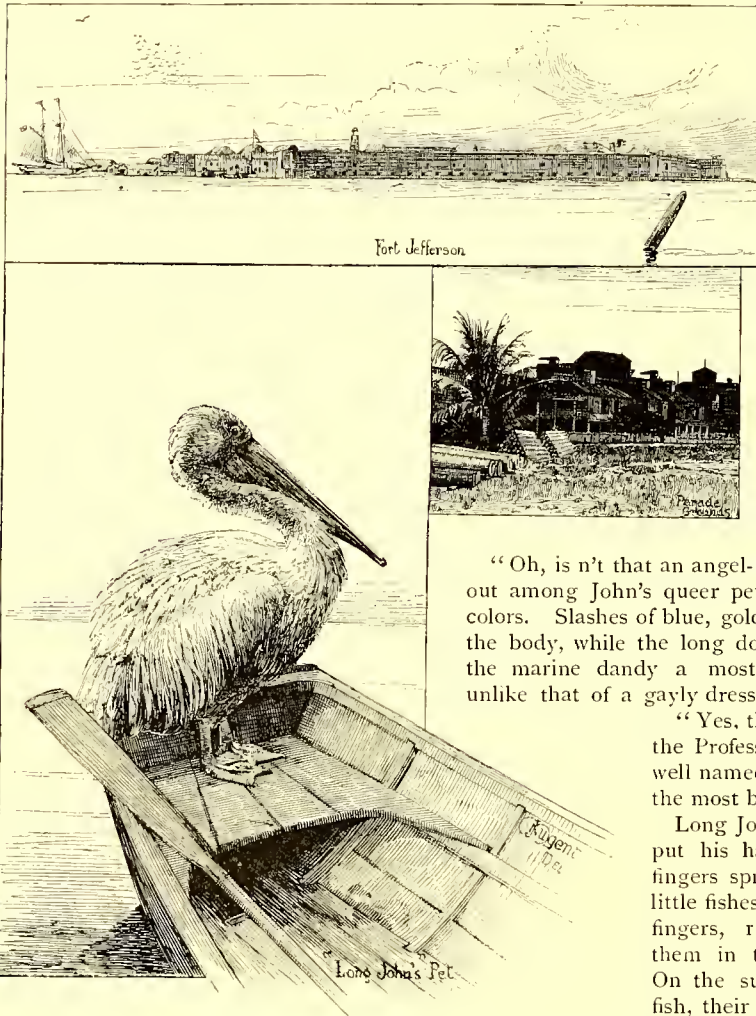
"Yes, that is an angel-fish," replied the Professor, "and the species are well named, too, I think, for they are the most beautiful of fishes."

Long John here stooped down and put his hands into the water, with fingers spread apart. Three or four little fishes at once swam between his fingers, rubbing their gills against them in the most friendly manner. On the surface floated several gar-fish, their long, delicate noses armed with sharp teeth; parrot-fish, with

real bills; cow-fish with horns; snappers, porgies, toad-fish, and numerous others, all crowding each other and fighting for the white bits of shell-fish tossed in to them by Long John.

"There 's one fish that don't get anything," said Bob. "And see how he acts when the others come near. He acts just as if he was trying to hit them with his tail."

"That 's exactly what he is doing," said Long John, "and every time. He does n't belong here, but he comes in every day. Just hand me that net and I'll show you what he does."



light streamed through the open window, and from the distant reef came the sullen roar of the surf, above which was heard occasionally the cry of a laughing gull.

Next day the great fort was thoroughly explored. The boys wandered through the groves of cocoa-palms, bananas, and climbing-vines that gave Garden Key its name, paced the cedar avenue that led up to headquarters, and even played a game of base-ball on the pleasant parade-ground, turfed with Bermuda grass. Finally, their wanderings brought them opposite the entrance to the



Tom handed the scoop-net, and Long John dexterously inserting it under the fish, landed him under the boys' eyes. He looked much like a common porgie, but when Long John, telling the boys to watch, touched the fish with his knife, to their surprise a sharp knife darted out of a sheath near the fish's tail, and was as suddenly sheathed again.

"Gracious, it's a regular knife, is n't it?" cried Bob, with wide open eyes.

"You'd think so, if you should feel it," said Long John. "Every fish that comes in range thinks so, too, for this wicked little chap gives 'em a slash, just as you saw him doing when he flung his tail round."

"It is called the *Acantharus chirurgus*, which may be translated doctor-fish," said the Professor, as he touched the fish again, and the ugly-looking knife was thrust forth.

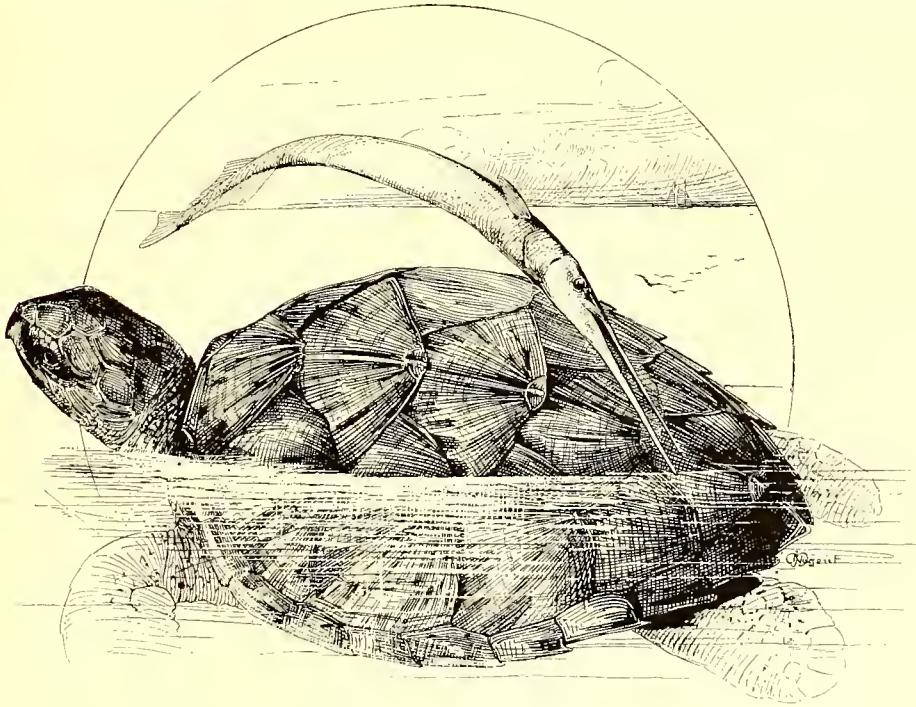
"I reckon if he knew he had such a handle as that to his name he'd be so mad he'd kill every

"Keep still," whispered Long John, with warning finger. "Keep quiet and you'll see a game of leap-frog."

And, sure enough, they did, but the "frogs" were a turtle and the fish. The hawk's-bill was floating with its back several inches out of water, when suddenly a gar-fish leaped completely over him. Another tried, half-turning in the air, three more followed suit,—one turning a complete somersault,—while still another, not quite so dexterous, failed in his act of lofty tumbling and landed plump on the turtle's back, startling him so that he dove out of sight.

"Well, I did n't know that fishes played games before," said Tom.

"They do though," replied Long John, "and as for these fellows, they give that poor turtle no peace. The minute he comes to the surface they begin their tricks, and if they can't jump over him, they find some floating stick or straw and



A GAME OF LEAP-FROG.

fish in the place," said Long John, with a chuckle, as he threw the vicious fellow back.

Other fish swam in mid-water—delicate jelly-fishes coming to the surface now and then with a graceful sweep of their waving tentacles, several small green-turtles, and here and there a good-sized hawk's-bill or tortoise-shell turtle, the kind furnishing the shell from which combs are made.

practice on that. Oh, fishes are much the same as you boys, I tell you,—full of fun and all kinds of nonsense."

The rest of the party now joined them, and Long John spent some time in exhibiting his pets, while the Professor drew their attention to the different kinds of coral which grew in the aquarium.

"John has given us the use of this house," he

said later, "and it is exactly the place for our studies. I shall have the books and instruments brought here where you can study at leisure the habits of your collections both theoretically and practically."

Paublo, who had spent the morning fitting out a boat for use on the reef, now came up to report that it was in readiness, and the whole party started for the middle wharf, where both the reef-boat and the dinghy awaited them. In the former had been placed two large cans containing alcohol for the reception of specimens. A number of long coral-hooks (iron instruments or tongs not unlike small oyster-claws) and eight or nine "grains"—

long poles ending in two-tined spear-heads, with barbed points—were arranged in the boats, and over the bows were hung several scoop-nets. A jug called a "monkey," used for carrying water, with the oars and a sprit-sail, completed the outfit of the reef-boat, while the dinghy carried the small seine and also provided room for the overflow of passengers.

Dinner was quickly over, and then, as Professor Howard called out, "All aboard for the reef!" a rush was made to the wharf, and in high spirits the young naturalists were speedily under way, pulling with rapid strokes across the deep blue water toward the outer reefs.

*(To be continued.)*

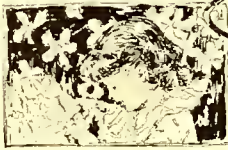
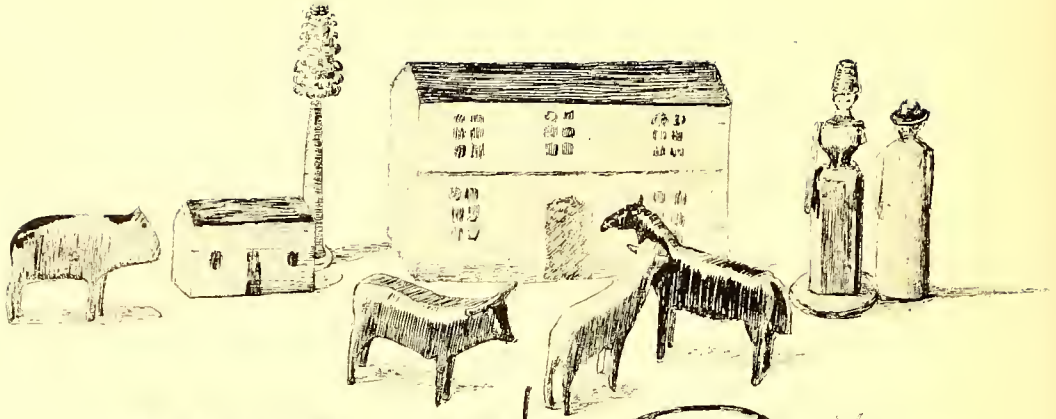


BY TUDOR JENKS.

WHEN Dorothy and I took tea, we sat upon the floor,  
 No matter how much tea I drank, she always gave me more;  
 Our table was the scarlet box in which her tea-set came,  
 Our guests, an armless, one-eyed doll, a wooden horse gone lame.

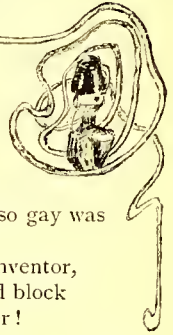
She poured out nothing, very fast,—the tea-pot tipped on high,—  
And in the bowl found sugar lumps unseen by my dull eye.  
She added rich (pretended) cream — it seemed a willful waste,  
For though she overflowed the cup, it did not change the taste.  
She asked, “Take milk?” or “Sugar?” and though I answered, “No,”  
She put them in, and told me that I “*must* take it so!”  
She ’d say, “Another cup, Papa?” and I, “No, thank you, Ma’am,”  
But then I *had* to take it — her courtesy was sham.  
Still, being neither green, nor black, nor English-breakfast tea,  
It did not give her guests the “nerves”—whatever those may be.  
Though often I upset my cup, she only minded when  
I would mistake the empty cups for those she ’d filled again.  
She tasted my cup gingerly, for fear I ’d burn my tongue;  
Indeed, she really hurt my pride — she made me feel so young.  
I must have drank some two-score cups, and Dorothy sixteen,  
Allowing only needful time to pour them, in between.  
We stirred with massive pewter spoons, and sipped in courtly ease,  
With all the ceremony of the stately Japanese.  
At length she put the cups away. “Good-night, Papa,” she said;  
And I went to a real tea, and Dorothy to bed.





## On - The - Farm -

BY FRANCIS RANDALL.



YOU see us here upon our farm,  
My tall, straight wife and I.  
We lead a very quiet life —  
Which no one can deny.

Our pig was never known to grunt,  
Nor yet our cow to moo;  
Our sheep has never made a bleat.  
We think it strange. Don't you?

There's one tree in our orchard; and  
We can not tell the reason,  
It never yet has borne us fruit —  
It's *always* out of season.

Another matter troubles us,  
And sorely hurts our pride: —  
The man that made our pretty  
house  
Forgot to make *inside*.

To paint the house so gay was  
kind.

But what a poor inventor,  
To make it of a solid block  
Impossible to enter!

And then our barn is quite absurd.  
In height it's not as big  
As is our cow; in length it's just  
The length of our white pig.

But Jennie is our dearest friend;  
She loves our pretty cattle.  
And often talks to us for hours  
In sweet and loving prattle.

If barn and house were rightly made —  
They're not, oh, what a pity! —  
We'd advertise, in summer-time,  
For boarders from the city.



# LAETITIA AND THE REDCOATS



BY LILLIAN L. PRICE.

DAME WRIGHT had just taken the last loaves from the oven, and was dusting off some ashes from the wooden breadshovel before she replaced it in its corner. Clear spring

sunlight streamed into the kitchen, warming the stone floor to a deep brown color, and touching the mugs and platters on the dresser, till they fairly winked back its brightness. A robin outside was whistling gayly, and a long branch of lilac buds peeped in at the wide-swung upper door, as if desirous of finishing its career in the blue and gold pitcher which stood on the dresser, even before it had attained to bloom on its own native bush. A patter of flying feet sounded outside, and the lower door was flung hastily open, revealing a little figure in a long, blue cloak, the hood of which, fallen back, discovered a head of short-cropped, curly hair. Laetitia's eyes were dilated with surprise and terror, and before the astonished dame could comment on her disheveled appearance, she gasped out:

"Oh, Grandmother, the British are crossing the valley, and Master Paxton saith they will camp here at nightfall! He saith thou and Grandfather must hasten to depart at once. Thou shalt have two of his horses, and accompany him to the huts on the mountain side!"

"Neighbor Paxton is a kindly man. Calm thyself, Laetitia. When thou hast thy breath, run to the mill, child, and bid thy grandfather come. Alas! for these troublous times when the aged and children fly before the march of strong men!"

With a sad, anxious face, she began instant preparations, while Laetitia, hurriedly pulling her hood over her curls, sped down the path toward the

mill. She met her grandfather coming homeward. He was old, feeble, and bent, clad in homespun.

"Laetitia," he said, as she trotted along at his side, "vex not thy grandmother this day with foolish terrors, but lend thy help like the willing little handmaiden that thou art, and remember that all things come from the hand of the Lord."

Laetitia glanced up at his face.

"But will not the redcoats spoil the house of goods and furniture, perhaps burn thy dear home, Grandfather, and thou an old man without sons — and Grandmother, too, so old?"

"I know not, my daughter. So far, the Lord hath spared my gray hairs, though this war hath taken the five boys, my five brave lads!" His voice shook. "But thou must be brave, Laetitia. Thou art our one ewe lamb."

"I will, then, Grandfather. Not another tear will I shed."

They entered the yard, bright with violet-sprinkled grass, and found Dame Wright busily packing what she could into secret places, and piling up household treasures, for burial in the woods. Laetitia flitted hither and yon all day, her nimble little feet and clever head saving the old people much worry and fatigue. She was kneeling in a roomy closet upstairs, searching out her grandmother's camlet cloak, when her bright eyes fell on her grandfather's ink-horn and quill pen lying on some deep-blue paper. As she had gone about from room to room, up and down the old house, more and more the fear had grown upon her that it was for the last time. The thought of her grandparents homeless and desolate, of rough soldiers clanking about the house with devastating hands, filled the soft eyes with tears and caused her heart to throb. The ink and paper were a suggestion. She ran downstairs with the cloak, and finding that neither grandfather nor grandmother needed her at that instant, she returned to the closet and carefully prepared her writing materials.

The quill was new and the ink good. Slowly and thoughtfully the little fingers guided the goose-

feather along the faint lines, first across one sheet, and then across another. When the task was finished, Laetitia raised her flushed face and surveyed the result with satisfaction, and no small degree of hope shone in her eyes. It ran:

"TO THE REDCOATS: I am Laetitia Wright, aged fourteen, who live in this house with my grandparents. They are old and feeble folk, gentle and peaceful to friend and foe. I pray you, dear Redcoats, spare their home to them, and do not burn nor ruin our house. Perhaps thou hast a little maid like me in England, and old parents. Thou couldst not burn the roof from over their heads, and in such pity and mercy, spare ours! We leave thee much to eat, and would leave thee more, were our store larger. Signed,

"LAETITIA WRIGHT."

This was neatly written on both papers, and Laetitia, tucking them into her pocket, slipped off to her duties with a lighter heart. The last preparations were soon made, and they started to join the little cavalcade already in line, to travel up the side of Orange Mountain to the log huts built there, in readiness for such invasions as this.

"Alas, my geese!" exclaimed Laetitia, when with tearful eyes they had turned their backs on the low, white house. "My geese are still in the pen. Grandmother! Let me hasten back and turn them loose."

Permission was given her, and away she darted across the brook, on its rough foot-log, and to the goose-pen. There were her snow-white geese and the gray gander. They were Laetitia's particular pride and care, and knew her well, but, only stopping to stroke one smooth back, she opened the wicket and drove them, honking and hissing, into the woods. Then she pulled the papers from her pocket, and hastily slipping one below the kitchen door, she fastened the other on the front-door knocker, and, rejoicing her grandparents, was

soon mounted behind her grandfather in the little procession which wound slowly up the rough mountain road to shelter and safety.

At sunset the British reached the village, and though but a small detachment proceeded to occupy every available building. The peaceful quiet and exquisite neatness of the Wright homestead were rudely invaded by coarse laughter, loud shouts, and the tramp of heavy boots and chink of spurs.

One of the officers soon found and read the note



"ONE OF THE OFFICERS FOUND AND READ LAETITIA'S NOTE."

of Laetitia's which was under the knocker, while a soldier, a stalwart, good-natured fellow, spelled out the other in the kitchen. Colonel Ross looked long and contemplatively at the crude, childish characters, and his stern face softened.

"Thou 'rt a bold little lass and a leal one," he muttered under his breath. "Thou must take us



"LAETITIA SPRANG FORWARD, AND, KNEELING DOWN, DETACHED A LITTLE BAG AND A SLIP OF PAPER."

for fiends to destroy thy home after this." He glanced at the humble cottage so bravely pleaded for, and then across to the mountains, where a faint spring twilight was falling and the young moon shone out pale and clear.

Insensibly his thoughts drifted to his own English home, where that same moon would light up his little Cicely's casement. His own little lass! There was a heart under that terrible red jacket.

Striding into the kitchen, he found a knot of men commenting on the other letter, and his orders soon went forth that no pillage except for necessary food and fodder was to be indulged in

throughout the village, and no damage was to be done to goods or furniture.

Just as the men, hungry and tired, were searching for supper, along the brook came Laetitia's geese toward their pen.

A shout welcomed them and they were quickly seized and dispatched. All but the gander. One young soldier had a knife raised to kill this squawking fowl, when he paused suddenly. "Mistress Laetitia, since this bird may be thine, I'll spare him out of courtesy," he said, gayly, as he popped the old gander into the open pen. "He will make thee a good roast, ere thou hast the wherewithal to re-

fill thy empty larder." So the solitary gander escaped with his life.

Next night, at sunset, the bugles blew the marching-signal, and the sound echoed and re-echoed up the silent valley, penetrating to the little huts in the forest, where there was anxious watching for the red light of burning homes, and smoke of destroyed crops. But the night fell and waned, and not a glimmer shone to indicate such calamity to the fugitives. Early next morning the little band returned to the village. Instead of wailing and tears, shouts of joy and thanksgiving arose from every house. Dirt and disorder reigned supreme,

but not one broken chair nor mutilated dish told of wanton recklessness. In a day or two all could be restored, except for the depopulated poultry roosts, and several pigs which were missing. The sown fields were not trampled, and the door-yard flowers still budded unharmed.

Laetitia's little heart beat with thankfulness, but she kept quite silent. As they dismounted before their own door she saw the disconsolate gander solemnly perambulating the green, like some self-imposed guardian. "Alas, for the rest of the flock!" cried Dame Wright. "But what has the fowl on its neck? Such a burden I never saw on gander before."

Laetitia sprang forward, and, kneeling down, detached a little bag and a slip of paper. The bag chinked with coin, and a dimpled smile broke over her hitherto anxious little face as she read the slip.

"Listen, Grandmother, and dear Grandfather!" she cried, gleefully. Evidently the gay soldier had written it.

"Sweet Mistress Wright,  
We bid you good-night,  
'T is time for us soldiers to wander.

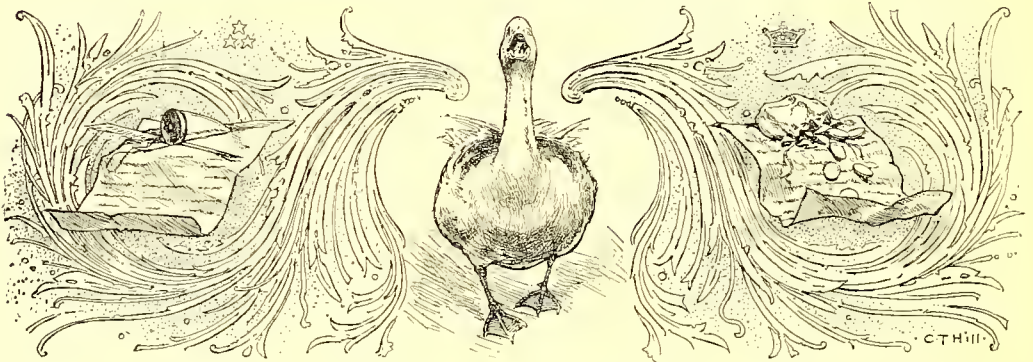
We 've paid for your geese,  
A penny apiece,  
And left the change with the gander.

"Though redcoats we be,  
You plainly will see,  
We know how to grant a petition.  
With rough soldier care,  
We 've endeavored to spare  
Your homes in a decent condition."

It was signed by the colonel and by a number of the soldiers. Then, in reply to her grandparents' astonished questions, she shyly told them about her petitions, and the daring with which she had left them at the doors.

Fervent were the blessings called down on her pretty, curly head when the news was spread abroad, but she only laughed merrily and escaped them when she could.

"It is as thou saidst, Grandfather," she declared, as she tossed some corn to the bereft gander. "The Lord's hand stayed that of the enemy, and perhaps," stopping to pick a violet while a sweet look came into her face, "the redcoats have hearts like ours." "Ay, and obedient daughters to touch them to good deeds," said Dame Wright, as she lovingly kissed Laetitia's upturned face.



## LOVE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

"SHALL I give your love to your mother?"  
He said to the maid of three,  
For her mother had gone to a country  
Where presently he should be.

What calm in the eyes of azure,  
What snow on the innocent brow,  
How sweet was that voice of slow music,—  
"My mother has my love now!"



## NOT A FAIR GAME.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.



“IF you little fellows are not careful you will be caught some day.”

This is what an old bird said as he sat on the fence, one morning in June. The “little fellows” listened a moment and then they rushed off to their play in the fields. The sky was clear and

blue, and they could see any dangerous creature that might appear, while it was yet a long way off. They would have plenty of time to scurry away, to get home before it could catch them, or, at least, to hide deep in the bushes till it had gone.

“It’s a queer world!” said one very small chap. “What with telegraph wires hung up in the most unexpected places, and the railroad with all the noise and smoke, and those terrible hawks, it does seem as if we could not have a minute’s peace. It’s ‘look out there,’ or ‘run away from this,’ or ‘fly away from that,’ all the time.”

“Oh! I’m not afraid,” said one youngster. “I did run into a telegraph wire the first day it was put up, but now I dodge them all.”

“I never can abide the trains,” said a small Miss, in speckled gray. “I know they do no harm, but they frighten me just the same, and I always fly away.”

“I can stand nearly everything but the hawks,” said one of the older ones in the party.

They all agreed nobody could abide hawks. If it were not for the fact that they could run and hide when the hawks appeared, life would not be worth living.

High in the air, wheeling slowly round and round in great circles, was a hawk looking sharply down on the country, spread out like a map beneath him. He could see the fields, the woods, the brooks and ponds, the roads, and the railway. There were chickens down in the farm-

yards. He must move slowly and cautiously so as not to attract attention and alarm the cock and hens. If he was careful, perhaps he could have spring chicken for breakfast. Suddenly he dropped, like a stone, out of the sky right into a farm-yard. Ah! They saw him and ran, and—oh!—there was a man with a gun! The hawk turned and darted into the air, while a shower of shot whistled after him.

How vexatious! No chicken this time. The sun was now more than an hour high and he had eaten nothing since the afternoon before, when he had caught a sparrow in a wheat-field. He circled round and round, keeping a sharp lookout for a breakfast. Ah! here was just the thing,—a whole flock of little birds holding a meeting in a field next to the railroad.

He steered off to one side and then made a bold dart right in among them. Away they flew in every direction and in a moment were jeering at him from the bushes. He sprang up into the air and sailed round and round, very hungry and in a discontented frame of mind.

The meeting of the little fellows resumed its session, and one small speaker made a brave speech about not caring for anything. He could get out of the way at any time. He was not the one to be afraid of—

Just then a train rushed by on the railroad and the meeting adjourned in a hurry. The speaker tumbled from the fence-rail and the audience scampered off quite demoralized by fright.

“Ha! ha!” remarked the hawk. “That gives me an idea! I’ll have regular breakfasts after this.”

He looked up and down the railroad for miles in each direction and saw a train coming. He flew that way and soon met it tearing along with a great uproar and much smoke. It was a trifle alarming at first, but he bravely followed it and found he could easily keep up with the cars, though the smoke made his eyes smart. He flew close behind the last car, right in the smoke and dust where he could not be seen. As the train rushed along, he could see the small birds scattering away on each side, frightened out of their wits by the noise and smoke.

Swoop! The train rushed on and sly Mr. Hawk

clapped his claws on a sparrow and then flew leisurely away to enjoy his breakfast.

Every one within a mile was on hand at the great indignation meeting at Cranberry Hollow. Blue and gray and black and red breasts—in fact, every little thing *on wings* in that part of the country.

It was dreadful! Perfectly shameful. The hawks had devised a horrible, a wicked trick. They flew behind railroad trains, and when the little birds were half frightened out of their wits and tried to run away in confusion, the hawks darted out from behind the cars and, pouncing upon the poor innocents, actually ate them up! Such a state of affairs could not be tolerated. It was monstrous, tyrannical, and very wicked on the part of the hawks. Resolutions declaring the practice an unfair one, and calling for its suppression, must be drawn up and sent by mail to all the railroad men, and copies must be presented to the hawks.

Just then a venerable tomtit rose in the meeting and remarked in a severe manner that, for his part, he thought they had just cause for indignation. The resolutions were highly proper and should be signed by all, but—reminding his hearers of the well-known fable of the rats, the bell, and the cat—he would like to ask who was to deliver the paper to the hawks.

A solemn hush fell on the assembled congress. Not a peep was raised. It was so still you could have heard a pin-feather drop.

Suddenly there was rush, a roar, and a blinding cloud of smoke. The committee had incautiously called the meeting too close to the railroad, and the assembly suddenly broke-up in the wildest disorder and confusion.

Two minutes later a savage hawk with cruel claws was seated on the fence enjoying a breakfast and waiting for the next train, that he might repeat his wicked tricks.

Such is bird life!

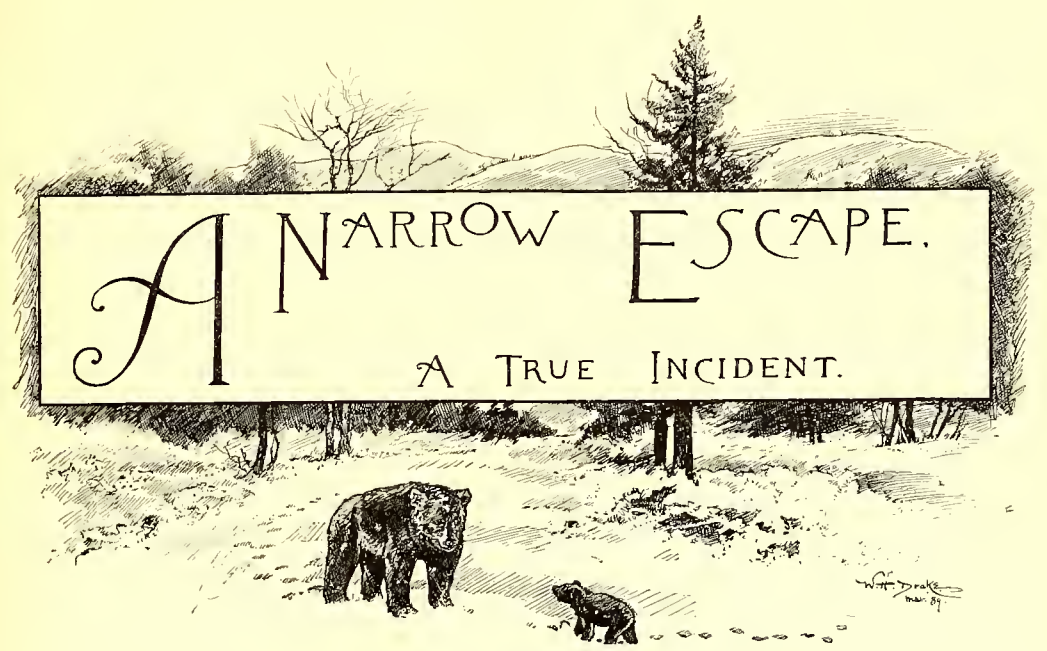


## A MATTER OF TASTE.

BY ESTHER B. TIFFANY.

SAYS the peacock to the rabbit,  
 "Who's your tailor? tell me, pray;  
 For, good sir, he's cut your coat-tail  
 In a most old-fashioned way.  
 Look at me,  
 Would you see  
 What a stylish tail should be!"

Says the rabbit to the peacock,  
 "Who's your barber? tell me, pray;  
 For his shears have shorn your ears, sir,  
 In a most old-fashioned way.  
 Look at me,  
 Would you see  
 What a stylish ear should be!"



# A NARROW ESCAPE.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

BY MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ.

"Boys, be careful with your guns," called Mrs. Brown from the door where she stood watching them out of sight.

"All right, Mother," they replied, laughing at her fears.

"If I can't be trusted with a gun now I'm fourteen, I'd better sell out," remarked Tom.

"Well, if I'm only going on twelve, I'm as good a shot," answered Harry.

"Oh, you can shoot a chicken after it has gone to roost. I wish the Indians had left us something worth shooting," said Tom, as they climbed the hill behind their home. Here they paused, enjoying the wonderful picture before them, without realizing what gave them the pleasure of the moment. In the distance the deep blue waters of Lake Superior flashed in the sunshine.

The broad, snow-covered belt of ice that skirted the water, was cleared here and there for skating, and a few children were enjoying this sport. Nowhere do children have more fun than in the Lake Superior country, for, in spite of the thermometer's getting so low-spirited, the children almost live out-of-doors, skating, coasting, or rolling down hill into snow-banks, as country children like to do in the hay.

This village was like all mining towns. A church, school-house, and a number of small red houses

owned by the company and leased to the miners, clustered around the shaft through which the ore was brought from the mine.

Here and there a more pretentious house marked the home of a "boss" or mining-captain. Back from the lake, rugged hills were broken by winding ravines. These hills were full of valuable minerals and beds of rock, and covered with heavy forests. In the distance the pine-trees, over a hundred feet high, looked like tall sentinels, and the maples and birches, like children just reaching to their knees. The dark green, peeping through the snow-laden branches, was a grateful break in the dazzling whiteness everywhere.

"I'd like it better, if a deer were over there, and a flock of partridges or a nest of rabbits right here," remarked Harry, as they left the village and pressed into the woods. The boys had on Indian snowshoes,—long frames of hickory wood strung with deer-sinews,—so they were able to walk on top of the snow without sinking through. In many places it would have been over their heads if they had sunk to the earth. Soon the ringing blows of the axe told them a lumber camp was near. The boys passed the long, low little hut where the choppers camped. Farther on they saw the men, dressed in striped red-flannel suits, and with flannel "chucks" on their heads.

"You've come to the wrong place for game," shouted one of the lumbermen.

"Bears have all gone to bed," laughed another.

"We're going to wake them up," replied Harry.

"They'll eat up such a little fellow as you be," was answered back.

"Come, let's go the other way. Of course, they would frighten off everything near here. Hal, you are so slight! If you'd only grow *out* as well as *up*," said Tom, turning away from the men in disgust. "I wish I'd brought a stronger boy."

"That would n't have made deer and partridges

one under that pile, there." Still Tom did not venture very near the pile of brush.

"Oh, Tom, see here!—I choose this," cried Harry, who was a little in advance.

It was as pretty a baby-bear as one might wish to see. The cub seemed glad to see the boys, and gamboled around like a dog.

"We'll take him home and make a pet of him," said Tom.

"Mother would rather see a string of fat birds, or a deer," said Harry; "but for us, this is the best find we could have."



"HARRY CREEPT UP BESIDE THE BEAR, AND FIRED."

come out," replied Harry, too good-natured to resent Tom's unkind remarks.

They wandered aimlessly about for some time, leaving land-marks, or rather, *snow*-marks, so they could not lose their way.

"I think a bear has set up winter-quarters in that hollow tree," said Tom, at last.

"Well, go and stir him up," suggested Harry.

"Oh, we'll go farther on. Bears are more likely to dig a hole in the ground, or to make a house of brush. I should not wonder if there was

It was not so easy to get young Bruin away as they had supposed it would be. They found belts and strings on their clothing and in their pockets, but they had to give the little fellow some liberty or he would have broken away. At last they concluded to carry him; but he struggled so they did not get on very fast.

"Oh, Hal!" Tom suddenly screamed, dropping the cub, "there's the mother!"

Sure enough, Mamma Bear had missed her baby from her warm winter nest and was coming after

him in a great rage. Tom raised his gun and fired. The ball entered the bear's shoulder, wounding her slightly. Furious with pain, she sprang upon Tom and began tearing at him with her claws and trying to crush him against her shaggy bosom.

Little Harry stood for an instant paralyzed with fear. He knew that if he should fire, he was as likely to kill his brother as to kill the bear. Yet, Tom's only hope was in what the little brother could do.

Harry crept up beside the bear, and fired. The next instant the bear and Tom were lying in the snow, which was deeply stained with blood.

"Oh, Tommy!" cried Harry, "are you dead?"

"No; but roll the bear off or I'll smother," came from Tom's white lips. Harry touched the bear cautiously, but she made no resistance; the ball had entered her brain and killed her instantly. Tom tried to give his little brother a good hug to show his joy at being alive, but he found his arms were so wounded in places that he was in great pain, and feared that his shoulder was broken, also.

"Don't cry, after you've been such a man," he said, for Harry was sobbing aloud over his brother's wounds.

"The cub shall be yours, 'cause you got so hurt in getting him," said Harry, wiping his eyes.

"No, he's yours, 'cause you kept me from being killed altogether. I won't fling your being slim, at you any more, for you can shoot as well as the strongest kind of man!"

This praise made Harry feel equal to anything, even to dragging away the unwilling cub. The little fellow sniffed around his mother, whining piteously. But Harry was a strong boy in spite of his slender build, and Tom gave what help he could in his enfeebled condition. Little Bruin was as "hungry as a bear," so the lunch in Tom's bag was a great help in bringing him along.

When they reached the camp they found the men at dinner. The "boss" ordered one of them to take the boys home on a wood-sled. But the boys insisted on taking their fallen game with them; so while Tom's wounds were bound up, after a fashion, and both boys were being well fed, some of the men went after the old bear.

Mrs. Brown's liking for hunting was not increased when the sled stopped before her door, with a dead bear, a live bear, and a wounded boy.

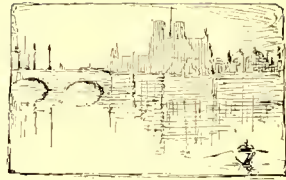
Tom bore the doctor's stitches and his confinement so well, however, that she at last gave her consent to have the cub kept for a playmate. The old bear's skin was sent to Marquette to be sold, and the boys treated all their friends to bear's meat.

"Brownie" has become a great pet. Even the boys' mother can not but admit that he is full of amusing tricks.

I believe there is a bright future for our bold young hunters. In time they will be brave and good men. But Brownie acts more and more like a bear every day, and soon he will be altogether too big to be considered a pet.



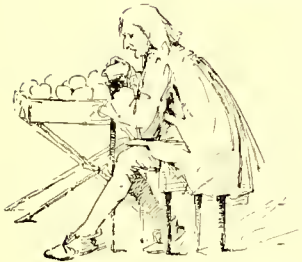
# Fishing in the Seine.



with

## Portraits of the KING

and others. 1599.



SING a song of angle-worms, pocket full of rain,  
Four-and-twenty fishermen a-fishing in the Seine:  
If the Seine had any fish, and they began to bite,  
Would n't all those fishermen be in a pretty fright!

I asked an ancient apple-man, who sat behind his stand,  
How long thought he it needs must be before some fish they 'd land.  
"Good sir," replied the ancient man, and wiped a tear away,  
"Belike in half-a-hundred year, if you have time to stay!"



Just then the strangest thing occurred that ever heart could wish,  
The fattest of the fishermen declared he felt a fish!  
And many scoffed thereat, but he continued to be firm  
In stating that a goodly fish did nibble at the worm.

"If he speaks sooth," the people cried, in one united breath,  
"The King and all his Councilors should be here at the death!"  
They bade the crier ring his bell, the fisher stay his hand;  
"A prize to him who 'll guess aright what kind of fish he 'll land!"

Quoth one (the corner one), "A carp!" Another cried, in dudgeon  
(Their portraits you will see below), "I say 't will be a gudgeon!"  
The third declared 't would be a sole, unless all signs did fail;  
And one (that rather bumptious boy) felt sure 't would be a whale.





The ancient apple-man alone had no fair word to say,  
But wagged his head full solemnly, in sixteenth-century way.  
“I’ve vendd apples hereabout for five-and-fifty year,  
And never have I seen a fish in all their fishing here!”

Meanwhile, the King, his crown awry, came puffing in hot haste,  
And all the Councilors, their coats unbuttoned at the waist:  
The crier gave the signal, and the bugler loudly blew,  
And then the fattest fisherman hauled in a — worn-out shoe!



Thereat the people waxed full wroth, and many cried, “For shame!”  
But when they stopped to think, they saw that no one was to blame.  
As for the prize, that king so wise decided, on the whole,  
To give a *part* of it to him who guessed ’t would be a sole.

For he was *partly* right, at least; the rest were wholly wrong.  
An act of justice that so pleased that sixteenth-century throng,  
That, save the apple-man, they all threw up their caps for joy,  
And no one wept a tear, except the rather bumptious boy.

Now, that you may believe my tale, I put here in the book,  
The pictures that I drew of all, exactly as they look:  
The fattest fisherman, perhaps, should be a *trifle* fatter,  
And then the king — you know these kings! — the king I *had* to flatter.



*Adeline Valentine Pond.*



## HOW MATTIE WENT TO A MEETING, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY MARY E. HAWKINS.

### I. THE MEETING.

MATTIE lived with her grandmother in a small village. She had no mother, her father was far away, and the little girl and Grandma had only the "hired help" for company.

One afternoon Mattie was in the garden with a box, trying to catch a bee. She thought she would shut a bee in the box and keep it till it filled the box with honey. The bee stung her, and she ran crying into the kitchen to Susan. Susan put some flour on Mattie's wrist and told her to "leave the bees alone"; but Susan did not kiss the aching wrist, as Grandma would have done, and Mattie went back into the garden, with her wrist smarting and much discouraged. She picked some flowers, and wondered where flowers kept their "smelling," and whether she could n't get enough of it to fill the box. She pulled several flowers to pieces, and, when she could not find their perfume, threw the fragments away; a discontented look was on her face, and the box soon lay on the ground, without much prospect of being filled with anything.

Soon the ringing of a bell turned her thoughts in a new direction. She wondered what made the meeting-house bell ring. It was n't Sunday. She knew, because Grandma had gone to the store, and Susan was working.

While wondering about this, she remembered Grandma had once called the meeting-house the "Lord's house," and the words came to her full of meaning. Did the Lord live at the meeting-house? Was it his house?

Mattie knew little of churches and meetings. Grandma did n't often attend church, for the only church in this little village was one she did n't "belong to," and, besides, poor Grandma was so deaf she could n't hear preaching very well. Still, Mattie had been to this church a few times with Grandma. All she saw when there was "folks" and the minister. Perhaps the Lord was n't there, those days. Was he there to-day? She clasped her hands in excitement. Oh, how much she would like to see the Lord, and send her love to Mamma in heaven! Could there be any harm in a little girl's going to the meeting-house and rapping on the door?

Mattie went into the house very thoughtful. She tried to take off her soiled apron, but her short arms could not reach the top button, and, somehow, she did not like to go to Susan. She pulled at the button until she set her wrist to smarting afresh, and then she gave it up. "P'raps the Lord will scuse me if my apron *is* not quite clean," she whispered to herself. "He knows I could n't unbutton it, 'cause he knows every single, single thing. Grandma said so. 'Sides, I can hold my hand right over the dirty spots."

She put on her best hat, took her parasol, and started out.

The village was so little that Mattie had no trouble in finding the way to the meeting-house. Her heart beat fast as she climbed the steps and rapped a small rap on the half-opened door. No one heeded her summons, and after a while she pushed open the door and went in.

There was a meeting going on. Some men sat on the front seats, and the minister was in the pulpit. The minister saw a little girl come in, and, after eagerly looking around, walk softly up the aisle and turn into a pew.

Mattie was quiet in the pew a very little while; then she took off her hat, laid it with her parasol on the cushion, and turned her attention to the meeting.

It seemed to her a strange one. For there were no women in the meeting, and the "folks" were preaching as well as the minister, and they all preached sitting down on the seats. The minister was sitting, and held his hands locked together on a little table. His hair was gray, like Grandma's, and his hands looked white and full of big bones. When he preached, he preached only a few words at a time, and Mattie thought his mouth looked very sorry when he got through.

And the "little pitcher" with "long ears," hidden in the pew, listened to the preaching with all its might. But it did n't make out much till an old gentleman, who had on a checked shirt and wore no coat, spoke up:

"Yes, yes, brethren, what you say is very true. But, for all that, we should remember that a minister's children must have bread to eat and shoes to wear."



Mattie drew her breath hard. Had the minister's children no bread to eat nor shoes to wear? Was that why his mouth looked so sorry? Her heart was filled with pity, and her nervous fingers tugged at the buttons on her slipper. She pulled off a slipper, and without stopping to think that the minister's children might have more than one foot apiece, she hurried into the aisle, and the first thing that the minister and the "folks" knew, there was a little girl in one stocking-foot flashing round the altar railing, holding out a little black slipper.

Then there was laughing and exclaiming, to Mattie's great confusion, till the minister unclasped his hands and took the little girl, slipper and all, and set her on his knee. He put his hand on her head, and the touch quieted her excitement.

The minister drew the slipper from Mattie's hand, put it on her foot, and carefully buttoned it. Then he looked up with a little smile and said, "Well, brethren, perhaps it is better to go on with the meeting."

But the meeting did not last much longer, and soon he put Mattie down, and rose to shake hands with the "folks" before they went away. The old gentleman in checked shirt-sleeves stroked Mattie's arm and told her she had a heart "as big as a barn-door," and some of the others said like things to her.

After the "folks" had gone, the minister put his hands behind him and walked back and forth in front of the little table. At last he glanced up and saw that Mattie had not gone, but was watching him anxiously.

"I had a little boy, once, just as small as you," he said, smiling, and stopping to look at her, "but he is a great big boy now."

"Has n't he any shoes to wear?" asked Mattie.

"Shoes? Oh, I guess so. But, if he had n't, he could n't wear yours. Besides, he wears boots."

Then the minister resumed his walk, and as he walked he talked:

"If I could only help him until he's through college! But I can't. If they cut down my salary, how can I? Poor boy! He works hard and learns quickly. He is very ambitious. He'll be so discouraged and disappointed, poor boy!"



"SHE PULLED OFF A SLIPPER AND HURRIED INTO THE AISLE."

"You see, little girl," said the minister, again pausing, "my boy is at college—that's a school, you know. But it costs money to study there. And these men—you heard them talking about it, did n't you?—are going to take away one hundred dollars from what they pay me a year for preaching."

Mattie put her hand into her pocket, when the

minister walked again, as though she expected to find a hundred dollars there. She did not find it, and she took out her hand and spoke up sharply:

"I think those mens are naughty mens!"

"Oh, no, they are not," said the minister, earnestly, as if Mattie's opinion were of the greatest importance. "You must n't say that. Times are hard — very hard. Butter is down — the farmers can't make anything. It's really very hard times. The brethren are not to blame."

Then the minister sat down in the chair and looked hard at Mattie, with an expression of inquiry, just as if he had not seen her before.

"How did you happen to come to official meeting?"

"I did n't come to 'ficial meeting," said Mattie. "I did n't know it went. I only just comed."

"Why did you come to the meeting-house?"

"I wanted to see the Lord," Mattie whispered, very solemnly. "Is he here?"

The minister looked around the church quickly.

"Oh! I hope so. I really hope so. I should be sorry to think he had n't been present at the meeting." Then he looked back to Mattie. "But, my dear little girl, you did n't expect to see the Lord with your eyes, did you? Just as you see me now?"

Mattie nodded brightly.

"How mistaken you were! The Lord is here,— he knows what we are saying to each other. But we can't see him with the eyes we have now. When we get to heaven we hope to see him as he is."

"Why did you wish to see the Lord?" asked the minister, after a pause.

"I was only just but going to pray, and to send my love to my mamma up in heaven," said Mattie.

"Oh! your mother is in heaven? Who takes care of you then, dear?"

"My grandma."

"Do you pray at home?" asked the minister. "Does anybody teach you that?"

"My grandma taught me," said Mattie.

"That is right. But the church is a good place to pray in,— a beautiful place. People come here to pray. Do you see this cushion in front of the railing?" and the minister rose and pointed down to it.

"A good many people have kneeled there to pray," he said, as Mattie looked. "See how ragged the cushion is—that is where their knees have been. If you like, you can go round and kneel down there too, and pray to the Lord. I feel sure he will hear you, for he loves children."

Somehow, Mattie was not bashful before this minister with the "sorry" mouth, though she was usually timid before strangers. She went around and, picking out a particularly worn and dented

spot, kneeled on the cushion. Her dark little head was quiet against the railing a moment— then it came up quickly.

"I will pray about your little boy if you wish me to."

"Do, dear child," said the minister.

"Oh, Lord! give the minister a hundred dollars so he can give it to his little boy," said Mattie, in a low voice.

"Amen," said the minister, soberly. "But we will say, 'Thy will be done,' won't we?" he added. "Say it, my child. Your prayer won't be right without it. 'Thy will be done.'"

"'Thy will be done,'" Mattie repeated, and then rose quickly.

The minister took his hat. "Now, my little sister, I think perhaps we should go."

Mattie looked at him with wondering eyes. Never before had she been called "My little sister."

"I call you that because we both are Christians," he said, smiling; "and because in the church we often call one another 'brother' or 'sister.'"

Mattie was content. She took her hat and parasol from the pew and stood by the minister while he locked the church door.

"Now you must tell me where you live," he said, as he took her hand in his.

As they were walking along, Mattie noticed the spot on her apron which she had intended to keep covered with her hand. She had forgotten it. She was much mortified.

"I hope you will scuse my apron," she said, primly.

The minister looked down at her apron. "It is rather untidy. But I know a worse thing than an unclean apron. Do you know what it is?"

"I guess it's a dirty dress," said Mattie.

"Oh, no. It's an unkind heart. Do you know what the heart is?"

"Oh, yes, I know. It keeps a-going, and a-going, and won't never hold still."

"Well, if we think wrong thoughts or have bad feelings in these hearts, they get so the Lord can not live in them. He lives in good, clean hearts. My little girl, do you want your heart like a little church, with the Lord staying in it, so that you need not go a step away from yourself to find him?"

"Oh! I would like to," said Mattie, her imagination all astir.

"Then be a good child. You can't know much yet, but you can be a little Christian, nevertheless."

Grandma and Susan had but just found out that Mattie was not in the garden, when they saw her coming home with the minister. Grandma was surprised and somewhat "flustered," but she in-

vited the minister into the parlor, and got her ear-trumpet so that she could talk with him. And Mattie looked and listened rather anxiously, for it had just occurred to her that she had run away.

## II. WHAT CAME OF IT.

THIS is the way Mattie wrote to her papa: First, Grandma wrote *about* Mattie. Then Mattie sat on the table and talked into Grandma's ear-trumpet and Grandma wrote what she said. Papa



"HER DARK LITTLE HEAD WAS QUIET AGAINST THE RAILING FOR A MOMENT."

was particular that Mattie's part of the letter should be "out of her own head."

This is Mattie's part of a letter:

"DEAR PAPA: Grandma says it is time enough to write again, so I am sitting on the table sending you a letter.

"I s'pose Grandma has wroted about me and if I was naughty. I was pretty naughty running away to the meeting-house.

"Papa—are n't you very glad?—I 'm not never going to be naughty again!

"The reason I went to the meeting-house was 'cause I wanted to pray the Lord and send my love to my dear Mamma. The Lord was there, only I could n't see him 'cause my eyes was different. The minister said so.

But the minister told me things. He said if I was good my heart would be just like a little meeting-house. That is why I 'm not going to be naughty. I s'pose when I get *awful* good, my heart will tick like a little bell ringing, Sunday. Grandma said the minister did n't mean a really, truly meeting-house, but our thoughts and thinkings are the little folks that go and sit down in our hearts, and stand up and sing.

"I think hearts are very funny. They *do* things so. I wish any one was little enough to go in where their hearts be.

"And so, the minister came right home with me and took hold of my hand, and I carried my little pink parasol.

"The minister's little boy is pretty big. But he can't never go to college-school any more, 'cause the folks in the meeting-house was preaching about not giving the minister a hundred dollars to give to his little boy, so he could go some more. Don't you think they are pretty naughty? But the minister said they was n't.

"But I 'most forgot to tell the rest about the meeting. So I sat in the minister's lap till it was out. And then he talked to me and said things. And then he came right home with me (and that was when he said about my heart and a meeting-house). And so, I came home. And so, I can't think of any more 'cause my throat is tired, and my dear Grandma's arm, that she holds her ear-trumpet with, is pretty tired, too. So I send seven bushels of my love to my dear Papa.

MARTHA ALICE BRANT."

In a few days an answer came. When Grandma

opened the envelope she found inside another letter, sealed and directed to the minister in the father's handwriting.

Here is what was at the end of Papa's letter to Mattie:

"I think you are old enough to begin to form church-going habits, to go to Sunday-school and learn little verses and catechisms. If dear Grandma can't take you, Susan must, till Grandma thinks you might go alone.

"You see, I have written a letter to the minister. Ask Grandma to please dress you neatly, and let Susan take you to call on him. Hand him the letter and say it is one your Papa sent in yours. If he does not read it to you, I will tell you what is in it when I write again. Of course you are not to ask him to read it, for that would

be impolite. Good-bye, my little girl. Don't forget Papa in your prayers, for he never forgets you in his.

J. S. BRANT."

The next day Mattie went to call on the minister. Susan held her hand in a tight grasp, and Mattie felt very solemn and important with the letter to the minister in the pocket of her stiff little white dress.

When they reached the house, Susan rang the bell, and the lady with whom the minister boarded came to the door. For the minister had no family except his boy who was away at school, and it was only a figure of speech which the old gentleman in the checked shirt-sleeves had used, when he spoke of the minister's children. Mattie knew nothing about figures of speech, and she was disappointed that she did not see the barefoot children playing about.

Susan told the lady that "this little girl" had an errand to the minister, and the lady led them to his study. The minister opened the door, his mouth looking as sorry as it had looked that other day, and his hands looking paler and bigger, coming out of the short, wrinkled sleeves of his study coat.

When they were seated in the study, Susan motioned to Mattie to begin. But Mattie did n't know how.

"It's a fine day," said the minister, as if willing to help them.

"Yes, sir; it is," said Susan. "But I ain't the one. It's this girl," and she pushed her chair closer to Mattie, and gave her a nudge with her elbow. "She's got the errand."

"Oh!" said the minister, his eyes resting upon Mattie till a very small smile came to his mouth. "Oh, certainly! You are the young lady who came to my official meeting. You must pardon me for not recognizing you," he said, rising to shake hands. "I fear my eyes are dim to-day. I have been writing a letter—a long, unpleasant letter—and it gave me a headache."

"Have you been writing to your little boy?" asked Mattie.

"Yes, I have," said the minister. Susan touched her and told her not to be "forward."

"I don't think she is 'forward,'" said the minister, answering the whisper. "I am glad somebody is interested in my boy,—poor fellow!" The minister started to walk with his hands behind him, as he had walked in the church, but he stopped himself and went back to his chair.

"What is your errand to me?" he asked, the little smile all gone.

"Oh!" said Mattie, jumping up and tugging at her pocket. "It's a letter my papa wroted, inside to you—inside, I mean, to me—to you—inside——"

She stopped short in her snarl of words and carried the letter to the minister, then went and sat by Susan again.

The minister was a long while reading the letter. At last he laid it on the table, and with his finger beckoned Mattie to him.

"I wish you to tell your father something, when you write again," he said, as she stood before him. "Will you remember?"

Mattie nodded.

He put his fingers one by one upon the table, marking pauses between his words. "I want you to say—to your father—that he has a daughter—who is worthy of her father—and that he is worthy of his daughter."

Mattie looked doubtful about remembering. The words seemed as snarled as her own had been.

"I am afraid you will forget it. I must write it down for you."

"My papa is a pretty nice man," said Mattie, speaking up sharply as the minister began to write, for his solemn way of putting down his fingers had made her uneasy.

"That's what it means," he said. "It means that he is a nice man, and that you are a nice girl."

"Oh!" said Mattie, much relieved. She tucked into her pocket the bit of paper he handed her, and then looked wistfully at the letter on the table.

"My papa wroted you a pretty long letter, did n't he?" she asked, hesitatingly.

"No, he did n't," said the minister, taking it up. "It's short. But it's weighty,—very weighty."

Mattie was surprised. "I carried it my own self, right in my pocket."

The minister looked at her with a smile almost as happy as other people's smiles. "So you think it can't be very heavy? But, my dear child, it seems to me that it weighs a ton,—a ton of kindness! You don't know how much a ton is, do you? But do you know what your father wrote to me?"

"No, I don't; but I'm not a-going to ask nobody to read their letters, 'cause it's impolite."

"I'll read it without being asked," said the minister:

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: My daughter, the bearer of this note, I wish to place under your pastoral care, as I think she is now old enough to attend church. I am not ambitious that she should become one of your official members (though it seems she has rather pushed herself forward in that direction), but shall be satisfied to have her act in a private capacity. Will you take her under your charge?"

"Inclosed is a check for one hundred dollars, which please consider as coming from her, and as an addition to the salary assigned you for the present year. I shall expect her, in addition, to do her part toward your church

collections during the short time that she will probably remain in your village.

"Wishing you, my dear brother, abundant success in the great work in which you are engaged, I am yours in Christian fellowship,  
JAMES S. BRANT."

"This means a hundred dollars," said the minister, taking up a slip of paper. "And it means

"If you 've done your errand we 'd better be a-going," spoke up Susan.

The minister rose and took Mattie's hand. "I am going to ask Mrs. Bell if she won't give me some of her posies to make you a nosgay," he said. "You are my little girl now, you know. You must come and hear me preach,— your father says so."



"THIS MEANS A HUNDRED DOLLARS," SAID THE MINISTER, TAKING UP A SLIP OF PAPER."

that my boy can stay at college. I wrote a letter to him this morning saying that he would have to come home. It was hard work, writing that letter. Now, I can burn it, and write another!"

"Oh! I am glad your little boy can go to college-school some more!" exclaimed Mattie.

And, indeed, she was glad, for the minister's little boy had been in her thoughts very often.

"Oh, yes; I s'pose I must," said Mattie, contentedly.

Mattie carried home a large bouquet of sweet-smelling, old-fashioned flowers. She kept it in water many days, and when she looked at it she was very happy, thinking of her papa, who had made "the minister with the sorry mouth" glad, and of the minister's little boy at college-school.

# THE BUNNY STORIES.

## THE BUNNIES' PICNIC.

BY JOHN H. JEWETT.

### PART I.



Cuddledown's birthday was in June, and June, the month of roses, was coming in a few weeks.

Then the Bunnies were to have a picnic, if all were well and the weather was fine.

They were fond of picnics and liked to have them a long way off from home.

Now there were plenty of green fields and pleasant

groves near by Runwild Terrace, but the Bunnies thought the best part of a picnic was the going away from a noisy neighborhood, in search of new places to ramble in for the day, and the having dinner out-of-doors.

They were always glad to come home again when the day's fun was over, but they really loved the quiet and strangeness of the woods and fields, and knew how pleasant it was to find some wild place, where they could play that all the world was their own, to be good and happy in for a little while, all by themselves.

There never seemed to be any room in such places for naughty thoughts or actions, and they always came home so full of fresh air and sunshine that the good feeling would last for several days, in spite of the little trials and tempers which might come peeping around the corners of their work or play at home.

For a long time after those sad and anxious days when Cuddledown was missing, the Bunnies felt rather timid about going very far away from the village alone.

They used to talk about the strange creatures, with smooth, white faces, who carried Cuddledown

off to the settlement where Cousin Jack had found her, and they often wondered if they should ever meet them in the fields when berrying or having a picnic.

Bunnyboy was the captain of a soldier company, made up of a dozen or more of his playmates, and Cousin Jack called them his "Awkward Squad"; but they looked very grand in their blue flannel uniforms, bright crimson sashes and gilt buttons, and they felt and talked almost as grand as they looked.

Sometimes they talked rather boastfully about what they would do, when they were grown up and had real guns instead of wooden ones, if the strangers ever came to molest them at the Terrace.

One day when Bunnyboy and his soldiers were talking very bravely about this matter, the Deacon asked Bunnyboy if they had ever practiced "Right-about face, Double-quick, March!"

Bunnyboy saw the twinkle in his father's eyes, and replied: "Oh, you think we would run at the first sight of the smooth-faces, do you?"

The Deacon smiled and said he hoped not, but the bravest soldiers were usually modest as well as brave, and perhaps Cousin Jack would tell them a story some time about two dogs he once heard of, whose names were "Brag" and "Holdfast."

Cousin Jack answered him by saying: "The dog story is all right so far as it goes, but my advice to them is to keep right on thinking brave thoughts, for such thoughts have the right spirit, and are good company for old or young."

"It would hardly pay," said he, "to grow up at all, if we did not love our homes and country enough to be willing to defend them with our lives, if necessary."

Brownie, who carried the flag, waved his staff and said, "Just you wait until we are bigger and have swords and guns, and see if we do not teach the smooth-faces a lesson."

"Brownie," said Cousin Jack, "I hope by that time guns will be out of fashion, for real courage does not depend so much on swords and guns as some folks imagine."

"Perhaps," said he, "the smooth-faces are not so bad as they seem to us, and they may have meant no wrong by taking Cuddledown with them

to the settlement. They might have left her to starve and perish alone, and then we should have lost her altogether."

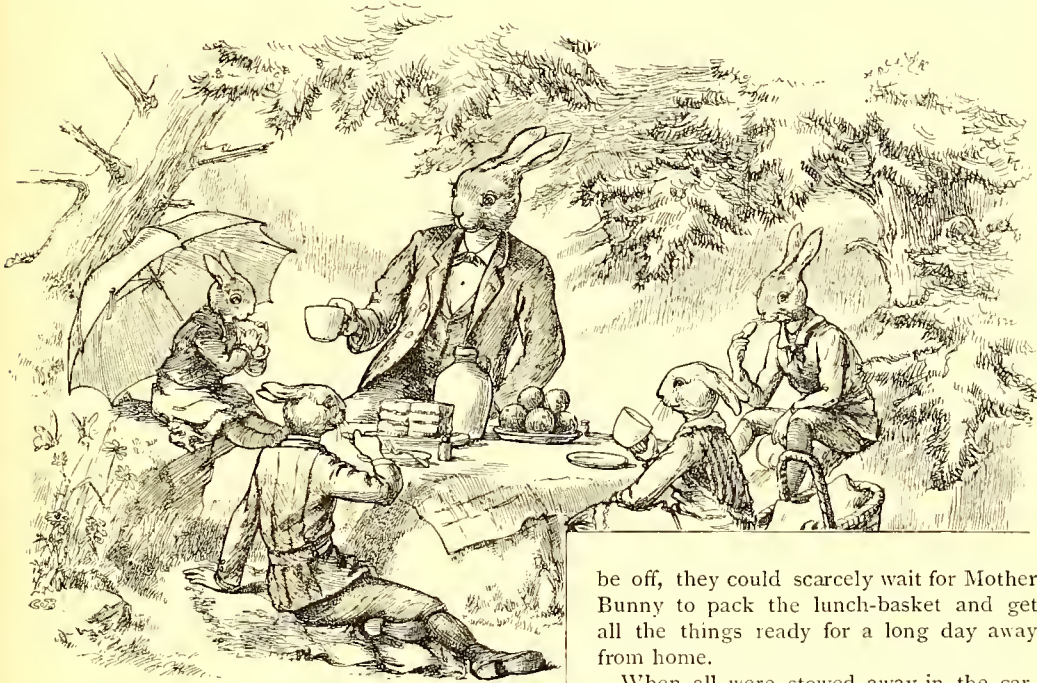
"A brave spirit and a revengeful spirit," he continued, "are two very different things, and you should be careful, Browny, not to get them mixed. However, it is now time for you all to go on with your drilling."

Turning to the company, Cousin Jack looked

morning the near neighbors knew that something was to happen, by the noise the Bunnies were making.

They were all up with the sun, and Cuddledown had to be kissed six times by each member of the family, and each had a pretty card or gift for her birthday.

After breakfast, when Gaffer brought the family carriage to the door, they were in such a hurry to



THE PICNIC.

them over very carefully and said, "Keep your shoulders straight,— eyes to the front,— keep step to the music and — obey your commander!"

"Attention! company, forward, MARCH!" shouted Bunnyboy, and off they tramped, looking so brave and manly that even the Deacon clapped his hands and cried, "Bravo! they are a plucky lot, that is a fact, and I am proud of them."

So many months had passed, during which nothing had been seen or heard of the strangers, that the Bunnies began to feel less timid, and to wish they might see some of the places Cousin Jack and Cuddledown had passed on their journey.

Cousin Jack told them it would be a pleasant drive, and if the Deacon would let them take the horse and carriage for the picnic party, they would go that way when the time came.

Even a few weeks seemed a long time to wait, but at last the day came, and very early one bright

be off, they could scarcely wait for Mother Bunny to pack the lunch-basket and get all the things ready for a long day away from home.

When all were stowed away in the carriage, and the four Bunnies were seated, Cousin Jack took the reins, while Browny shouted "All aboard!" and with a rousing "Good-bye!" to the father and mother, off they started, as merry as larks in a meadow.

The fields and lanes were all so lovely they could not help stopping on the way to pick a handful of the golden buttercups and fragrant lilacs, while all around them in the trees and hedges the birds were filling the air with melody, and seemed to be inviting everybody to come out and enjoy the fine weather.

After a pleasant drive of more than two hours, they came to the "two roads," and found the very spot where Cousin Jack had slept the first night of his journey, and from which he first saw the lights in the settlement.

They could just see, from the top of a hill near by, the white church-spires glistening in the sun, but they did not wish to go any nearer.

The Bunnies were not really afraid, for Cousin Jack was with them, but they were glad when he said they would drive back by the other road and have their picnic nearer home.

On the way, about noon-time, they came to a place where there was a busy little brook, and a shining pond half covered with lily-pads, and an open pasture with many large, flat stones scattered about in the short grass, just right for resting-places.

Cousin Jack said they could not find a better place, for close by on a little knoll was a grove of pine-trees, near enough together to make it shady and cool, and not too thick for playing hide-and-seek.

Under the trees the ground was covered with a soft clean mat of last year's dry pine-needles, making the nicest kind of a couch to lie upon and watch the stray sunbeams peeping through the branches overhead.

The lunch-baskets were hung on a low limb of a pine-tree, so that the busy little ants and other creeping things need not be tempted to meddle with the Bunnies' dinner, and so it might be out of reach of any stray dog that might be roving about.

When Cousin Jack had tied the horse in a safe place, and given him a feed of oats in a nose-bag, the Bunnies ran off to play, and had great fun racing about the fields, looking for turtles on the edges of the pond, or making tiny boats of birch-bark, on which they wrote pleasant messages to send down the brooks to any one who might chance to find them lodged or floating on the stream below.

While they were playing by the pond, they heard a strange croaking noise, and found that it came from two large green frogs, half hidden in the drift-wood lodged against some overhanging bushes on the bank.

Little Cuddledown said she thought the frogs must be learning to talk, and asked what they were trying to say. Just for fun, Bunnyboy told her it sounded as if one of them was saying :

“Get the lunch! Get the lunch!  
Eat it up! eat it up!”

and the other frog answered :

“Me the jug! Me the jug!  
Ker chug!”

This made them all feel hungry, and Cuddledown thought it was time to be going back to the tree, before the frogs found the baskets with the sandwiches and cakes and the jug of milk the mother had packed up so carefully for their dinner.

So they all ran back to the grove and helped Cousin Jack to spread out the dinner on the top of a large flat rock, where they could all sit around as

if at a table, and make it seem like having a real home dinner in the open air.

After dinner they packed up the dishes in the basket, and all the broken bits and crumbs that were left over were scattered about on the ground, so that the little bugs might have a picnic too, all by themselves, under the leaves and grass.

Cousin Jack thought Cuddledown had played so hard that she must be tired and sleepy, and spreading a lap-robe under the trees they lay down to take a nap, while the others wandered away in search of fresh flowers to take home in the baskets.

By and by, when they came back to the grove, Bunnyboy had an armful of fragrant wild azaleas and hawthorn blossoms; Pinkeyes had a huge bouquet of buttercups and pretty grasses, and Brownie a lovely bunch of delicate blue violets. These he had wrapped in large, wet leaves to keep the tender blossoms from losing all their dainty freshness before he could give them to his mother.

It was now time to think about driving back to the village, and presently, when the baskets, and flowers, and Bunnies were all snugly stowed away in the carriage again, they started off for home, waving good-bye with their handkerchiefs to the pleasant grove, while the nodding tree-tops and swaying branch answers answered the salute in their own graceful way.

As they drew near the outskirts of the village, and were passing through a shady lane, they heard voices in the distance, which seemed to come from behind the hill at the right of the road.

The voices soon changed to cries for help, and tying the horse by the roadside they hurried to the top of the hill, where a strange and startling sight was before them.

## PART II.

NEAR the foot of the hill was a pine grove and a gently sloping field, very much like the one the Bunnies had left, and beyond was a low marsh, or peat meadow, overgrown with low bushes and tufts of rank grasses.

Huddled together near the edge of the marsh was a group of frightened little ones, evidently another picnic-party, but in trouble.

Out in the marsh someone was clinging to the bushes, waving her hand and calling for help, while a few feet beyond they could see a small object, which looked like the head and shoulders of a child, slowly sinking into the bog.

Cousin Jack knew at a glance what had happened, and telling Bunnyboy and Brownie to follow him, and Pinkeyes to look after the group below, he led the way, as fast as he could run, to the nearest rail-fence.

Loosening the rails, he told the Bunnies to drag



them along one at a time, and then hurried as fast as his crutches would carry him to the edge of the marsh.

The Bunnies were close behind him with a stout rail, and laying down his crutches he crept out as far as he could safely go, dragging the rail after him, until he was within a few feet of the sinking child.

Then he pushed the rail over the yielding and treacherous quagmire to the little fellow and told him to put his arms over it, hang on, and stop struggling.

The Bunnies soon had two more rails within reach, and these Cousin Jack pushed alongside the other, making a kind of wooden bridge, or path, over which he crawled, and at last by main strength

The first thing to do was to wash off some of the wet black mud at the brook, and wrap up the shivering Tumblekins in shawls and blankets, to keep him from taking cold.

Miss Fox's feet were wet and covered with mud, but she was so busy looking after the others that she did not mind that; and soon, with the help of the Bunnies, the baskets and wraps were picked up and they all set out for home.

It was not very far to the village, but the Bunnies said they would walk and let some of the tired little ones ride in the carriage.

Cousin Jack agreed to this plan and loaded both seats full of the smallest orphans, and with Cuddledown by his side, drove off at the head of the procession, while the rest trudged on behind.



THE BUNNIES TO THE RESCUE.

pulled the half-buried child out of the soft, wet mire.

In a few minutes, both had safely crept back over the rails to the solid ground.

Meanwhile, the grown person who was clinging to the bushes, had succeeded in pulling her feet out of the mire by lying down, and, imitating Cousin Jack's example, had crept out of the marsh and joined Pinkeyes and Cuddledown in quieting the little ones, who were crying in their fright and helplessness.

A few words explained it all. They were a party of little orphan Bears, Coons, Woodchucks, 'Possums, Squirrels, and Rabbits from the Orphans' Home in the village, and had come out for a picnic with Miss Fox, one of the matrons of the Home.

Toddle Tumblekins Coon, the little fellow Cousin Jack had saved from being buried alive in the bog, had strayed away in search of flowers and become helplessly mired in one of the soft spots in the marsh.

In going to his rescue, the matron had also been caught in a bog-hole, and but for the timely help of Cousin Jack and the Bunnies, both might have lost their lives.

When they reached the Orphanage the Bunnies said good-bye to their new friends and were invited by Miss Fox to come and see the children at home, some day, and meet the other matrons, who would be glad to thank them for all their kindness.

It was nearly dusk before the Bunnies reached home, and they were all so eager to tell about the day's doings and the strange accident in the marsh that they all tried to talk at once.

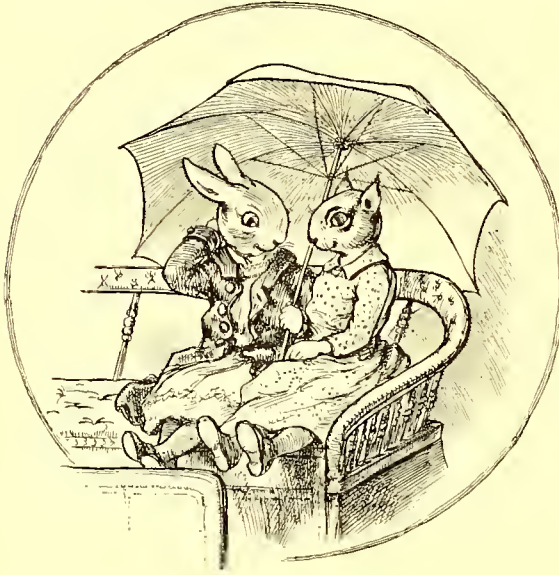
Mother Bunny said they must be hungry after such a long day, and so much excitement, but after supper she would be glad to hear all about it and enjoy the picnic at second hand.

The Deacon said he would join in the same request, if they would take turns in talking, instead of turning the tea-table into a second Babel, and Cousin Jack said something which sounded like a subdued "Amen."

By the time they had finished supper, however, Cousin Jack and Bunnyboy had told the general story of the day, in answer to the Deacon's questions, and as they gathered about the library-table for the evening, each of the other Bunnies had something to tell of the day's happenings, and of what the orphans had said to them on the way home.

Cuddledown told how the little Squirrel orphan, who sat next to her on the front seat with Cousin Jack, had said she had a dolly with real hair and asked whether Cuddledown had ever seen one.

"I almost laughed," said Cuddledown, "and was going to tell her I had half a dozen dollies at home, but I did not. I only told her I had a



dolly with real hair, too, and that my dolly's name was Catharine."

"Why did you not tell her you had more dolls?" asked Cousin Jack.

"Because — because I thought perhaps she had only one, and I did n't wish to make her feel unhappy," said Cuddledown.

Mother Bunny drew Cuddledown close to her side and said, "That was a good reason, dear, and I am glad my little daughter is growing up to be kind and thoughtful of others."

Then the Deacon said, "Next," and Pinkeyes told them all about the pleasant talk she had with two little sister Coons who walked with her.

They told her how they lived at the Home, about their lessons and singing in the morning, learning to sew and playing games in the large hall in the afternoon, or taking pleasant walks with the "Aunties," as they called the kind matrons who took care of them.

They both told her they liked "Visitors' day" the best of all in the week, for then the kind young ladies came and told them stories, or read about the pretty pictures in books they brought.

When Pinkeyes finished her story she said to Mother Bunny, "When I am old enough I shall ask

you to let me have an afternoon out, just as the cook has for her own, every week, and then I will be one of the visitors."

"I know lots of stories," said Pinkeyes, "and I should like to help those little orphans to forget that they have no fathers and mothers, and no homes of their own, like ours."

The Deacon smiled as he said, "That will all come about in good time, my dear, I am sure, for I have had hard work to keep your mother away from the Orphanage, long enough to let the children there have a quiet season of the measles, between her visits."

Cousin Jack looked at the Deacon as he said, "Kindness seems to be a family trait on the mother's side, in this household, and I hope we may all be able to bear up a little longer under our part of the burden"; and then, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, he turned and said, "Your turn now, Brownny."

Brownny began by saying he had great fun racing with a young 'Possum who said his other name was "Oliver."

Cousin Jack said that Oliver was probably a favorite name in that family, and perhaps that was the reason it was usually written "O-possum."

The Deacon pretended to groan and said, "Oh! please give Brownny a chance to tell his story, and finish up this picnic before morning, for I am getting sleepy."

Then Brownny said the little fellow was about his size, and wore a sailor-suit, just like the pretty one he had worn the summer before.

A funny thing about the jacket was that it had on the right shoulder the same kind of a three-cornered mended place that his own had, and he wondered if Oliver had tumbled out of a cherry-tree, as he himself did when he tore his jacket.

Then he asked his mother what had become of his sailor-suit.

The Deacon looked over to Mother Bunny and slyly said he was beginning to understand why it was that a suit of clothes never lasted more than one season in that family, and why their children never had anything fit to wear left over from last year.

Mother Bunny blushed a little as she replied: "Our children outgrow *some* of their clothing, Father, and it seems a pity not to have it doing somebody some good. You knew very well," said she, "when we sent the bundle last spring, even if you did not know all that was inside."

Cousin Jack remarked that he saw a load of wood going over there about that time, and if his memory was not at fault the Deacon was driving and using the bundle of clothing for a seat.

Brownly asked if it really was his suit that Oliver was wearing, and his mother said it probably was the same one, for she sent it in the bundle with the other things, although she was almost ashamed to do so, because the mended place showed so plainly.

Cousin Jack smiled at Brownly and said, "You ought to be thankful you have such a kind mother to help to hide the scars left by your heedlessness, but how about the other little chap who did not fall out of a tree, but has to wear your patches for you?"

Brownly did not answer, for he remembered how it happened. He had nearly ruined a young cherry-tree, besides tearing his jacket, by trying to get the fruit without waiting for a ladder as he had been told to do. Turning again to the Deacon, Cousin Jack said, "It seems to me you might make a good Sunday-school talk on the subject of second-hand clothes. I have seen," he continued, "large families where the outgrown garments were handed down from older to younger until the patches and stains left for the last one to wear would have ruined the reputation, if not the disposition, of a born angel."

The Deacon said he would think about it, for it was rather unfair to the orphans to label them with the ink-stains and patches, and other signs of untidiness or carelessness, which really belonged to the Bunnies themselves.

"Well, well," said Cousin Jack, "perhaps when you get the subject well warmed-over for the Sunday-school children, you can season it with a few remarks to the grown folks, who may be a little

careless in handing down their second-hand habits of fault-finding, ill temper, and other failings, for their children to wear and be blamed for all their lives."

The Deacon coughed, and as he saw Bunnyboy trying to hide a yawn with his hand, he asked him what he was trying to say.

Bunnyboy replied that he was not saying anything, but was trying to keep awake by thinking about how Tumblekins looked before they washed him in the brook.

"From his shoulders to his heels," said he, "Tumblekins was plastered with black mud so thick that you could not see whether his clothing was patched or whole."

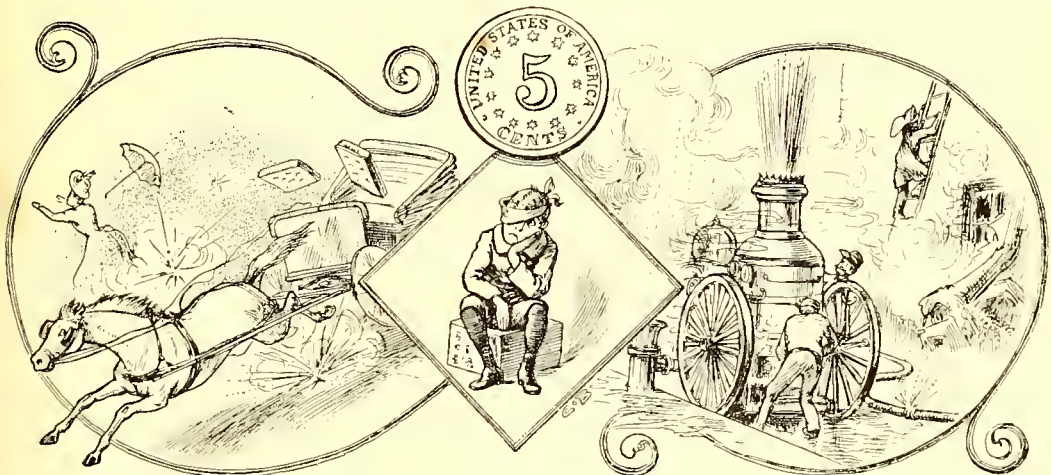
"I felt sorry for him," continued Bunnyboy, "but he looked so comical I could not help laughing."

Brownly said he hoped the little fellow had another of his suits to put on at the Home, and he guessed Tumblekins would n't mind wearing a patch or two, rather than to be sent to bed until the soiled suit was washed and dried.

Brownly's remark reminded Mother Bunny that it was getting late, and long past the Bunnies' bedtime, and, as Cuddledown had been fast asleep in her arms for half an hour, she said they ought not to sit up any longer.

So they all said "Good-night," and went to bed, tired but happy, and thankful, too, that they had so happy and so comfortable a home, all their own, with Father and Mother and Cousin Jack to share it with them.

(To be continued.)



FIVE CENTS' WORTH OF FUN.

## TIGER.

BY ELIZABETH F. PARKER.

THE dog shown in the picture on this page is Tiger. It looks just like him, except that he does not always look so sleepy; but he had been hard at work when I asked him to sit for his picture.

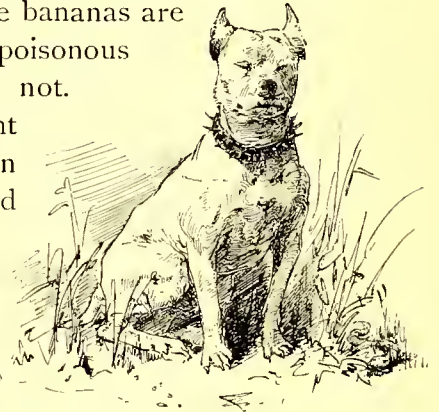
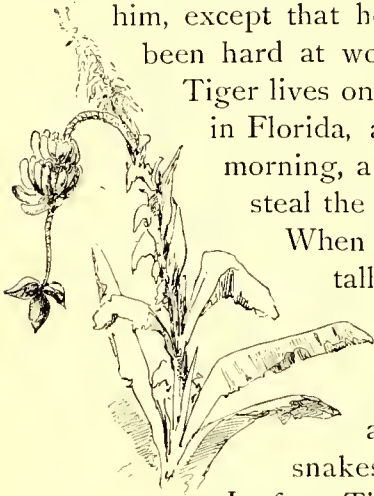
Tiger lives on an orange plantation near the St. John's River in Florida, and when night comes he watches the place until morning, and drives off the thieves who sometimes come to steal the fruit.

When it is daylight again, Tiger goes down among the tall, big-leaved banana plants and drives away the moccasin snakes that hide there where it is shady and damp and cool. The men who work among the bananas are afraid of these poisonous snakes, but Tiger is not.

In fact, Tiger likes to hunt snakes. During the day he trots off between his naps to see that no snakes have crawled in among the banana plants; and when people come to see his master, and they begin to talk about snakes, Tiger is awake in an instant. Then his master will say, "Tiger knows where the snakes are; he would like to show you one, now"; and, if the visitors will only go with him, he will lead them down to the river, push in among the old planks, and then bark, as much as to say, "There they are." And there they will be, sure enough, swimming away into the river.

Perhaps after this, when you eat your Florida oranges or bananas, you will think of who watches fruit so carefully perhaps took very oranges so that you sweet fruits

brave Tiger his master's fully; for he care of those and bananas might have to eat.



70

KING CHARLES SPANIEL



SETTER



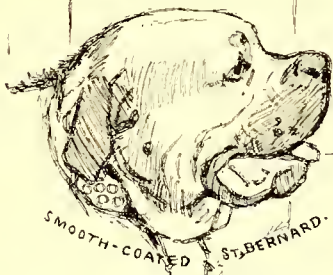
POINTER



FIRST PRIZE



BULL-DOG



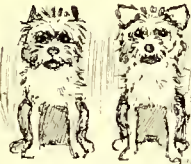
SMOOTH-COATED ST. BERNARD



SCOTTISH DEERHOUND



ENGLISH BLOODHOUND



WHO SAID RATS?



BULL-TERRIER



GREYHOUNDS

80

J. STUART TRAVIS

SKETCHES AT THE DOG SHOW.

# From Our Scrap-Book



## HOW ROCKETS ARE MADE.

BY LIEUT. W. R. HAMILTON, U. S. A.

ROCKETS are made for three purposes: for signaling; for decorations or celebrations, or as projectiles in war. For signals, the charge consists of 12 parts of niter, 2 of sulphur, and 3 of charcoal. The ornamental, or decorative, rocket is the one we see used on the Fourth of July, and the composition of which it is made comprises 122 parts of mealed or finely pulverized powder, 80 of niter, 40 of sulphur, and 40 of cast-iron filings.

The principal parts of the rocket as shown in the diagram are: *a*, the case, made by rolling stout paper, covered on one side with paste, around a wooden form, at the same time applying considerable pressure. The end is then "choked," or brought tightly together, with twine. The paper case thus made is next placed in a copper mold, so



that a conical copper spindle will pass up through the choke, and the composition, *b*, is then poured in and packed by blows of a mallet on a copper drift or packing-tool made to fit over the spindle. The top of the case is now closed with a layer of moist plaster-of-paris one inch thick, perforated with a small hole for the passage of the flame to the upper part, or "pot"—*c*. The pot is formed of another paper cylinder slipped over and pasted to the top of the case and surmounted by a paper cone filled with tow. The "decorations" are placed in the pot and are scattered through the air when the flame, having passed through the aperture of the plaster, reaches a small charge of mealed powder, *d*, placed in the pot. The stick is a piece of pine wood, tapering, and about nine times the length of the rocket. It is to guide the rocket in its flight. The decorations in the pot may be "stars," "serpents," "marrons," "gold-rain," and so on. "Marrons" are small paper shells filled with grained powder and pinned with quick-match. "Serpents," are small cases about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch in diameter in which is a composition of 3 parts niter, 3 sulphur, 16 mealed powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  charcoal. This composition is driven in the case, the top of which is closed by plaster-of-paris, having a small aperture through which passes a piece of quick-match.

A "Tourbillon" is a rocket that moves upward with a spiral motion. This motion is produced by six holes, two lateral ones (one on each side) and four underneath. It is steadied by two wings formed by attaching pieces of hoop-iron to the middle of the case and at right angles to it. Rain of fire, or gold fire, is cast-iron filings which become red-hot in the flame of the explosion, and, on dropping through the air, gleam accordingly. Looking at the plan of the rocket, we find at the rear end of the case a hollow part. This is where the copper spindle has passed through the choke. It is filled with quick-match, and a paper cap is placed over all. Now, when the match is lighted it sets fire to the composition, and the gas generated by the burning of the latter must escape. In doing so, it strikes against the air, which not giving way fast enough causes the expanding body of gas to push the rocket forward also. Of course, it is easy to see that the more the composition burns the larger the burning surface becomes, and therefore there is constantly a greater amount of gas generated each instant. So the rocket, having begun to move comparatively slowly, rapidly increases its rate of speed till the composition is nearly all burned out. Then the flame, passing through the aperture in the plaster, reaches the mealed powder in the pot, bursts it, setting fire at the same time to all the decorations, which are scattered through the air in beautiful colors.

## PUSSY IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

BY THOS. W. CHITTENDEN.

ALTHOUGH animals were not unfrequently summoned in judicial proceedings, in days gone by, it is not now a common thing for animals to be formally summoned by a court of justice, either to stand trial themselves or to give evidence against or in behalf of litigants. Nevertheless, such an instance has just occurred in this country, and the testimony of a fine Maltese cat summarily decided a case that had puzzled judge and jury for a week.

The circumstances of this novel occurrence were as follows: Two men living in a Western city each owned a young Newfoundland dog, and the two animals resembled each other so strongly in all points that it was not possible for even the respective owners to distinguish

them. By some means one of the dogs was lost, and his owner seeing, as he supposed, his missing pet in the street one day, about a month after the loss, naturally took possession of him, and led him home. We will call this dog "Major" to distinguish him. The proprietor of Major objected strongly to this proceeding, and laid claim to the animal, his title being promptly disputed by the first, who insisted that the dog belonged to him, and added that, as "possession was nine points of the law," he proposed to keep him, let the other do what he might. Argument and persuasion failing, suit was brought to recover Major, and the case was regularly brought into court and came to trial about Christmas time, before a judge and a jury.

Witnesses on both sides testified positively that it was Major, and that it was *not* Major — the animal himself, meanwhile, going freely to either of his claimants, and leaving one readily at the call of the other, seeming quite indifferent as to which one might finally secure him. A whole week was taken up with conflicting testimony, and even then neither judge nor jury were the wiser, or better prepared to render a true decision concerning the case.

At this point a woman living in the same house with Major's owner declared that her cat could settle the question as to which dog it was, since the cat and Major were on terms of great friendship, eating and playing together, and sleeping on the same rug, while the cat was the sworn foe of all other canines, and had worsted many in fair fight.

Here was a solution by which all parties to the controversy were willing to abide, and a formal writ was accordingly issued in the name of the people of the State commanding "all and singular, the owner or owners of a certain Maltese cat to produce the living body of the said animal before the Hon. So-and-so, a justice duly and legally commissioned by the people of the commonwealth aforesaid," at a given time and place duly specified in the writ, and "thereof to fail not at their own proper peril."

At the time appointed the momentous cat was duly produced before the honorable court, Major and his elaimant being on hand, as well as a large assembly attracted by the novelty of the proceeding. The record does not state whether Puss was duly sworn to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," nor whether his owner was required to act as proxy for him in this respect.

However this may have been, he proceeded to vindicate his mistress's assertions, first with regard to his fighting qualities, for, on the introduction of some strange animals of the canine species, brought by direction of the dignified court, he dilated his tail to most majestic proportions, arched his back in monumental style, and gave battle, to the satisfaction of the spectators, if not to that of his adversaries, clearing the room in fine style, and in an exceedingly brief space of time. Next, Major was brought in, whereupon Pussy's warlike mood and demeanor were speedily changed to demonstrations of acquaintance and good-fellowship, the animals recogniz-

ing each other to the satisfaction of all concerned, and immediately terminating by this conclusive evidence a suit which, except for the shrewd thought of a woman, might have dragged on interminably and led to rancor and strife.

#### WON BY A BIRD.

A WELL-KNOWN gentleman of Savannah tells this story: "I notice in this morning's paper an interesting account of how a dog was made to testify in a case in which he was claimed by a soldier who had at one time been in the English Army in India. According to the account, the soldier said that if the dog did not understand the Hindustani language he would not claim him, but if he did he would consider the dog belonged to him. When the case was called in court, the soldier said something in the Hindu tongue, and the dog immediately recognized him, and, running through the crowd, jumped into the witness-box and fawned on the soldier."

Another said that this was a case similar to one which occurred in Savannah many years ago, before steamships went to that port. A gentleman owned a very valuable mocking-bird, of which he thought a good deal. The bird was stolen. The gentleman was very much put out over it, and hunted everywhere to recover it. He heard of a visitor from the North who had purchased a mocking-bird and was about to leave the port on a sailing vessel. The gentleman concluded that he would go down to the vessel to see if the bird was not his. Upon reaching the vessel, sure enough, he found a man with a mocking-bird which he at once recognized as the one which he had lost. He told the visitor that the bird belonged to him, and the visitor asked how he could recognize the bird from any other, and was unwilling to give it up until some evidence had been given of ownership.

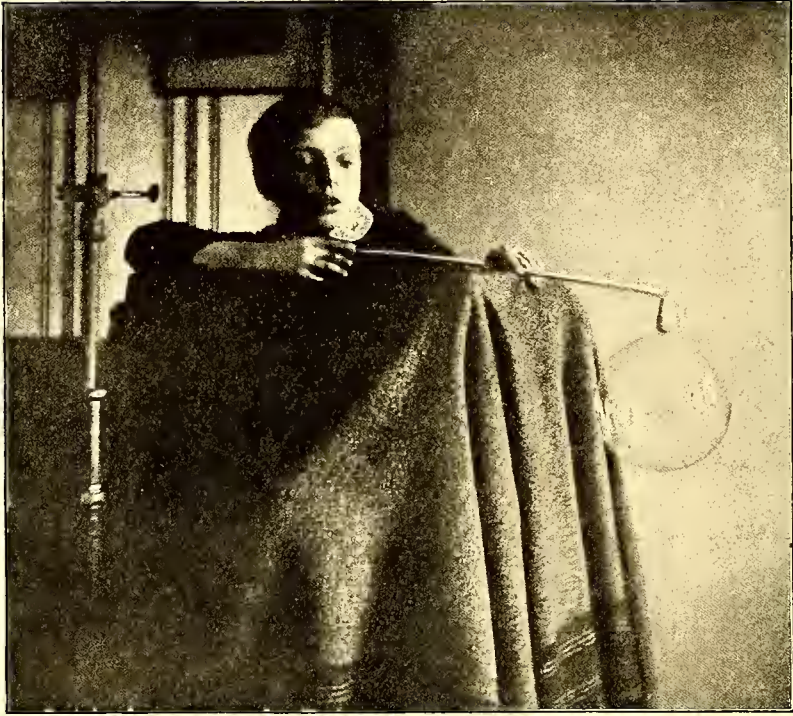
The Savannahian finally said that he would make complaint before a magistrate, and if he did not prove it by the bird itself, he would not make any further claim. So together they went before Magistrate Railford, who had his office at the time in a little building where the Custom-house now stands. The complaint was made, and the elaimant of the bird said that he would prove that the mocking-bird was his, by the bird itself. The magistrate was somewhat surprised, and asked: "How are you going to do that?"

The gentleman replied that he would whistle an air, and if the bird took it up and followed him, it ought to be sufficient evidence of ownership. If the bird did not follow him, then he would make no further claim to it.

He whistled the tune "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," and the bird joined in and whistled it through without interruption. The magistrate said: "I am satisfied the bird is yours. I don't wish any further evidence of the fact of ownership." The visitor was charmed and wanted the bird badly, and offered \$100 for it, but the owner refused to part with it for any amount. — *Savannah News*.

## SOAP-BUBBLES.

BY THOMAS W. CHITTENDEN.



A SOAP-BUBBLE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS W. CHITTENDEN.)

LOOKING through the advertising pages of ST. NICHOLAS, as I suppose a majority of its readers ordinarily do, I noticed one announcement that once would have been very attractive to me. It is n't necessary to tell how long ago, and, indeed, I must confess that the notice yet had its interest for me, in spite of my gray hairs. I will confess a secret: I am still fond of blowing bubbles, and that was what the advertisement was about.

As I read, I wondered whether you younger readers have thought much about soap-bubbles, and whether many among you know how wonderful they are, and how profound philosophers have considered them worthy of careful study, and how many of the remarkable facts about them are even yet not fully nor satisfactorily explained. However this may be, I think it likely that many will be glad to know how to blow a bubble bigger than their own heads, or rather than any single head is

likely to be under normal circumstances. As evidence that this can be done, here is a picture which shows just such a bubble, together with the small boy who did the blowing. A measurement will show that the bubble is considerably larger than the boy's head, which is quite as big as that of the majority of boys of his age.

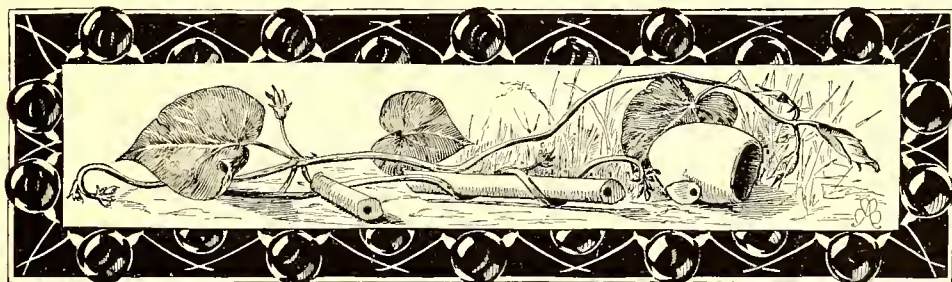
With care in following out the directions, I think that no one need fail to blow a bubble quite as large as that shown in the picture; I have often blown larger, but, as already suggested, I have had much practice. Still, my little friend succeeded very well at his first attempt, and there is no reason why others may not do as well. I can promise them that they will find a number of things about a soap-bubble worthy of attention, whatever its size. Good soap is necessary. I have found the oldest specimens of white Castile or Marseilles soap the best. Ordinary soaps contain too much



water, as usually sold, and I have not had time to ascertain what modifications are necessary to make their use practicable. Next to white Castile, the mottled Castile gives the best results. The soap being obtained, a friendly druggist must carefully weigh out sixty grains (for exactness in proportions is needful) for each ounce of water. That is, one drachm (according to the Apothecary's Weight of the old arithmetics), and when the weighing is done and the obliging druggist thanked for kindness, the rest is plain sailing. A bottle with a sound cork is the next requirement. It must be large enough to hold three or four times the quantity of solution you wish to make. Do not prepare too much at one time; two ounces of soap solution will be a good quantity, and for this a six or eight ounce bottle will be about the right thing. The bottle must be well cleaned and then well rinsed out with soft water—which, by the way, should be used for all the operations. All being ready, the soap is cut into fragments small enough to enter the bottle. Measure an ounce of water for each drachm of soap; this can be done with a teaspoon, eight spoonfuls making an ounce. Having poured the water and put the soap into the bottle, we have now to await perfect solution, which will

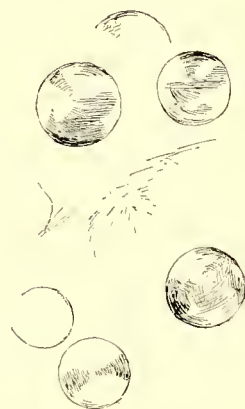
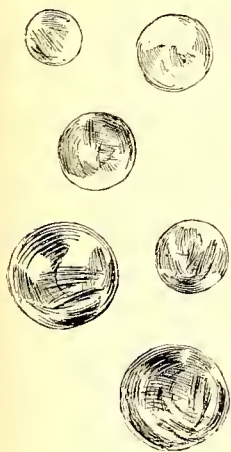
happen in the course of two or three hours, if the bottle be put in a moderately warm place. Then add glycerine to the soap solution, the quantity varying with our ambition. I have found that one-half the volume of the solution gives excellent results; that is to say, to each ounce of water add one-half ounce of glycerine, measuring the quantities instead of weighing them, in both cases. The bottle is now to be tightly corked and well shaken; then set aside for two or three hours more, and well shaken again. These alternate periods of rest and agitation should continue for a whole day. Finally, let the bottle stand undisturbed and tightly corked for twenty-four hours. Bubbles of great size and beauty may be blown with this solution.

A thin glass pipe will give better results than a clay-pipe, but is by no means essential; if a clay-pipe be used, it should have as long a stem as possible. After the pipe has been used for a time it will work much better than at first; indeed, it is possible that the experimenter may pronounce the whole a failure unless he reserves his opinion until the pipe gets into good working order, a condition depending on causes that I have not yet satisfactorily learned.



SOAP-BUBBLES.

FILL the pipe !  
 Gently blow ;  
 Now you 'll see  
 The bubbles grow !  
 Strong at first,  
 Then they burst,  
 Then they go to  
 Nothing, Oh !





MERMAIDS AND THEIR PETS. DRAWN BY MILDRED HOWELLS.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

PIKESVILLE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I took you for two or three years, and then went away. This is my first letter, and I 'most always read the letters in the "Letter-box," but have never had the pleasure of writing. I had a donkey, but he died; he was very cunning; he would not drink out of a pail; he would cry for water; we would give him a pail of water, and he would smell it, and then push it over; he would drink only out of the hose. I remain, yours truly,

MAY E—

COOPER'S PLAINS, BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl only nine years old. I live in Australia.

We have taken you for three years. I liked the little "Brownies" and the Pygmies very much, and all the pretty pieces of poetry you sent us.

I live eight miles from Brisbane. I go to school in the train, and I have a season ticket. I have three sisters and one brother, and the youngest is a dear little girlie. She is two years old; she always has rosy cheeks.

We have a little Shetland pony which we ride sometimes. My brother is younger than I am, and he rode it forty miles in one day. I have no more news to tell you now. From your little friend,

JESSIE GLEN J.—

THIS letter from a little Southern girl is one of many, concerning Elsie Leslie Lyde, which have been received since the publication of the April ST. NICHOLAS:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Elsie Leslie Lyde's picture in the April number, 1889, was perfectly lovely! I looked at it and studied it for a long while. The expression is so gentle and child-like. She looks like a sweet dear little girl; and from what I have read of her, I think she would be a fair and true example for other children to follow. If we children could all be as simple, earnest, unaffected, and loving as Elsie is described to be, what a blissful and sweet little world the "child-world" would be! Don't you think so, ST. NICHOLAS? I have named my large French doll, with long, bright curly hair, Elsie Leslie Lyde.

I am, your ever loving friend,

"HEATHERBELL."

WILMINGTON, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading your stories about dogs, and it makes me wish to write and tell you about one which my father's family used to own.

He was a little black-and-tan terrier, and his name was "Jip." He was very intelligent. My aunt and her friend would often dress him in their doll's clothes and then put him to bed, pretending that he was sick. He would take the medicine, and then open his mouth for something to take the taste out. Just when he looked very sick indeed, my father would rush through the room, calling out, "Rats, Jip, rats!" and away Jip would go, scattering the bed-clothes and spoiling the girls' fun.

Sometimes when he saw boys playing ball in the street he would run and catch the ball and scamper home with it. Then the boys would come and beg for the dog to play with them. My grandfather, who was a physician, would sometimes take Jip with him on his rounds. Once, after leaving the dog at home, the doctor was much surprised to find Jip waiting for him at a patient's house where he had been the day before. On one occasion a little girl sitting by a fire said, "I wish I had some light-wood to put into this fire," and Jip immediately ran out of the room, and returned with a piece. He did not enjoy being washed, and when the children, to tease him, would say, "Come, Betty, and wash Jip," he would run and hide under the sofa. He loved to play hide-and-seek, and would stay shut up in the lower part of a wash-stand until the children were hidden. Sometimes they would catch him trying to peep; then they would shame him, and he would hang his head and turn back, waiting patiently until they "whooped."

Some years ago this dear old dog was stolen, and "the children" have never seen him again. I remain,

Your little friend, A. L. B.—

NICE, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I was in Rome at the close of the Jubilee-year, I saw the Pope, and I want to tell you about him. He was carried in his sedia, and moved his hand in blessing as he passed through. He is eighty years old and has white hair, and with his miter on looked very majestic. There was a great crowd, and although St. Peter's is perfectly immense, there was no room left after everybody got in. Everybody was obliged to wear black, with black Spanish lace scarfs draped on their heads. While we were in Rome, I saw the king, queen, and crown prince.

My home is in Chicago, but we have been in this country since last Fourth of July.

At present we are in Nice, a lovely winter resort on the Mediterranean, where they have been having a Battle of Flowers, and it is great fun.

We have been in England, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and are now on our way through France, and expect to return home in May.

Hoping this is not too long to print, I remain, sincerely yours,

A LITTLE AMERICAN GIRL.

L. G. H. will find the article entitled "Nantucket Sinks" in ST. NICHOLAS for August, 1887.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time that we have written to you. We spent last summer abroad, and much of the time in Paris. While there we visited the Louvre, and were much interested in the various mummies, sphinxes, statues, etc. Our father, who is French,—though we are stanch little Americans,—is a naval

officer, and is away much of the time; but we expect him back soon, for which we are very happy.

We have a large dog, an intelligent and beautiful greyhound, named "Reha," whom we love very much.

Your admiring readers,  
VICTORINE and YOLANDE.

TROY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eleven years old. I have taken you only six months, but I enjoy you very much. I have taken music lessons for three years, and I play the "Housekeeping Songs" in your delightful magazine. I have also taken French for two years, and to-day I translated three "Mother Goose" songs, which papa said I might send to you.

The first one is "Three Blind Mice":

"Trois souris aveugles!

Trois souris aveugles!

Vois-tu comme elles courent!

Vois-tu comme elles courent!

Elles couraient après la femme du fermier,  
Qui leur coupe les queues avec un grand couteau,  
As-tu jamais vu une telle chose en ta vie

Que trois souris aveugles!"

Next, "Baa, baa, Black Sheep":

"Baa, baa, mouton noir,  
N'as-tu pas de laine?"

"Oh! si, monsieur,  
Trois bourses pleines!

Une pour le monsieur,

Une pour la dame,

Et un pour le garçon,  
Qui crie dans l'allée."

I am very sorry that I could not make the last word rhyme with the rest of the verse. My last one is "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary":

"Marie, Marie, tout à fait contraire,  
Comment croit votre jardin?"

"Avec cloches argentées des coquilles ridées,  
Et des jolies filles tout en rangées."

But I must not make my letter too long. I tried for the prize in your "King's Move Puzzle," but did not succeed. I wish you would publish another.

Your admiring little friend,  
MAY M——.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am but ten years of age, and I write to tell you how very much interested I am by "Daddy Jake, the Runaway," though I see it is to be in only one more number of the ST. NICHOLAS.

I live on Walnut Hills, a beautiful suburb of Cincinnati. I have many nice books, but I can not find one story in them as nice as those in your magazine. I must now close. Your affectionate friend,

RICHARD V. R——.

YATES CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eleven years old, and have four younger brothers. I live on a farm four miles from Yates City. My little brothers and I have a mile to walk to school.

I like very much to read the "Letter-box." My brothers all like the "Bunny Stories." This is the first letter I ever wrote you. Your little friend,

KATHARINE N——.

RONDOUT, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your magazine for a number of years, and like it better every year. It has been given to me by my uncle as a Christmas present. Our city is situated on the Hudson River, and from our school we have a very fine view of this beautiful river, also of the Catskill and Shawangunk Mountains, in New York, and the Berkshire Mountains, in Massachusetts.

In winter we have great sport in skating and ice-boating. One day we raced with the trains on the Hudson River Railroad. We have also a large toboggan-slide, but it was not used this last winter on account of the mildness of the season. I am sixteen years old.

Your reader,  
MARY E. H——.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am, of course, one of your many readers and admirers, and as I have never seen any letter from this place, I thought that I would write to you. I am thirteen years old, and have lived here nearly all my life: in fact, I have never been out of California, and have only seen snow once. I suppose that will seem very funny to some of your Eastern readers who see snow every winter.

We usually have nice times here in the winter, going on picnics to the cañons and gathering ferns and wild flowers after the first rain, which is usually in December. "Juan and Juanita" is my favorite story, although I like them *all*, very much.

Your sincere friend,  
BERTHA C——.

LEBANON, OREGON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from any part of Oregon, so I thought I would write to you.

I live on a farm, six miles from Lebanon, which is our post-office.

Our farm is between two soda springs. It is about a mile and a half to each. The name of one is Sodaville, the other is Waterloo. At Waterloo the water bubbles up out of the rocks, and no matter how many drink out of it, the spring is never dry. We have to cross the river to it, and in the winter the river rises over the rocks so we can't get the water at all. Sodaville is a great summer resort; but I think Waterloo is the pleasanter place.

I have lived in Oregon nearly ever since I can remember, though I was born in Ohio. I used to live in Salem, the capital of Oregon. It is a beautiful city.

I have taken you for five years, and like you more and more all the while. I have saved every number, and hope some time to have them bound.

I think "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Juan and Juanita" are just splendid, but I think the best story you have published since I began taking you is "His One Fault." My papa often says that is one of the best stories he ever read, and then he will laugh and say, "Poor boy, he did have a hard time getting the right horse!" Your constant reader,  
ANNIE F. T——.

WE thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters which we have received from them: V. A. C., L. G. H., Valerie La Sautis, J. H. L., Iona J. L. C., McV., Sam Chapin, May Griffith, Harry Lee Wiesner, Charlotte B. T., Anna Olive M., Ora M. Pierce, Ethel Ireland, Louie R., Frances McCahill, E. D. Blackwell, Catherine C., Stella Stearns, Mary L. Robinson, Florence Griffith, Z. Z. Z., May Taylor, John Miller, Harry Geraldine W., Alice Smith, Addie and Erma M., Gardner Porter.

# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

**OCTAGONS.** I. 1. Car. 2. Ruled. 3. Curator. 4. Alabama. 5. Retaken. 6. Domes. 7. Ran. II. 1. Cad. 2. Pagod. 3. Cabinet. 4. Agitate. 5. Donated. 6. Deter. 7. Ted.

**CONNECTIVE WORD-SQUARES.** Impassionate. I. Across: 1. Imp. 2. Dec. 3. Ant. II. 1. Ass. 2. See. 3. Pat. III. 1. Ion. 2. Day. 3. Are. IV. 1. Ate. 2. Won. 3. Led.

**JUNE ROSES.** 1. Musk. 2. Tea. 3. Swamp. 4. Dog. 5. Field. 6. Moss. 7. China. 8. Cabbage. 9. Dwarf. 10. Indian.

Pi.  
A glory apparels the corn;  
The meadow-lark carols the morn;  
The dew glistens over  
The grass and the clover:  
'T is June—and the summer is born!

The radiant hours adorn  
With clustering flowers the thorn;  
The soft breezes hover  
The grass and the clover:  
'T is June—and the summer is born!

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Clara B. Orwig—A. L. W. L.—J. B. Swann—Paul Reese—K. G. S.—Bessie M. Allen—"Infantry"—Nellie L. Howes—A. H. R. and M. G. R.—O. D. O.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Grace E. Mercer, 1—Mande Lillian M., 1—Carrie Holzmar, 1—Maude E. Palmer, 12—Margaret Cassels, 1—R. F. Spilsbury, 1—A. H. G., 2—Edwin Lewis, 1—Daisy L. Brown, 2—Lillian A. Sturtevant, 1—Mary L. Gerrish, 12—Maud H. Levie, 1—Grace Harris, 1—Louise Ingham Adams, 11—Lisa D. Bloodgood, 3—"The Wise Five," 12—Hettie S. Black, 1—Marion Stickney, 2—Fannie E. Hecht, 1—Chester, 1—R. A. P., 1—"Sister May," 1—Harry Sillocks, 2—I. L. Wilson, 1—Jeannette How, 1—"A Family Affair," 7—T. H. Dickson, 1—Lily and Helen, 3—Jean Perry, 12—Helen C. McCleary, 12—Eula Lee Davidson, 1—V. F., L. L. F. and D. F., 6—No Name, New York, 10—"Maxie and Jackspar," 12—Sidney Sommerfeld, 2—Edith Woodward, 5—Sarah C. Scott, 1—Louise Skimmer, 1—V. A. C., 2—Belle MacMahon, 1—Zoe H., 2—Mary and Mabel Osgood, 12—Clara Danielson, 2—Aunt Kate, Mamma and Jamie, 12—Lina Nyburg, 1—Bessie Byfield, 3—Effie K. Talboys, 6—Florence Young, 1—Estelle Young, 1—F. Sybil Moorhouse, 1—"Nady," 1—Ed. and Bradley, 12—Astley P. C. Ashhurst, 2—Irma Moses, 1—Marie A. Burnett, 1—Ida C. Thallon, 10—Elizabeth A. Adams, 1—"May and 79," 8—D. L., 4—Gladys, 2—J. F. Gerrish and E. A. Daniell, 12—May Martin, 2—Nora and Mother, 7—Shyler, 9—Mattie E. Beale, 12—Florence Parkhurst, 5—Emma V. Fish, 3—Henry Guilford, 11—Mary C. Barringer, 1—H. H. Alexander, 1—D. M. Barringer, 1—Arthur C. Hartich, 3—Jennie, Mina and Isabel, 10—Jo and I, 12—Alice Turpin, 3—Adrienne Forrester, 5—Kate Guthrie, 1—Edith and Marion, 7—Mathilde Ida and Alice, 6—Edith Oakley, 2—Henry W. Bill, 2—W. Sayre Kitchel, 2—"Cœur de Lion and Shakespeare," 4—George S. S., 4—Alice A. Foster, 6—Katie A. F. R., 2—Horace Wilkinson, 7—S. S., 4.

### DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

THE letters in each of the following eleven groups may be transposed so as to form one word. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the diagonals, from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner, will spell something for which our forefathers fought. The diagonals, from the upper right-hand corner to the lower left-hand-corner, will spell a publication issued by our forefathers.

1. Beat Lion, Tad.
2. Unsoft rimes.
3. I clap a stair.
4. Con, ring toll.
5. Marshall, mow.
6. Rig a gun cone.
7. To me a tin can.
8. Go, musty sage.
9. Shear, tier, C. R.
10. I ty pond rose.
11. I cut on Col. U. S.

F. S. F.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals and finals each name a famous geologist.  
CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. An iron block upon which metals are hammered. 2. A short prayer. 3. An Athenian. 4. A volley. 5. Slaughtered. 6. A mass of unworked metal. 7. A plain face or plinth at the lower part of a wall. "DAB KINZER."

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of seventy-two letters, and form an old couplet about the month of July.

My 7-56 is the first word of the couplet. My 41 is much used by letter-writers. My 13-22-55 is sometimes used for decorative purposes. My 30-66-28-72 is grayish-white. My 69-48-44-25 was

RIMLESS WHEELS. I. From 1 to 8, Campbell: from 9 to 16, Barnabas. Cross-words: Cubeb, Aorta, molar, Posen, Poheia, Eliab, Lamia, lobes. II. From 1 to 8, Monmouth; from 9 to 16, Waterloo. Cross-words: Macaw, opera, nabit, midge, otter, usual, taboo, hollo.—CHARADE. Summer.

HOURLY-GLASS. Centrals, Bonaparte. Cross-words: 1. grumBling. 2. chrOnic. 3. VeNus. 4. nAp. 5. P. 6. cAb. 7. arRow. 8. plaTter. 9. promEnade.

RHYMED DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Cupid; finals, arrow. Cross-words: 1. CallA. 2. UlsteR. 3. PalloR. 4. IndigO. 5. DaW.

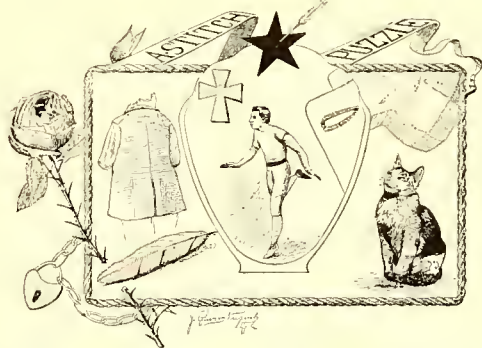
DIAMOND. I. T. 2. Tac. 3. Xeres. 4. Tenants. 5. Taran-tula. 6. Century. 7. Sturk. 8. Sly. 9. A.

A RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Ionic. 2. Sated. 3. Pedal. 4. Metal. 5. Sedan.

A HEXAGON. 1. Spur. 2. Pined. 3. Unused. 4. Residue. 5. Deduce. 6. Ducal. 7. Eels.

FLORAL PUZZLE, Rose Month. 1. Rush. 2. Oleander. 3. Saffron. 4. Ebony. 5. Motherwort. 6. Osier. 7. Nightshade. 8. Teasel. 9. Harebell.

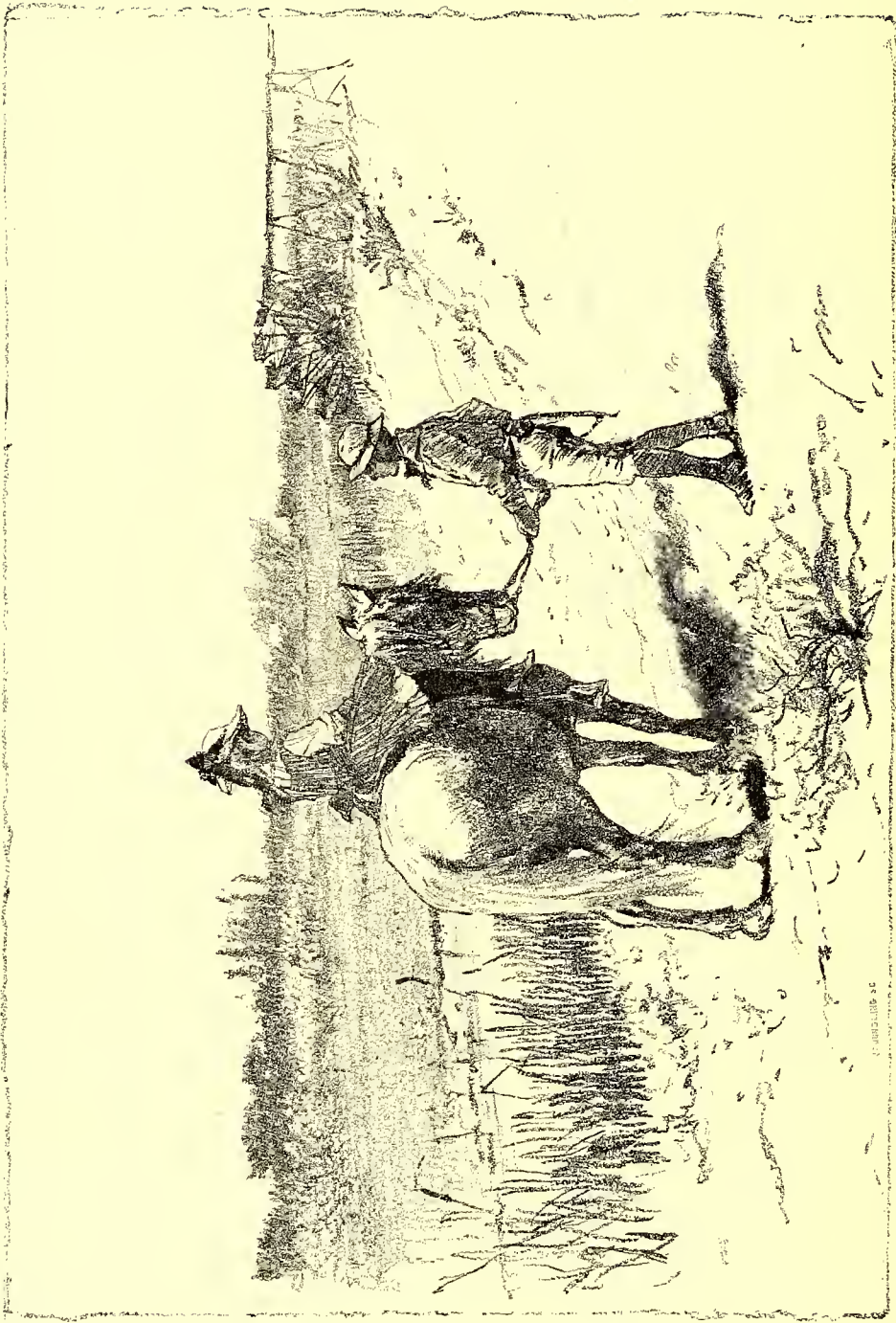
a famous city of ancient times. My 4-11-60 is by what means. My 37-16-32-20 is an ancient musical instrument. My 1-17 is the name of a mythological maiden who was transformed by Hera into a heifer. My 49-33-53-62 is vitality. My 9-16-39-46-42-67-29-70 is toughness. My 64-5-40 is a body of water. My 2-50-35 is limited in number. My 51-53-27 is to petition. My 26-8-36-24-63-15-31 is to corrugate. My 6-23-71 is an exclamation denoting contempt. My 52-65-17-12-38-68 is to choke. My 3-45-61-43-54-21 is a shivering. My 34-14-59-19-57-10 is a fish much esteemed by epicures. "CORNELIA BLIMBER."



In the above illustration are suggested the names of fourteen different stitches used by needlewomen. What are the different stitches?







THE FIRST RIDE.  
DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.



# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVI.

AUGUST, 1889.

NO. 10.

Copyright, 1889, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

## DISCOVERED.

BY HELEN THAYER HUTCHESON.

ON the slope of a hill in the edge of a wood,  
Bloomed and nodded a sisterhood  
Of pale-tinted Blossoms that nobody knew,  
Saving the Wind and the Sun and the Dew.

The Wind blew back the curtains of dawn,  
And the Sun looked out when the Wind was gone,  
And the flowers with the tears of the Dew were wet,  
When the Wind was flown, and the Sun was set.

The Wind brought a wild Bee out of the west,  
To dream for an hour on a Blossom's breast,  
And the Sun left a Butterfly hovering there  
With wide wings poised on the golden air.

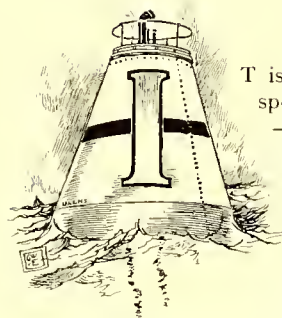
And the Dew brought a Firefly to whirl and dance,  
In his own bewildering radiance,  
Round the slender green pillars that rocked as he flew,  
And shook off the tremulous globes of the Dew ;

The creatures of air gave the secret to me.  
I followed the hum of the heavy-winged Bee,  
I followed the Butterfly's wavering flight,  
I followed the Firefly's bewildering light.

I found the pale Blossoms, that nobody knew :  
They trusted the Sun, and the Wind, and the Dew ;  
The Dew and the Wind trusted Firefly and Bee.  
I give you the secret they gave unto me.



BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.



It is a weird and desolate spot, is Little Menan, — even on the clearest days, when the square, whitened light-house tower gleams brightly in the sunshine, reminding one of a gravestone marking the resting-place of

Seaward the rock is steep, rearing its full height suddenly and boldly from the sea, and the chart gives fifteen fathoms clear, at its very foot. How the tide roars as it comes in! How it dashes against the face of the rock! How mightily it piles itself in flashes of white and green flame upon the ragged rocks! The white foam fairly dazzles one's eyes in the somber gray of the scene, and the mist twists and writhes curiously, as it is blown upward toward the tower.

so many who have "gone down to the sea in ships." But bright, clear days at Little Menan are rare; the color of the sky is generally a leaden gray, and the whole place seems to be in mourning for the countless wrecks that have happened in the neighborhood.

A desolate place, indeed, and Dan Humphrey thought so as he trimmed the lamps in the tower overhanging the wet and glistening rocks. He was somewhat bent and gray, and he had grown so at Little Menan Light, for gray hairs come fast when one has nothing to do but to watch sea and sky. He had come to the light, a young man with his wife, who loved him well enough to be willing to give up the society of the little town in which she was born, and, save for him, to live in solitude out in the sea. The monotony was broken twice a year by the arrival of the light-house steamer, bringing the government inspector, and supplies of coal, provisions, and oil for the lamps.

Little Menan is a high rock rising from the sea to an altitude of two hundred feet, and is nine miles from the mainland. If you look on the map of Maine you may by chance find it, somewhere between Portland and Grand Menan. Toward the land it slopes gently to the water's edge, where there is a sort of natural harbor protected by a reef, and capable of holding a half-dozen sailing vessels comfortably during a storm. But all around are the ragged points of the innumerable reefs, sticking up like cruel teeth, over which the water seethes and bubbles and tosses, even in the calmest weather.

So the time dragged itself along peacefully and happily enough for these two people, until then came into Dan Humphrey's life a day when hope and happiness died within him,—his cheery-faced, sweet-voiced little wife passed away with the set-

ting of the sun, leaving with him a tiny stranger, whose wail grated upon his ears.

Upon the death of his wife he fled to the tower; he did not look at the helpless atom in the nurse's arms; he could not bear the sight.

Dan Humphrey became a changed man. Naturally silent, he grew taciturn and ill-humored. He never took the child in his arms, never kissed it, nor manifested any interest in it whatever.

He would sit up in the lantern for hours at a time, looking seaward, his hands beneath his square chin, his elbows resting upon his knees.

Before his wife had been in heaven a year, every hair upon his head was white, and, while yet under forty, he seemed and acted like an old man. Still there was a certain hard, unbroken strength about him, and in spite of his appearance of age, he was not thought unequal to the duties of the light. He was grimly faithful to his trust; no vessel ever looked in vain for Little Menan Light. At sundown its beam shone in the sky like a white star; and at sunrise the curtains were drawn for the day. Beyond his duties he had no association with living interests. He never talked more than he could help with his old sister, who had come to attend to the wants of himself and the child; but when he was alone in the tower, polishing the lenses and putting the lamps in order, she often heard his voice and the sound of his wife's name.

In this atmosphere, and with these hardly cheerful surroundings, in the sole company of hard-featured, rough-voiced old Martha Ann, the little girl grew up. Left to herself most of the time, she haunted the rocks, knew of all sorts of wonderful caves in the cliff, and learned to swim like a little seal, in the warm shallow pools left by the tide high in the rock. Later on, old Martha Ann taught her to make biscuit, and fry fish, and mend and darn. Somehow she learned her letters, and could print them; and as for singing, why, her sweet, shrill little voice might have been heard a long distance from the rocks, as she sat going over and over again the camp-meeting songs she had learned from old Martha Ann.

At length, one morning at breakfast, her father looked up, and in his rough voice, yet with a certain kindness in his tone, said:

"I 'm thinkin', Marthy Ann, that as Altie 's" (she had been named "Alta," for her mother) "close onto twelve year old, ye might be spared ter go off home to Friendshiptown. Folks 'll be glad ter see ye ag'in, and ther' ain't nothin' here thet Altie can't do just 's well es not. 'T ain't the liveliest place yere, an' ye won't mind goin'. Gover'ment boat 'll be yere ter-morrer, I cal'late, bein' es she 's due, and ye can be car'd over on her."

Now, while Martha Ann wished to go home to

Friendshiptown, she had certain qualms about leaving little Alta alone. But Dan Humphrey would hear of no opposition. So brave Altie took up her burden, and tended her father by night and day; but all her little deeds of kindness and acts of love brought forth from the father no word of love nor appreciation; he never seemed to notice nor to care for her. Often she cried herself to sleep with a yearning that she could not have explained to herself had she tried (and of course she did n't), for she did not know that it was a mother's love she craved. The only mother she had ever known was old Martha Ann. And now that *she* was gone from Little Menan, it was lonely indeed.

The few strangers who visited the light from the yachts which, during a "blow," occasionally took advantage of the shelter afforded by the excellent little harbor, were touched to see this quiet, womanly little girl attending to the duties of the household, grave and unsmiling, without any of the childish ways they were accustomed to see in children of her age.

None the less, she had many boyish traits; she could set a trawl, and underrun it, as well as any fisherman. Her muscles became hardened, and her limbs sturdy and well rounded. To see her standing in the bow of her little green dory, in a yellow oil-jacket, and with tarpaulin hat tied tightly under her round little chin, one would have thought she really was a boy. She knew all the weather signs, and had made friends with the huge gray "shag" (a kind of gull) that had sat on the inner ledge ever since she could remember. She would row up to him quietly, as he sat watching her intently with his beady eyes, and, when quite close, she would take some choice morsel of fish of which he was particularly fond, and throw it high in the air. As it fell, "Old Pat," as she had named him, would heavily flap his wings for a few moments, and then, rising slowly, with his yellow legs dangling so comically that she would laugh aloud, he would dive and secure the prize, clucking discordantly the while. When he had once more settled upon the rock, she would sit in the dory, and talk to him, while he snapped his bill with enjoyment. Who shall say what were the confidences that passed between them, or that they did not understand one another?

Poor little thing!—she was very lonely after old Martha's departure from Little Menan; but it never occurred to her to complain. She attended her father in her grave unchildish way, and greedily picked up whatever crumbs of comfort she could find in their intercourse.

One day she was sitting at the table, with her elbows upon it and her hands under her chin, as she had so often seen her father sit, looking out

of the deep-set square window. Old Dan, who had been ailing for some days, was in the large chair beside the stove. It was growing cold, it was in September, and this month on the Maine coast is often cold and foggy. Her father complained of a curious numbness in his side.

Altie had attended to the lamps and filled the tank with oil. She had also wound up the heavy weight that turned the lamps at night. It was a hard task for the little one, and her arms ached. She was waiting for sundown, to light the burners.

"How 's the wind, Altie?" asked her father.

Altie glanced at him, for his voice sounded thick

was passing, its sails double-reefed and shining golden in the rays of the setting sun. "Goin' to be a blow," she said softly, as she uncovered and unscrewed the chimneys and taking up the torch applied it to the wicks, one by one. Now the lamps were all lighted, and pulling the little lever, as she had seen her father do, the lamps began to revolve, and the long rays of light to shoot out over the wild expanse of waters.

Looking through the lens, seaward, she presently saw low down near the horizon the faint gleam of another light. She smiled to herself as she said:



"SHE WAS SITTING AT THE TABLE LOOKING OUT OF THE DEEP-SET SQUARE WINDOW."

and unnatural. Then, looking out of the window to where the dory, moored far below, was nodding and tossing on the black and wrinkled water, she answered, "Bow to the nor'ard,—wind no'east."

The father moved uneasily. "Go up and light her," he said.

Altie took down the torch from its hook on the wall, lighted it, and opened the door at the side of the room where were the stone steps leading to the tower above. She ran up lightly—many and many a time had her little feet taken the same journey!—and soon she was in the lantern. Putting the torch carefully on the iron shelf, she drew back the yellow curtains that shut the light away from the lenses; for if, by chance, the sun were to shine through them, its rays would burn everything they fell upon. How they magnified the wild scene beneath! Her little green dory dancing far below in the harbor seemed almost near enough to touch. How the water boiled and dashed upon the ledge! A huge three-master

"Got ahead of Seguin to-night, again."

Putting out the torch, and giving one last glance about, to see that everything was right, she descended the stairs and entered the room where her father sat. "All right, Father," she said. Taking up a basket, which she placed on the table, she seated herself, and selecting a stocking began to mend a gaping hole in the heel, singing softly a hymn that she had learned from Martha Ann:

"Gathered as the sands on the sea-shore;  
Numberless as the sands on the shore.  
Oh, what a sight 't will be—  
When the ransomed hosts we see—  
As numberless as the sands on the sea-shore."

"Altie!" called out her father in a strangely altered voice, "Altie—child.—I 'm numb—I can't—move!—water!—I 'm burning!"

The child ran to him. He was leaning over the side of the chair. Putting her sturdy little

arms about him, she lifted him back against the cushion. As she looked in his face, she gave a cry of fear. It was all drawn to one side.

"Oh, Father," she cried, "what is it—what is it?"

The man tried to speak, but only a babbling came from his lips; he waved his left hand up and down. Little Altie ran, got water, gave him to drink, bathed his head, chafed his hands, called out to him to speak to her! She loved him dearly, this cold, silent man. All his silence toward her was forgotten, and, indeed, had hardly ever been noticed by her. There was implanted in her little heart an affection for him that no coldness could kill, that no neglect could extinguish. It was her legacy from the dead mother.

Then her little heart sank within her, as she saw that he did not revive, but continued to wave his left hand—the right hung helpless—and mumble and cry out. A terrible fear came over her. What could she do? She bathed his hot forehead and burning bosom, but it was of no avail. He was burning with a fever she could not cool. Of illness she had had no experience whatever. There was a medicine-chest under the window, in the locker, but she had never opened it. The key hung on her father's key-ring she knew, but the remedies were of no use to her, for she did not know which to use.

All that long night she bathed her father's hot head and hands.

The Portland steamer passed at half-past nine. She heard the chug, chug, chug, of the paddles, and ran out with a lighted lantern, and waved it, in hope that they might see it and send a boat to know what was the trouble; but the steamer kept steadily upon its course, and soon the lights of its saloon windows were lost in the night.

Morning dawned at last, a wild and stormy one. How the wind blew!

Her father seemed to be asleep. All the night, while bathing her father's head, she had been busy with plans of what she would do. Her own little head ached with the thinking. All her plans resolved themselves into one conclusion: she must get help from the mainland, nine miles away.

But then how could she leave her father alone until she returned?—and she might not be back in time to light the lamps in the tower! She tried again and again to rouse her father, to make him understand.

"Father!" she said. "Father! I must go over to Friendshiptown for the doctor. Do you understand? I must leave you alone, while I go for help!"

For an instant the man started forward with a

gleam of intelligence in his glazed eyes; then he dropped back into his old listless attitude, and aimlessly waved his left hand. He tried to speak, and she bent her ear down to his lips, but only an unintelligible mumble came from them.

"What shall I do?" she cried, wringing her hands.

Outside, the wind was piling up the surf upon the jagged rocks; great numbers of gulls soared about the island and screamed discordantly. The sky was a pale green, and the water between Little Menan and the shore was black-blue, and its wrinkled surface was wind-swept in long, curious lines from the north-east. The mainland stood out bold and clear, and the white houses of Friendshiptown seemed hardly more than two miles away, and gleamed against the dark green of the hills.

Altie placed a pitcher of water and some cold boiled fish where her father could reach them, and, carefully banking the fire in the stove with fresh coal, she donned her yellow oil-jacket, and tied the strings of her tarpaulin hat under her chin. Then, slipping on a pair of high rubber boots, she kissed her unconscious father, closed the door of Little Menan light-house, and in five minutes was off to where her little green dory rocked and swayed in the angry water of the harbor.

It was hard work to step the mast and hoist the little sail, in the strong wind, but Altie had been out in bad weather before, and knew how to handle her dory; and soon she was seated in the stern, oar in one hand to steer, and sheet in the other, skimming away toward the mainland.

Friendshiptown lies well down behind the finger of land that juts out before it. Its harbor was full of mackerel-seiners, mainsails up and all heading the same way, for there was a "weather-breeder" in the sky, and Friendshiptown had gathered itself for the coming storm.

Friendshiptown, to a man, had sought shelter under the sheds that lined the wharves, where it could see the harbor and the vessels, and whatever of interest might come to pass. There, leaning its back against the anchors, old capstans, sails, or mackerel-barrels, it looked over toward the gleam of the square, white light-house tower, on Little Menan, and said more or less shrewdly: "Well! I cal'late we 're goin' ter hev a spell o' weather!"

And in the house, the woman, whose father, husband, or brother was with the fleet on the Banks, murmured a prayer, and said aloud, "I wish 't Tom,"—or Sam. or Ben,— "was ashore!"

A boy with a high forehead, round greeny-blue eyes, and tow hair combed behind his large, flaring red ears, who was attired in a large tarpaulin

hat and a pair of historic trousers, sat on a barrel-head among the fishermen under the shed on the wharf, industriously whittling away at the

Sure enough! In the driving sea, against the band of orange light in the sky, could be dimly seen a small, dark object, now rising on the top



“TO SEE HER IN A YELLOW OIL-JACKET AND WITH TARPULIN HAT, ONE WOULD HAVE THOUGHT SHE REALLY WAS A BOY.”

heel of one of his huge cow-hide boots. Suddenly he straightened himself, stood up, shut his knife, and, pointing toward the mouth of the harbor, ejaculated:

“Jing! — ef there ain’t a dory a-comin’ round the p’int!”

of a huge blue-black wave, only to hang there for an instant and then to disappear in the trough of the next sea.

“Thar, b’ cracky!” spoke up one of the men, “he ’s gone this time — sure ’s a gun! Thet ’ar wave es riz last, swamped ’im; ’t ain’t no boat,

less 'n one made o' cork, es kin live in any sea lifted this 'n'!"

A moment's suspense followed; then the watchers saw the tiny boat lifted on the crest of a huge wave and borne forward. There was a sigh of relief from the men, and the red-eared boy threw up his tarpaulin with a yell:

"Whoever 's a-sailin' o' thet dory knows what 'e 's a-doin'!"

"Thar, Cass," said the man who spoke first,—he seemed to be the patriarch,—"jest ye run up ter the woman" (that is, wife) "and git my glass. I 'll jest spy out ter onct who 't is a-navigatin' o' thet ther' dory. I don't re-*cog*-nize the boat. It ain't f'm Bremen," he added aggressively, looking about him at the others. No one taking up the cudgel thus cast down, the patriarch again fixed his eye upon the strange boat.

The moments passed painfully; the wind had shifted suddenly to the westward, and the dory was compelled to beat. It rose and fell regularly upon the black tumultuous waves; and, as a huge mound of water grew behind it, the watchers in their excitement rose to their feet. As the billow reached the dory, the crest broke in a long line of white and pale green, completely hiding the little craft. "Swamped!" called out the patriarch, drawing the back of his horny hand across his lips.

But, no!—a moment later the tiny boat appeared, struggling up the side of a huge wave.

"Mast 's down! mast 's down!" passed from lip to lip; and it was seen that the occupant of the boat had the oars out and was keeping the boat before the wind.

"It 's the dory f'm Little Menan Light! I kin spy the letters on 'er bow," came down to them from the rocks above the wharf, where stood the red-eared boy, with the glass glued to his watery blue eyes.

By this time most of Friendshiptown was gathered on the wharves, for the news had spread through the little town that a dory was struggling in the storm off the point. Out in the harbor, on the seiners, men were running to and fro, and soon half a dozen dories were launched from the decks, where they lay in nests, fitted together like baskets, and the fishermen could be seen jumping into them by twos and threes.

The little green dory was by this time abreast of the "Barrel," a huge and dangerous rock that lifted itself above the water just inside of the point. Sturdy arms pulled the oars of the huge dories, and shortly they were alongside. The fishermen could be seen standing up in the boats; then they all came together and hid the little dory from sight. As the people on the wharves leaned breathlessly forward, a ringing cheer came faintly

to them upon the whistling wind; and then, as the boats parted, the little green dory was seen in tow of the foremost boat, and empty.

"I see 'im a-settin in the starn," said one, as the glass was passed from hand to hand. "It 's Dan Humphrey," said another, "'cause it 's shore enough Dan's boat. And ther' ain't no one ter be in 'er but 'im,—stands ter reason!" "I kain't see no baird," said the first speaker, "'n' Dan 's got a baird!" He meant a beard.

Here the pop-eyed youth took possession of the glass. "Hey!" he yelled, presently, "'ef it ain't Altie Humphrey! I tel ye I know that green tarpaulin hat. Ain't I seen her enough times off Owl Head a-underrunning on 'er trawl, with it onto her head?"

In a paroxysm of triumph over his discovery he began dancing about and yelling out, "It 's Altie Humphrey!" at the top of his lungs, when he caught a backhander from the patriarch of the wharf, who hoarsely growled out, "Stow that, consarn yer! Kain't yer see Marthy Ann 's ahind of yer?"

As the foremost boat reached the wharf, with its crew of fishermen and the little figure in the stern, one of the schooners out in the harbor was seen to hoist its jib and foresail and stand away in the direction of Little Menan. Tenderly the little figure in the queer, green tarpaulin hat, oil-coat, and heavy boots was passed up to willing, anxious hands on the wharf, surrounded by the women, and at length carried by the patriarch up the hill, the yellow, curly hair falling over his shoulder from under the hat, the limp, wet brown hand lying heavily on his neck,—for little Altie had fainted.

There is not much more to tell. It was a long time before Altie was able to be about again. With her short, cropped hair,—for, during the fever which followed her rescue, she had it all cut short,—she looked more than ever like a boy. But as all this happened some years ago, it has had time to grow again. I hear that she is living with the patriarch, who has adopted her. Dan Humphrey is living with them, but is paralyzed; he can say only a few words, although he seems to understand what is said to him. And, singularly enough, these words are the echo of what he said to little Altie in the tower on Little Menan during that dreadful storm,—“Light 'er up, Altie.”

The government gives him a pension, in consideration of his faithful service; and this, with the money he saved from his salary, is sufficient to keep them comfortably.

His chair is so placed that by day he can see the square tower of the light-house gleaming against

the sky ; and by night he watches its revolving ray as it sweeps the horizon. It is touching to see the care Altie lavishes upon him in his uncon-

instant been taken from him. He has a set of flags which he raises on a pole against the side of the house, as the vessels enter the harbor, and is quite



"AND SO THE TIME PASSES."

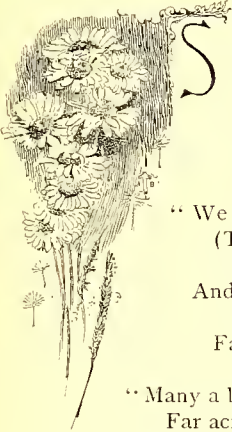
scious, crippled condition. He does not heed it now, any more than he did in his tower on Little Menan. Yet that tenderness has never for one

happy in the belief that he holds an important government position ; indeed, this is his only interest. And so the time passes.



## THE DANCE OF THE DAISIES.

BY SARAH M. B. PIATT.



So, my pretty flower-folk,  
you  
Are in a mighty flutter;  
All your nurse, the wind,  
can do,  
Is to scold and mutter.

“ We intend to have a ball  
(That 's why we are fret-  
ting),  
And our neighbor-flowers have  
all  
Fallen to regretting.

“ Many a butterfly we send  
Far across the clover.  
(There 'll be wings enough to  
mend  
When the trouble 's over.)

“ Many a butterfly comes home  
Torn with thorns and blighted,  
Just to say they can not come,—  
They whom we 've invited.

“ Yes, the roses and the rest  
Of the high-born beauties  
Are 'engaged,' of course, and pressed  
With their stately duties.

Swaying, mist-white, to and fro,  
Airily they chatter,  
For a daisy-dance, you know,  
Is a pleasant matter.

“ They 're at garden-parties seen;  
They 're at court presented:  
They look prettier than the Queen!  
(Strange that 's not resented.)

“ ‘ Peasant-flowers ' they call us — we  
Whose high lineage you know —  
We, the ox-eyed children (see!)  
Of Olympian Juno.”

(Here the daisies all *made eyes!*  
And they looked most splendid,  
As they thought about the skies,  
Whence they were descended.)

“ In our saintly island (hush!)  
Never crawls a viper,  
Ho, there, Brown-coat! that 's the thrush:  
He will be the piper.

“ In this Irish island, oh,  
We will stand together.  
Let the loyal roses go; —  
We don't care a feather.

“ Strike up, thrush, and play as though  
All the stars were dancing.  
So they are! And — here we go —  
Is n't this entrancing?”

## ESCAPING A SHOWER.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

TWO crabs who were out on the beach to walk  
Shook claws when they met and stopped to talk. “ Then if we stay,” said the other, “ it 's plain  
That both of us will be caught in the rain.”

“ We 're going to have a storm,” one said.  
“ Just look at those big clouds overhead!”

So, ere the threatened shower began,  
Back in the water they quickly ran.

## THE VALUE OF AN EGYPTIAN GIRL'S GOLD NECKLACE.

BY CHARLES S. ROBINSON.

It seems to be customary now for tourists who visit Egypt, to get possession of a mummy, if possible, or a piece of one, or some sort of relic of one, in order to secure recognition as first-class orientalists. Just so, in Crusading time, pilgrims brought home branches from the Holy Land, and were delighted at being called "palmers" thereafter. But things are not always what they seem. A museum in the back parlor lacks the enthusiasm which is indispensable to the proper endurance of certain classes of oriental curios. There are many remains of ancient civilization that shine, and others that make one shudder; and travelers are not as discriminating in their purchases as they might be. It has mournfully to be admitted of Egyptian souvenirs that when they are good they are very good, and when they are bad they are horrid.

Two objects have come to the knowledge of the writer of this article which are more than worth having; they are worth more than the wealth of a thousand worlds like ours, provided one regards them as an investment of money, and makes his calculations at compound interest.

Of the one of them which met my eye first I do not care to speak very much at length; but it should be indicated and described. It has no inscription nor legend to help in its identification; but the wisest authorities declare that it belongs to the Ptolemaic age, or at all events to the Greek-Roman period which succeeded it. That gives a generous margin of about six hundred years just before and just after the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ, within the limits of which its history must be reckoned. It is a silver bracelet, about two and a half inches in diameter, solid and stiff, and put on like a modern bangle by an awkward stretching of its spiral to get one's hand through. It is unjoined, of course, at the ends, each of which is flattened out in a wide surface so as to be engraved with the figure of a stately deity in the form of a human bust crowned with emblems of supremacy. We may reckon this as nearly nineteen hundred years old, and so standing as a coeval representative of the whole Christian era. It is worth looking at for its own sake, even though we know nothing of its ancient owner. While the graver

was cutting the lines upon it, it may possibly have been he could have heard the strain of the first Christmas carol by the angels, if only he had been in Palestine rather than in Egypt, and had chanced to be out on Bethlehem hills one night four years before "A. D." began.

The other object is of more interest still to all of us. It is a chain of exquisite gold, a rich orange yellow in color, with links dexterously twined one upon another. It is about thirteen inches long, three-eighths of an inch wide, and as nearly a tenth of an inch thick as I can measure it with a rule. The ends of it were at first fitted only with small solid rings set into clamps beautifully ornamented with leaf-work. Perhaps it was fastened to the wearer's neck by a filament or cord of silk tied through. The present owner has arranged a modern clasp in the shape of the lotus-flower. It can still be used, and indeed as well as ever, as an ornament for one in full dress. It is so flexible, falling down into picturesque folds the moment it is let go, that it seems more like a ribbon of delicate tissue than like mere metal. An expert goldsmith told me, after he had examined it with his glass, that it undoubtedly had a perfectness of uniformity in the links which could be found only in a chain manufactured by machinery.

This was to me a matter of wonder, for I was not prepared to learn that the ancient Egyptians had the knowledge of machines which could produce woven fabrics from pure gold. It was at once a discovery and a delight. It must be confessed that when I have spoken of this necklace as belonging to a princess I have had no actual authority. It dates from the age of Moses, if Herr Emile Brugsch is correct in his supposition (see letter, page 734) as to its belonging to the nineteenth dynasty,—a learned period, it is a fact, but how much acquaintance the nation had then with delicate machinery it is not easy to say. This ornament was found in one of that range of tombs opened along the Nile, where royal and priestly burials were frequent. It may have been worn by a daughter of a king, but not yet is any one able to give her name, her lineage, or her history.

These two acquisitions made in Cairo, two or three years ago, have been of themselves a peculiar

help to me. They are accompanied by one of those letters giving careful and skillful authentication from Emile Brugsch, which he, as the director of the museum, is accustomed to bestow upon strangers who purchase; he never goes beyond what he can candidly aver, and so his testimonials are always of interest and real value.

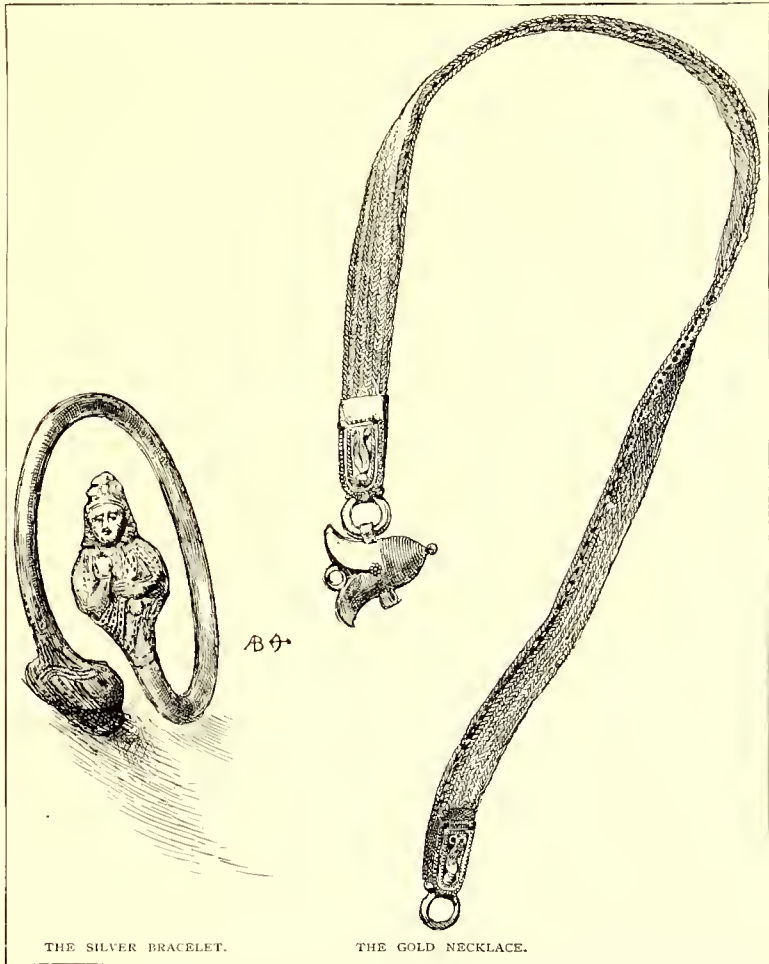
It so happened that I was delivering a course of lectures on Egyptian history, as illustrated by the discoveries of some mummies now on exhibition in the museum at Bûlak, near Cairo; and I wished to make a vivid impression,— especially upon the minds of the younger people among my hearers,— which would convey to them the meaning of such a period of time as three thousand or four thousand years. I told them, in a familiar way, just before I began my lecture, how interesting this necklace had proved to me; and I promised to borrow it again and bring it for the next week's lecture. But I asked the boys and girls to make a calculation to show what a great, great while three thousand years of time must be.

Years ago, when arithmetics less accurate than those now in use were put in the hands of scholars, it used to be given as a rule that money, at compound interest at six per cent. a year, would double itself once in every eleven years or a little more; now the rules say it requires

twelve. To render the big problem a possibility for even the youngest mathematicians, we settled on thirty-six hundred years ago, as the time when the Egyptian girl wore her beautiful chain.

Then the question was this: How much would the money which bought the gold chain, if it had been American money, thus put at compound interest for thirty-six hundred years at six per cent., amount to to-day if the original price had been

equal to twenty dollars? Then I gave the hint, so as to help a little in the outset with the smaller boys, that it could be answered by solid work in multiplying, of course; but that this would be very long and wearisome. It could also be answered according to the common rules of geometrical progression. And it could be answered, more easily yet, by the same rule expressed in a formula, made up of algebraic signs and letters. But the best way



to reach the end quickly, would be to bear in mind that twelve would go into thirty-six hundred just three hundred times; so this sum of twenty dollars would have to be considered as doubling itself three hundred times. That is, the problem would be made perfectly clear, if only we could ascertain what would be the three hundredth power of two, and then multiply that vast sum by the twenty dollars which the necklace cost in the beginning.

The matter excited much enthusiasm in the public schools; but almost all found the enormous figures needed for the calculation too much for their patience. There was one plucky

which gave eleven years as the period in which a sum would double itself, instead of twelve. Hence my brave boy's answer was this: \$65,476,163, 865,100,— and then add sixty-nine more ciphers! He said that he had dropped the decimal places in the last two or three multiplications, and this would change in some small measure the grand result. For, indeed, it was grand.

It is not necessary for me to pronounce whether this answer is a true one: I have never been carefully over the figures. Life is short, and I can prolong my usefulness, I am persuaded, by prudently avoiding such mathematical problems as this lad undertook to solve by a reckless exertion of main strength in simple multiplication. So I beg leave to admit that his answer satisfies all needs of investment which I expect ever to contemplate with necklaces or anything else. But if I ever need a patient, faithful, hard-working boy, to trust, I think possibly I know where to find him, and I shall remember his name.

Then maturer mathematicians took up the problem. Earliest among them was "a schoolma'am." I saw her afterwards, with her fair hair in plain parting upon her broad forehead; and now I have one more good friend. She was unfortunate in catching the exact sums mentioned upon the platform, and so took three thousand *two* hundred, instead of three hundred. But (as she wrote) "it made but little difference." The ingenuity was perfectly legitimate in her process of calculation, and so she saved an enormous amount of work by raising 106, that is, \$1.06, to the fortieth power, and multiplying that by itself; thus she reached the eightieth power, and by multiplying that by the twentieth power she gained the hundredth. After that, she multiplied the hundredth by the hundredth, and so got the two hundredth. Then the advances pushed on rapidly; the two hundredth power was multiplied by the two hundredth in turn, and the resulting four hundredth, by the four hundredth, and then the eight hundredth by the eight hundredth, gave the sixteen hundredth, which, multiplied by itself, brought the thirty-second hundredth power.

A single multiplication more did the work; and I think it was an industrious achievement of climbing mathematical stairs, that might become as famous as Xenophon's retreat of the ten thousand, or Sherman's march through Georgia to the sea, if only it had the proper poet to sing its praises. The result was this: \$6,462,434,595,555.262,158,761, 846,458,349,521,917,919,009,818,238,064,906,501,568,467,523,393,211,837,120,242,444,906,380.08. It may be said that one of the highest authorities in the land has pronounced this enormous result to be practically correct.

SERVICE  
DE  
CONSERVATION DES ANTIQUITÉS  
DE L'ÉGYPTÉ

Boulogne le 1 Mars 1886

DIRECTION GÉNÉRALE  
DES  
MUSÉES

— Dear Miss Ottenberg

The two objects, which you have purchased here in Cairo, that is to say the gold necklace and the silver bracelet, are both as authentic and ancient, as any objects in our Museum. The gold necklace might go as far back as the 19<sup>th</sup> or 20<sup>th</sup> dynasty (to judge by the style of work) the bracelet is belonging to the Ptolemæic or grec-roman time and a very rare specimen of silver work, the latter being extremely rare. You had a good chance to get both yours most success.

Emile Brugsch

FAC-SIMILE OF LETTER FROM HERR EMILE BRUGSCH.

boy who toiled through with a wonderful courage. Seven days after that lecture was over, he sent me a letter saying that he had done his best and believed he had the correct result. It should be stated, however, that at first I had given out the number of thirty-three, instead of thirty-six, hundred years, for I had in mind the old rule

By this time, the popular enthusiasm was kindled to a blaze. People tried to numerate these ninety figures, so as to tell each other how much the twenty dollars invested in a necklace would be worth if invested for thirty-three hundred years at compound interest; and nobody could read out the sum. Experts took up the problem; one was a soldier trained in the use of logarithms and such things as they work with up at West Point. The problem was rather simple, when one had tables and knew how to treat them. This "lightning-calculator" wrote a calm letter which showed that he knew what he was talking about. He said that the only way of solving the problem with absolute correctness, was to compute the interest by ordinary methods thirty-three hundred times, carrying all the decimals, however many, as they could not safely be disregarded in an operation so extensive and of such magnitude. He added that the approximate solution might be obtained with ease by means of logarithms; but, it would have to be confessed that logarithms were only approximations to the truth. Then he defined his position by remarking that in ordinary logarithmic operations six decimal places are used. In others, where a larger number would be involved, or a greater accuracy desired, twelve decimals are employed; and in extensive problems in surveying or star-measuring, a much larger increase would have to be used. He pronounced this particular problem one which transcended inconceivably any of the historic calculations thus far attempted, and insisted that any accurate working of it by means of logarithms must be far from the absolute truth, and that only the first few figures could really be vouched for.

Taking twelve places of decimals, therefore, he offered his solution, which he hoped would prove as correct as could be obtained with customary means. So he resolved his question into a geometrical progression in which  $n$ , the number of terms, is 3,301;  $a$ , as the first term, would be 20;  $r$ , the constant ratio, would be 1.06; and  $l$ , the last term, must be the answer required.

The formula for working would be given in words thus: the last term equals the first term multiplied by the ratio raised to the power indicated by the number of terms less one. Then he works out the problem.

The logarithm of  $r$  is .025305865265. Multiplying this by 3,300, or  $n - 1$ , we have 83.509355374500. Multiply by 20, or add the logarithm of  $a$ , that is, 20; so we get 84.810385370164, the logarithm of  $l$ .

This last is the logarithm of the required answer, and indicates that the result contains 85 integral figures. The number that answers to this in the

tables is: \$6,462,274,246,268,656,716,417,910,447,761,044,776,104,477,610,447,761,044,776,104,477.810,447.761,044,776,104,477.61. This would be the value of the gold.

Alluding to the proposition itself, he remarks that the old calculation was faulty, in that, as a matter of fact, a sum of money would not double itself in eleven years at compound interest at six per cent. It would require nearer twelve than eleven; the amount of \$20 for eleven years would be only \$37.97; but for twelve years would be \$40.25. A difference would be made between the two results if the problem should be worked out on the other basis; indeed, the result would be nearly a hundred and sixty thousand times too great. But he observes with a calm quaintness peculiarly mathematical, "That would not matter much."

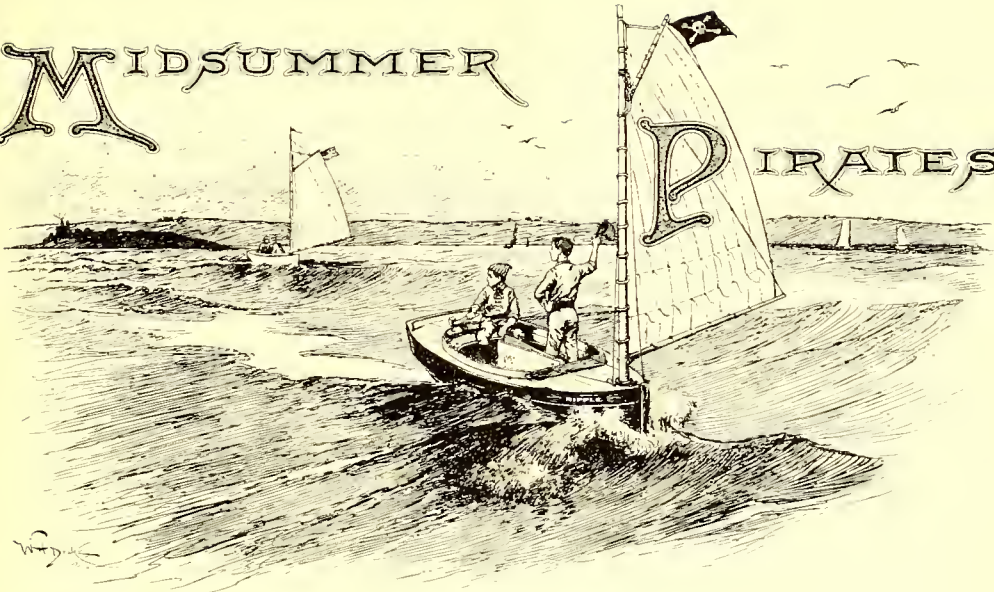
For now we reach the great mystery and wonderment of this calculation: the result of it is simply bewildering. I am willing to admit that it has seemed to me so incomprehensible that I have sent the general problem around to some of the best men in the country. My friend whose explanation gave so much help proposed a curious illustration of the result he had reached. To show how inconceivably enormous is this sum of money, let it be assumed that ten silver dollars, piled upon one another, are one inch in height. Six hundred and thirty-three thousand six hundred dollars thus placed would extend a mile. Assume the whole distance from the earth to the sun to be 95,000,000 miles. The number of silver coins thus piled, necessary to bridge the firmament, between sun and earth, would be 60,192,000,000,000. Suppose the number of dollars shown in the answer we got to the problem, should be put into columns, going up to the sun and back. The number of those columns nobody could read aloud; we do not know how to numerate such strings of integers. The number of times the dollars would go to the sun would claim seventy-one places of figures to state them. A rough calculation which anybody can make will show that this amount of silver, cast into a solid mass, would be bigger than the sun and entire solar system if combined. What mind can conceive this?

Since I began to use this chain as an illustration, I have heard from another eminent teacher whose position on the staff of the Albany Academy is proof of his scholarship. I raised the conditions of the problem, lately, and am now accustomed to mention the time as 3600 years; and it is better to say twelve years than eleven for the period of doubling at compound interest; all this is to make round numbers. It has brought me a large number of estimates in illustration. The



# MIDSUMMER

# PIRATES.



BY RICHARD H. DAVIS.



THE BOYS living at the Atlantic House, and the boys boarding at Chadwick's, held mutual sentiments of something not unlike enmity — feelings of hostility from which even the older boarders were not altogether free. Nor was this

unnatural under the circumstances.

When Judge Henry S. Carter and his friend Dr. Prescott first discovered Manasquan, such an institution as the Atlantic House seemed an impossibility, and land improvement companies, Queen Anne cottages, and hacks to and from the railroad station, were out of all calculation. At that time "Captain" Chadwick's farmhouse, though not rich in all the modern improvements of a seaside hotel, rejoiced in a table covered three times a day with the good things from the farm. The river, back of the house, was full of fish, and the pine-woods along its banks were intended by Nature expressly for the hanging of hammocks.

The chief amusements were picnics to the head of the river (or as near the head as the boats could get through the lily-pads), crabbing along the shore, and races on the river itself, which, if it was broad, was so absurdly shallow that an upset meant nothing more serious than a wetting and a temporary loss of reputation as a sailor.

But all this had been spoiled by the advance of civilization and the erection of the Atlantic House.

The railroad surveyors, with their high-top boots and transits, were the first signs of the approaching evils. After them came the Ozone Land Company, which bought up all the sand hills bordering on the ocean, and proceeded to stake out a flourishing "city by the sea" and to erect sign-posts in the marshes to show where they would lay out streets, named after the directors of the Ozone Land Company and the Presidents of the United States.

It was not unnatural, therefore, that the Carters, and the Prescotts, and all the Judge's clients, and the Doctor's patients, who had been coming to Manasquan for many years, and loved it for its simplicity and quiet, should feel aggrieved at these great changes. And though the young Carters and Prescotts endeavored to impede the march of civilization by pulling up the surveyor's stakes and tearing down the Land Company's sign-posts, the inevitable improvements marched steadily on.

I hope all this will show why it was that the

boys who lived at the Atlantic House — and dressed as if they were still in the city, and had “hops” every evening — were not pleasing to the boys who boarded at Chadwick’s, who never changed their flannel suits for anything more formal than their bathing-dresses, and spent the summer nights on the river.

This spirit of hostility and its past history were explained to the new arrival at Chadwick’s by young Teddy Carter, as the two sat under the willow tree watching a game of tennis. The new arrival had just expressed his surprise at the earnest desire manifest on the part of the entire Chadwick establishment to defeat the Atlantic House people in the great race which was to occur on the day following.

“Well, you see, sir,” said Teddy, “considerable depends on this race. As it is now, we stand about even. The Atlantic House beat us playing base-ball — though they had to get the waiters to help them — and we beat them at tennis. Our house is great on tennis. Then we had a boat-race, and our boat won. They claimed it was n’t a fair race, because their best boat was stuck on the sand-bar, and so we agreed to sail it over again. The second time the wind gave out, and all the boats had to be poled home. The Atlantic House boat was poled in first, and her crew claimed the race. Was n’t it silly of them? Why, Charley Prescott told them, if they ’d only said it was to be a *poling* match, he ’d have entered a mud-scow and left his sail-boat at the dock!”

“And so you are going to race again to-morrow?” asked the new arrival.

“Well, it is n’t exactly a race,” explained Teddy. “It’s a game we boys have invented. We call it ‘Pirates and Smugglers.’ It’s something like tag, only we play it on the water, in boats. We divide boats and boys up into two sides; half of them are pirates or smugglers, and half of them are revenue officers or man-o’-war’s-men. The ‘Pirate’s Lair’ is at the island, and our dock is ‘Cuba.’ That’s where the smugglers run in for cargoes of cigars and brandy. Mr. Moore gives us his empty cigar boxes, and Miss Sherrill (the lady who’s down here for her health) lets us have all the empty Apollinaris bottles. We fill the bottles with water colored with crushed blackberries, and that answers for brandy.

“The revenue officers are stationed at Annapolis (that’s the Atlantic House dock), and when they see a pirate start from the island, or from our dock, they sail after him. If they can touch him with the bow of their boat, or if one of their men can board him, that counts one for the revenue officers; and they take down his sail and the pirate captain gives up his tiller as a sign of surrender.

“Then they tow him back to Annapolis, where they keep him a prisoner until he is exchanged. But if the pirate can dodge the Custom House boat, and get to the place he started for, without being caught, that counts one for him.”

“Very interesting, indeed,” said the new arrival; “but suppose the pirate won’t be captured or give up his tiller, what then?”

“Oh, well, in that case,” said Teddy, reflectively, “they’d cut his sheet-ropes, or splash water on him, or hit him with an oar, or something. But he generally gives right up. Now, to-morrow the Atlantic House boys are to be the revenue officers and we are to be the pirates. They have been watching us as we played the game, all summer, and they think they understand it well enough to capture our boats without any trouble at all.”

“And what do you think?” asked the new arrival.

“Well, I can’t say, certainly. They have faster boats than ours, but they don’t know how to sail them. If we had their boats, or if they knew as much about the river as we do, it would be easy enough to name the winners. But, as it is, it’s about even.”

Every one who owned a boat was on the river, the following afternoon, and those who did n’t own a boat, hired, or borrowed one — with or without the owner’s permission.

The shore from Chadwick’s to the Atlantic House dock was crowded with people. All Manasquan seemed to be ranged in line along the river’s bank. Crab-men and clam-diggers mixed indiscriminately with the summer boarders; and the beach-wagons and stages from Chadwick’s grazed the wheels of the dog-carts and drags from the Atlantic’s livery-stables.

It does not take much to overthrow the pleasant routine of summer-resort life, and the state of temporary excitement existing at the two houses on the eve of the race was not limited to the youthful contestants.

The proprietor of the Atlantic House had already announced an elaborate supper in honor of the anticipated victory, and every father and mother whose son was to take part in the day’s race felt the importance of the occasion even more keenly than the son himself.

“Of course,” said Judge Carter, “it’s only a game, and for my part, so long as no one is drowned, I don’t really care who wins; *but*, if our boys” (“our boys” meaning all three crews) “allow those young whippersnappers from the Atlantic House to win the pennant, they deserve to have their boats taken from them and exchanged for hoops and marbles!”



Which goes to show how serious a matter was the success of the Chadwick crews.

At three o'clock the amateur pirates started from the dock to take up their positions at the island. Each of the three small cat-boats held two boys: one at the helm and one in charge of the center-board and sheet-ropes. Each pirate wore a jersey striped with differing colors, and the head of each bore the sanguinary red, knitted cap in which all genuine pirates are wont to appear. From the peaks of the three boats floated black flags, bearing the emblematic skull and bones, of Captain Kidd's followers.

As they left the dock the Chadwick's people cheered with delight at their appearance and shouted encouragement, while the remaining youngsters fired salutes with a small cannon, which added to the uproar as well as increased the excitement of the moment by its likelihood to explode.

and determined purpose such as Decatur may have worn as he paced the deck of his man-of-war and scanned the horizon for Algerine pirates. The stars-and-stripes floated bravely from the peaks of the three cat-boats, soon to leap in pursuit of the pirate craft which were conspicuously making for the starting-point at the island.

At half-past three the judges' steam-launch, the "Gracie," made for the middle of the river, carrying two representatives from both houses and a dozen undergraduates from different colleges, who had chartered the boat for the purpose of following the race and seeing at close quarters all that was to be seen.

They enlivened the occasion by courteously and impartially giving the especial yell of each college of which there was a representative present, whether they knew him or not, or whether he happened to be an undergraduate, a professor, or an alumnus.



"WHICH DO I THINK IS GOING TO WIN?" SAID THE VETERAN BOAT-BUILDER TO THE INQUIRING GROUP AROUND HIS BOAT-HOUSE.

At the Atlantic House dock, also, the excitement was at fever heat.

Clad in white flannel suits and white duck yachting-caps with gilt buttons, the revenue officers strolled up and down the pier with an air of cool

Lest some one might inadvertently be overlooked, they continued to yell throughout the course of the afternoon, giving, in time, the shibboleth of every known institution of learning.

"Which do I think is going to win?" said the

veteran boat-builder of Manasquan to the inquiring group around his boat-house. "Well, I would n't like to say. You see, I built every one of those boats that sails to-day, and every time I make a boat I make it better than the last one. Now, the Chadwick boats I built near five years ago, and the Atlantic House boats I built last summer, and I've learned a good deal in five years."

"So you think our side will win?" eagerly interrupted an Atlantic House boarder.

"Well, I did n't say so, did I?" inquired the veteran, with crushing slowness of speech. "I did n't say so. For though these boats the Chadwick's boys have is five years old, they're good boats still; and those boys know every trick and turn of 'em — and they know every current and sand-bar just as though it was marked with a piece of chalk. So, if the Atlantic folks win, it'll be because they've got the best boats; and if the Chadwick boys win, they'll win because they're the better sailors."

In the fashion of all first-class aquatic contests, it was fully half an hour after the time appointed for the race to begin before the first pirate boat left the island.

The "Ripple," with Judge Carter's two sons in command, was the leader; and when her sail filled and showed above the shore, a cheer from the Chadwick's dock was carried to the ears of the pirate crew who sat perched on the rail as she started on her first long tack.

In a moment, two of the Atlantic House heroes tumbled into the "Osprey," a dozen over-hasty hands had cast off her painter, had shoved her head into the stream, and the great race was begun.

The wind was down the river, or toward the island, so that while the Osprey was sailing before the wind, the Ripple had her sail close-hauled and was tacking.

"They're after us!" said Charley Carter, excitedly. "It's the Osprey, but I can't make out who's handling her. From the way they are pointing, I think they expect to reach us on this tack as we go about."

The crew of the Osprey evidently thought so too, for her bow was pointed at a spot on the shore, near which the Ripple must turn if she continued much longer on the same tack.

"Do you see that?" gasped Charley, who was acting as lookout. "They're letting her drift in in the wind so as not to get there before us. I tell you what it is, Gus, they know what they're doing, and I think we'd better go about now."

"Do you?" inquired the younger brother, who had a lofty contempt for the other's judgment as a sailor. "Well, I don't. My plan is simply this: I am going to run as near the shore as I can, then go about sharp, and let them drift by us by a boat's

length. A boat's length is as good as a mile, and then, when we are both heading the same way, I would like to see them touch us!"

"What's the use of taking such risks?" demanded the elder brother. "I tell you we can't afford to let them get so near as that."

"At the same time," replied the man at the helm, "that is what we are going to do. I am commanding this boat, please to remember, and if I take the risks I am willing to take the blame."

"You'll be doing well if you get off with nothing but blame," growled the elder brother. "If you let those kids catch us, I'll throw you overboard!"

"I'll put you in irons for threatening a superior officer if you don't keep quiet," answered the younger Carter, with a grin, and the mutiny ended.

It certainly would have been great sport to have run almost into the arms of the revenue officers, and then to have turned and led them a race to the goal, but the humor of young Carter's plan was not so apparent to the anxious throng of sympathizers on Chadwick's dock.

"What's the matter with the boys! Why don't they go about?" asked Captain Chadwick, excitedly. "One would think they were trying to be caught."

As he spoke, the sail of the Ripple fluttered in the wind, her head went about sharply, and, as her crew scrambled up on the windward rail, she bent and bowed gracefully on the homeward tack.

But, before the boat was fully under way, the Osprey came down upon her with a rush. The Carters hauled in the sail until their sheet lay almost flat with the surface of the river, the water came pouring over the leeward rail, and the boys threw their bodies far over the other side, in an effort to right her. The next instant there was a crash, the despised boat of the Atlantic House struck her fairly in the side and one of the Atlantic House crew had boarded the Ripple with a painter in one hand and his hat in the other.

Whether it was the shock of the collision, or disgust at having been captured, no one could tell; but when the Osprey's bow struck the Ripple, the younger Carter calmly let himself go over backward and remained in the mud with the water up to his chin and without making any effort to help himself, until the judges' boat picked him up and carried him, an ignominious prisoner-of-war, to the Atlantic House dock.

The disgust over the catastrophe to the pirate crew was manifested on the part of the Chadwick sympathizers by gloomy silence or loudly expressed indignation. On the whole, it was perhaps just as well that the two Carters, as prisoners-of-war, were forced to remain at the Atlantic House dock, for their reception at home would not have been a gracious one.

Their captors, on the other hand, were received with all the honor due triumphant heroes, and were trotted off the pier on the shoulders of their cheering admirers; while the girls in the carriages waved their parasols and handkerchiefs and the colored waiters on the banks danced up and down and shouted like so many human calliopes.

The victories of John Paul Jones and the rescue of Lieutenant Greely became aquatic events of little importance in comparison. Everybody was so encouraged at this first success, that Atlantic

hundred yards from the Atlantic House pier, where the excitement had passed the noisy point and had reached that of titillating silence.

"Go about sharp!" snapped out the captain of the pirate boat, pushing his tiller from him and throwing his weight upon it. His first officer pulled the sail close over the deck, the wind caught it fairly, and, almost before the spectators were aware of it, the pirate boat had gone about and was speeding away on another tack. The revenue officers were not prepared for this. They naturally thought the



"WHEN THE OSPREY'S BOW STRUCK THE RIFPLE, THE YOUNGER CARTER CALMLY LET HIMSELF GO OVER BACKWARD AND REMAINED IN THE MUD WITH THE WATER UP TO HIS CHIN."

House stock rose fifty points in as many seconds, and the next crew to sally forth from that favored party felt that the second and decisive victory was already theirs.

Again the black flag appeared around the bank of the island, and on the instant a second picked crew of the Atlantic House was in pursuit. But the boys who commanded the pirate craft had no intention of taking nor giving any chances. They put their boat about, long before the revenue officers expected them to do so, forcing their adversaries to go so directly before the wind that their boat rocked violently. It was not long before the boats drew nearer and nearer together, again, as if they must certainly meet at a point not more than a

pirates would run as close to the shore as they possibly could before they tacked, and were aiming for the point at which they calculated their opponents would go about, just as did the officers in the first race.

Seeing this, and not wishing to sail too close to them, the pirates had gone about much farther from the shore than was needful. In order to follow them the revenue officers were now forced to come about and tack, which, going before the wind as they were, they found less easy. The sudden change in their opponents' tactics puzzled them, and one of the two boys bungled. On future occasions each confidentially informed his friends that it was the other who was responsible; but,

however that may have been, the boat missed stays, her sail flapped weakly in the breeze, and, while the crew were vigorously trying to set her in the wind by lashing the water with her rudder, the pirate boat was off and away, one hundred yards to the good, and the remainder of the race was a procession of two boats with the pirates easily in the lead.

And now came the final struggle. Now came the momentous "rubber," which was to plunge Chadwick's into gloom, or keep them still the champions of the river. The appetites of both were whetted for victory by the single triumph each had already won, and their representatives felt that, for them, success or a watery grave were the alternatives.

The Atlantic House boat, the "Wave," and the boat upon which the Chadwicks' hopes were set, the "Rover," were evenly matched, their crews were composed of equally good sailors, and each was determined to tow the other ignominiously into port.

The two Prescotts watched the Wave critically and admiringly, as she came toward them with her crew perched on her side and the water showing white under her bow.

"They're coming entirely too fast to suit *me*," said the elder Prescott. "I want more room and I have a plan to get it. Stand ready to go about." The younger brother stood ready to go about, keeping the Rover on her first tack until she was clear of the island's high banks and had the full sweep of the wind; then, to the surprise of her pursuers and the bewilderment of the spectators, she went smartly about, and, turning her bow directly away from the goal, started before the wind back past the island and toward the wide stretch of river on the upper side.

"What's your man doing that for?" excitedly asked one of the Atlantic House people, of the prisoners-of-war.

"I don't know, certainly," one of the Carters answered, "but I suppose he thinks his boat can go faster before the wind than the Wave can, and is counting on getting a long lead on her before he turns to come back. There is much more room up there, and the opportunities for dodging are about twice as good."

"Why did n't *we* think of that, Gus?" whispered the other Carter.

"We were too anxious to show what smart sailors we were, to think of anything!" answered his brother, ruefully.

Beyond the island the Rover gained rapidly; but, as soon as she turned and began beating homeward, the Wave showed that tacking was her strong point and began, in turn, to make up all the advantage the Rover had gained.

The Rover's pirate-king cast a troubled eye at the distant goal and at the slowly but steadily advancing Wave.

His younger brother noticed the look.

"If one could only *do* something," he exclaimed, impatiently. "That's the worst of sailing races. In a rowing race you can pull till you break your back, if you want to; but here you must just sit still and watch the other fellow creep up, inch by inch, without being able to do anything to help yourself. If I could only get out and push, or pole! It's this trying to keep still that drives me crazy."

"I think we'd better go about, now," said the commander quietly, "and instead of going about again when we are off the bar, I intend to try to cross it."

"What!" gasped the younger Prescott, "go across the bar at low water? You can't do it. You'll stick sure. Don't try it. Don't think of it!"

"It is rather a forlorn hope, I know," said his brother; "but you can see, yourself, they're bound to overhaul us if we keep on—we don't draw as much water as they do, and if they try to follow us we'll leave them high and dry on the bar."

The island stood in the center of the river, separated from the shore on one side by the channel, through which both boats had already passed, and on the other by a narrow stretch of water which barely covered the bar the Rover purposed to cross.

When she pointed for it, the Wave promptly gave up chasing her, and made for the channel with the intention of heading her off in the event of her crossing the bar.

"She's turned back!" exclaimed the captain of the Rover. "Now, if we only can clear it, we'll have a beautiful start on her. Sit perfectly still, and, if you hear her center-board scrape, pull it up, and balance so as to keep her keel level."

Slowly the Rover drifted toward the bar; once her center-board touched, and as the boat moved further into the shallow water the waves rose higher in proportion at the stern.

But her keel did not touch, and as soon as the dark water showed again, her crew gave an exultant shout and pointed her bow toward the Chadwick dock, whence a welcoming cheer came faintly over the mile of water.

"I'll bet they did n't cheer much when we were crossing the bar!" said the younger brother, with a grim chuckle. "I'll bet they thought we were mighty foolish."

"We could n't have done anything else," returned the superior officer. "It was risky, though. If we'd moved an inch she would have grounded, sure."

"I was scared so stiff that I could n't have moved

if I 'd tried to," testified the younger sailor with cheerful frankness.

Meanwhile, the wind had freshened, and whitecaps began to show over the roughened surface of the river, while sharp, ugly flaws struck the sails of the two contesting boats from all directions, making them bow before the sudden gusts of wind until the water poured over the sides.

But the sharpness of the wind made the racing only more exciting, and such a series of maneuvers as followed, and such a naval battle, was never before seen on the Manasquan River.

The boys handled their boats like veterans, and the boats answered every movement of the rudders and shortening of the sails as a thoroughbred horse obeys its bridle. They ducked and dodged, turned and followed in pursuit, now going free before the wind, now racing, close-hauled into the teeth of it. Several times a capture seemed inevitable, but a quick turn of the tiller would send the pirates out of danger. And, as many times, the pirate crew almost succeeded in crossing the line, but before they could reach it the revenue cutter would sweep down upon them and frighten them away again.

"We can't keep this up much longer," said the elder Prescott. "There's more water in the boat now than is safe; and every time we go about we ship three or four bucketfuls more."

As he spoke, a heavy flaw keeled the boat over again, and, before her crew could right her, the water came pouring over the side with the steadiness of a small waterfall. "That settles it for us," exclaimed Prescott, grimly; "we *must* pass the line on this tack, or we sink."

"They're as badly off as we are," returned his brother. "See how she's wobbling — but she's gaining on us, just the same," he added.

"Keep her to it, then," said the man at the helm. "Hold on to that sheet, no matter how much water she ships."

"If I don't let it out a little, she'll sink!"

"Let her sink, then," growled the chief officer. "I'd rather upset than be caught."

The people on the shore and on the judges' boat appreciated the situation fully as well as the racers. They had seen, for some time, how slowly the boats responded to their rudders and how deeply they were sunk in the water.

All the maneuvering for the past ten minutes had been off the Chadwick dock, and the Atlantic House people, in order to get a better view of the finish, were racing along the bank on foot and in carriages, cheering their champions as they came.

The Rover was pointed to cross an imaginary line between the judges' steam-launch and Chadwick's dock. Behind her, not three boat-lengths in the rear, so close that her wash impeded their

headway, came the revenue officers, their white caps off, their hair flying in the wind, and every muscle strained.

Both crews were hanging far over the sides of the boats, while each wave washed the water into the already half-filled cockpits.

"Look out!" shouted the younger Prescott, "here comes another flaw!"

"Don't let that sail out!" shouted back his brother, and as the full force of the flaw struck her, the boat's rail buried itself in the water and her sail swept along the surface of the river.

For an instant it looked as if the boat was swamped, but as the force of the flaw passed over her, she slowly righted again, and with her sail dripping and heavy, and rolling like a log, she plunged forward on her way to the goal.

When the flaw struck the Wave, her crew let their sheet go free, saving themselves the inundation of water which had almost swamped the Rover, but losing the headway, which the Rover had kept.

Before the Wave regained it, the pirate craft had increased her lead, though it was only for a moment.

"We can't make it," shouted the younger Prescott, turning his face toward his brother so that the wind might not drown his voice. "They're after us again, and we're settling fast."

"So are they," shouted his brother. "We can't be far from the line now, and as soon as we cross that, it does n't matter what happens to us!"

As he spoke another heavy gust of wind came sweeping toward them, turning the surface of the river dark blue as it passed over, and flattening out the waves.

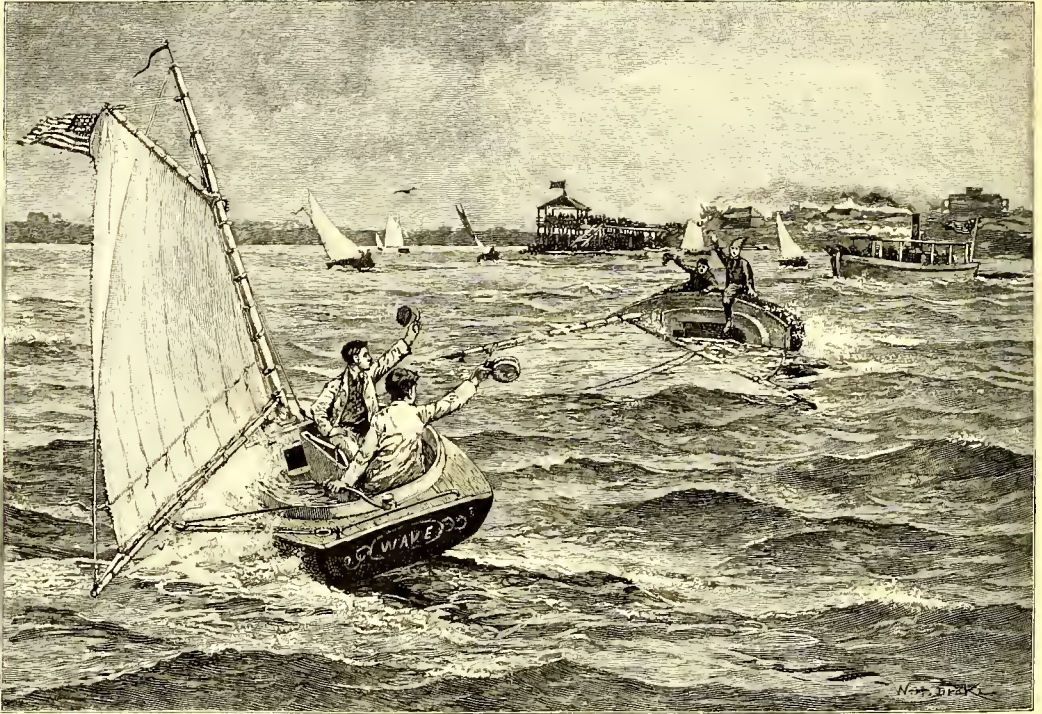
"Look at that!" groaned the pirate-king, adding, with professional disregard for the Queen's English, "We're done for now, that's certain!" But before the flaw reached them, and almost before the prophetic words were uttered, the cannon on the judges' boat banged forth merrily, and the crowds on the Chadwick dock answered its signal with an unearthly yell of triumph.

"We're across, we're across!" shouted the younger Prescott, jumping up to his knees in the water in the bottom of the boat and letting the wet sheet-ropes run freely through his stiff and blistered fingers.

But the movement was an unfortunate one.

The flaw struck the boat with her heavy sail dragging in the water, and with young Prescott's weight removed from the rail. She reeled under the gust as a tree bows in a storm, bent gracefully before it, and then turned over slowly on her side.

The next instant the Wave swept by her, and as the two Prescotts scrambled up on the gunwale



"THE 'WAVE' SWEEPED BY HER AND THE DEFEATED CREW SALUTED THE VICTORS WITH CHEERS."

of their boat the defeated crew saluted them with cheers, in response to which the victors bowed as gracefully as their uncertain position would permit.

The new arrival, who had come to Manasquan in the hope of finding something to shoot, stood among the people on the bank and discharged his gun until the barrels were so hot that he had to lay the gun down to cool. And every other man and boy who owned a gun or pistol of any sort, fired it off and yelled at the same time, as if the contents of the gun or pistol had entered his own body. Unfortunately, every boat possessed a tin horn with which the helmsman was wont to warn of his approach the keeper of the draw-bridge. One evil-minded captain blew a blast of triumph, and in a minute's time the air was rent with tootings little less vicious than those of the steam whistle of a locomotive.

The last had been so hard-fought a race, and both crews had acquitted themselves so well, that their respective followers joined in cheering them indiscriminately.

The Wave just succeeded in reaching the dock before she settled and sank. A dozen of Chadwick's boarders seized the crew by their coat-collars and arms as they leaped from the sinking-boat to the pier and assisted them to their feet,

forgetful in the excitement of the moment that the sailors were already as wet as sponges on their native rocks.

"I suppose I should have stuck to my ship as Prescott did," said the captain of the Wave with a smile, pointing to where the judges' boat was towing in the Rover with her crew still clinging to her side; "but I'd already thrown you my rope, you know, and there really is n't anything heroic in sticking to a sinking ship when she goes down in two feet of water."

As soon as the Prescotts reached the pier they pushed their way to their late rivals and shook them heartily by their hands. Then the Atlantic House people carried their crew around on their shoulders, and the two Chadwick's crews were honored in the same embarrassing manner. The proprietor of the Atlantic House invited the entire Chadwick establishment over to a dance and a late supper.

"I prepared it for the victors," he said, "and though these victors don't happen to be the ones I prepared it for, the victors must eat it."

The sun had gone down for over half an hour before the boats and carriages had left the Chadwick dock, and the Chadwick people had an opportunity to rush home to dress. They put on their very best clothes, "just to show the Atlantic people

that they *had* something else besides flannels," and danced in the big hall of the Atlantic House until late in the evening.

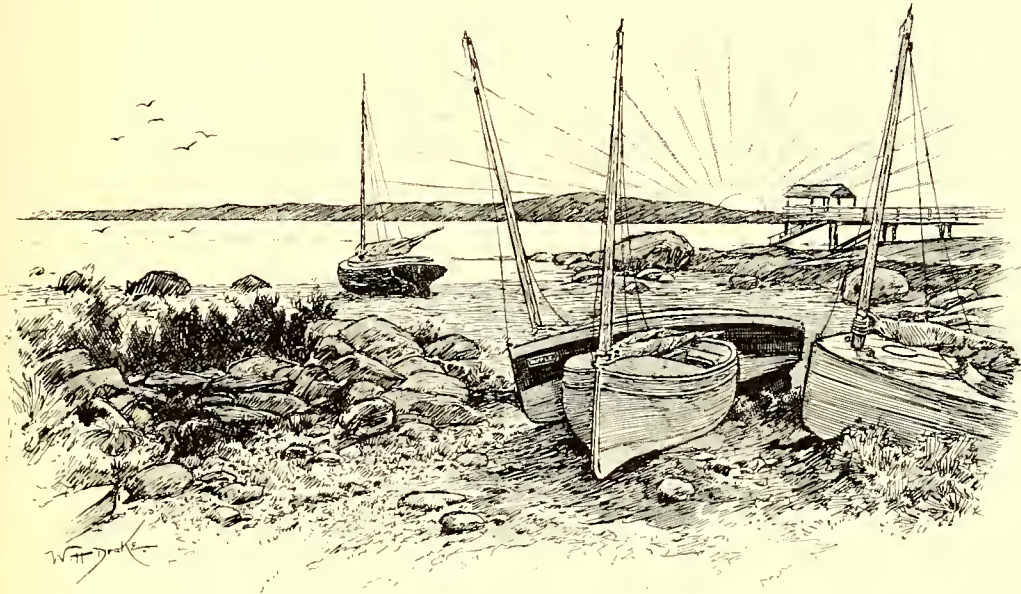
When the supper was served, the victors were toasted and cheered and presented with a very handsome set of colors, and then Judge Carter made a stirring speech.

He went over the history of the rival houses in a way that pleased everybody, and made all the people at the table feel ashamed of themselves for ever having been rivals at all.

He pointed out in courtly phrases how excellent and varied were the modern features of the Atlantic House, and yet how healthful and satisfying

was the old-fashioned simplicity of Chadwick's. He expressed the hope that the two houses would learn to appreciate each other's virtues, and hoped that in the future they would see more of each other.

To which sentiment everybody assented most noisily and enthusiastically, and the proprietor of the Atlantic House said that, in his opinion, Judge Carter's speech was one of the finest he had ever listened to, and he considered that part of it which touched on the excellent attractions of the Atlantic House as simply sublime, and that, with his Honor's permission, he intended to use it in his advertisements and circulars, with Judge Carter's name attached.




---

## A PORTRAIT.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

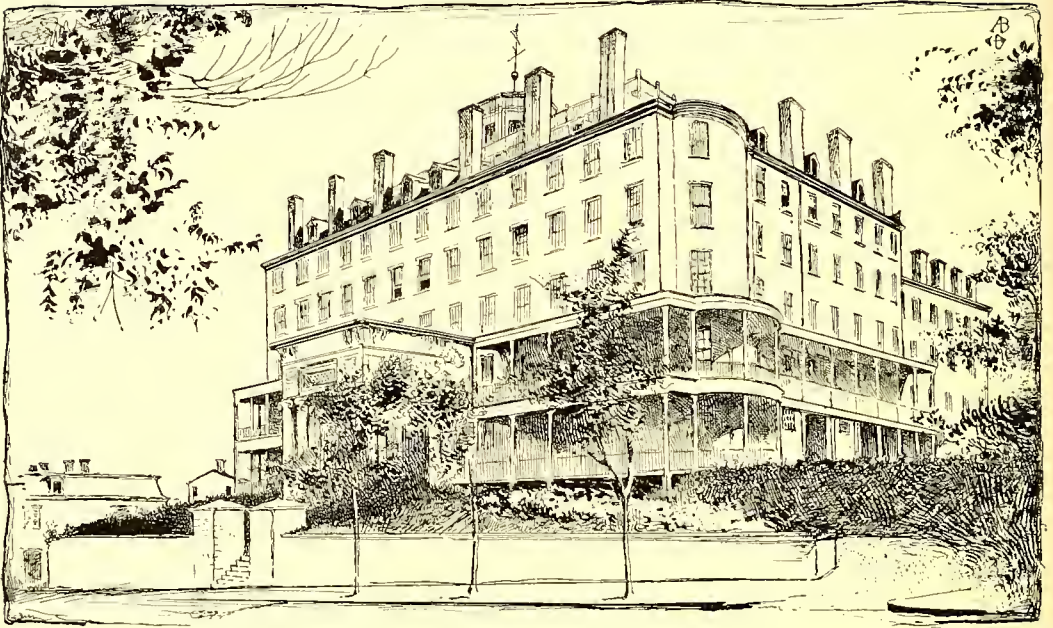
---

WHO is that young and gentle dame who stands in yonder gilded frame,  
 Clad in a simple muslin gown where 'broidered frills hang limply down,  
 Blue ribbons in her yellow curls, around her neck a string of pearls —  
 Her eyes, blue stars in ancient gloom, a-seeking you all o'er the room,  
 As if to call sweet memories to her? —

My grandmother, before I knew her.

## THE STORY OF LAURA BRIDGMAN.

BY JOSEPH JASTROW, PH. D.



THE PERKINS INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND, SOUTH BOSTON.

ONCE upon a time (so all strange stories begin) there was born a baby girl. The peculiar thing about this "once upon a time" is, that I can tell you just when it happened, while the fairy-tale writers never can. It was on December 21, 1829, she was born into this world; and no one dreamed of the wonderful life this child was destined to live. She was a pretty infant with bright blue eyes, but very delicate and small, and she was often severely ill. But when she came to be about eighteen months old, her health improved, and at two years of age, those who knew her describe her as a very active and intelligent child. She had already learned to speak a few words, and knew some of the letters of the alphabet.

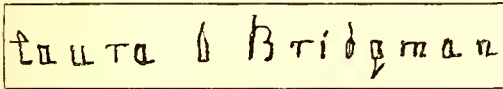
But, when she was two years and one month old, came the sad event which was to make her life a strange one. The scarlet-fever entered the household. Her two elder sisters died of the disease, and she was stricken down by it. She was

dangerously ill for a long, long time. No one thought it possible that this delicate child could recover. For five months she was in bed, in a perfectly dark room. She could eat no solid food for seven weeks. It was a whole year before she could walk without support, and two years before she could sit up all day and dismiss the doctor. But she did not die, though for long her life hung by a slender thread. And, when she recovered, she was really born anew into a strange world—a world so strange that we of this world can hardly imagine what it is to live in it. The fever had destroyed her sight,—the poor little girl was forever blind. Nor was this all; her hearing, too, was totally gone. And, not being able to hear, she would never learn to talk as we do,—she was dumb. A pretty child of five years,—deaf, dumb, and blind! Even worse.—she had very little power to smell or taste. Touch was her only sense. Her fingers must take the place of eyes, ears, and mouth.



Of course the fever had destroyed all recollection of her babyhood. Her life in this beautiful world that children love, and which she had hardly known, was over. She must live in a dark world without sunshine,—a silent world without a sound. She could not even smell the flowers whose beauties she could not see.

But lest you should think so strange and sad a story is not meant to be true, I will tell you her name. It was Laura Dewey Bridgman. Here it is in her own handwriting :



Her parents—Daniel and Harmony Bridgman—lived on a farm about seven miles from Hanover, New Hampshire, and there Laura was born.

Some time ago I went to a large, old-fashioned building in South Boston—the Perkins Institute for the Blind. At the door of a neat cottage near the main building I asked for Miss Bridgman. Soon a pleasant-looking woman, fifty-seven years old, though looking younger, came into the parlor with the matron.

Miss Bridgman was rather tall and thin and usually wore large blue spectacles. When told my name, she shook hands and was pleased to learn that I brought the greetings of a friend of hers. Her face brightened and she uttered a low sound which she could make when pleased. She was very lively, and one could almost read her feelings by her face.

But how could she talk and be understood? That is a long and a strange story. I must begin at the beginning.

She lived on the farm near Hanover until she was eight years old. Her parents were poor and they knew nothing of the ways of teaching the blind or the deaf and dumb. They treated her with great kindness and taught her to make herself useful about the house. It was difficult to make her understand what they desired, but they communicated by simple signs. Pushing meant "go," and pulling, "come." A pat on the head meant "That 's good, Laura"; a pat on the back, "Laura must n't do that." When Laura wanted bread and butter she stroked one hand with the other to imitate the buttering; when she wished to go to bed, she nodded her head, just as other children do when "the Sandman" comes. And when she did n't wish to go to bed, but her father thought she ought (perhaps you have heard of such cases), he stamped on the floor until she felt the shaking, and Laura knew what he meant.

Her mother taught her to knit, to sew, to set the table, and to do other such little things. When she set the table, she never forgot just where the little knife and fork belonged for her little brother. But I will not tell this part of the story, because Laura has told it herself. When she was twenty-five years old, she wrote an autobiography, telling all she remembered of her life at home. Here it lies on my table; sixty-five pages written in a queer, square handwriting. She had a peculiar way of saying things; but when you remember that she never heard a word spoken, nor spoke one herself, and how hard it must be to learn to write without seeing the letters, you will think it wonderful enough that she could write at all. Here is the first page of the autobiography:\*

"THE HISTORY OF MY LIFE.

"I should like to write down the earliest life extremely. I recollect very distinctly how my life elapsed since I was an infant. But that I have had the vague recollection of my infancy. I was taken most perilously ill when I was two years and a half. I was attacked with the scarlet-fever for three long weeks. My dearest mother was so painfully apprehensive that there was a great danger of my dying, for my sickness was so excessive. The physician pronounced that I should not live much longer. My mother had a watch over me in my great agony many many nights. I was choked up for 7 weeks as I could not swallow a morsel of any sort of food, except I drank some crust coffee. I was not conveyed out of the house, for an instant for 4 months till in June or July."

Then she tells how delighted her mother was when she was getting well, how attentive people were to her, and how the light stung her eyelids "like a sharpest needle or a wasp." She liked to see her mother "make so numerous cheeses, apple, and egg, and mince-pies, and doughnuts, and all kinds of food which always gratified my appetite very much." She tells how her mother spun and carded wool, and washed, and cooked, and ironed, and made maple-molasses, and butter, and much else. It is really wonderful how well she knew what was going on. She used to follow her mother about the rooms, and touch the various objects, tables, chairs, books, etc., until she knew them all.

Laura's great friend was a Mr. Tenny, a kind-hearted old man, who "loved me as much as if I was his own daughter," she writes. He used to take her out for a walk across the fields, or sit down by the brook and amuse her by throwing stones into the water and letting her feel the little waves, that the stones made, come back to the shore. She always knew Mr. Tenny and all her friends by simply feeling their hands. So you see that little Laura was quite happy. She never knew how

\* I am never sure of her punctuation. All the rest is just as she wrote it.

much more of the world other little girls could enjoy, and so she did not envy them. She says herself that "I was full of mischief and fun. I was in such high spirits, generally, I would cling to my mother, wildly and peevishly many times." She

my boot, nor any of my folks. I did not feel so solitary with a baby as I should have felt if I had not it." "I liked my living baby, the cat, much better than the boot."

In this way she spent three long years. Her few



LAURA DEWEY BRIDGMAN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CONLY, BOSTON.)

once seized Mr. Tenny's spectacles from his nose, and the old gentleman took it very good-naturedly. She innocently threw the cat into the fire, which neither her mother nor the cat considered good fun. She liked sweet things and nice dresses, and was not so very different from other girls, in any way. Of course she had a doll, but a queer one it was: "I had a man's large boot which I called my little baby. I enjoyed myself in playing with the artificial baby very much. I never knew how to kiss

signs were all that connected her with other human beings. She did not know the name of anything. She knew only the few things that she could touch. For all the rest she lived in that dark, silent, lonely world of her own. The green trees and gay flowers, the blue sky and floating clouds were unknown to her. Imagine, if you can, a world without color, without light! A perpetual night without moon or stars; would n't it be awful? No green fields and no sky; no blue eyes and golden hair; no pict-

ure-books nor bright dresses. And the sad stillness of that world, where nobody laughs and no birds sing and Mother's voice does n't call and comfort; where nobody can tell stories or play make-believe. Think of a child who could n't ask questions! Why, that's the principal thing that children have to do!

But Laura was not to stay much longer in her lonely world. One day a gentleman came to see her parents and offered to take Laura to Boston to teach her to read and write as other blind children do, and to talk with her fingers, as do the deaf and dumb. It was Dr. Samuel Howe, superintendent of the Perkins Institute for the Blind. He was one of those wise men who put heart and soul into whatever they decide to do. What Dr. Howe decided to do was to bring Laura Bridgman back into our world, just so far as that could be done. Of course her parents were sorry to have Laura go, but they knew it was for the best; and Laura felt just as homesick, when she came to the big institution in Boston, as any other girl of eight years would have felt. Of course she could n't know why she was taken away from home. She soon made friends with the matron, and with her teacher, Miss Drew. She spent much time, the first few days, in knitting, for she liked to have something to do, and took her work to the matron whenever she dropped a stitch.

One morning, after she was used to the Home, Dr. Howe and Miss Drew gave Laura her first lesson. They were to teach her the alphabet. But how? She could n't see the letters, but she could feel them if they were cut out of wood or raised on paper. But when she felt something like an A, she could not know what it was, and they could not tell her. It was just the same as feeling her mother's tea-pot:—it was a thing with a funny shape and did n't seem to be of any known use. As for three things, like C, A, T, spelling or meaning the puss, you might as well ask her to feel a table, a chair, and an inkstand, and give her to understand that *those* meant the cat. There did not seem to be any way of showing her what a word was for; *you* learned it just by hearing other people speak. But Laura had never heard nor read nor spoken a word since she could remember.

This is what Dr. Howe did. He took some things such as she knew at home,—a knife, fork, spoon, key, chair,—and then formed on labels in large raised letters the names of these things—KNIFE, FORK, etc. He made her feel the knife, and then passed her finger over the label; then he pasted the label, KNIFE, on the knife, to show that they belonged together, and made her feel them again. Laura submitted to it. But all she understood was that the labels were not all alike,

and people seemed to want to paste them on things. Her first lesson, lasting three-quarters of an hour, left her much puzzled. But at last, after many repetitions of this exercise, she seemed to get the idea that the raised labels *meant* the objects. She showed this by taking the label, CHAIR, and placing it on one chair and then on another. Now, Laura was interested; it was a splendid game. Dr. Howe gave her the things and she was to find the right labels; then he gave her the labels and she found the things. She had learned what a *word* is, and was delighted. Dr. Howe always patted her on the head when she was right, and tapped her lightly on the elbow when she was wrong. The lessons were long and tedious, but—she was acquiring a language!

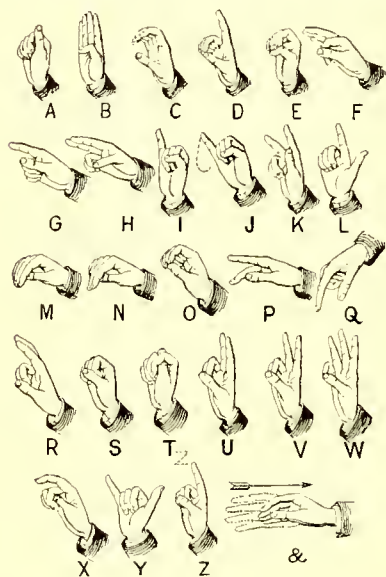
Of course one can not do much talking with a lot of labels; and a great many things that one wishes to talk about can not be labeled at all. The next thing was to teach her that a word was made up of letters. The label, BOOK, was cut up into four parts: B, O, O, K. Laura was then made to feel the label and each of the parts; then these were mixed together and she was to set up the word like the label. That was rather easy. Then Dr. Howe had a case of metal types made for her. It had four alphabets in it and one was always set up in alphabetical order, while she moved about the other three. In three days she learned the order of the letters, and could find any letter at once. She was never tired of setting up the metal types, to make the few words she had learned. She could really be a child now, for she could ask questions. She indicated the butter to ask what the name of it was, and her teacher set up B-U-T-T-E-R on the type-case. Laura felt it, took it apart and set it up again, and knew it ever after. Those were bright and busy days for her. She was making up for her long years of loneliness, and entering a real world at last.

But even this was a clumsy way of talking. There was a much quicker way for her: the finger alphabet; and that was learned next. Most deaf-mutes can *see* the signs, but Laura had to learn them by feeling. They gave her the type A to feel with one hand, while she felt the position of the teacher's hand with the other. Then she herself made the sign for A, and was patted on the head for getting it right. She was overjoyed with this easy way of talking. This is what her teacher said of it: "I shall never forget the first meal taken after she appreciated the use of the finger alphabet. Every article that she touched must have a name, and I was obliged to call some one to help me wait upon the other children, while she kept me busy in spelling the new words."

In that way she talked with me when I saw her

in Boston. The matron put her own hand in Miss Bridgman's and spelled out the words so fast that you could hardly follow the motions. But she was understood still faster and, with her other hand, Miss Bridgman was ready to spell out the answers. At one time, she went to lectures with her teacher, and if the lecturers spoke slowly her teacher could make the signs, and she could understand them as fast as the words were spoken.

So far, she knew only the names of things. When



THE FINGER ALPHABET.

she had learned about one hundred of these common nouns, Miss Drew began to teach her a few verbs. She let Laura feel the motion of the door as it was being closed, and then spelled out "Shut door" on her fingers. Then the door was opened and her teacher spelled out "Open door." Laura knew what "door" was, and so easily learned the meaning of "shut" and "open." Then adjectives were learned, beginning with such as could be easily understood, for example: heavy, light, rough, smooth, thick, thin, wet, dry. Next she learned proper names, and very soon she knew the names of all the many persons in that large institution. But just think! she never knew her own name nor even that she had one, until then—when she was nine years old. A year later, she began to learn to write. A pasteboard, with grooves in it, just the size of the small letters, was put under the paper. A letter was pricked in stiff paper so that she could feel its shape; then, holding the pencil in her right hand, she placed the forefinger of her right hand close up against the lead, so as to feel how the pencil was moving. It was rather

slow writing, but all the trouble it cost her to learn it was forgotten when she sent her first letter to her mother. You may be sure that all the village saw that wonderful letter, and not a few of the wise heads were rather doubtful whether Laura really had written the letter, after all.

Before going on with the story let me tell you of her mother's first visit to the institution. Laura had been away from home for six months, and doubtless had been wondering in her own mute way whether she should ever go home again. She did not know enough language to ask about it. Dr. Howe tells how the mother stood gazing, with tears in her eyes, at the unfortunate child, who was playing about the room and knew nothing of her presence. Presently Laura ran against her and began feeling her hands and dress to find out who she was; but soon turned away from her poor mother as from a stranger. Her mother then gave Laura a string of beads which Laura had worn at home. She recognized the beads and joyfully put them around her neck. Her mother now tried to caress her, but Laura preferred to play. Another article from home was given her and she was much interested. She examined the stranger more closely; she became very much excited and quite pale; suddenly it seemed to flash upon her that this was her mother. She cared nothing for beads or playmates, now! Nothing could tear her away from her mother's side.

But, when the time for parting came, Laura bore it like a little heroine. She went with her mother to the door and, after embracing her fervently, took her mother's hand in one of her own and grasped the hand of the matron with the other. Then she sadly dropped her mother's hand and, weeping, walked back into the house.

The language Laura used at first, and, indeed, what she always used, was somewhat different from that you and I talk, as is only natural in one whose language has not been learned by talking. Her language is more like written or "book" language. Here are a few of her early sayings and doings. When she wanted bread she said, "Bread give Laura." She once asked why t-a-c would not spell "cat" as well as c-a-t. That may seem silly to you, because you have heard it pronounced; but for her the letters were but three signs, and she could not see why one way of making them should not be as good as another. When she was taught what "right" and "left" meant, she correctly described her hands, ears, and eyes, as being right or left, but stopped in surprise when she came to her nose and did not know which to call it. When her lessons were rather long she said, "My think is tired." She soon began to make words as children do. She knew what "alone" meant and wished to say that she desired company, so she said, "Laura

go *al-two*." After giving her the word "bachelor," her teacher asked her to tell what it meant; she remembered old Mr. Tenny and spelled: "Tenny bachelor — man have no wife and smoke pipe."

She had a funny way of playing a game with herself. She would spell a word wrong with one hand, slap that hand with the other, then spell it right and laugh at the fun. And once, going over a box of ribbons that belonged to her teacher, she was tempted to take some, but she gravely knocked herself on the elbow, which was her own way of saying "wrong," and put them away. When she was quite alone, she sometimes talked to herself, and the little fingers spelled out the words as though they were proud of what they could do. Even in her sleep she has been seen to make the signs indistinctly with one hand and feel them with the other, as though mumbling something in her dreams.

At one time it was noticed that she was already up and dressing when they came to call her in the morning. When asked how she knew when to get up (for she had no means of knowing the time), she said she put her finger in the key-hole and, if she felt the shaking, then she knew the girls were moving about and it was time to rise. That was certainly very bright. She once brought her doll to school, and moved its fingers to spell out words and said, with delight, "Doll can talk with fingers; I taught doll to talk with fingers."

When Charles Dickens visited her, in 1842, he wrote some pages about her in his "American Notes," in which he mentions that Laura wore a green silk band over her eyes and, on picking up her doll, he noticed that a tiny band was tied across the doll's eyes too. The little girl wished the doll to live in her small world, where people could n't use their eyes and had to talk with their fingers.

But it would be impossible to tell all there is to tell: how she learned arithmetic, and geography, and history, and much else; in short how a silent, sightless child, with power to make only a few signs, grew up into a well-educated, bright, pleasant, happy woman. You will find much of the story in a book about Laura Bridgman, written by one of her teachers, Mrs. Lamson.

I can only tell you in a few words how her life has been passed. Through the kindness of Mr. George Combe, of Scotland, and others, it was made possible to give her a teacher all to herself. Without one, she could not have been cared for as she deserved. Her teachers kept a journal in which they put down the story of Laura's progress, and you can read it in Mrs. Lamson's book.

She received all her education at the Perkins Institute for the Blind, and has always been there except when spending the vacations at home. She had many friends, and, through the reports that

Dr. Howe wrote for many years of her progress, had become known to people all over the world. Many ladies learned the finger alphabet simply to be able to talk with her, and she wrote and received many letters. Her room had a window facing south, and she often headed her letters "Sunny Home." She took pleasure in arranging her room and read a great deal. You know that quite a number of books have been printed in raised letters for the blind. The letters must be large and are printed on one side of the page only. It takes sixteen large volumes to print the Bible in this way. Most blind persons cultivate one finger for reading until it is very sensitive and can feel the letters very rapidly, but, of course, not so rapidly as we can read with our eyes.

Miss Bridgman became quite an author, too. Almost from the time she learned to write, she began to keep daily journals. Those she wrote during her first five years in Boston form quite a large pack, and are full of many interesting things. She recorded all her little daily doings, and in going through them from the earliest to the latest entries, you can see how she gradually used more and more words, and began to use capitals, and wrote more clearly. She had also written a few poems. These have no rhyme, of course, because that depends on the sound. What she says in her poems is in great part taken or imitated from the Bible.

Her spare time was devoted to knitting, sewing, crocheting lace and mats, and talking. I have a very pretty crocheted mat which she made in one evening. Though her life was a peaceful and happy one, it had also its severe trials. Several of her teachers, to whom she was much attached, died; her closest tie with the world was always her constant teacher and companion, who was eyes, ears, and tongue for her. Her teachers naturally learned to sympathize with her condition more than others could, and the loss of one of these dear friends was a great affliction. She even had to endure the loss of her benefactor, Dr. Howe. He had lived to see her grow up into what he had hoped she might become when he took her from her home in Hanover. His death occurred in 1876, and affected Miss Bridgman so seriously that she was very ill and weak for a long time afterward.

So she lived her quiet life, so the days grew into months, and the months into years — and so, also, quietly and peacefully she passed away, on the 24th of May, 1889.

Laura Bridgman's days of darkness are over. Many persons will, for a long time to come, think of her, and will often speak of the patience she showed in her affliction and the earnestness with which she labored to make the most of her life.

She was cared for to the last by the loving friends

who had made a happy existence possible to one so grievously helpless. Into her dark and silent world the wisdom of man found a way; it brought to her the sense of human love and sympathy, and even made her a sharer in the world's treasure of learning and imagination.

## THE STORY OF THE FLOWER.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

A SPOTLESS thing enough, they said,  
The drift, perchance, from foreign lands,  
Washed in atop of mighty tides  
And lightly left along the sands.

Was it the treasure of some shell?  
Some islander's forgotten bead?  
A wave-worn polyp from the reef?  
The gardener said, "It is a seed."

"Bury it," said he, "in the soil.  
The earth will quicken here, as there,  
With vital force;—so fair the seed,  
The blossom must be wondrous fair!"

Ah, woe, to lose the ample breath  
Of the salt wastes! To see no more  
The sacrifice of morning burn  
And blot the stars from shore to shore.

Ah, woe, to go into the dark!  
Was it for this, the buoyant slide  
Up the steep surge, the flight of foam,  
The great propulsion of the tide?

To lose the half-developed dream  
Of unknown powers, the bursting throes  
Of destinies to be fulfilled,  
And go into the dark—ah, woe!

But the mold closed above the seed  
Relentlessly; and still as well  
All life went on; the warm winds blew;  
The strong suns shone; the soft rains fell.

Whether he slept, or waited there  
Unconscious, after that wild pang,—  
Who knows? There came to him at last  
A sense as if some sweet voice sang;

As if, throughout the universe,  
Each atom were obeying law  
In rhythmic order. In his heart  
He felt the same deep music draw.

And one sharp thrill of tingling warmth  
Divided him; as if the earth  
Throbb'd through him all her stellar might  
With the swift pulse of some new birth.

Up the long spirals of his stems  
What currents coming from afar,  
What blessedness of being glows,—  
Was he a blossom or a star?

Wings like their own the great moths thought  
His pinions rippling on the breeze,—  
Did ever a king's banner stream  
With such resplendent stains as these?

Over what honey and what dew  
His fragrant gossamers uncurled!  
Forgotten be that seed's poor day,  
Free, and a part of this high world!

A world of winds, and showers aslant,  
With gauzy rainbows everywhere,  
Cradled in silken sunshine, rocked  
In skies full of delicious air!

Ah, happy world, where all things live  
Creatures of one great law, indeed;  
Bound by strong roots, the splendid flower,—  
Swept by great seas, the drifting seed!

## CAPTAIN DUCK.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.



"TIM FORGOT THAT HE HAD FALLEN ASLEEP ON THE WARM FLAT ROCK THAT COOL AUTUMN DAY."

CAPTAIN DUCK was a Modoc Indian, with the shortest possible legs. His legs were so short that when he walked he waddled along like a very fat duck. And that is why he was called Captain Duck at the stage station, which was at the foot of the great white mountain in the heart of the Modoc country, Mount Shasta. Some said his legs had been shot off in a battle. And then some said his

legs had been eaten off by a bear. But I do not very well see how that could be; for his feet were there, all right. And very big feet they were, too; wide and big and flat like ducks' feet. So I think he must have been born that way.

Poor Captain Duck could not hunt very well, or go on the war-path with the other Indians, and so he came to the stage station, to hire out, with

the few rough men who kept the old log fort and took care of the stage horses there.

These men did not like the old Indian, but as they were a lazy set, they were glad to have him at the fort to rub down and water the stage horses when the sun was hot or there was frost in the air. But they made all sorts of sport of the poor Indian. And, indeed, they laughed at him so much, and made so much fun of his short legs and big feet, that he often wished he was dead. For he was very sad and sensitive.

One day, Big Dan the stage driver left at the station a little boy whose father had died; for the boy had no money to pay fare further. The rough, lazy men there put him to work with the Indian, and they named him "Limber Tim," because he was so slim and limber. And then they did not know his name. But I suppose that would have made no difference, anyway; for, in the mountains of California, they name folks just what they please. And if a boy looks as if his name ought to be "Limber Tim," or "Timber Slim," or anything of that sort, why that must be his name and he can't help it.

The little orphan boy was sent out every day with the short-legged Indian, up on the side of the mountain, to herd the stage horses and keep guard over them. He had a belt, and a pistol in it, and a bowie-knife; and also a gun to carry on his shoulder.

Pretty soon he came to like this very much and began to grow like a weed and get fat. He and the Indian were the best friends in the world. But the men of the station, somehow, were harder and harsher than ever.

But Captain Duck and the boy did not mind it so very much now, for each had a friend,— a friend in the other.

They would buckle on their pistols as soon as it was daylight and they had had a little breakfast of crackers and broiled bear-meat or venison, and, each mounting a horse and driving the others, they would go up on the mountain-side, and there, by a little grove of thick wood, they would stop and let them graze all day. Sometimes Limber Tim would go to sleep on a warm flat rock, while he was supposed to stand guard and look away to the right and to the left for Indians on the war-path. But Captain Duck would never betray him.

Every time that Big Dan the stage driver came by, he would make all sort of fun of Captain Duck, as he hobbled about and hitched up the four stage horses, while the driver sat high up in the box and snapped his long whip.

The Indian did not like Big Dan, and Big Dan did not like the Indian. Dan said the Indian was a spy, and told the men at the stage station that

some night Captain Duck would set fire to the place and run away by the light of the blaze.

One hot day, as he sat on the box with the four lines in his hand all ready to start off at a gallop down the great mountain, he told the Indian, with an oath, to "waddle in on his duck legs" and get him a drink.

The Indian did not move. Then Dan struck him with his whip. The men standing around roared with laughter. Still the sad-faced cripple did not move. Then Dan struck him another cut, across the face.

The Indian's brow grew dark and terrible, but he did not stir. Some one else brought the drink, and then, the driver snapping his whip, the stage dashed away down the mountain and left the Indian standing there, with the boy tenderly wiping his friend's bleeding face and speaking kind and pitiful words to him. The two friends went up on the mountain-side by the little pine grove, and watched the horses as before, and the Indian never spoke at all of what had happened.

A month or two went by, and everybody forgot about the trouble between Big Dan and the sad-faced savage. Everybody, did I say?

One day the stage came thundering in with Big Dan the driver leaning forward helpless on the box. There had been a shot fired from the thick wood back upon the mountain-side. The man was dying, and the four reins were slipping through his helpless hands.

Who could have fired that shot? When the stage driver was dead and buried, some of the men took Limber Tim aside and asked him whether he had been all the time with Captain Duck the day the shot was fired.

"All the time, every minute, every second," answered the lad, earnestly. For he had no suspicion at all that Captain Duck had shot the stage driver. Indeed, the boy believed what he said, and would have maintained it at any hazard. He forgot that he had fallen asleep on the warm flat rock that cool autumn day.

The next summer, signal-fires were seen one night on the mountain-tops. The men at the stage station hastened to fasten the old log fort. For this, they knew, meant war. The Modocs were on the war-path.

The men made their guns ready, and gave Limber Tim an extra pistol to put in his belt, so that he might fight with all his might and help save their lives. But when they came to look for Captain Duck, next morning, he was gone. He had joined the Indians.

Then the men at the stage station were very much afraid; for they had been very cruel, not only to the cripple but to all the Indians, and they

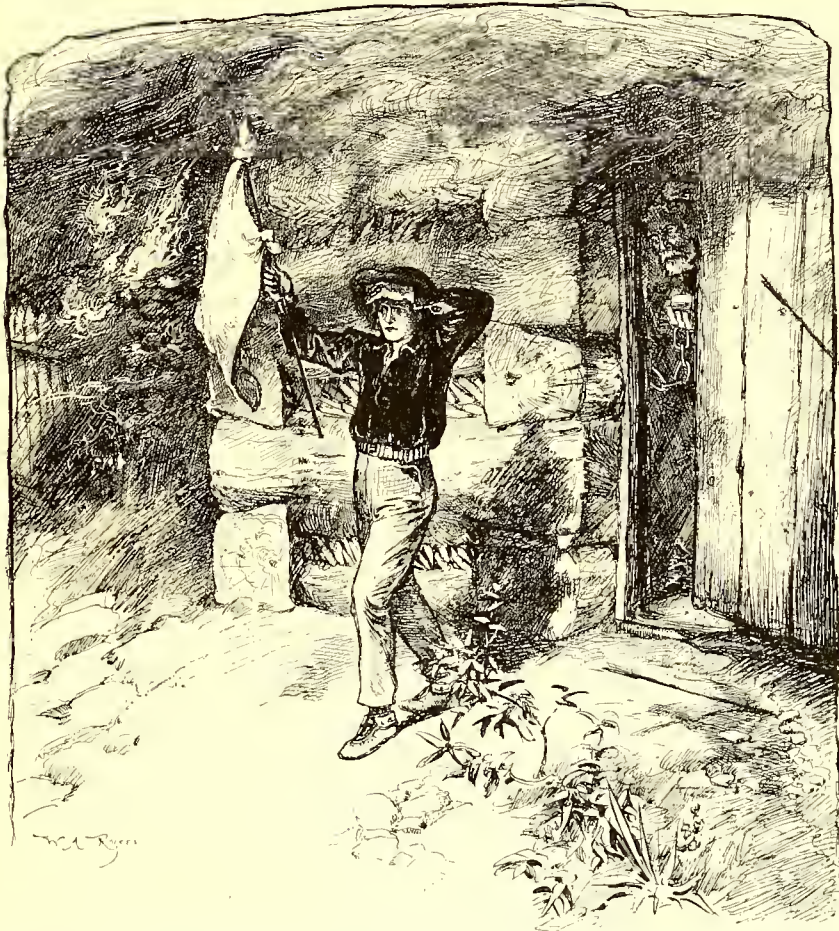


knew that if they fell into their enemies' hands they had no right to expect any mercy at all.

The next night the Indians set the woods on fire, and all the land was dark with smoke. The great pine-trees were falling across the road, and no soldiers, nor anybody, could come to help the

The smoke was so dark and thick that the men were almost choked. They could not see to shoot the Indians, for it was like night.

"What can we do?" cried the men shut up in the fort, and hiding their eyes from the smoke. "The Indians will not come near enough for us to



"THEY HURRIED THE BOY THROUGH THE GREAT WOODEN GATE OF THE FORT, AS HE TIED A WHITE TOWEL ON A RAMROD AND HELD IT HIGH OVER HIS HEAD IN THE THICK SMOKE."

men shut up in the little log fort, and surrounded by the blazing forests.

The men looked one another in the face as the air grew dark and dense from the smoke, and shook their heads sadly — for they believed their time to die had come.

About ten o'clock one morning, the Indians appeared behind the stables and began to fire on the fort. They took the horses out, mounted them, and then set fire to the stables.

And now there was little hope, for the flames would spread to the fort, and then all must perish.

see them and fight. If we go out to find them we shall be shot down from behind the rocks and trees, and not one of us will live to tell the tale."

"Let me go out!" said little Limber Tim. "If I can find Captain Duck, I will save you all."

They hurried the boy through the great wooden gate of the fort, as he tied a white towel on a ramrod and held it high over his head in the thick smoke. Then the men bolted the great gate and left the brave little fellow to do his best with his white flag.

By and by, the boy with the white flag on the

ramrod came pounding at the gate, and the men gathered around wild and eager as they opened it.

"What luck? What hope?"

"Well, if you will all leave your guns and go out one at a time down the stage road and never come back here any more, you can go."

"Never come back here any more?" cried one man, as he jumped toward the gate; "catch 'me comin' back here any more, if I ever get out of this!" and he leaped out through that gate like a newly sheared sheep leaping over the bars.

Then another followed and another, all feeling very much ashamed of the way they had treated the boy. But somehow they did not have the manhood to hold up their heads and say so.

When the men had gone, glad to go and never thinking of looking back or ever returning to the Modoc country, Captain Duck came hobbling in. The Indians helped Tim to put out the fire and then went away, taking all the stage horses and guns and blankets with them. So when the soldiers came, three days after, they found only these two in charge of the fort,—little Limber Tim and Captain Duck.

The government left some soldiers there after

that, and Limber Tim was made station-master by the stage company!

He was the youngest station-master, I suppose, that ever was on the border.

When I passed by there, last year, on a visit to my parents in Oregon, I saw him once more. But he is a man now. He has long hair, a small, black mustache, and wears two pistols in his belt; for the frontier ways prevail in that country still.

As for poor Captain Duck, he is shorter in the legs than ever, I think. His face is deeply wrinkled now, and his long black hair has turned as white as are the shining snows of mighty Mount Shasta when seen against the cold, blue sky above. He never speaks to any one. But he loves Limber Tim with all his heart, and never is long away from his side nor out of his sight if he can help it.

Captain Duck was sitting in the chimney-corner by the great log fire, smoking his pipe, when I saw him last. He was looking straight into the fire,—thinking, thinking. And what was he thinking about? Maybe he was thinking about the dead stage driver who had struck him with a whip. It may be so. It may be so.



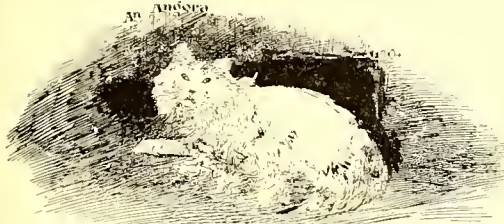
### AN INVITATION.

"OH, come, Mr. Lobster, and bring Mr. Crab,  
We've brought you a beautiful dye.  
It will change both those dull unæsthetic cos-  
tumes  
To a hue that will charm every eye!"

"Very kind, we are sure!" said the Lobster and  
Crab,  
"But we don't care to die,—it's our loss:  
We'd rather be dressed in our every-day clothes  
Than in scarlet, with Mayonnaise sauce!"

## THE LITTLE PERSIAN PRINCESS.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.



“AND you must spin faster, Dorothy, or you ’ll go to bed without your supper,” said Dame Betsy.

“Yes, ma’am,” replied Dorothy. Then she twirled the wheel so fast, that the spokes were a blur.

Dorothy was a pretty little girl. She had a small pink and white face; her hair was closely cropped and looked like a little golden cap, and her eyes were as blue as had been the flowers of the flax which she was spinning. She wore an indigo-blue frock, and she looked very short and slight beside the wheel.

Dorothy spun, Dame Betsy tended a stew-kettle that was hanging from the crane in the fireplace, and the eldest of Dame Betsy’s six daughters sat on the bench beside the cottage door and ate honey-cakes. The other daughters had arrayed themselves in their best tuckers and plumed hats and farthingales, spread their ruffled parasols, and gone to walk.

Dame Betsy had wished the oldest daughter to go with her sisters; but she was rather indolent, so she dressed herself in her best, and sat down on the bench beside the door, with a plate of honey-cakes of which she was very fond. She held up her parasol, to shield her face, and also to display the parasol. It was covered with very bright green satin and had a wreath of pink roses for a border. The sun shone directly into the cottage, and the row of pewter plates on the dresser glittered; one could see them through the doorway. The front yard of Dame Betsy’s cottage was like a little grove with lemon-color and pink hollyhocks; one had to look directly up the path to see the eldest daughter, sitting on the bench, eating honey-cakes. She was a very homely girl. All Dame Betsy’s daughters were so plain and ill-tempered that they had no suitors, although they walked abroad every day.

Dame Betsy placed her whole dependence upon the linen chests, when she planned to marry her daughters. At the right of her cottage stretched a great field of flax, that looked now like a blue sea, and it rippled like a sea when the wind struck it. Dame Betsy and Dorothy made the flax into linen for the daughters’ dowries. They had already two great chests of linen apiece, and they were to have chests filled until there were enough to attract suitors. Every little while, Dame Betsy invited all the neighboring housewives to tea; then she opened the chests and unrolled the shining lengths of linen, perfumed with lavender and rosemary. “My dear daughters will have all this, and more also, when they marry,” she would remark. The housewives would go home and mention it to their sons, for they themselves were tempted by the beautiful linen, but there it would end. The sons would not go to woo Dame Betsy’s homely, ill-natured daughters.

Dorothy spun as fast as she was able; Dame Betsy kept a sharp watch upon her, as she stirred the stew. Dorothy wanted some of the stew for her supper. It had a delicious odor, and she was very faint and hungry. She did not have a great deal to eat at any time, as she lived principally upon the scraps from the table, and the daughters were all large eaters. She also worked very hard, and never had any time to play. She was a poor child whom Dame Betsy had taken from the almshouse, and she had no relatives but an old grandmother. She had very few kind words said to her during the day, and she used often to cry herself to sleep at night.

Presently Dame Betsy went down to the store to buy some pepper to put in the stew, but, as she went out of the door, she spoke to the eldest daughter, and told her to go into the house and mend a rent in her apron. “Since you were too lazy to go to walk with your sisters you must go into the house and mend your apron,” said she. The eldest daughter pouted, but she made no reply. Just as soon as her mother was out of hearing she called Dorothy. “Dorothy, come here a minute!” she cried imperatively. Dorothy left her wheel and went to the door. “Look here,” said the eldest daughter, “I have one honey-cake left, and I have eaten all I want. I will give you this, if you will mend my apron for me.”

Dorothy eyed the honey-cake wistfully, but she replied that she did not dare to leave her spinning to mend the apron.

"Why can't you mend it in the night?" asked the eldest daughter.

"I will do that," replied Dorothy eagerly, and she held out her hand for the honey-cake. Just as she did so she saw the little boy that lived next door peeping through his fence. His beautiful little face, with his red cheeks and black eyes, looked, through the pickets, like a damask-rose. Dorothy ran swiftly over to him with her honey-cake. "You shall have half of it," said she, and she quickly broke the cake in halves, and gave one of them to the little boy. He lived with his old grandmother, and they were very poor; it was hard for them to get the coarsest porridge to eat. The little boy often stood looking through the fence and smiling at Dorothy, and the old grandmother spoke kindly to her whenever she had an opportunity.

The little boy stood on one side of the fence and Dorothy on the other, and they ate the honey-cake. Then Dorothy ran back to the house and fell to spinning again. She spun so fast, to make up for the lost time, that one could not see the wheel-spokes at all, and the room hummed like a hive of bees. But, fast as she spun, Dame Betsy, when she returned, discovered that she had been idling, and said that she must go without her supper. Poor Dorothy could not help weeping as she twirled the wheel, she was so hungry, and the honey-cake had been very small.

Dame Betsy dished up the stew and put the spoons and bowls on the table, and soon the five absent daughters came home, rustling their flounces and flirting their parasols.

They all sat down to the table and began to eat, while Dorothy stood at her wheel and sadly spun.

They had eaten all the stew except a little, just about enough for a cat, when a little shadow fell across the floor.

"Why, who's coming?" whispered Dame Betsy, and directly all the daughters began to smooth their front hair; each thought it might be a suitor.

But everything that they could see entering the door was a beautiful gray cat. She came stepping across the floor with a dainty, velvet tread. She had a tail like a plume, and she trailed it on the floor as she walked; her fur was very soft and long, and caught the light like silver; she had delicate tufted ears, and her shining eyes were like yellow jewels.

"It's nothing but a cat!" cried the daughters in disgust, and Dame Betsy arose to get the broom; she hated cats. That decided the daughters; they also hated cats, but they liked to oppose their mother. So they insisted on keeping the cat.

There was much wrangling, but the daughters were too much for Dame Betsy; the beautiful cat was allowed to remain on the hearth, and the remnant of the stew was set down there for her. But, to every one's amazement, she refused to touch it. She sat purring, with her little silvery paws folded, her plummy tail swept gracefully around her, and quite ignored the stew.

"I will take it up and give it to the pig," said Dame Betsy.

"No, no!" cried the daughters; "leave it, and perhaps she will eat it by and by."

So the stew was left upon the hearth. In the excitement, Dorothy had stopped spinning, and nobody had observed it. Suddenly, Dame Betsy noticed that the wheel was silent.

"Why are you not spinning, miss?" she asked sharply. "Are you stopping work to look at a cat?"

But Dorothy made no reply; she paid no attention whatever: she continued to stare at the cat; she was quite pale, and her blue eyes were very large. And no wonder, for she saw, instead of a cat, a beautiful little princess, with eyes like stars, in a trailing robe of gray velvet covered with silver embroidery, and instead of a purr she heard a softly hummed song. Dame Betsy seized Dorothy by the arm.

"To your work!" she cried.

And Dorothy began to spin, but she was trembling from head to foot, and every now and then she glanced at the princess on the hearth.

The daughters, in their best gowns, sat with their mother around the hearth until nine o'clock; then Dorothy was ordered to leave her wheel, the cottage was locked up, and everybody went to bed.

Dorothy's bed was a little bundle of straw, up in the garret under the eaves. She was very tired when she lay down, but did not dare to sleep, for she remembered her promise to mend the eldest daughter's apron. So she waited until the house was still, then she arose and crept softly downstairs.

The fire on the hearth was still burning, and there sat the princess, and the sweet hum of her singing filled the room. But Dorothy could not understand a word of the song, because it was in the Persian language. She stood in the doorway and trembled; she did not know what to do. It seemed to her that she must be losing her wits to see a princess, where every one else saw a cat. Still she could not doubt the evidence of her own eyes. Finally, she advanced a little way and curtsied very low. The princess stopped singing at once. She arose in a stately fashion, and fastened her bright eyes upon Dorothy.

"So you know me?" said she.

Dorothy curtsied again.

"Are you positive that I am not a cat?"

Dorothy curtsied.

"Well, I am *not* a cat," said the princess. "I am a true princess from Persia, traveling incognito. You are the first person who has pierced my disguise. You must have very extraordinary eyes. Are n't you hungry?"

Dorothy curtsied.

"Come here and eat the stew," ordered the princess, in a commanding tone. "Meantime I will cook my own supper."

With that the princess gave a graceful leap across the floor; her gray velvet robe fluttered like a gray wing. Dorothy saw a little mouse scud before her, then in an instant the princess had him! But the moment the princess lifted the mouse, he became a gray pigeon, all dressed for cooking.

The princess sat down on the hearth and put the pigeon on the coals to broil.

"You had better eat your stew," said she; "I won't offer you any of this pigeon, because you could not help suspecting it was mouse."

So Dorothy timidly took up the stew, and began to eat it; she was in reality nearly starved.

"Now," said the Persian princess, when she had finished, "you had better do that mending, while I finish cooking and eat my own supper."

Dorothy obeyed. By the time the apron was neatly mended, the princess had finished cooking and eaten the pigeon. "Now, I wish to talk a little to you," said she. "I feel as if you deserved my confidence since you have penetrated my disguise. I am a Persian princess, as I said before, and I am traveling incognito to see the world and improve my mind, and also to rescue my brother, who is a Maltese prince and enchanted. My brother, when very young, went on his travels, was shipwrecked on the coast of Malta, and became a prince of that island. But he had enemies, and was enchanted. He is now a Maltese cat. I disguise myself as a cat in order to find him more readily. Now, for what do you most wish?"

Dorothy curtsied; she was really too impressed to speak.

"Answer," said the princess imperiously.

"I—want," stammered Dorothy, "to—take my grandmother out of—the almshouse, and have her sit at the window in the sun in a cushioned chair and knit a silk stocking all day."

"Anything else?"

"I should like to—have her wear a bombazine gown and a—white lace cap with—lilac ribbons."

"You are a good girl," said the princess, "Now, listen. I see that you are not very pleasantly situated here, and I will teach you a way to escape. Take your hood off that peg over there, and come out with me. I want to find my port-

manteau that I left under the hedge, a little way down the road."

Dorothy put on her hood and followed the princess down the road. The little girl could scarcely keep up with her; she seemed to fairly fly through the moonlight, trailing her gray robe after her.

"Here is my portmanteau," said the princess, when they had reached the hedge. The hedge was all white hawthorn and very sweet. The portmanteau had lain well under it. All Dorothy could see was a tiny leather wallet, that a cat could carry in her mouth. But the princess blew upon it three times, and suddenly a great leather trunk stood on the grass. The princess opened it, and Dorothy gave a little cry; her eyes were so dazzled. It was like a blaze of gold and silver and jewels. "Look at this," said the princess. And she took out of the trunk the splendid robe that was laid uppermost.

Dorothy looked; she could not say anything. The robe was woven of silk, with gold and silver threads, and embroidered with jewels.

"If you will give this to Dame Betsy for her eldest daughter's bridal dress, she will let you go," said the princess. She took a pair of silver shears out of the trunk and cut off a bit of the robe under a flounce. "Show that to Dame Betsy," said the princess, "and tell her you will give her the dress made of the same material, and she will let you go. Now you had better run home. I shall stay here and sleep under the hedge. I do not like Dame Betsy's house. Come here in the morning, when you have told her about the dress."

The princess sat down on the trunk, and it immediately shrunk into the little wallet; then she curled herself up on the grass under the flowery hedge. Dorothy ran home and crept noiselessly up to her bed in the garret.

In the morning, when the daughters came down to breakfast, they missed the cat. "Where is the cat?" they inquired indignantly of their mother. They suspected her of driving the cat away with the broom. They had quite a wrangle over it. Finally, the daughters all put on finery and went out shopping for some needles and pins; then Dorothy showed Dame Betsy the scrap of the splendid robe, and said to her what the princess had directed she should say.

Dame Betsy was very much surprised and disturbed. She did not wish to lose Dorothy, who was a great help to her; still, she had no doubt that a suitor would soon appear for her eldest daughter, if arrayed in so beautiful a bridal gown as that. She reflected how she might have a tea-party and invite all the neighbors, and display the robe, and how all the sons would come flocking to the door. Finally she consented, and

Dorothy, as soon as her mistress's back was turned, ran out and away to the hedge, under which she knew the Persian princess to be concealed.

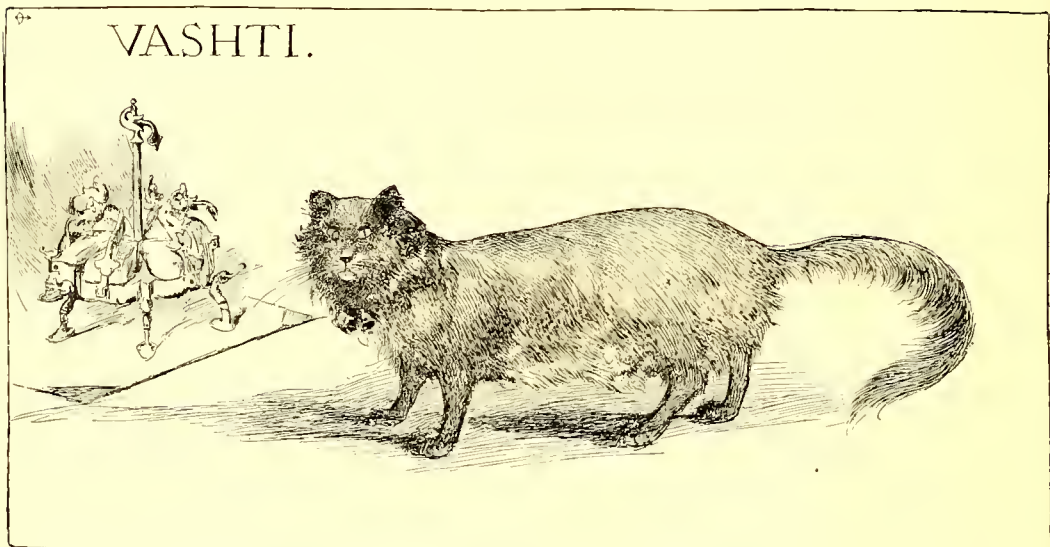
The princess looked up and rubbed her eyes. She had slept late, although the birds were singing loudly all around her. Dorothy curtsied and said that she had come for the robe. "Very well," replied the princess, "I will give it to you; then you must carry it and hang it over Dame Betsy's gate, and run back to me as fast as you are able."

Then the princess blew on the wallet until it became a trunk, and she took out the splendid robe and gave it to Dorothy, who carried it and hung it over Dame Betsy's gate just as she had been bidden. But as she was about to run away, she saw the little boy who lived next door, peeping through his fence, so she stopped to bid him good-

and cushions and aprons out of the beautiful dresses in her trunk. She had a great store of them, but they were all made in the Persian fashion and were of no use in this country.

When Dorothy had made the pretty articles out of the rich dresses, she went out and sold them to wealthy ladies for high prices. She soon earned quite a sum of money, which she placed at interest in the bank, and she was then able to take her grandmother out of the almshouse. She bought a beautiful chair with a canary-colored velvet cushion, and she placed it at the window in the sun. She bought a bombazine dress and a white cap with lilac ribbons, and she had the silk stocking with the needles all ready.

But the day before the old grandmother came the princess bade Dorothy good-bye. "I am



bye. He felt so sad that he wept, and Dorothy herself had tears in her eyes when she ran to join the princess.

Dorothy and the princess then set off on their travels; but nobody except Dorothy herself knew that there was a princess. Every one who met them saw simply a little girl and a beautiful gray cat. Finally they stopped at a pretty little village. "Here," said the princess, "we will rent a cottage."

They looked about until they found a charming cottage with a grapevine over the door, and roses and marigolds in the yard; then Dorothy, at the princess's direction, went to the landlord and bargained for it.

Then they went to live in the cottage, and the princess taught Dorothy how to make lovely tidies

going out again on my travels," said she; "I wish to see more of the country, and I must continue my search for my brother, the Maltese prince.

So the princess kissed Dorothy, who wept; then she set forth on her travels. Dorothy gazed sorrowfully after her as she went. She saw a dainty little princess, trailing her gray velvets; but everybody else saw only a lovely gray cat hurrying down the road.

Dorothy's grandmother came to live with her. She sat in her cushioned chair, in the sunny window, and knitted her silk stocking, and was a very happy old woman. Dorothy continued to make beautiful things out of the princess's dresses. It seemed as if there would never be any end to them. She had cut up many dresses, but there were apparently as many now as when she began. She

saw no more of the princess, although she thought of her daily, until she was quite grown up and was a beautiful maiden with many suitors. Then, one day, she went to the city to deliver a beautiful cushion that she had made for some wealthy ladies, and there, in the drawing-room, she saw the Persian princess.

Dorothy was left in the room until the ladies came down, and as she sat there holding her cushion, she heard a little velvet rustle and a softly hummed song in the Persian language. She looked, and there was the princess stepping across the floor, trailing her gray velvets.

"So you have come, dear Dorothy," said the princess.

Dorothy arose and curtsied, but the princess came close and kissed her. "What have you there?" she inquired.

Dorothy displayed the cushion; the princess laughed.

"It is quite a joke, is it not?" said she. "That cushion is for me to sleep on, and it is made out of one of my own dresses. The ladies have bought it for me. I have heard them talking about it. How do you fare, Dorothy, and how is your grandmother?"

Then Dorothy told the princess how the grandmother sat in the cushioned chair in the sunny window and knitted the silk stocking, and how she herself was to be married the next week to the little boy who had lived next door, but was now grown up and come a-wooing.

"Where is his grandmother?" asked the princess.

Dorothy replied that she was to live with them, and that there was already another cushioned chair in a sunny window, another bombazine dress and lace cap, and a silk stocking, in readiness, and that both grandmothers were to sit and knit in peace during the rest of their lives.

"Ah, well," said the princess, with a sigh, "if I were only back in Persia I would buy you a wedding present, but I do not know when that will be,—the ladies are so kind."

Dorothy ventured to inquire if the princess had found her brother, the Maltese prince.

"Dear me, yes," replied the princess. "Why, he lives in this very house. He is out in the back parlor, asleep on the sofa, this minute. Brother, dear brother, come here a second, I pray!"

With that a Maltese prince, with a long, aristocratic face, and beautiful, serious eyes, entered with a slow and stately tread. He was dressed in gray velvet, like his sister, and he wore white velvet mittens. Dorothy curtsied very low.

"Yes, I found my brother here, some time ago," said the princess; "but I have very little hope of

freeing him from his enchantment. You see, there is only one thing that can break the spell: one of his mistresses must drive him out of the house with the broom, and I do not believe that either of them ever will,—they are so exceedingly gracious and kind. I have tried to induce my brother to commit some little sin,—to steal some cream, or some meat, or to fly around the room as if he were in a fit (I myself have shown him how to do that), but he will not consent. He has too much dignity, and he is too fond of these ladies. And, if he should, I doubt if he would be driven out with the broom,—they are so kind."

The princess sighed. The prince stood looking in a grave and stately manner at Dorothy, but he did not speak. "However," the princess continued, cheerfully, "we do very well here, and in some respects this is a more enlightened country than either Persia or Malta, and it is a privilege to live here. The ladies are very kind to us, and we are very fond of them; then, too, we see very fine company. And there are also Persian hangings and rugs which make it seem homelike. We are very well contented. I don't know, on the whole, that we are in any hurry to go away. But should either of the ladies ever take it into her head to drive my brother out of the house with the broom, we shall at once leave the country for Persia and Malta; for, after all, one's native land is dear."

The princess stopped talking, and began to hum her Persian song, and then the ladies entered the room. They greeted Dorothy kindly; then they began to call, "Vashti, Vashti, come here, pretty Vashti," and, "Muff, Muff, come here, pretty Muff." For they did not see the Persian princess and the Maltese prince, but two beautiful cats, whose names were Vashti and Muff.

"Just hear Vashti purr," said one of the ladies. "Come here, pretty Vashti, and try your new cushion."

And the ladies saw a cat sitting on the rich cushion, and another cat looking at her gravely, while Dorothy saw a Persian princess, and a Maltese prince.

However, the ladies knew that there was something uncommon about their cats, and they sometimes suspected the truth, themselves, but they thought it must be a fancy.

Dorothy left her cushion, and went away, and that was the last time she ever saw the Persian princess. As she went out the door, the princess pressed close to her. The ladies thought she mewed, but in reality she was talking.

"Good-bye, Dorothy," said she, "I hope you will live happily ever after. And as for my brother and I, we really enjoy ourselves; we are seeing the

country and improving our minds, and we love the ladies. If one of them should drive him out with the broom, he will become a prince again, and we shall leave; but I do not know that it is desirable. A cat has a more peaceful life than a prince. Good-bye, dear Dorothy."

The princess was going closer to embrace Dorothy, but the ladies became alarmed; they thought

that their beautiful cat was going to steal out of the house. So they called, and a maid with a white cap ran and caught the Persian princess, and carried her back to the drawing-room. The ladies thought she mewed, as she was being carried in, but in reality she was calling back merrily, "Good-bye, and live happily ever after, dear Dorothy!"

## A MUTINY ON A GOLD-SHIP.

(A True Story.)

BY FRANCES STOUGHTON BAILEY.

It was our last Friday night at Castle Bluff boarding-school. Most of the girls were gone, and the few who lived in or around New York, and were obliged to remain until Saturday morning, were counting the hours of captivity.

It was a dismal night. The rain beat a ceaseless tattoo upon the piazza roof, while the honeysuckle scraped an accompaniment upon the panes; the wind piped shrilly, and every now and then, as it shifted, we could hear the roar of the breakers at Forlorn Hope. We were huddled together, seven girls, in the study-parlor, grumbling because the evening train for New York was an express, and so did not stop at Castle Bluff.

"I would have cut the closing exercises and taken the two o'clock train if the 'General' would have let me," said Sarah Priest, frowning.

"The General" was our name for our principal, Mrs. M., whose imposing carriage suggested the title which Dickens bestows on one of his characters.

"Our sacerdotal friend seems pensive to-night," I remarked, mischievously. "What entertainment would your Reverence be pleased to countenance?" I added, turning to Sarah. The poor girl had to answer to a great many punning variations of her name. Indeed, we all bore school-names. Mine was "Gaul," given me by the class in "Caesar's Commentaries," as an improvement on "France," otherwise Frances. Minnie Walsh, the most diminutive girl in school, was "Cardiff Giant," abbreviated to "Cardie"; Jennie Shepherd was known as "Shepherdess" or "Bopeep"; Bertha Hein, who was always "willin'," was "Barkis"; "Lib" Chamberlain, a high-spirited, independent girl, was called "Liberty."

I had been reading aloud from "Our Mutual Friend," but finding my audience too restless to listen, I closed the book and walked to the window.

"No use to watch for the steamer to-night, girls,"

I said; "you could n't sight the 'Great Eastern' a boat's-length away."

"Oh, how nautical!" remarked Jennie. "Have you been taking lessons of Mrs. Jones?"

"Well, I'm not so sure that it would n't be a good idea to have a lesson from Mrs. Jones," I said. "What do you say to one of her 'sailors' yarns,' as she calls them?"

"Just the thing!" exclaimed Alice.

"Let's get her to tell us a real live blood-and-thunder-your-money-or-your-life pirate story."

"Run along and prepare her, Gaul," said Lib, Alice's chum. "We will follow in a procession."

"Come, girls," cried Alice, "form a line. Choose partners! 'But as for me,'" seizing her chum, "'give me Liberty, or give me death!'"

We found the matron sitting before a little wood fire, working a cushion for a fair.

It was almost equal to a voyage around the world to go into Mrs. Jones's room. On the mantel and shelves were foreign shells and different kinds of corals, from the massive brain-coral of the West Indies to the delicate pink specimens from the Micronesian Islands, also stuffed birds, bits of ore from Australia, and Spanish souvenirs. Over a photograph of Windsor Castle, the Stars and Stripes mingled their folds with those of the Union Jack. Above the flags hung a colored lithograph of H. M. S. "Three Jolly Tars," which, although represented as scudding before a "large" wind, on a heavy sea, had all her canvas set.

Mrs. Jones was fond of young people, and glad to relax the strict rules of school discipline.

"Is that you, Miss Bailey?" said she. "Come in, and Miss Priest, too. How many girls are there of you?" she asked, catching sight of the line in the hall.

"'We are seven,'" said Alice, as we distributed ourselves about the room.



"I wish there were twice as many!" said the matron, with one of her genial laughs. "I suppose you are all glad to be off duty, and done with that examining board for the term."

"In what country were you born, Mrs. Jones?" I asked, partly to set the ball rolling and partly to settle a disputed point.

"In no country," answered the lady. "I'm the woman 'without a country.'" After enjoying our perplexity for a while she added, "I was born on the high seas."

"But of what nationality are you?" I persisted.

"I can hardly tell you, my dear," rejoined Mrs. Jones. "Perhaps African, as much as any, for I was born at sea off the Cape of Good Hope. My father was an English sea-captain, and he married my mother, who was a Spanish lady, in Madrid.

"I lived on board ship — the Three Jolly Tars — until I was fourteen, so you see that picture is a view of my birthplace and early home. My father was captain of that vessel for twenty-eight years.

"When I was sixteen I was married in England, and went to housekeeping in Australia. I married a sea-captain and made many voyages with him, so that much of my life has been passed on ship-board. It would really seem more home-like to me than living on land, if my husband and children were alive and could be with me."

"But is n't it dreadfully monotonous — the same thing, day after day?" inquired Jennie.

"Dear, no!" said the matron. "If you are not a mere passenger, impatient to be at your journey's end, you can have as much home-life on shipboard as anywhere. As to monotony, the sea is the most variable thing in the world, hardly alike two days in succession."

"Did n't you ever meet any nice pirates or have any mutinies on board, or anything of that sort, you know?" Alice asked persuasively.

Mrs. Jones laughed. "Not exactly," she said; "but we had a bit of a scare on one voyage. Perhaps you would like to hear about that?"

We gathered around, and she began:

"My husband was captain of the 'Bonanza,' a ship running between Melbourne and Liverpool, some twenty-five years ago. I shall never forget the first voyage I made with him. Vessels did not go so fast then as they do now, and I remember that we were just five months and three days from Phillips's Dock, Liverpool.

"Our freight was gold-dust for the return trip, and the worst of it was that we could get a crew only of convicts. Our own sailors caught the gold-fever, which was running very high then, and while the ship was lying at Melbourne ran away to the gold-fields to prospect for themselves. These convicts were old sailors who had been transported

for crime, but who had served out their terms and wished to return to England by working their passage. David — that was my husband's name — said we could do no better than to take them; and he had n't the slightest fear that they would make any trouble: they were too anxious to get back to England.

"All seemed to go well for a while, but after we had been out to sea for some time, it seemed to my husband as if the Bonanza was a little off her bearings; so the first bright day he took an observation. He was shut up for about an hour making the calculations. When he came out I saw by his face that something was wrong. He went aft and spent some time with the helmsman. He had found that the Bonanza *was* off her bearings, sure enough. The man at the wheel told him that she would n't mind her helm — that she was water-logged. This got about among the passengers, and they began to be nervous; so my husband announced that he would make an examination, and invited two of the passengers to accompany him into the hold. They went down into the lower hold, where the ballast is stowed, and found the ship was all right. The captain sent the boatswain aloft to give out through the trumpet that the report was false.

"After this I could see that David was uneasy, although I did not then understand why.

"I awoke one night just before seven bells struck. When I heard the bells, I knew that it was only half-past three, and was trying to get to sleep again, when my ears, which are exceptionally quick, caught a peculiar scraping sound under the berth. There would not seem to be anything alarming about this, for most ships are full of rats, but the fact was, that the gold tank was built into the ship just under the captain's berth, the only entrance being by a trap-door. If this scraping came from the tank, it could not be rats, for no rat who had any respect for his teeth would be likely to experiment on the zinc lining. A few nights afterward I heard the noise again, and felt sure it was some sharp instrument working on a metallic surface. I awakened David, but he could not hear anything, and said that it must be my imagination.

"Soon after this, I noticed that a curious change had come over Arnie, our cabin-boy. His whole name was Arnold McIntyre. He was really very young for the place, but I had been pleased with his appearance and induced my husband to take him. This was the boy's first trip. His father had been a prosperous squatter in Australia, a Scotchman by birth, and a fine man.

"One night the father was awakened by the barking of the dogs, and on going to the door found a gang of bushrangers surrounding the house.

They evidently knew that he had been selling cattle that day and had brought home a large sum of money. It is not likely that they intended to harm him, for it was only the money that they were

we spoke suddenly to him; but during breakfast I often noticed that he was gazing at us with an indescribable expression. I have seen something like it in the face of a dumb animal when it is trying in vain to make itself understood by a human being.

"I was sitting on deck with my work, one pleasant morning soon after, when, happening to need a book which was below, I sent Arnie down to get it. When he handed it to me there was a folded slip of paper between the leaves; a single word was scrawled upon it—the word '*Mutiny.*'"

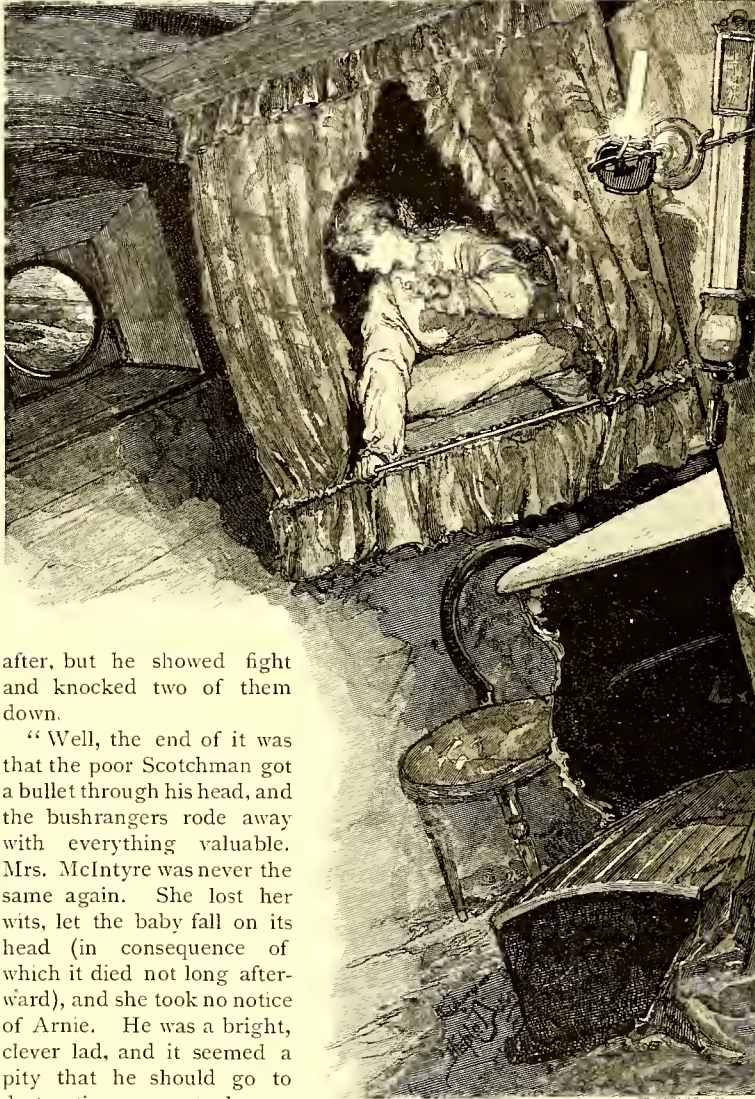
"That day, when we had finished our dinner, the captain rose in his place and made a short speech. He said something like this:

"'Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to have a few straight words with you. I do not wish to cause alarm, and hope there is no occasion for any, but I think it best that there should be a fair understanding between us, as to how matters stand. I have reason to believe that all is not right on board,—that there is mischief brewing among the crew. If I can have the support of the passengers, I feel sure that I can manage the men. There must be no panic among you. It is absolutely necessary that all be calm, watchful, and self-controlled.

I believe that you will

be. I think I can trust you and shall expect you to sustain me. We will look this danger in the face, and we shall see whether a dozen true Englishmen can be cowed by a gang of convicts!'

"The speech had the effect my husband desired. The passengers felt that he trusted to their honor and courage, and the gentlemen all promised to be ready to stand by him in any emergency. The



"MY EARS CAUGHT A PECULIAR SCRAPING SOUND."

after, but he showed fight and knocked two of them down.

"Well, the end of it was that the poor Scotchman got a bullet through his head, and the bushrangers rode away with everything valuable. Mrs. McIntyre was never the same again. She lost her wits, let the baby fall on its head (in consequence of which it died not long afterward), and she took no notice of Arnie. He was a bright, clever lad, and it seemed a pity that he should go to destruction, so we took care of him. He was very fond of us, and I took great pleasure in teaching him, for he was very grateful and a quick scholar.

"All at once, as I said, a great change seemed to have come over him. He came into the cabin one morning as white as a piece of canvas, and I noticed that his arm shook so that he had to carry the captain's coffee-cup with both hands. He declared he was well, and seemed to be startled when

captain had all hands piped on deck, and we followed. The crew were a hard-looking set of fellows, most of them, with rough, unshaven, scarred faces, and they glowered at the captain, from under their heavy eyebrows, like wild beasts.

"My husband was not much of an orator, but when a man's blood is up he can talk, if he ever

world has not been the better for your living in it, but I have treated you as if you had been the most honorable men in England. You have had a chance to show that there was something of true manhood left in you, yet. Now, how have you returned this? I will tell you! *You mean mischief!* I understand this as well as you do. Your



"IF ANY MAN CROSSES THE SECOND LINE, I 'LL SHOOT HIM DEAD."

can; and I assure you he laid down the law to those men in words they could understand.

"'There is not a man of you,' he said, 'who dares look me in the eye and say that he has received anything but fair play from me, or from the subordinate officers, since he shipped on the Bonanza. Your past lives have not been such as would lead a man to put confidence in you. The

plot is known to me, and the time has come for you to give an account of it. You will find that I am not a man to be trifled with. I am master of this ship, and I intend to remain so. The Bonanza is freighted with gold-dust, and I shall defend her with my life! I command you all, as true British sailors, to bring forward your arms and lay them on the capstan!'

"You may not know that it is against the shipping articles for sailors to carry arms; one of the first questions asked when a man ships before the mast is, 'Have you any weapons?'"

"There was silence among the men when the captain ceased. We could hear the soft flapping of the sails overhead, and the occasional scraping of a heel, as some one eased his muscles by shifting his weight from one foot to the other. I was standing by the main-shrouds and remember counting the ratlins over and over, to help keep my self-control. It seemed a brief lifetime to me, but I suppose it was hardly thirty seconds before four men came forward and laid down horse-pistols. Not another man stirred. I saw my husband's face redden and his eyes flash angrily.

"'Is no one else true?' he shouted.

"I began to tremble lest he should lose his self-control.

"He called for some chalk. Chalk is always kept on board for whitening spots when a ship comes into port. He stooped down and began to draw two lines across the deck in front of him. Suddenly there was a sharp click. My husband had drawn a pistol and cocked it! An instant after he rose to his feet and cried in a voice like thunder, 'You may walk up to that first line and lay down your arms, but if any man crosses the second line, I'll shoot him dead!'"

"I closed my eyes,—but when I looked again I could hardly see the top of the capstan for the bowie-knives and pistols that covered it!

"The captain called the sailmaker and whispered a word in his ear. He went below and came up with the irons. The passengers lent a hand, and in a few minutes we had the ringleaders provided for.

"Then the captain thought of Arnie. He said, 'I understand you have got Arnie in tow. Bring him up.' He was brought up, pale as death.

"'Now,' says the captain, 'you've got to tell all you know about this business.'

"The child's lips quivered. 'If I do, they will kill me,' he said.

"'You shan't be touched,' said the captain.

Still Arnold was afraid to speak. He was trembling in every limb. He was such a little fellow, his head did not reach up to my shoulder. It was the hardest work to make him tell what he knew! David had to promise that he should stay in the cabin all the way, and at last he told the whole story, and we found everything to be just as he said. He had heard it all while lying in his bunk; and the men bound him by a dreadful oath to secrecy, and swore they would murder him and throw his body overboard if he should betray them. He believed they would, but he felt that he must warn us. He tried to let the captain know in some way without breaking his oath, but could not make him understand, and had given me the scrap of paper as a last resort.

"The convicts had a large supply of weapons and had bribed the steersman to turn the ship from her course little by little, intending to mutiny and take possession of her. They wished to take her to some strange port and then scuttle her, going ashore in the boats, and leaving us to our fate.

"Arnold told which men had weapons in their lockers, and where the keys were, and the captain sent and seized the arms. He told us, also, that the ship's cutlasses, which had seemed in good condition at the last inspection, had been deprived of their blades, so that, as we found, only the sheaths and handles remained, and we could not have used them for our defense.

"The boy also told us that two or three attempts had been made to cut through the gold tank, and, on examining, we discovered several places at the side where some sharp instrument had been used. This explained the filing sound I had heard twice.

"Arnie had saved our lives, and you may be sure we did not forget it.

"We reached England in safety, and, before landing, the passengers made up a handsome purse for the boy. He was sent to a good school and well educated, and to-day Arnold McIntyre is an officer in the Royal Navy, and one of the finest men in Her Majesty's service."

---

## THE ROAD-RUNNER.

BY C. C. HASKINS.

---

THE road-runner is a native of the western part of America, and has been seen in nearly every favorable locality on that coast, from northern California to Central America. He has as many

names as an old convict, but is a very clever, companionable, and useful bird. The Spaniards named him *paisano*; he is sometimes called *chapparal-cock*, and sometimes *ground-cuckoo*, while

the naturalists have given him some very long names, such as *Geococcyx mexicanus*; but either of the simpler names, road-runner or ground-cuckoo, will answer our purpose very well.

He is a cuckoo, but his appearance is quite different from any other known to us in North America. His entire length is from twenty to thirty inches, and the female is much smaller than the male. Half of his length is due to the long tail, as you see in his portrait. He is a pretty and active bird, with many colors in his coat. The upper parts (darkest in the picture) are olive-green, each feather being edged with white near the outer end. The feathers at the side, and on part of the neck, are white trimmed with black, and the top of the head is blackish blue. The lower portions of the body are white, and the legs green. The four toes on each foot are so placed that two of them point backward and two forward; and therefore, from the track, it is sometimes difficult to tell which way the bird was walking. The bare spot around his eye has three colors, red, yellow, and blue, each separate, and the eye itself is very bright and beautiful. The crest that grows on the head can be erected or depressed, at will. The redbird, the waxwing cedar-bird, and some others have the same power. That long switch-tail he can spread, much like a feather-fan, and he waves it up and down very gracefully. Sometimes, when excited, he jerks and jumps about as a cat-bird will when one comes too near the blackberry-bushes.

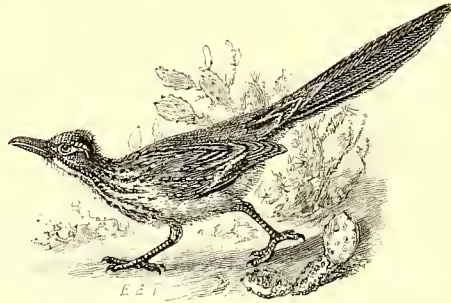
The road-runner lives in the chaparral, among the cactus-plants. There he is secure from the hawks and other large birds of prey, and, as he is nearly always on the ground, he can easily escape from his enemies by jumping into his castle of thorns. He is not a very good house-carpenter, for his nest is merely a few dry sticks loosely thrown together. His two to four little ones are hatched from nearly round, white eggs, a little larger than those of pigeons. He has no song, but cooes like a dove, and when excited pipes out a shrill, sharp tone.

But, though neither a house-carpenter nor a musician, he is an excellent hunter, and, like most hunters, is a very large eater. His food consists of bugs, snails, beetles, lizards, snakes, and, I am sorry to say, he occasionally makes a dinner of small birds. A fat mouse is a dainty bit for him, and must be very fleet of foot to escape. He is as quick as a cat, and will jump eight or ten feet into the air and catch a bug on the wing, closing his bill on the unfortunate with a loud, quick snap.

As he seldom rambles far from home, he collects such little necessary articles as are needed for his style of housekeeping, and takes care that they

shall be near. One of these is a butcher's-block, where he dresses his meat for dinner. If the bug he has caught happens to have a shell, he takes it to his "block," which is a large stone or piece of bone, and there it is hammered with his bill until the shell is broken. The same treatment is adopted for large snails; then dinner is ready. The early emigrants to California, observing these "kitchens" of the chaparral-cock, were greatly puzzled to account for their battered appearance and the quantities of broken shells and beetle-scales lying about, until somebody saw the bird at work.

The tarantula, a large poisonous spider that lives in the same regions as the road-runner, is said by the inhabitants to be a favorite food. Whether that be true or not, the bird kills every one he finds asleep, by a very ingenious method. Taking some thorny cactus-leaves in his bill, he builds with them a wall around his prey so high that the spider can not jump over. Then, taking a piece of cactus in his bill, the road-runner hovers over the spider and drops the thorny leaf



CHAPARRAL-COCK, OR ROAD-RUNNER.

upon him. Mr. Spider awakes as much astonished as a small boy can be when he falls out of bed, and bounds round his little circus-ring until he kills himself on the thorns. Then, I suppose, the bird eats him, but of this we are not certain.

The paisano catches lizards and snakes in the same cunning way; and I don't know but a spider would do as well for dinner as a lizard. The poison of the spider is harmless when taken into the bird's stomach, but would probably cause death if introduced directly into his blood. Similarly, the poisoned arrows with which the South Americans kill the manatee, or sea-cow, in the Amazon, do not make the meat of the animal unfit for food. We can not well understand how the bird finds out the difference, but I think he must know that it is safer not to risk himself in a fight with a poisonous enemy, and that tarantulas for dinner are less harmful when dead than when alive.

The road-runner takes that name from his disposition to escape capture by running rather than

by flying. It is difficult for a dog to overtake one. Lieutenant Couch of the United States Army, while in Texas, saw a wolf, which had just failed in the attempt to catch a hare, fail a second time in trying to catch a road-runner. "Apparently much disappointed," the Lieutenant says, "he looked at me for a moment with an expression that seemed to say, 'I have half a mind to try *you*.'" Then he turned sulkily away, entirely to the officer's satisfaction.

Colonel Geo. A. McCall, who has been a close observer of the bird's habits, once had a long chase after a plucky road-runner. The bird was one hundred yards in advance at the start, and Colonel McCall followed him on horseback for nearly a quarter of a mile, at the end of which time he had gained only fifty yards upon the little runner. The bird then ran into the chaparral, and so saved himself just in time, for he was very tired, and could not have held out much longer.

The road-runner is easily tamed, and becomes very familiar and mischievous, stealing and hiding articles of clothing, spoons, etc., as persistently as do tame jackdaws, crows, or ravens, and he is always delighted if he can tear in two a letter or newspaper, or tip over an inkstand, a lamp, or a flower-vase.

A gentleman in California owned one that was not confined, but was allowed to run at large like a chicken. When small live birds were given to him, he treated them as a kitten does a mouse, tossing them into the air, throwing and chasing them, playing with them until tired, and then swallowing them whole. Raw meat was not refused, but he preferred lizards, and once ate, at a single meal, three sparrows, one lizard, and part of the breast of a coot, without apparent inconvenience.

This, I think, must have been a Christmas or Thanksgiving dinner!



THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER.

## THE SHAG BACK PANTHER.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

LOOKING eastward from Lake Champlain, where it is bordered by the township of Lakefield, the first eminence that catches the glance that does not overshoot to the nobler heights of the Green Mountains, far beyond, is Shag Back. All Lakefield people, who have proper town pride, speak of it as Shag Back Mountain, or, quite as often, as "the Mountain," with the same respect that Camel's Hump and Mansfield are spoken of by those who dwell in their mighty shadows. But when the mountain folk have occasion to speak of it, as they sometimes do when in its neighborhood, it is only as "that hill" or "that cobble," and, in fact, if set on a side of one of their grand familiars it would be hardly a noticeable ridge.

Forty years ago or more, Shag Back was so famous for its crops of blueberries and huckleberries, that people came to it from miles away to gather them; but from some unknown cause, these crops have failed continuously for many years.

In the fruitful years, when a nimble-fingered picker might fill a milk-pail in an hour, a French Canadian lived in a little house standing so near the foot of Shag Back, that the sunrise came late to it over the mountain's rugged crest of pines and gnarled oaks.

Théophile Dudelant was the name that parents and family had given him, but his Yankee neighbors called him Duffy Doodlelaw. He liked neither; for the old name was too suggestive of his cast-off nationality when properly pronounced, and the attempts of New England tongues thereat sounded so oddly that people were apt to laugh when they first heard it. So he cast about for a better-sounding name, and as no one could translate for him the one he bore, he hit upon one which, to his ears, most resembled it, and presently announced that his name in English was David Douglas, by which hereafter he would be known.

Some of his transplanted Canadian friends, who, casting off with their moccasins the names of ancestors that had toiled and fought with Champlain and Frontenac, had become Littles, Shorts, Stones, Rocks, Grigwires, Greenoughs, Loverns, and what not, accepted it as genuine, and were particular to address him and speak of him as David Douglas; but to his great disgust the Yankees continued to call him Duffy Doodlelaw. Then

he felt that he had made a mistake and rechristened himself David Dudley; but this cognomen would stick no better than the other.

He was thinking of this troublesome question of names, quite as much as of the onions he was weeding, one August forenoon, when the sun's rays fell hot upon him.

"Douglas; Dudley; ah do' know if *one* of it was de bes', or one of it was de bes'," he soliloquized, as, squatted in the path between the beds, he tugged at a stubborn bunch of mallows. He carried on all conversations with himself in English, perhaps to perfect himself in the language, but more likely to show his mastery of it. And he had no one else to talk with, for the two youngest children, who had been left at home while their mother and the rest went huckleberrying, had not yet arrived at intelligible speech. Now and then, when irresistibly attracted by the onions they attempted to pull one, their father would bellow hoarsely at them in French, or roar the name of the delinquent in English, but he had nothing further to say to them. He continued his self-converse undisturbed, whether they played and laughed, or fought and squalled.

"Douglas; prob'ly dat was Dudelant. Dudley; prob'ly *dat* was Dudelant. Which of it was saoun' de bes'? Ah, do' know, me. Good mawny, Mista Douglas!" addressing himself in his blandest voice. "Dat was saoun' pooty gooode, bah jinjo," he commented, and Mr. Douglas began to frame a polite response to himself. "Pooty well, t'ank you, Mista—" when he caught sight of a youngster just snatching an onion-stalk. "Pren' garrde!" he roared, and the little thief scrambled away on all fours with the purloined morsel between his teeth.

Then Théophile resumed, while he tugged at the refractory weed, "Pooty well, t'ank you, Mista Dud—," but the mallow suddenly broke or loosened its hold, and he sat down unexpectedly while the mallow's roots, flying aloft with his hands, rained a shower of dry earth upon his upturned face.

"Sss-a-cré ton sac'!" he hissed and groaned, as he got upon his feet and, wiping the dust from his eyes with the backs of both hands, turned to view the havoc he had made. "Bah jinjo! Ah'll spilte

more as half-pecks onion!" he said sorrowfully. "Wal, sah, ah guess ah was be Mista Dudley. Mista Douglas he ain't sim for be very good lucky, — he si' daown on too much onion!"

Accepting this omen as determining his name henceforth, he was familiarizing himself with it by frequent repetitions, when he heard approaching footsteps, and voices hushing to low tones and whispers as they drew nearer.

Looking a little beyond the rough paling of his garden, he saw a pretty, fair-haired girl of sixteen years, and two small boys two and four years younger, in whose complexions and features, though sunburned and more coarsely molded, brotherhood with her was plainly discernible. The three looked so good-humored and happy that it seemed hardly possible for one to meet them in any other mood, but each carried a pail or basket with the evident purpose of berry-picking, and Théophile's heart was at once embittered against them, and he bent over his onions pretending to be unaware of visitors. But when the girl came up to the fence, timidly laying her hands upon it, starting shyly when the tin pail rang against the palings, and accosted him with a pleasant "Good-morning, sir," he could no longer ignore their presence, but arose and faced the honest blue eyes with profuse simulated courtesy.

"Gooode mawny, mees. Pooty gooode day dis mawny, don't it? Pooty hot, dough, an' ah guess he 'll rain some t'under, by 'n' by, ah guess," and he scanned the brassy sky in which there was not a promise that rain would ever fall again. "Yas, sah, he 'll rain 'fore soon, ah b'lieve so, me."

The girl cast a questioning look toward the lake whence summer showers oftenest came.

"Oh, dear! Do you think it will rain? My! I don't want to get wet, but I 'most wish it would rain, for Father says everything needs it, and my posy garden is all dryin' up. My Chiny asters is all wiltin'."

"Ah, ma poo' leetly gal!" cried Théophile, raising his outspread palms toward her, and then dropping them by his thighs. "You 'll ain't want for git ketch in t'under, up on de mountain. De litlin was stroke more as half de tree, ev'ry tam it t'under, an' de t'under stroke more as half de tree ev'ry tam it litlin. Oh, bah jinjo! But probly you 'll ain't goin' dar?"

"Oh, yes!" she said, "we 've come huckle-berryin', and we wanted to ask you where the best place is; we don't know anything about the mountain."

"Goin' on de mount'in! 'Lone?" said Théophile, raising his voice in a horrified tone, with an exclamation point and an interrogation point bristling at the end of every word. "One leetly gal

an' two leetly boy? Oh, bah jinjo! you can' go! Ah can' let you went! You be all eat awp 'fore two hour! You be all tored to piecens!" and his upraised hands fell to clawing the air with hooked fingers.

The smile faded out of the girl's face as she lifted her startled eyes to Théophile's, and her parted lips framed an inarticulate "Why?"

"Was it possibly you 'll ain't hear 'bout de pant'er?" She shook her head, and her brothers, who had stood apart, fidgeting impatiently over the delay, were drawn near with quickened interest at the mention of a panther.

"Naw? Wal, bah jinjo! Dey was twenty, probly forty. Folkses have hear it yaller! Ev'ry day, ev'ry day! Ah 'll hear it to-day, myse'f, yes, sah! Probly 'f you 'll listen leetly whil', you hear it, you'se'f. Dah!" lifting his left hand toward the mountain and rolling his eyes in the same direction from whence came the snarling squall of a young crow, "ain't you 'll hear dat noise?"

"That sounds jus' like a crow," the elder boy remarked, after listening a moment with held breath.

"Cr-row!" Théophile growled contemptuously. "Bah jinjo, ah guess you ain't t'ink he was cr-row 'f he 'll gat hees claw in you. Yas, sah, he could make ev'ry kan' of noise, ev'ry was be make. Like blue-jay, like cr-row, like hawk, like howl, like huomans, like beebce, w'en he 'll try for foolish somebody for come near it. But you 'll wan' hear it w'en he 'll spik hees own language! He 'll mek you hairs froze awp straight on tawp you' heads, dat time! Oh, it was dreadfully! Ma wife her 'll go for try git few hawkleberree for make happlesasses for de chil'en, tudder day, an' her 'll come home so scare of dat pant'er her mos' can' breev, her 'll make so much run 'way from it. Her so scare naow, her ain't stay home 'mos' any, so close de mount'in. Her 'll gone vees'tin' to-day and all de chil'en can walked, 'cep de beebce, her carry. An' one time if you 'll b'lieve, dat pant'er was 'mos' scarit me; but ah 'll ain't scare. No, sah! He gat to be more as one pant'er, for scare me, ah guess," he said, in a big voice, ending with a bellow of scornful laughter that might have made a panther's blood run cold.

"Ough, the hateful thing!" the girl shuddered as she cast a frightened glance toward the mountain where the terrible beast was lurking. "It 's too bad! We wanted so to get some for Mother. She 's kind o' peaked this summer, and hankers after huckleberries, and we 've come 'most three miles," she explained to Théophile. "If there was only somebody to go with us! You could n't, just till we could git a few?" she asked, timidly, after a little struggle with her bashfulness. "Father 'd pay you; I know he would."



Théophile felt that he had made a mistake in vaunting his bravery, for nothing was further from his purpose than to guide any one, out of his own family, to the fruitful fields that he had set the mythical panther to guard.

"It will make me so glad for go, if ah can, but ah can' go an' lef ma leetly chil'en, an' ah can' take it. Oh, no, no. Ah can' go to-day, ain't you see? But prob'ly ah could go some mawny very airly, an' peck some for you,—very airly, 'fore you can gat here. Ah spec' dough, de hawkleberrees all dry awp, he ain't rain, so long tam."

"Say, Lib," said the older boy, after a long, wistful look at the steeps above, whose tops were level, with ledges fringed with a shrubby growth that promised huckleberries, "Le' 's go up a piece; I ain't afraid!"

"No, no," she said, in a tremor of alarm, "you must n't go a step!"

"Oh, 'fraid cat! You can stay here 'f you wan' to, an' me an' Abner 'll go. Come on, Abner,"

was not at all unwilling to do so when coaxed, for he began to feel a queer sensation creeping and crawling down his back till it unpleasantly tickled his toes. A great hawk was wheeling in slow circles above the mountain and gasping out tremulous, angry cries, as if he spied some hateful intruder prowling beneath him. Perhaps he saw the panther.

"He ain't 'fred for go, all 'lone, ah know dat," said Théophile in a wheedling tone, "but it would be weeked!—weeked! for go in so danger. An' he was good boy, ah know by hees look of it."

"If I 'd only fetched my gun, I 'd resk anything touchin' us," said Johnny, feeling braver with the mountain behind him.

"No, sir! I guess nothing would," Abner said; and to Théophile, "He shot a fox last fall when he went huntin' with Uncle Abner, did n't you, Johnny? A real fox, sir, and big! wa' n't he, Johnny?" and Johnny nodded a modest assent, looking down at the ant-hill he was kicking, yet



THÉOPHILE TELLS LIBBY AND THE BOYS ABOUT THE PANTHER.

he cried with boyish bravado, and took a few steps toward the woods; but Abner did not follow.

"Oh, Johnny," she pleaded, "be a good boy, and le' 's go home; you know we ought to."

He would not stop for being told he must, but

casting a furtive, sidelong glance the while to note how the story of his doughty deed was received by the Canadian. He was quite disgusted that it excited no more surprise than was expressed in the remark:

"Oh, he keel fox, hein? Wal, sah, de shoot dat will keel fox, was jes' make pant'er more madder, for hate you wus. Wal, ah mus' take care ma onion an' ma beebbee, or ma hwoman her 'il scol'! Ha! ha! Ah 'll more 'fred ma hwoman as ah was 'fred pant'er. Ha! ha!"

"Oh, dear suz!" Elizabeth sighed, "I s'pose we must go home. Come, boys. Good-bye, Mister ——?"

"Douglas — Dudley, ah meant, was ma nem, David Dudley. Good-bye, mees, good-bye. Ah be sorry you 'll can' gat some berree."

When he had seen the disappointed little party climb the second fence on their homeward way, he turned again to his lazy labor, chuckling over his mean achievement. "Pant'er on the mount'in! Oh, bah jinjo! It took David Dugley for foolish de Yankee,—ha! ha! ha-e-ee!"

Hot, tired, and disheartened, the girl and her brothers went across the fields that seemed to have doubled their weary width since they made their hopeful morning journey over them. In the pastures where the sheep stood in huddles under the trees, with noses close to the ground, making no motion but when they kicked at the pestering flies, the dry grass was more slippery underfoot and the stubble of the shorn meadows was sharper. The piercing cry of the locusts and the husky clapping of their wings sounded more tiresome, hotter, and dryer; and they had not noticed till now that the bobolinks had lost their song and gay attire, and were gathered in little flocks along thickets of elders, raspberry-bushes, and golden-rods that almost hid the fences, though they were so high as to seem almost insurmountable barriers. Here the bumble-bees droned from aster to golden-rod, from willow-herb to fire-weed, after brief, fumbling explorations of each as if they found no sweet in any, and the kingbirds made hovering flights from stake to stake, vexing the weary girl with their needless alarm and causeless scolding; and, indeed, everything in nature seemed out of tune, with nothing in it satisfied, or satisfying, or pleasant or cheery. When they came to the edge of the meadow behind their own home, how far away, and like an ever-receding mirage, the red house and gray barns looked, though they could hear the hens cackling. They thought they must die of thirst before they could reach the well, though they could see the sweep slanting against the sky, and even the slender pole that hung from its tip. When at last they came near it, a tall man was drawing up the bucket, intently watching its slow ascent with such care as if it was bringing up his fortune and every drop was a diamond, that he did not see them till they were close upon him.

The sunburned face he turned toward them, with

a little expression of surprise, wore also such habitual guise of good-nature that one would guess he could never be much at variance with anything— unless it might be work.

"Why, younkits, you back so soon? Where 's you' baries?" seeing how lightly hung the empty pails and baskets; and then, with a little chuckle, "Wal, I swan! If you hain't busters!" His quick eye noted how longingly theirs were bent on the dripping bucket. "Dry, be ye? Wal, this come f'm the north-east corner, an' it 's colder 'n charity. Here 's a dipperful to start on, Libby." He passed a brimming quart to his niece, who held it while her brothers drank before she took a sip.

"Oh, Uncle Abner, there 's a panther!" Johnny gasped, when the first draught had loosened his parched tongue.

"A what?" asked the uncle, backing into an easy position against the curb.

"A panther, a real panther. Yes, sir, there is!" in earnest protest against the incredulity expressed in his uncle's face; "on Shag Back Mountain, there is!"

"Did you see him? Wa' n't it a woo' chuck?" Uncle Abner asked, dallying with the returned dipper in a way that shocked Elizabeth's housewifely ideas of neatness.

"Oh, Uncle Abner!" cried Johnny reproachfully. "No, sir, we did n't see him, but a man told us, that 's heard him, an' he 's scairt everybody to death, so they dassent go there any more."

"Who 's the man?"

"Wha' d he say his name was, Lib? Anyways, he 's a Frenchman that lives up there, and he 'pears to be real clever, and candid, and was awful 'fraid we 'd go and git hurt, but I would 'f I 'd had my gun. My sakes! — if I could shoot a panther!"

"The confaounded critter!" Uncle Abner remarked, in as angry a tone as he ever used; his hearers were in some doubt whether the epithet was bestowed on the man or on the panther.

"Why, Uncle Abner, you don't b'lieve the man lied?" Johnny asked, opening his eyes as wide as his mouth. There was a fascinating horror in the belief that there was a panther so near, as if the old times, that made his flesh creep when he heard stories of them, had come back, and it made him uncomfortable to have his faith shaken.

"Lie? Oh, no! That Canuck never lies," Uncle Abner replied, hardly reassuringly, "never, when he keeps his mouth shut. He would n't care haow many hucklebaries folks got, if they bought 'em o' him."

When they had detailed all they had heard of the savage invader of Shag Back, their uncle gave a little snort which expressed skepticism, if not downright unbelief, but said nothing till he had

filled his water-jug and corked it with a corn-cob fresh from the crib.

"Maybe, if we finish gittin' in the oats to-day, I 'll go up to Shag Back with ye to-morrow, an' we 'll see if we can't git a hucklebary, spite o' that painter. The confounded critter!" And he strode away with his chucking jug to the barn, where the hoofs of the horses could be heard pounding the floor with resounding thumps in warfare with the flies.

The young folks were as glad to have the oat-field cleared that day, as if the crop had been their own, for it was a great day when Uncle Abner would go with them fishing, berrying, or nutting, and they were sure, now, that a little special pleading would make his "maybe" as good as a promise.

They were not disappointed. When the sun rose next morning out of the coppery and leaden clouds which gave no promise of the rain that every one but these selfish people was wishing for, it was the same red, rayless ball that it had been for weeks, and soon after breakfast Uncle Abner, with exasperating slowness, made ready to start. In a short time the expedition set forth.

Johnny besought his uncle for leave to take his rifle and the old hound. The dog, when he divined his master's intention of taking an outing, jumped about with delight, bellowed a sonorous entreaty to accompany him, tugging at his chain and corrugating his sorrowful brows with new lines of grief when he was bidden to stop his noise.

"No, Bub, your gun 'll be 'nough, an' Laoud ain't a painter dawg. Shut up, Laoud, 't won't be long 'fore coonin' time, o' feller."

The hound sat down, shifting his weight from one crooked leg to the other, as he wistfully watched the party out of sight, and then, after a few pivoting turns of imaginary nest-making, lay down with a whining sigh of disappointment.

In company with one so learned as their uncle in the lives of wild things, the way to the mountain was not long, though they often turned aside to see the deserted nest of a bird or the bird itself, when they heard an unfamiliar note. Sometimes it was a jay, uttering of his many cries one that they had never heard before. Sometimes a cat-bird practicing some new mimicry in the seclusion of a fence-side thicket; and once, when the squalls of a shrike drew them to a wide-spreading thorn-tree, their uncle showed them an impaled sparrow that the little gray and black butcher had hung in his leaf-roofed shambles.

The veil of distance and the droughty haze that revealed the mountain only as a velvety gray-green bound of the horizon, dissolved in an hour, and the steeps arose just before them, clad in the

individual tints of trees, each wearing such greenness as the pitiless sky had left it.

Without coming in sight of the Canadian's house, they entered the woods at the open door of the Notch, and, near the brook that had grown faint and almost voiceless in the parching heat, they fortified themselves for further journeying by draughts from a famous cold spring, the scarcely melted outflow of a far-away ice-bed, creeping from under a mossy rock into the light of day,—a distillation of the heart of the mountain with a subtle flavor of the hidden inner world, and so cold that the scant measure of a birch-bark cup full made their throats ache.

Then they went along on a wood road, which wound hither and thither with such gradual turns that the children soon so completely lost all knowledge of the points of compass that the dim shadows of the trees pointed for them to the south-east, and the puffs of south wind bent the hemlock tips away from the north. But their uncle's fox-hunting had taken him so many times to Shag Back that he knew every nook and corner of it, all the favorite run-ways of foxes, and, as well, on what ledges and slopes the huckleberries flourished best, for in the first October days of hunting they had not yet all fallen off with the reddening leaves. To such a place he had led them, and presently they were so busy with picking that the panther was almost forgotten.

It very naturally happened that on the same morning Théophile Dudelant went, by a different way, to the same place; for no one knew better than he where the bushes were most heavily laden with the fruit he had set the panther of his own creation to keep others from gathering. His conscience was not quite benumbed by all the strokes and smotherings it had received in the forty years (during which he could scarcely recall a time when it had not had the worst of his wrestlings with it) and it gave him some faint twinges now and then, as he remembered the disappointment of his yesterday's visitors,—twinges that he allayed by a promise uttered aloud to himself.

"Bah jinjo! ah will take some nicest berree ah can fin' to dat folkses, an' sol' it cheap! Yas, sah, *pooty* cheap; jes' 'nough for paid for ma tam an' troublesome; twelve cen' a quart, ah guess, an' take ma paid in pork—if he ain't ask too much!" And thus he excused his invention of an enemy: "Wal, dey was ma berree, ain't it? Dat was ma orchard, ain't it? Yas, sah! Dey ain't let me go in *dey* orchard for happles w'en ah want it, an' ah 'll ain't let dey go in *ma* orchard, if ah can help it, bah jinjo! An', sah, dey maght be pant'er, prob'ly. Dey was goode place for it, an' they don't wan' deir

chillen all tore up to piecens; an' prob'ly dey lay it to me. Yas, sah! It was a very good place for pant'er raght here!"

Indeed it was—here under low, branching pines where twilight brooded throughout the sunniest day over the dun, noiseless mat of fallen needles, so like a panther in color that one might crouch upon it, unseen ten paces away; so soft that even a careless footfall would be unheard at half the distance. It was such a likly place for a panther to lurk in, that he shivered, in spite of the heat which penetrated even these shades, when he heard approaching footsteps and the swish of saplings and branches recovering their places, and stood aghast till he saw a straw hat (of his wife's manufacture); and then a neighbor's face appeared above the undergrowth that choked the path.

"Hello, Duffy!" cried a reassuring voice in a tone expressing as much disappointment as surprise, "I thought you was my yearlin's when I heard ye. Hain't seen 'em, hev ye? I been rum-magin' the hull maountain arter 'em, an' can't find hide ner hair on 'em. Guess suthin' 's eat 'em up—a painter, er suthin'. Mebby a tew-legged painter! But ye know there was a reg'lar painter scairt a gal, onct, aouten her seben senses, right clus to where we be, not sech a turrible while ago. Oh, thirty, forty year, mebby. Yes," stooping to look beneath the low boughs toward a spring that bubbled up in the shade of the pines, at the edge of an old clearing, "right there, at the spring, she was a-bleaching a web o' cloth. Guess he 's come back an' got my young cattle, for I can't find 'em. Goin' baryin', be ye? Wal, I 've seen sights on 'em this mornin'. If you see them yearlin's,—a brindle steer an' tew red heifers,—you let me know, Duffy."

The cattle hunter lightly dismissed the subject of panthers and went his way, but it had made its impression on Théophile.

There had once been a panther here, and why might there not be one now? The possibility so constantly presented itself, that he could think of nothing else when he had come to his berry patch, and he listened long, and carefully scanned the bordering thickets before he began picking.

Years ago the scant growth of wood had been cut from an acre or two of this eastering slope, and the thin soil nourished now only a knee-deep thicket of huckleberry-bushes and swcet-ferns. The woods sloped to it on the upper side, a dense growth of low pines pierced with tremulous spires of young poplars and slender trunks of sapling birches traced in thin, broken lines of white against the dark evergreens. A deep, narrow hollow ran along its lower easterly edge, always dark with the shade of pines and balsam firs, a little colony of

which had established itself here, far from the home of the parent stock. Down this hollow the scant outflow of a spring trickled almost noiselessly among liverwort and moss, from tiny pool to pool where ripples quivered with the blazing reflections of cardinal-flowers, like inverted lambent flames.

Théophile had seen it a hundred times, but it had never before occurred to him that it was just the lurking-place a panther might choose,—where he might lie in wait for prey, or rest unseen and undisturbed and quench the thirst begotten by his horrible feasts. The intermittent dribble of the rill sounded terribly like the slow lapping of a great cat; what seemed but the stir of a leaf, might be a footfall of his stealthy approach; the accidental snapping of a dry twig, perhaps, by a squirrel; a rustle of last year's leaves, made by a covey of partridges; the sudden shiver of a sapling, struck, perhaps, by a falling, rotted limb, might all be signs of his presence as he crept near, with cruel, eager eyes, measuring the certain distance of a deadly spring. The songs of the birds were hushed, as if the singers were awed to silence by some baleful presence. No bird voice was heard but the discordant squalling of a jay, raised in alarmed and angry outcry against some intruder,—a fox or an owl, perhaps,—but there were possibilities that his sharp eyes had discovered something far more dreadful than these, prowling in the black shadows. The shifting sunlight and shadow on a withered pine-bush gave it the semblance of a living, moving object too large and tawny to be a fox, and Théophile held his breath and listened to the beating of his heart, till a long look had assured him how harmless a thing it was. He tried to laugh at his causeless alarm, but the sound of his mirthless laughter was so strange that it gave him new affright.

If any eyes were upon him, they could not but note his trepidation when he often withheld his trembling hands from the drooping clusters of fruit, and bent a strained ear to listen to a sigh of the wind, the rustle of a leaf, the flutter of a bird, or the stir of some shy inhabitant of the woods, and scanned again and again the bounds of its mysterious shades, often standing up to look behind him.

The scarcely broken silence, an awed, expectant hush of nature, the sense of being there alone to face whatever might come, were so hard to bear that he promised himself he would stay no longer than to half fill his pail; and long before that was done he wished for the company of his worthless cur, and began to invent a story of sudden sickness to excuse an immediate retreat.

The drip of the tiny rill seemed to cease in a moment of ominous silence, then a poplar shivered

in a sudden puff of hot wind that died away in a gasping sigh among the pines.

There was a crash of twigs in the edge of the woods, and a frightened partridge hurtled across the clearing, too bewildered to notice him or turn aside for

When Uncle Abner had sent a final terrific screech tearing through the woods after the flying Canadian, his part in the play was ended. Before the echoes of the unearthly cry had faded, in slow pulsations, out of the hot air, he led his little party



“WITH A SMOTHERED CRY OF DREAD HE SPRANG AWAY.”

him; and then a fiendish yell rent the air,—such a terrific outbreak of discordant sound that for an instant all power of motion sank out of him, while he stood frozen with terror—but only for an instant.

Then, with a smothered cry of dread, he sprang away, instinctively taking the path he had followed thither. His foot caught in a root and he fell headlong, dropping his pail and spilling his berries, but still continuing his flight on all fours till he got again upon his feet, and then ran on and on at such speed as he had never made before; only halting when the woods were half a mile behind him and he dropped exhausted on a pasture knoll and in painful gasps recovered his spent breath.

forth from their hiding-place to the windrow of spilled berries.

“We ’ll leave him his pail, if he ever dares to come arter it; but it ’ould be tew bad f’ hev these big ripe baries wasted,” he said, as he and the children scooped them by handfuls into their own half-filled pails.

Though it is not reported that Shag Back was ever again visited by a panther, the dread of such a visit abode with Théophile, till dew and rain and snow had rusted his pail out of all use but to excite the curiosity of such as happened to come upon it,—when each one’s fancy accounted in its own way for the cause of its abandonment.

# SWEET PEAS.

BY MILDRED HOWELLS.



ONCE within my garden wall,  
From their dainty flight  
Rested a flock of Butterflies,  
All in pink and white.

Why they chose my garden plot  
I shall never know—  
But people call them now Sweet  
Peas,  
And really think they grow!

## AMONG THE FLORIDA KEYS.

### A SUMMER VACATION ALONG THE CORAL-REEFS OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

#### CHAPTER V.

IT was a glorious day, not a cloud was in the sky; the water was as smooth as glass, save when, now and then, the flapping tail of some big fish splashed the surface. The subdued roar at the outer reef sounded like far-off music, the white Keys and the azure of the bright sky were reflected again and again in the water, and the whole scene seemed to the boys a dream of enchantment.

Long John led the way in the dinghy, with three or four of the boys, while the Professor and the rest of the expedition followed in the reef-boat. Before long, they left the channel and came suddenly upon the reef, which here rose almost perpendicularly from the water and bristled with innumerable points of coral. Deep down among the green moss-fronds, an anemone, looking much like the weird passion-flower, turned its fair face toward them; angel-fish flashed by, their gay bands and wing-like fins resplendent with color; gayly striped murries darted in and out of the shadows of the sea-fans and feathers, and the gorgonias, brilliant with rainbow tints, played among duller-hued conches and hermit-crabs, sea-eggs, and devil-fish. A small species of saw-fish darted under the boat, just escaping Tom Derby's spear, and the weapon landed in a large black mass about three feet in diameter and concave on top, like a huge vase.

"Hallo, what 's this?" cried Tom, hauling away at the mass.

"It is a sponge," Professor Howard said. "The color is the animal part."

"Why, are sponges animals, Professor?" asked Ludlow.

"Animal mucus and fat-oil have been found in them by analysis, and scientific men admit them to the ranks of animated nature, though of course among the very lowest forms," the Professor explained. "If you examine them closely in the water you may see a slight current over the pores and openings, which shows that the necessary nourishment is probably thus absorbed while it circulates through these cavities. The common sponges, as we use them, are but the skeletons."

The boat was now gradually nearing Bush Key, with its scraggy trees, when Eaton exclaimed:

"Why, there 's a cigar in the water!"

"So it is," said Bob Carrington, nearly tumbling overboard in an attempt to reach it.

"Sold again," laughed Vail, who had secured one: "it 's only a plant."

"You 'd find them hard to smoke, boys," said the Professor, "although they are more useful than all the cigars that could be sent over here from Havana. They are the seeds of the mangrove-tree, one of the reef-builders. The land of the State of Florida has been formed mainly by the coral and the mangroves."

"Tell us how, Professor," said Tom Derby.

"Well," said the Professor, "suppose this clear water, on which we are drifting, should be visited by a single egg of the star-shaped coral called the *Astræa*. It settles on a bit of shell. In a few days some tentacles spring out, and the tiny polyp seems only a solitary sea-anemone. But then a little growth of lime, secreted by the anemone, forms in the shell, and soon overspreads it with a jagged coating. Then, another polyp grows beside this one, and the single egg that first drifted here has by the process of growth become two. This goes on indefinitely, until the bottom all around here is covered with coral work. Then, when these polyps decay and die, the sea-sand sifts in; other corals grow on this; floating matter is caught and added to the growing reef; some forms of branching corals take root here, together with gorgonias, or sea-fans and feathers; all these are eaten or crushed down by great worms and coral-eating fishes. Upon this decay, still other forms of coral take root; shell-fish of various kinds make it their home; delicate corals that need protection from the waves grow up in the lagoon formed within the shallow circle; as the reef becomes higher, seaweeds and corallines are added; every particle of refuse adds to the upbuilding of this curious island; and now, just as the dry layers, or top-dressings, appear above the waves, along comes Eaton's floating 'cigar.' The larger end of the mangrove bud strikes the sand or mud collected on the reef, the

tide drives it still further on, and, touching the soil, it sends out little shoots. These soon obtain foothold, and thus a mangrove-tree is started. These being self-propagating by shoots and rootlets, a growth in time may extend around the whole island, other waste matter of the sea is accommodated, the influence of winds and tides changes the surface, and nature furnishes suitable plants to flourish in the new soil which the decay of vegetable and animal organizations is continually increasing and enriching. That is the secret of reef-building."

As the Professor had been engaged in his description, the boat had slowly drifted toward the Key, when right ahead a large sting-ray leaped from the water, flapping its wing-like fins in the air a moment, and then coming down with a crash that was heard all over the lagoon. A large fin showed itself above the water, rushing after the ray toward a shoal near the Key.

"It's a shark chasing a sting-ray," shouted Bob Carrington from the bow. "Give way, boys, give way!"

The boat surged ahead in the direction of the great fishes. The shark was gaining on its less rapid victim, and the ray repeatedly leaped into air to escape the rushes the shark made toward it. Suddenly the ray took a desperate chance as it neared the shoal, and, instead of turning, dashed upon it; the flat body passed through the scant eight inches of water with a rush, and in an instant it was through the breakers and in the blue waters of the Gulf. The shark, following in blind haste, could not force its big body over the shoal, and was soon high and dry on the reef. The boat's crew were quickly upon it, but, on account of its tremendous efforts to free itself, they dared not come near it. In its struggles the shark would bend nearly double, and then, suddenly straightening out, would hurl the water over the boys, who had now left the boat and were wading about in the shoal water, dodging the shark's tail and trying to get within striking distance. Finally Woodbury hurled his grains into the shark's head. This only increased the shark's struggles, but Long John, jumping up to the writhing monster, struck it a terrific blow, breaking its backbone, and killing the fish as suddenly as if it had been struck by lightning.

"It's easy enough, when you know how," he said, laughing; and Professor Howard, Ludlow, and Long John were soon at work cutting up their prize.

"Stand still, Tom," said Professor Howard, presently, as he lifted the shark's jaw and held it so that it easily fitted over Derby's head and shoulders.

"It has eight rows of teeth," said Douglas,

counting them. "What a time the young sharks must have when cutting their teeth!"

"Yes," said Ramsey, feeling of the terrible weapons, "and each one is saw-like and sharp as a knife."

"All the teeth except the front row lie flat," said the Professor, "when not in use. As you see, they move up and down; but when it was after the ray I feel sure they were all vertical and ready for action."

For his share of the prize, Long John took the liver, intending to try out the oil.

"Sharks are not entirely worthless animals, you see, after all," said Professor Howard. "The teeth are used by many savage islanders for weapons, the liver is taken out for the oil it contains, and in the East the tails and fins are valuable articles of commerce, and the skin, as with us, is used for various purposes, and even in jewelry."

"What do you call this shark that we have caught, Professor?" asked Bob Carrington.

"It is a white shark," he replied, "of the genus *Carcharias*. They have been caught in the East over twenty-five feet long. There are at least a hundred different specimens of sharks now known to naturalists, and this gentleman had an enormous forefather, away back in what is called the Tertiary period, known as the *Carcharodon*. That ancestor must have been over a hundred feet long, and had teeth as large as your open palm."

"But what is this, Professor?" asked Ludlow, striking at a black body hanging to the shark, just under water, which Long John now exposed to view by turning the body over.

"Take it by the head and pull it off," said Long John: "'t won't hurt you; it's only a sucker."

But this was by no means easy, for the curious object stuck so fast that only by a violent wrench could Ludlow and Vail tear it from the shark.

"Why, it's a remora, and a very interesting fish it is," said Professor Howard. "It follows the larger fishes and attaches itself to them by this disk, refusing to leave them even when they are dead, as you see."

"That's why we call 'em 'suckers,'" said Long John.

"They are sometimes called 'ship-stayers,'" said the Professor, "and one of them is said to have changed the history of the world and given the Roman Empire to Augustus Cæsar."

## CHAPTER VI.

DOUBLY interested by so historic and important a fish, the boys gathered around this curious specimen and examined it minutely.

The disk, which was the principal object of



curiosity about the remora, was oval in shape, and on the very top of the head. It resembled, in construction, a Venetian blind, for it was composed of what the Professor called "oblique transverse cartilaginous plates," and Tom Derby said were "slats of gristle." These were supplied with delicate teeth or hooks that helped it to cling.

"But how did it help Augustus Cæsar?" inquired Hall.

"There is a legendary story that one of these fellows fastened itself on Antony's galley at the great naval battle of Actium, and thus allowed the galley of Augustus to obtain the advantage in the onset," the Professor explained. "Hence its name—'the ship-stayer.'"

"I have heard you can catch turtles with 'em," said Long John, "although I've never seen it done."

"I have heard the same thing," said the Professor. "In some countries the natives, it is said, keep this fish in a tub of water, and then, when a turtle is sighted, the remora, with a cord tied to its tail, is tossed overboard. Instinctively, it fastens itself to the unconscious turtle, which is speedily hauled in by the fisherman."

"Well, well, a live fish-hook. That is an idea," laughed Tom Derby. "Let's keep it and try. Only it would be rather rough on us if Mr. Remora should fasten himself to a shark instead of to a turtle."

Wading along the shoal toward the reef, the boys continued their investigations in tide-water; and Ludlow and Woodbury, coming upon a large piece of coral, that had been worn almost through, rolled it over. In doing so they disclosed a natural pool beneath the coral, and at the bottom of the pool lay a most peculiar fish.

"Well, here's a curious chap, Professor," said Woodbury; "what under the sun—or, rather, under the coral—is he?"

The Professor stooped down and investigated. "You're right, Woodbury; he is a curious chap," he said. "This is called the *Malthæa*. It has, as you see, no fins for swimming, but is provided with short feet, like paddles, with which it moves over the muddy bottom in which it lives."

"Well, he's lazy enough," said Vail; as the fish, even when touched, showed but small desire to move.

"It is one of the class of sluggish fishes," explained Professor Howard, "of which there are a number. This one, you will notice, is formed and colored so as to appear like an inanimate substance, a part of the sea-bottom. But here is the singular thing. Do you see here, right under the nose, a sort of depression or pit, from the roof of which hangs a curiously colored pendant?"

The boys, after a careful look, saw it distinctly.

"Well," said the Professor, "that is the means by which the *Malthæa* makes up for his sluggishness. His broad mouth rests on the mud, above it this curious-looking pendant twists and writhes and puffs itself, and looks so much like a tempting and luscious worm to the hungry prawn or inquisitive crab, that the living bait is approached too closely; the great mouth yawns wide open, and—good-bye to Mr. Crab or Mr. Prawn!"

"Well," said Douglas, "we've seen a living fish-hook and a living bait; if we keep a sharp lookout, perhaps we shall find a live reel or fishing-pole!"

"Here is a curious shell," cried Eaton, who had waded out into deeper water. He lifted up a gorgonia a foot in diameter and of a rich yellow hue. Clinging to it were a number of beautiful oblong shells of about the same tint—tending toward pink.

"Those are fan-shells," said the Professor, "and are parasites on the gorgonia, or sea-fan. They make beautiful sleeve-buttons."

The boys supplied themselves with a stock of these natural cuff-buttons, and then Douglas, turning over a rock that was alive with spider-crabs, pulled a beautiful blue one out of the water and tossed it to Long John, to be placed in the water-pail for security.

"Here's an odd fellow," said Tom Derby a moment after, stooping over the rock and bringing up a curious-looking spider-crab.

"That is a deep-water one," said the Professor; "some of his big relatives, measuring nearly three feet across, have been hauled up in the South Atlantic from a depth of nearly two miles."

"As deep down as that?" exclaimed Douglas; "why, Professor, I thought the pressure was too great for animals to live at such great depths."

"Water is practically incompressible, Douglas," explained the Professor; "that is to say, it can not be forced into a smaller compass, as solids can. So, as all these creatures are filled with water, the pressure is equalized. If you lower an empty bottle two miles under water it will burst, but if lowered full of water it will remain intact. And yet, the pressure in deep water is simply tremendous. A deep-water crab, for instance, must withstand a pressure, at such depths as two and a half miles, of a number of tons,—as against the fifteen pounds' pressure which a fish at the surface experiences. But all animals are adapted for their particular sphere of life."

Noticing a bubbling in the sand, Bob Carrington thrust his hand under the sand, and forced up what the Professor declared to be a box-crab. As Professor Howard demonstrated, it had the faculty of closing its legs around its body in such a

manner as to seem a solid piece. When released, it opened out and showed its curious make-up,—a round body, covered with queer, brown spots and ridges, and even the claws were formed in grotesque shapes.

"It is a very common crab on these reefs," said Professor Howard; "its scientific name is *Calappa tuberculosa*."

"Hallo—look over yonder!" came a sudden shout from Long John. "We've got to clear out of this and be quick about it too!"

They all followed the direction of his warning gesture, and saw on the horizon a small, wiry black cloud, its lines as distinct as if drawn with a brush. As they sprang into the boats and pulled for Long Key, the cloud seemed to increase, and so rapidly did it gain upon them that, in ten minutes from the time they sighted it, the cloud was almost on them. Landing hurriedly they hauled the boats on shore, and turning the dinghy keel up, they crawled beneath it—and just in time! For, with a darkness that turned day into night, and with a low, far-away moaning that grew into a roar, wind, rain, and sand burst upon them in a hurricane, with a fierceness that threatened to carry away the boats. The wind howled and shrieked, the lightning flashes lighted up the scene in fitful glances, while the sea was beaten into clouds of foam, lifted into the air and hurled far beyond them over the island.

"It won't last but a minute," shouted Long John, from somewhere; and even as he spoke it began to grow lighter; the rain ceased, and they crawled from beneath the boat. The cloud or squall disappeared almost as rapidly as it came, and in twenty minutes from the time the storm arose, the sun was shining again from a clear sky.

A start was now made for home. The squall had left a stiff breeze behind it, and with sails hoisted on the reef-boat and towing the dinghy astern they were soon rushing toward Garden Key, gunwale under.

"Well, that was a blow!" said Tom Derby.

"Oh, it's nothing when you get used to it," said Long John. "I've seen seven or eight of 'em moving around the horizon, looking just as if they were painted on the sky. It's quick come, and quick go, with 'em; but if you keep your weather eye open, you know how to steer clear of 'em."

"This is not the way home, is it?" asked Bob Carrington, as Long John headed the flying boat between Long and Bush Keys.

"It's one way," said the boatman, trimming the sail still more.

Crossing the reef, the boat dashed into blue water and bore away to the south, where the long line of breakers seemed to form an impassable barrier. Long John kept along the reef until nearly opposite the sally-port of Fort Jefferson, which

could just be seen two miles away, and then suddenly he kept off before the wind and headed straight for the breakers.

The boys looked at the raging surf in some anxiety, and then glanced at Long John. He was cool and calm.

"I suppose he knows what he's about," muttered Tom to Bob.

"Slack off the sheets!" shouted Long John quickly, standing up now and scanning the distant fort.

The boys did as directed, and the boat bent over and rushed headlong toward the reef and, seemingly, to destruction.

"I don't care to swim in that surf," said Ludlow, looking uneasily at the mass of foam they were rapidly approaching.

"You won't have to swim," said Long John, "if you hang on tight."

It was too late to object, so they all drew a long breath and "hung on tight," as advised. With a mighty rush the boat plunged into the breakers, now on top of one, again nearly buried under another, now careening over so that the boys sprang to the windward, and then luffing and sliding close by one bare head of coral to avoid another; covered with foam and spray, drenched from head to foot and, almost before they could catch their breath, they were over the shoal, safe and sound, and tearing along in the smooth water of the inner reef.

The boys drew a long breath. "Well, what kind of navigation do you call that?" said Tom, wiping the spray from his eye.

"Why, John," said the Professor, in some surprise, "you cleared those heads only by about six inches."

"That's all the room there was, sir," replied Long John with a grin. "That's a regular channel, that is; we call it the 'five-foot channel.' I've been through when it was worse."

"How did you know how to steer?" asked Bob.

"Well," said Long John, "if you'll promise not to let on, I'll tell you. Keep down the reef until the Garden Key light is just on a line with the third chimney of that big brick building of the big fort; then let her drive, and, if you can keep her head on, you're all right."

"And if you can't?" interrupted Bob.

"Well, sir," said Long John, running alongside the landing-place, "it's one of the things it would n't pay to miss—it's a bad place for sharks."

## CHAPTER VII.

DURING the night the wind had shifted to the north, and in the morning the wind was blowing a

gale. The cocoanut-trees in the fort were lashed and torn, and the water, as far as the eye could see, was a mass of boiling foam. This weather continued for three days before the "norther" (as this wind is called) was succeeded by a dead calm. Then the boats were put in readiness for a trip, and it was decided to start at Long Key and follow along the entire length of the reef, which was now piled with dead coral, weeds, and deep-sea shells tossed up by the waves.

The party was soon ashore at Long Key, selecting many beautiful specimens from the numberless richly colored weeds and shells strewn along the sand. The univalves, or one-shelled specimens, were the most numerous, but upon the pieces of gorgonia many delicate bivalves of exquisite red and blue tints were found.

Half-way up the Key, high and dry, lay an old schooner that had been hauled up for repairs, years before, and left there. As those in advance neared her, they heard a shout from behind them, and looking back saw a very unusual spectacle. Tom Derby and Professor Howard, who had lingered behind, were now rushing along the beach as if for dear life, while not a hundred yards behind them, and running parallel with the Key, towered a huge water-spout. Its top was lost in the clouds, and with gigantic curves it came rushing on, hissing like a steam-engine and tearing up the shallow bottom at a terrible rate. A race with a water-spout is not a pleasant pastime. It ran so close upon them that its drippings gave them a complete ducking. Thus far they had kept even with it, but, as they began to shout, it had surged ahead, and changing its direction headed for the old schooner in the Key. Tom and the Professor were safe, but now the rest were in danger.

"Run toward the spout and get behind it," yelled Long John, hauling his boat off shore.

The boys ran past the spout, which was now very near the shore, and when they were out of harm's way, they turned to watch the monster's progress. On it went with a rush, striking the shore at an angle of about forty-five degrees, plowing up the sand like a hurricane, hurling the old boat into the trench thus dug, and then, with a roar, was off and over the water on the other side, scarcely leaving water enough on the island to prove it had passed that way.

"Well, that was a close shave!" said Bob Carrington, shaking the sand from his clothes; and the others fully agreed with him.

The line of march was again taken up, and before long they reached the head of the island where a narrow strait separated Long Key from Bush Key. While stopping to overhaul a huge pile of sea-weed their attention was attracted by

the comical, asthmatic cries for food made by some young pelicans from their nests of drift-wood in the mangrove-trees near by. The old birds were hard at work, diving for fish in the lagoon. The boys watched one, which was quite near them, with considerable curiosity. It would flutter an instant over its prey, then plunge down, and with open, dip-net bill resting on the water would adjust the catch in the capacious pouch beneath. In one of these expeditions a gull, with trained and eager eye, hovering near, settled down on Papa Pelican's broad head, and as the fish was tossed about so as to drop into the pelican's pouch, the thievish gull would adroitly snap it up and sail away with a derisive "ha, ha!" while the pelican, as if accustomed to this sort of pocket-picking, simply flapped heavily up again to renew its search for food. But the gull, as the boys speedily saw, had laughed all too soon. For down upon it from the neighboring shore swooped a strong-winged fish-hawk. With a shrill cry of alarm, the gull darted now this way and now that, in zigzag lines, striving with all his power to escape. Fear and fatigue prevailing, he let his choice stolen morsel slip from his grasp. Then the hawk, with a lower swoop, clutched the falling fish and bore it away to the nearest rock.

"So the struggle for existence goes on," said the Professor, and turning from hawks and gulls the party continued their search for specimens. Tom Derby drew back with an exclamation of pain as, attempting to pick up a big black echinus, or sea-urchin, one of the needle-like spines pierced his unwary fingers.

"They belong to the starfish family," the Professor explained, as Tom nursed his wounded hand. "There is another of the same class," he continued, pointing to a large worm-like animal coiled in a pool.

"Take it, Vail; one is enough for me, I won't be selfish!" said Tom, dryly.

Vail, with Tom's discomfiture in mind, poked it cautiously with his foot, and finally picked it up. It looked like a large caterpillar, covered with wrinkles and armed on the under side with an array of queer, short tentacles.

"It is the trepang, a holothurian," said the Professor, "and a regular article of diet with the Chinese."

"Hallo,—see here!" cried Bob Carrington, as the wriggling trepang, which he had taken from Vail's unwilling grasp, suddenly doubled up, and from its open mouth shot out a slender stream of water; "is it a fish fire-engine, or a living squirt-gun?"

"And oh, look at that," shouted half a dozen excited voices, as out of the trepang's mouth a

queer, fish-like head appeared, followed by an eel-like body, white and ghostly.

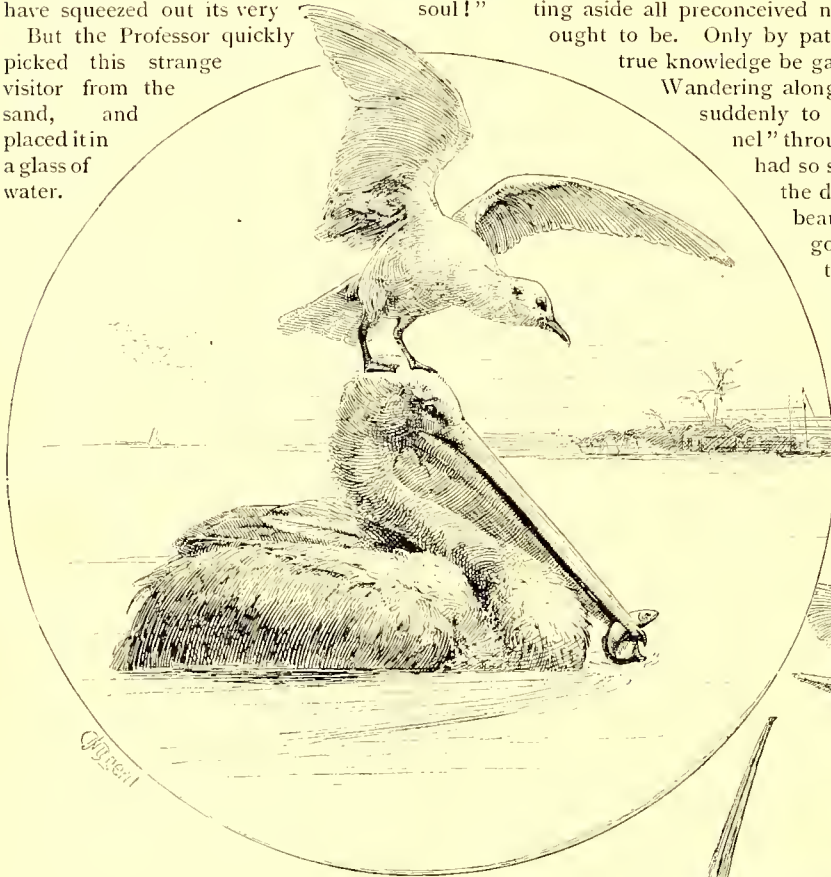
Bob dropped the fish in some trepidation. "Goodness gracious!" he cried, "I must have squeezed out its very soul!"

But the Professor quickly picked this strange visitor from the sand, and placed it in a glass of water.

the kindly offices of this inside boarder, the trepang could not live. However that may be, the situation is a curious one. We should learn from such discoveries to study humbly the works of nature, setting aside all preconceived notions of how things ought to be. Only by patient observation can true knowledge be gained."

Wandering along the reef, they came suddenly to the "five-foot channel" through which Long John had so skillfully carried them the day before. Here the beauty of the corals and gorgonias caused them to remain for some time, and then they pulled out to an old wreck that lay in shoal water, a quarter of a mile away.

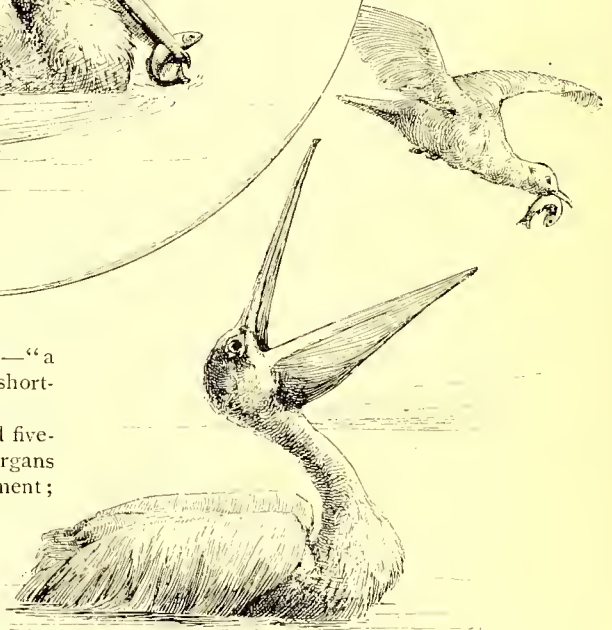
It proved to be the remnant of a very large ship. Part of the lower



"It is a fish within a fish," he explained,— "a boarder in the trepang, and, as you will see, short-lived out of its proper sphere."

The curious animal was a perfectly formed five-inch fish, so transparent that its internal organs could be seen; but evidently out of its element; for, even as the Professor spoke, it gave a few struggles in the water, sank to the bottom, and died.

"The trepang, as you will see upon dissecting it," said Professor Howard, "has a double intestine, in one part of which this creature, called the *Fierasfer acus*, resides. He seems to be a sort of digestive assistant, as he probably lives upon the food taken in by the trepang. Indeed, it is asserted by naturalists that, but for



THE DEFRAUDED PELICAN.

deck remained, and evidently for years had been a favorite resting-place for the birds. The whole framework was rotten and shaky, and this was speedily found to be due to the fact that the sub-

merged portion of the wreck was literally honey-combed with the tubes of the *teredo navalis*, or ship-worm. Were it not that these persistent borers had lined the holes they made, with a sort of deposit that strengthened the wooden partitions a little, the whole mass of woodwork would long since have fallen to pieces.

After Long John had arranged the contents of the dinner hamper on the dry portion of the wreck, and the boys had enjoyed a feast of hard-boiled gulls' eggs, crawfish salad, and turtle sandwiches, which caused them to unanimously confer upon Paublo the title "Prince of Cooks," they continued their search and their investigations about the old hulk. Suddenly Hall, who was stretched out with his head over the water, where he could observe the fish, cried out, "My, though!—there 's a queer fish," and the other boys crowding around him saw a large head like that of an eel bobbing in and out from under a partly imbedded plank.

"That 's a murry," said Long John, picking up his grains, "and a big one, too. Look out there! Let me take a shot at him."

Lowering his spear cautiously into the water, he suddenly jammed it into the fish's head, and then, with a quick, backward motion, skillfully drew the murry out of its hole. It was over four feet long, and as thick as a man's arm. It made a terrible struggle, twining about the grains, tearing off pieces of the old wreck, and when hauled half-way on deck, it fastened its teeth in the wood and held on with the grip of a bull-dog.

"Why, it 's a regular sea-serpent," said Tom.

"Yes, and there he goes!" cried Long John, as with a loud report the pole snapped in two, and the ugly monster darted away. Bob Carrington seized his grains and vaulted to a long head of coral toward which the murry had gone. There he could see the fish writhing around the coral, and making desperate efforts to detach the steel barbs. Moving as near as he could, Bob sent his spear into the murry and with a vigorous jerk drew it to the coral head, where it leaped and twisted, sending the water in all directions. Long John, in the boat, pushed over to Bob, and soon quieted the struggling fish with a blow from his axe.

"He 's the biggest fellow I ever saw," said he. "Just look at his teeth!"

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THEY tossed their enormous prize aboard the wreck, and when, soon after, they started for their quarters, Professor Howard gave the boys some interesting facts concerning it.

"The *Murænideæ*, or murries," he said, "are,

as you see, only a species of great eels. They are historic. They were deified by the Egyptians. The Romans kept them in great stews, or storage-ponds, trained them as pets, and held them to be a special delicacy as food. In the time of Augustus Cæsar, condemned slaves were thrown to the ferocious fish as food; and when Augustus was declared Dictator, one of his courtiers presented the populace with six thousand of these murries taken from his ponds. So you see, Bob, our big friend, the murry, is worth fighting for and worth preserving."

The tide-gate of the moat, on the southern side of the fort, was a famous place to observe fishes and algæ going out with the tide. The morning after their visit to the wreck, the boys were seated or stretched along the moat, in various attitudes suggestive of little to do, intercepting numerous specimens floating out to sea.

"Say, boys," said Hall, "would n't it be a splendid place to keep a shark, here in the moat?—plenty of water and no way of his getting out."

"A good plan," said Ramsey; "let 's do it."

"First catch your hare, Hall," suggested the Professor, who just then came among them. "The place is a good one, but it means hard work and some risk. We 'll talk with Long John about it. Meantime, when this tide runs out, why not make out to the shoal and find some more of those *Tellina radiata* that Hall discovered yesterday?"

The suggestion was readily accepted, and while waiting the falling of the tide, Eaton, who was lying prone on the bridge with his face near to the water, said, "These little jew-fishes seem to make a nest for themselves, Professor. I 've been watching one for some time, and it seems to pick up pieces of dead coral and bits of sand with its fins and tail and then scoop out a hollow and settle down as an old hen does upon her eggs."

"Yes, you are right, Eaton," said the Professor, "it is a nest. Many fishes build such nests. It seems to be a regular hen-like hatching of eggs; and, after the young fish-chicks are out, the mother is as ferocious and untiring a guardian of her children as any hen in a farmyard."

The tide had now fallen sufficiently to enable the boys to wade out to the shoal, and they were soon at work digging up the beautiful shells called *tellina radiata*. These are marked in a rich imitation of the sun's rays with gaudy colorings. Indeed, Long John firmly maintained that the shells owed their decoration to the rays that shot across the sky during the gorgeous sunsets, for which the locality around the Florida Keys is noted. The *tellina radiata*, or sun-shells, are in shape much like the soft clams of the North,

but wonderfully polished, and ornamented with ray-markings that spring from near the hinge, growing wider as they reach the lip of the shell. They were found at the bottom of a round hole about two inches in diameter and two feet deep, and were invariably dead with a hole bored in each, showing the death to be the work of some parasite.

"This looks as if the *natica*, or welk, had been at work here," said the Professor. "It has a wonderful arrangement of teeth, or grinders, with which it bores circular holes in the clams and devours them at leisure. By the way, the *natica* is a nest-builder, such as we were mentioning. Those collar-shaped pieces of sand that you have found on the Northern beaches are the nests in which the *natica* deposits her eggs."

Here a shout from Long John and Bob Rand, who were out on the sea-wall, caused the boys to look up quickly.

"Look out yonder," shouted Long John, pointing toward Long Key. "The Jacks are beating."

Following the direction of his finger, the boys looked toward Long Key and witnessed a singular sight. All around the shore the water was in the greatest commotion, though there was a dead calm elsewhere. Large bodies were seen leaping into the air and falling down into the sea with a noise that could be distinctly heard at a great distance.

"Why, they're fish!" cried Raymond.

"Come on, boys," shouted Vail, and seizing their grains they all scrambled into the boats and headed for Long Key, which Long John and Bob Rand had now nearly reached.

"Just look at those fish," cried Tom Derby. "Why, there are millions of 'em."

He was not far wrong. All along the shore the "Jacks"—a species of mackerel—had driven in a school of sardines, and so crazed were they with the excitement of pursuit that they were leaping into the air, darting through the solid mass of terrified sardines, and throwing themselves on the beach, by hundreds. The sardines literally packed the shore, for four or five feet, and out over the water they were leaping in the air followed by the larger "Jacks," who paid not the least attention to the new-comers.

All the party were soon at work in this strangest kind of fishing.

"Give it to them," cried Tom, as he struck a ten-pounder and flung it on the beach. Bob Carrington struck at one in mid-air, and at that moment a large "Jack" leaped plump against his legs and tumbled him headlong into the mass of floundering fish.

Long John and Bob Rand were standing knee-deep among the sardines, grasping the mackerel in

their hands and flinging them on the beach; but when the boys tried this primitive way of fishing, the sharp dorsal fins pierced their hands and made them bleed.

"You need tough hands for this sport," said Bob Rand, and the boys agreed with him.

The "beating" did not abate in the least. Clouds of gulls hovered over the spot and darted down into the mass of fish, while a number of pelicans, including Long John's clumsy pet, were diving among the fish and filling their capacious pouches.

Finally, when all were tired out with capturing this enormous "catch" of fish, and Long John and Bob were at work storing the game on the flat-boats to carry the fish away for cleaning and salting down, the boys climbed into the boats again and pulled leisurely back to the fort.

West of Long Key stretched a reef. About four feet of water covered its clean, white sand, on which any object could be seen at quite a distance. As they pushed the boats along with the grains, the boys would occasionally drop over and dive for conches and other shells.

"What are those round things, shells or stones?" asked Woodbury as the boat passed over some curious oval objects protruding from the sand. Bob Carrington saw them also, and, saying, "Hold on a minute," dropped over the side of the boat. Diving down, he inserted his hand under them and brought several of them to the surface.

"This is an interesting find," said Professor Howard, as Bob clambered into the boat with his prize. "They are called sea-squirts, from their habit of ejecting water. They seem to occupy a position in life between the worm and the lowest backbone animals. These specimens are what we call ascidians, and their class name is *Tunicata*. They have a stomach, liver, and nervous-system besides, and a most accommodating heart that, when tired of beating one way, stops and goes the other, so to speak, throwing the blood in the other direction."

"Hallo, there are a lot of coral-heads," said Tom, who was poling with his grains in the bow.

"Oh, no. These can't be coral-heads, here," said the Professor, as he looked toward the black spots indicated by Tom, and then he added, "I thought as much. They are black sharks, or 'merse,' as they are called. Keep quiet, and we can go directly over them. Their scientific name is *Ginglymostoma*, meaning hinge-mouthed, and referring to some peculiarity of the jaw. They have small mouths and keep in herds, like cattle, and sleep, as those below us are doing, on the great sandy plains of the reef. If there is a small one there, we might try to catch it."

"My, though!" cried Tom, growing excited.

"There are over a hundred down there, and they're all lying still."

The boats were now directly over the sharks. The fish were a dark chocolate color, and many of them apparently over ten feet long. As yet they had not taken the alarm, but, in his eagerness to see them, Ramsey slipped on the gunwale, and in

great haste; now taking a turn around an oar and whisking through Tom's fingers, and finally, in the confusion, twisting itself around Bob's leg and throwing him off his feet. Then the line became taut, and off darted the boat, towed by the shark.

"Take the line off before I'm hauled overboard," screamed Bob.



"TOM WENT HEADLONG OVER THE BOW."

an instant they all dashed away, stirring up clouds of sand and rushing by wildly in every direction. Tom could resist no longer and, as a large one crossed the bow, he let fly the grains.

"Look out, boys!" he cried, paying out the line. "Keep clear of the rope!"

This was more easily said than done, as the rope was rushing out, whirling and turning at a

The boys were laughing loudly over Bob's predicament, but they managed to release him, and again Tom lost his hold upon the line. The rope was nearly run out now, and as the piece of wood to which it was attached dashed over the side. Tom grabbed at it, lost his balance, and with the end of the rope in his hand went headlong, with a great splash, over the bow of the boat.

(To be continued.)

## SUMMER HOLIDAY THOUGHTS.

BY C. B. GOING.

I WISH that I were a flower, to sway\*  
In some sweet field, where a stream was  
flowing:  
To have no lessons at all to say,  
But to watch how the white clouds floated away,  
And sweetened the sweet winds blowing.

I'd like to sail with the breeze, and blow  
Through wide blue skies, where the clouds run  
races:  
To strew the orchards with summer snow,  
And murmur a lullaby, soft and low,  
In the quiet and shady places.

I think that flowers can see,— don't you?  
And the soft white clouds, I am sure, are  
playing;  
The wind can talk to the grasses, too,  
For I've listened and watched, and I'm sure they  
do;  
I almost can tell what they're saying.

And when I sit in the fields, and see  
The long grass wave, when the breezes blow it,  
I'm just as glad as a girl can be;  
And the daisies are glad, too, it seems to me,  
And nod their heads to show it.



AN AUGUST DAY AT THE SEA-SHORE.



# THE BUNNY STORIES.

## THE BUNNIES' GARDEN.

BY JOHN H. JEWETT.

### PART I.



THE garden at Deacon Bunny's was a real garden.

It was not one of the "Keep off the grass" nor the "Do not handle" kind, where the walks and flower-beds are as prim and regular as a checkerboard; but a

garden to work in, to rest in, and to enjoy.

Gaffer Hare, who was called Deacon Bunny's farmer, was the head-gardener; but all the Bunnies were gardeners also, and they had one or more plats each, to keep in order, in which they planted what they liked best.

The only rule the Deacon made was that the Bunnies should take good care of what they called their own, and should see to it that the weeds did not rob the flowers of what rightfully belonged to them.

"Weeds will grow anywhere that flowers can grow," said the Deacon, "and all that is best and loveliest, and really worth having, needs constant care and work to make it thrive."

Of all the Bunnies, Pinkeyes loved flowers care of them best, and for this reason and was Gaffer's favorite.

He never tired of telling her of the of plants and shrubs and the best way

Gaffer did not know their botanical word of Latin, but he loved just what each needed to make be all the best flower or plant

In one corner of their had been allowed to run of low bower, where

These pets were them, calling them

They were not the plants, and catching flies tamer and them open the flies,



and the others, she

many varieties to treat them.

ical names, nor any the plants, and knew it grow or blossom and of its kind could be.

garden, a wild grapevine over the wall and form a kind Gaffer kept some odd pets.

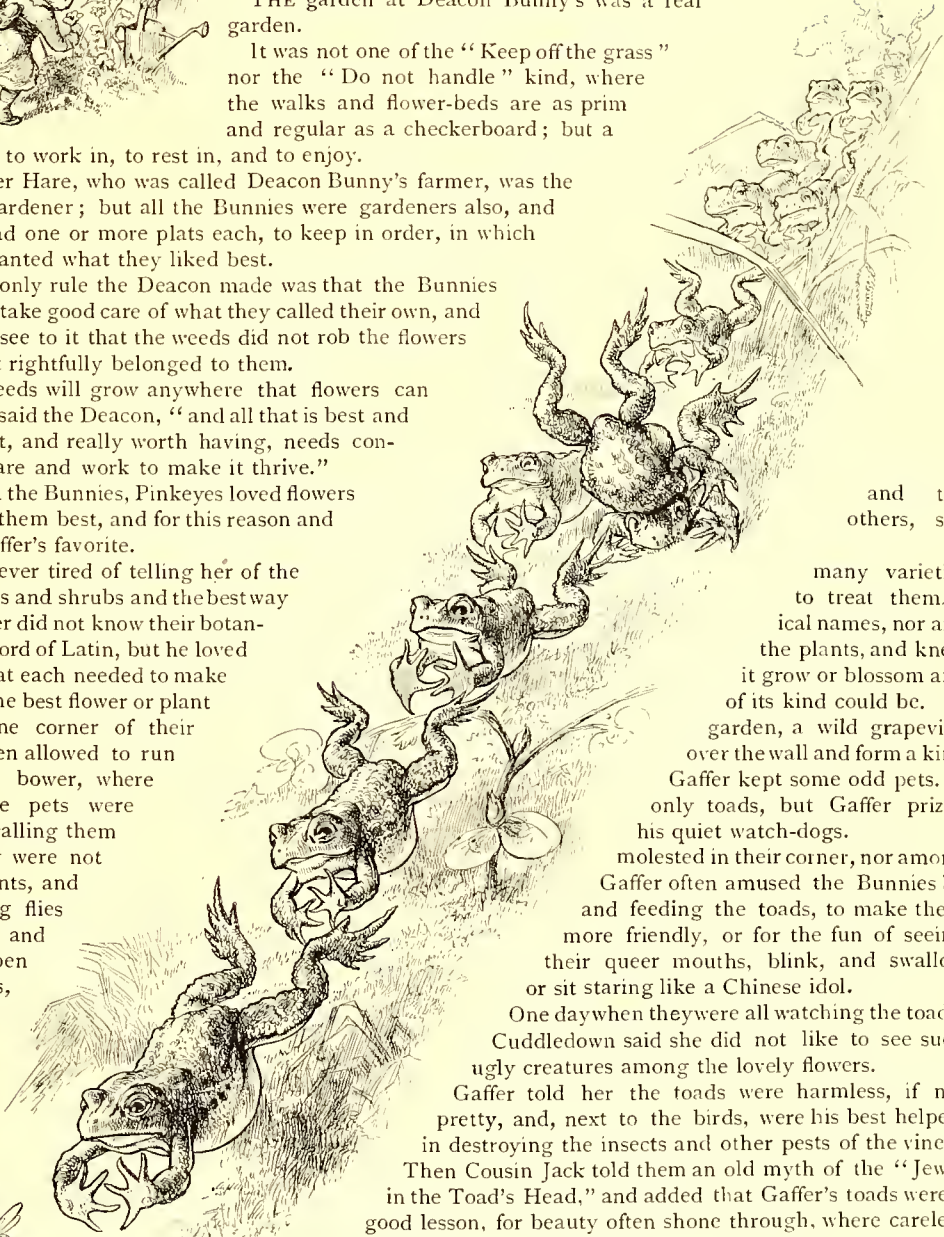
only toads, but Gaffer prized his quiet watch-dogs.

molested in their corner, nor among Gaffer often amused the Bunnies by and feeding the toads, to make them more friendly, or for the fun of seeing their queer mouths, blink, and swallow or sit staring like a Chinese idol.

One day when they were all watching the toads, Cuddledown said she did not like to see such ugly creatures among the lovely flowers.

Gaffer told her the toads were harmless, if not pretty, and, next to the birds, were his best helpers in destroying the insects and other pests of the vines.

Then Cousin Jack told them an old myth of the "Jewel in the Toad's Head," and added that Gaffer's toads were a good lesson, for beauty often shone through, where careless folks saw only the plain and commonplace.



GAFFER'S WATCH-DOGS.

Bunnyboy said he supposed it must be true, if Cousin Jaek said so, but that he failed to see any beauty shining through a toad, and Cousin Jaek replied that there were a great many kinds of beauty, and that outward show was not a proof of inward grace.

"The flowers," said Cousin Jaek, "teach us one lesson of beauty, and perhaps the toads another, for it is something to be useful and harmless in a world like ours."

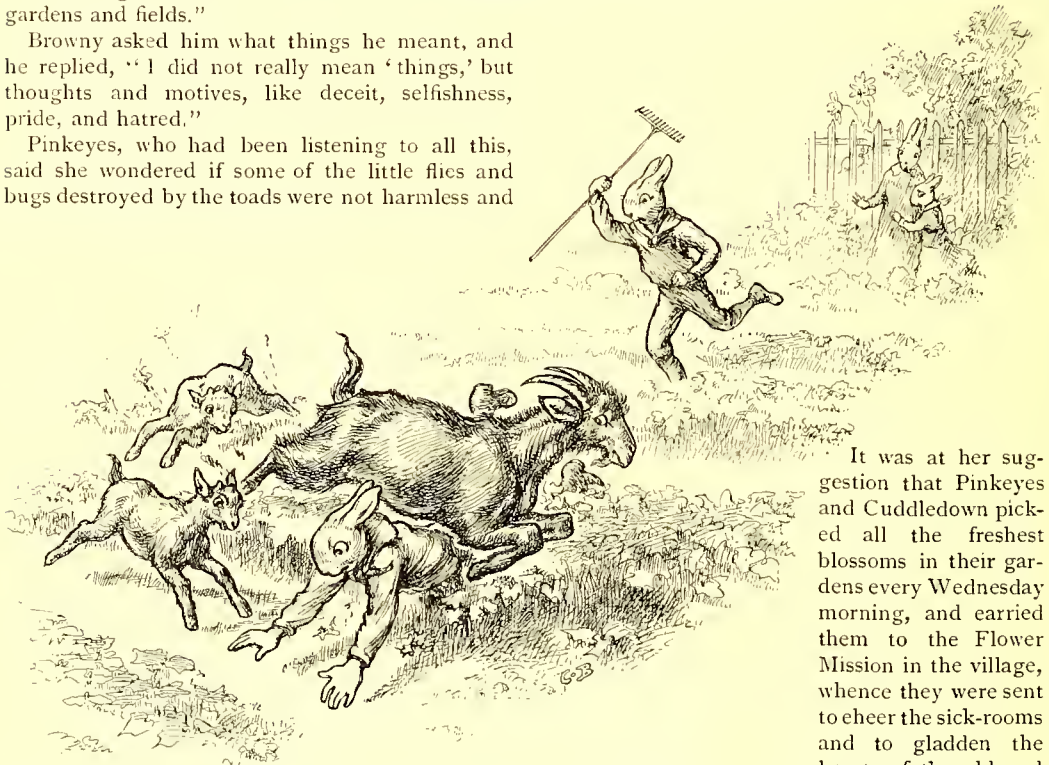
"The real ugly things," said he, "are oftener found living in houses than out in the beautiful gardens and fields."

Brownny asked him what things he meant, and he replied, "I did not really mean 'things,' but thoughts and motives, like deceit, selfishness, pride, and hatred."

Pinkeyes, who had been listening to all this, said she wondered if some of the little flies and bugs destroyed by the toads were not harmless and

Mother Bunny liked to work in the garden among the flowers as well as the others, but found little time for this kind of recreation, for she was always busy in doing or planning for the rest of the household.

She often used the time spent with them in the garden as "a moment to do a little mending for the children," which really meant stitching a lot of love and patience over all the worn and torn places in their clothing, that her four beloved little Bunnies might be fresh and tidy every day in the week.



BUNNYBOY AND BROWNNY TRY TO DRIVE THE GOATS OUT OF THE GARDEN.

useful, too, if only we knew the whole truth about them.

Gaffer coughed and looked at Cousin Jaek, who seemed somewhat puzzled for a minute.

Presently he answered Pinkeyes by saying, "That is a good suggestion, my dear, and no doubt it is true, for the more we think about the wonders of the world we live in, the more we learn of their use and beauty."

Just then Mother Bunny came out with her sewing, to get a breath of the sweet summer air, and the Bunnies gave her the best seat in the shadiest nook, where she could watch them at their work.

It was at her suggestion that Pinkeyes and Cuddledown picked all the freshest blossoms every Wednesday morning, and carried them to the Flower Mission in the village, whence they were sent to cheer the sick-rooms and to gladden the hearts of the old and feeble in both villages.

The Bunnies always enjoyed "Mission Morning," as they called it, and though they never knew just where the flowers were sent, they felt sure, at least, that they made life brighter for some one, somewhere, for a little while.

## PART II.

### STRANGE VISITORS IN THE GARDEN.

THE flowers occupied only a part of the inclosure the Bunnies called their garden.

Beyond the flower-beds was a large field where Gaffer raised many vegetables for the home table.

Bunnyboy and Brownie each had a share in this field, and enjoyed planting, weeding, hoeing, and harvesting their own crops of vegetables.

The Deacon told them a little real work was a good thing for boys, and gave them all the land they could use, and all they could raise on it, for their own, to sell or give away.

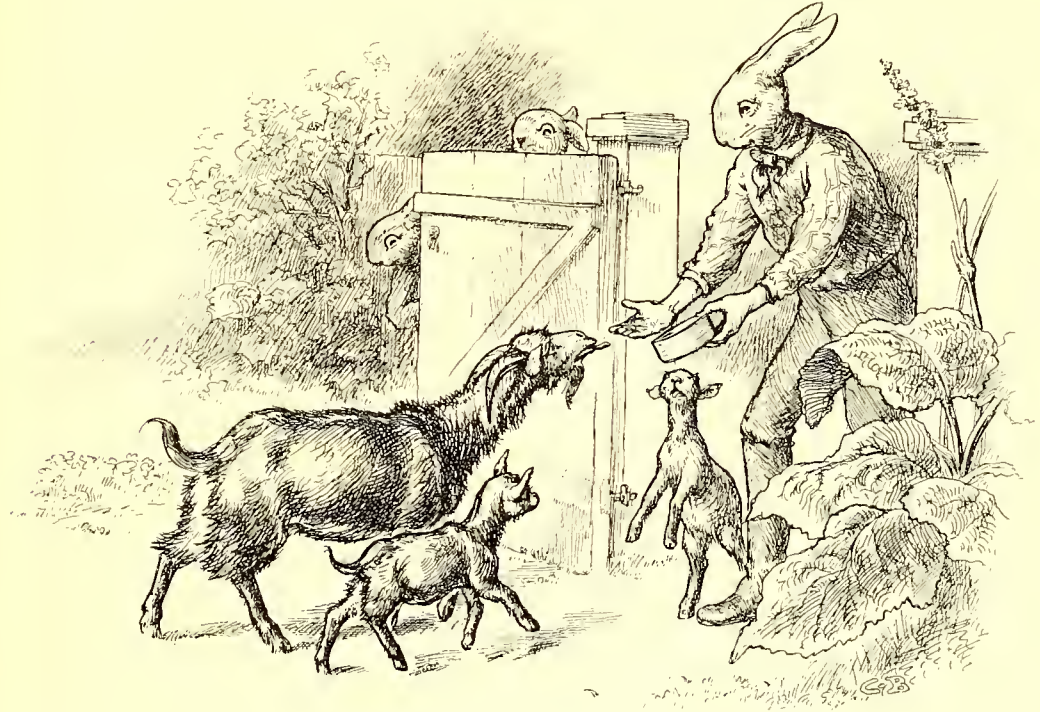
Sometimes they sold a few early vegetables, or berries, but oftener found some poor family to make glad with a basket of fresh things of the Bunnies' own raising.

Later in the season they always saved some of

They all came rushing into the garden, and then excitement began in earnest.

Each Bunny ran shouting after the goats, and the terrified kids dashed first one way, and then another, over the beds and vines, half wild with fright, while the anxious Mother Nanny ran helplessly bleating after them.

Round and round the garden they went, dashing in every direction but the right one, toward the gate, until nearly every bed had been trampled by their sharp hoofs, and the poor creatures were panting with fear and distress.



GAFFER COAXES THE GOATS THROUGH THE GATE.

each kind to send to the village Almoner as a Thanksgiving offering to the needy.

It was not a great deal to do, but the Bunnies enjoyed thinking that they had done something with their own hands to make Thanksgiving-day more truly a day of thanksgiving for somebody in the world.

One morning, a few days after the talk about the toads, Bunnyboy went to the garden early to begin his work.

He found the gate wide open, and on going in he saw a mother-goat and two kids nibbling his young pea-vines.

Running back to the house, he called the other Bunnies to come and help him drive out the goats.

Fortunately, Gaffer heard the din and racket and came to the rescue, before the garden was quite torn up.

Calling the Bunnies to the gate, he told them to be quiet and keep out of sight, and let him catch the goats in a quieter and quicker way.

Gaffer then took a wooden measure with some coarse salt in it, and shaking it gently, he called in a low voice: "Co-boss! Co-boss! Co-boss!" until the mother-goat came slowly up to him and, after a moment's hesitation, began to lick the salt from his hand.

The kids soon followed their mother to the gate, and, in less than half the time the Bunnies had taken in trying to drive them out, Gaffer had

coaxed them through the gate, and sent them trotting off to their pasture on the hill.

No one knew who had left the gate open, but suspicion fell on Browny, as he was the last one to leave the garden the night before, and also because he was often heedless in little things.

Cousin Jack said the goat might have opened the gate herself, for about the only thing an able-bodied goat could not do in the way of sight-seeing, was to climb a tree.

Gaffer looked at the havoc made in the garden, and said it would take a week to undo the mischief they had done in five minutes.

Cousin Jack turned to Gaffer and slyly asked him whom he meant by "they," — the goats or the Bunnies? and Gaffer replied, "Both!"

Then Cousin Jack said, "Well, well! the goats did not know any better, and the Bunnies did the best they knew then."

"Another time," said he, "I hope they will remember that the quietest way is usually the best way, and that bustle and noise and needless flourish are usually a waste of time and strength."

Gaffer said that he had always found that "Come," caught more goats than "Go," besides being an easier way.

Cousin Jack smiled and told the Bunnies that the sight of those trampled and torn flower-beds and the example that Gaffer had shown them was a better lesson than he could teach from the text of, "How not to do it," and that each one of them would do well to make a note of it in their diaries.

(To be continued.)

**C**ALICO for working days.  
 SNOWY white for Sunday.  
 An apron keeps a tidy dress  
 From Saturday to Monday.  
 OPENWORK for Summer wear  
 VELVET for November.  
 CAMBRIC fine for Rosy June.  
 FURS for bleak December.

C. A. C. in mark Rover

# Nell's Fairy-tale.



BY O. HERFORD.

THE fairy-tale was ended, the wicked Queen had fled;  
The Prince had saved the Princess and cut off the monster's head;  
The people all were joyful, and the Princess and the Prince  
Were married and—so ran the tale—“lived happy ever since.”  
Nell closed the book of fairy-tales and mused:  
“I wonder why  
There are no fairies nowadays? I only wish  
that I

Could be a fairy princess like the Princess Goldenhair.”  
Here Nell dropped off to sleep, and then she started in her chair,  
When, of its own accord, the book popped open, and behold!  
Out crept a wee elf-princess all arrayed in cloth of gold;  
She sighed a little tired sigh and then Nell heard her say,  
In a tiny tired little voice, that sounded far away:

“Oh, dear! how very nice it is for once to get outside.  
You've no idea how flat it is, my dear, until you've tried,  
To be shut up in a story-book with Dragons, Queens, and Kings,  
And always have to do and say the same old, senseless things;  
You think it would be very fine, but really it's no joke!  
*I'd rather be a girl, like you!—*”

Then little Nell awoke.

“Poor Princess Goldenhair,” said she,—“unhappy little elf,  
I'm rather glad, upon the whole, that I am just myself!”



# From Our Scrap-Book



## CORNISH LULLABY.

OUT on the mountain over the town,  
All night long, all night long,  
The trolls go up and the trolls go down,  
Bearing their packs and crooning a song;  
And this is the song the hill-folk croon  
As they trudge in the light of the misty moon:  
"Gold, gold! ever more gold —  
Bright red gold for dearie!"

Deep in the hill the yeoman delves,  
All night long, all night long;  
None but the peering, furtive elves  
See his toil and hear his song;  
Merrily over the cavern rings  
As merrily over his pick he swings,  
And merrily over his song he sings;  
"Gold, gold! ever more gold —  
Bright red gold for dearie!"

Mother is rocking thy lowly bed,  
All night long, all night long —  
Happy to smooth thy curly head  
And to hold thy hand and to sing her song;  
'T is not of the hill-folk, dwarfed and old,  
Nor the song of the yeoman, stanch and bold,  
And the burden it beareth is not of gold;  
But it's "Love, love — nothing but love —  
Mother's love for dearie!"  
— *Eugene Field, in Chicago News.*

## A DUCAL HOME FOR THE BLIND.

BY ELLA F. MOSEY.

HAVE you any idea how many blind people there are in the world? Statisticians say 1,400,000 totally blind, without reckoning other thousands who are partially blind. Most of these are poor and ignorant people, for children may lose their sight from neglect and mismanagement, and adults often become blind because their work ruins the eyes: as cameo-cutters, engravers, and sewing-

women. It is only within a hundred years that there have been schools for the blind, and the whole number is less than a hundred, much fewer than are needed.

One beautiful home for the blind, or rather a hospital, for they are brought there to be cured, is in a palace — the villa of the Duke of Bavaria, at Meran. It happened in this way: The Duke is a skilled oculist, and has a tender compassion for the blind peasants, whose lives are so dreary and colorless. His wife, a Portuguese princess, shares this feeling, and is his able assistant in his operations. The Princess soothes the poor patients who are frightened or nervous, and explains their troubles to her husband, for many are so ignorant that it is hard to understand their uncouth dialect. She is especially loving with children.

She also aids to keep patients quiet and obedient, for it is not easy to care for them during convalescence. Absolute quiet is necessary — they must not move hands, nor feet, nor head. Sometimes they swallow only liquid food given by the nurse. This is to avoid movement of the jaws.

The Duke has succeeded in giving sight to several children born blind. When first their sight is restored, they are as helpless as infants, and still rely upon the familiar sense of touch. One small girl was seen, after a long look at a table, to approach and stroke it with her fingers. The duchess showed one little boy her watch, but until he had touched it he could not tell whether it was round or square. Many children, when beginning to see, can not go down-stairs alone, and for a while are more helpless than when blind; but how different their lives soon become!

The Duke's first hospital was near his palace on the lake at Tegernsee, some thirty miles from Munich. But he was not strong, and physicians sent him to Meran, where the climate is milder. So many blind peasants came to the town hospital that he could not receive them, but now they are at his own villa and have most assiduous care. During one visit to Meran, the Duke had as assistant the grandson of the German poet Rückert. The peasants of the three neighboring valleys are devoted to the Duke, and Margaret Howitt has written a charming account of the night in May when peasants kindled beacon-fires in his honor on every peak and hill and high point. Though a pouring rain put out the fires, they none the less proved the inextinguishable love glowing in the hearts of the grateful people.

## AN ATHLETIC SPELLING LESSON.



Two bright little girls, one seven and the other five years of age, form an important arc of the family circle of a member of the *Avalanche* staff. The eldest has quite an inventive turn of mind, and finds in her younger sister an apt pupil. An evening or two since, tiring of books and slates, they concluded to pursue their studies in another way. "Look, Papa, we are going to spell with ourselves!" cried one of

them. Where they got the idea nobody knows. Perhaps it was an inspiration. The eldest took the lead. Standing straight up, with her arms by her sides, she called to her smart little assistant to lie down on the carpet. It was done in a moment. Did anybody know what letter it was? Plain as day, the letter L.



The second letter was not so easily made. They put their little feet together, clasped hands, bent themselves backward—tried a dozen ways, but, as the mirror a few feet away informed them when it was consulted from time to time, they were not successful. Suddenly one of them tripped

away, returning in a moment with her big hoop. Pressing themselves close to the hoop upon either side, with their curly heads over the top, the result was not only a very pretty picture, but a perfect letter O.



Now for the third letter, and really it did not seem to be much easier than the second. There were two or three quite severe falls, but it was no time for tears, and so very determined were they to succeed that they took no notice of what would have been

reason enough for giving up all thought of play, at another time, and so at last they succeeded. It was very easy. The jumping rope solved the problem and made of the pair a very picturesque V.



It was useless to pretend ignorance any longer of the word they were trying to spell. The last letter was the most difficult of all. How it was to be done, Papa was obliged to own to himself, he did not see. By standing with their faces to each other, three feet apart, bending over until

the tops of their heads touched and holding an arm straight down, they made the letter, but it was not upright. After many trials, however, they succeeded in making, as the illustration shows, an excellent E.

Hold the page at arm's length, glance down the

column, and you have that most eloquent of all the words in the language of home and children.—*The Memphis Daily Avalanche*.



A SCRAP of SUNSHINE:

## FLOWER LADIES.

BY ELIZABETH BISLAND.

DID any of you little people ever play "Flower Ladies"?

I have made many inquiries, and never found any children but those of my own family who knew about the game. It was the delight of my childhood, and now that I am grown up and can not play it myself, and have no babies of my own to teach it to, I begin to fear that the beautiful game will be lost.

It began in this way. I lived with my sister, when we were little, down—ever so far down—in Louisiana; so near the Gulf of Mexico that when the evening breezes blew we could smell the salt sea-air. It was on a sugar plantation.

On the left of the big, square, white house in which we lived was the garden. It covered four or five acres, and was inclosed with hedges of pyracanth covered with sweet, white blossoms in the spring and bunches of red berries in the autumn. Where the garden sloped down to the wide, sleepy, brown bayou was a long row of banana trees that rustled in the wind their great satiny, green leaves, which served us for hats, and flags, and even for letter paper, for we wrote notes on them with thorns out of the hedge.

Above the bananas, on the crest of the slope, was a row of picayune-rose bushes, with their myriads of dear little miniature blossoms. And then there was all the big beautiful garden. It was laid out in beds of every shape imaginable, with walks between covered with white shells. But it was n't a prim, formal garden at all, for we were allowed to do anything we wished there, and I think it must have been because we loved it so and lived in it so much, that we invented the play of "Flower Ladies," to suit the place and give us an excuse for staying there. It was a place of perfumes. I am sure you never saw roses grow as ours did. They rioted everywhere without check. They climbed up in the trees, and spread over the walks, and bloomed out into thousands and thousands of roses all at once, almost as many at Christmas time as in the spring.

Then there were the sweet-olive trees, and three kinds of magnolia trees, and every sort of jasmine, and Japan plum trees. When they all bloomed, Flora Ann, the old native African negro, used to say that "the garden wuz des 'luminated."

This was the way we played. We gathered roses with stems about two inches long and set them down on their petals, and any one can see in a minute that they then became beautiful ladies, with tall, slender figures, lovely pink or crimson, satin or velvet, skirts and little green overskirts.

The men were thorns from the hedge, which stood up very nicely when stuck in the ground, or else they were bits of stick; but they were rather stiff and unbending,—were these gentlemen,—and really played a very insignificant part in the flower ladies' households.

The houses in which the ladies lived were of the very simplest architecture; just bits of stick or blades of grass laid together in squares to inclose rooms and halls. A green leaf made a pretty bed, and tiny flat pebbles furnished beautiful chairs. Then a chip served excellently for a grand mahogany table, and upon very small mud-pies, frosted with sand, and mud chocolate-custards, in acorn-cups, and loaves of mud-bread, the flower ladies lived luxuriously.

Our ladies were divided into two families. My sister's family always bore the surname of Grey, and mine was called Graham. The big Solfaterre roses with the thick loose petals were the grandmothers, because they had wide laps for the babies to rest upon. The common damask-roses were nice comfortable mothers, who were careful lest the children should get their feet wet, and always had ready lovely mud-pies for the children when they came home from school.

The *Gloire-de-France* roses were the sweet young aunts, named Mabel, or Irene, and the moss-roses and old-fashioned thorn-roses were the ugly-tempered aunts, called Jane or Maria.

There was a rose-bush that bore very long, slender white buds, and one of these buds, because it could n't stand up well, was always a girl named Kate, who had hurt her spine. Lying on the orange-leaf sofa, she bore her sufferings with touching fortitude.

Next came the children. The Greys and Gramhams had very large families. The picayune-roses came in here, the fullest-blown kind being the eldest girls of about twelve, and from these they went down through various ages to the tiny, tiny bud that was the new-born baby rocked to sleep in



a velvety rose-leaf, and so sensitive that all the little flower children had to tread lightly for fear of waking her.

Such lovely times those Greys and Grahams had! They went sailing on a big magnolia leaf in the garden ditch, or visited each other, driving up in a banana-leaf carriage; or danced at big balls, or gave splendid dinner-parties. Perhaps the best fun of all were the christenings and the burials. When the Grey and Graham babies were old enough, everybody drove to the grand church built for the occasion, and there they were baptized. The font was a white rose-leaf filled with water, and there was always so much excitement over choosing a name for the new baby and such a supper afterward, with quantities of christening-cups of acorn-ware coming in every moment, that there was n't anything but a funeral that was nearly as interesting.

When somebody's stem broke, or the leaves dropped off, which happened frequently, the body was carefully wrapped in a banana-leaf and hauled away to the grave in a Japan-plum-leaf hearse. And there were sermons and hymns, and the flower ladies cried dreadfully, and did n't give any more parties for a long time.

When we were kept in the house by rain, a servant went out with an umbrella and fetched us in lots of roses, and then we played flower ladies in more artificial style.

The furniture was made of pasteboard, of a kind with which every little girl is familiar.

All the family wore dresses cut from tissue-paper, just oval pieces with a little hole in the middle to put the stems through. The children's school-dresses were simply pieces of plain paper, but their elders wore elaborate costumes cut in open-work patterns—a sort of lace overdresses, through which the pink or red satin skirts could be seen.

While Mamma and Grandmamma were supposed to cut out these beautiful frocks, the children were at school, and Irene and Mabel, the kind aunts, sat at the little sea-shell piano and sang one of these two songs (which seemed to be the only ones they knew):

Over the far blue mountain,  
Over the white sea foam,  
Come, thou long parted one,  
Come to thy home!

or.

Gayly the troubadour  
Touched his guitar  
As he was hastening home from the war,  
"Singing from Palestine gladly I roam,  
Lady-love, Lady-love, welcome me home!"

The great charm of this play was that everything could be swept away in a moment. There was no trouble of putting away playthings; and then everything was fresh and new each day.

We used roses, because we had so many, all the year, but crocuses or daffodils or daisies (and red clovers) make nearly as lovely flower ladies.



WATER-LILIES.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

MILTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read Jack-in-the-Pulpit's paragraph about dolls that talk, in a recent number of ST. NICHOLAS, and write to tell you of the one I saw.

It was about fifteen inches tall, I should think, and could say:

"Mary had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was white as snow,  
And everywhere that Mary went  
The lamb was sure to go."

The words came out distinctly, and the effect was very funny indeed.

The explanation is that there was a small phonograph inside the doll's body, into which some one had spoken the words quoted above. Then, by means of some machinery, when a spring was pressed, the cylinder, with its indentations, was made to revolve, and the sounds were repeated, causing the well-known lines to be heard.

The phonograph is a wonderful invention, and this use to which it has lately been put is certainly very amusing, if nothing else.

Of course, each doll may be made to say a different thing, from "Jack and Jill" to the "Declaration of Independence." Imagine them all talking at once!

Your very true friend, MARY A. T.—

A VIGILANT critic, C. M. Woodward of Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., finds errors in the following paragraph from "Ancient and Modern Artillery," published in the April number:

"Now, the momentum or moving power of a body is measured by the product of its weight and velocity. Therefore, if this ram, when worked against a wall of stone, was moved at the rate of two feet a second (a moderate estimate), its force on striking the wall would be 300,000 pounds, which would be exactly the same as the force exerted by a weight of 300,000 pounds in falling from a height of one foot. That is, it would exert greater power than any gun or cannon invented up to the year 1860."

Mr. Woodward asserts that the true statement is, that the *energy* of the battering-ram, which is the same as would be exerted by 150,000 pounds falling  $\frac{1}{16}$  foot, is 9375 *foot-pounds*, or only  $\frac{1}{32}$  of that exerted by 300,000 pounds falling one foot. He says, also, that in 1860 many guns sent 200-pound projectiles 1500 feet a second, or with an energy of 7,031,560 foot-pounds—750 times that of the battering-ram.

SAN AUGUSTINE, TEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the eastern part of Texas, in the old historical town of San Augustine, where General Sam Houston lived awhile when he first came to this country, which was then a republic.

I am a boy fourteen years old, and have two brothers and two sisters, Eugene and Guy, Sara and Itasca— all younger than myself. I am very fond of hunting, and have two guns and a dog.

You have been a welcome visitor to our home for more than four years. We all enjoy looking at "The Brownies" very much—the "dude" especially. Like most of your readers, we think that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the best of your stories.

Your admiring reader, EDDIE A. B.—

GALENA, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have wanted for a long time to tell you what a nice magazine you are. I have taken you for several years and enjoy you very much. I only wish you came oftener. I live in Galena, the old town where General Grant used to live. Mrs. Grant still owns a house here. A great many noted men have been connected with this town. Galena is something like Rome, built on seven hills, although I am not sure that there are exactly seven.

I am twelve years old, and the eldest of a family of four children, and very fond of reading.

I kept a few geraniums this winter, and had wonderful success with them. I am your loving reader,

ISABEL S.—

OAHE, DAK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother takes you. We all enjoy reading you very much. My favorite stories are "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Juan and Juanita," and "Sara Crewe."

We live on the Missouri River. I have made two trips across the Reservation. The Indians have many queer customs. I wonder if any of the readers ever heard of a "Ghost give-away." When an Indian dies, some friend or relative claims to possess his spirit. This relative can not possess the spirit of the departed unless he keeps a lock of his hair, with a piece of the scalp attached. A tent is put up for the ghost to live in, and the relative pretends to feed the ghost. While keeping the ghost he collects as many presents as he can. After a long while he has a great feast and gives away all the things—expecting to get something to pay for it after awhile. Once, when I was on a trip, we camped near where there was a ghost-tent. The man who owned the tent promised to take us into the tent, but when the time came he said he would not unless we would take the ghost a cup of coffee. And, of course, we could not do that, as the person we were traveling with was a missionary. My father went to see a "Ghost give-away" once. They had a large feast and there were a great many people there. There were gifts of all kinds from a small burro to a needle book. They gave about twenty ponies and a great many war bonnets. The Indian had been three years in collecting the things. They also gave moccasins, pipes, belts, and various kinds of fancy-work, blankets, comforts, shawls, feather fans, and horn spoons. At a "give-away," or "Ghost feast," they always eat awhile, then dance awhile, and then go back to the presents, and then around the same way. For music (?) they have an old

bass-drum, which they pound on all the time, without any regard to time. They all dance to the tune, which is no tune at all. The old women who are too old to do anything else sit around and sing. This "Give-away" I speak of lasted three days. Some of the customs of the Indians seem meaningless to us; but they must mean something to the Indians or they would not devote so much time and energy to them. Such customs are fast dying away. The strongest features of their religion seem to consist in punishing themselves.

I hope this will be as interesting to some as other letters about strange places are to me.

Your Western reader, E. W. C.—.

WE take pleasure in printing in the "Letter-box" the accompanying sketches which a bright little girl sent to her uncle. The title below is the one she gave them.

Bloody Island. There are many Indians' graves there now, and arrow-heads have often been found there. We have one of the prettiest views on the lake from our ranch. Mt. Konocti is directly opposite our place on the other side of Clear Lake, and though it is twenty-five or more miles away, on a clear day it does not look ten. There are mountains all around us and pretty farms and ranches. There is a most beautiful little steamer on the lake. It is built after the model of the "City of Tokio," but it is much smaller, of course, and its name is the "City of Lakeport." There are many other steamers and yachts here, as the lake is an excellent place for yacht races. We have a very pretty steam-yacht. This is a very long letter, but as it is the first letter I have ever written, I hope you will print it. I love you very much, and your pretty stories. I think your best story is "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Your devoted reader, MARGARET D. C.—.



"MY EXCUSES FOR *not* WRITING A LETTER."

CLEAR LAKE, LAKE CO., CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I don't think you ever had a letter from here before. I live on a ranch which borders on the lake. I am a little girl ten years old, but quite old enough to appreciate the beautiful scenery around me. The space which is now covered with water, hundreds of years ago was supposed to have been the crater of a volcano. This supposition is most probably true, as shown by the fact that instead of having sand or pebble beaches as lakes generally have, ours have volcanic stones instead. These stones are very pretty. They are usually flat and of a black, transparent substance. The Indians made their arrow-heads of them at the time of the war with the Indians, thirty years ago. The place where they had their most terrible fight is not more than two miles from us. It is called

FORT DAVIS, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am only ten years old. My sister takes ST. NICHOLAS, and we all think it lovely.

I have a brother older than myself, and Papa gave us a pony and carriage. We take turns in riding in the evening, for we go to school all day and only have the evenings to ourselves with Saturday and Sunday. I also have a sister who has a tiny white cat named "Muff," because it looks just like one.

I like to feed our chickens and turkeys; we got them when they were quite young. The turkeys will eat corn from my hand. There is an old black, shaggy-looking rooster that will also eat out of my hand; but the rooster is not half so shaggy as the dark mountains that tower at the back of the houses. They are the Apache Mountains; and we children have plenty of fun climbing to

the top of them. Great herds of goats roam over these mountains, and also great numbers of burros. I suppose not many of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS have seen burros; they are something like mules, but shorter and with ears four times as long.

I remain your constant reader, MELVILLE C—.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy, thirteen years of age. I live in Illinois. We have taken the ST. NICHOLAS since 1876. My father is mayor of a city. I here give you an original poem, and I shall be very much obliged if you will publish it:

#### THE ITALIAN BOY.

Once upon the time of old,  
There was a harp all made of gold,  
Which an Italian boy did play,  
He lived o'er hills so far away.

He lived by the side of a river;  
And in the winter the boy did shiver.  
So far away, the boy was cold,  
Because his garments all were old.

The boy that lived in the time of old,  
That had the harp all made of gold,  
Took sick one day, by the riverside,  
And then, oh, then! he died, he died!

C. E. H—, JR.

ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I inclose a paper that my uncle sends to you. I have taken you for nearly five years, and I like you very much. I have seen a great many letters in the "Letter-box" but never written to you before.

Yours truly, G. S. S—.

The names of the following six Presidents of the United States contain, conjointly, all the letters of the alphabet: George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren, James Knox Polk, Zachary Taylor.

WE are glad to print a few selections from the journal of a young friend of ST. NICHOLAS, Richard Lawrence Benson, of Philadelphia. The journal was written during a trip to Europe in 1887, and was afterward printed for circulation among his friends:

The Zoo, in Holland, is very magnificent; they have a fine collection of birds. While walking in the Zoo, a bird snatched my ticket from my hand, but we got it back.

After leaving The Hague, we went to Coblenz. We staid at the Hotel du Geant.

Ehrenbreitstein Castle is a large fortress on the Rhine; it was opposite to our hotel. It is built on a large rock. \* \* \* \* \*

Berne is a very pretty place, we staid at the Hotel Bernerhof. We went to the Bear Pit, and saw the bears of Berne.

The Clock is one of the most interesting things. When the Clock strikes the hour, a cock crows and flaps his wings, a bear dances, little men walk round a circle, a man stamps his foot, and a man pulls a bell. On top of the tower of the Clock is a figure of a man, striking with a hammer the number of hours. \* \* \* \*

We went from Geneva to Vevey, and staid at the

Grand Hotel. The Castle of Chillon is a very large old castle; it is on a rock extending into Lake Geneva. The dungeons in the castle are very dark and lonely. The prisoners sleep on the stone bed before they are executed. Bonnavard was a prisoner in one of the dungeons a number of years; he wore a hole in the stone, by having his feet in the same place so long.

The tortures were very severe; one was hanging the prisoner up by his thumbs, and burning the soles of his feet with very hot iron. \* \* \* \* \*

From Zürich we went to Munich, and staid at the Bayerischer. One morning we went to see the Picture Gallery; the paintings are very wonderful; all the figures are life-size.

"Building the Pyramids," is one of the finest paintings that I have ever seen; it looks very real. "The Fall of the First Man," is very well painted.

There are a number of celebrated pictures, besides these two paintings. \* \* \* \* \*

The palace of the late Emperor William is a very large and plain old palace. When living, the Emperor appeared at the windows of his palace every day to see his people.

Unter-den-Linden is a very beautiful avenue; it is used for walking and driving.

The palace of the father of the late Emperor William is very large. The interior is very magnificent.

The King had no stairs in the palace, but a place for a horse to carry him up to his bedroom.

The floors of the palace are very highly polished, and the visitors have to wear large velvet slippers to keep the floor from being scratched.

The ball-room is very long and wide; there are so many pictures in this room that they nearly cover all the wall.

KENOSHA, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our names are Lucien and Lilian. Mamma read to us your lovely story, "Daddy Jake the Runaway." We pretend that it is about us. We have had the ST. NICHOLAS ever since we can remember, and we really think we would die if it did n't come. Sister Rene is writing this letter for us and we are telling her what to say. We are seven years old. You see we are twins. We hope this letter will be printed, as it is our first. Lucien has a dog named Pete, and Lilian has a cat named Alward. We love little pigs, too. Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

Your devoted admirers,

LUCIEN AND LILIAN.

WE thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters received from them: Edith G. Scott, "Thirteen Brothers and Sisters," L. M. H., Paul Gage, Mildred D. G., May Waring, C. Maye Young, Mabel A. Wells, Mildred W. Bennett, Fannie R., Adela C., Vivian G., Merle Churchill, Willie Helm, "Katherine," T. C. Richardson, Jr., Charles Norton, Laura May Hadley, M. E. E. L. Krutz, Emily C., Edna Foley, Edna and Eleanor D., M. G. F., Mary Laycock, A. P. C. Ashhurst, A. N., Lillie Gray, Alice Earle and Elsie Woodward, Clara C. B., Josephine D. W., Mida and Sadie, Eleanor Bloomfield, H. B., Alec, and Archie Lander, Eleanor L. Bell, L. Asher, Elsie A. R., L. B. Roth, Fred. Bowie, Marie H. Janorin, Florence V. Medcalf, Geo. W. Hare, Louisa M. Bell, Susan Elizabeth Clay, Charles E. W., H. V. B., P. H. T., Roxalene, O. Howcell, Emily H. Magee, Clara Louise Randolph, Faith Tyler, Isabella and Marguerite White, Pauline Freyhahn, Lillian V. and Clara G., Charles Pfeiffer, Edith Dana, Mabel Agnes Bloomer, Eleanor O., Isabella Margaret, Eleanor A. Richards, J. H. Boatwright, Emmie C. B., A. R. F. C., and M. R. C.

# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

**DOUBLE DIAGONALS.** Birthrights and Declaration. Cross-words: 1. Battalioned. 2. Misfortunes. 3. Parasitical. 4. Controlling. 5. Marshmallow. 6. Encouraging. 7. Contaminate. 8. Mysterious. 9. Triararches. 10. Ponderosity. 11. Noctilucous.

**DOUBLE ACROSTIC.** Primals, Agassiz; finals, Le Conte. Cross-words: 1. Anvil. 2. GracE. 3. AttiC. 4. SalvO. 5. SlaiN. 6. IngoT. 7. Zocle.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

If the first of July it be rainy weather,  
It will rain more or less for four weeks together.

**A STITCH PUZZLE.** 1. Arrow-stitch. 2. Hem-stitch. 3. Running-stitch. 4. Buttonhole-stitch. 5. Feather-stitch. 6. Lock-stitch. 7. Star-stitch. 8. Cat-stitch. 9. Cross-stitch. 10. Back-stitch. 11. Briar-stitch. 12. Chain-stitch. 13. Outline-stitch. 14. Rope-stitch.

**RHOMBOID.** Across: 1. Gleam. 2. Orion. 3. Arbor. 4. Sloop. 5. Endor.

**CUBE AND SQUARE.** From 1 to 2, tangled; 2 to 4, dauphin; 1 to 3, torment; 3 to 4, trodden; 5 to 6, element; 6 to 8, trodden; 5 to 7, enforce; 7 to 8, enliven; 1 to 5, tame; 2 to 6, dart; 4 to 8, noon; 3 to 7, tale. Inclosed square: 1. Ment. 2. Ever. 3. Nero. 4. Trod.

**EASY BEHEADINGS.** Vacation. 1. Vales. 2. Await. 3. Clock. 4. Aware. 5. Train. 6. Ideal. 7. Opine. 8. Never.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from Paul Reese — K. G. S. — Ida C. Thalion — Mary L. Gerrish.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from A. E. Fischer, 1 — Addie and Simah, 1 — Amy F., 1 — A. E. H. Meyer, 1 — Lillian V. and Clara G., 1 — Anna and Hattie, 3 — "Queen Elizabeth," 3 — A. W. Gibson, 1 — "Mamma and her boys," 2 — Louis Nuttman, 2 — Wilford W. Linsly, 2 — Ethel Kirkland, 6 — A. B. Dodge, 1 — Madeleine D., 1 — L. A. Conklin, 1 — Gert and Fan, 3 — S. I. Myers, 1 — A. P. C. Ashhurst, 1 — A. S. and B. R., 1 — Clara and Emma, 3 — Sadie Wigg, 2 — E. E. Strout, 1 — "Mischievous Mirth," 1 — Fred E. Parmly, 4 — "Toots," 1 — Marion S. Dumont, 2 — B. M. Rickert, 2 — Caroline S. Hopkins, 2 — R. O. Howell, 1 — M. Connett, 1 — C. L. Trendley, 2 — Madge Rutherford, 2 — Mary E. Breed, 2 — J. M. Caffee, 1 — C. S. Marsh, 1 — R. S. Morrison, 1 — A. B. Lawrence, 1 — E. W. Hamilton, 1 — M. H. Janvrin, 1 — Elsie A. R., 2 — "Rocket and Flyer," 1 — Maude E. Palmer, 11 — Ariadne, 1 — Mary E. T., 1 — Alice Hill, 2 — C. B. O., 5 — O. Z. H., 2 — Marion, 1 — Barbara A. Russell, 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 11 — Bub and Sis, 2 — F. E. Hecht, 1 — Lisa D. Bloodgood, 6 — "Maxie and Jackspar," 12 — Nady, 1 — Gertrude M. Meyer, 1 — Ethel H., 1 — "May and 79," 0 — "Infantry," 13 — George Garlicks, 2 — Elizabeth A. Adams, 1 — "Roseba and Laurida," 4 — Conway, 1 — H. S. Hadden, 3 — Florence L. Beeckman, 7 — Henry Guilford, 13 — "The Wise Five," 13 — Marian W. Little, 4 — Monell, 3 — Mamma and Millie, 3 — Nellie L. Howes, 9 — "Skipper," 2 — "Golden West," 3 — A. M. Pierce, 1 — S. W. Adams, 1 — Clara and Lucy, 2 — Grace K., 3 — May Martin, 1 — Jo and I, 12 — Geoffrey Parsons, 2 — S. Scott, 1 — Mathilde, Ida and Alice, 7 — Emma Sydney, 2 — C. C. D., 3 — Mattie E. Beale, 11 — K. Guthrie, 1 — No Name, Louisville, 10 — Grace Harwood, 3 — Gruech, 4 — A. Clarke, 1 — "Shep and Puskie" Taylor, 3 — A. L. Brownell, 1 — E. Shirley, 1.

### CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

The words described are of unequal length, but when rightly guessed the initial letters will all be the same, and the central letters will spell the name of an American poet.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Those who carry. 2. Believes. 3. A kind of parrot found in the Philippine Islands. 4. Troops that serve on horseback. 5. Grows smaller. 6. A wading bird. 7. A division of a book. 8. A kind of pleasure-carriage. 9. To sear with a hot iron.

LOUISE MCCLELLAN.

### CHARADE.

My first ascends on soaring wings  
To "Heaven's gate,"  
And hails the coming of the spring  
In notes elate.  
My second shines on knightly heel  
In battle won,  
A token that its wearer's steel  
Has prowess done.  
My whole, beside his lady's bower,  
In varied hue,  
In stately pride unfolds its flower,  
Pink, white or blue.

M. N. ROBINSON.

### ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand corner) will spell an event which took place one hundred years ago.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A place to hold water. 2. One of the United

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Thermometer.

Pt. O to lie in the ripening grass  
That gracefully bends to the winds that pass,  
And to look aloft the oakleaves through,  
Into the sky so deep, so blue!

O to feel as utterly free  
As the ricebird singing above on the tree,  
Or the locusts piping their drowsy whirr,  
Or the down that sails from the thistlebur!

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

**REBUS.** A Tale of the Lights. "A polite acolyte with a slight blight to his eye-sight, sang in the twilight, 'Let there be light.' In this plight he saw with delight the flight of an erolite enlighten the starlight like the daylight; and, alighting on an electric light, it put out the light quick as lightning."

**ACROSTIC.** Edda. 1. Eagle. 2. Dncat. 3. Daric. 4. Angel. **PECULIAR ACROSTIC.** Third row, Robert Burns; fifth row, Wilberforce. Cross-words: 1. caRaWay. 2. chOrIst. 3. taBuLa. 4. shErBet. 5. teRrEne. 6. coTeRie. 7. reBuFs. 8. grUmOus. 9. poRtRay. 10. meNaCed. 11. poStErn.

**EASY RIDDLE.** Cares.

**CONCEALED WORDS.** Mountains, 1. Hecla. 2. Atlas. 3. Nebo. Trees. 1. Sandal. 2. Oak. 3. Yew.

States. 3. A part of a ship. 4. A moiety. 5. A Mohammedan. 6. A narrow valley. 7. A sharp-sighted beast. 8. A Chinese instrument. 9. Forsook. 10. To cry as an owl. 11. A pain. 12. An ecclesiastical dignitary. 13. A poet. 14. A staff. 15. Facile. 16. A time of fasting. 17. To curb. 18. The surname of a great American statesman. 19. A river of Germany. "AMERICA."

### A CLUSTER OF DIAMONDS.

I. 1. In explodes. 2. A small draught. 3. To use frugally. 4. A gem. 5. Supercilious. 6. Termination. 7. In explodes.

II. 1. In explodes. 2. A tool. 3. A piece of leather. 4. A precious stone which was set in Aaron's breast-plate. 5. Part of the body. 6. To place. 7. In explodes.

III. 1. In explodes. 2. A body of water. 3. A jewel. 4. Skill. 5. In explodes.

IV. 1. In trapeze. 2. A toy. 3. A gem. 4. The god of shepherds. 5. In trapeze.

V. 1. In trapeze. 2. Era. 3. A kind of quartz. 4. A familiar abbreviation. 5. In trapeze.

VI. 1. In blacking. 2. A pronoun. 3. A gem. 4. A kind of grain. 5. In blacking.

GRACE DUNHAM.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals will spell the name of a noted American; the central row of letters will spell the name of a noted Englishman.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Loads. 2. Reclining. 3. Settles or fixes on a person and his descendants. 4. Selling. 5. An escape by artifice or deception. 6. The most formidable of all sea-gulls. 7. One who distributes alms in behalf of another. 8. A repast at noon. 9. Degrades.

K. P. K. and E. A. M.



**NUMERICAL ENIGMA.**

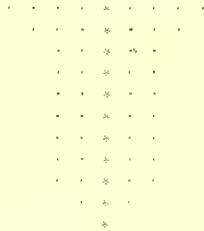
I am composed of ninety-one letters, and am a four-line verse by Henry Sylvester Cornwell.

My 85-65-14-52-25 is always on the dinner-table. My 56-70-47-68 is often on the breakfast-table. My 62-39-29-17 is certain. My 32-6-20 is a domestic animal. My 4-80-72-34-01 is the upright post about which the steps of a circular staircase wind. My 8-11-43-58 is one of the United States. My 45-22-83-37 was a famous city of ancient times. My 64-26-60 is a beverage. My 70-74-18-50-78 is a sweet substance. My 2-41-30-13-66-23-81 is a composition of lime, water, and sand. My 28-82-44-53 is twisted toward one side. My 40-87-15-69-55-19-16 is one of the sub-kingdoms of animals. My 73-46-00-27-54-59 is a color. My 9-61-38-33-76 is part of a

fern. My 75-36-21 is the name of a lovely lady in Spenser's "Faery Queen." My 10-71-88 is to drag through the water by means of a rope. My 24-35-5-67 is beautiful. My 86-80-7-57-40-51-1-12 is astonishment. My 63-42-48-77-84-3-31 is an old name for heat.

"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

**AN ESCUTCHEON.**



**ACROSS:** 1. The English novelist who wrote "Jack Sheppard." 2. An English artist whose work was much admired by Charles Lamb. 3. The Irish poet who wrote "The Burial of Sir John Moore." 4. An eminent English divine and hymn-writer. 5. A famous English caricaturist, many of whose pictures were published in *Punch*. 6. The author of "The Two Foscari." 7. The most

celebrated pianist of recent times. 8. The philosopher who wrote the "Novum Organum." 9. The author of "The Fudge Family in Paris." 10. The goddess of discord. 11. A letter from an author.

The central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a celebrated poet and novelist who was born August 15, 1771.

F. S. F.

**PL.**

Ni het strif wrosdy hate fo ugatus onon,  
 Ree yte teh stupares rea wrendembo dan ryd,  
 Ro yte cht slowlal thesbea reh traping shig,  
 Ruden eht dre nus nad het smorcin nomo,  
 Tingenge su lal oto noso,

Mesco cht mulped drodlogen hwit tinnufag intra  
 Dan flits chr lewloy hade glano cht wya  
 Herwe weste wld seros ledboom tub reedystay,  
 Dan fyamo saidies dendod ni didasin  
 Ta juyl nus dna nira.

**WORD-SQUARES.**

- I. 1. Filled. 2. To expiate. 3. To pledge. 4. To succeed.  
 5. To hinder.  
 II. 1. A glossy fabric. 2. Solitary. 3. Taxes. 4. A small bay.  
 5. Airy homes. M. N. ROBINSON.

**MALTESE CROSS.**

	1	2	3	4	5
19		6	7	8	32
20	24		9		29 33
21	25	27	A	28	30 34
22	26		10		31 35
23		11	12	13	36
	14	15	16	17	18

FROM 1 to 5, a masculine name; from 6 to 8, an opening; from 9 to 10, to fortify; from 11 to 12, to immerse; from 14 to 18, to burn slightly; from 19 to 26, relationship; from 19 to 23, a small candle; from 24 to 26, to hinder; from 27 to 29, equal value; from 29 to 31, an iota; from 32 to 36, to blush; from 28 to 34, a luminary; from 3 to 16, a South American bird of brilliant colors; from 21 to 34, a useful article at the seashore. "LUNA."

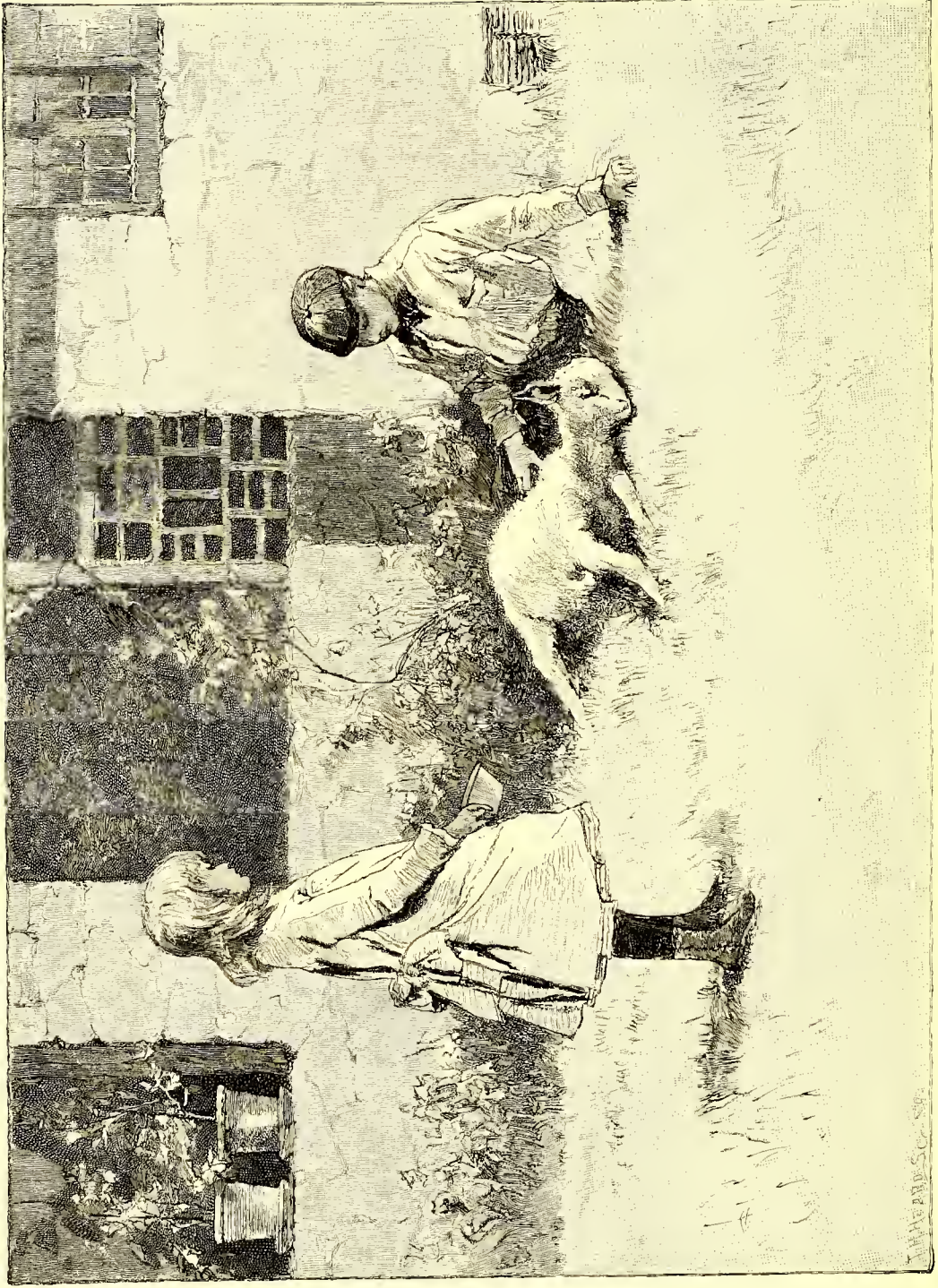
**SHAKSPEREAN DIAGONAL.**

THE diagonals, from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner, will spell the name of an Athenian statesman whose "majestic intelligence" is extolled by Plato.

**CROSS-WORDS:** 1. A character in "Timon of Athens." 2. A character in "The Merchant of Venice." 3. A character in "Romeo and Juliet." 4. A character in "Julius Caesar." 5. A character in "Much Ado About Nothing." 6. A character in "Romeo and Juliet." 7. A character in "King Henry V." 8. A character in "Hamlet." All the characters described are masculine.

MAXIE AND JACKSPAR.





"IT TOOK NO NOTICE OF ALL THE CHILDREN'S CARE."

(SEE "THE LAMB THAT COULD N'T 'KEEP UP.'" DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.)

J. H. B. S. C. 1880



# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVI.

SEPTEMBER, 1889.

NO. 11.

## THE LAMB THAT COULD N'T "KEEP UP."

—  
BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.  
—

UNTIL Jack Gilmour was seven years old, his home had been at his grandfather's house, in a country "well-wooded and watered," as, no doubt, the Dutch captain who discovered it described it to his king.

There was water in the river; there was water in the ponds, which lay linked together by falling streams among the hills above the mill; there was water in the spring-lot; there was water in the brook that ran through the meadow across the road; there was water in the fountain that plashed quietly all through the dark close summer nights when not a leaf stirred, even of the weeping-ash, and the children lay tossing in their beds, with only their nightgowns covering them. And besides all these living, flowing waters, there was water in the cistern that lay concealed under the foundations of the house. Not one of the grandchildren knew who had dug it, or cemented it, or sealed it up, for children and children's children to receive their first bath from its waters. The good grandfather's care had placed it there; but even that fact the little ones took for granted, as they took the grandfather himself,—as they took the fact that the ground was under their feet, when they ran about in the sunshine.

In an outer room, which had been a kitchen once (before Jack's mother was born), there was a certain place in the floor which gave out a hollow sound, like that from the planking of a covered bridge, whenever Jack stamped upon it. Somebody found him, one day, trying the echoes on this

queer spot in the floor, and advised him to keep off it. It was the trap-door which led down into the cistern; and although it was solidly made and rested upon a broad ledge of wood—well, it had rested there on that same ledge for many years, and it was n't a pleasant thought that a little boy in kilts should be prancing about with only a few ancestral planks between him and a hidden pit of water.

Once, when the trap-door had been raised for the purpose of measuring the depth of the water in the cistern, Jack had looked down and had watched a single spot of light wavering over the face of the dark still pool. It gave him a strange, uncomfortable feeling, as if this water were something quite unlike the outdoor waters which reflected the sky instead of the under side of a board floor. This water was imprisoned, alone and silent; and if ever a sunbeam reached it, it was only a stray gleam wandering where it could not have felt at home, and must have been glad to leap out again when the sunbeam moved away from the crack in the floor which had let it in.

That same night a thunder-storm descended; the chimneys bellowed and the rain made a loud trampling upon the roof. Jack woke and felt for his mother's hand. As he lay still, listening to the rain, lessening to a steady, quiet drip, drip, he heard another sound, very mysterious in the sleeping house; a sound as of a small stream of water falling from a height into an echoing vault. His mother told him it was the rain-water pouring

from all the roofs and gutters into the cistern, and that the echoing sound was because the cistern was "low." Next morning the bath water was deliciously fresh and sweet; and Jack had no more unpleasant thoughts about the silent, sluggish old cistern.

Now, there are parts of our country where the prayer, "Give us this day our daily water," might be added to the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread"; unless we take the word bread to mean all that men and women require to preserve life to themselves and their children. That sad people of the East to whom this prayer was given so long ago, could never have forgotten the cost and value of water.

If you turn the pages of a Bible concordance to the word "water," you will find it repeated hundreds of times, in the language of supplication, of longing, of prophecy, of awful warning, of beautiful imagery, of love and aspiration. The history of the Jewish people in their wanderings, their wars and temptations, to their final occupation of the promised land, might be traced through the different meanings and applications of this one word. It was bargained, begged, and fought for, and was apportioned from generation to generation. We read, among the many stories of those thirsty lands, how Achsah, daughter of Caleb the Kenizite, not content with her dowry, asked of her father yet another gift, without which the first were valueless. "For thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water"; and Caleb gave her the upper springs and the nether springs.

Now, our little boy Jack was seven years old, and had to be taken more than half-way across the continent before he learned that water is a precious thing.

He was taken to the engineer's camp that has been spoken of before in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS,\* in a cañon of a little, wild river, which is within the borders of that region of the far West known as the "Arid belt."

Well, there was water in this river; but after the placer-mining began in the month of May, and Moor's Creek brought down the "tailings" from the mines and mingled them with the current of the river, its waters became as yellow as those of the famous Tiber, as it "rolls by the towers of Rome";—yellow with silt, which is not injurious; but it is not pleasant to drink essence of granite rock, nor yet to wash one's face in it. They made a filter and filtered it: but every pailful had to be "packed," as they say in the West, by the Chinese cook and the cook's assistant. Economy in the use of water became no more than a matter of common consideration for human beings.

In addition to the river there was a stream which came down the gulch close beside the camp. This little stream was a spendthrift in the spring, and wasted its small patrimony of water; by the middle of summer it had begun to economize, and by September it was a niggard,—letting only a small dribble come down for those at its mouth to cherish in pools, or pots, or pails, or in whatever it could be gathered. This water of the gulch was frequently fouled by the range cattle that came crowding down to drink, mornings and evenings; dead leaves and vegetation lay soaking in it, as summer waned. It was therefore condemned for drinking, but served for bathing, or for washing the camp clothing, and was exceedingly precious by reason of its small and steadily decreasing quantity.

One morning, late in July, Jack was fast asleep and dreaming. The sun was hot on the great hills toward the east; hills that had been faintly green for a few weeks in the spring, but were now given up to the mingled colors of the gray-green sage-brush and the dun-yellow soil.

They would have been hills of paradise could rain have fallen upon them as often as it falls upon the cedar-crowned knolls of the Hudson. For these hills are noble in form and of great size, a family of giants as they march skyward, arm in arm and shoulder to shoulder; and the sky above them is the sky we call "Italian." The "down-cañon wind" that all night long had swept the gulch, from its source in the hills to its mouth in the river, had fainted dead away in the heat of the sun. Presently the counter wind from the great, hot plains would begin to blow, but this was the breathless pause between.

The flies were tickling Jack's bare legs, and creeping into the neck of his night-gown, where the button was off, as it usually is off of a seven-year-old night-gown. He was restless, "like a dog that hunts in dreams," for he was taking the old paths again that once he had known so well.

From the eastern hills came the mingled, far-off bleating, the ululation of a multitude of driven sheep. The sound had reached Jack's dreaming ear; suddenly his dream took shape, and for an instant he was a happy boy.

He was "at home" in the East. It was sheep-washing time, the last week in May; the apple orchards were a mass of bloom, and the deep, old, winding lanes were sweet with their perfume. Jack was hurrying up the lane by the Long Pond, to the sheep-washing place, where the water came down from the pond in a dark, old, leaky, wooden flume, and was held in a pool into which the sheep were plunged by twos and by threes, squeezed and tumbled about, and lifted out to stagger away

\* See "An Idaho Picnic," in ST. NICHOLAS for August, 1887.

under the apple-trees and dry their heavy fleeces in the sun. Jack was kicking in his sleep, when his name was called, by a voice outside the window, and he woke. Nothing was left of the dream, with all its sweets of sight and sound and smell, but the noise of the river's continuous wrestle with the rocks of the upper bend, and that far-off multitudinous clamor from over the sun-baked hills.

"Jack, come out!" said the voice of Jack's big cousin. "They are going to 'sheep' us. There's a band of eight thousand coming!"

There was a great scattering of flies and of bed-clothes, as Jack leaped out. He wasted no regrets upon the past,—one is n't so foolish as that at seven years old,—but was ready for the joys of the present. Eight thousand sheep, or half that number (allowing for a big cousin's liberal computation), were a sight worth seeing. As to being "sheeped," what was there in an engineer's camp to "sheep," unless the eight thousand woolly range-trotters should trot over tents and house-roofs and stove-pipes and all, like Santa Claus's team of reindeer!

Jack was out of bed and into his clothes in a hurry, and off over the hill with his cousin, buttoning the buttons of his "star" shirt-waist on the way.

The "band" was pouring over the hill-slopes in all directions, making at full speed for the river. The hills themselves seemed to be dizzily moving. The masses of distant small gray objects swarmed, they drifted, they swam, with a curious motionless motion. They looked like nothing more animated than a crop of gray stones, nearly of a size, spreading broadly over the hills and descending toward the river with an impulse which seemed scarcely more than the force of gravitation.

The dogs were barking, the shepherds were racing and shouting, to head them off and check their speed, lest the hundreds behind should press upon the hundreds in front and force them out into deep water. The hot air throbbed with the tumult.

When the thirst of every panting throat had been slaked and the band began to scatter along the hill-slopes, the boys went forward to speak with the sheep-men.

A few moments afterward they were returning to the camp on a run, to ask permission to accept from the shepherds the gift of a lamb that could n't "keep up" with the band. It had run beside its mother as far as its strength would carry it, and then it had fallen and been trampled; and there it must lie unless help could revive it. A night on the hills, with the coyotes about, would finish it.

Permission was given, and breakfast was a perfunctory meal for the children by reason of the lamb, lying on the strip of shade outside. After

breakfast they sopped its mouth with warm milk, they sponged it with cold water, they tried to force a spoonful of mild stimulant between its teeth. They hovered and watched for signs of returning life. The lamb lay with its eyes closed; its sides, which were beginning to swell, rose and sank in long heavy gasps. Once it moved an ear, and the children thought it must be "coming to." Upon this hopeful sign they began at once to make plans for the lamb's future life and joys with them in the cañon.

It should be led down to the river, night and morning, to drink; it should have bran soaked in milk; it should nibble the grass on the green strip; they would build it a house, for fear the coyotes should come prowling about at night; it should follow them up the gulch and over the hills, and race with them in the evenings on the river beach, as "Daisy," the pet fawn, had done—until something happened to her (the children never knew what), and the lovely creature disappeared from the cañon and out of their lives forever.

When the strip of morning shadow was gone, they lifted the lamb tenderly and carried it to the strip of afternoon shadow on the other side of the house; and still it took no notice of the water or the milk, or of all the children's care, nor seemed to hear that they were planning a happy life for it, if only it would get well.

When twilight came, and still it had not moved, the children held anxious consultation on the subject of their neighbors, the coyotes; but their father assured them there would be no danger, so near to the house; and it seemed a pity to disturb the poor lamb.

When the cool night wind began to blow down the cañon again, and the children were asleep, the lamb made its last effort. It is the instinct of all dumb creatures to keep upon their feet as long as they can stand; for when they have fallen, the herd has no compassion,—or it may be that its comrades press around the sufferer out of curiosity, or mistaken sympathy, and so trample it out of existence without meaning the least harm. The little nursling of the range obeyed this instinct in its last moments—struggled to its feet and fell, a few steps farther on; and the lamb that could n't keep up was at rest.

No more toiling over hills and mountains, and across hot valleys, packed in the midst of the band, breathing the dust, stunned with the noise, always hungry, almost always athirst, baked by the sun, chilled by the snow, driven by the wind—drifting on, from mountain to river, from river to plain.

This one, out of eight thousand, could rest at last, on cool grass, with the peace and the silence and the room of a summer night around it.

The band slept upon the hills that night ; the next morning they crossed the gulch above the camp, and drank up by the way *all* the water of the little stream. Not another drop was seen for days. At length it gathered strength enough to trickle down again, but it was necessary to dip it up and let it stand in casks to settle before it was fit for use ; and the Chinamen carriers meanwhile did double duty.

Those eastern hills in spring had been covered with wild flowers,—the moss-pink, lupines both white and blue, wild phlox, the small yellow crocus, beds of tiny sweet-scented wild pansies, the camas flower, and a tall-stemmed, pale lilac lily,—the

queen of the hill-garden. But when spring came again, the old pathways were like an ash-heap. The beautiful hill-garden was a desert.

When these great sheep bands pass over the country, from range to range, from territory to territory, they devour not only the vegetation of one year, but the seeds, the roots, and, with these, the promise of the next.

It is the migration of the Hungry and the Thirsty ; and a cry goes out against them, like the cry of Moab, when the children of Israel camped within its borders :

"Surely this multitude will lick up all that is round about us."

---

## MY DEER-HUNTS IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

BY TREADWELL WALDEN.

---

I HAVE two or three stories of deer-hunting to tell, which may prove entertaining to boys.

They were chiefly remarkable because I went a-hunting before I learned to shoot, and yet to me, who had never handled a rifle, came very nearly the whole luck of the party. That is the way the world goes, sometimes. The luckiest are, now and then (happily, not always), those who have n't learned to take a steady aim at anything. They blunder into opportunities and make a hit without knowing how.

I can afford to laugh at myself, for it was many years ago that I so oddly turned out to be the master-hunter during that three-weeks raid in the woods.

The Adirondacks then were very different from the Adirondacks of to-day. The wilderness was less known, and more rarely visited. There were no hotels, and no summer boarders. Any one who went into it, went to rough it, and expected to go hungry if he did n't catch fish or shoot deer. You all know what a wild tract it is—a region of many miles across, in the heart of the State of New York, covered with dense forests, filled with mountains, and gleaming with countless streams and beautiful lakes.

The captain of the party was a certain big doctor of Philadelphia, with a voice as big as himself, a voice which went off in volleys that kept you astir from morning till night. He was an ex-

perienced woodsman. The crack of his rifle and the jolly thunder of his lungs had been heard many a time "under the greenwood tree." Both were equally loud in their way, and went off at a touch ; but how dumb the doctor would become if he suspected that deer were within a mile of him !—for they have wonderfully quick ears.

Arriving on the edge of the tract, we "went in," as they expressively call it up there. It was a heavy, lumbering drive—or, rather, drag—for many miles, over a forest-road full of little mountains and valleys of its own. Finally, however, we reached the shore of one of the many lakes which are strung and crowded together all through the region, making the highways by which the hunter finds his way into the wild home of the deer. If it were all woods, none but a trapper could, or would, care to go there.

No more heavy bumps and bangs now, as we shot out in boats, as light as canoes, on the bosom of the lake. In one of them was old Sebaltis, an Indian guide famous in those parts, paddling the doctor and the doctor's son, a bright little fellow of fifteen. In another boat was Sebaltis's well-grown, keen-eyed, half-breed son, making fast time abreast of him, with me—Innocence, Inexperience, and Hope—at the prow.

We were savagely equipped as became the occasion : each of us in a blue shirt with the worst pair of trousers that he owned and each surmounted by

a lowering felt hat. To each of us, also, belonged a rifle, a fishing-rod, a comb, a blanket, and a tooth-brush. Some hard-tack, with coffee and sugar, in a rubber bag; some tin plates and cups, with a saucepan, made up the rest of the outfit. We were going to wrestle with this rough world for a living, till we came through on the other side. The two necessary things were to find deer, and to prevent being lost ourselves. For both these things Sebaltis was our man.

Then came several days of trial to our faith, but of boating as beautiful as one could have wished. From sunrise to sunset we sped over a highway that shone like a mirror of molten silver all the way. So clear and placid was the water that the vault of blue sky and cloud was perfectly reflected below the keel, as if we were winding between two hemispheres; and the trees and rocks of the irregular shores on both sides were duplicated into a continuous image of beauty all along. But there was not a sign of animated nature anywhere, excepting such small game as the mosquitoes or midges, at the going down of the sun.

"No deer! Oh, *dear!*" sighed the doctor's boy.

"Yes, where *are* your deer, Doctor?" said I. "I don't believe there are any."

"We'll be lucky if we see one, in a week," he roared back.

Sebaltis kept grim silence.

By this time we had taken some upward steps in the wilderness; that is, from one lake to another on a higher level, around the connecting rapids of which we had to "carry." At last came a series known as "Long Slim Ponds." On the shore of one of them was to be our camp for a while.

Ascending the right bank, on a little plateau fifteen or twenty feet above the water, well embowered by trees, we found evidences that mankind had been there—a ruined bark shed, open in front and running down to the ground behind, with signs of a last year's camp-fire before it. The hut would just hold ourselves and our guides, lying heads inward. Soon we had a bed of hemlock feathers prepared. A pile of logs was gathered on the old ashes for a blazing fire, to be lighted as soon as the chill of the night set in. Sebaltis and his boy then set about making coffee.

It was a drowsy moment. We were tired and sleepy, and so seemed the declining day. The silver of the lake, which we could see below, through the trees, was just taking a delicate tinge of gold from the retreating light. Nature seemed to be holding its breath,—it was so deathly still. The wind had even stopped whispering to the leaves, when, suddenly, the doctor, whom we had missed for a moment, came bounding

like mad up the bank, his big figure—arms, legs, eyes, beard—all going at once, and yet not a sound escaped him, not a twig snapped as he rushed in this promiscuous way close up to us, his eyes starting out of his flushed face, and every line of his figure denoting excitement. He looked as if he wished to shout, and did not dare do so. He came as if about to break every branch in his way, but alighted among us as noiselessly as a fairy.

"Hist! hist!" he whispered excitedly, his face by this time purple with unutterable tidings.

"What 's the matter?"

"Deer! deer!" he gasped. "Don't speak. Go softly. Don't step on anything, whatever you do."

We crept to the edge of the bank, and parted the brush carefully, to see better. There they were, true enough, but at least a thousand feet off. I never saw a more exquisite picture. On the opposite shore of the lake there was a little open space or recess among the trees, carpeted by green-sward; a tiny glade, over which the branches of the trees arched themselves: a sort of leafy grotto, and in the very center, as if an artist had posed them, stood close together a young buck and a doe, nibbling the grass. In the slender legs which moved so daintily over the turf was a power which could move them as if on the wings of the wind. Their neat little heads were lifted occasionally as with a sense of perfect security. These were no tame deer in a city park, nor even such as are to be seen in private grounds abroad. These were the wild children of the soil, instinct with flight at the slightest alarm.

Sebaltis did not encourage any attempt to get at them, where they were, and at that hour. But little did I know what luck was at hand.

The next day the rest of the party went away somewhere, possibly on a sly expedition wherein the keen Indian and the big surgeon were to try their hands on these pretty babes of the wood. The boy Sebaltis was left with me, and toward sundown we thought we would take the boat and go fishing. I had scarcely stepped aboard when he said, "I see deer!" and pointed to a dim brown spot, near a woody point to the right, on the other side of the lake, at least a mile off. Away went my rod into the bushes, and I sought my gun. It was a double-barreled muzzle-loader, a rifle and fowling-piece mounted on the same stock, a very fine piece of workmanship, but delicate enough to be dangerous, as I was to find out rather startlingly before I was out of the woods.

Obedying directions, I sat in the bow, with the gun ready for instant use. The boy behind me, with a stroke of his paddle, shot out into the open water, and made directly for the spot where the deer

were. He kept this course till they were distinctly in view, whispering to me not to change my position nor make a sound. It was not without trepidation that I found him propelling the boat nearer and nearer — so near that soon I could recognize

approaching them nearly from the rear. Whatever breeze there was, blew from them; otherwise they would have scented us long ago. We had not made a sound, for their hearing is as acute as their scent. Our only hope was in their imperfect vision — for deer are said to be near-sighted.

By this time I was wrought up to a high pitch of nervous excitement, for at any moment, like a Prince Rupert's drop — tick! — they might vanish, and my extraordinary opportunity for glory and venison be lost. The buck raised his head and took a long look at us. The paddle ceased. We were as still and motionless as a floating tree, — which he evidently decided that we were, and so resumed his meal of lily-pads. The doe, after a while, waded round the point, out of sight. I could refrain no longer, and I was none too soon. But oh, how the rifle wobbled about in my quivering hands! The "buck fever" was on me. It is an ague which often seizes even an experienced hunter. The instant I raised the gun, he sprang for the shore. The discharge made a prodigious reverberation. The echoes rolled from one end of the lake to the other. The bullet must have grazed his back, for he bent it under like a drawn bow as he leaped, but he was off like an arrow.

I was in despair. Both had escaped me! Dis-

appointed, I dropped my left arm, which now held the gun, unconscious of what I was doing, for I was looking at blank vacancy.

"Take the barrel of your rifle out of the water," whispered the boy. "Keep still and wait."

Did he expect to see more of the deer, after such



"THE DEER WERE UP TO THEIR KNEES IN THE LAKE AND WERE MAKING A COSY LITTLE SUPPER OF LILY-PADS."

my pretty friends of the evening before; this time up to their knees in the lake and making a cosy little supper of lily-pads. One instant's alarm and they would be gone. To my relief, while we sped on toward them, I saw the boat was also sidling into the shadow of the opposite shore, and we were

a hubbub and fright? I little dreamed what feminine curiosity was equal to. In two or three seconds, to my complete astonishment, the doe rushed back into the lake, faced about toward us, threw up her beautiful little head, with her ears all pricked and fluttering, her eyes shining,—the very picture of curiosity and surprise,—as much as to say, “What is this noise, to make my mate run away like that?”

It was hard to do it, but I was hungry. I raised my gun. The motion told her more than she cared to know, and, like her companion, she was instantly in full leap for the shore. But my wabbling gun sent true this time. With a loud shout from the boy, and a stroke from the paddle, the boat went like a bullet for the same spot. There lay the little doe in the water, quivering in her last agony.

We hauled her into the boat, and went back to the camp. No one was there. But in a trice the boy had the carcass hanging on a limb as if it were a slaughtered sheep. Then he stripped off its hide and dressed it, making it ready for breakfast next morning.

Not knowing what to do with myself after all this excitement, in the absence of the others the guide proposed a “jack-hunt.” It was not very dark, but my blood was up. Was there another world to conquer?

He rigged a semicircular lantern of birch-bark on a short pole at the prow. Inside was a bit of candle. When it was lighted the open side was to be turned to the front. The beautiful eyes of the deer were counted on to play him *faise* in a new way. The light, suddenly flashing out, would arrest his gaze, and the crouching hunter behind would take aim at the dazed orbs. It was a fell deed of darkness we were about to commit.

All the beasts of the forest might keep up their nocturnal cries: the owls their hooting, the wild-cats their crying, the bears—if there were any—their growling, yet the deer would feel no alarm. But the voice of man was full of danger. So his human enemy must make no sound.

To a deer of any experience, what a monster must have seemed this dark, shadowy creature, darting suddenly and noiselessly on him over the still water, sending out one flash of fascinating light, and then a terrible thundering creak, a streak of fire right in his face, and a whistling ball tearing its way above his head, just failing in its errand of death!

I fancy that it was some such experienced deer that I met that night. Many a tedious hour had we floated, close to the known haunts of the creature, wherever the lily-pads grew. It was densely, fearfully dark. Wedged in the prow, aching and stiff, with eyes and ears intensely alert,

suddenly I heard close to me “slump, slump.” We could have touched the deer with an oar. But he discovered us as quickly as we discovered him. Before I could take out a match, he gave a tremendous plunge and a loud snort of terror. He must have been a monstrous fellow. He could not have made more noise if he had been as large as a moose. For several minutes we could hear his deep, hoarse, terrified “champ, champ,” as he sped away into the depths of the mountain.

It was now long past midnight, the hunt was up, and the camp a mile away. The other party had returned. After a wondering consultation over the venison they had found so neatly prepared for breakfast, they had committed themselves to their hemlock repose. The uproar made by my frightened deer had awakened them. When we appeared, the doctor, starting up, burst out with hysterical attempts at questions, to which I gave as many disjointed answers.

“When —? Where —? That deer —! Who —?” spluttered he, between his gasps.

“Yes,” quavered I, out of breath after my exciting day, “I—I—was going out fishing—saw deer—fired—missed—shot—”

Then we both gave it up with a hearty laugh. I crawled into the dark shed soon to fall asleep beside him, and so restore my nerves for a calmer story in the morning.

The next time I went on a “jack-hunt,” the tables were turned. It was *I* who was scared, and I made as much noise about it, in my way, as my floundering, flying, snorting friend of that night. It was the hideous darkness and stillness that did it in both cases. As the buck then heard something and jumped, so now did I.

For several hours I had been having an altogether melancholy time. I was somewhere in the middle of the long, narrow lake,—I could not tell where—and it was somewhere in the middle of the overcast night,—I could not tell when.

The other members of the party had taken themselves off again, and I was alone with the Indian boy. Something or other had plunged me into a most pensive mood. What was the matter with me? My glory was not on the decline. My luck was still in the ascendant. The envious doctor had declared that the deer came out to laugh at me. That was his way of saying that they were always putting themselves in the range of *my* rifle and not in line with his.

To confess the truth, I must have been getting homesick. It was a kind of collapse on the inside. The first excitement was over, and as the novelty of the trip was getting further and further behind, so I was getting deeper and deeper

into this wilderness of woods and waters. The feeling came most vividly upon me as I found myself alone and dumb on this lonely lake. I was steeped in gloom. So was the lake. So were the woods. We were all being gloomy together. It was as still as it was dark. Hour after hour passed. I sat wedged in and facing the prow, gazing at the black water below and the black sky above, with my rifle across my knees. The only sound I expected to hear was the splash of some wading deer, when a noiseless match must be struck and the jack lighted.

I might as well have been alone so far as concerned any sense of companionship with the boy behind me. I had not heard anything of him for half the night. Not a drop had fallen from his ever-moving paddle, not even the sound of a ripple. It was a moment to hear one's own heart-beat, and I could just catch the heart-beat also of the terrible, trackless forest: the low stir of the night, the trees sighing as in their sleep, the winds softly breathing; now and then the far-off hoot of an owl. My spirits had gone down into my boots, and lay at the bottom of the boat, when suddenly the boy spoke out in a startling tone:

"I think there 's somebody lost in the woods!"

"Why?"

"I heard a man calling."

The hunt was up now, and so was I. Our voices would have cleared the lake in an instant if any deer had been lurking under its shores.

But the boy's exclamation had stirred me deeply. My heart leaped into my mouth and my blood ran cold. "Somebody *lost* in the woods!" My mind had been on the precipice of that thought all along, without knowing it, and now over it went, into a horror of sympathy. I had already been enough lost, myself, in imagination, to feel what it must be to be lost in reality. And this person was not on the lake, but in these dense dark woods, these gloomy masses hemming me in on every side!

"Shall I fire my rifle?" said I.

"Wait," said he.

He listened a while with his quick Indian ear. I could hear nothing but the hooting of that distant owl. The boy was still sure that he heard, beyond, the human voice of one in distress.

"You 'd better fire."

Off went my rifle as it lay across my knees. It spurted fire in zigzags close to the surface, tearing apart the darkness and lighting up the water, and its sharp crack broke through the silence and rose into roar after roar among the hills, loud enough, it seemed, to awaken the whole wilderness.

There was no answer. No other gun went off. The phantom cry in the woods did not repeat itself. Again I touched the trigger, bringing an-

other scene of thunder and lightning around the boat. But all was still. We shouted; but only echo answered.

We listened silently for a while, the boy meantime whispering low a story of three or four persons who had been lost, not long before, and who, when found, had reached a lake, ragged and all but starved. Then we went ashore, and gladly lighted the camp-fire.

After this there followed a monotonous interval of some days. There was a dearth, a famine of deer. We were reduced to fish. But fish were too mild a game. Our three weeks were nearly up, and were we to go out in this ignominious way? Something energetic must be done. Sebaltis then rose to the occasion. He would take us to another group of lakes.

We broke up our camp for the third or fourth time, and worked our way still farther into the wilderness. At one point we struck into the woods on a "carry" of several miles. The men, as was their custom at such times, turned over the broad-bottomed boats and lifted them, keel upward, on their heads, looking like long gray-backed turtles, as they went on in procession before us. These odd-looking monsters, twisting and turning among the tree trunks for three or four miles, led our stumbling feet over soft beds of moss, treacherous masses of dead leaves, and big, fallen trees, till another lake came in sight. Then our turtles lay over again on their backs and we went out in their shells. We had, just before this, fallen in with another party, who had joined us, half-starved like ourselves on a diet of lake-trout, and equally eager for the prey.

As we went along, we passed an island owned by a New York gentleman. He and his adventurous family were spending the summer there, in a house made of pine boards. They, too, were in a desperate state — nothing to eat but fish and pilot-bread. Now we cast anxious looks on old Sebaltis. But his grim, beaten, coppery face was undisturbed and unresponsive; he made no sign to show he heard our complaints.

By some hocus-pocus, he procured two or three dogs, and before long we were out on the bosom of the largest lake we had yet seen. Our little flotilla was soon far away on the other side. The dogs were put ashore, and so keen was the old trapper's calculation, that it turned out that he had dropped them in the tiny footsteps of our fleet and wary friends of the woody mountain that rose up just before us. We pulled away in opposite directions and were soon several miles apart, but close under the shore. The three other boats kept in a bunch together, Sebaltis playing admiral of



the fleet, while his boy took me off to the other station. We were a privateer.

The dogs were already baying deep and loud. But it was to be many a weary hour before we should hear any more than this from them. The mountain roads of frightened deer are not very precisely laid out, and are as long as they choose

As to ourselves, we were oppressed by the heat. The midday sun, while it watched the dogs and the deer, kept also a powerful and searching eye on us all the afternoon. Stupefied and half asleep, I lay in the stern, tired, bored, disgusted.

Wake up, privateer! Something is about to happen.



"AS HE GAVE ONE MORE DESPERATE BOUND, I FIRED."

to make them. What a tangle those dogs were in, and what miles and hours they ran "howling and yelling all the way," as the doctor expressed it afterward, and what fun the deer had in the chase they led them! They knew very well how to shake the dogs off when they chose. All they had to do was to get out of sight and then break the scent by wading through some sheet of water.

"The deer is in the lake. Don't move," said Sebalts, Junior, quietly. To turn my head would make no noise,—and there, within a hundred yards, was the magnificent creature with uplifted head and branching horns, already knee-deep and wading daintily. There was no fright, no flurry, no hurry about *him*! He tossed his antlers jauntily. "I'll cool my legs a little," said he to himself, "and then step over to yonder bank. Those yelping brutes must want a drink by this time. Let them run their noses in here, while I trot away out of sight and scent."

All the time he was enjoying these triumphant meditations, unexpected enemies were stealing noiselessly behind him, between him and both

shores of the little bay we were in. The ripples must have reached him and caught his eye. He turned his head and saw us. Oh, what a jump and plunge he made! He was in the deep water in an instant, swimming desperately away from us, every now and then turning back an agonized look, and then, losing his presence of mind, leaping half out of the water. But the merciless boat pursued. He was up to his neck now, and his antlers were like a floating bush on the water. I leveled my rifle just as he turned broadside to us,—and how I regretted that I must shoot the poor fellow. I could not have done so if it had been only a question of sport. But the larder needed venison, and I felt justified.

So the cruel deed must be done. Just as he gave one more desperate bound to regain the distance he had lost, I fired. It was all over in the twinkling of an eye. Yes, all over,—or under. Where was he? The cloud of smoke did not hide the spot; but too plainly he was *not there*. It was a total, instantaneous disappearance. The boy looked blank.

“We have lost him,” said he.

“How? Where?” I cried out, bewildered.

“He ’s at the bottom of the lake.”

Wonderful sportsman was I! I had come so near missing him that I had nicked his spinal marrow, and dying instantly, he sank like a stone, scarcely disturbing the water.

Just at that moment a tumult in another bay of the lake attracted our attention. Our friends were having a lively time about two miles away. It looked and sounded like a miniature sea-fight. “Puff” went the smoke; “bang!” went a gun from one boat. “Puff, bang!” followed from another boat. “Puff, bang!” went the third. A thick cloud of smoke enveloped them. Three or four more “bangs!” were heard. It turned out that a deer had come plunging in at that point also, but Sebaltis had not kept his forces in hand; his fleet, already excited by my firing, was thrown into confusion. But what could stand such a concentrated fire, even if some shots went wild? The poor beast succumbed, and the boats set out toward us.

All in good time my own deer came to the surface, and with difficulty we got him into the boat. I saved his antlers, and kept them many a long year.

My closing adventure with deer was a piece of shameful impertinence on their part. What the doctor had derisively said, did actually come to pass. They came out and laughed at me. I was poking about somewhere, with no particular purpose, when I came suddenly upon four or five of

them. They were young and inexperienced, or they would have known better, and at least shown me proper respect. I had invaded their playground, while they were having a game among themselves. It must have been because I was indifferent about making game of them, or was astonished at their stopping to make game of me, but I fired among them without aiming at any one. What did they do? Run? Not a bit of it. They turned about with a wriggle,—if they had been human it would have been a giggle,—then kicked up their hind legs in a rollicking way, shook their little stumpy tails aloft like so many sportive sheep, and went in among the trees.

That was mortifying.

I could not get over it until I did another most astonishing bit of shooting with my complicated gun, which put it out of my mind. I came within an ace of ending the hunt by bringing down myself.

As we were approaching the Saranacs, on the way out, a tremendous storm came up which lasted several days. We were bundled up in our boats, under blankets and tarpaulins. As we were winding our tortuous way on one of the connecting streams, we reached a good landing-place and proposed to go ashore. The doctor had mounted the bank and looked down upon me. I was in the boat. I made a slight motion to uncoil myself, when “bang” went my rifle. Its muzzle was close to my hip, as it lay lengthwise in the side of the boat. The delicate hammer must have been so caught in a crease of the rubber cloth that the movement was enough to let it down on the cap.

Then the famous Demonstrator of Anatomy began to dance on the bank in fearful excitement.

“Are you hurt? Are you hurt?”

“No,” said I, “I believe not.” But I took care to get quickly out of the way of the other barrel.

After this, the rifle, thoroughly disgusted at my carelessness, refused to go off at all, or even to be loaded. The storm had cleared, and we were making good time along one of the Saranacs, when I espied an eagle—the American eagle!—sitting on the dead limb of a tree, within fifty yards apparently, looking down composedly at me. The national bird did not give himself the slightest concern over my presence. He saw me tugging at the ramrod, but he knew as soon as I did that it would not come out. Dampness had swollen it, and I had to pass on below his aquiline nose as beneath his contempt. I had had my stars, and now had come my stripes!

These three discomfitures made a sad ending to an otherwise glorious career.

## A LITTLE FLORENTINE LADY.

BY ELEANOR C. LEWIS.



BEATRICE PORTINARI. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF HER PORTRAIT IN FLORENCE.)

IN Florence, in the year 1265, was born the true patriot and mighty poet Dante. He could be mediocre in nothing, neither in thought, feeling, nor action; therefore his city of Florence and his

lady Beatrice were both loved with a reverent passion the echoes of which still vibrate.

The children lived near each other, and first met at an entertainment given by the little girl's

father, to which Dante, with his parents, was invited. How he looked at this time may be seen in the exquisite statue by Civiletti, a Palermitan

Beatrice toward whom his rapt gaze is directed. She is not there, alas! But how she would look if she *were* there, we learn from Dante himself.

"She appeared to me," he says, "about the beginning of her ninth year, and I beheld her about the end of mine. Her apparel was of most noble color—a subdued and becoming crimson; and she wore a cincture and ornaments befitting her childish years." So elegant was her appearance, indeed, and so great her youthful charm, that he could find no words to address her,—he could only follow her with his eyes.

"She was a pretty little thing in her girlish way," says an Italian writer, "very ladylike and pleasing in her actions, and much more sedate in her manners and modest in her words than her years promised. Besides this, she had very delicate features, admirably proportioned, and full—in addition to their beauty—of such dignity and charm that she was looked upon by many as a little angel." Such as she was, she filled, then and forever, the great heart of Dante.

His second glimpse of "this youngest of the angels" was one day when he met her upon the street "arrayed in purest white," walking with two older ladies. She bowed to him, and this token of recognition was enough to make him very happy. After she had passed, he separated from his friends and hurried home,—to live over the scene in the solitude of his room.

When Beatrice was about twenty, she married Simone de' Bardi, and not long after this event her father—the kindly Folco—died. Dante did not see her at the time, but in one of his writings he



THE YOUTHFUL DANTE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE STATUE BY CIVILETTI.)

sculptor. Beautiful in the illustration, it is even more so in the original; and we involuntarily lift our eyes from the young lover to gaze also at the

depicts her great friends to him,—his own sympathy with her bereavement, and the sudden, piercing terror

wrought upon him by the thought,—“Beatrice herself may die!”

And even so—all too soon—it happened. One day he sat writing a poem to her, a poem full of her praise, and of wonder at her perfection. But all at once, says Mrs. Oliphant, “the strain breaks off like a snapped thread, and a solemn line of Latin, abrupt and sorrowful, strikes across the fantastic sweetness of the mood, hushing alike the love and the song: ‘*Quomodo sedet sola civitas plena populo! Facta est quasi vidua, domina gentium!*’ (‘How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! How is she become a widow,—she that was great among the nations!’)”

On the 9th of June, 1290, when only twenty-four years old, Beatrice “was made of the citizens of eternal life”; while for more than thirty years her poet worshiper survived,—to honor her in deed and word, and to illuminate with her memory the stern pages of his “*Divina Commedia*.”

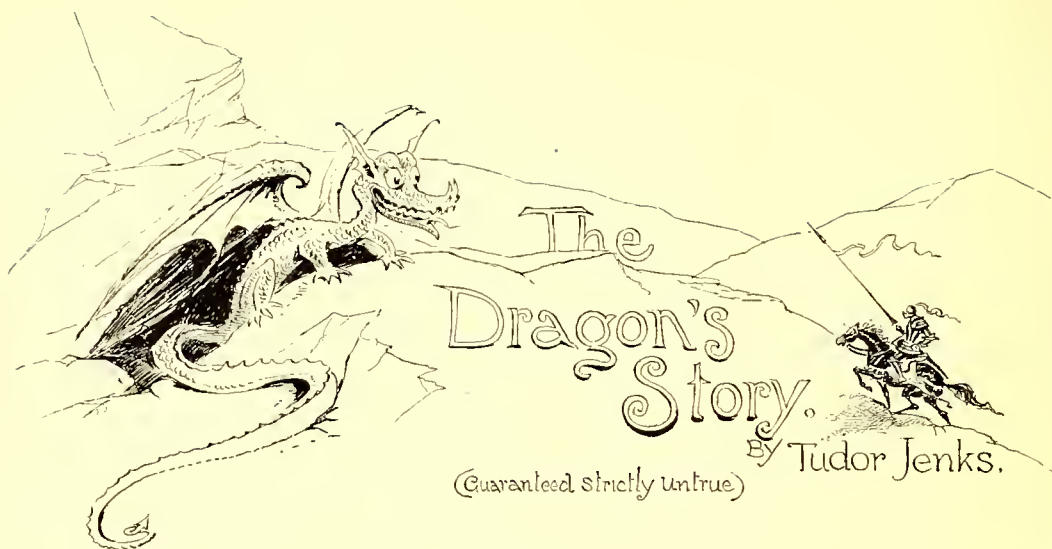
There are various portraits of Dante, but the pleasantest is the youthful likeness painted by Giotto on the chapel wall of the palace now called the Bargello, in Florence. Just so, we may fancy, he looked to Beatrice. For many years this painting was lost to sight, hidden under a coating of whitewash; and when, finally, the latter was removed, a break appeared where the eye should have beamed. Probably the same vandals who defaced the painted wall, in this place had driven a nail. For a few weeks the rediscovered treasure remained as it had been found. Then, unfortunately, another vandal, in the shape of a “restorer,” took it in hand; and under his transforming fingers, the severely beautiful youth of Giotto became a rigid young Florentine,—as the picture here represents him.

There are later busts and portraits, and also a cast of his dead face; but they are sad and grim,—a whole life’s journey removed from the enthusiastic boyhood of Beatrice’s lover.



GIOTTO'S PORTRAIT OF DANTE.  
(FROM THE TRACING BY SEYMOUR KIRKUP, ESQ. BY PERMISSION  
OF THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY.)

As to Beatrice,—can this prim, precocious little miss, shown in the portrait on page 813, who has the air of saying diligently, “prunes and prisms,” be the half angelic maiden of Dante’s adoration? Can it be that little Dante never saw her as she really looked? It certainly seems more likely that the Flemish artist has invested her portrait with some of his own national stiffness. If we imagine the lips curved upward, instead of so sourly drooping, the expression softly serious, instead of cross, why then, I think, we shall have no unfair idea of the nine-year-old Beatrice,—the radiant little “Bice” whom Dante loved.



"MAMMA, please tell us a story!" cried all the young dragons.

"Children, do be less noisy!" said their father, the Honorable Samuel P. Dragon. He had slain a knight that very evening and was perhaps a little irritable. Young dragons should be thoughtful, and should never disturb their parents after the night's fighting is over.

"Hush, children!" said Mrs. Dragon. "Your father has to fight hard all night, and in the day he needs his rest. I will tell you one nice story, if you will promise to go quietly to bed afterward."

The youngsters coiled down into comfortable hollows in the rock, and Mrs. Dragon prepared to begin her story.

"I suppose you would prefer a man-story?"

"Please, Mamma. We are *so* tired of 'When I was a little dragon.' Tell us a real man-story; but be sure not to have the dragon hurt. We like it to end happily, Mamma."

"Very well. Listen quietly, now. Don't rustle your wings nor flop your tails — Sammy! stop blowing flames into your sister's face, this moment! or not a word shall you hear.

"There was once a most delightful land, full of bogs and moist-smelling marshes, of dark rocky caves, all damp and cold. The lakes were covered with beautiful green mold, no flowers grew in the fields — nothing but cool rushes, ferns, and mosses. In short, it was a land in which any dragon might be glad to crawl: no sunshine to crinkle the scales or dry up the wings, no bright glaring fields to dazzle one's poor eyes. Why, even at midday one could slide comfortably about on the slippery,

slimy banks and never catch a blink of a sunbeam on the water."

"Oh, how nice! Really and truly, Mamma?" asked the small dragons, laughing with so much delight that the flames from their pretty scarlet throats lighted up the cave until Mr. Dragon stirred uneasily in his dreams; for he had fallen asleep.

"Really and truly," their mother went on, in a lower tone. "In this charming country, your father and I began our cave-keeping. We were very happy for a time, for not too far from us was your father's estate, — a fertile valley well stocked with plump and well-flavored inhabitants. You have never seen any whole men, have you?"

"No," they replied eagerly. "What are they like?"

"Oh, so ugly. To begin with, they have no scales, no wings, no claws —"

"No wings and no claws? How frightful they must be!" exclaimed young Samuel Dragon, Jr., proudly expanding his green pinions.

"Not a wing!" replied Mrs. Dragon. "And they walk, when mature, exclusively on their hind legs."

"Why is that?" asked the children.

"I can not tell. It does seem absurd. When young they go on all-fours like sensible animals, but the elders pull and persuade, teach and coax, until the poor little things rear up on their hind legs, and then the foolish old ones seem satisfied. Men are very queer. When they first came on this earth, — this earth where dragons dwell, — they lived, properly enough, in caves like the rest of the

world. But they are a stupid and restless kind of creatures, and soon began to tear pieces out of the world to make caves to suit themselves. Now they slaughter trees, slice and split them, fasten the pieces together, and stalk in and out of queer little holes called 'doors.' But I can not spare time to tell you any more about their curious instincts—you must read it for yourselves some day in the 'Dragon's Economical Cave-keeper,' the marketing manual. Look in the index under 'Animal Foods: Apes, Men, and various Bipeds.' You will find it interesting—and useful too.

"As I said, we were happy for a time. We used to stroll out quietly in the evening, and often managed to secure a nice chubby man or two, in an hour's flight. But at length came an age when those mean creatures decided to revolt. That is, they kept in their little caves at night, and compelled us to go out so frequently in the unhealthy, glaring daylight, that our scales were hardly fit to be seen. Even with all this exposure, we would succeed in catching only some of the little ones—indeed during a whole month I caught nothing but two thin miserable specimens. Think how your poor mother suffered! I was almost starved. I became so thin that I rattled!"

Mrs. Dragon looked at the young audience, and saw that the eyes of the two smallest were really

"Well, dears, it did not last long. Your father was young, rash, and brave, in those nights. One dawn he said, 'Really, Scalena, this will not do. I can stand this foolishness no longer!' I asked what he intended, but he waved his tail in a threatening way, and smiled knowingly as he whetted his claws on a new piece of sandstone. The next night, bidding me not to be anxious, he left me. I looked after him as long as I could see the flames in the sky, and then returned wearily to our cave to pick the last bone.

"The next morning, just at dawn, he returned with a delicious marketing,—he said it was a *butcher*, I think, though it may have been a *judge*, the flavor is much the same. Then, when we had retired into the darkest, dampest, cosiest corner of the cave, he told me very modestly the story of his great achievement.

"Your brave father, children, had been down to where the whole swarm of men lived, and actually had beaten to pieces one of the wooden caves! He made light of his exploit, and only rejoiced in it because, as he said, he had no fear now of famine or even of scarcity. We sat up late that happy morning, enjoyed a delicious supper, and slept soundly until nightfall.

"We arose with the moon, and after a hasty but effective toilet on his new sandstone, your father advanced glidingly toward the mouth of the cave, when suddenly there presented itself a dark object with a shiny coat, much like that of a dragon. Indeed, we thought for a moment it was some neighbor who had dropped in to breakfast. But in a few seconds we saw that it was what

is called a *knight*. A knight, children, is an animal which, though edible, is noxious, and sometimes dangerous to young or careless dragons. I have heard of such being even killed by this spiteful little pest. They are found among men—in fact, they are a species of men that has a hard shell. You know there are hard-shell crabs and soft-shell crabs, and so, likewise, there are hard and soft shelled men. Our visitor was a hard-shell who had, while prowling about, found our cave either by accident or willfully.

"I do not deny that I was a trifle anxious; but your father was merely angry. Giving a great roar, he blew out a mass of dark smoke and scarlet flames at the unfortunate little knight.



shedding sparks. She was touched by their sympathy, but, fearing the story was becoming too sad, hastened to brighten it.

"But, though small, the knight was plucky and showed fight. As your father carelessly leaped toward him, the knight scratched dear Papa slightly with a long, hard stick, on the end of which was a bit of very hard shell. Then the knight rode out—for he had enslaved an unfortunate horse, as these cruel men do, my pets, and by means of a

"I obeyed him, for your father is always right, and out he flew with a rush of smoke and flame."

"Oh, Mother, and was Father killed?" asked one of the youngest—little Tommy Dragon.

"Of course not!" replied his elder brother, scornfully. "Don't you see him sleeping over there, all safe and sound? Don't be so silly!"

"You must not speak so sharply to your little brother!" said Mrs. Dragon, "or I shall end the story at once!"

"Oh, please go on," exclaimed all the young dragons; "it is just the most interesting part!"

Pleased with their eagerness, she resumed:

"I did not see the hunt, but your father has often described it to me. The knight came wickedly at him, hoping to scratch him with the sharp stick; but with one whisk of his long green tail, your father broke the thing into small pieces! So you see, Sam," said this thoughtful parent, turning slyly to her eldest son, "it is most important to practice your tail-whisking—and I hope you will not forget it when you go to your next lesson."

Sammy Dragon turned saffron with confusion, but it was evident that he resolved to profit by the little moral so ingeniously woven, by careful Mrs. Dragon, into a mere man-story.

"After the stick was broken," she went on, "the vicious little knight

snatched out another, made entirely of the hard shell with which the first was only tipped. With this he tried his worst to break some of your father's lovely scales. Think what a ferocious animal this knight must have been! I can not see what they are made for; but then, it is instinct, perhaps, we must not judge him too harshly.

"This new weapon met the fate of the other. It was crunched up by your father's strong teeth, and then he descended upon the little hard-shell man with a great swoop—and that ended the bat-



"THERE WAS NO DOUBT OF THE RESULT!"

contrivance in its mouth, he made it carry him about wherever he chose.

"Your father eagerly followed, though I sought in vain to restrain him. 'No, Scalena,' said he. 'This is a question of principle! As a true dragon and your loving mate, it is my duty to destroy this dangerous little fellow. Do not be foolish; I will bring you the body of the fierce creature. They are excellent eating. But you must sharpen your claws, my dear, for the shells are exceedingly hard to remove and most difficult of digestion.'



tle! Your father is a modest dragon, but he was really proud of the swiftness with which he ended that conflict. After he once had a fair opportunity to use his newly sharpened claws, there was no doubt of the result!

"We ate the knight at our next meal. I was glad to welcome your father; but he said, 'Pooh! nonsense!' and made light of the whole matter."

The young dragons were delighted, and even thought of asking for another story; but their mother, for the first time, noticed that it was almost broad daylight.

"But goodness, children, I hear the horrid little birds singing!" said she. "Run away to bed with you. Wrap yourselves up tight in your moist wings, and be sure to sleep on damp rocks in a draught where you will keep good and cold."

The youngsters crawled away to rest, while Mrs. Dragon went to rouse the Honorable Samuel P.

Dragon. To her surprise she saw his great green eyes glowing with a sulphurous satisfaction.

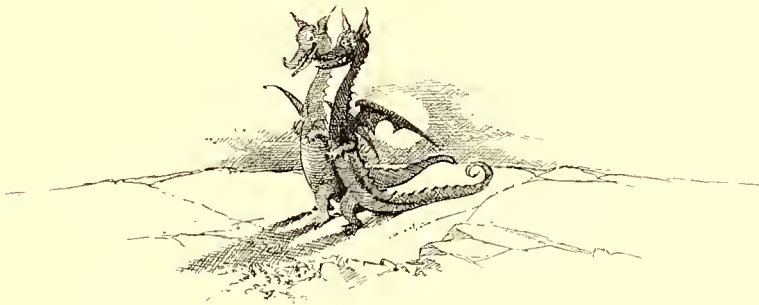
"There are no times like the old times!" said he, drowsily. "That was really a splendid hunt!"

"Yes, dear," replied his mate, with a proud and happy smile; "but I had no idea *you* were listening to my foolish stories. We must now go to rest, or you won't be up till midnight — and then there won't be a single man about. Remember, 'it is the late dragon that catches the knight.'"

The Honorable Samuel P. Dragon rubbed his claws gently together as he selected a nice cosy place for the day. He was humming to himself, and faithful Mrs. Dragon smiled fondly as she recognized the tune. It was:

"I fear no foe in shining armor!"

"Ah!" said she to herself, "the old people like man-stories as well as the little ones!"



## THE SOUTH WIND.

BY CHARLES B. GOING.

OVER the fields, where the dew was wet,  
Over a meadow with daisies set,  
Shaking the pearls in the spider's net,  
The soft south wind came stealing.  
It was full of the scent of the sweet wild rose;  
And it lingered along, where the streamlet flows,  
Till it made the forget-me-nots' eyes unclose,  
And started the blue-bells pealing.

Under the measureless blue of the sky,  
Drifting the silvery cloudlets by,  
Drinking the dew-brimmed flower-cups dry,  
The warm south wind was blowing.  
It was sweet with the breath of a thousand springs;  
And it sang to the grasses, as ever it sings,  
With a sound like the moving of myriad wings,  
Or the whisper of wild flowers growing.

Over the fields, in the evening glow,  
Stirring the trees, as the sun sank low,  
Swaying the meadow-grass to and fro,  
A breeze from the south came creeping.  
It rocked the birds in their drowsy nest;  
It cradled the blue-eyed grass to rest;  
And its good-night kisses were softly pressed  
On pale wild roses sleeping.

And only the stars and the fireflies knew  
How the south wind murmured, the whole night  
through,  
In scented fields, where the clover grew  
And soft white mists were wreathing.  
For it stole away, when the night was spent,  
And none could follow the way it went;  
But the wild flowers knew what the wind's song  
meant,  
As they waked to its last low breathing.

## A DAY AMONG THE BLACKBERRIES.

BY FANNIE W. MARSHALL.

JIM'S grandmother was a firm believer in the somewhat old-fashioned notion that every boy was in the world for the sole and express purpose of being made useful; and so, when Jim mentioned at the supper-table that he had seen that afternoon a field "cram full of blackberries," about two miles distant, his grandmother saw in the fact a providential opening for replenishing her stock of blackberry-jam, which was almost exhausted, and at the same time for keeping her active grandson out of mischief for an entire day. She promptly seized the opportunity, and suggested that Jim should start early the next morning, carrying his dinner, and spend the day in the berry pasture. Jim's face began to lengthen at the beginning of his grandmother's remarks, but at the mention of "dinner" it was shortened again by a very broad grin which overspread his face, for he knew by experience that a cold dinner prepared by his grandmother was a thing to delight the heart of a hungry boy. The expedition at once assumed the air of a picnic, and supper was scarcely over when he was out of the house in search of his two special chums, Sammy Clark and Tom Perkins, to engage them to become his companions.

The bright July morning of the following day found the three boys trudging along the country road while the dew still sparkled on the grass and clover by the wayside. Across the fields came the fresh scents of early day, and, though boys are not generally supposed to be particularly susceptible to the charms of nature, a feeling of the beauty about them seemed to filter into their little beings in some way, for Jim said, taking a long draught of the sweet air, "I say, fellows, is n't this fine?" Jim was eleven and his companions ten and twelve, but they always addressed each other as "fellows,"—*boys* being quite too lowly a term to apply to persons of their size and experience.

With the single remark just quoted, they dismissed the usually prolific topic of the weather and sauntered on slowly, swinging their large, bright pails and chattering away about the new dog that Tom's uncle had promised him, which was reputed to possess many canine accomplishments.

From that subject their thoughts naturally turned to the circus which was coming to town the next week, and as they happened to be passing a soft bit of turf at that moment, they called a halt while

they attempted, with rather discouraging results, to emulate the feats of dexterity set forth on the gaily colored posters announcing the show, with which the town was extensively decorated. Failure at last convincing them that they could not, without more practice than they had been able to devote to the enterprise, successfully compete with the contortions of Signor Giuseppe Francatelli, they loitered on their way again, planning how they should spend the money gained by their day's work, for they had been promised two cents a quart for all the berries they should bring home.

With this and various other themes they reached the scene of their labors, and then a knotty point presented itself:—Should they start from the road and pick toward the back of the field, or, should they go to the end of the field, where it bordered the woods, and work toward the road?

All three sat themselves down on the stone wall to discuss the matter; not that it made any particular difference where they should commence their devastating labors, but from a lingering disinclination to "begin." It certainly was very pleasant to sit in the shade of the leafy roadside maple, for the morning had grown warm and the blackberry-field did not look altogether inviting, lying unsheltered under the hot sun.

At this point Dan, an underbred-looking dog belonging to Sammy, that had enlivened the affair with his presence, started some small four-footed creature from its cover, and, forgetful of heat, berries, grandmothers,—everything but the chase, the three boys followed Dan as fast as their young legs could carry them. After an exciting run, they came up with the dog. He was dashing excitedly about a heap of stones into which his expected prey had disappeared, and giving short barks of anxiety lest he had lost his game.

The most skillful and diligent prodding by the boys among the stones, failed to induce the terrified little animal to come forth and be devoured for their edification; and after an hour of vain endeavor, with frequent exclamations of "There he comes!" (which he never did, as he was by that time snugly tucked away in his home underground) they finally gave up the attempt to dislodge him and toiled slowly back to the spot where the berry-pails had been abandoned, sud-

denly becoming aware that it was a long walk, and also that it really was a very warm day.

Arrived under the maple-tree again, they acted upon Tom's suggestion that they should sit down and "cool off" before "pitching in again,"—though why "again" they might have found difficult to explain if they had looked into their empty pails.

At last there seemed no longer any reasonable excuse for delaying the business of the day, and the three comrades clambered over the wall and began to walk slowly toward the farther end of the field, picking as they went.

Either Jim had been deceived in the richness of the field, or some industrious pickers had been there before them, for the end of a half hour found them in the shade of the woods at the other side of the pasture with perhaps two quarts of berries among them. Suddenly Jim was struck by a thought—"Look here, fellows, is n't Bates's Pond round here somewhere? Grandfather showed it to me one day last summer, when we were coming 'cross lots.'" None of the boys knew just where the pond was, but it was clearly their duty to inform themselves as to the exact whereabouts of an object of such interest within only two miles of home.

They quickly scaled the low wall that skirted the woods, and a short walk brought them to a little clearing. There, sure enough, lay a small pond glinting in the sunlight, its pebbly margin overhung by bushes and tall trees,—just the spot to delight the heart of an idle urchin. Our boys would have been more than human could they have resisted the coaxing ripples that lapped softly against the bank, as the faint breeze ruffled the water here and there; then, too, the pails had been left behind and could not, therefore, act as shining reminders of the duties the boys were neglecting.

In an incredibly short space of time three small suits of clothes and six dusty, stub-toed shoes were lying on the grass, and three heads were bobbing about in the water as their respective owners splashed and floated, dived and re-appeared, in a state of perfect enjoyment. After what seemed to them an unreasonably brief swim, they emerged with dripping locks, and by the aid of two pocket-handkerchiefs, which a careful search brought to light, they were enabled to dry, and to clothe themselves once more, although an occasional "Ow!" from one or the other announced that a rill of water had parted company with a lock of hair and, obedient to the great law of gravitation, was slowly traveling earthward by way of the spinal-column of the speaker.

When the boys climbed back into the field more than an hour had elapsed, although they were in

blissful ignorance of the fact. Jim and Sam, however, readily acquiesced with Tom in thinking that "a fellow gets awful hungry, goin' in swimmin'," and Jim accordingly proposed that they have a sandwich apiece before resuming their arduous labors. This being agreed to, they made their way back to the pond, as offering the most inviting spot in which to refresh themselves.

An examination of the dinner-basket revealed such a tempting collection of good things, that one sandwich was followed by another, and that by some cold chicken, and that by some doughnuts, and those by some gingerbread and cheese, and that by some gooseberry-pie, and that would probably have been followed by something else if it had not been that there was nothing more to follow. As it was, they agreed that just a few blackberries "to top off with" would be a satisfactory conclusion to the meal. Tom was dispatched for the three pails, while Jim and Sammy amused themselves by skipping stones across the water.

A sudden crash and an exclamation from the returning Tom announced an accident, and, following the sound, they found him picking himself up from the ground, still clutching the handles of the pails, but with the berries,—alas!—scattered abroad. The combined efforts of the three could recover only about half of the original store, and, as it really was not worth while to keep so few, they ate these as the best way of disposing of them.

Very few of us, I think you will find, are really energetic after a hearty meal—indeed, physicians tell us that nature always calls for rest at such a time. Shall we, then, blame our boys if they yielded to this instinct for repose? Sammy and Tom propped themselves lazily on their elbows, comparing jack-knives with a view to "swapping"; Dan, at a little distance, was crunching the last of the chicken bones, and Jim lay on his back at full length, with his hands clasped under his head, in a deliciously dozy state, watching through the interlacing branches above him the few white clouds as they sailed slowly by high in air.

At length Tom and Sammy, having satisfactorily settled the jack-knife trade, followed Jim's example and, after a few remarks at long intervals, silence fell upon the group. All nature about them seemed to be breathing a lullaby, in which the soft whirring of insects, the occasional call of a bird, or the clang of a far-off cow-bell, the lapping of the water and the faint rustling of the leaves above them, made a drowsy melody that might have soothed a careworn brain to rest. What wonder, then, that our boys yielded to the spell and dozed

and slept in sublime forgetfulness of the fact that their respective families supposed them to be toiling among the blackberry briars.

A half hour — an hour, flew by before Jim opened his eyes lazily and with a tremendous yawn and various contortions of his body called out, “I guess we ’d better get to work, fellows; I shall be going to sleep if I stay here much longer.” His voice recalled his companions to temporal things, but, curious to relate, not one of those three boys suspected that he had been asleep.

“Don’t I feel just lazy though,” said Tom, yawning. “I should n’t be s’prised if another swim would freshen us up and make us work enough smarter to pay.”

“I should n’t wonder if it would,” said Sam, reflectively, slowly chewing a long spear of grass.

“We only need go in for a minute or two,” added Jim.

This unanimity of opinion could have but one result; and the bobbing about, the splashing, floating, and diving of the morning was repeated. It was rather unfortunate that Jim, in putting away his handkerchief after it had again done duty in its new capacity, should have found in his pocket a small fish-hook, while Sam brought to light, from a similar hiding-place, a fragment of twine; for it certainly was not to be expected that the conjunction of a hook, a line, a wood full of poles, and a pond could be disregarded by our young friends. That nothing might be wanting, a plump grasshopper came whirring by just as the hook was ready for his reception, and, in a moment more, he was being skipped gayly over the water, impelled by Jim’s rather unskillful hand, with the idea of deluding any fish that might be watching his gambols into the belief that he was practicing a few fancy hops for his own amusement.

All of my readers who are, or have been, boys, know how absorbing the occupation of fishing can become, even if there is only one pole to three fishers and each is obliged to wait his turn to indulge personally in the sport. A dozen “shiners” were swimming about in one of the berry-pails,

which had been filled with water to receive them, when Tom’s attention was attracted by some field-hands coming toward them, carrying their dinner-pails. “What are they stopping work for at this time o’ day, I wonder?” he said, and as they passed he casually inquired the hour.

“Well, I guess ’t ain’t fur from half-past five,” was the reply.

Half-past five! The boys gazed at one another in open-mouthed dismay. Two miles from home, supper in half an hour, three empty pails and three expectant families awaiting their arrival!

It was a trying moment. Sam and Tom looked at Jim with the faint hope that he would suggest some way out of the difficulty, but poor Jim was as powerless to bring back the wasted hours as many a greater than he, with far greater need of them, has been. He seemed plunged in a fit of deep abstraction for a few moments and then said gloomily, “I s’pose we’re in for it; — it ’s too late to try to pick the berries now. Let’s have another swim! It ’ll be just so bad anyway, and ’t ain’t likely we ’ll get here again *this* summer.”

At half-past seven o’clock, three boys with three large, empty pails (for the fish had been left behind) came slinking into the village and sadly separated where three streets met. I will not cast a gloom over my readers by a circumstantial account of what befell two of the boys, but will only say that Jim spent the following day in the old attic, a solitary prisoner upon bread and water, except when his grandfather, who had once been a boy himself, and had not quite forgotten the peculiar temptations which assail the species, came softly upstairs, unbolted the door, and, cautiously entering, drew a handful of cookies from his pocket and sat by, regarding Jim sympathetically, while the hungry prisoner ate them, until the whistle from the big shop called him back to his work and Jim was left to his own reflections once more.

All this happened twenty-five years ago, and Jim told me the other day that, all things considered, he was n’t sure that he was *very* sorry he did n’t pick that pail of blackberries.



THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.



"FATHER 'S COME HOME AGAIN!"

## W. JENKS'S EXPRESS.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

WHEN Billy Jenks's father failed, and Billy had to leave school, all in a whiff, most of us were mighty sorry to have him go. He was a queer little chap, but he was good all the way through. Somehow, he always was coming out in a square sort of way from the tight places where other boys went crooked. Most of the fellows thought very highly of him. I know I did.

My father told me all about Mr. Jenks's failure, for he knew that I would be interested in it on Billy's account. Mr. Jenks had indorsed notes for somebody, and this other man had failed and had carried Mr. Jenks down with him. I could n't quite understand the whole thing, but it seemed that, if he had tried to, Mr. Jenks might have got out of paying anything at all; but he did n't try to. He was "behaving nobly," my father said: making ready to turn over everything to his creditors and to go and live in a little house that belonged to his wife, over in the shabby end of the town—a house that his wife had bought for her old nurse to live in, and that happened to be empty because the old nurse had just died.

My father and all the rest of the creditors—except old Mr. Skimmington—hoped to arrange matters so that Mr. Jenks could go on. He was in an excellent business, my father said, and if he had an opportunity he would be all straight again in no time. Mr. Skimmington was a queer old fellow: just as cranky and cross-grained as he could possibly be. He was very rich, but he kept on working as hard as ever; and that was very hard indeed. Whenever anybody asked him why he did not retire from business and enjoy himself,—and people who did not know him very well used to ask him this, now and then,—he would draw himself up and say, "Enjoy myself? I *am* enjoying myself, sir! I began to work when I was nine years old, sir; and I have been working ever since. For more than sixty years I have been a useful citizen; and to be useful is *my* idea of enjoyment. I hate a drone—and either you are a drone or you would be one if you could. Good-day, sir!" And then the old fellow would stalk away as stiff as a poker. I never met anybody who liked him much.

Unluckily, it was Mr. Skimmington who held most of Mr. Jenks's notes; and Mr. Skimmington

refused point-blank to join the other creditors in giving Mr. Jenks more time.

"No, sir," he said; "it shall not be done. Jenks has been fool enough to put his name to paper, and he must take the consequences! It will teach him a valuable lesson, sir,—a lesson that will do him good as long as he lives. It did *me* good, and I know what I'm talking about. I put *my* name to paper in '57,—and down I went! Did anybody give *me* an extension? Not a bit of it! I had to fight my way up again; and that fight made a man of me, sir. Jenks is a young fellow still, and this will be a very useful experience for him. Let *him* fight *his* way up, just as I did. I repeat, sir, it will do him good. Not another word! My mind is made up: into bankruptcy he goes, just as sure as my name is Jeremiah Skimmington!"

But Mr. Jenks did not go into bankruptcy—and what kept him out of it was Billy.

Billy told me that when he got home from school, and found what a mess things were in, he felt as if he'd like to sit down and cry. But it struck him that crying would do no good; so he set himself to thinking about what he could do to help his father and mother in their trouble. He thought away as hard as ever he could think for about two days, without hitting on anything—for he was only ten years old, and little for his age, so that it was not easy to find a way in which he could be really useful. They were still living in their handsome house, and Billy still had his donkey and donkey-cart; and to help his thinking—for the donkey-cart had no springs and he believed that joggling might shake up his ideas—he drove about most of the time.

On the third day after he got home, he happened to be driving along by the New Row. He was very low in his mind, and was not paying attention to anything in particular, and it gave him a start when he found that somebody was calling him. He pulled Jenny up short, and looked around; and there on the high sidewalk—for the road had been cut down along the New Row—he saw a nice-looking old lady who wore spectacles, and who carried a big traveling-bag by her side, and a

little bag in her hand, and a bundle under her arm. She looked hot and tired and flustered.

"Oh, little boy," the old lady said, "I have called to you several times. I have such a load to carry that I know I never can get to the station in time for the train. Will you please carry my bag down in your donkey-cart? I'll go down by the short cut and meet you; and I'll gladly give you a quarter."

Of course Billy said that he would be very glad indeed to oblige her; and he put the big bag and

it would pay an enterprising man well to start one, I'm sure. And now, here comes my train. Good-bye,—I shall not soon forget my little express-man, I can tell you! You certainly are a very well-behaved boy,—for a boy. Good-bye, again." Then the old lady got into the car and the train started.

It was while Billy was driving home that he suddenly woke up to the fact that the nice old lady had shown him a way in which he could help his father. He would be an express-man,—that is to



BILLY INTERVIEWS MR. WILKINSON. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

the little one, too, in the cart, and chirped up Jenny, and whisked off to the station in no time.

Presently the old lady came; and then he hitched Jenny and helped the old lady to check the big bag and tried to make things generally comfortable for her. Of course, he would n't take the quarter that she offered him; and when she found that he was really in earnest, she thanked him very gratefully and put the money away.

"I'm very much obliged to you, indeed, my dear," she said, "for if you had n't helped me so kindly, I certainly should have missed my train." And then she added, "How stupid it is that in a town of this size there should not be any express;

say, an express-boy,—in dead earnest! He had often heard other people complain about the difficulty of getting luggage to and from the station, and he was sure that the old lady was right in saying that an express-service would pay. What pleased him most of all, was the thought that here he was, all ready to go into the business—for the donkey-cart would make a very good express-wagon to begin with; and both the donkey-cart and the donkey were his own.

But when he went home, he found himself brought up with a round turn. His father told him to come into the library. Mr. Jenks seemed very solemn about it; and when Billy went in he

found his mother there, and she looked as if she had been crying; but she seemed to be as cheerful as a cricket. Then Mr. Jenks told Billy that he was very sorry, but that in a few days nearly everything about the house was to be sold, and that Jenny and the donkey-cart would have to be sold with the rest!

Billy told me afterward that when his father said that, he felt just as if somebody had tripped his heels from under him and let him down with a bang. It only upset him still more, when his mother put her arms around him and kissed him, and told him not to mind the loss of Jenny, but to be her brave boy and take a share in the family troubles without complaining.

He was not prepared to say, just then, that what was bothering him was not the loss of Jenny, but the loss of his express-business, — for he felt in his bones, somehow, that his father and mother would not like to have him to go to work for them, and he hoped that if only he could get the business started without their knowing about it, so that he could prove to them what a good business it was, and how well he could manage it, they would gladly let him go on with it.

So, instead of telling all about his plan, he took another tack and asked if Jenny and the donkey-cart were not his own; and, if they were, how they could be sold away from him. When it was explained to him that until he was twenty-one years old everything that was called his really, in law, belonged to his father, and so must be sold to pay his father's debts, he made his father and mother just miserable — as he found out afterward — by saying that he would go and talk matters over with Mr. Wilkinson; for it was not like Billy to be thinking of himself when other people were in trouble, and they were afraid that the family misfortunes were making him selfish.

Mr. Wilkinson was Mr. Jenks's lawyer, and he and Billy were great friends. He was a kind old gentleman; and when Billy sent in a card with "W. Jenks. On Important Business," written on it, he invited Billy in. Billy knew that the lawyer's time was very valuable, and he went straight to the point. "Can or can not my donkey and donkey-cart be sold to pay my father's debts?" he asked. And Mr. Wilkinson came straight to the point, too, by answering, "Of course they can." Billy bit his lip hard, and tried to keep his self-control; but he could not help giving just one sob; — he had so set his heart upon helping his father; and here was his plan for helping him all knocked into a cocked hat!

Mr. Wilkinson was very sorry for Billy and tried to comfort him. But, when he found that Billy would n't be comforted, he spoke a little sharply

and said that he had expected better things of Billy, and told him he was too big a boy to be selfish about a miserable donkey, while his father was losing everything he owned, and never making any complaint about it at all.

At any other time, Billy would have had something to say to Mr. Wilkinson for calling his Jenny "a miserable donkey"; but just then he forgot to stand up for her. In a very fragmentary way — for it was all that he could do to keep from bursting out crying — he told Mr. Wilkinson all about his plan for helping his father, and how the loss of Jenny and the donkey-cart must, of course, upset it completely. Mr. Wilkinson listened to Billy very attentively without speaking a word, and was silent for a little while after he had finished.

"Billy, you are a very sensible boy," he said at last; "sensible enough, I'm sure, to see the difference between a business transaction and a personal obligation. What I have to propose to you is a business transaction. When Jenny and the cart are sold, as they must be, I'll buy them myself; and then, for a fixed annual payment, I'll let you have them to run your express-business with. Money is pretty low just now, and I'll be quite satisfied to get five per cent. out of my investment. I reckon that the lot will cost me about a hundred dollars, so you will have to pay me five dollars a year. Now, don't interrupt me," — Billy was trying to say that he could not think of letting Mr. Wilkinson do this act of great kindness for him, — "for interrupting me won't do any good at all. We're talking business now, and nothing else. I am to get a reasonable return for my money, and you will have a good margin for your own profit. My offer is just what I told you it was a moment ago — a straight-out business proposition, and you need n't hesitate a moment about accepting it, if you think well of it."

Well, the long and short of it was that Billy did accept the offer; and as he was going away, after shaking hands with Mr. Wilkinson and saying how very much obliged he was to him, Mr. Wilkinson said:

"You can begin business whenever you please, Billy. Until the sale takes place, the donkey and cart will be yours, and after it takes place, they will be mine. Therefore, as the property is, and will continue to be, vested in the firm," — Mr. Wilkinson waved his hand as if he were speaking to a judge on the bench, — "there is no reason why operations should not begin right away. My relation to this firm," Mr. Wilkinson added, as Billy had his hand on the door knob, "is that of a special partner. I put a fixed sum into the concern, and I am responsible for the firm's debts only so far as that sum goes. If you plunge madly



into baggage-smashing, William Jenks, and smash more than one hundred dollars' worth of trunks, don't look to me to meet your liabilities, for I won't!"

And then Mr. Wilkinson grinned at Billy, and Billy tried hard to smile at Mr. Wilkinson,—but he was so grateful for what Mr. Wilkinson had done that it was all that he could do to keep from crying. However, he got away without breaking down, having steadied himself by the reflection that he was now a man of business, and as such must hold the tender emotions in check.

What pleased him most of all was the advice that his partner had given him,—to begin work right away,—and the confidence he now felt that, with Mr. Wilkinson for a partner, his father and mother would be sure to let him go ahead. He was so pleased with it all that he started for home on a dead run.

But all the wind was taken out of his sails when he reached home, on finding that his mother had been called away in a hurry by a telegram bringing word that his Uncle John was sick, and that his father had gone with her, and that they would not be back until the next evening. Billy was sorry to hear that his Uncle John was sick,—at least, he was as sorry as he reasonably could be about the sickness of an uncle whom he had seen only two or three times in the course of his life, and whom he might have met anywhere in the street without recognition. For his mother, though, he was very sorry indeed; for he knew she was very fond of her brother John,—and it did seem hard that this fresh trouble should come to her with all the others. Then, being reminded of the family troubles, he presently forgot all about his Uncle John's sickness and thought only of his project for making these troubles lighter by running an express-wagon.

It was evident, since his father and mother had gone away, that he could not talk over his plan with them until they came back,—and that meant, certainly, the loss of at least one whole day. What he wished was to begin at once; and the more he thought about it, and, especially, the more that he reflected upon the assured position he had gained by going into partnership with Mr. Wilkinson, the more did he feel that waiting was unnecessary. Besides, it occurred to him, how delightful it would be to have some money—his first day's earnings—to give his father as a welcome home! This last thought settled the matter. He went down to the carriage-house, and, with some black paint that was there, began to put a sign on the spatter-board along each side of the donkey-cart,—to the great delight of the small boy who was taking care of the stables, now that the coachman and

regular helpers had been discharged. Billy was not much of a hand at sign-painting, but, as a sign, his sign was a success; for the big, sprawly letters could be read a long distance away, and the queerness of the work certainly would attract attention wherever it was seen. What he printed was this:

W. JENKS'S EXPRESS.

Billy was so pleased with his handiwork that he could have stood and looked at it all the rest of the afternoon; but he again remembered, after a while, that he was a man of business and that, as he had heard his father say, to a man of business time was money;—though just how time could be money, he did not very clearly understand. What he did understand, though, was that, if he meant his express to have a good start, he ought to go down to the station and tell the station-master, Mr. Ruggles, that he was prepared to carry baggage to and from the trains; and it also occurred to him that, if it did not cost too much, he ought to advertise his business in *The Gazette*.

Mr. Ruggles stopped telephoning something and seemed to be astonished, Billy thought, when Billy told how he was going to start an express and asked if orders for it might be left at the station. But Mr. Ruggles kept his astonishment inside of himself and answered, in his solemn way, "If anybody leaves orders here for this express of yours, Billy, whether the same comes by word of mouth, or by mail, or through this here instrument, all I can say is: you shall get 'em sure,"—and then he began to telephone again. So that was all right.

*The Gazette* was not the very best sort of newspaper. Its editor put into it many unpleasant things which were only half true, or were not true at all, and every now and then somebody would sue it for libel. Only a short time before, as it happened, the editor had been made to pay very heavy damages for something that he had published that was all wrong; and the lawyer who had won the case against the paper was Mr. Wilkinson. Billy, of course, did not know anything of this. He knew that *The Gazette* was the only paper in the town and that he must put his advertisement in that paper, or else not advertise at all.

In a general way, he knew that advertising cost very heavily, and so he made his announcement short and to the point. He thought very hard over it, and finally wrote one that, he decided, would do. But after he had it all in shape, he suddenly began to wonder whether it would not be

dishonest to call the express his, when, in reality, it was a joint undertaking in which all the capital belonged to his special partner. Billy was just as sound as a little dollar about honesty. So he changed the advertisement to make it fit in with what was right, or what he thought was right, and then took it to the newspaper office.

It gave Billy a regular cold shiver when the young man behind the desk took it, made dabs at it with a pen for a minute or two, and then said, "In display type this will cost you four dollars for the first insertion, and two dollars and seventy-five cents for each subsequent insertion;" and added, "Special rates if it goes in by the month, you know."

All that Billy could say was "Oh!" and he felt a lump coming up in his throat. The idea of paying so much money for mere advertising quite took his breath away.

A man standing behind the counter had been looking on in a queer sort of way, and now he said, "What is it, George?" and reached out his hand for the advertisement. When he had read it, his eyes gave a queer sort of twinkle, and he stepped right up to Billy and said:

"We won't charge you anything for this; — not at first, anyway. If the express-business turns out all right, we can make terms by the year; and, if it does n't pay, why, you will have saved this much capital at the start."

"I don't want you to print this for nothing, sir," Billy began. "I can't pay four dollars just now; but I've got a dollar, and ——"

But the man cut him short: "Don't you say another word. I'm the editor of this paper, and if I choose to print an ad. for nothing, it's nobody's loss but my own."

Billy did not wish to accept a favor like this from an entire stranger; but the editor was so pleasant about it that Billy finally gave in, — with the understanding that if by the end of the week the business had made a good start he might come back and they would make a regular bargain for printing the advertisement by the year.

As he left the office he heard the editor say to the young man behind the desk, "There's not a speck of libel in it, and it will make old Wilkinson just fairly howl on the house-tops!" and then they both burst out into roars of laughter.

Billy could not help wondering what it could be that would make so very dignified and quiet a man as Mr. Wilkinson do so absurd a thing as to climb on top of the houses and howl; and why anything like that should be the best joke of the season he could not see. He concluded that it all was some joke that he did not understand.

But Mr. Wilkinson saw where the joke was —

though it did not strike him as being "the best joke of the season" exactly, when *The Gazette* came out the next morning with this advertisement in it:

<b>EXPRESS!</b>
BAGGAGE AND PARCELS CAREFULLY CARRIED
BY
W. JENKS.
<b>D. WEBSTER WILKINSON, Esq.,</b>
SPECIAL PARTNER.
<b>TERMS MODERATE.</b>
Please leave directions with Mr. Ruggles at the Railway Station.
e. d. t. o. s.

Well, at first, Mr. Wilkinson was angry about it — almost as angry as the editor of *The Gazette* expected, in fact; but he had the good sense to laugh when people poked fun at him about his new business; and to a few of his intimate friends he told the whole story, — and nobody thought any the worse of him when, to show that Billy had not meant to make fun of him, and in self-defense, he had to tell how kind-hearted he had been.

While the advertisement, in one way, was all wrong, simply as an advertisement it was a tremendous success. What with the wish to make fun of Mr. Wilkinson, the good reason for praising him, and the kindly feeling for Billy, — all of which the advertisement created when it came to be understood, — the whole town, before noon, was ringing with it; so that "W. Jenks's Express" was better advertised in half a day than most new business ventures are in half a year.

Mike, the stable-boy, — who had a most unnatural faculty for waking up early, — called Billy the next morning, just at the edge of daylight; and in the cool, gray dawn, Billy drove out through the yard gates and down to the station to meet the 5:55 train. There was not a soul on the streets, and he was glad of it; for now that he was actually started as an express-man, he felt a little shy and queer about it. The only people around the station were a man with a wooden leg, and Mr. Ruggles, who had a green flag in his hand and looked very sleepy. Presently the train came along and stopped; but nobody got

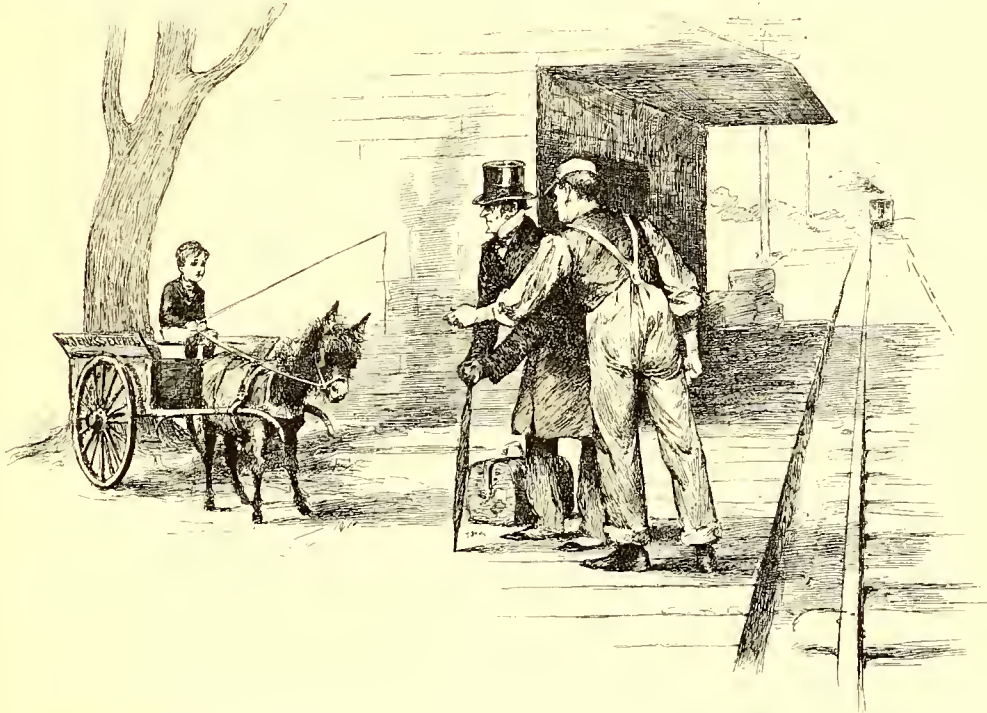
off. The man with the wooden leg got on, and then the train went puffing away down the line.

"Better luck next time, Billy," said Mr. Ruggles, as he rolled up his flag, yawned, and went into the station. Billy felt very flat, somehow. But the next train was not due until 7:20, and he was glad enough to go home and get his breakfast.

When he drove down town, after breakfast, the

when Billy said "Whoa!" to her in that unprovoked sort of a way.

Luckily for Billy, Mr. Ruggles was wide awake now, and saw how things were going; so up he stepped to the old gentleman and asked him with a grin if he would n't like the bag to be sent by express. Considering what a small matter had to be decided, they seemed to talk about it a long



"MR. RUGGLES STEPPED UP TO THE OLD GENTLEMAN AND ASKED IF HE WOULD N'T LIKE THE BAG TO BE SENT BY EXPRESS."

streets were quite full of people; and they all stared when they saw the little donkey-cart with "W. Jenks's Express" on it, and W. Jenks himself sitting in front driving, and looking as sober as a little judge. It struck Billy as very odd that nearly everybody he met should be laughing. There must be a great many jokes going about that morning, he thought.

The 7:20 was a through train from the West. Only two people got out of it, but one of these — as Billy observed with much satisfaction — was an old gentleman who was carrying what seemed to be a very heavy bag. Somehow, he could not bring himself to go up to the old gentleman and say, in a business-like way, "Baggage carried, sir?" — which was what he fully had made up his mind to do — and all that he did, to show anybody that there was an express around, was to cry "Whoa!" very loudly to Jenny. As Jenny was standing stock-still, she was very much startled

while; and Billy was sure that he heard his father's name mentioned. But the end of the talk was that the bag was put in the donkey-cart, and the old gentleman — after giving Billy the number of his house and agreeing to pay a quarter for the expressage — went by the short cut; and Billy drove away with his first load of express-matter as proud as a little king.

When he reached the house, there was the old gentleman waiting for him; and he told Billy to hitch the donkey and bring the bag inside. The bag was very heavy, just as much as Billy could stagger under — and he suddenly thought, what in the world would he do if anybody asked him to carry a trunk? He had not thought about trunks when he started his express, and now that he *did* think of them they made him fairly shiver!

When he deposited the bag inside the hall, the old gentleman asked how much there was to pay — for he seemed to have forgotten that he had

been very particular to get all that settled at the station; and when Billy said "A quarter," he looked thoughtful and said that a quarter was too much. It made Billy very uncomfortable to have to ask for money at all, and when the old gentleman spoke in that way, he grew quite red in the face and felt more uncomfortable still. "Very well, sir," he said, "you can pay anything you please. Or — or you need n't pay anything at all," and he began to move toward the door.

"Stop!" said the old gentleman. "That is n't business."

"No, it is n't," said Billy; "and it is n't business to make a bargain and then not stick to it. I told you, down at the station, what you would have to pay for having your bag brought up; and if you did n't want to pay it, you ought to have said so then. I — I beg your pardon, sir; I don't mean to be rude," — for it suddenly struck Billy that this was a pretty up-and-down sort of a way for a little boy to talk to an old gentleman, — "but, you see, I'm not running this express for fun; and if everybody did as you 're doing, it would n't pay to run it at all."

"You 're not running it for fun, eh? Then what are you running it for?" asked the old gentleman, and there was a pleasant tone in his voice that quite took Billy by surprise. In the same friendly way he went on and asked more questions, and the long and short of it was that Billy told him the whole story: How his father was in trouble, and he wanted to help him; and how they were going to live in the little house, and his father was going to start a little store over by the New Row, and his mother was going to give lessons upon the piano — in fact, all about things generally. Of course, Billy did not mean to tell everything, in this way; but it was not until he had finished, that he suddenly realized that he had been telling all his father's plans to an entire stranger. Then he felt quite flustered, and said that it was time for him to go. The old gentleman had become very much excited while Billy was talking to him. He seemed to have forgotten all about the quarter. He walked up and down the hall, and swung his arms about at a great rate; so that when Billy said "Good-morning" to him, and came away, he did not even look up. But he came running down the steps, just as Billy was getting into the donkey-cart, and said:

"Here 's your quarter, Billy Jenks. You 're a good boy. You 're going to work just the way I did. And, what 's more, your father must be a good man." Then he went on, but apparently speaking to himself rather than to Billy, "Why, he 's starting again just as I started in '57. That 's the sort of man I like. He 's got honesty and

pluck in him." Suddenly he gave the hitching-post a kick and burst out: "Yes, I 'll do it! I 'll do it, as sure as my name is —."

But Billy did not hear what his name was, for when the post was kicked Jenny started off with a jerk that made the cart rattle over the stones at a great rate, and completely drowned the old gentleman's voice. It struck him that this certainly was the queerest old gentleman he had ever come across. He concluded that the old fellow must be a little bit wrong in his head.

The next train was due at 11:40, and Billy was on hand at the station to meet it. But only two or three people got off, and none of these had any baggage to be carried. There was a big Irishman with a big satchel, to be sure; but he swung the satchel up on his shoulder, and as he passed Billy and the cart, he gave a comical look and said:

"An' it 's W. Jinks's Express, is it? Bedad, W. Jinks, Oi 'll be afther puttin' you an' th' express, an' th' donkey, an' all, up on tother shoullder an' carryin' you all away to wunst, if you don't moind where you 're lookin'!"

Billy thought this was very rude of him.

Just as he was driving away, feeling very much disappointed, Mr. Ruggles came running along the platform and called out:

"Hold on, Billy. Here 's lots of work for you to do — about all the town wants you to move it!"

Billy thought that Mr. Ruggles must be poking fun at him, — though that was n't in Mr. Ruggles's line exactly, — but he pulled Jenny up, and then went back with Mr. Ruggles into the station. Mr. Ruggles gave him a sheet of paper with more than twenty orders on it; and while he was looking at the list and wondering if it could be real, the telephone bell rang and still another order was added!

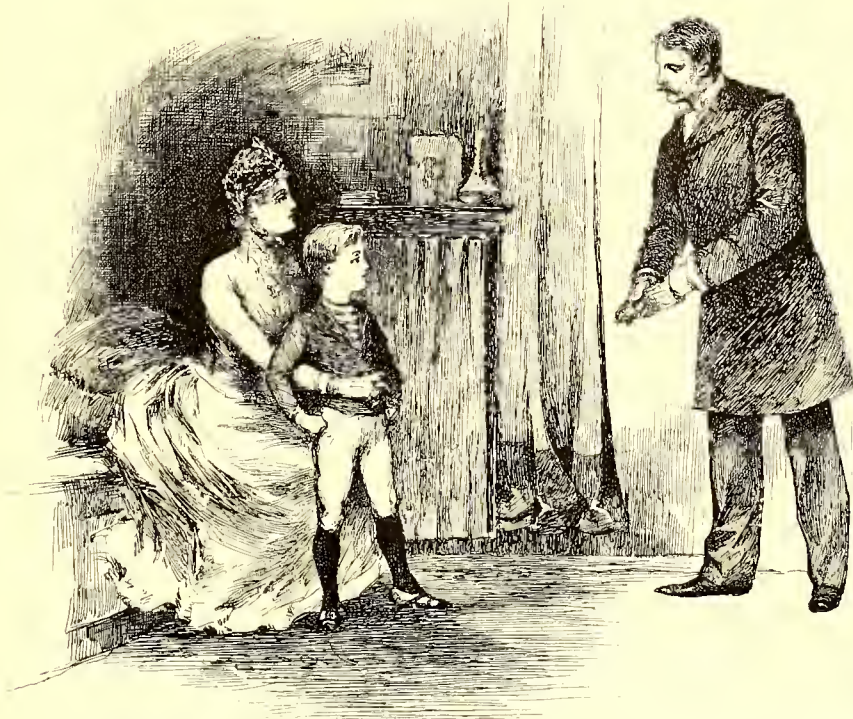
"They 've been comin' in like that for th' last hour. I guess your special partner must be drummin' up work for you," said Mr. Ruggles with a dry chuckle. He went on, "You 've got your hands full for this afternoon, Billy; an' as some of the things to be moved is too heavy for you to tackle, you 'd better hire Black Jake, here, to help you. He 'll work all th' afternoon for fifty cents. Get up there, out o' th' sun, you lazy critter. Go help Billy Jenks, an' earn some money, for once, outside o' chicken-stealin'!"

So Black Jake got up, grinning; and Billy, all in amaze, hired him for fifty cents and went off to attend to the first of his long list of orders. He could not understand it at all.

But if he had known how all the town had been talking about him, and his Express, and his Special Partner, that morning, he would not have been so much surprised by the sudden start that his business had taken. Many of his orders were sent by

people who expected to joke with Mr. Wilkinson about having patronized his express; many more by people who were pleased with Billy's pluck and wished to help him; and still others came from people who really wanted to send things about the town, and were glad of this way to do it. Jenny — she had to eat her dinner in half an hour; Billy was so excited that he bolted his in ten minutes — began to think in her donkey mind that the dis-

Jake walking beside the cart, ready to lend a hand in unloading, and reached the head of Prince street just as all the people were coming up from the station, in a crowd. Among the very first, he saw his father, and his mother, too; for, as it turned out, there was nothing serious the matter with her brother John, after all, and so his mother had not stayed to look after him, as she had expected to do when she went away.



“NOW, WILLIAM JENKS,” SAID HIS FATHER, “WHAT DOES ALL THIS MEAN?”

mal days of her youth, when she had drawn a huckster's cart and had lived mainly on beatings, were come again.

By a little after six o'clock, Billy got his last load on board — a part of a broken bedstead and three broken chairs, to be taken to the cabinet-maker's — and the old lady who sent the load kept him waiting so long, and gave him so many directions, that he found that he would not have time to get to the station to meet the 6:30 train. He was sorry to miss that train, for more people came in on it than on all the others put together, and it was by that train that his father was coming — and he did very much wish his father to see him right in the thick of his work. But there was no use in worrying over what could n't be helped; so he drove along slowly, with Black

Billy was very glad to see his father and mother, and his first thought was to jump off the cart and go and kiss them. But his second thought was that he ought to show them that he really was a business man now, and that his business must come first and his pleasure afterward, — in other words, that he could n't go to kissing members of his family while he had a load to deliver. So he chirped Jenny into a fast trot, and only gave his father and mother a nod and a laugh as he whisked past them. They saw the cart and the queer sign on it, they caught a glimpse of the queer load, and on the train Mr. Jenks had bought a copy of *The Gazette*, and had read Billy's queer advertisement with amazement.

Had Billy gone crazy while they were away, or what had happened?

They were so puzzled that they just stood still and looked at each other,—while W. Jenks's Express went flying down the street, with Black Jake on a full run to keep beside it, and with the old lady's bit of a bedstead and three broken chairs dancing around the cart in a way that, had she seen it, would have made every hair in her false-front stand straight up on end and every one of her false teeth chatter! Mr. Jenks gave a long whistle—he had a way of giving whistles when anything surprised him very much—and then he and Mrs. Jenks went home. They were about the most astonished people in that town.

Billy reached home nearly as soon as his father and mother, and ran into the house to give them the kisses which he had wished to give them down town.

"Now, William Jenks," said his father, when the kissing was over, "what *does* all this mean?"

It gave Billy something of a start to be called William Jenks, in that way; for his father never dreamed of calling him anything but Billy, unless there was a storm brewing. But, as Billy was sure that there was nothing to raise a storm about in what he had been doing since his father went away, he did not mind very much; and with what he felt to be a fairly justifiable pride he went ahead and told all about his starting in the express business and what a capital start he had made of it.

"Then that was why you did not wish Jenny to be sold?" his mother asked, when he told about his consultation with Mr. Wilkinson in regard to the donkey's ownership.

"Why, of course it was," Billy answered; as though his desire to use Jenny as an express-donkey could be the only possible reason why he should be unwilling to part with her for good and all—and he never quite understood what it was that made his mother get up just then, give him a great hug and kiss, and say to his father in a triumphant sort of way, "I told you so!" Nor did he understand why it was that his father and mother laughed so, when he told them about the special partnership that he had formed with Mr. Wilkinson; nor what made his father look so oddly when he told about his long talk with the queer old gentleman who came on the train.

However, there was no mistaking the way in which they both hugged him when he came to the end of his story and gave his father the six dollars and seventy-five cents he had earned that day—and explained that there would have been half a dollar more, if only he had been a little stronger and so had not been compelled to hire Black Jake to help him. But Billy could not help thinking, considering what a good day he had made of it,

that it was rather unreasonable in his mother to cry all the time that she was hugging him; and he wondered if cinders could have got into his father's eyes, on the train,—he winked so and they looked so red and watery. Just as he was full of delight that his plan had worked so well, his father brought him up all standing—after most of the hugging was over—by telling him that the express-business could not go on! It would n't do, his father said, for such a little chap as he was to go at such hard work, even if they all were starving; and they were nowhere near starving, as yet. There was just the slimmest sort of a chance, his father went on, that at the final meeting of his creditors—the next day, things might be arranged so that he could go on; and, even if he were forced into bankruptcy, he said, he and Mrs. Jenks could earn enough money to keep the little house going, without making Billy help them, for a few years.

By the time that his father was through with all that he had to say, Billy had to own up that the right thing for him to do was to work hard at the public school, and so get ready to take care of his mother and the baby, in case his father should get sick, or die, or do anything of that sort. But it certainly was hard on him, he thought, to have to give up the express-business just as he had made such a splendid start in it.

The next day Mr. Jenks's creditors held their last meeting before making a bankrupt of him. After everybody had settled into their chairs, Mr. Wilkinson said that they had a very unpleasant piece of work to do, and that the sooner they were through with it the better. All the creditors but *one*, he said,—and as he said this he looked very hard at old Mr. Skimmington, and so did everybody else; and, while nobody spoke a word, a sort of growl went around the room,—all the creditors but *one* had consented to an extension; but since this *one* could not be brought to take a liberal and sensible view of the case, there was nothing for his client to do but to go into bankruptcy. Then there was a dead silence, and everybody looked hard at old Mr. Skimmington. And then, in an instant, Mr. Skimmington said, in his sharp way:

"I've changed my mind. I'll give him an extension, too!"

All the other gentlemen were on their feet, and crowding around Mr. Skimmington, and shaking hands with him, in no time; and all of them were talking at once, as hard as ever they could talk. Mr. Jenks was the only man in the room who remained seated. He scarcely had dared to hope, even, that he would get an extension: and when Mr. Skimmington came round in this sudden sort

of way it quite upset him. But he did not stay upset long; and when he was steady again he went up to Mr. Skimmington and shook hands with him and said that he was very much obliged to him indeed for his liberality.

"Don't you thank me, Mr. Jenks," said Mr. Skimmington. "Thank yourself a little, and thank your boy Billy much more. Yesterday, sir, your boy brought my bag up from the station in his donkey-cart express-wagon,—I recognized the name on the wagon, and Ruggles told me it was your son,—and I made him come in and talk to me. It was not the thing for me to do, sir, I admit; but I made him tell me all about himself, and a good deal about you. And the upshot of that talk is, as I said just now, that I've changed my mind. I am in harmony with your other creditors, and am ready to join them in giving you an extension—for the man who is ready to step down to the foot of the ladder and take a fresh start, as you were going to do, sir, deserves to have his friends keep him at the top!

"I am not much given to making jokes, gentlemen," Mr. Skimmington went on, "but I will make one now." There was a sort of awed silence

in the room as he said this, for the bare thought of Mr. Skimmington's making a joke was so unnatural that there was something rather dreadful about it. "Yes, I will make one now: What has carried our friend here safely out of his difficulties is—'W. Jenks's Express!'"

Well, it was not very much of a joke, after all, but by this time everybody was in such good humor that they all began to laugh over it as if it had been the very best joke that ever was made. When they were done laughing, at last, they settled down to business and had Mr. Jenks's extension all arranged in no time.

Billy told me the whole story all over again, the other day, while we were taking a drive in the donkey-cart.

Mr. Jenks is all right now, and my father says that he is doing better than ever, since he and Mr. Skimmington have been such good friends, for Mr. Skimmington gives him plenty of valuable advice;—and Billy said that the only thing that bothered him was that his father had not let him go ahead and be an express-man. It was pretty hard work, he said, but he liked it.



"WE SAIL THE OCEAN BLUE, AND OUR SAUCY SHIP 'S A BEAUTY!"

## HELEN KELLER.

BY FLORENCE HOWE HALL.

MOST children go to three or four schools at the same time, and perhaps that is the reason why they sometimes get just a little bit tired of their lessons.

First come the Eye and Ear schools—and a baby begins to attend these as soon as he is old enough to know anything; nor does he graduate from them while eyesight, hearing, and life remain.

Next comes the Tongue school, and we all know how interesting it is to watch a dear little baby, as he gradually learns to say one word after another, and to pronounce *s*, *th*, and *r*—those sounds which are such dreadful stumbling-blocks to many little folks. About this time, or a little earlier, Baby begins to spend many of his spare moments at the Touch or “Feeling” school; and if he be of an inquiring turn of mind, he may learn many interesting and some very unpleasant facts at this educational establishment. He may learn—if he put his fingers on the stove—that fire burns; also that pins scratch, that knives hurt, and that ice chills. At the schools of Smell and Taste he will learn lessons agreeable and disagreeable. I think that almost all little boys and girls pay an early visit to the pepper or mustard pot, and that the visit leaves sad and very pungent memories behind.

By and by, Baby grows to be quite a big boy or girl, and is sent off to *real* school, as children would say. Here he often finds that he has too many calls upon his thoughts. The Eye-schoolmistress urges him to look out of the window and study the butterflies, the birds, and the flowers; the Ear-schoolmistress perhaps puts it into his head to listen to the recitation of the bigger boys, and learn something in that way. And all this time the *real*, live schoolmistress is saying, “Johnny, why don’t you study your spelling lesson?” or, “Johnny, have you learned that multiplication-table yet?”

For these reasons, Johnny does not always appreciate the really striking beauties of the multiplication-table, nor the joys that lurk even in the most dimly long and hateful spelling-lesson. Johnny feels—and very naturally—that school is a superior sort of prison. When its doors close behind him, they shut out his body from the great world of nature, and he is too young to realize that the glorious gates of knowledge can not open to

admit his mind, unless he first prepares it in that narrow school-room, which tires and cramps his active little body.

But suppose that Johnny were entirely cut off from that outer world; suppose that the Eye, and Ear, and Tongue schools had shut their doors upon him, and he sat in utter darkness and silence, with no schoolmistress to help him save the one living in the ends of his fingers, and with no one to answer any of his questions, or to explain to him the meaning of the strange objects which his restless hands felt, but which, alas! he could not understand? In other words, suppose that Johnnie were deaf, dumb, and blind,—could neither understand other people, nor make them understand him,—would he not hail with delight a schoolmistress who should deliver him from this living death, and would he not love the “real school” which taught him all that he had been longing to know in his dark prison—aye, and much more than he had ever dreamed of?

In the August ST. NICHOLAS, Dr. Jastrow told you the story of Laura Bridgman, who was thus afflicted. This month I shall tell you of Helen Keller, blind and deaf and dumb, as was Miss Bridgman, but otherwise a bright, happy little girl. For five long years she had sat in silent darkness—darkness of the mind as well as of the body. How can we wonder at her delight when a deliverer was found to free her from her prison, at her rapture over the tiresome lessons which meant life—eyes, ears, everything—to her?

Miss Sullivan tells us that after having been two or three months under tuition, Helen would throw her arms around her teacher with a kiss whenever a new word was given her to spell! Because, in Helen’s case, spelling a word is the only way of learning it. She must spell out all the letters on her fingers in order to say, or rather *use*, a word. Thus she comes to think—nay, even to dream—in finger language; and her busy hands, as did Laura Bridgman’s, move when she sleeps, spelling out the confused dreams that pass through her little brain.

As for arithmetic, Helen found the study so exciting, she was so intensely interested in solving problems on her “type-slate,” that it was feared her health would be injured, and, to her great



regret, the precious type-slate had for a time to be taken from her, because thinking about all the wonderful things that can be done with figures kept the child awake at night.

Her full name is Helen Adams Keller, and she was born in Tuscumbia, Alabama, June 27, 1880, with all her senses in perfect condition. She was a bright little baby, and could see and hear as well as any of us. She had learned to walk and was learning to talk, when, at nineteen months of age, she was attacked by a severe illness, and when it passed away, it left her blind and deaf. Dumbness is, in almost all cases, the result of deafness—deaf people can not talk, simply because they can not hear; and so our poor little Helen ceased to talk soon after this terrible illness, because she was unable to hear any sound. The few words that she had learned, faded from her baby brain, and she entered upon a long term of solitary confinement—of the mind—now happily ended forever! She has always been a very intelligent child, and even in these dark days she learned something from the "Touch" schoolmistress, and something more from her kind mother, who allowed little Helen to keep constantly at her side as she went about her household duties. The little girl showed great aptitude for learning about these matters, and she also imitated the motions of people whom she did not see, indeed, but *felt*. All blind children like to touch every one with whom they are brought into contact—it is their only way of *seeing* how their friends look, and what sort of clothes they wear.

Helen also invented a number of signs to express her wants, and some of her thoughts. Since she has learned to talk with her fingers, this natural, or sign, language has been gradually laid aside; but when I last saw her, in September, 1888, she still used a number of signs, about which I may tell you by and by. So the "Touch" schoolmistress did all that she could for Helen, and the little girl was, for a time, satisfied with these teachings. But as she grew older, as her brain became more active, she began to long for wider knowledge, and would be almost in despair, when she could not express her ideas in such a way that those about her could understand her meaning. On these occasions, she would be seized with violent paroxysms of anger; but after she had learned to talk with her fingers, she had no more outbursts of rage, and now she seldom loses her temper, for she is a sweet and gentle child, and very affectionate.

But her poor little mind was in prison; she was like a captive bird, and if she had not beaten thus against the doors of her cage her parents would not perhaps have realized that her baby days were over, and that the time had come when

she must be set free—when she must be taught the use of language.

So Captain Keller, Helen's father, wrote to Mr. Anagnos, of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, in Boston,\* to ask whether he could not send a "real" schoolmistress to teach little Helen, and Mr. Anagnos chose for the position a very kind and intelligent young girl who was just graduated from his school. Her name was Annie M. Sullivan. Although she had been almost entirely blind when she had come to study at the Institution, her sight had been mercifully restored to her through the aid of skillful doctors.

But she remembered very well what a sad thing it was to be blind, and felt the greatest sympathy for little Helen. She spent six months in preparing herself for her task, and studied very carefully all that Dr. Howe had written about Laura Bridgman, and the way in which the latter had been taught, as well as a great many big books on mental development, which you and I would, perhaps, find rather dry reading.

Helen's lessons began in the most agreeable manner, for the first thing she learned about was a handsome doll. Miss Sullivan took the little girl's hand and passed it over the doll. Then she made the letters, d-o-l-l, slowly with the finger alphabet. When she began to make them the second time, Helen dropped the doll, and tried to make the letters herself with one hand, at the same time feeling of Miss Sullivan's fingers with her other hand. Then she tried to spell the word alone, and soon learned to do so correctly, also to spell five other words, *hat, mug, pin, cup, ball*. When Miss Sullivan handed her a mug, for instance, Helen would spell m-u-g with her fingers, and it was the same with the other words.

In a little more than a week after this lesson, she understood that all objects have names, and so the first and most difficult step in her education was accomplished in a marvelously short time.

Helen has a baby sister named Mildred, of whom she is very fond. She was delighted when Miss Sullivan put her hand on the baby's head, and spelled b-a-b-y. Now, at last, she had a name for the dear little sister whom she loved so well. Before this time, though of course she had often thought of Mildred, she had known no name nor word by which to call her. How curious Helen's thoughts must have been before the time when Miss Sullivan came to her—thoughts without words.

I do not wonder that she enjoyed her studies, for her teacher taught her in ways so pleasant that her lessons were like so many little plays. Thus she made Helen stand *on* a chair in order to learn the word *on*, and the little girl was put *into*

\* See "The Story of Laura Bridgman," ST. NICHOLAS for August, 1889.

the wardrobe—and so learned the meaning of *into*.

After she had learned a large number of words, Miss Sullivan began to teach her to read as the blind do—that is from raised letters, which they feel with the tips of their fingers. Miss Sullivan took an alphabet sheet, and put Helen's finger on the letter *A*, at the same time making the letter *A* with her own fingers, and so on through the entire alphabet. Helen learned all the printed letters, both capitals and small letters, in one day! Then her teacher put Helen's fingers on the word *cat* in the primer for the blind, at the same time spelling the word in the finger alphabet. The little



MISS SULLIVAN, HELEN'S TEACHER.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY IRA F. COLLINS.)

girl caught the idea instantly, asked for *dog*, and many other words, and was much displeased because her own name, "Helen," was not in the primer! She was so delighted with her book that she would sit for hours feeling of the different words, and "when she touched one with which she was familiar, a peculiarly sweet expression would light up her face."

Mr. Anagnos had some sheets of paper printed with all the words Helen knew. These were cut up into slips, each containing a single word, and the little girl was overjoyed at being able to make sentences for herself. Next she learned to write these same sentences with pencil and paper, on a writing-board such as the blind use—a piece of pasteboard with grooves in it, which is placed

under the writing-paper, the letters being written in the grooves, each groove forming a line. At first Miss Sullivan guided her hand, but soon Helen learned to write alone—and she writes a very neat, firm handwriting. The first sentence she wrote was, "Cat does drink milk." When she found that her dear mother could read what she had written she could scarcely restrain her joy and excitement! For now Helen had found two doors leading out of her prison—the finger alphabet, with which she could talk to those around her, and the written alphabet, by means of which she could communicate with friends at a distance.

Would you believe it possible, that Helen could read, and also write, letters? Not letters such as you and I write, but letters written according to what is called the Braille system. This system is simple and ingenious. Each letter of the alphabet is represented by pin-pricks placed in different positions, and the blind can read what has been written, by feeling of the pin-pricks. A little sharp-pointed instrument, like a stiletto, is used for punching the holes, through a piece of brass containing square perforations, each of which is large enough to hold one letter of the alphabet. The paper is fastened firmly into a sort of wooden slate covered with cloth, but can easily be removed when the page is filled.

It seems almost incredible that Helen should have learned in four months to use and spell correctly more than four hundred and fifty words! On the first day of March, 1887, the poor child was almost like a dumb animal: she knew no language—not a single word, nor a single letter. In July, of the same year, she had not only learned to talk fluently with her fingers, but had learned also to read raised type, to write a neat square hand, and to write letters to her friends! Her progress during these first months seems simply marvelous, especially when we remember that she was only six years and eight months old when Miss Sullivan began to teach her. She has gone on acquiring knowledge with the same wonderful rapidity.

After she had been under tuition for one year, she knew the multiplication-tables, and could add, subtract, multiply, and divide numbers, up to 100. At first she had some trouble in understanding that the numbers on her type-slate represented so many apples and oranges in the examples, but in a few days this difficulty was overcome, and she then became much interested in her ciphering, and puzzled her little head so continually with examples that the "big giant, Arithmos," had to be banished from her presence!

Helen's type-slate is like those that the blind

use. The types have raised numbers on one end; the slate itself is of metal, covered with square holes, into which Helen sets the types, just as we would write down figures.

She is very fond of writing in her diary, and it is very interesting to trace her progress as shown in this and in her other writings. Here is a short description of rats, which she wrote January 16,

many proofs of the goodness and unselfishness of her little heart. Thus, at a Christmas-tree festival, at which Helen was present, she found one little girl who, through some mistake, had not received any gifts. Helen tried to find the child's presents, but not succeeding in her search, she flew to her own little store of precious things and took from it a mug, which she herself prized very highly. This



HELEN KELLER AND HER DOG. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DEANE AND TURNER.)

1888, and which, perhaps, may amuse some of my young readers :

RATS.

JAN. 16th, 1888.

Rats are small animals. They are made of flesh and blood and bone. They have four feet and a tail.

They have one head and two ears and two eyes and one nose.

They have one mouth and sharp teeth. They gnaw holes in wood with their teeth. They do walk softly.

Rats killed little, little pigeons. Cats do catch rats and eat them.

Helen never knew that there was such a day as Christmas-day, until Miss Sullivan went to her. Fancy a little girl who never had a Christmas, until she was seven years old! Her teacher tells us that she hailed the glad tidings of the happy Christmas season with the greatest joy, and gave

she gave to the little stranger, "with abundant love."

In the following letter she tells us something of her Christmas experiences, and mentions the very mug, I think, of which I have spoken.

TUSCUMBIA, ALA., Jan. 2, 1888.

DEAR SARAH: I am happy to write to you this morning. I hope Mr. Anagnos is coming to see me soon. I will go to Boston in June, and I will buy father gloves, and James nice collar, and Simpson cuffs. I saw Miss Betty and her scholars. They had a pretty Christmas-tree, and there were many pretty presents on it for little children. I had a mug and little bird and candy. I had many lovely things for Christmas. Aunt gave me a trunk for Nancy, and clothes. I went to party with teacher and mother. We did dance and play and eat nuts and candy and cakes and oranges, and I did have fun with little boys and girls. Mrs. Hopkins did send me lovely ring. I do love her and little blind girls.

Men and boys do make carpets in mills. Wool grows on sheep. Men do cut sheep's wool off with large shears, and send it to the mill. Men and women do make wool cloth in mills.

Cotton grows on large stalks in fields. Men and boys and girls and women do pick cotton. We do make thread and cotton dresses of cotton. Cotton has pretty white and red flowers on it. Teacher did tear her dress. Mildred does cry. I will nurse Nancy. Mother will buy me lovely new aprons and dress to take to Boston. I went to Knoxville with father and Aunt. Bessie is weak and little. Mrs. Thompson's chickens killed Leila's chickens. Eva does sleep in my bed. I do love good girls. Good-bye. HELEN KELLER.

The "Nancy" mentioned in this letter is a large rag-doll, of which Helen is very fond. She has a large family of dolls, and enjoys playing with them, and sewing for them, when she is not reading or engaged with her teacher.

Here is an extract from her diary which speaks very tenderly of the finny tribe, and all the troubles which hook and line bring upon them:

MARCH 8, 1888.

We had fish for breakfast. Fish live in the deep water. There are many hundreds of fish swimming about in the water. Men catch fish with poles and hooks and lines. They put a little tiny fish on the hook and throw it in the water, and fish does bite the little fish and sharp hook does stick in poor fish's mouth and hurt him much. I am very sad for the poor fish. Fish did not know that very sharp hook was in tiny fish. Men must not kill poor fish. Men do pull fish out and take them home, and cooks do clean them very nice and fry them, and then they are very good to eat for breakfast.

It is slow work, spelling words with one's fingers, and Helen was at first inclined to use only the most important words in a sentence. Thus she would say, "Helen, milk," when she wanted some milk to drink. But Miss Sullivan, who is as firm as she is sweet and gentle, knew that the little girl would never learn to think clearly, and would never make real progress in acquiring knowledge, if allowed to express herself in this babyish way. Miss Sullivan would therefore bring the milk, in order to show Helen that her wish was understood, but would not allow her to drink it, until she had made a complete sentence, her teacher assisting her. When she had said, "Give Helen some milk to drink," she was permitted to drink it. As we have seen, Helen began her lessons with Miss Sullivan in March, 1887, and in one year her progress was so extraordinary that it was thought best to omit her regular lessons, when the month of March came round again.

So Helen took a vacation of several months; but, though her "real" school did not "keep" during all this time, she did not cease to learn, for her "real"

schoolmistress is always with the little girl, constantly talking with her, and explaining things to her. Miss Sullivan is, indeed, "eyes to the blind, and ears to the deaf," and a sweeter and gentler pair of eyes it would be hard to find. Through her, Helen learns more and more of this beautiful world and all that is going on in it.

Helen is very cheerful and happy in spite of her sad lot; she does not, of course, fully understand how much she has lost, in losing her sight and hearing, and it is best that she should not do so. Sometimes she longs to see. While riding in the cars, not long ago, she tried to look out of the car window, and said to her companion, "I can't see; I try to see, but I CAN'T!" She told Mr. Anagnos, that she must see a doctor for her eyes. Alas! no doctor lives who is skillful enough to help little Helen's eyes and ears. Her parents and friends have consulted the most skillful oculists and aurists; but the doctors all agree that nothing can be done for her! She herself hopes that, as she grows older, she will be able to see.

While we all must pity her intensely, for her sad deprivations, we should remember that even these afflictions have their bright side, and while they wrap her from the outer world, as in a dark garment, they also shield her from all unkindness, from all wickedness. Every one who comes near little Helen is so moved with pity for her infirmities that all treat her with the utmost gentleness—she does not know what unkindness is, her teacher tells us, and we may fully believe it. Thus, while she can neither see the trees, nor the flowers, nor the bright sunshine, while she can not hear the birds sing, she knows the best side of every human being, and only the best. She lives in a world of love, and goodness, and gentleness. Were we speaking, just now, of pitying little Helen? It may be she does not need our pity—perhaps some of us may need hers!

You will not be surprised, after what I have said, to hear that our little friend is very kind to animals. When driving in a carriage, she will not allow the driver to use a whip because, as she says, "Poor horses will cry."

She was much distressed, one morning, upon finding that a certain dog named "Pearl," had a block of wood fastened to its collar. It was explained to Helen that this was necessary, in order to keep the dog from running away; but still she was not satisfied, and, at every opportunity during the day, she would seek out Pearl, and carry the block of wood herself, that the dog might rest from its burden.

Helen is very fond of dress, and it makes her very unhappy to find a tear in any of her clothing. She has a little jacket of which she is extremely proud, and which she wished to wear last summer,

even when the weather was so warm that she would almost have melted away in it. Her mother said to her one day, "There is a poor little girl who has no cloak to keep her warm. Will you give her yours?"

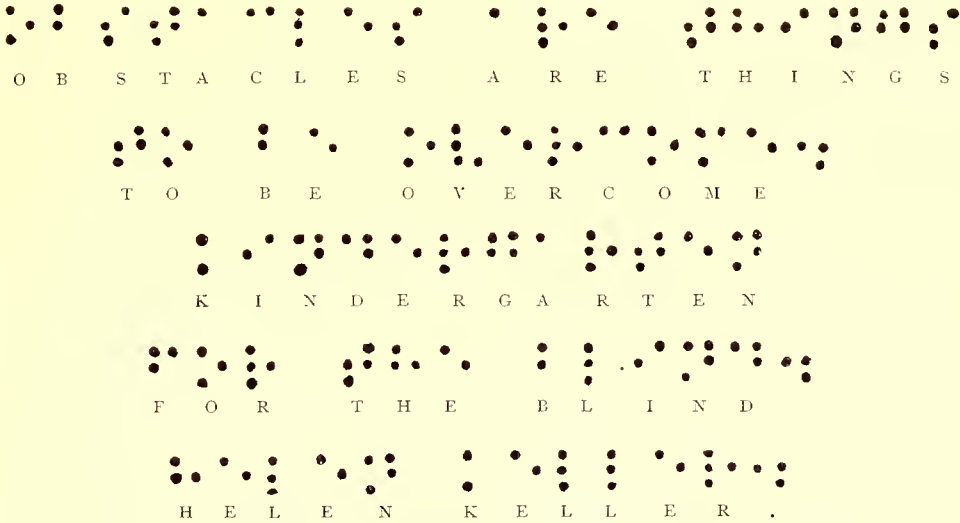
Helen immediately began to take off the precious jacket, saying, "I must give it to a poor little strange girl."

She is very fond of children younger than herself, and is always ready—as I hope all my readers are—to give up her way for theirs. She loves little babies, and handles them very carefully and tenderly. When she is riding in a horse-car, she

those great steamboats that ply on the Mississippi River, and said, when she had finished the tour of the vessel, "It is like a very large house."

She also made a visit to the Cotton Exchange at Memphis, where she was introduced to many of the gentlemen, and wrote their names on the blackboard. But she did not quite understand why there were maps and blackboards hanging on the wall, and said to her teacher, "Do men go to school?"

In June, 1888, Helen came to New England for a stay of four months, and great was her delight when she made her long anticipated visit to the Perkins



SPECIMEN OF THE BRAILLE SYSTEM OF PRINTING FOR THE BLIND.  
 (THE BLACK POINTS INDICATE RAISED DOTS IN THE PAPER.)

always asks whether there are any babies among the passengers; also, how many people there are in the car, what the colors of the horses are, and, most difficult question of all to answer, she demands the names of the conductor and driver! She also wishes to know what is to be seen from the car window—so that, as you may imagine, her teacher does not rest much while going about with Helen. For talking with one's fingers, and understanding what other people say with theirs, is much more fatiguing than talking in the usual way. While "listening," it is necessary to keep one's attention closely fixed on each letter as it is made—for if one misses a single letter, the thread of the whole sentence is often lost, and it must all be repeated.

She asks constantly, when she is traveling, or staying at a hotel, "What do you see? What are people doing?"

She had the pleasure of going all over one of

Institution for the Blind, at Boston. Here she found many people who could talk with her in her own finger-language. Not only did this give her the greatest pleasure, but also much instruction, for hitherto she had rarely met any one with whom she could talk, save her mother and teacher. And so the doors of her prison grew larger and wider, till our little friend seemed to breathe in more freedom and knowledge, with every breath! You may perhaps think it strange that Helen's father should not be able to talk much to her; but it seems to be more difficult for men to learn to use the finger-language than for women. Their hands are, of course, larger, more clumsy, and less flexible; and perhaps their thoughts do not move quite so nimbly. Mr. Anagnos has learned to talk to Helen, but she finds it rather hard to understand him, since her hand is small and his is large. I saw her "listening" to him one day, and she "listened" by passing her hand all over

his, often straightening out his fingers, because she thought that he did not make the letters correctly! When a woman talks to Helen, she makes the letters in the palm of Helen's hand, and the little girl understands each one instantly. As some of the letters resemble one another very closely, it seems wonderful that Helen can distinguish them so quickly — much more rapidly than I can do, by

and Latin words. Indeed, in one of her letters to Mr. Anagnos, she wrote, "I do want to learn much about everything." She is a wonderfully bright child, and her teacher, instead of urging her to study, is often obliged to coax Helen away from some example in arithmetic, or other task, lest the little girl should injure her health by working too hard at her lessons.

Tuscumbia, Alabama,  
February 17<sup>th</sup> 1889.  
My dear Mrs. Hall;  
Your  
little friend Helen was  
made glad by your letter  
and the dainty card  
I love little Howard  
Fawcett very dearly  
because he has such  
a kind and loving  
little heart. I am sure  
he was never unkind  
or selfish in his life.  
I should like very

much to see Fawcett's  
great dog, Dougal. I have  
a fine dog named  
Jumbo. He is large  
and strong like Dougal.  
He has fine and soft  
curly hair and he  
always runs to meet  
me when I come from  
walk. I have a dear lit-  
tle bird and two pre-  
cious pigeons. I love  
my pets and my friends  
and my books.  
With Love, Helen A. Keller

REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY HELEN KELLER.

looking at them. Her little hand closes very slightly over the hand of the person who is speaking to her, as each letter is made — and they are made at a very rapid rate, by those who have practiced the use of the manual alphabet.

Helen is very fond of Mr. Anagnos, and he himself loves the little girl very dearly. He has taught her a few words and phrases of his native language — Greek — as she begged him to do so. Some of these she spelled for me, and spelled them very fast, too. I can not remember all these words; but here are a few, which I wrote down: Good morning, Καλη ἡμέρα. Finger-ring, Δακτυλίδιον. I love thee, Σὲ ἀγαπῶ. Good-bye, Χαῖρε. Hair, Τρίχες.

She has also learned several German, French,

The following letter, which was written to her aunt in Tuscumbia, while Helen was visiting at the North, is interesting, because it gives some of the foreign words and phrases which she has learned:

MY DEAREST AUNT: I am coming home very soon, and I think you and every one will be very glad to see my teacher and me. I am very happy, because I have learned much about many things. I am studying French and German, and Latin and Greek. *Se agapo*, is Greek, and it means, I love thee. *J'ai une bonne petite sœur*, is French, and it means, I have a good little sister. *Nous avons un bon père et une bonne mère* means, We have a good father and a good mother. *Puer* is boy in Latin, and *Mutter* is mother in German. I will teach Mildred many languages when I come home.

HELEN A. KELLER.

The following account of the noises made by different animals has a sad significance, when we remember that it was written by one who can not hear even the loudest peal of thunder, or the heavy booming of cannon :

JULY 14, 1888.

Some horses are very mild and gentle, and some are wild and very cross. I like to give gentle horse nice, fresh grass to eat, because they will not bite my hand, and I like to pat their soft noses. I think mild horses like to have little girls very kind to them. Horses neigh, and lions roar, and wolves howl, and cows mow, and pigs grunt, and ducks quack, and hens cackle, and roosters crow, and birds sing, and crows caw, and chickens say "peep," and babies cry, and people talk, and laugh, and sing, and groan, and men whistle, and bells ring. Who made many noises ?

I wish that space permitted me to tell the readers of ST. NICHOLAS more about little Helen—

her letters, she loves to romp and play with other children, and enjoyed very much playing and studying with the little blind children during her stay at the Kindergarten, near Boston. Here she met little Edith Thomas, a child afflicted in the same way as Helen herself; and the two little girls kissed and hugged each other to their hearts' content. Here she learned also to model in clay, to make bead-baskets, and to knit with four needles. She was much pleased with this latter accomplishment, and said that she could now knit some stockings for her father !

She has a wonderfully strong memory, and seldom forgets what she has once learned; and she learns very quickly. But her marvelous progress is not due to her fine memory alone, but also to her great quickness of perception, and to her remarkable powers of thought. To speak a little more clearly, Helen understands with sim-



BLIND CHILDREN AT PLAY IN THE PARLOR OF THE KINDERGARTEN, NEAR BOSTON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. E. ALDEN.)

about some of her funny doings and bright sayings. But if I should tell you all the interesting stories that I have heard about her, they would take up nearly the whole magazine.

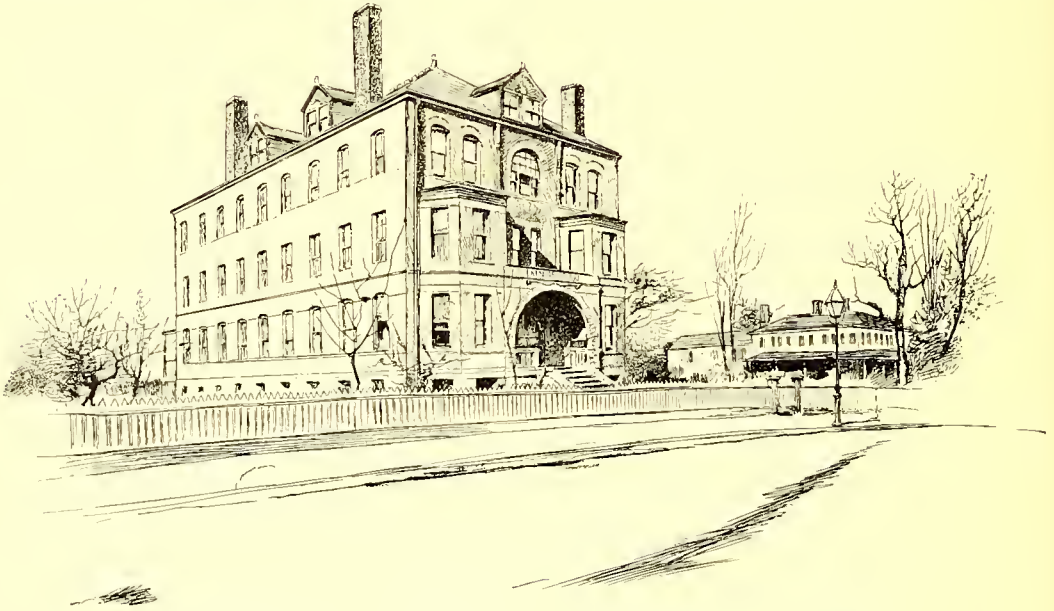
You will be glad to hear that she is a healthy, vigorous child, very tall and large for her age, and with a finely developed head. As you will see by

singular rapidity, not only what is said to her, but even the feelings and the state of mind of those about her, and she *thinks* more than most children of her age. The "Touch" schoolmistress has done such wonders for her little pupil that you would scarcely believe how many things Helen finds out, as with electric quickness, through her

fingers. She knows in a moment whether her companions are sad, or frightened, or impatient — in other words, she has learned so well what movements people make under the influence of different feelings that at times she seems to read our thoughts. Thus, when she was walking one day with her mother, a boy exploded a torpedo which frightened Mrs. Keller. Helen asked at once, "What are you afraid of?" Some of you already know that *sound* (*i. e.*, noise of all sorts) is produced by the vibrations of the air striking against our organs of hearing—that is to say, the ears; and deaf people, even though they can hear absolutely nothing, are still conscious of these vibrations.

she found out a secret that had baffled all the "seeing" people present. She tapped her forehead twice, and spelled, "*I think.*"

I can not forbear telling you one more anecdote about her, which seems to me a very pathetic one. She is a very good mimic, and loves to imitate the motions and gestures of those about her, and she can do so very cleverly. On a certain Sunday, she went to church with a lady named Mrs. Hopkins, having been cautioned beforehand by her teacher, that she must sit very quiet during the church service. It is very hard to sit perfectly still, however, when you can't hear one word of what the minister is saying, and little Helen pres-



THE KINDERGARTEN FOR THE BLIND. (DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. E. ALDEN.)

Thus, they can "feel" loud music, probably because it shakes the floor; and Helen's sense of feeling is so wonderfully acute, that she no doubt learns many things from these vibrations of the air which to us are imperceptible.

The following anecdote illustrates both her quickness of touch and her reasoning powers. The matron of the Perkins Institution for the Blind exhibited one day, to a number of friends, a glass lemon-squeezer of a new pattern. It had never been used, and no one present could guess for what purpose it was intended. Some one handed it to Helen, who spelled "lemonade" on her fingers, and asked for a drinking-glass. When the glass was brought, she placed the squeezer in proper position for use.

The little maid was closely questioned as to how

ently began to talk to Mrs. Hopkins, and ask what was going on. Mrs. H. told her, and reminded her of Miss Sullivan's injunction about keeping quiet. She immediately obeyed, and turning her head in a listening attitude, she said, "*I listen.*"

The following letter, to her mother, shows how much progress Helen had made in the use of language during her stay at the North:

SO. BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 24th.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I think you will be very glad to know all about my visit to West Newton. Teacher and I had a lovely time with many kind friends. West Newton is not far from Boston, and we went there in the steam-cars very quickly.

Mrs. Freeman and Carrie, and Ethel and Frank and Helen came to station to meet us in a huge carriage. I was delighted to see my dear little friends, and I hugged



and kissed them. Then we rode for a long time to see all the beautiful things in West Newton. Many very handsome houses and large soft green lawns around them, and trees and bright flowers and fountains.

The horse's name was "Prince," and he was gentle and liked to trot very fast. When we went home we saw eight rabbits and two fat puppies, and a nice little white pony, and two wee kittens, and a pretty curly dog named "Don." Pony's name was "Mollie," and I had a nice ride on her back; I was not afraid. I hope my uncle will get me a dear little pony and a little cart very soon.

Clifton did not kiss me, because he does not like to kiss little girls. He is shy. I am very glad that Frank and Clarence, and Robbie and Eddie, and Charles and George were not very shy. I played with many little girls, and we had fun. I rode on Carrie's tricycle, and picked flowers, and ate fruit, and hopped and skipped and danced, and went to ride. Many ladies and gentlemen came to see us. Lucy and Dora and Charles were born in China. I was born in America, and Mr. Anagnos was born in Greece. Mr. Drew says little girls in China can not talk on their fingers, but I think when I go to China I will teach them. Chinese nurse came to see me; her name was Asin. She showed me a tiny atze that very rich ladies in China wear, because their feet never grow large. Amah means a nurse. We came home in horse-cars, because it was Sunday, and steam-cars do not go often on Sunday. Conductors and engineers do

get very tired and go home to rest. I saw little Willie Swan in the car, and he gave me a juicy pear. He was six years old. What did I do when I was six years old? Will you please ask my father to come to train to meet teacher and me? I am very sorry that Eva and Bessie are sick. I hope I can have a nice party my birthday, and I do want Carrie and Ethel, and Frank and Helen to come to Alabama to visit me.

With much love and thousand kisses.

From your dear little daughter,

HELEN A. KELLER.

When I last heard of little Helen, she was in her own happy home, in the sunny South. There we will leave her, with many wishes for her future welfare, and hopes that she may yet be gratified in her great desire: "I do want to learn much about everything."

Miss Sullivan says that it is a pleasure to teach so apt, so gentle and intelligent a pupil; but while Helen is dependent upon others for all the lessons which the Eye and Ear schoolmistresses have failed to teach her, does she not give the world, in return, a very wonderful and beautiful lesson?

I think that old and young alike may learn much from the daily life of little Helen Keller.



A LAWN PARTY.

## AMONG THE FLORIDA KEYS.

### A SUMMER VACATION ALONG THE CORAL-REEFS OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

#### CHAPTER IX.

FOR an instant Tom was lost to sight, but he soon reappeared, rope in hand, now under water and now above, rushing at railway speed behind his strange steed, which was plowing along and snorting like a grampus.

"Hang on, Tom; don't let go!" shouted the boys. "We'll pick you up."

Tom, who was an excellent swimmer, soon placed himself upon the surface and enjoyed the sport, an occasional cheer testifying that he was all right. The boys at once put out the oars, but though they gave way with a will, they were quickly left far behind. The big fish was headed toward the shoal and the Professor, seeing that it would probably turn, tried to head it off. Tom occasionally attempted to check his mad charger by striking the bottom with his feet and holding back, but his efforts were useless; he was dragged ahead again and, when the fish turned suddenly, it became evident that he must either catch hold of the boat or abandon his prize.

"Catch the boat as you go by," shouted Bob.

On they came. The shark went faster still as he saw the boat, which was now moving in the same direction. A few moments more and Tom was alongside, four or five strong arms hauled him aboard, and the Professor, who was in the bow, took the line (to which Tom still clung) and made it fast.

All hands now hauled on the line and the boat was soon directly over the big fish. After so brave a fight, he was beginning to show signs of fatigue. The Professor sent his grains into the shark's head, and with a few sturdy splashes the monster finally gave up the struggle and was soon towed to the beach, dead.

"Well," said Tom as he leaped ashore, "that's the queerest ride I ever had. What a story to tell the fellows at home!—eh, boys?"

The shark was found to be ten feet six inches long, and the Professor, cutting open the stomach, showed that it contained sea-weed, holothurians, and the remains of sea-urchins.

"It is too sluggish to catch fish," the Professor

explained, "and prefers to root for food, as the pigs do."

Leaving the shark to the crabs, intending to return at another time to secure the curious hinge-shaped jaw, the boats pulled for the fort, where they arrived in good time.

Next morning, with plenty of bait aboard, they pushed for the fishing grounds near Sand Key. Nearing the middle buoy, the boat rounded to, the killock was dropped, the sprit unshipped, and then the mast, also, and soon all hands were ready for fishing. The lines were somewhat smaller than cod-lines, but very strong, the sinker being on the end and the hook about four to six inches from it. Tom Derby had his line over first, and consequently was the first to lose his bait. Then Douglas gave his line a tremendous jerk and said, "Heigh-ho! I've caught something!"

The fish tugged and so did Douglas. At last, winding the line around his wrist, he managed to start the fish, and, after a splendid fight, flung his "catch" into the boat. It proved to be a reddish brown and yellow fish, with an enormous open mouth.

"A grouper," announced Professor Howard. "That's a good catch, Douglas, and worth the fight."

Before the grouper—a member of the Perch family—was off the hook, Vail had another, and then the bites came thick and fast. Soon Bob Carrington was hauling in, hand over hand. "I must have caught a ball of cord," he said.

There was no pulling; the fish came in as a dead-weight, and in a moment Bob had drawn up and lifted into the boat something that looked precisely like a porcupine and was quite as large.

"Hey, don't put him near me," cried Ramsey, drawing up his legs.

"What is it?" said Raymond.

"Is he dead?" asked Eaton.

"It's a porcupine fish—the Diodon," said Professor Howard, "and a big fellow, too."

The boys danced around in a lively manner to keep out of the prickly fellow's way.

"Good gracious, he's growing larger," announced Tom. "Give him room!"

Indeed, the fish was swelling, and in a few minutes was much larger, and as round as a ball.

"He 'd be a nice customer to meet if you were in swimming," said Bob.

Ludlow now landed a beautiful fish with silvery sides and yellow fins. The Professor said it was sometimes called a "yellow-tail."

Soon Raymond flung into the boat a hideous-looking brown fish. "Well, he 's a beauty!" cried Bob, inspecting the new-comer.

"That 's a jew-fish," said Professor Howard. "And if you hook another, see that it does n't pull you overboard. Sometimes they are very large."

The fishing went on with the best possible luck until, suddenly, Ramsey felt a quick tug on his line, and, hauling up, found that both hook and sinker had disappeared.

"That is the work of sharks," Professor Howard declared. "You may as well haul up now, for they will take all your hooks and drive the other fish away."

The lines were drawn up, the sail shaken out, and they were soon drifting down the channel.

"What a queer cloud that is," said Bob, pointing to the west.

It was a low, black cloud, toward which an arm seemed reaching up from the water.

"It 's a water-spout," said the Professor, "and there 's another ahead of us. See how it creeps down and joins the column that meets it from below. There they go!"

The two columns had formed and were moving along to the east, dead ahead. Then one crossed the bows of the boat, and the boys could hear its roar as it passed them, its upper end lost in the clouds. It was soon gone, and they were proportionately relieved, for, as Douglas said, "it would n't do us any good to have too close an acquaintance with that fellow."

As they neared the North Key, Long John came alongside in the dinghy and informed them that they were over some excellent fishing-grounds.

He had but made the statement when, as if in proof, a school of mullets jumped from the water directly ahead, followed by a monster fish that evidently landed among them all, judging from the subsequent confusion.

"It 's a barracuda," said Long John, in a hoarse whisper, picking up his grains and signaling the boys to stop. The boys backed water, and in a few moments were rewarded by an exhibition of the boatman's skill with the grains. He turned the dinghy's bow so as to have the sun in the fish's eyes, and, throwing over some fifteen feet of a line with a white rag attached at the end, he sculled slowly and noiselessly ahead with his left hand,

while in his right he balanced the long and slender spear. Not a motion did he make, but stood so still and rigid that he and the boat seemed one.

He had moved along in this way almost a hundred yards, when he suddenly ceased sculling, and raising the spear with both hands, he hurled it in a graceful curve some twenty feet astern. As it left his hands, he pulled in the oar with a jerk, threw over the coil of line attached to the grains, and made ready for the struggle. For the big fish, having sighted the rag and followed it out of curiosity, was well caught. As the grains struck, the handle came from the socket, and off darted the barracuda, making the line whistle through the water and the foam fly in a manner that showed he was a game fish.

The boys bent to their oars and were soon near the dinghy. It was dancing around in the liveliest fashion. Now the fish would dart under the boat, bringing the rail down to the water's edge, and then, as suddenly, would leap high in air, trying by convulsive shocks to rid himself of the cruel steel. But all to no purpose. Long John played the line with a master-hand, slackening when the rushes were too violent, and taking in the slack when the line relaxed. Finally, when the boys thought he must be entirely worn out by his exertions, Long John rapidly hauled in the line as the fish came toward him with a rush, and with a sudden dexterous twist threw it over the fore rowlock. Almost before they knew it, the fish was hard and fast alongside, held in place by the line and only able to move ahead with the boat, which he did vigorously. Long John now put out his oar and, by steering with it, caused the fish to move them toward the Key. He was literally making the big fish tow him ashore, and this skillful completion of the capture caused shouts of admiration from the boys, who were pulling after him. Before many minutes the two boats together ran upon the white beach of the Key. Long John took a turn with the grains-line around his wrists, and with a quick jerk landed the big barracuda and left him floundering upon the sandy shore.

## CHAPTER X.

"WHAT a noble catch he is!" said Douglas, as the boys gathered around Long John.

"How fast do you think they went, Professor?" asked Vail.

"Well, we can only tell by comparison," replied Professor Howard. "The salmon travels at a rate reckoned at forty feet a second—or about half a mile a minute. The barracuda is even better fitted for speed than the salmon, having a long, pointed head, narrow, oval body, powerful and rakish-

looking fins. From what we have just seen, I should estimate that it could travel one hundred feet to the second, or considerably over a mile a minute."

"Well, he 's a gamer fish than the trout, is n't he?" said Tom.

"Oh, yes!" replied the Professor. "Barracuda-fishing heads the list of hand-fishing sports and requires an amount of skill and patience that but few fishermen possess."

After Long John had put an end to the fish, cleaned it, and stowed it away under a piece of sail, the party started over the beach to explore what they could of the island, part of which was evidently under the water.

"North Key," said the Professor, "may be considered the last of the chain of islands in the waters of the Florida Reef. There is, as you see, no mangrove growth here — owing, perhaps, to the strong winds which prevent the seeds from taking root, and, besides, the winter northers sweep the ridge raised by the summer trades, and level it so that for several months in the year it is entirely under water."

A few mornings after this excursion, the expedition under Long John's guidance was making a run across to East Key, some eight miles from the fort. The morning was delightful. The sky was richly tinted with crimson from the rising sun that seemed reflected everywhere. Shoals of fishes sprang from the water. Dark-hued rays darted aside in graceful curves, the musical cry of the laughing-gull sounded above, and every living thing seemed enjoying the beautiful morning.

They rapidly crossed the channel, by Sand and Middle Keys, and in an hour were on the great reef that surrounded East Key. The wind had died away entirely, and a dead calm left the sails hanging straight and lifeless.

"Well," said Professor Howard, "I'm afraid we shall have to pull for it. But it 's only about three miles to the Key, and, by working slowly along, we may pick up some fine specimens."

Long John, who was sculling the dinghy alongside, kept pace with the larger boat, and his watchful eye saw many a choice specimen that their inexperienced eyes would have overlooked. The water was about fifteen feet deep and so clear that the smallest shells could easily be seen from above as the boats drifted leisurely along.

"See these angel-fishes. How like they are to birds," said Professor Howard, pointing to a number of them gliding in and out among the coral branches. "They sweep down, a score at a time, as if they were a flock of birds-of-paradise; and there is a parrot-fish — a *Scarus*. Steady a moment!"

The boat stopped, and the boys saw a large blue and green fish colored like a peacock rise from the lower edge of the coral branches, evidently feeding from them.

"He is breaking off the tips of the coral," said Tom.

"Exactly," said the Professor. "He belongs to a coral-eating family, and that is just what I wished you to see. He has jaws of solid enamel especially adapted for the purpose."

The parrot-fish, when captured, struggled valiantly, his brilliant colors flashing in the sun, and his beautiful eyes were fixed upon them, apparently begging for pity.

"It seems too bad to kill this beautiful creature," said Douglas.

"But one may be spared for a specimen," said the Professor, preparing the fatal alcohol. Then he showed the boys how wonderfully the saws of the *scarus* were adapted for grinding coral. The teeth, they noticed, were incorporated with the bone, and grew crowded together in groups of five. The jaws worked backward and forward, and for this reason the Romans thought it a fish that chewed a cud. The fish, at that time, was in great demand for the table, and was thought to possess powers of speech, and to be able to release its friends from nets.

"No wonder they are named after the parrot," said Vail; "they are like them in color and in beak."

"There goes a beautiful fish," said Douglas, pointing to a yellow one with blue stripes and a black spot on its tail.

"It is one of the *Chætodons*," said Professor Howard; "they are so evenly balanced that it is difficult to distinguish the heads from the tails. They are commonly called 'four-eyes.'"

"It 's a good name for them," said Ramsey, having hurled his grains ineffectually. "They are too keen-sighted to be caught."

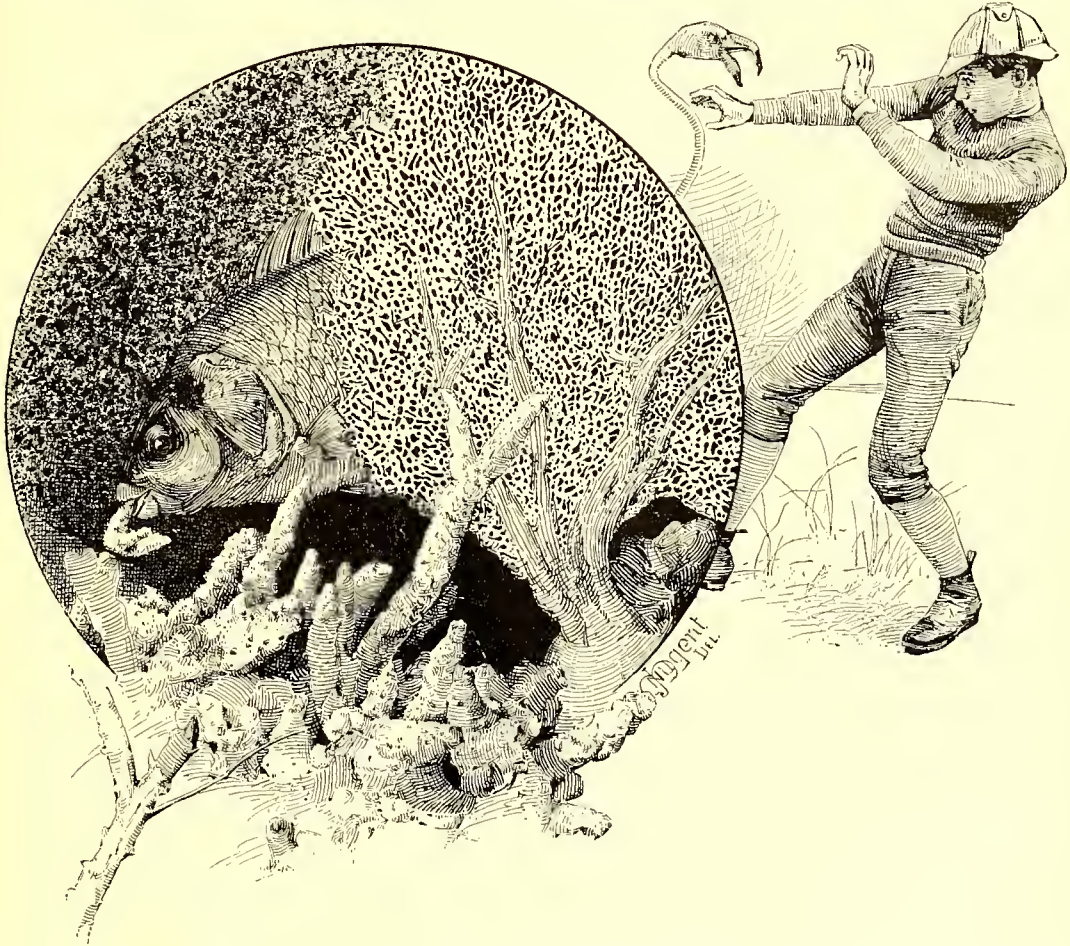
Here a shout from Long John, who had sculled ahead, drew their attention, and pulling up to him they found that he had seen a rare shell — a "queen conch" or *Cassis*. It lay at the bottom of a shelving bank among some large shrub-corals. The great matted mollusk seemed almost elephantine as it glided along the smooth surface, its large proboscis, like the trunk of an elephant, extending far before it. Its mound-like shell seemed covered with a checkered cloth; and, indeed, this is the soberest part of the *Cassis*, the gorgeous colorings being upon the under surface or shield-like face which drags over the mud.

Tom Derby, who stood on the bows of the boat swaying to and fro, suddenly tumbled over into the gulf. As the ripples cleared the boys could

see him far below, peering cautiously among the coral branches. Bob Carrington plunged in after him, and soon both boys had deposited the great conch in triumph into the boat. It proved a grand specimen for the aquarium. The great conches, when in the cabinet or on the mantel, are handsome; but they are perfect marvels of beautiful coloring when first taken from the water.

He began to prepare for camping without delay. As they shoved ashore, innumerable bright-colored crabs were seen to run up the beach and suddenly disappear.

"Spirit-crabs!" announced the Professor; but it seemed an inappropriate name for these singular, square-bodied creatures, which were of the same color as the surrounding sand, into which



THE PARROT-FISH.

Thus drifting along, the boats soon reached the island—the coral-bed, over which they had been passing, coming to a sudden end a hundred yards from the beach and giving place to a clear, pearly, sandy bottom.

"Give way with a will!" said the Professor, clapping his hands. The oars bent in the water and, with a rush, the boat was sent high on shore, where all speedily hauled her above high-water mark. Long John took out the sails to rig up a tent, the hamper and the frying-pan followed after.

they burrow quickly, sallying out by hundreds, when danger is past, to feed on whatever is washed ashore.

Tom had heard a story of some pirates' gold being buried on East Key long ago, and his curiosity was roused.

"I believe I'll take a look for that gold," he said.

"We must all go, then," said the Professor, laughing and setting off at a run. As the nearest way to the east shore was through the brush,

they ran toward an opening, and struck into it in Indian file at a slower pace. The bushes were low and thickly tangled, and it proved hard work to push through. Hermit-crabs hung on the branches and the sand was so undermined by land-crabs that the walking was uncertain.

"Here 's an opening," cried Eaton, and, with much satisfaction, they were just about to pass through when, with a great rustling, seven or eight large flamingoes rose in air just before them. Tom, with ever-ready gun, blazed away at them, and brought one down; it fell like a rocket-stick on Bob's head. The great bird was uninjured, except that its wing was broken, and Bob found it no mean antagonist, receiving several hard blows from its blunt bill before he could grasp the snake-like neck. Finally, however, he secured the bird by the neck and legs, and the party moved on to the beach.

"Don't flamingoes build nests like mounds?" inquired Woodbury.

"Yes," replied Professor Howard, "they make a high nest, like a column, and stand over it when laying."

As they came upon the beach Professor Howard, shaking the mangrove-leaves from his coat, said, with a laugh, "Now, Tom, here is a half-mile of sand to turn over. If you expect to find the pirates' gold before night, you 'd better begin."

Tom thought the prospects scarcely promising. "I guess I 'd rather take a swim," he said.

This suited the rest, also. Long John, who had just rowed around in his dinghy, hauled it up on the beach, and he and the Professor threw themselves on the sand, while the boys went into the water. The beach shoaled off here, as on the other side, with a hard coral bottom, coming to the living coral about a hundred feet off shore. All the boys had become expert divers from continued practice, and now arranged themselves in a row, four or five feet distant from one another, in order to see which of the party could swim farthest under water.

"Are you ready?" said the Professor.

"All ready, sir," they replied.

"Well, then,—go!" he called; and at the word "go," the row of boys disappeared beneath the blue waters in a simultaneous dive. Half a minute brought most of the swimmers to the surface for breath, but Tom Derby, Vail, Woodbury, and Eaton, still kept under. Fully thirty seconds after the other three boys came to the surface, Tom's head appeared quite near to the coral belt. His victory was hailed with cheers, but instead of striking out for shore he gave a terrible scream, for an instant seemed trying to tear something from his body, and then sank out of sight.

## CHAPTER XI.

AS Tom disappeared beneath the waves, the boys, speedily recovering from their first surprise and fright, struck out in a body for the scene of danger. But Long John and the Professor were already in the dinghy, and with a few powerful strokes passed the swimmers and reached the spot just as Tom appeared at the surface.

"A man-o'-war stung him!" exclaimed Long John.

"Keep back, boys!" cried Professor Howard, waving the swimmers away, and together he and Long John lifted the apparently lifeless body into the boat.

Poor Tom presented a terrible appearance. Upon his arms and the upper part of his body a blue jelly-like mass of tentacles had fastened themselves, and seemed eating into the flesh.

Long John seized the boat-sponge and rubbed off the slimy mass, while the Professor forced a restorative down Tom's throat. The greater part of the blue slime was soon washed off, and then Long John, taking his knife, scraped the skin as hard as he dared. A bottle of oil was poured over the poisoned parts and brought much relief to Tom, who began to show signs of returning consciousness.

An hour later, as he lay on the shore, under the shade of the mangroves, weak but comparatively comfortable, he said, in reply to a question from Long John:

"I came up right under it. I felt as if I had fallen into the fire. And then I must have fainted away."

"You 're all right now, though," said Long John. "You 'll recover from it. I was caught in the same way myself once."

"Here 's what did it, Tom," said Bob Carrington, holding up a stick upon which hung something that looked like a bubble attached to a long mass of blue streamers.

"What is it, Professor?" Tom asked.

"It is the *Physalia*, or Portuguese man-o'-war," replied the Professor. "It is one of the most beautiful of all marine animals, and at the same time, as you can testify, Tom, one of the most dangerous. It is a mere bubble that floats on the water, dragging these tentacles after it. They are covered with minute cells, and when touched throw out millions of barbed darts, carrying with them the blue poison which, as you see, has covered poor Tom's arms as with a net-work."

"Why do they call them 'men-o'-war,' Professor?" Woodbury inquired.

"Because this membrane on the top can be spread out by the animal, and, when the wind

catches it, the Physalia bows along like a man-o'-war under full sail," the Professor explained.

"Some men-o'-war blow up," said Long John, "and so does this!" and giving the Physalia a blow, he exploded Tom's uncomfortable assailant, which burst with a loud report.

"Those tentacles into which Tom ran," continued the Professor, "can be lengthened or drawn up at will. They are the fishing-lines of the animal. When a fish touches them he is killed as by an electric shock, and then hauled in among the tentacles nearer the body and absorbed."

They sat for a long time in the shadow of the mangroves, discussing the Physalia and other curious and kindred forms, until Long John told them that the night camp was ready. By this time Tom being able to walk without help (though he carried the marks of his singular encounter for fully a year after), the whole party left for the camp, where an excellent supper of turtle meat, gull's eggs, and fried grouper awaited them. After watching the rich tropical sunset, the mainsails and foresails were unshipped with the masts, and hung over the bushes for a shelter, as they had concluded to pass the night on the Key. Before this impromptu tent had been arranged, it was eight o'clock. It was a fine night, and a slight breeze rolled gentle waves upon the sands with a musical intonation.

The party were stretched on the beach, which was still warm with the sun's rays, when the curious appearance of the water attracted their attention. Wherever a wave broke, or threw off its pearls of spray, the water, as if by magic, assumed a ghostly, cream-like tint; and as the night grew darker the entire sea glowed with a moving, golden light. Waves of fire broke upon the beach, drops of liquid flame hung upon the bits of coral or dripped from them like streams of molten lava.

"There is an uncommon sight," said Professor Howard, rising and walking toward the water.

Soon the whole party was wading in what seemed to be a gleaming sea of fire that fairly blazed at every step; and, as they walked along, splashing the water right and left, the effect was indescribable.

Professor Howard now proposed that they row out to study this phenomenon. The rowboat was shoved off, and, jumping aboard, they pulled outward through a blaze of fire that, with every dip of the oars, seemed, as Vail said, "to light up the sea all around."

Taking a tall specimen-glass, Professor Howard filled it from the sea of fire, and placed it on a thwart where all could see it.

"Now you can see what makes the light," he said, pointing out numbers of round animalcule. "They are minute jelly-fishes called *Noctiluca* ;

the light probably comes from a fatty substance they secrete. See how the light changes. Sometimes you catch a blue or yellow gleam, and then it deepens to a rich green."

"Here is something that looks like a red-hot moon," said Woodbury, who was leaning over the side. The boat had now drifted out over the coral into thirty feet of water; and, following Woodbury's gesture, they saw a most beautiful object. Far below them appeared an oblong body of the most vivid brightness. Now it seemed to glow with a golden yellow, and then it changed to blue, orange, and white. So powerful was the light that for many feet around a bright halo lighted up the water. The boys were speechless with admiration. The object was slowly coming nearer; a school of sardines darted by like shadowy ghosts, their delicate forms showing almost as clearly as if in the noonday sun.

Professor Howard broke the surprised silence of his pupils, "It is the *Pyrosoma*," he said. Then, carefully inserting his large glass in the water, he dexterously caught the blazing animal and placed it in the boat.

"You need no gas when you have these lamps," said Hall, laughing. Indeed, the faces of all in the boat were illuminated as by a strong light, and Eaton easily read a line or two from a newspaper he had in his pocket and, passing it around, enabled all the group to say that they had read by the light of an animal.

"This *Pyrosoma* is in fact a colony of simple ascidians," said the Professor. "It is made up of thousands of animals allied rather to the worms than to the mollusks. The colony or house is, as you see, cylinder-shaped, and ordinarily moves in the direction toward which its closed end is pointed."

This curious living cylinder was some two inches long, by four in circumference, and open at one extremity, and the boys were greatly interested in the Professor's explanation of the structure of so singular a light-house of the sea.

The boat slowly drifted to shoal water again, and now the scene below them was still more animated. Here a small *Pyrosoma* was moving about in a basin formed of leaf and branch corals, throwing a beautiful light among the branches, lighting up the homes of the Zoöphytes, and making the fishes cast dark shadows. Scores of delicate *Medusa* moved up and down, or in and out, with as many different motions, each gleaming with a subdued, steady light.

"They are like satellites revolving around a larger planet, are they not?" said the Professor. "They may well be called the light-houses of the sea, as one of you suggested."

"The bottom of the ocean looks as if it were a view through some wonderful kaleidoscope," said Ramsey.

"But what is that?" inquired Ludlow, pointing toward an irregular piece of brilliancy, resting on the sand.

"Touch it with the grains, Bob," said Professor Howard; "I can not make it out exactly."

Bob Carrington carefully touched the luminous object with the spear tips. It bent away and seemed to glow with fresh vigor.

"Why, it is a gorgonia—a sea-fan," the Professor announced. "I have read that they were phosphorescent, but have never observed it."

Taking the grains from Carrington, he struck at the root of the gorgonia, and wrenched it from the bottom. Then, bringing it to the surface, he held it where they could see and admire the rich, golden-green light it gave out. The gorgonia was formed like a net-work—or reticulated, as it is called—and the little interstices seemed to form darker spots which, as the fan moved to and

fro, appeared to cause a change of color. Waves of green and yellow, in various shades, followed each other over their surfaces at every moment.

On some heads of porites, a kind of coral, several small, stationary spots were observed which Professor Howard thought might come from the *Pholas*, a boring bivalve, and said to be a light-giver.

And thus, surrounded by these wonderful creatures, the boat floated along.

At last the Professor exclaimed, looking at his watch by the light of the *Pyrosoma* that still glowed luminously, "Why, I declare, boys, it is twelve o'clock. We must return to our camp—such as it is. Pull for our 'tent on the beach.'"

The boat was manned and the boys bent to their oars, rowing their course silently through a golden river of their own boat's making.

They were soon ashore, the light-givers were laid aside for alcohol baths on the morrow, and, not long after, the tired party were fast asleep and rested quietly until morning on their mangrove beds in the open air.

*(To be continued.)*

## A STRANGE NIGHT-WATCHMAN.

### A STORY OF NORTHERN INDIA.

BY DAVID KER.

"SAFE at last!"

So fervently were the words pronounced that one might well have expected to see the man who uttered them dragging himself upon a rock out of a raging sea, spurring his fainting horse into a broad lake, just as the hot, stifling smoke of the burning prairie came sweeping around them, or darting breathless through the gateway of an English fort, to which he had been hunted by a score of yelling Afghan robbers. But, on the contrary, the speaker was alighting from a mud-splashed "dâk gharri" (post-chaise) at the door of a handsome country-house in one of the hill-districts of Northern India.

However, Mr. Tremmell had good reason to speak as he did. Naturally a very nervous man, and quite unused to Eastern traveling, he looked upon all India as one great menagerie, with a "ravaging tiger" crouching behind every tree, and a boa-constrictor, as long as a ship's cable, hidden in every thicket. To add to his troubles, he had just been staying with an old English colonel, of the —th Bengal Native Infantry, who was himself so fond of shooting that it never

occurred to him that another might not care so much for the sport.

Accordingly, poor Mr. Tremmell was marched out, night after night, into the most dangerous parts of the jungle, and kept standing there in pitch darkness, with his boots full of ants, and half a dozen big thorns running into him, expecting every moment to be gobbled up at one mouthful by a tiger, or a bear, or trampled by a wild elephant or some other horrible creature, the very name of which made him shiver. At last, after a week of this torture, he felt that he must escape or die; so hastily thanking the colonel for "a most delightful visit," he traveled as fast as he could go, to the house of another friend, a day's journey farther north. This friend, being a missionary, was not likely to have either time or inclination for hunting wild beasts.

All night long our unlucky hero was jolted and bumped from side to side, as his rickety post-chaise rumbled and tumbled along the break-neck mountain roads, which (as any one who has tried them will admit) provide uncommonly rough traveling.



But when he came up to the Mission House, a little after sunrise, all his troubles were forgotten in the joyful prospect of being for a while perfectly secure. The Rev. Titus J. Romer and his three bright-eyed boys came out to welcome their guest, and marched him in to a very plentiful "chota hazri" (little breakfast), to which the guest, relieved from all fear that he himself might furnish a breakfast for some hungry young tiger, did ample justice.

And what a delightful place the Mission House was! The three or four enormous palms, that overshadowed its low roof, kept it cool and comfortable, even under the burning heat of an Indian sun, while close to the door a tiny river went dancing and sparkling in the sunlight, seeming to make everything fresh and green as it rippled on. Close to the water's edge, a group of slim, brown, sharp-featured Hindus, in white turbans and cotton trousers, were smoking their long pipes beneath the shade of a broad-leaved banana palm. All along both banks of the river great clumps of feathery bamboos, slender and elastic as monster fishing-poles, rose fifty feet and more into the air.

The house stood upon high ground, and from his comfortable rocking-chair in its broad, shady veranda, Mr. Tremmell had a splendid view. Miles away to the south loomed the grim, gloomy hills over which he had been struggling all night. Around him stretched a vast green plain, in the center of which the white, flat-roofed houses of the little district-town peeped through a mass of dark, glossy leaves. High over all towered along the northern sky a mighty wall of purple mountains. Above these glittered, like frosted silver, the eternal snows of the Himalayas.

"This is something like!" muttered Mr. Tremmell that night, as he lay down to sleep in a cool, well-aired bedroom looking out upon the river. "Here, at least, I shall have a chance of being quiet, instead of having the very life worried out of me with that wretched hunting! If *that's* to be the way of it, one might as well be the keeper of a zoölogical garden; but, by good luck, here there are no tigers, no bears, no wild elephants, and above all, no snakes!"

Poor Mr. Tremmell! he was rejoicing too soon. Scarcely had the word "snakes" left his tongue, when he caught sight of something moving upon the floor. It glistened in a curious way, like the reflection of a candle's flame upon a wet window-

pane. A second glance "brought his heart into his mouth," as he saw a huge black-and-yellow snake, more than six feet long, gliding out from under the bed within a yard of the spot where he sat!

To say that Mr. Tremmell was frightened would be putting it mildly, indeed; for any sculptor in search of a model for a statue of "Horror" would have given all the money he had about him for one glimpse of Mr. T.'s countenance at that moment. So utterly was he scared that he sat stock-still, with his head thrown back and his mouth wide open, as if expecting the snake to jump right down his throat — which, apparently, the snake might easily have done without his stirring either hand or foot to prevent it.

The serpent, on its part, seemed at a loss what to make of *him*, and stared at him for some moments without moving, till at last, as if tired of doing nothing, it suddenly glided right toward him. Then the spell was broken, and he sprang up with a yell, compared to which the whoop of an Indian "brave" on the war-path would have been hardly worth mention.

There was a clamor of voices, a tramp of hurrying feet, and into the room burst Mr. Romer, his three sons, and half a dozen Hindu servants. One moment of bewilderment, and then came laughter that seemed to shake the whole house.

"So sorry, my dear fellow," cried Mr. Romer; "I really ought to have told you. That 's our pet snake, 'Dickie.' He goes about at night to catch mice and things of that sort. He 's one of the kind they call 'house-snakes.' They are quite harmless; and we find him very useful. Here, Tom! put Dickie out on the veranda."

The boy picked up the snake as coolly as if it had been a piece of rope, and marched off with Dickie hanging over his arm like a shawl.

"I can't tell you how sorry I am that this should have happened, Tremmell," said the missionary. "And I hope it won't spoil your visit, I 'm sure."

It *did* spoil it, however, for Mr. Tremmell was so thoroughly upset by his fright and the thought of being laughed at by the boys (who seemed to think the whole affair a capital joke) that he left the house the very next day, declaring that "he could stand anything in reason, but he *could n't* stand a snake as a night-watchman."

# MOTHER GOOSE SONNETS.

BY HARRIET S. MORGRIDGE.

*"Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son, Stole a pig and away he run."*

His father was a man who used to pipe  
A little lay upon a little flute,  
And, in his way, a man of some repute;  
But Tom, poor boy, was of a common type,  
A lawless lad, we fear, for mischief ripe;  
And so one day (the tale we can't dispute  
Though we might be, 't is true, for Tom's sake,  
mute)

He laid his hand with unrelenting gripe  
Upon a pig, and then away he ran.  
Now listen to the moral of the tale:—  
Golden Justitia overtook the lad,  
And ate the pig; while on our little man  
Fell blow on blow, until his lusty wail  
Made all the tender hearted feel quite sad.

*"Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water."*

Ah, Jack it was, and with him little Jill,  
Of the same age and size, a neighbor's daughter,  
Who on a breezy morning climbed the hill  
To fetch down to the house a pail of water.  
Jack put his best foot foremost on that day—

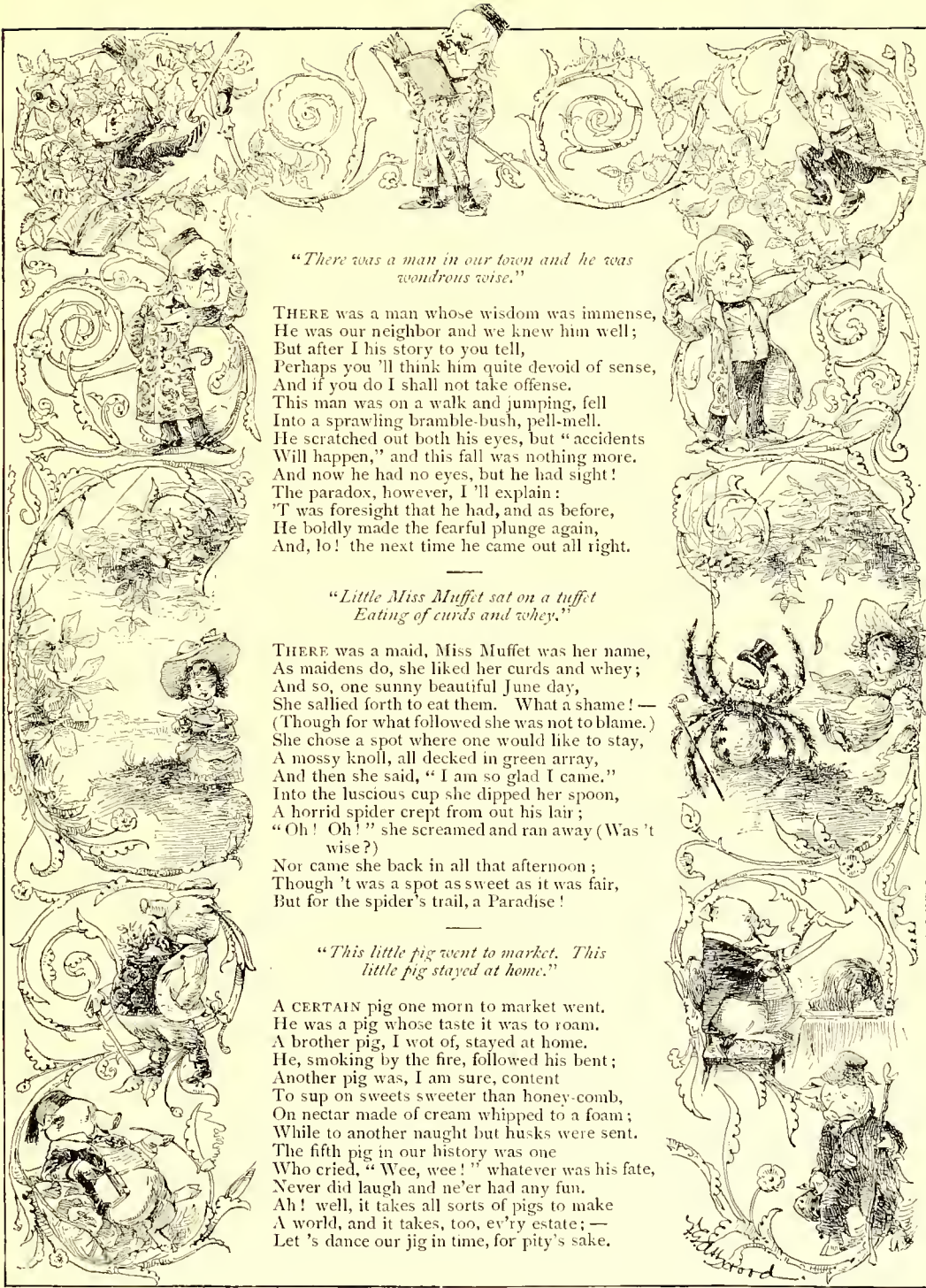
Vaulting ambition we have seen before—  
He stepped too far, of course, and soon he lay  
In the vile path, his little crown so sore!  
The next act in the tragedy was played  
By Jill, whose eager foothold, too, was brief.  
Epitome of life, that boy and maid  
Together hoped, together came to grief.  
And in their simple story lies concealed  
The germ of half that 's plucked in fiction's field.

*"Hey, diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle."*

It was a very funny sight to see  
Old Tabby play a jolly dancing tune  
Upon the violin one afternoon;  
Indeed, it quite upset the world with glee.  
You should have been there in the company,  
To see compos'd Old Brindle o'er the moon  
Vaulting so lightly. Then a stiff old spoon  
Absconded with the gravy-dish, right free.  
And how the dog did wag his merry tail!  
Nay, 't is a fact, he burst into a laugh,  
And made the welkin ring with his bright bark.

'T was long ago, and oh! 't was such a gale  
You can't expect me now to tell you half;  
But I would like again just such a lark.





*"There was a man in our town and he was wondrous wise."*

THERE was a man whose wisdom was immense,  
 He was our neighbor and we knew him well;  
 But after I his story to you tell,  
 Perhaps you 'll think him quite devoid of sense,  
 And if you do I shall not take offense.  
 This man was on a walk and jumping, fell  
 Into a sprawling bramble-bush, pell-mell.  
 He scratched out both his eyes, but "accidents  
 Will happen," and this fall was nothing more.  
 And now he had no eyes, but he had sight!  
 The paradox, however, I 'll explain:  
 'T was foresight that he had, and as before,  
 He boldly made the fearful plunge again,  
 And, lo! the next time he came out all right.

*"Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet  
 Eating of curds and whey."*

THERE was a maid, Miss Muffet was her name,  
 As maidens do, she liked her curds and whey;  
 And so, one sunny beautiful June day,  
 She sallied forth to eat them. What a shame! —  
 (Though for what followed she was not to blame.)  
 She chose a spot where one would like to stay,  
 A mossy knoll, all decked in green array,  
 And then she said, "I am so glad I came."  
 Into the luscious cup she dipped her spoon,  
 A horrid spider crept from out his lair;  
 "Oh! Oh!" she screamed and ran away (Was 't  
 wise?)

Nor came she back in all that afternoon;  
 Though 't was a spot as sweet as it was fair,  
 But for the spider's trail, a Paradise!

*"This little pig went to market. This  
 little pig stayed at home."*

A CERTAIN pig one morn to market went,  
 He was a pig whose taste it was to roam.  
 A brother pig, I wot of, stayed at home.  
 He, smoking by the fire, followed his bent;  
 Another pig was, I am sure, content  
 To sup on sweets sweeter than honey-comb,  
 On nectar made of cream whipped to a foam;  
 While to another naught but husks were sent.  
 The fifth pig in our history was one  
 Who cried, "Wee, wee!" whatever was his fate,  
 Never did laugh and ne'er had any fun.  
 Ah! well, it takes all sorts of pigs to make  
 A world, and it takes, too, ev'ry estate; —  
 Let 's dance our jig in time, for pity's sake.

## AN ARTIST'S GLIMPSE OF NORTHERN ARIZONA.

BY F. S. DELLENBAUGH.

WHILE in Paris, a few years ago, I received a pressing invitation to join a friend in an expedition to the northern part of Arizona, and decided to accompany him, both to see the country and also to study the natives as material for pictures. I had an impression, from a previous trip to this region, that there was in it much that would be pictorially interesting. My trunk was, therefore, carefully packed for a long stay, and my color-box and canvases were made ready.

After a journey of three or four weeks, I stepped from the train at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, where my friend's party was encamped. The change from the boulevards to the wilderness, it is perhaps needless to say, was complete; but I enjoyed the contrast, though the sand flew before a blinding gale and the tents tugged at their ropes as if about to fly away. After some weeks in the San Francisco mountains and the Navajo country, I concluded to visit the Moki Towns, or the "Province of Tusayan," as the region was called by the early Spaniards. At first I had thought of spending my time at Zuñi, which was more accessible, but at length I concluded that the very remoteness and isolation of the Moki towns should determine me, for they were sure to preserve more originality than the Pueblos, which had known more than three centuries of contact with Spaniards and Mexicans.

I started, therefore, from Fort Defiance, the Navajo Agency, on a buckboard, with a Mormon boy as a helper, and, traversing about eighty miles of desert country occupied entirely by Navajos, I arrived late one afternoon at a comfortable establishment in a narrow cañon. Three or four springs gushing from the rocks near by made an oasis in the expanse of sterility. This was the trading-post of Mr. Thomas Keam, and the only abode of white men in this region. Mr. Keam cordially welcomed me, and here a party was made up to visit the nearest Moki towns, some thirteen miles away. Descending the cañon we soon came to its opening, where the sandstone walls break away to north and to south, and emerged upon a sparsely vegetated rolling plain, treeless and rugged. To the northward and westward it was shut in by tall cliffs about six miles distant. To the southward it was bounded by an ominous line of black, volcanic

peaks known as the "Moki Buttes," but to the south-westward it extended farther to meet the blue San Francisco mountains on the distant horizon.

When we had advanced well into this plain we began to see Moki corn-fields, and, as we drew nearer to the mesa, or cliffs in the west, these corn-fields abounded on every hand. Yet I could discover nowhere a sign of the habitations of the people to whom they must belong. Presently, my attention was directed to some irregularities, just discernible on the summit of the most prominent cliff before us, and I was assured that these were the first three towns of the province, bearing respectively the names of Tewa, Cichumovi, and Wolpi. As we came nearer, we could distinguish them more and more clearly, till at last they were quite plain to our eyes. Even when we were close to the base of the cliff, they appeared almost like a continuation of the rugged, vertical rocks, though the occasional shouts of children and the barking of dogs came down to us from those barren rocks, seven hundred feet above our heads.

Arriving at a sheltered nook among huge fallen boulders, where a peach-orchard grew out of the deep sand, we halted, and for a trifle bought from the old woman on guard all the peaches we could eat, the trees being loaded with the ripe fruit. Then for a time we reclined in the shade, taking a short rest preparatory to making the ascent.

The sand was so deep that stepping-stones had been laid across where the trail led to the vertical portion of the heights, and these led to a good though steep path, wrought diagonally upward along the beetling face of the rocks. As we climbed, the horizon widened and widened; bushes in the valley, the peach-trees, the broken rocks, dwindled to mere specks. As far as the eye could reach, a land of desolation, apparently boundless, lay stretched out under the burning sun. Leagues away, the waves of civilization are advancing toward the valley, but we heard no sound of them there. The life of another race and of another time pervades the air—we are out of the world. Another language startles the ear, and curious customs, familiar to this people for untold ages, surprise the sight.

Puffing with the exertion of climbing the steep ascent, we arrived at the summit and found Tewa,

the first town, at our right. The entrance to the house of Tom Polakika, a prominent citizen, known to us, was near. Polakika's wife, a comely Tewa woman, cordially invites us to enter, for these people are hospitable and polite. Scarcely were we seated in an inner room lighted by high, small windows, adorned by green calico curtains, when Mr. Polakika himself, a Moki gentleman, who had traveled even as far as California, returned from a neighboring village and gave us hearty greeting, at the same time hastening to set before us two of his best watermelons.

After walking out to Wolpi, which is perched on the extreme point of the narrow cliff or promontory,—the upper surface is nowhere more than a hundred yards wide,—we returned to Tewa, and Polakika's wife escorted us over housetops and up various ladders against the walls, that answer for stairs, to show such quarters as I might occupy during my contemplated sojourn in the province. Reaching a sort of balcony before the topmost structure, she threw open a small door leading into a room half-full of corn. The ceiling, or roof, was so low that I could stand upright only between the rafters; but, as there was a fireplace in one corner and a little window, and we were told the place could be easily made clean for my use, I engaged the flat for five dollars a month, wood and water included. As the wood comes from several miles away, and the water is brought from springs at the bottom of the cliff, the charge did not seem excessive.

By the middle of October I was settled in my apartment, thanks to the assistance of Mr. Keam, who, since I knew neither the Moki nor the Navajo language, and the Mokis speak no other, kindly acted as interpreter for me. Then he departed, leaving me to my own resources. My Mormon helper had not been able to remain with me, as had been planned, and I was left on the mesa a lonely stranger among about six hundred natives. I learned, however, that there was once a white man who had lived in the next town for about five years, and who had been admitted to many of the religious orders.

It was not long before I discovered a great obstacle to picture-making: the natives were so superstitious that they regarded my work as something to be dreaded and refused to pose for me. I was obliged to content myself with making studies of houses and inanimate objects. As I had to do my own cooking, my time was fully occupied from the early morning, when my man Hoski who brought my wood and water, burst through the door like a thunderbolt, grinning at my sleepy surprise, till the evening, when a curious group gave me the benefit of their society, and watched with great interest

my method of eating supper. Even from my balcony I could see over everything in front; and, ascending several steps, I was at the very top of all, with a view limited only by the distant cliffs and the broad horizon. A more magnificent place in which to live could scarcely be imagined. I used often to sit in my lofty perch and watch the sunset fade, puzzling over the mysterious figures which slipped about in the twilight. The silence was broken only by a shrill "E-e-e-e-e" (the singing of the girls grinding meal in a neighboring house), or the "Sho-o-o!" of some belated wood-carrier driving his long-eared beast of burden up the trail.

When darkness had fairly set in, as I have said, a number of Moki men usually appeared for the purpose of profiting by my supply of tobacco, and of studying my various occupations, especially my writing, an accomplishment which filled them with unconcealed admiration and envy.

One of these, a young fellow who could speak a few words of English, seemed to be intelligent and full of common sense, and it occurred to me that, if I could separate him from his companions, I might in some way prevail on him to pose for me. Having found in common use for killing game a weapon like an Australian boomerang, called in their language *putch-kohu*, or throwing-stick, I thought the hurling of this implement would make an interesting picture.

So I prevailed on "Mose," as I called him, to go with me back to Mr. Keam's trading-post; and once there, I stretched a large canvas and drew him on it, life-size. I admired the young fellow's pluck in emancipating himself from the superstition of his race and congratulated myself upon my success. But, alas! he soon came to me requesting to go back to his home in Cichumovi for a day, to attend a dance. Aware of the uselessness of trying to prevent his leaving, I consented, paid him the amount agreed upon—and that was the last I saw of him for months. To make matters worse and crush all hope of his ever posing again, a friend, who met him one day on the plain, warned him, as a joke, that I was on his track with a shot-gun. He took the jest seriously, and never ventured in the cañon while I was there.

In the illustration he is seen in the act of throwing the *putch-kohu*; behind him are the remains of ruined houses, of which there are many in the country. The Moki Buttes are seen at the left, and the first mesa can be distinguished in the distance. Unlike the Australian expert, the Moki has not learned to cause the weapon to return. The stick is cut out of the curve of an oak sapling, is about two inches wide, a half-inch thick in the



A MOKI INDIAN THROWING THE PUTC-H-KOHU.

middle, and twenty-four inches long. It is more conveniently carried than the bow, which is also in use. The stick is sometimes thrust through a girdle at the waist, like a sword. Every shepherd boy carries one, as he follows his flock across the

plain, and is quick to shy it at any game he may encounter in his day's ramble.

They are an exceedingly interesting race, and their life and ceremonies contain much that might well be studied by artists.

---

## FERN-SEED.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

---

LONGING for such delightful play,  
Nan dropped her precious book, and mused  
On that strange fern-seed fairies used  
That they might pass, in the old day,  
Invisibly upon their way.

She knew, of course, without a doubt,  
That fern-seed made a mortal so  
That he could come and he could go  
Invisible to all about,  
And no one ever find him out.

What pleasure she would take, for one,  
That fern-seed found, Nan thought and sighed,—  
Curls in a tangle, shoes untied,  
The baby fretting for some fun,  
Lessons unlearned, and sums undone!

What made Nan start then, who can tell,  
And think what pleasure she might take,  
Were there some fern-seed that could make,  
By any sort of fairy spell,  
Our faults invisible as well?



BY F. H. THROOP.

I WISH I could tell this story to you as it was told to me, by the light of a great log fire, making ever-changing pictures on the rough walls around; with the wind whistling outside; the low whine of the dogs and the flash from the lantern in the refuge tower startling you suddenly every now and then, as it startled us that night on the mountain; with "Turk's" skin beneath our feet, and his photograph on the shelf above, how real it would be to you! And how it all comes back to me now—the grim old hospice of St. Bernard, the quaint prints on the walls, the eager faces of the group, and the fire-light. These surroundings made the story very real; and before it was finished the young monk who repeated it buried his face in his hands and shuddered. This was *le Père* Joseph Luisier, the youngest and bravest of all the brave monks of St. Bernard; and well he may have shuddered, for he and a boy were the only survivors of that terrible night. Turk saved them, as Turk had saved many another—Turk, the beautiful, brave St. Bernard dog.

Away up among the highest mountains of Switzerland there is a narrow defile, or opening in the solid mass of rock, leading from northern Italy to the Rhone valley where the hills are covered with vineyards and the fields overflow with corn and grain. For many centuries this pass has been used by poor peasants, usually laborers on foot who can not afford other means of crossing the mountains. Unprepared for the difficulties of a mountain climb, without much food, thinly clad, wretched and ignorant, they start on a journey which would often end in death, save for the charity of a company of monks who devote their lives to saving travelers.

In the monastery situated at the highest point of the pass are fifteen or twenty Augustine monks, most of them under thirty years of age; for after fifteen years of service the severity of their duties compels them to descend to a milder climate. Their office is to receive and lodge strangers "without money and without price," and to render assistance to travelers in danger during the snowy season, which here lasts about nine months. They are aided by the famous St. Ber-

nard dogs, whose keen scent enables them to discover travelers buried in the snow.

"Have you ever heard of Turk?" I asked the guide, a lank fellow in blue blouse and bonnet, who was strapping upon my mule's back a heavy woolen coat. He dropped the strap as I spoke—his eyes filled with tears. "I was two years at the kennels, sir," he answered. "Turk and I were *confrères*, and when he was gone I could not longer stay. I act as guide to show visitors about the place now and then. I can't go far away, but I can't stay now Turk is no more. You know the story, sir? No? Well, they'll tell it to you there," and he pointed across the dreary waste.

We paused on our way, for a moment, at the stone châteaux, where the monks make butter and cheese for winter use—a true Alpine dairy, fresh, neat, and clean. Here the road ends. We buttoned our coats tightly and crossed the plain to the dreary "Valley of Death" beyond. The sun was obscured; the cold was intense. From the great rocky basin in front of us there seemed no escape. I wondered how our guide could pick his way. Any of the opening paths about us looked surer than the rough, winding one he chose. As if answering my thought, he fell behind the forward mule he was leading, and pointed ahead to a jagged opening far up the ravine. "That is our landmark. If we lose sight of the further crag we might be lost. That is where Napoleon, crossing in 1800 with thirty thousand men, nearly lost his life by the slipping of his mule on the verge of the precipice. The mule fell and was killed. Napoleon was saved only by his guide, who caught him by the coat; and right here, sir, is where they dismounted the cannon, set them in the hollow trunks of trees, which half of the soldiers dragged up the mountain, while the other half carried the guns and luggage of their comrades. Those were good old soldiers. I wish they would come back again." He spoke impatiently. "Ah, sir! I wish I could see the world! I have never been beyond St. Pierre, but I have crossed the pass to Aosta, and some day I will go to Italy, if ever Napoleon passes this way again." My heart was touched for this poor

peasant lad living all his life in the lonely valley, with his hope for the future centered in the expectation that Napoleon's army would "pass that way again!" A little later we stopped by a heap of stones. A wooden cross leaned from the center and upon it was rudely cut the word "Turk." "I did that," he said proudly. "Turk is not there, but the peasants are. This is where Turk found them, and the *veurra*\* caught the monks!" Again I urged him to tell the story, but he declined as before. Evidently the subject was too painful. "I must watch the path," he answered.

On we went, over ruts and stumps of fallen trees. At last, hidden among great boulders, we found the pass, half choked with drifted snow in the middle of July! We crossed icy streams,—small glaciers in their way, the frozen surface firm, while water rushed beneath;—scrambled over broken masses of rock, hurled by some freak of nature from the heights above; and toiled up through ragged defiles. Before long, turning a bend in the gorge, we saw the monastery of St. Bernard—a mass of cold gray stone against the purple sky.

Unutterably lonely, weird, desolate among bare rocks, ice-bound cataracts, and snow-crowned mountains—we were chilled from head to foot in July. What must it be in winter? At first, it appeared like some ruined chateau. There were beggars hanging on the outskirts, and paupers gathered about the arched doorway; young Italians with their packs on their backs; mountaineers returned from the hunt, with guns and game-bags; guides; young Englishmen "tramping it" through the Alps; and wanderers like ourselves, all alike welcomed by the great glowing lantern which shed its rays far into the pass on both sides. I was not astonished when the young priest told me, later, that often they have lodged six hundred strangers in a night under that hospitable roof.

Le Père Joseph Luisier was in charge; a young man full of life and energy in every line of the figure draped in the long black cassock. He came courteously forward to meet us. Had he been a polished man of the world, receiving guests in his home, he could not have welcomed us more graciously; and yet, as he did so, he had not an idea where he should put us for the night. Asking us to wait a moment, he went away with a perplexed look, rubbing his chin. He soon returned, running lightly down the stone stairs, three steps at a time, like a boy. This quick step was characteristic, as was also the laugh (the merriest I ever heard) with which he explained his perplexities. It had stormed steadily for two days; visitors had stayed on; more had arrived, and some Italian priests on their way to France were spending a few days. Every nook and corner was full, but these priests

had offered us their apartments, and would lodge with the Brothers. Thus it was arranged, and we found ourselves in the rooms of honor, comfortably furnished, and with beautiful St. Bernard dog-skin rugs on the floor. They sent us dry shoes and clothing, offered us hot drinks, and right royally received the American strangers.

After dinner the room was cleared, except for a few of us around the flaming logs, listening to the crackling of pine-cones within and the roaring wind outside, while Père Luisier told of their winter life, the dreariness of their lone vigils when all the wayfarers are poor, the cold is intense, the snow is at great depths, and fierce storms are ever threatening their strong monastery.

"And our dogs?—God bless them! Why, without them we should be helpless, indeed. Let in the puppies, Jean. I must show these Americans my jewels."

A figure moved from the dusky corner opposite, and I recognized the admirer of Napoleon's army, who returned in an instant with all the pride of a full-blown soldier, bearing in his arms a mass of down, which, upon being placed on the floor, resolved itself into three great awkward puppies—balls of yellow and white fur that rolled about helplessly in the confused firelight or balanced themselves on most unsteady legs. The mother-dog followed closely, a very intelligent animal, with soft eyes and a gentle manner, crouching low beside her master, or standing erect for service as the call directed.

"We have waited for your coming to name them, Jean," said Père Luisier, affectionately laying his hand on the boy's sleeve, "if you like we will call this fellow, 'Napoleon'" (the boy's idea was not unknown, then, to Père Luisier), and he laughed as he indicated a very round little pup whose four paws were at that instant waving heroically in space,— "and that brown one, the boys ask to name 'Léon,' after our good Father Morton,—and this?"

The priest lifted up the smallest of the three. Although the youngest, he bore an air of determined courage in his bright little eyes. The boy hesitated.

"Father, I wish you would call him—call him"—their eyes met. The boy's lip trembled, and seizing little "Turk," he carried him from the room. Père Luisier rose abruptly.

"The boy almost unnerved me," he said. "I will return directly." And gathering the remaining puppies in his arms, he retired, followed by the majestic mother-dog. Presently he returned loaded to the chin with fire-wood. "One must not come empty-handed," was his reply, when we remonstrated because of its weight. "That boy

\* A whirlwind of the Alps which suddenly raises immense drifts of snow.





ST. BERNARD DOGS.

Jean has taken a great fancy to you, sir," he added. "He wants me to tell about Turk, and I must have a good fire before I begin, for it's a cold story at best. This is Turk's skin, sir. I keep it here beside the logs where he liked best to stay when off duty, and this is his photograph, and this, his collar. Turk died in harness, as, please the Lord! will I."

He crossed himself, threw more pine-cones on the fire, and began the story:

"It happened two winters ago, on a night when the wind had taken down every standing thing about us, and only the hospice and monastery remained. All day long I had heard the bowlders rolling down the mountain-side; but the whirl of snow was so blinding I could not see my hand before my face. Still the sound was enough—I knew the rocks never fell alone, and I prayed God there might be no travelers on the pass that night. Each day we visit the 'refuges.' You perhaps noticed them, sir,—the stone huts along the pass. They are kept open during the winter, a bed in each, a fire ready to light, food and brandy on the shelf. Peasants who reach one can wait in comparative comfort till we come, and many are the poor souls we find sheltered there. How do we go? Simply enough—priests and dogs, hand in hand, as it were. First in line, one of the dogs leads, his 'barrel' attached to his collar, a coat strapped on his back; a rope from his collar passing through the strap, is tied about the waist of the first Brother, on to the next behind until all are attached in line of march. Sometimes there are two, sometimes more, according to the difficulties of the weather. Heavy rubber-coats lined with fur, high boots, a long spiked pole in the hand, an axe and shovel strapped across the back, such is the uniform of a St. Bernard monk on duty. At daybreak we begin the descent, feeling our way step by step, often stopping to cut a path through a bank of snow and ice; and should the dog in front disappear, falling suddenly forward, we know there is a dangerous *crevasse* ahead, and, dragging him out, we go on more cautiously.

"On that day it was my morning off duty; I stayed in the library at work on my papers and books; at noon the Piedmont party\* returned; about two, I heard the call of the Valais men coming up the pass; it was the 'distress cry,' and we all hastened to help them in with two poor fellows that they had found in the first refuge. The priests had been told by them that they were alone. But in the warmth of the fire, one began to sob, confessing they had lied, and begging us to save his brother. The truth was soon told, and to our horror we found they were two from a party

of *five*, who had left St. Pierre the day before, and been overtaken in the storm. There was no time to be lost then,—no word of reproach was spoken to the poor wretches who, to save themselves, had concealed their comrades' fate. Father Léon and I were the only men in the monastery who were fresh and unwearied. It was folly for the others to talk of joining us, and they soon gave up the idea. All the dogs had been out often, too, and the day had been unusually hard. We would not force them out, but I went and stood a moment at the kennel door. Turk instantly jumped to my side, running to and fro from his harness to my feet, and I knew he was ready and willing to go. Jean was here in those days, and when he found Turk was going, he begged to be of the party; I refused once and again, but he loved Turk like a human brother, and there was no keeping him back; he was a strong lad, knowing every foot of the pass. So it was not in my heart to refuse him, on the Lord's errand, remembering the work we had in hand, there being only two of us for the three below there in the snow. Jean was ready on the instant. And out we went into the blinding storm, leaving the door just as the clock struck the half-hour after two.

"It was terrible. Turk led the way, plowing along like some great engine; I followed; Jean came next, and Père Léon last. We sank knee-deep, constantly lost our footing completely in snow-drifts, or found ourselves about to fall into some chasm, from which we hauled one another. We were three hours in reaching sight of the first refuge. There was no building to be seen, but we knew the direction, and turning off began to dig for our lives into the great bank. The snow had ceased, the air was clear and cold, darkness had overtaken us and we were almost exhausted. Ah! that was cheerless work, digging our way into the little hut, but we were rewarded at last; Jean's shovel struck the very door, and in a few minutes we were fanning into flame the smouldering remains of the morning's fire.

"To find the travelers, get them to the refuge that night, give them the care which alone could save their poor half-frozen bodies—this was our one thought. We waited only to get some of the numbness out of our feet and hands, to rub up the lanterns, place a light on the bank outside, and then were off again, this time even more cautiously than before; for now we must swing the lanterns far out to either side, push the snow to right and left, and begin that dreary search which in its eager intensity can never be described—and, thank Heaven! there are few who know it from experience!"

\* The monastery stands on a height, between Piedmont and Valais, cantons of Italy and Switzerland, the boundary being marked by the national shields, cut in the rocks.

Père Luisier paused here; his strong face looked gray in the firelight.

“Ah! it is so hard to tell these things; yet, if the world knew more of what we suffer, it would perhaps be more eager to send us the help we so much need.\* But, enough—we found them. Turk tracked them from the hut by scent, following back the steps of the rescued ones, and not far away they were lying just under the snow. One was past help. The other two we carried to the refuge, and when morning came they were able to take their coffee and start with the rest of us.

“We had gone perhaps a mile, when we heard the low rumbling and whirling of the wind among the distant mountain peaks. Turk, who was in advance, turned and slunk back, his tail between his legs, his great head held low upon his shoulders, as I have never seen dog do before or since; he trembled all over with fear, and neither by coaxing nor by threat could he be persuaded into the defile before us. ‘Turk knows best,’ said Jean, ‘let us go back to the refuge while there is time! it may be an avalanche—or—or something worse!’ None of us dared to whisper ‘a veurra!’ but each silently thought of that terrible wind, which comes sweeping down the mountains, whirling rocks and earth, man and beast into one horrible abyss, and devastates the mountain as a cyclone does the plain. We made what haste we could, but the noise behind us grew in intensity, thundering from peak to peak, and the air was full of sand and whirling snow. In less time than I can tell it, we were overtaken. I saw the peasants throw themselves face downward; I saw Father Léon drop on his knees in prayer; I saw Turk leap forward, throwing Jean to the ground and himself on the form of his prostrate master. Then I saw no more, for the snow blinded me. I felt myself lifted from my feet and dashed to earth, and then I knew the veurra was upon us! Still I was not unconscious. I remember wondering why we were not borne away, as was everything around us. I knew that I was conscious, and I knew that by some marvelous providence I had been saved from a horrible death. I tried to move, but I found myself lying under a narrow ledge of rock; the snow was packed tightly around me; at each movement I could feel it fall more closely about me, and I knew that unless I lay perfectly still I should be buried beyond hope of rescue.

“As it was, I believed that life for me was over—they could never find me there. By some chance a mass of snow had fallen, before the veurra struck us, or at the same time, and I resigned myself to

God’s mercy and to the death I had always expected to overtake me.

“At the hospice all was ready. The night before, prayers had been said for those in distress; and as day dawned, five of the brothers prepared to meet us on the pass; but, before they had started, the veurra was seen, and all exit from the hospice was simply impossible. With agony they watched it rise; at solemn mass they commended our souls to Heaven; and as the whirlwind abated they started on their dismal quest for traces of the missing four. For hours they continued their hopeless search; the refuge was uncovered, the wind had swept the pass clearer than it had been since winter set in. They found our breakfast bowls at the refuge, and knew by the surrounding disorder that the travelers had been found, and resuscitated there; but beyond there was no track nor trace of any of the party. Disheartened and discouraged they slowly retraced their steps.

“Suddenly there was a shout! One of the party had discovered a drop of blood on the white surface of the ground, then another, and yet another! What could it be? they fairly ran up the pass, guided by the blood drops in the snow. Not many yards farther, they came up with Turk, staggering inch by inch toward home. When he saw them, he gave a joyful whine—his mission was fulfilled! Turk fell exhausted before them. There was no time to stop; they placed a coat beneath him and went back again. It was easy to retrace their steps now; easy, too, to find where the red marks turned from the path in which they had first seen them. Ah, how the dog had struggled to save his masters! The round hole in a harmless looking bank of snow was stained too—stained for many feet, in to its heart, where lay buried five human lives. Half-way in they found Jean, his clothes torn and ragged, showing that the dog had attempted to drag him out. I heard them working long before they came to my ledge. I heard them call my name and wonder why I was not with the others. Heaven only knows how I came where I was. I made one great effort, my arm pierced through the drift, and in an instant they were beside me, pushing away the snow from my frozen legs, chafing my numbed hands, and bringing back the life to my dizzy brain. Shall I ever forget that day? I know not how they carried us home. I only know that Turk had saved us, Jean and me. He did what he could for all, but only Jean and I reaped any benefit; and when they brought poor Turk back he had a bed made in our dormitory, and used to come and lick our hands (Jean’s bed

\* The total income of St. Bernard is about £1500. On this sum the monks succor and accommodate 20,000 travelers a year, and support twenty mules, employed during the months from June to September. The total amount given by tourists only covers a portion of the actual cost of entertaining them. Thus the charity is greatly in need of funds.

was not far from mine) and look almost human. His back was covered with plasters, and his legs bound up like a wounded soldier's; he had been badly cut by the ice and snow, and the front paws with which he had dug his way out were quite helpless. Long after Jean and I were about, he would lie for hours beside the fire. They said the wound in his head could never heal — and it never did."

Père Luisier buried his face in his hands and wept like a child. "You'll pardon me, messieurs, that's all the story of Turk. I can sometimes tell it without breaking down, but not when that boy

bling with excitement, and felt thankful that mine was only a twenty-four hours' stay in this desolate region. Next day we had a last few words with Père Luisier, promising to remember always the hospitality he had shown us, a last frolic with the dogs, and then we were off. Back into the "Valley of Death," over the snow with our hands full of flowers, and the hospice of St. Bernard growing dim in the distance. Jean was disinclined to talk, and we walked on silently. I wished to tell Jean how I honored him for his bravery, and I expressed it awkwardly enough, while he held my two hands as I said good-bye.



ASLEEP NEAR HIS HOME.

Jean comes up. Jean was to have taken orders, sir — but that is all past; he can't stay here without Turk, and I do not urge it, knowing myself how hard it is. He has a fancy to join Napoleon, some day. I never explain it to him, for Jean is a good lad, and a good guide, but —" he touched his forehead significantly as he spoke.

"Would he come with me to America, Father?" I asked. Père Luisier shook his head. "No. Do not ask him, sir. He is far better here, and I look after him. We are all better here, even Turk," and stooping he caressed the skin at his feet as if the good dog lay napping there.

When we went to our lonely cells I was trem-

bling with excitement, however, I saw his blue blouse and cap in the road ahead. He had taken a short cut through the woods and stood waiting for the wagon. As we passed he thrust a roughly-tied roll under the seat and blurted out fiercely: "Take this with you. Père Luisier gave it me, but I would rather you took it away. I can't bear it, sir. *That is not Turk!*" and he was gone in the forest before I could jump down to follow him. The roll contained Turk's skin.

So I came into possession of Turk's skin, and I took it with me to Paris, to Dresden, to Munich — where I parted with it, as I shall tell you.

A white-haired Englishman sat next me at "table d'hôte,"—a crabbed specimen, I thought,—and our conversation was usually upon the weather. One day I spoke of Switzerland. His whole face changed. In an instant we were talking like old friends. "Do you know St. Bernard?" I asked. His countenance fell. "I have just returned from there," he answered. "I went on a sad errand, and I return sadder than I started. Have you ever heard of Turk?" he continued, and not waiting for my reply he told shortly in outline the story I knew so well; adding, "I was at the hospice when Turk was born. Every summer since, I have gone back to see him. He always greeted me and knew me, and many a time have I offered

any sum to the monks to own him; but they would not give him up. Last winter I heard that he was dead. I felt as if I had lost a friend. I wrote to ask for his skin, and receiving no reply, I have been to get it myself." "Well?" I asked, thinking I must say something. "Well, some shrewd American was before me! Begging your pardon, sir, it's a nation given up to gain. I wager the fellow will give lecturing tours, with Turk's skin, all through the States! And I—I loved that dog. I would give a thousand pounds to find the man!" "Save your money, sir," I answered. "It's enough that you loved the dog. I am the American! You are welcome to Turk's skin!"

I felt as Jean did: "That is not Turk!"

---

## MODERN HARBOR DEFENSES.

BY LIEUTENANT W. R. HAMILTON.

---

FOR years past, the newspapers throughout the United States have published articles relating to Coast or Harbor Defenses, and at every session of Congress there have been frequent discussions of the same subject.

It would seem that the question had been so thoroughly canvassed that every one ought to be quite familiar with it. Yet, I venture to say that there are few, even among Congressmen or the writers for the newspapers, who are really conversant with the subject, and understand the systems and the methods devised in modern times to defend a great country from invasion by an enemy's fleet. Even if their elders were familiar with this branch of military science, boys are interested in all that relates to war.

Although in so short a space as this paper, we can not go over the ground very much in detail, yet I will try to explain, for young readers, the modern methods of fortification, and the wonderful appliances designed for forts and defenses that may hereafter be constructed.

The word "fortify" is derived from two Latin words, meaning "to make strong" any place. The place may be a city, a harbor, a village, a mountain-pass, a depot of supplies, or any important position it is deemed advisable to strengthen.

In countries like the United States, the coast is so long that it would be necessary to fortify many

harbors, cities, and localities, that an enemy may find no place weak enough to break through. There are many places which will not permit an enemy's vessels to approach close enough to disembark troops and material of war, and it is only those harbors and places where he can land, or inflict damage on us, that we have to defend. Coast defenses, therefore, include the forts and batteries, the torpedo-systems and other methods employed at sea-ports to keep an enemy's war-vessels from coming near enough to do us damage; and as these towns are generally provided with good harbors, the term "harbor defenses" means practically the same thing.

In order that we may understand the subject, let us take a supposed harbor and its fortifications, as represented by the map on the next page. Examining it, we find a river opening into a large, deep harbor. By the mouth of the river is a large city, whence many railroads branch out into the interior of the country. The city is also very rich and contains many supplies valuable to an enemy. If he could take it, he might destroy the railroads and prevent troops and supplies coming from the interior of the country. He could seize so much valuable plunder as to reimburse himself for the expense of the war. Other great damage might be done, also. In case war was declared and there were no defenses, he could sail up the harbor, and,

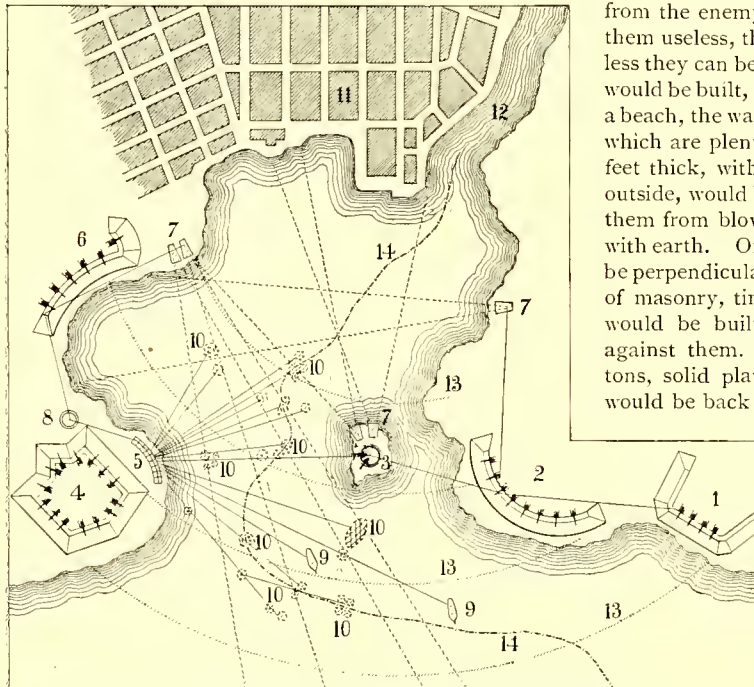
anchoring within easy range of the city, demand a tribute of one hundred million of dollars to be paid within forty-eight hours, threatening otherwise to destroy the city. What consternation would then result! As no one would wish to give up his property without being paid for it,—and in this case there would be no pay.—every one would at once try to get away with all the money and portable property he possessed. The railroads would be overcrowded and could not carry all who wished to leave. The roughs, the idlers, the criminals and outlaws, might riot and commit crimes without restraint; probably no one would be able to control them.

Troops could be brought from the interior, but of what use would their rifles or cannon be against

of the harbor and the sea, near the coast, may be known and accurately mapped. The channel for large vessels may be supposed to follow along the coast, and then pass up the center of the harbor. It is represented in the map by the crooked line crossing the straight and the circular lines. These circular lines are mile circles, the upper one being three miles, and the others four, five, and six miles, respectively, from the city. As the enemy may have very large and powerful guns to throw shells a great distance, it will be necessary for the defenders of the city first to make large and powerful cannon, and put them along the coast far enough away to reach the enemy while sailing by it. But these great guns take many months to make, and are very costly machines, and as one shell from the enemy striking them would render them useless, they will be of little service unless they can be protected. So a strong wall would be built, and, if the place should be on a beach, the wall would be of sand and earth, which are plentiful and cheap. Walls forty feet thick, with even thicker slopes on the outside, would be made of sand, and to keep them from blowing or falling away, sodded with earth. On the inside, the walls should be perpendicular, and, to keep them so, walls of masonry, timber, or other hard material would be built first, and the sand piled against them. As great guns weigh many tons, solid platforms of iron and masonry would be back of the walls for them to rest

on, so that, when ready to fire, their muzzles shall project over the tops of the walls. But were they to remain in this position all the time, they would be easily seen, and exposed—with the gunners who were loading them—to the enemy's fire. To prevent this, the carriages on which they are mounted can be made to sink when a shot is

fired, and carry the guns with them below the top of the wall, or "crest of the parapet." As these huge guns would weigh a hundred tons, or more (some now being made would weigh one hundred and fifty-six tons), and the carriages on which they are mounted would weigh half as much again, they could be raised only by the aid of steam or hydraulic power. Behind the wall and under its cover the gunners might load the guns in safety.



SKETCH MAP OF A MODERN HARBOR AND ITS DEFENSES.

1, Sand Battery; 2, Armor Battery; 3, Turret Fort; 4, Casemate Fort; 5, Torpedo Gallery; 6, Heavy Battery; 7, Electric Lights; 8, Observation Tower; 9, Torpedo Boats; 10, Submarine Mines and Torpedoes; 11, City; 12, River; 13, Mile Circles; 14, Channel.

the steel armor of the war-vessel? The tribute would have to be paid, or the vessel could, at the end of forty-eight hours, throw huge shells, which, exploding in various parts of the city, would kill people and burn buildings. By refusing to pay, the people would lose life and property worth much more than the one hundred million of dollars demanded.

It is to prevent such disasters that, in time of peace, harbor defenses are made. From surveys and soundings, every foot of ground at the bottom

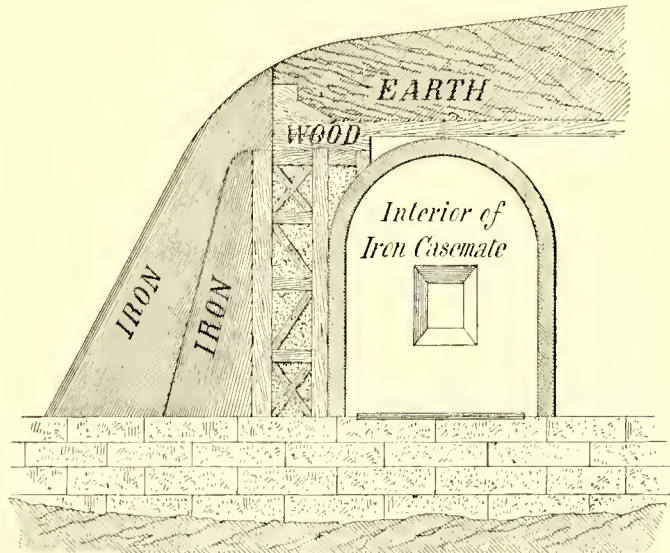
To hoist the immense charges of powder, weighing hundreds of pounds, and the immense projec-

tiles weighing much more, to a level with the guns and to shove them in, would require a derrick that is also manipulated by steam. When all loaded, the guns and carriages would be raised by steam, but the gunners would be exposed if, in order to sight them, they attempted to look along the tops of the guns. So a pair of mirrors will be used over each gun. These are to reflect the sea, the vessels, and the sighting-lines of the guns, one on another, so that the gunners standing below and peering upward into a mirror can tell when their guns are pointed at the object. The guns have to be "traversed" to right or left, and the muzzles to be raised or lowered by steam. When all is ready the gun is discharged by electricity. So with the other guns. If a ship could pass by this battery without serious injury, the course of the channel would bring her nearer to the land, and here it would be proper, therefore, to construct another battery. Let us call the first one which we have described No. 1, and then we can name this, No. 2.

As a moving ship would be less likely to be struck by a shot than a large and stationary object like a battery, it would be necessary to make No. 2 fort as strong as, or stronger than, No. 1. In No. 1 and No. 2 the guns are mounted "en barbette"; that is, they fire over the crest of the parapet. But here we have neither earth nor sand sufficient to make our wall so thick. So here we would put up a wall of masonry, outside of which should be a little earth and strong timbers, and then in front of these strong plates of steel or iron. In other words, the fort is actually armored. The guns, as in No. 1, should be mounted on disappearing carriages, and never rise, or come into view of the enemy, till they are ready to hurl their huge bolts at the vessels. The shock of discharge, or recoil, would force back the guns, and guns and carriages would sink till they are below the parapet, and are ready for reloading.

It would be much more difficult to pass this battery than to pass No. 1, especially if there should be built, on the mainland opposite, a very powerful fort, and on an island near the shore, another. This latter would be a curiosity. It would be a "turret fort," and externally nothing could be seen but a large dome of cast-iron or steel. Containing two or more openings in it for guns, it would revolve horizontally upon wheels traveling in circular tracks. The entire mass would be moved by steam

generated in boilers far below ground. While the guns were being loaded, the huge turret would present nothing but a large circular dome of iron to the enemy, with openings on the side opposite the vessel. When the guns were loaded, the com-



mander would press a small lever, and the huge dome slowly turn around till the openings were where he wished them to be. He would then stop it by another pull of a lever, and the big guns would be run out and pointed. The recoil having thrown them back again into the turret, it would at once commence to revolve, and continue till the openings are away from the enemy's fire. You have often seen swing-bridges revolving on little wheels that travel around a pier built in midstream. The turret would travel in the same way, but, the weight being very much greater, would require steam power.

On the opposite side of the channel would be the main fort. Here, the land being much higher, the fort would be built on the casemate plan; that is, the guns, instead of firing over the walls, "en barbette," would fire through little openings or ports in the sides of the walls. The room for the gun would be roofed over and partly closed at the rear. Perhaps other guns might be mounted on top also "en barbette." This fort would be armored, and to protect the gunners and interior of the casemates, when the gun is withdrawn into its casemate, heavy steel shields or doors would swing across the ports. These could be opened and the guns run out when ready to fire. All this would be done by steam.

It would seem that with such an array of strong

forts and powerful guns it would be impossible for any vessel to sail past and remain afloat. But nowadays vessels are made to go so fast that, traveling at full speed, it would be very hard to hit them from the shore. So some means of retarding their progress must be devised, and therein lies the sphere of action of submarine mines. These mines would be made by placing about the harbor, below the surface of the water, torpedoes filled with gun-cotton or dynamite, so that the charges may be exploded by electricity or by contact. Looking at the map we see how they would be placed, by the dotted circles. They would be in groups, so contrived that they may be exploded singly, or an entire group at a time. Some of the mines lie on the bottom of the harbor and in the channel. These would be exploded by electricity, from the shore. Others would float in the water at a certain depth below the surface, but anchored; and all arranged so as to explode by contact with the hull of a vessel passing over them. If a vessel coming into the harbor were to steam along at great speed she would be sure to run into one of these floating mines or pass over the stationary ones. So she would sail very slowly, and by means of great booms stretched out on all her sides and strong nettings weighted down and suspended from the booms, try to catch the floating torpedoes or mines, or burst them before they were near enough to harm her. Also, by discharging shells filled with dynamite, on the bottom, and exploding them there, she would set off the submarine mines in that vicinity. But to do this she must sail very slowly, and thus give the great guns on shore plenty of time to knock her to pieces.

In order to avoid this, the vessel might try to pass the batteries at night. Then she could sail along slowly, pick up and destroy the torpedoes, and if the night were very dark, as a night selected for such an exploit should be, the gunners on shore would not be able to see her very well. Therefore, to prevent this, powerful electric lights should be at different points on the shore, which would light up the channel and a wide zone on both sides. These lights should be in the safest places possible, and to prevent their being destroyed by shots from the enemy's guns, they should be low down in "emplacements," and their light be thrown on reflectors, which in turn could cast it out over the waters. The reflectors might be destroyed, but they also might be quickly and easily replaced; the lights themselves would be comparatively safe.

But the enemy might attempt to destroy the mines by other means. He might have a number of small boats — steam-launches, and so on — called patrol-boats, which could be used in shallow waters. With these he might steal along in the dark part

of the waters, noiselessly, and carry parties of men to destroy the electric lights, or pick up torpedoes. So the forts on shore should have guard-boats to constantly patrol the water. They should be armed with machine-guns which would quickly destroy the small boats.

It might seem impossible for the enemy to break through a line thus fortified, and so he might decide to take up a position outside, and attempt to silence the guns of the forts, or destroy them. Undoubtedly you know what mortars, or high-angle-fire howitzers are, — guns that fire shells high up in the air, which, dropping down, can reach the interior of the forts at points not to be reached by guns throwing projectiles at the usual angles. The accuracy of this fire is wonderful, and two or three dozen mortars playing on one of the batteries would make short work of it. To avoid them an enemy's position is made to change constantly, so that he can not accurately get the range. Torpedo-boats are sent out at him, which at a certain distance from him launch their torpedoes. Movable torpedoes, controlled by electricity, running on wires from the torpedoes to the shore, and even submarine boats that sail under water and fasten torpedoes to the hull, all keep him constantly on the move. Against such boats and torpedoes as he sees, he turns his machine and quick-firing guns, but his only defense against those under water is to keep moving about, with his guard-boats patrolling all around him and his booms and netting stretched out.

The auto-movable torpedo is controlled by a man on shore, as in fact would be all the torpedoes and mines, and so there should be built what are called torpedo galleries. They would be strong places, built low down, within which are electric batteries and wires running to the different mines and torpedoes. A movable torpedo can be accurately controlled to a distance of about a mile from shore. It has one or two wires which unreel as the machine progresses. They are connected with a battery on shore, and one man, there, can not only explode the torpedo when he desires, but he can guide it, turn it around, stop it, or make it go ahead again. Electricity plays perhaps the most wonderful part in all these huge works. On the map will be noticed, by the main fort, a little round building — No. 8. This would be the place for the "tower of observation" of the commanding officer. From here he could see all over the harbor and away out to sea. The tower would be strong, and inside would be the wonderful key-boards of the electric system. By means of these, the commander could telephone to the captain of Battery No. 1 to load his guns, and aim them at such and such an angle and direction. The captain of the

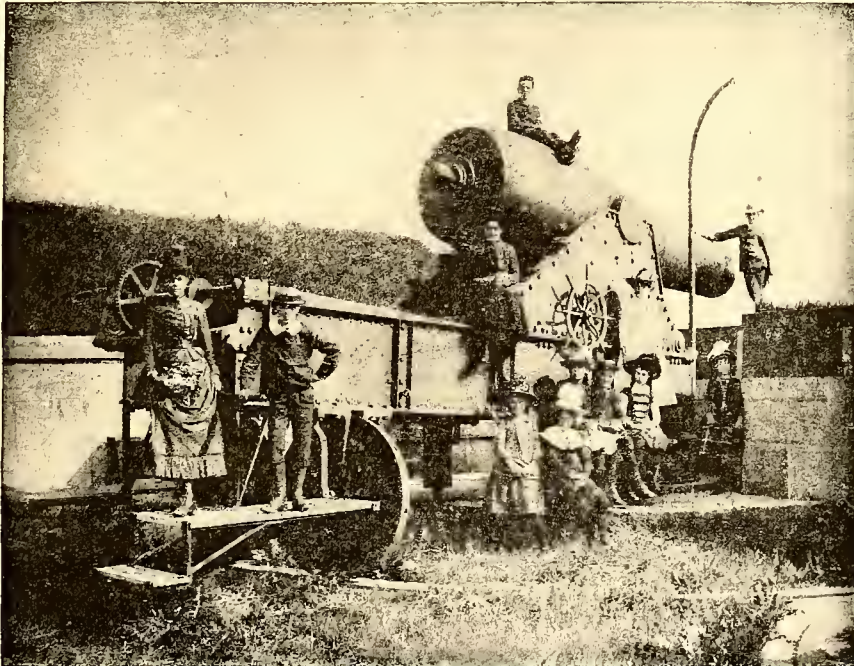


battery would do so and telephone back the moment he was ready. The commander could tell the captain to fire, or he could, if he chose, press a little key and himself fire each gun singly or all the guns at once. He could do the same with all the batteries and forts, and he could, from his little tower miles away, by a light touch of his finger explode every gun in the harbor, and send tons and tons of metal flying with crushing force at any vessel he pleased. He could do even more. He could explode any, or all, of the mines and torpedoes at once, or he could have one grand simultaneous explosion of all the guns, torpedoes, and mines. At each fort and battery would be stationed officers who by means of instruments would find exactly the course of the enemy's ships. This would be telegraphed to the commander, who would thus know at every instant just where any vessel is, and how fast she is sailing. So he could predict that a ship will pass a certain spot at a certain time, and, if she did not change her course, could press the key, and blow up the vessel, or send at her a huge bolt of iron or steel. If the enemy had landed a force on the mainland down the coast, and it was marching on the fort to take it in the rear, the commander could wait till he saw the force on a road approaching the fort, when, pressing another key, several iron doors of the fort

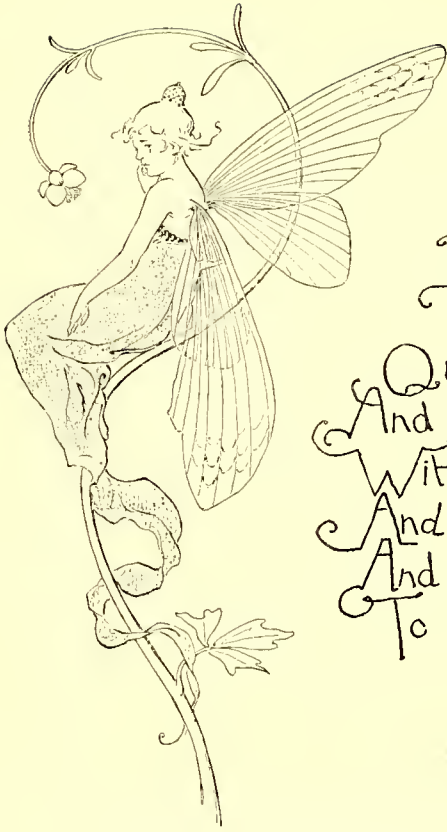
would open and automatic machine-guns pop out, and commence firing at the rate of six hundred shots per minute apiece, and keep it up till the key was pressed again, when they would withdraw and the shields close. It can be seen that the commander should know absolutely all that is going on, as otherwise he might fire into his own forts, or on his own patrol-boats.

Now, an enemy would not attack a strongly fortified place with one vessel. He would have a large fleet, and the defending party should have on hand a large fleet also. So rams and heavy floating-batteries would be built.

From the foregoing, we see that there are needed for harbor defenses, first, powerful guns; second, powerful fortifications to protect the guns; third, torpedoes, torpedo-boats, and systems of submarine mines; fourth, electric lights; fifth, emplacements for the lights; and sixth, floating-batteries and rams and patrol-boats. Armor on forts should be two, or two and a half, or even three feet thick. It can be seen that an immense amount of labor is necessary to build these, and to complete the huge guns. To complete such a system requires many years and the expenditure of much money, but in case of war, it would be money saved in the end.



A BIG GUN AT NEW YORK HARBOR UNDER FIRE FROM THE CAMERA.



A fairy's broken wing,  
How piteous a thing!

Quick, Devil's-needle, mend it,  
And, elfin nurses, tend it,  
With tiniest fingers, bathe with dew,  
And cobweb bandages renew;  
And all its filmy strength restore,  
To skim the wide blue air once more.

C.P.S.

### THE NATIONAL FLOWER.

(A Child's Quandary.)

BY LUCY LARCOM.

THEY have asked me to vote for a national flower;—  
Now, which will it be, I wonder!  
To settle the question is out of my power;  
But I'd rather not make a blunder.

I should like to vote for them both, if I might;  
But I do not feel positive whether  
The flowers themselves would be neighborly quite;—  
Pink and yellow don't go together.

And I love the Mayflower best,—in May,—  
Smiling up from its snowdrift-cover  
With its breath that is sweet as a kiss, to say  
That the reign of winter is over.

O yes, but they do!—in the breezy wild rose,  
The darlinest daughter of summer,  
Whose heart with the sun's yellow gold overflows,  
And whose blushes so well become her.

And I love the Golden-rod, too,—for its gold;  
And because through autumn it lingers,  
And offers more wealth than his hands can hold  
To the grasp of the poor man's fingers.

Instead of one flower, I will vote for three:  
The Mayflowers know that I mean them;  
And the Golden-rod surely my choice will be,—  
With the sweet Brier-rose between them.

You see I'm impartial. I've no way but this:  
My vote, with a rhyme and a reason,  
For the Mayflower, the Wild Rose, and Golden-rod, is;—  
A blossom for every season!

## THE BUNNY STORIES.\*

FOR LITTLE READERS.

### DEACON BUNNY BUYS A MULE.

DEACON BUNNY came home from a county fair, one day, leading a pony mule.

He was a small, dun-colored, peaceful-looking creature, of uncertain age, and seemed to be very docile and gentle.

The Bunnies were surprised and delighted, for they had never seen so cunning a little steed, and they had often teased their father to buy them a pony and village-cart for their own.

The Deacon did not tell the family all the reasons why he had bought the mule, but said the animal might do for the children to drive, and would be useful for light work about the place.

The Bunnies very nearly quarreled about the name and the ownership of the mule, but at last agreed to call him "Donkey Dan," and to own him in common.

Cousin Jack looked him over carefully, and as he did not say much in his praise, the Deacon asked what was the matter with the mule.

Cousin Jack replied that he might be a good-enough mule, what there was of him, but Cousin Jack was afraid he was not so amiable as he looked.

He told the Deacon he had seen very disagreeable kinds of mulishness hiding behind just such an outward show of meekness, and, though he might be mistaken, and hoped he was, the family likeness to vicious mules was very strong in Donkey Dan, especially about the eyes.

The Deacon said the man who sold him the mule told him that the mule had been a great pet in the family where he was raised, and was a perfect cosset.

"That is just what I was afraid of," said Cousin Jack, "and if the mule has any chronic faults, his bringing up is probably more than half to blame for them; however, we will wait and see."

The next day the Deacon bought a village-cart and harness, and the children took their first ride behind Donkey Dan, with Bunnyboy as a driver.

They had a jolly trip, and came home full of praise of Donkey Dan and the way he had behaved.

The Deacon joked Cousin Jack about having misjudged the mule, and he replied, that he was sorry if he had done the poor fellow any injustice, for, as a rule, he tried to think kindly of the

meanest of God's creatures, instead of judging them hastily or harshly.

All went smoothly for several days, until one morning Gaffer, the farmer who worked for Deacon Bunny, was told to take Donkey Dan and the cart and carry a bag of potatoes to the Widow Bear.

The potatoes were in the barn, and Gaffer tried to make the mule back the cart up to the barn-door, in order to load them easily, but Donkey Dan would n't "back!"

The harder Gaffer pulled on the reins, the more firmly the mule braced the other way, and the stubborn animal turned his head from side to side in a most provoking manner.

Then Gaffer tried to lead him about and bring the cart near the door, but this plan also failed.

Donkey Dan was stubborn and seemed to have made up his mind to have his own way, and to do just contrary to what he was asked to do.

The barn stood on a hillside, and the roadway had been built up on the lower side to make it level and was supported by a stone wall. A light wooden railing protected the embankment, which rose eight or ten feet above the yard.

When Gaffer was trying to make him back, Donkey Dan was facing the bank. When he tried to lead him toward the barn the mule was, of course, facing the other way.

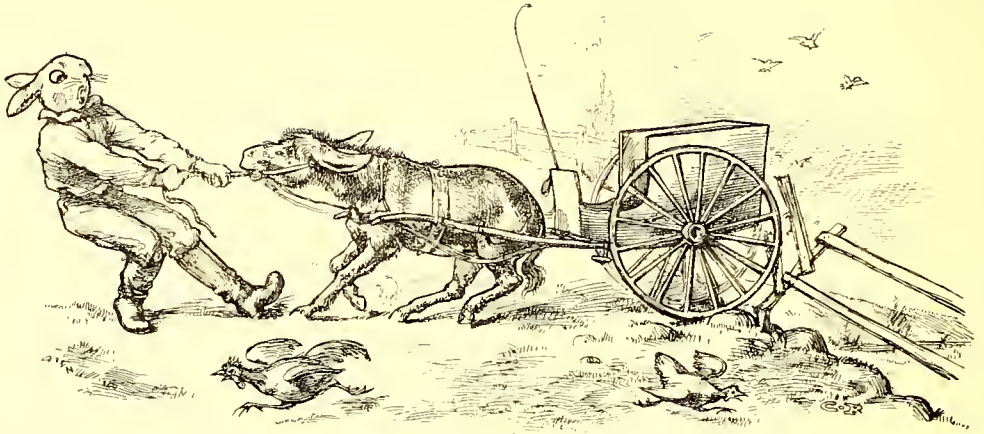
Gaffer chirruped and coaxed, and tried to pull him forward, but still the mule braced his feet and would not budge.

Suddenly, and without any warning or reason, Donkey Dan began to "back" with a great rush, and before Gaffer could hinder him, the wheels crashed through the frail fence, and down the bank went the cart and donkey, backwards, both landing wrong side up in a heap below.

Gaffer was frightened and called for help, while the mule, stunned and probably too much surprised to move, lay there until the Deacon and Gaffer went to his aid.

Strange to say, Donkey Dan seemed to be unhurt, and when once more on his feet, he shook himself and began to nibble the grass as if nothing had happened.

The cart, which was badly broken, was sent to



GAFFER TRIES TO BRING DONKEY DAN TO THE BARN-DOOR.

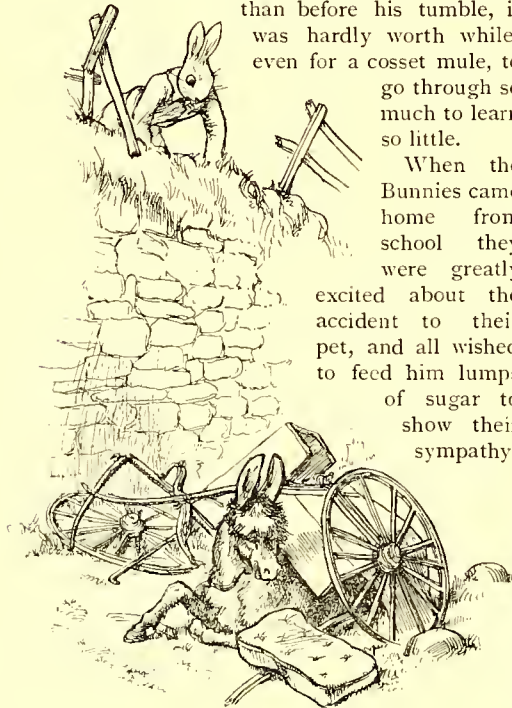
the shop to be repaired, and Gaffer took one of the farm-horses to do his errand.

Deacon Bunny said some persons would call it a miracle that Donkey Dan was not killed by his tumble, and he hoped it would be a lesson to him.

Cousin Jack suggested that a good way to prevent the same kind of "miracle" from happening again, would be to build a stronger and more suitable railing on top of the wall, and that though

Donkey Dan might know more than before his tumble, it was hardly worth while, even for a cosset mule, to go through so much to learn so little.

When the Bunnies came home from school they were greatly excited about the accident to their pet, and all wished to feed him lumps of sugar to show their sympathy.



DONKEY DAN COMES TO GRIEF.

Brownly declared that Gaffer must have abused Dan, or he would not have acted so badly.

The Deacon told him it was useless to try to explain why a mule was mulish, by blaming other folks, and that talking about it would not mend the cart nor the mule's manners.

Cousin Jack said the resignation of that mule as he lay there on the ground, and his self-satisfied expression when he had been helped out of the scrape, seemed almost Bunny-like.

Mother Bunny said she was glad and thankful none of the children were in the cart at the time, and that she should feel uneasy about them in the future if they went to ride with the mule.

Cousin Jack remarked quietly to her, that he was sorry *one* of the Bunnies had not seen the whole performance, for an object lesson in willfulness and heedlessness might perhaps make it easier for her to restrain one of her troublesome comforts.

He did not say which one of the Bunnies, but Mother Bunny knew which one he meant, and you also may find out by reading the next chapter.

#### DONKEY DAN AND BROWNLY.

COUSIN JACK, who was very fond of all babies, used to say that the only things a baby did n't out-grow were a mother's love and patience, and it was almost a pity that they had to grow up at all.

Brownly was now seven years old, two years older than Cuddledown, the youngest, and he had been the pet of the family even after she had come to divide the honors.

All through his babyhood, until after he was able to go alone, he had been what is called a delicate child, never quite so rugged and vigorous as the others at the same ages.

For this reason he was more tenderly cared for and looked after, too often humored when he should

have been pleasantly denied, and left to do hardly anything for himself.

In this way he acquired the habit of being waited upon, and of having other people use their eyes and ears and brains for him, instead of learning to use his own.

When he had become old enough to play out in the fresh air and sunshine with the other children, without being tied to a nursemaid's apron-string, he had a hard time in getting used to the sharp corners of the doorsteps, the rough edges of curbstones, and the gritty side of a brick or gravel walk, because it was so easy for him to fall over anything that happened to be in his way, instead of using his eyes, or stopping to think for himself when in a hurry.

This change from a "hug-able," sweet-tempered, and comfortable little bundle of helplessness, to a heedless, self-willed, and unlucky youngster, was a great trial to the family, especially to his mother.

Not that Brownly was altogether a bad or stupid child, for he had a tender heart, and was kind and generous in many ways, but his willfulness and blundering brought more trouble upon himself and others than there was any need for having, where every one else was kind and thoughtful and tried to teach him to be careful.

After Donkey Dan's tumble down the bank, whenever the Bunnies went to ride, Bunnyboy, who was eleven years old and strong for his age, was sent with them as driver.

This did not suit Brownly, for he thought he was old enough to drive, himself. He kept on saying that Donkey Dan was all right, and that Gaffer was to blame for the accident at the barn.

Bunnyboy had been cautioned, when driving, to keep in the broad highways, to avoid narrow lanes and steep places, and and not to make the mule back.

As no accident happened, Brownly became more and more confident, and one Saturday afternoon, without asking leave, he harnessed the mule and drove out alone.

No one saw him start, as Mother Bunny was busy indoors, and the other Bunnies were away at play.

In driving through the village, Brownly met his sister Pinkeyes and asked her to ride home.

Instead of keeping on the highway, he turned into a by-road; and though Pinkeyes told him he ought not to go that way, he said he knew what he was about, and kept on. In spite of the fact that Pinkeyes was two years older, she had been in the habit of yielding to Brownly; and to avoid a quarrel she said no more.

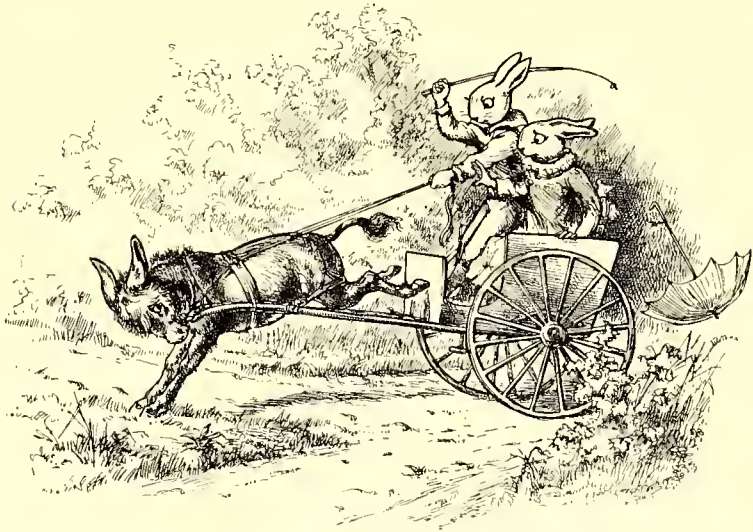
This by-road soon separated into two lanes, both leading toward home—one running over a hill, and the other around it.

Brownly wished to go over the hill, but Donkey Dan tried to take the other and easier road.

The harder Brownly pulled him to the right, the more the mule tried to go to the left, until Brownly, becoming impatient with the mule, lost his temper and struck Dan smartly with the whip, at the same time giving a strong jerk on the right rein.

Donkey Dan made one plunge forward and then stopped short, turned his head from side to side, and refused to go either way.

Another blow with the whip, and another jerk on the reins, and in a twinkling the mule whirled short about, upsetting the cart and throwing the



BROWNLY AND DONKEY DAN DISAGREE AS TO WHICH ROAD IS THE RIGHT ONE.

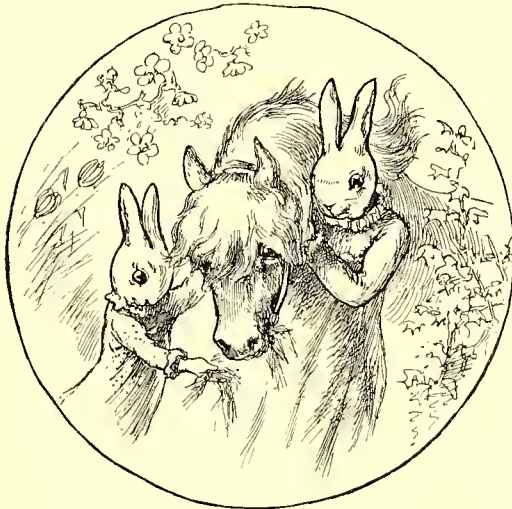
children topsy-turvy into the gutter among the brambles and stones.

Donkey Dan then dashed down the road, but Brownly hung to the reins and was dragged quite a distance, until Neighbor Fox saw the runaway coming, and stopped the mule.

Brownly asked Neighbor Fox to go back with him and help his sister, for he feared she was hurt.

They found Pinkeyes sitting by the roadside, half stunned, and bleeding from a wound on her head, where she had fallen on a sharp stone.

Lifting her gently into the cart, and telling Pinkeyes to rest her head on Brownny's shoulder, neighbor Fox led the mule and his sorry load home.



DONKEY DAN'S SUCCESSOR.

When the surgeon had come and sewed up the wound on Pinkeyes's head, he told the family the injury was serious, but, with quiet and good nursing, he hoped she would be out in a week or two.

Brownny was somewhat bruised by his rough-and-tumble dragging over the stony road, but the shame of it all, and his anxiety about Pinkeyes, made this seem a small matter.

For the sake of having his own heedless way, he had nearly killed his sister, grieved the whole family, and disgraced himself and Donkey Dan.

Brownny had been in little troubles before, from the same cause, but had never harmed any one but himself, except that he hurt the feelings of those who loved him, and were sorry to see him growing up so willful and reckless, in spite of all they could do or say.

Deacon Bunny had a long and earnest talk with him, and ended by telling him that he might go into the sick-room every morning and evening and look at his sister's pale face and bandaged head, with the sad mother watching by the bedside, if he felt that he needed any punishment to help him keep the lesson in mind.

Pinkeyes soon was well enough to sit up, and there never was a more devoted and loving brother than Brownny tried to be, through all the days and weeks before she was able to play again.

Cousin Jack pitied Brownny, for he could see how keenly he suffered, and when he found a good opportunity he spoke with him about the accident.

He said he was glad Brownny had the nerve to hang on to the mule as he did, or some little child might have been run over, if they had reached the public highway, as would have happened before neighbor Fox could have stopped them, but for the check of Brownny's weight on the mule's speed.

Cousin Jack tried to explain to him that willfulness, or mulishness, might be pardonable in a mule, who had only instinct to guide him, but good sense ought to teach any one who had reason and a conscience, the difference between manly firmness and mulish obstinacy.

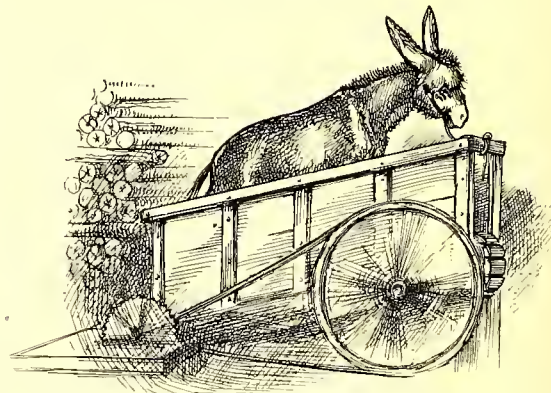
"Mix a little more caution with your strong will, and season it with kindness and forbearance," said Cousin Jack, "and you can change your fault into the kind of virtue which rules the world."

Donkey Dan and Gaffer soon had another fracas at the barn, and Mother Bunny begged the Deacon to sell the mule and buy a pet more tractable for family driving; and this was decided to be wise.

A few days later the Deacon bought the Bunnies a handsome, chubby, well-broken Shetland pony.

He told the family that a man who owned a saw-mill, run by horse-power, had taken Donkey Dan, and he would have no backing to do there, for the great flat wheel he walked on to drive the mill, only went one way, around and around, always in the same direction, with no opportunity for an argument that even a mule could enjoy.

Brownny did n't change his nature all at once, but



DONKEY DAN IS PUT INTO A PLACE WHERE HE MUST GO, WILLING OR UNWILLING.

he did try to be a little less like a mule, in some ways, and whenever he was inclined to be headstrong, or heedless, Cousin Jack would slyly say, "I wonder what 's become of Donkey Dan?"

# The Bubblyjock



BY EMMA SMULLER CARTER.

AT Abbotsford Sir Walter sat,  
His friends about the board,  
In easy after-dinner chat,  
When thus an English lord :

“ Talking of troubles, we are told  
Each mortal takes his share.  
Now, there are happy lives, I hold,  
Exempt from thought of care.”

“ Not so,” Sir Walter said ; “ no heart  
That beats in human breast,  
But bears apart, some inward smart,  
Some burden of unrest.”

“ I ’ll venture,” said my lord, “ I ’ll find  
One neck without its yoke ;  
One truly calm and tranquil mind.  
Take that daft laddie, Jock.”

By shaded walks of Abbotsford,  
Sir Walter led them down,  
Called the poor lad before the lord,  
Who, tossing half-a-crown :

“ You live in luck, good Jock, I see,  
Well fed, light work to do ? ”

“ Oo, ay, the maister ’s gude to me,  
An’ I hae plenty, too.”

“ Well said, brave Jock, and now, once more,—  
Of troubles know you aught ? ”  
At once his face was “ sicklied o’er ”  
With the “ pale cast of thought.”

“ Trouble enugh ! Wha could ha’e mair ? ”  
He shuddered as he spoke.

“ Oo, ay, wi’ fear I ’m fashit sair,  
Ye ’ll mind the bubblyjock \* ? ”

“ The bubblyjock ! What thing on earth  
May that be ? ” says my lord.  
And then, amid a roar of mirth,  
They see, across the sward,

A turkey-cock of stately size,  
Slow strutting into sight.  
Poor Jock beholds with quailing eyes,  
And quickly takes to flight.

“ Ah ! ” says Sir Walter, “ it ’s the same  
With all poor human folk ;  
Our troubles differ but in name,  
Each has his ‘ bubblyjock.’ ”

\* Scotch pronunciation of last syllable, “joke.”

# From Our Scrap-Book



## WATER LIFE, AND HOW TO SEE IT.

I HAD fished in the Trout Hole again and again, lifting from the water there my best catches of black bass and a great many more perch than I wanted,—for, on the St. Lawrence, it is the fashion to throw perch back. But though I had so often fished in the Trout Hole, all I knew about it was that it was in the second bay on the south side of Lake Ontario, just where the lake empties into and forms the St. Lawrence River, at Cape Vincent, New York. I knew it to be a prettily shaped, semicircular harbor with a beach composed of millions and millions of small stones worn smooth by the water. The last time I went there, however, I had a surprise. The bay was partially shielded from the east wind which was then blowing, and for moments at a time its surface was as smooth as glass. My boatman threw over the anchor of his skiff, and, as he did so, exclaimed, “Just look at the fish in there!” I looked, and then understood for the first time why the place was called the Trout Hole.

Beneath me was a bowl, twenty-five feet deep and several times as wide, with sides or walls of tiny stones and as steep as you can imagine. Everywhere else the little arm of the lake was shallow. It was as if the bay had been filled with small stones and then some power had scooped out an enormous cup-shaped well in them. And in the clear water swam or hung at rest, as if in mid-air, hundreds of fish. Little striped perch were the most numerous and the least disturbed. Now and then, a great black bass, or even a half-dozen of his kind, rushed across the bowl with the swiftness and vigor of an athlete at play, and with the grace of a strong fish. Far down, just above the stony bottom, hung a great pickerel or two, and hundreds of baby-bass played in schools close to the shallow, flaring top of the bowl. In an instant a puff of wind ruffled the water, and the scene was gone. We had to wait many moments, until the surface was smooth, to enjoy the wondrous scene anew.

How I longed for a water-glass! I resolved at that instant never to spend an idle day on any river or lake of clear water, without one of those glasses. Since then it has struck me as strange that so few who live by the water should know the powers of this simple device. Indeed, many have never heard of it.

The water-glass may be known in many places. I

have seen it only on the island of New Providence, on which is situated the city of Nassau. It is a few hundred miles from our Atlantic coast. There the water in the coves and sounds is as clear as crystal. Visitors are rowed out by the boatmen on purpose to see the sights beneath the surface. A water-glass is put in the visitor's hand. He submerges its bottom end, and looking into its open top sees sights of which he never dreamed: strange and beautiful sea-plants, odd-looking fishes,—some round and some that seem to have heads like horses. These fish are red, green, or of as many hues as are worn by the birds of the tropics. My man treated me to a sight even of a great pig-like ground-shark. The negro baited a large hook of bar-iron with pork, and literally bounced it against the nose of this monster without tempting the lazy fellow to swallow it or even to bite at it. But, lo! when the water-glass, in being withdrawn, reached the ruffled surface of the sea, the entrancing submarine scenery disappeared from view.

Surely, then, a water-glass is worth having. Any boy can make one. Nothing could be simpler. It is a long, narrow box with one open end and the other end closed by a sheet of glass. In use the glazed end is pushed as far as is convenient under the surface of the water. The secret of its operation is that the ripple, or movement on the surface, is what prevents us from seeing what is passing beneath it. Once past this disturbance, an uninterrupted view of what lies beneath is gained. The box may be of half-inch pine, at least eighteen inches long, and it is best to have it five or six inches square. The glass should be set in a little groove before the last side of the box is nailed on, and it is well to put an edging of putty around the sides and under the glass, making the box air-tight, because if the glass gets wet on top you can not see through it. No water should be allowed to enter at the top of the box. Handles, pegs, or loops should be attached to the sides near the open end of the box, to hold it when in use.

Such a box, or glass, will repay its owner if he should live near clear water and be fond of boating or fishing. Armed with it, he will be able to see not only the marine life beneath him, but it will be possible for him literally to oversee his own operations as a fisherman, pulling the bait away from a small fish to put it in the way of a larger one. Then he may study the greedy fellow as he rushes for the fatal hook and gulps it down.



## THE TRUTHFUL FISHERMAN.

BY HENRY TYRRELL.

We went a-fishing. Now, no doubt,  
 You 'll say, "The same old yarn again:  
 The sylvan brook, the speckled trout,  
 The regulation mountain glen."  
 No! *We* went Staten Island way  
 And took the cars to Prince's Bay.

Along the sandy beach we strayed  
 And gazed across the glistening water.  
 The man we hired our boat of, said:  
 "Well, if you don't catch fish, you *oughter*."  
 I dare not state that boat's expense —  
 The bait alone cost ninety cents.

We rowed, and rowed, and then we baled  
 Our boat out with a skimming-dish.  
 Well-nigh to Sandy Hook we sailed,  
 And then, at last, began to fish.  
 That is, each held and watched his line —  
 The fishes never made a sign.

And yet, there *were* fish. Other craft  
 Went blithely back, their day's work done;  
 Our rivals showed their strings, and laughed,  
 While we lay luckless in the sun.  
 I afterward the reason learned:  
 Ere we got there, the tide had turned.

We gave it up and started back,  
 With blistered hands, to reach the shore;  
 And what had been a three-mile track  
 Now seemed at least a half-a-score.  
 Landing, we reached — what consolation! —  
*Only* one minute late, the station.

That night, in mournful single file,  
 Three fishermen, starved, brown, and gaunt,  
 Crept slowly home from Staten Isle,  
 All fishless from their fishing-jaupt.  
 Now, if their story won't attract,  
 Supply the fiction. Here 's the fact.



"I 'LL JES SQUAT ON DIS YERE OLD LOG AND WATCH FOR MISTER —

— ALLIGATOR!"

## THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

ROSEDALE, TORONTO, CAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not remember having seen any letters from Toronto in your "Letter-box," but perhaps you would like to hear from one of your little readers in the Queen City of Canada.

My sisters and I are very much interested in all your stories, especially "The Bells of Ste. Anne." We have an aunt who has spent several summers at her house on Lake Megantic, and she and her two little girls were among the passengers on the excursion train to the boundary, which is described in that story. She tells me that the car windows had to be closed on account of the fire, and then the heat was so intense that there was danger of the glass breaking. She thought at one time of escaping with her little girls through the woods as the track was on fire; however, she remained in the car, and after some delay reached home safely.

I wonder if Mrs. Catherwood knows that Donald Morrison, about whom we have heard so much as an outlaw during the last year, was also on the train that day, with a number of his Gaelic companions.

I remain, yours very truly, MAY H—.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in a college town. I do not know whether you have had letters from a college town, but I think you must have had. I have great fun here; we are right in the mountains, and we can go off after flowers; there are so many here you can not pick them all.

I have had you in my house for two years, and my sister reads you, too. I don't believe you like long letters, so I am not going to write one.

We play ball very often here, and we have many other games, too. I think I shall have to end my letter now.

Your loving reader, FRANKLIN C—, JR.

MACON, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first year we have taken you, and I have been regretting the good things I have missed all these years. I have been wanting to write you a letter for ever so long a time, but I lacked the courage. Since I have noticed that no letter has been published from Georgia, I have taken counsel of my fears, and have decided to try my luck, and if this letter is published, I know it will gladden the hearts of many of your Macon readers.

Joel Chandler Harris's name on your pages appears so familiar. He lives in Atlanta, and is better known to Georgia girls and boys as "Uncle Remus." I am so glad the April number contained a sketch of Elsie Leslie Lyde. I saw her when she acted as little "Meenie" in Joe Jefferson's company, and think she is wonderful.

Your devoted reader and friend,

RALPH B—.

NEWARK, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My papa says if your artist could have photographed a picture in our house when ST. NICHOLAS arrived you would have printed it in ST. NICHOLAS; but as the artist was not there and I was, I will try to tell you about it. Well, my papa is a great hand to read his papers from all over the world, and he was in his big easy-chair reading away when the postman rung so hard at the door. Little brother Ezra ran for the mail, and the next moment we heard his cheery voice ringing out, "The Daddy Jake book has come! the Daddy Jake book has come!" All seven of us ran to papa to hear whether Lucien and Lillian had found Daddy Jake. My sister Nora and brother Ezra each climbed on their own one of papa's knees. Big sister Pauline and Eulalie looked over his shoulder from the back of his chair, while brother Mantie and I were on each side of him, and little year-and-a-half-old baby brother Malcolm crowded himself right between papa's knees and between Nora and Ezra, and stuck up his head to see what he could of the pictures about Daddy Jake.

While papa was reading the story our mamma came in, and little Ezra called out, "Mamma, Mamma, they have found Daddy Jake"; and there came such a loving expression in her face as she looked upon the picture and said, "My darlings."

We all want to hear more about Daddy Jake and Lucien and Lillian.

RACHEL M—.

ELIZABETH, N. J.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little German sisters, and we are visiting our grandmamma in America, who takes your charming magazine. The June number has just arrived, and we see a letter from two little French girls. We have been in Europe two years, but have an English governess all the while; before that time we lived in New York City, except when we were babies. We were born at Cologne, on the beautiful river Rhine. On our last visit to Cologne we went to see the old house in which we used to live. Our father is there now, but he is going to cross in August, and we think it is a long time in coming. We hope we will be settled next winter so we can take your delightful magazine.

Your loving little friends,

GRETCHEN and MARGARETTA VAN V—.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought that some of your readers might like to hear about the bird's nest that I had made to order.

I had quite a variety of birds' nests, but I wished to have one made in a basket; so I climbed a large pear-tree, armed with a small basket filled with cotton. The next day I noticed some inquisitive little orioles taking the cotton from the basket to a higher limb in the same tree. It took them all that day to remove the cotton

from the basket, and they worked all the next day in taking it from the branch where they had placed it to a tree in the next yard. I thought I would let the birds occupy it for the season (free of rent), as they had so kindly made it for me, but as soon as they vacated it I took possession. The nest was about six inches long, made of cotton on the outside, and lined with horse-hair.

Your interested reader, E. H.

## SHASTA, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not take you myself, but my brother does. He is a little fellow and likes the "Brownies" and "Pygmies" and "Bunnies" best. I am much interested in "A Bit of Color." We have a cat that is twenty-one years old, though you may not believe it. He is just eight years older than I am.

We have a horse, and I love to ride her. I am very fond of my teacher; she is very kind. My brother is the only one in Shasta who takes your magazine. It is a very little town, but used to be much larger before a great fire which destroyed many nice houses. This is the "Sweet Shasta Town" about which Joaquin Miller wrote the poem recently printed in your pages.

Your friend, ANNA M. S.—

## ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years in Chili, S. A., and one year here in the United States. Papa subscribed for you in Chili, S. A. We have not subscribed here in the United States, but whenever I get the chance I get you of the book-store. I was born in Chili, S. A., and we came pretty near living with the Indians (I mean amongst them). I am eleven years old, and will be twelve the 20th of August. This is the second letter I have written to you, but my name was not printed, but my name (or initials) was in the list of names that were not printed, or rather the letters were not printed.

My first letter was written in Chili, S. A. I like "Lord Fauntleroy," "Juan and Juanita," "The Bells of Ste. Anne," "Daddy Jake, the Runaway," "The Cob Family and Rhyming Eben," and a good many more. We came to the United States by the way of England, and I saw some big whales and porpoises and sea-gulls, and we would throw crumbs into the water and they would eat them, and we saw kingfishers diving after fishes. I am eleven years old and never saw snow till this winter, and never saw dandelions till last summer.

Yours affectionately, ANNITTA A. G.—

## GAINESVILLE, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have taken you for several years, I have not written to you before; I go to the East Florida Seminary, a military school, but girls are permitted to attend also. There are about thirty girls, and the girls drill. Our costumes are of white lawn for the skirt, trimmed with red braid, and blue blouses trimmed with white stars, and we drill with spears an hour every day. We have a captain and first and second lieutenants.

LOUISE S. B.—

## RAMAPO, ROCKLAND CO., N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from Ramapo, so I thought I would write and tell you that I am a little girl, ten years old, and have taken your lovely magazine for three years, and have enjoyed it very much. I have two pets—a donkey and a bird. My donkey's name is "Lady Jane Grey" and my bird's, "Mikado." I have read and seen "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and think it charming. I have also read "Sara

Crewe; or, What Happened at Miss Minchin's." I was very anxious to get every number, so that I would not miss one.

I remain your devoted reader, JULIA P.—

## WESTPORT POINT, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, twelve years old. I want to tell you about something my mamma saw once. There were two horses in a yard near the house where we lived. It was a very hot day, and there was no water in the drinking-trough, and the horses were very thirsty; so Mamma drew them some water. One of them came and dipped her nose in the trough, and then, without stopping to drink, galloped away to the other horse and put her wet nose against his. Then they both came back, but the first one did not drink any until the other had had all he wanted.

Don't you think it was kind of her to go and tell the other horse before she drank any herself? I enjoy the ST. NICHOLAS very much.

Your loving reader, MERCIE E. B.—

## FT. WADSWORTH, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y. HARBOR.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very much interested in natural history, especially that of insects. Last summer I caught, or had given to me, quite a number of large, green worms, about the size of a man's middle finger. I fed them with their natural food, and watched them spin themselves into cocoons. These, with others I found in the autumn and winter, I put in a box and kept in a warm room ready for hatching this spring. This hatchery I watched with much interest when they began to come out. At last I saw one begin and helped it out; it was a *Cecropia* moth. I saw this cocoon bobbing up and down on the side of the box. I thought it looked suspicious, so I took it down and cut a small hole in one end. I saw the moth coming out, so I made the hole a little larger. After it put its fore feet out, it pulled itself along, until its other feet were free, and then it pushed the cocoon off with its hind feet and pulled itself clear with the others. The antennæ were folded over the head and thorax, the wings over the body, and the legs over all, but the legs were unfolded as the insect came out, and helped it to escape.

I think (in fact, I almost know) there is no other children's magazine in the world like yours. I like all your stories so much that I can not tell which I like the best.

Hoping this will interest some of your readers, I remain, your devoted friend, reader, and admirer,

C. K. W.—, JR.

## NEW ORLEANS, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We, a class of little girls from eleven to twelve, have enjoyed reading you so much that we feel we must write and tell you about it.

Our teacher thinks you as instructive as any of the text-books we study, and when you arrive every month we read from you as a part of our reading-lesson. We find this very interesting and entertaining.

Most of us have taken you for a long while, even before we were old enough to read you, but now we can praise and appreciate you as you deserve.

Your constant  
"LITTLE READERS."

## ST. BONIFACE HOUSE, VENTNOR, I. W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have not yet seen a letter in the "Letter-box" from the Isle of Wight, and I should

like to write one about a very interesting donkey there is on the island. Near Newport, the capital, are some ruins of an old castle called Carisbrook. Charles the First was imprisoned in this castle, and they used to draw their water from a well-house which may still be seen; the well is about two hundred feet deep. In this house is a huge wheel that draws up the water. The wheel is moved by a donkey walking up and down inside of it, and keeping it continually in motion. And so for hundreds of years the ancestors of this donkey have been doing that work, which work seems to agree with them, as this one is twenty-two years old, and the last one lived to be nearly forty. I saw in the "Letter-box" of August, 1888, a letter from Nice, France, which interested me, as I was in the earthquake, too. I was at Mentone, near Nice, and the shocks were terrible. I think Mentone was shaken more than any town of the Riviera. I have also been to Lucerne, Switzerland, and have been up the Rigi. We are living in a very interesting old house here. It was the first house in Ventnor. It was once the Manor House of Bonchurch, and is very old-fashioned.

I remain, your devoted reader,  
MARGARET F.—

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was much amused in reading about the "Two-headed Tortoise" in the May number, as I know of a coincidence. About the year 1800, as Wm. Powell was riding near Goose Creek, in Loudoun County, Va., he picked up just such a tortoise. It was such a curiosity that he carried it home and put it in a tub; but, unfortunately, a cat killed it. This Wm. Powell was the brother of my great-grandfather. He was afterwards drowned in the Shenandoah River. An account of the tortoise was published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* some time about the year 1800. I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS ever since I was seven years old (five years), and have never written a letter for the box before. I was born in this historic town, as many of my ancestors were, and I go to Christ Church (the church attended by Washington). My great-grandfather was a friend of Washington, and was one of his pall-bearers. He was afterwards, in 1814, mayor of the town when it was taken by the British. I own my grandfather's musket which he shouldered there when he was but a boy.

Yours,  
WM. G. P.—

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading you for a long time, and you have given me a great deal of pleasure.

You have a great number of little readers and admirers, and I want you to add me to the rest, for I think that you are the nicest of all the magazines.

I am almost eleven years old. I have two sisters and two brothers.

I love "Little Lord Fauntleroy." I went to see it played; I had never been to the theater before. It was beautiful.

We live in the country all the year round, and like it better than town. We have a donkey that really goes,—it ran away one day,—a beautiful collie dog, and two pet calves, but I am sorry to tell you that our lovely little goat, brought to us from the West Indies, died during the winter. He followed us everywhere; his hair was as soft as silk.

Yesterday my little brother, three years old, got a letter from our aunt, and he was so pleased that he took it

to mother and asked her to put it in the bank. Was not that a funny idea?

And now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, good-bye!  
I remain, your little friend,  
HELEN S. S.—

LANCASTER, PA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a snow-white Persian cat that was given to Mamma.

His hair was about one and a half inches long, and his tail about three inches around. He was very large, and had a most beautiful cat-face. One night, when he was about three years old, he ran away, and was found dead. We called him "Cyrus the Persian."

We have taken you ever since you were first published.  
Your devoted friend,  
JANET L. B.—

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little lame girl, eleven years old; and as I can not run about like other children, ST. NICHOLAS is one of my greatest pleasures. I went to see Elsie Leslie play "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and I liked it, if possible, just as much as the story. I dressed one of my dolls up as "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in a velvet suit and a red sash.

I have a cat named "Koko," and whenever he hears my crutches he runs to meet me, and rubs himself against them.

My sister took you for sixteen years, and now I am going to take you until I am too old. But I don't think that time will ever come.

Your loving little friend,  
FLORENCE C.—

BOUND BROOK, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years, and Papa has you bound every year for a Christmas present to me.

I think you are a lovely magazine, and I read you to Mamma while she sews. I read you through from beginning to end. I saw the Washington Centennial Parade, with Papa and Mamma, from a large window on Broadway. I am very glad that I am a little American girl.

My grandpa H. used to live on the Monmouth battleground, and Mamma and her brothers and sisters were born there. I suppose that is the reason I love George Washington so much. We have a little oak table that is made from the great old tree under which he rested after he fought the battle. I am nine years old, and I have no brothers nor sisters. I remain,

Your little friend,  
HELEN P. H. O.—

We thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters received from them: Charlotte Edwina B., Alice Eisenstaedt, Nina Gray, J. C. Voice, S. W. F., Eleanor D., Carolyn Miles, Julia V. C., Margaret B., Anna K. W., Mabel C. and Lucy W., Olive Pardee, Mary P. Earl, Natalie More and Daisy Chauncy, Jessie P. Evans, H. Balfour, Edward W. Wallace, Clara, Alice, Georgie, Allan, Grace and May, Mary B. F., C. R. L., Maude R. Couder, "The DeF— twins," K. R., Helen A. Babcock, Harry Overton Schuyler, Richard V. Ryan, Louise J., Clara Danielson, Marian E. Macgill, Juliet S. A., Ernest A., Annie Van Winkle, Patty A., Marion Randall, Mary Randall, and Grace Eldredge.

# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Centrals, Edgar A. Poe. Cross-words: 1. convEyers. 2. creDits. 3. caGit. 4. cavAlry. 5. contRacts. 6. crAne. 7. chaPter. 8. carOche. 9. cautErize.

CHARADE. Larkspur.  
ZIGZAG. The Fall of the Bastille. Cross-words: 1. Tank. 2. OHio. 3. keEL. 4. halF. 5. ArAb. 6. gLen. 7. Lynx. 8. gOng. 9. leFt. 10. hooT. 11. acHe. 12. dEan. 13. Bard. 14. cAne. 15. caSy. 16. lenT. 17. reIn. 18. CLay. 19. Elbe.

A CLUSTER OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. D. 2. Sip. 3. Spare. 4. Diamond. 5. Proud. 6. End. 7. D. II. 1. S. 2. Saw. 3. Strap. 4. Sardius. 5. Waist. 6. Put. 7. S. III. 1. P. 2. Sea. 3. Pearl. 4. Art. 5. L. IV. 1. T. 2. Top. 3. Topaz. 4. Pan. 5. Z. V. 1. A. 2. Age. 3. Agate. 4. Etc. 5. E. VI. 1. B. 2. Her. 3. Beryl. 4. Rye. 5. L.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Cleveland; Centrals, Gladstone. 1. CarGoes. 2. LollIng. 3. EntAils. 4. VenDing. 5. EluSion. 6. LesTris. 7. AlmOner. 8. NooNing. 9. DemEans.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.  
Spinner of the silken snare,  
Fell Arachne in your lair,  
Tell me, if your powers can tell,  
How you do your work so well!

"THE SPIDER."

TO OUR PUZZLES: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Paul Reese—Louise Ingham Adams—"Yacht 'Surprise'"—J. B. Swann—"Maxie and Jackspar"—"Infantry"—Pearl F. Stevens—K. G. S.—"Mamma, Aunt Martha, and Sharley"—"The Wise Five and Charlie"—Jo and I—Helen C. McCleary—"A Family Affair"—Jennie, Mina, and Isabel—Howard K. Hill—Mary L. Gerish.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from M. Connett, 1—George and Annie, 7—Anna and Hattie, 1—Millie W. Maynadier, 2—Esther R., 1—"Mab and Joker," 2—Katie Van Zandt, 2—"Nell Rh. and St. Edith," 3—"Ophelia," 2—"Queen Bess," 1—Eleanor Mitchell, 1—Edith O., 1—Ella T. Marston, 2—"Maggie," 2—"Bud and Babe," 5—Gertrude W. Hill, 3—Arthur B. Lawrence, 2—A. D. Cochran, 1—Mother and Roger C., 2—"Rocket and Flyer," 1—Dudie S., 6—Annie Hecht, 3—Henry Guilford, 11—Susy W. Adams, 3—Tillie Holmes, 1—May Martin, 2—Mamma and Marion, 6—Blanche and Fred, 11—Arline Cochrane and Mamma, 8—Effie K. Talboys, 9—"Monell," 1—Eleuthera Smith, 5—J. H. L., 1—Helen Mar, 1—J. R. Sharp, 4—Alice Wilcox and J. C. H. C., 1—Aurora, 7—Mathilde, Ida, and Alice, 9—Arthur A. Macurda, 10—Jo and Mein, 3—"Roseba," 2—"May and 79," 10—Nellie L. Howes, 10—Clara and Lucy, 3—Sissie Hunter, 3—L. H. F. and "Mistie," 7—"Sara Crewe," 1—Maude R. Conder, 4—Papa and Maud, 3—Josephine Hyde, 2.

### DIAMOND.

1. In camel. 2. Encountered. 3. Worth. 4. Those who deal in silks and woolen goods. 5. Sprightly. 6. A kind of bird. 7. Endeavors. 8. A chemical term for salt. 9. In camel.

"NAVAJO."

### DOUBLE ZIGZAGS.

1	.	.	.	.	.	11				
.	2	.	.	.	.	12				
.	.	3	.	.	13	.				
.	.	.	4	14	.	.				
.	.	.	.	5	.	15				
.	.	.	.	.	6	.	16			
7	.	.	.	.	.	.	17			
.	.	.	.	.	.	8	.	18		
.	.	.	.	.	.	.	9	.	19	
.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	10	20	.

THE diagonals from 1 to 10 will spell a festival which occurs on September 29; from 11 to 20, the surname of an eminent English soldier who died on September 14, 1852.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The name of a small city in Cheboygan County, Michigan. 2. One of a class of crabs having the last pair of feet, or more, terminated by a flattened joint fitted for swimming. 3. The jurisdiction of a pacha. 4. Like a fish. 5. A fragment. 6. Resembling a petal. 7. Designating the place of. 8. To waste away in flesh. 9. State carriages. 10. Edible roots.

FRANK SNELLING.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ninety-seven letters, and form a quotation from Lord Chesterfield.

My 60-16-52-26-96-24 is a crate of various forms. My 9-35-79-69-85-1-75-29-41 is benefit. My 91-32-5-93 is a contest. My

AN ESCUTCHEON. Centrals, Walter Scott. Cross-words: 1. Ainsworth. 2. Hogarth. 3. Wolfe. 4. Watts. 5. Leech. 6. Byron. 7. Liszt. 8. Bacon. 9. Moore. 10. Ate. 11. T. Pi.

In the first drowsy heat of August noon,  
Ere yet the pastures are embrowned and dry,  
Or yet the swallow breathes her parting sigh,  
Under the red sun and the crimson moon,  
Greeting us all too soon,

Comes the plumed goldenrod with flaunting train,  
And lifts her yellow head along the way,  
Where sweet wild roses bloomed but yesterday,  
And foamy daisies nodded in disdain

At July sun and rain.

"Early Goldenrod," by MRS. ABBIE FRANCES JUDD.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Sated. 2. Atone. 3. Toast. 4. Ensure. 5. Deter. II. 1. Satin. 2. Alone. 3. Tolls. 4. Inlet. 5. Nests.

MALTESE CROSS. From 1 to 5, Simon; 6 to 8, gap; 11 to 13, dip; 14 to 18, singe; 19 to 23, taper; 24 to 26, bar; 29 to 31, jot; 32 to 36, color; 3 to 16, manakin; 21 to 34, parasol.

SHAKESPEAREAN DIAGONAL. Diagonals, Pericles. Cross-words: 1. Philotus. 2. Leonardo. 3. Mercurio. 4. Lucilius. 5. Borachio. 6. Benvolio. 7. Fluellen. 8. Polonius.

56-89-21-66-81 is that point in the heavens directly opposite to the zenith. My 50-3-34-45 is part of the foot. My 30-14-71-78-37-19-65-55 is a song of lamentation. My 22-48-84 is a large serpent. My 58-43-7-62-74 is selected. My 86-25-95-12-04-30-17-94-73-67 is to weaken. My 11-68-87-18-90-88-97 is to squirm. My 82-92-53 is yes. My 47-13-27-49-61-28-77 is pay for services. My 40-15-31-51-36 is a book of the Bible. My 6-44-88 is a pronoun. My 59-23-72-83-42-80-38-4 are wind-instruments. My 70-63-46-10 is a rustic. My 54-2-20-33-57-76 is a composer of beautiful music for the piano.  
"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

### HOOR-GLASS.

I. THE central letters, reading downward, will spell the surname of a very famous American.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Vexing. 2. To dress for show. 3. Single. 4. In Publicola. 5. To bend. 6. A Hungarian dance. 7. Part of the day.

II. Centrals, downward, the name of a famous Italian poet.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A company of pilgrims traveling together. 2. Worth. 3. Energy. 4. In Publicola. 5. A small serpent. 6. An aquatic animal. 7. A bigot. HELEN MAR AND L. L. A.

### CHARADE.

You 'LL find my *first* a wild, shrill cry;  
My *whole* is often called a hue.  
My *last* is never loud nor high,  
And yet it is to bellow, too.  
Do my whole you never could;  
Be my whole you never should;  
W'ar my whole you often would.

### COMPARISONS.

1. Positive, an insect; comparative, a beverage; superlative, an animal. 2. Positive, a coxcomb; comparative, an annoyance; superlative, to vaunt. 3. Positive, a reward; comparative, awe; superlative, a banquet. 4. Positive, to travel; comparative, to stab; superlative, a specter. 5. Positive, a deer; comparative, to bellow; superlative, to parch. ISOLA.



**ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.**

EACH of the ten pictures, excepting the sixth, may be described by a word of seven letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the central letters will spell the name of an eminent German natural philosopher who died at Amsterdam, September 16, 1736.

**QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.**

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these have been rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the primals will spell a feminine name; the row next to them will spell a word meaning "in thin plates or layers"; the finals will spell to implore; the row next to them will spell bestows.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To refer. 2. A kind of plum. 3. Sum. 4. Consisting of lines. 5. To summon. 6. Sickness. 7. A masculine name.

PI.

A LOGNED heaz slancecco cht rohoniz,  
 A dognel nihuses stlans rosocas het wadsome;  
 Eht diper nad ripem fo remsum-meit si noge,  
 Tub bayute grinles ni sethe umatun shodwas.

O weets preembest! hyt strif zerberbe grinb  
 Eht dyr fleas result nda eth quisslerr grathule,  
 Het loco, shref ria, chewen thaleh nad vogir ngrips,  
 Dan spromie fo geeccendix voj rahfertee.

**DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**

THE letters in each of the following ten groups may be transposed so as to form one word. When these are rightly guessed they will

answer to the following definitions: 1. An Indian house. 2. To censure. 3. Bishops and certain clergymen not under regular control. 4. Wheat not bearded. 5. A word used in legal proceedings. 6. Your own self. 7. A river in Vermont. 8. Incipient. 9. Pertaining to a step-mother. 10. An object resembling an insect.

1. A blow gun.
2. Crop hera.
3. A chap, Eli.
4. We no that.
5. Side size.
6. Sole fury.
7. I woo inks.
8. I cheat? No.
9. Corn vale.
10. To me I nod.

When the above letters have been rightly transposed and the ten words placed one below the other, the first six of the initial letters will spell an ardent spirit distilled from wine. The last four of the initial letters will spell the fermented juice of grapes. The ten initial letters will spell the name of a place where a battle was fought on September 11, 1777. The first five of the final letters will spell the surname of an English writer who lived in Selborne. The last five letters spell cultivated ground. The ten final letters will spell the name of an eminent divine who died September 30, 1770.

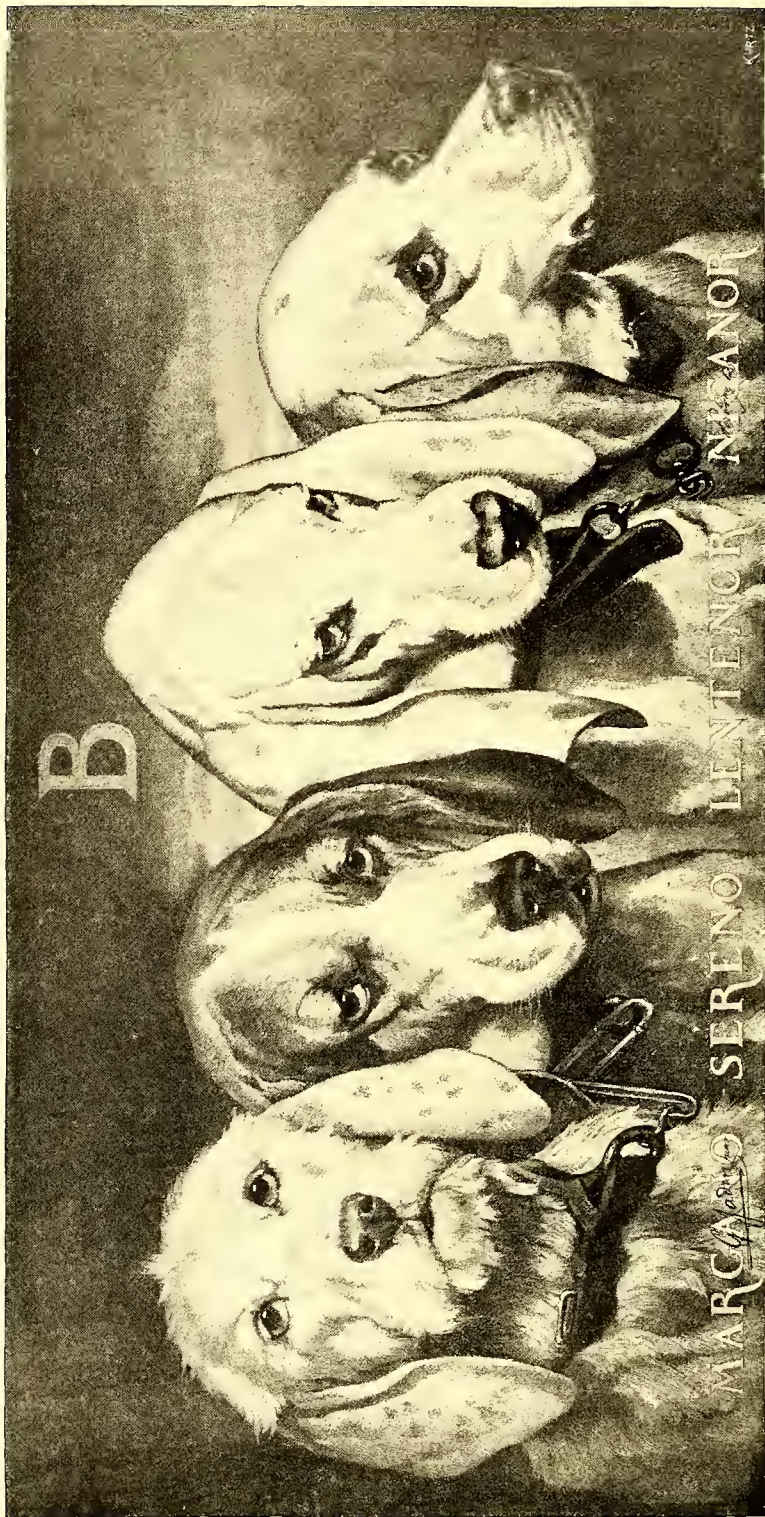
CYRIL DEANE.

**EASY RIDDLE.**

I AM a little word composed of five letters. My 1-2-3 make about half of the human race; my 4-2-3 make so small a number that it can be represented by a single letter; my 3-2-4 make an article very useful to many persons; my 1-2-4 means encountered; and my 1-2-3-4-5 names a city noted for its fortress and as being the place where printing was invented.

F. R. F.





THE HOUNDS OF THE COUNT DE BARRAL.

(BY PERMISSION OF BOUSSOD, VALADON & CO.)



# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVI.

OCTOBER, 1889.

No. 12.

## AMONG DOGS OF HIGH DEGREE.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

ALTHOUGH some of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS may not know it, there is an aristocracy of dogs and various degrees of "high society" in the dog world, just as there is among mankind. An old English writer, making a genealogy of British dogs, classified them thus: "Dogs of chase," "fowlers and lap-dogs," "farm-dogs," "mongrels." At the top of this list are the hounds, or dogs that depend more upon the nose than the eyes for their following of the game of which they are in pursuit. These, in all their varieties, are "dogs of chase." There are so many families of hounds that an old wiseacre among dog-fanciers has said:

"Many men, many minds; many hounds, many kinds."

But the fowlers are also dogs of high degree, for they too follow the scent rather than the sight of the game; and setters, pointers, and field and water spaniels are classed among these. At the very bottom of this list is to be found the "spaniel gentle, or comforter." Chief among these for its aristocratic breeding is the variety of spaniel represented in the King Charles and the Blenheim. The first named was a prime favorite with the unfortunate Charles I. The King, being once asked to determine which was the finer dog of the two, the spaniel or the hound, said that the hound deserved pre-eminence, "because," said he, "it hath all the good-nature of the other without his fawning." This was a gentle hint to the King's courtiers who had asked the question.

The Blenheim spaniels were first bred by the

great Duke of Marlborough, at his castle, Blenheim. Spaniels were also the favorite dogs of the proud and cruel Duke of Norfolk, who lived in the time of Robert Southey. The Duke had the sole possession of the breed, whose colors are black and tan, and whose fur is like silk in fineness. More strictly these are of the King Charles breed. By the Duke the spaniels were called King James spaniels; and, while he lived, he kept them on his estate, parting with none to any person. To show his wanton disregard for others, the Duke was accustomed to feed many of the puppies to his pet eagles, and a stranger to his pride of exclusive possession of the race of King James spaniels, seeing him thus employed, modestly asked the Duke for one of the litter that was being sacrificed. Whereupon his Grace haughtily replied, "Pray, sir, which of my estates should you like to have?" The King Charles, or King James, spaniel, if he be of pure blood, has not so much as one white hair upon him. The Blenheim spaniel is white and pale yellow.

A famous writer on dogs, George Jesse, has made this catalogue of "the virtues, feelings, and powers of mind that are well authenticated of the dog." Love, faithfulness, gratitude, generosity, sagacity, courage, nobility, trustfulness, truth, devotion, sincerity, unselfishness, honesty, endurance, perseverance, temperance, obedience, vigilance, compassion, mercy, attention, memory, forgiveness, tenderness, gentleness, forbearance, humanity, amiability, magnanimity, reflection, sensitiveness, grief, joy, jealousy, docility, revenge, willingness, complaisance, humility, submission. If the reader,

who is a lover of dogs, will read over this list very carefully and recall to mind the anecdotes of dogs that he has read, he will doubtless be able to find an example that will "authenticate," as George Jesse says, the virtues and the powers of mind so well set forth in this long list. Some of these graces of mind and temper are common to curs of low degree; but it is among the dogs of the highest

ears exceeding large, thin, and down-hanging much lower than his chaps, and the flews of his upper-lips almost two inches lower than his nether chaps, which shews a merry mouth and a loud ringer," and so on. This sort of hound, the Captain says, is "large, heavy, slow, and true." He added, "If you will chuse a light, swift hound, then must his head be more slender and his nose

more long, his ears and flews more shallow, his back broad, his tail small, his joynts long, his foot round, and his general composure much more slender and grayhound-like."

Now let the reader look at the beautiful hounds that are pictured in the frontispiece of this number of the ST. NICHOLAS, and, so far as the portraits of these dogs are given, he will see that they must be the high-bred animals of which the ancient Captain Markham discourses so learnedly. These dogs, Margano, Sereno, Lentenor, and Nicanor, were the property of the Count de Barral, a French nobleman whose kennels were famous all over Europe. They are hounds of the beagle family, but are taller than the old English beagle, as indeed, all French hounds are usually taller than their English cousins. Margano has the slightly roughish coat which some writers think indicates a warmer friendship for man in the dog who wears it; and certainly nobody can look in his honest and shrewdly intelligent countenance without a feeling of affection for the animal who looks so attentively at you from the canvas.

Sereno, to whom he is coupled, has what the French call a *distingué* air, and may be the most aristocratic dog of the group, though all are clearly dogs of high degree. Lentenor, I should say, has a great head, an intellectual head, indeed; and that refined nose and the pendulous ears bespeak the very finest strain of blood. Nicanor, who is coupled with Lentenor, must be of a roguish turn of mind, and, being more in profile than either of the others, his fine nose is the very perfection of high breeding. He fills admirably the requirements of Captain Gervase Markham, of famous memory.

These portraits, as well as those of Calypso, and Barbaro on pages 884, 885, are all of the same pack of dogs, and were painted for the Count de Barral, by Louis Godefroy Jadin, a French artist of renown, who was born in Paris, in 1805,



BY PERMISSION OF BOUSSOD, VALADON & CO.

quality that we must look for the nobler traits of character.

Of the hound family it is said that those that are shaggily coated, as the setter, are more attached to mankind than those of the smoother skin. This is only a fancy, probably, for some of the finest traits of devotion have been observed in the smooth-skinned variety. Captain Gervase Markham, a noted British sportsman, is thought to have set forth the best rules for the choosing of a hound. In his book, "Country Contentments, or the Husbandman's Recreations," printed in 1651, the gallant captain says that in the choice of a high-bred hound one must be sure to see that the beast "hath a round, big, thick head, with a short nose uprising and large open nostrils, which shows that he is of a quick and good scent, his

and who died in that city in 1882. M. Jadin was noted as a painter of hunting scenes, dogs, horses, and still-life. His art is capitally exemplified in these portraits, which are so evidently good likenesses of the dogs that we must needs admire the cunning with which the painter has portrayed the dispositions of his subjects. Note, for example, the coquettish pose of the beautiful Calypso. She has not only a high-bred appearance, but you might almost say that she has some of the fine-lady airs of a French woman of quality, who knows she is an elegant creature, and who makes no secret of her knowledge. Barbaro, on the other hand, is less conscious of being stared at, and his large, luminous eyes, liquid in the light, his exquisite nose and dilating nostrils, are all so many marks of good breeding and fine manners — dog-manners, of course, I mean.

Strange to say, the hound is the dog whose portrait is most frequently found in the most ancient sculptures and paintings in the world — those of old Egypt. We may believe, too, that the faithful Argus, the dog of Ulysses, was a hound, so far as Homer's description makes him out for us. When the far-wandering Ulysses, after twenty years of absence from his home, returned to his family, Argus lay, a-dying of old age and neglect on a heap of offal. Nobody knew the wanderer when he came to his own again, but the faithful hound recognized his master through all disguise of tatters and neglected visage. Says Homer:

“The dog, whom fate had granted to behold  
His lord, when twenty tedious years  
had roll'd,  
Takes a last look,—and having seen  
him,—dies;  
So closed forever faithful Argus' eyes.”

It was a hound, too, some such dog as Nicanor, I make no doubt, that rose to everlasting fame in song and story as the preserver of the life of his master's child, laying down his own life without a murmur thereafter. Gêlert was a Welsh hound; his master, Llewelyn the Great, lived near the base of Snowden, one of the famed peaks of Wales. Going to the hunt one day, Llewelyn left Gêlert in charge of an infant sleeping in the cradle. The dog, faithful to his trust, attacked a savage wolf that stole into the house with the intent of carrying off the child. In the encounter

the cradle was overturned, and the infant was thus concealed, still sleeping. But the wolf was slain, and the faithful Gêlert, his chaps dabbled with blood, met the returning Llewelyn, conscious of having done his whole duty. Not seeing his babe, Llewelyn rashly supposed that the hound had killed the infant, and drew his sword and plunged it in the side of the savior of his son. Of the remorse and grief of the chieftain when he found what a foolish and wicked thing he had done, we need not speak. But Gêlert was buried with due honor in a spot hard by, which, unto this day, is called “Beth-Gêlert,” or “the grave of Gêlert.” Read William Robert Spencer's touching ballad in which all this lamentable history is set forth, thus ending:



(BY PERMISSION OF BOUSSOD, VALADON & CO.)

“And, till great Snowden's rocks grow old,  
And cease the storm to brave.  
The consecrated spot shall hold  
The name of Gêlert's grave!”

There are those that say that the tale of Gêlert is wholly an imaginary one. But let us cling to the belief that the “brindled hound,” which one careful writer says Gêlert was, really did all that

was said of him in the story. We might well be willing to forget the folly of the master, of whom the Welsh have this proverb: "I repent as much as the man who slew his greyhound."

But, after all, we cannot claim for the hound all the virtues that pertain to dog-life. Mrs. Byron, the mother of the famous poet, had a fox-terrier to which Boatswain, Lord Byron's favorite Newfoundland dog, took a violent disliking. Gilpin, the fox-terrier, being in danger of losing his life by the worriments that Boatswain inflicted upon him, Mrs. Byron sent the little fellow away to Newstead, many miles from the house where she then lived. Shortly after, Byron, the dog's master, went away from home for a long time; and, Boatswain, after showing much concern of mind, disappeared for a whole day, to the dismay of the servants. At nightfall, he came home, bringing Gilpin with him. He led the terrier to the kitchen fire and lavished upon him every expression of tenderness and affection. It turned out that Boatswain had gone all the way to Newstead, whence he had lured Gilpin, guiding him home in safety. It is related that the two dogs lived ever after in loving concord, Boatswain defending Gilpin against the attacks of all comers.

When Boatswain died, his mourning master reared over his grave a monument on which was engraved the most touching epitaph and the most celebrated that ever graced a dog's burial-place. You will find it in Byron's poems. Here are the last two lines:

"To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;  
I never knew but one,—and here he lies."

Regarding dogs of great intelligence, like those of the Count de Barral, for example, we sometimes say, "He can do everything but talk." And yet there is a very well authenticated case of a dog being taught to talk. In Daniel's "Rural Sports," a work of high credit, published in London in 1801, the story is told of a dog born near Zeitz, in Saxony, that was taught

to ask in an intelligible manner for tea, coffee, chocolate, etc., and an account of which was communicated to the Royal Academy of France by no less a person than Leibnitz, one of the most eminent philosophers that ever lived. The account says that the dog was the property of a peasant, whose little son, fancying that he heard the dog attempt to make articulate sounds, undertook to teach him to speak, with the result afore mentioned. The sagacious creature, says Leibnitz, finally mastered no less than thirty words. Notwithstanding this dog's great talent, he was an incorrigible truant, and often ran away to escape the lessons that his young master taught him.

Dogs have been taught, as we have hinted, almost everything but to talk, and the story of the Saxon dog must be accepted as affording at least one instance of its powers of speech. Dogs have been known to hold such intercourse with each other as to give the impression that they do talk among themselves. A gentleman living near Boston has a large and dignified hound that usually accompanies his master in his walks. Nero never forgets his dignified composure, even under great provocation. For a time, however, he was greatly exasperated by the snapping and snarling at him of an ill-conditioned cur that master and dog encountered at a certain place. Finally, after many days of trial, Nero suddenly stopped, seized the poor cur in his powerful jaws, crushed its spine just back of the neck, and dropped it on the ground, limp and lifeless. Then he walked on composedly by the side of his master, showing no signs of agitation. It was noticed that after that, the intelligence of Nero's summary execution of the cur having apparently spread abroad, every dog in the neighborhood took to his heels in flight whenever Nero appeared. How did dogs that saw not the execution of the little cur learn what had happened?

When we can answer this question, we can also learn, perhaps, why dogs of high degree, like men of gentle blood and good breeding, perpetuate their fine qualities from generation to generation.

# THE CREATURE WITH NO CLAWS.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

"W'EN you git a leetle bit older dan w'at you is, honey," said Uncle Remus to the little boy, "you 'll know lots mo' dan you does now."

The old man had a pile of white oak splits by his side and these he was weaving into a chair-bottom. He was an expert in the art of "bottom-

in de san'. Brer Wolf stop, he did, en look at it, en den he 'low:

"'Heyo! w'at kind er creetur dish yer? Brer Dog ain't make dat track, en needer is Brer Fox. Hit 's one er deze yer kind er creeturs w'at ain't got no claws. I 'll des 'bout foller 'im up, en ef I ketch 'im he 'll sholy be my meat.'

"Dat de way Brer Wolf talk. He followed 'long atter de track, he did, en he look at it close, but he ain't see no print er no claw. Bimeby de track tuck 'n tu'n out de road en go up a dreen whar de rain done wash out. De track wuz plain dar in de wet san', but Brer Wolf ain't see no sign er no claws.

"He foller en foller, Brer Wolf did, en de track git fresher en fresher, but still he ain't see no print er no claw. Bimeby he come in sight er de creetur, en Brer Wolf stop, he did, en look at 'im. He stop stock-still and look. De creetur wuz mighty quare-lookin', en he wuz cuttin' up some mighty quare capers. He had big head, sharp nose, en bob tail; en he wuz walkin' roun' en roun' a big dog-wood tree, rubbin' his sides ag'in it. Brer



"BRER WOLF MAKE LIKE HE GWINE TER HIT DE CREETUR, EN DEN —" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

ing chairs," and he earned many a silver quarter in this way. The little boy seemed to be much interested in the process.

"Hit 's des like I tell you," the old man went on; "I done had de speunce un it. I done got so now dat I don't b'lieve w'at I see, much less w'at I year. It got ter be whar I kin put my han' on it en fumble wid it. Folks kin fool deyse'f lots wuss dan yuther folks kin fool um, en ef you don't b'lieve w'at I 'm a-tellin' un you, you kin des ax Brer Wolf de nex' time you meet 'im in de big road."

"What about Brother Wolf, Uncle Remus?" the little boy asked, as the old man paused to refill his pipe.

"Well, honey, 't ain't no great long rigamarole; hit 's des one er deze yer tales w'at goes in a gallop twel it gits ter de jumpin'-off place.

"One time Brer Wolf wuz gwine 'long de big road feelin' mighty proud en high-strung. He wuz a mighty high-up man in dem days, Brer Wolf wuz, en 'mos' all de yuther creeturs wuz feard un 'im. Well, he wuz gwine 'long lickin' his chops en walkin' sorter stiff-kneed, w'en he happen ter look down 'pon de groun' en dar he seed a track



"WELL, SUH, DAT CREETUR DES FOTCH ONE SWIPE DIS AWAY, EN N'ER SWIPE DAT AWAY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Wolf watch 'im a right smart while, he act so quare, en den he 'low:

"'Shoo! dat creetur done bin in a fight en los' de bes' part er he tail; en w'at make he scratch hisse'f dat away? I lay I 'll let 'im know who he foolin' 'long wid.'

“ Atter 'while, Brer Wolf went up a leetle nigher de creetur, en holler out:

“ ‘ Heyo, dar! w'at you doin' scratchin' yo' scaly hide on my tree, en tryin' fer ter break hit down?’

“ De creetur ain't make no answer. He des walk 'roun' en 'roun' de tree scratchin' he sides en back. Brer Wolf holler out:

“ ‘ I lay I 'll make you year me ef I hatter come dar whar you is!’

“ De creetur des walk 'roun' en 'roun' de tree, en ain't make no answer. Den Brer Wolf hail 'im ag'in, en talk like he mighty mad:

“ ‘ Ain't you gwine ter min' me, you imperdent scoundul? Ain't you gwine ter mozey outer my woods en let my tree 'lone?’

“ Wid dat, Brer Wolf march todes de creetur des like he gwine ter squ'sh 'im in de groun'. De creetur rub hisse'f ag'in de tree en look like he feel mighty good. Brer Wolf keep on gwine todes 'im, en bimeby w'en he git sorter close de creetur tuck 'n sot up on his behime legs des like you see squirls do. Den Brer Wolf, he 'low, he did:

“ ‘ Ah-yi! you beggin', is you? But 't ain't gwine ter do you no good. I mout er let you off

ef you 'd a-minded me w'en I fus' holler atter you, but I ain't gwine ter let you off now. I 'm a-gwine ter 'Iarn you a lesson dat 'll stick by you.’

“ Den de creetur sorter wrinkle up he face en mouf, en Brer Wolf 'low:

“ ‘ Oh, you nee'n'ter swell up en cry, you 'ceitful vilyun. I 'm a-gwine ter gi' you a frailin' dat I boun' you won't forgit.’

“ Brer Wolf make like he gwine ter hit de creetur, en den —”

Here Uncle Remus paused and looked all around the room and up at the rafters. When he began again his voice was very solemn.

— “ Well, suh, dat creetur des fotch one swipe dis away, en 'n'er swipe dat away, en mos' 'fo' you can wink yo' eye-balls, Brer Wolf hide wuz mighty nigh teetotally tor'd off 'n'im. Atter dat de creetur sa'ntered off in de woods, en 'gun ter rub hisse'f on 'n'er tree.”

“ What kind of a creature was it, Uncle Remus?” asked the little boy.

“ Well, honey,” replied the old man in a confidential whisper, “ hit want nobody on de top-side er de yeth but ole Brer Wildcat.”

**AN ALPHABETICAL WOOIN**

Let others talk of **L N**'s eyes,  
 And **K T**'s figure, light and free.  
 Say **L R**' too is beautiful,  
 I heed them not while **V I C**.  
 I need not **N V** them, for **U**  
**X L** them all, my **M L E**.  
 I have no words when I would tell  
 How much in love with **V I B**.  
 So sweet **U R**, my **D R E**,  
 I love your very **F E G**;  
 And when you speak or sing, your voice  
 Is like a winsome **L O D**.  
 When **U R I C**, hope **D K**'s,  
 I am a mere Non-**N T T**.  
 Such **F E K C** has your smile  
 It shields from **N E N M E**.  
 For love so deep as mine, I fear,  
 There is no other **M E D**,  
 But that you love me back again—  
 O thought of heavenly **X T C**!  
 So, lest my **M T** heart and I  
 Should sing for love an **L E G**,  
**T**'s me no more—**B Y**'s **B** kind!  
**O, M L E, U R I C!**



## ON APPLEDORE.

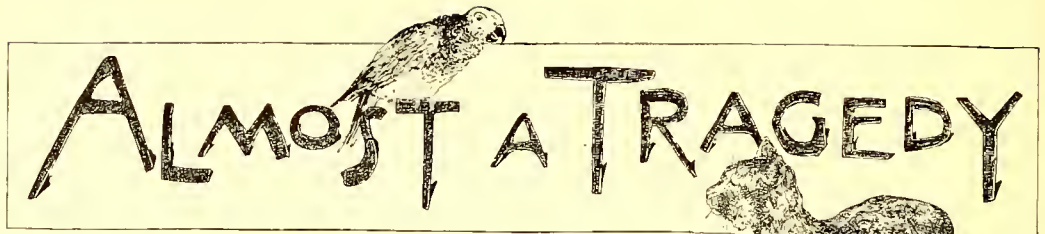
BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

A FLUTTER of white  
On Appledore's shoulder —  
The prettiest sight !  
A flutter of white,  
One by one they alight  
On the dark, jutting boulder ;  
A flutter of white  
On Appledore's shoulder.

Six girls in a flock  
Where the white sea is breaking  
Against the gray rock.  
Six girls in a flock —  
Their gay voices mock  
The din it is making ;  
Six girls in a flock  
Where the white sea is breaking.

Each flutters and clings  
To the torn granite edges —  
The merriest things !  
Each flutters and clings.  
Have they feathers and wings,  
As they perch on the ledges ?  
Each flutters and clings  
To the torn granite edges.

Mattie, Edith, and Grace,  
May, Gretchen, and Mary ;  
With bonniest face  
And daintiest grace  
Each rests in her place,  
Not with sea-bird or fairy  
Each boulder is laden,  
But a true-hearted maiden —  
Mattie, Edith, and Grace,  
May, Gretchen, and Mary.



# ALMOST A TRAGEDY

(A True Story.)

BY CELIA THAXTER.

"CHRISTINE! May we come in and see you to-night, Christine?" The children, peeping in at the kitchen door, pushed it wide and danced over the threshold, delighted at the smile which greeted them.

There were three of them, Sylvia Hastings and her little brother, Charlie, and Archie, a boy of fourteen, at home for the winter holidays. Dearly they loved to visit Christine in her bright kitchen, and no wonder, for both the place and its occupant were most cheerful, to say nothing of the charms of Minzie, the sleek Maltese cat that lay basking on the mat in the red glow of the fire, and the absurd old gray parrot that sat muffled up in his feathers on a perch in the corner of the room. It was early dusk of the winter day, sharp and cold; a thin, crisp layer of snow covered the ground without, and made the warmth and brightness within more delightful. And as for Christine, the Norwegian maid who kept the house, she was as refreshing as morning sunshine, with her rosy cheeks and milk-white skin, and rich hair piled in a beautiful red-gold heap at the top of her head. The children adored her, and her employers blessed the land of Norway for having produced anything so charming and so satisfactory.

"Now, what are you doing, Christine?" asked Sylvia, as they stood by the table and peered into a dull, red earthen dish filled with water, in which lay potatoes peeled as smooth as ivory. "What are those things? Potatoes? Are n't they pretty, Archie? They look just like ivory!"

"Take me up and show me!" cried little Charlie, and Archie lifted him so that he could peep, too. Christine laid a clean towel on the table, spread the potatoes on it, rolled them about in it till they were quite dry, then put them into a shallow tin pan which she had buttered, and shook them till they all shone with a thin coat of butter.

"What are they for?" asked Sylvia.

"To bake for your supper, Miss Sylvia," answered Christine.

"But why do you butter them?"

"Oh, so they may bake a lovely light brown, and the skin you will not have to take off at all!" answered she.

"Oh, yes, I know," said Sylvia, "they are so good!" and while Christine went on with her preparations for supper, all three sat themselves down on the neat braided mat beside Minzie, the sleepy comfortable cat. She stretched her long length out slowly, and really seemed to smile at the children, as she lay in the ruddy firelight with her eyes half shut, lazily responding to their caresses. She put out her paw, its sharp claws softly sheathed, and with a deprecating gesture gently patted their hands, as if she were boxing her pet kitten's ears.

"Pretty Minzie!" Archie said, "you are so good-natured, and you know so much!"

"Good evening, good evening! Won't you take a walk?" cried a harsh voice from the corner.

"It's Polly!" cried Sylvia. "Oh, you ridiculous old bird! How you startled me!"

"What have you got in your pocket?" Polly continued, turning her head this way and that, and eying the children askance.

"Poor Polly! Not a thing!" said Sylvia. "I wish I had thought to save some nuts for you!"

"What does Polly want? What does Polly want!" cried the bird, and then began to utter sounds no language can describe; sounds which more nearly resembled the racket of a watchman's rattle gone distracted than anything else I can think of.

Minzie raised her head and looked toward the corner where Polly was perched, and then settled comfortably back again, blinking her green eyes.

"Wise kitty!" said Archie.

"Indeed she is wise," said Sylvia. "What do you think she did, Archie? When we fed the birds under the dining-room window, she hid in the hedge and pounced on a bird every day, till Mamma at last gave up feeding them at all, for it seemed cruel to lead them into a trap like that. Well, what does Minzie do then but steal a piece of bread from the kitchen and carry it out on the snow, and there



bite it and crumble it, herself, and scratch and scatter the crumbs all about. Then she hid in the hedge, the sly thing! and watched. Down came the birds—poor little hungry dears, and Minzie sprang and caught one, and off she went with him to eat him up behind a bush. Oh, you naughty, naughty cat!” continued Sylvia, lifting her finger and shaking her head at the comfortable creature, who only blinked in supreme indifference and content. “I wonder at you! How can you be so cruel?”

“But she is n’t naughty, Syl,” said Archie. “Cats were made to catch birds, don’t you know it?”

“Well, I would n’t pounce on poor little birds and eat them if I were a cat,” cried Sylvia.

“And I would n’t eat ’ittle birds,” said Charlie, making up a virtuous, wee mouth which Sylvia stooped to kiss at once, it was so irresistible.

“But you *do* eat them, Syl,” Archie said. “You are just as bad as Minzie.” Sylvia turned to him a shocked little face. “What do you mean, Archie?” she said.

“Why, Syl dear, did n’t I see twelve small birds served up on a dish yesterday at dinner, and did n’t you eat one, all but his bones? And all their claws were curled up so pitifully above them, too!”

“Oh, but Archie, that ’s something quite different! Those birds were bought at the butcher’s, you know.”

“Never mind,” interrupted Archie; “it is very nearly the same thing. You were made to eat some kinds of birds as well as kitty, so don’t you blame her for doing what you do yourself. Don’t you remember when Papa was reading to mamma last night in a book called ‘Emerson’s Essays,’ how astonished Mamma was when he read this, ‘Only the butcher stands between us and the tiger,’ or something like that, and how they talked about it afterward? The cat is a little tiger,—she belongs to the same family.”

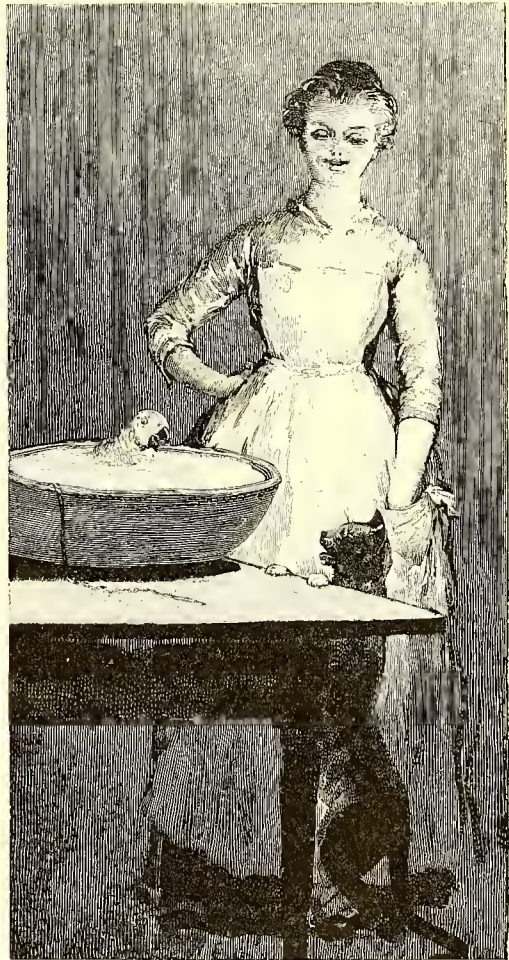
“Yes, I heard them talking,” said Sylvia, “but I did n’t understand.”

“Well, never mind, dear,” her brother answered; “I don’t think it is very easy to understand! We need n’t trouble ourselves about it. Only don’t you blame poor Minzie for doing what she was made to do.” Sylvia shook her head thoughtfully; she found it a very hard riddle to read. Most of us do.

“Ship ahoy!” cried a harsh voice from the corner. “Good morning, dear! How do you do? What have you got in your pocket? Polly wants a cracker! Good gracious! Wish you happy New Year!”

They all broke into laughter, Christine’s merry

voice mingling in the chorus. Minzie rose from the mat, stretched herself, slowly crossed the room to where Polly sat chattering on her perch, and began to play with the chain by which the bird was fastened, giving the loop a push with her paw where it hung down, striking it every time it swung within reach. The parrot watched her meanwhile with the greatest interest. “Miaw!” cried Polly, suddenly. Minzie stopped and looked up. “Ha, ha, ha!” shouted the bird, as much as to say, “Did you think it was another cat?”



“THERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DOUGH SAT POLLY.”  
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

and forthwith began to scream afresh, crowing like a cock, barking like a dog, imitating the creaking of a door, and then suddenly going into a frenzy of sneezing, and coughing and snuffing, like a person in the most desperate stages of influenza.

Minzie sat still, looking up at the bird, as if she enjoyed the performance; and as for the children, they laughed till they were tired.

"Truly, they are the best of friends, the two," said Christie. "I don't know what one would do without the other; they play with each other by the hour together."

"Come, Sylvia, bring Charlie upstairs; it is time," called Mamma's voice, and away the children skipped.

Christie went to and fro about her work—the pleasantest picture imaginable. "I think I'll set my bread to rising before supper," she said to herself; "then I shall have more time to write my letter home this evening." So she worked fast and busily, and when the bread was made, she put it in a large wooden bowl and covered it up with a nice white towel, and left it to rise on the dresser. The cat and the parrot watched all these operations with an interest that amused her,—it was so human.

After supper, when she had done all her work and everything was in order for the night, she bade good evening to Minzie and Polly and went upstairs to write her weekly letter to her dear far-off Norway. Her room was very warm and comfortable, and as fresh and tidy as herself. She set her lamp down on the table, took out her little portfolio from the drawer, and began to write. She wrote slowly and had been busy about an hour when she heard a loud, distressed "Miaw!" outside her door. She looked up. "Miaw! Miaw! Miaw!" sounded quickly and anxiously from Minzie. Evidently something unusual was the matter. She had never heard so anxious a cry from that comfortable cat before.

"Why, what is it?" she cried, as she rose and opened the door. Minzie sprang in, apparently greatly excited, with her tail upright and curling at the top; she ran round and round Christie, rubbing herself against the girl's ankles and looking up into her face with a most curious expression of solicitude and agitation. "What is the matter? What is the trouble, Minzie?" Christie kept asking, as if the poor dumb creature could explain her distress in words. But Minzie only "miawed" more distractedly than before; she went toward the door, looking back at Christie, then ran to her again, took hold of her apron with her teeth and tried to drag her toward the door. "You want me to go down stairs?"

The cat frisked before her, turning to see if she were following; then, as if satisfied, she fled lightly and swiftly down the stair and into the kitchen, Christie coming after, bearing the lamp in her hand. When she reached the kitchen door she heard a cry from the parrot.

"Come, come, come!" cried Polly. "Good gracious! Won't you take a walk?"

The voice did not proceed from the bird's accustomed corner, and looking about, the first thing Christie saw was the linen towel she had spread over the bread, on the floor, and Minzie standing up on her hind paws with her two white-mittened fore-feet at the edge of the table, craning her head forward and crying piteously. There, in the middle of the large pan of soft dough sat Polly, sunk to her shoulders in the sticky mass, only her neck and head with its huge black beak and glassy yellow eyes, to be seen. She had pulled the towel off the bread, and in process of investigating it had become fastened in the thick paste, sinking deeper and deeper till she was in danger of disappearing altogether.

"Ship ahoy!" cried Polly. "Come! Poor Polly! What does Polly want?"

Christine burst into laughter, and, greatly to Minzie's distress, lost time in going to call Sylvia and Archie before rescuing the prisoner from her perilous position.

"Oh, dear!" cried Sylvia. "How dreadful! What shall we do, Archie?"

Archie, with shouts of merriment, helped Christie disengage the poor bird, and they set her into a basin of warm water to soak. She was perfectly quiet and let them do as they pleased with her, only ejaculating now and then, "Good gracious! What does Polly want? Oh, my! Won't you take a walk?" with other irrelevant remarks, which sent her deliverers off into fresh peals of laughter.

"It's all very well to laugh," said Christine, "and nobody could help it; but if it had not been for Minzie, poor Polly *would* have been smothered in the dough, and that would have been 'Good gracious!' I think!" Then she told the children how Minzie had called her, and insisted on her coming down stairs. They petted the cat and gave her no end of praise, but "Oh, you naughty bird!" cried Syl to the parrot. "Now you see what it is to meddle with things that don't concern you! Just think of it! All Christie's nice bread must go to feed the chickens, and you came near losing your life! Don't you ever meddle again, Polly; do you hear?"

Polly looked too comical. They had washed her as well as they could, and tried to dry her, and had set her on her perch as near as they dared to the fire. She was so bedraggled and forlorn, with her wet, ruffled feathers, and her lean, shivering body! Minzie sat and looked up at her with sympathetic eyes.

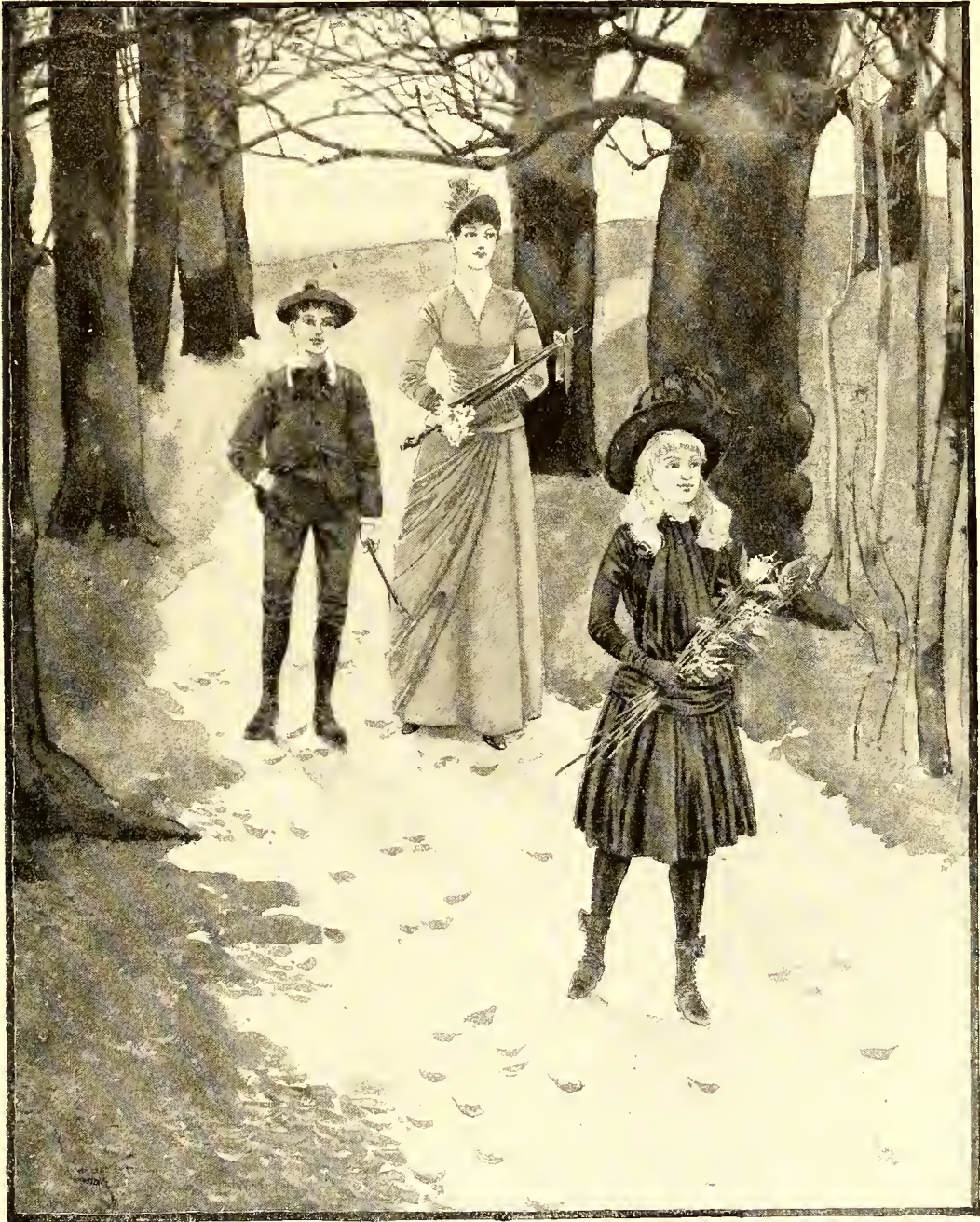
"Bless my soul! What does Polly want?" chattered the poor bird.

"I should think you wanted to be punished if

you were n't punished enough already," laughed Christie, as she fastened the chain more securely about the parrot's leg.

Then she proceeded to make a fresh bowlful of

bread in place of that which had nearly made an end of poor Polly; and presently left the two occupants of the kitchen to take care of each other till morning.



INTO THE OCTOBER WOODS.

## A DOLL ON MOUNT ETNA.

BY E. CAVAZZA.

ON the doorstep of the house sat little Lucia with one hand in the other. Within she heard the voice of her baby sister who was cooing with pleasure to see the mamma's broom sweep across the floor. Near the doorstep the speckled hen was scratching in the warm, black earth with her chickens around her. At the door of the stable stood the bay mare, snuffing the April air, and beside her was her colt, unsteady on his long legs. Two little pigs had found a cabbage-stalk, and in the middle of the road shared the dainty with soft grunts of content. The cat on the window-sill blinked her drowsy eyes in the sun, with the calm of a good conscience; in the hay-loft, among the grain, no rat dared venture—she could be surety for so much! From the road sounded the anvil of neighbor Memmu the blacksmith; and, farther away, the soldiers were at drill, and the officers were heard shouting, "*Per fil' a destr'—marche!*"

The young leaves of the Indian fig trees and the olives, of the vines and the maize, were bright against the side of the mountain, like countless points of cool, green flame. In the sky, the continual smoke of Etna waved like the plume of a giant's cap. Lucia's papa and her twin brother, Giuseppino, were at work, away there in the fields. If she were there, too, weeding between the rows of maize, it would have been a pleasure for her. She only had nothing to do—the little one, and the idleness wearied her. Finally, a cloud of dust and the noise of wheels drew her attention. It was a carriage that seemed to belong to a baron at least, she thought, with the fine horses and harnesses. It came to a halt at the door of Memmu's forge. The driver dismounted, and afterward a gentleman, a lady, and a little girl of Lucia's own age—about seven years. Lucia could hear all that they spoke, but could not understand a word. The driver, who was from Catania, explained to Memmu that one of the horses had cast a shoe. The blacksmith set himself to make another, while his boy Neddu blew the bellows and the coals red-dened. The lady and gentleman were not unlike others; Lucia had seen many travelers pass through the village. They would come up the road from Catania, and look in the sky at the smoke of the crater, and down at the black earth, and point here and there, and talk in such strange tongues

that Don Ambrogio had more than once said it was indeed a renewal of the confusion of Babel—these travelers. But the little lady—she carried in her arms a most beautiful doll! Lucia could not help going forward, timidly, and at a respectful distance, to admire it; while her serious, black eyes were round as the beads of a rosary, for wonder at this magnificent image of fine porcelain, with hair blonde as wheat, in a traveling gown of brown plaid wool, with the relative bonnet, bag, umbrella, even tiny, high-heeled bronze boots. The owner of the doll, however, appeared discontented.

"Mamma," she said in English—and Lucia, not understanding her language, thought it sounded like the idiom of the squirrels in the oaks of Belpasso. "Mamma, what was I thinking of, to buy this horrid doll?"

"Don't interrupt Papa, darling. As you were saying, Frederic?"

"At the time of the eruption of 1669, the group of hills called the Monti Rossi suddenly appeared, and from these new craters came a flood of lava which spread over the southern slope of Etna, like the black waves of a sea, petrified in a moment of tempest."

"I don't like light hair for a doll, mamma; it is too common. All the girls have light-haired dolls. When we go back to Naples, can't I buy one with chestnut hair?"

"Even more dismal than this region, is the Valle del Bove. Clouds hang and twist continually above its black masses. It seems like a dead city of Dis——"

"Mamma, can't I? Say, can't I buy——"

Professor Alleyn forgot his descriptive eloquence and turned quickly toward his little daughter, who, it must be admitted, was a trifle spoiled.

"Gladys, I will not have you so petulant. Since you do not care for your doll, you shall give her at once to that little Italian girl."

"I think Gladys is tired," said gentle Mrs. Alleyn. "She is not usually so silly." The mother drew her little girl to her side, while the professor went on to speak of the chemical composition of lava, and to wish that it might be possible to examine a quantity of it while still heated, in order to determine the nature of its crystalline deposits.

His wife heard his discourse with interest, yet her mind was a little preoccupied by the effect likely to be produced upon Gladys, by the sudden command to give up her doll, bought a few days before in the largest toy-shop of Naples. Gladys waited for her papa to finish speaking; then:

"I am sorry I was naughty," she whispered. "But I wish I loved my dolly more, if I am to give her away."

Mrs. Alleyn comprehended that her little daughter's words came partly from a tenderness for the doll, partly from a curious penitent wish to make a little sacrifice. Gladys went toward Lucia.

"Her name is Margherita," said the American girl.

"Si, si — Margherita — bella, bella, bella!" answered Lucia with more kisses.

"Come, Gladys, we are ready to go now," said the professor. And as he seated the little girl beside her mamma, "Did you think Papa a little severe with his chatterbox?"

"I am glad you told me to give that little girl my doll. She is just perfectly delighted. And I have twenty-six dolls, and a hundred and seventy-nine paper dolls, anyway."

"When they come down the mountain," said



"'COME, GLADYS, WE ARE READY TO GO NOW,' SAID THE PROFESSOR."

"Little girl," she said. Lucia understood nothing. Neighbor Memmu had shod the horse and was helping the coachman put him to the carriage. "Little girl, this doll is for you."

Lucia, encouraged by the smile of Gladys, came timidly, touched with her brown forefinger the hem of the doll's dress, then kissed it seriously. Gladys thrust the doll into Lucia's arms.

"*È tua questa* —" here the professor paused, not having learned, in course of his correspondence with the Italian scientists, the word for *doll*.

But Lucia understood now. She kissed alternately the gown of the doll and the small gloved hands of Gladys.

Lucia to herself, "I shall offer to that little lady one of my hen's eggs. It is little, but one does what one can."

The doll seemed to her a worthy namesake of the good and beautiful queen whose photograph had been shown her by the corporal of the garrison. She did not yet dare treat the doll familiarly — to play it was her little girl.

"Signora," she said to it, "do me the favor to accommodate yourself on the doorstep while I seek the egg. Mamma, Mamma, come and see!"

Lucia's mamma, whose name was Marina, appeared at the door.

"See my beautiful doll!"

"Oh, what a doll! She looks like the images of the saints in the church, and is dressed just like a queen. Who has given her to you?"

"A little lady, that was passing in a carriage, with her papa and mamma, and the horse lost a shoe so that *Compare* Memmu had to make another."

"And what had you done for her?"

"Nothing. I was only looking at her. But I shall tell my hen to let me have a fresh egg to give her."

The doll was laid carefully upon the doorstep while Lucia hastened to search for the egg. But, unfortunately, that day the hen had forgotten to leave one in the nest for her little mistress. Lucia returned, with empty hands, to find her doll. What had happened? The beautiful blue eyes, blue as flowers of the lavender, were closed. The doll appeared to sleep. "She is tired with the journey from Catania," thought Lucia, and sat down to watch the slumbers of the doll. At last it seemed to her that the doll had slept long enough.

"Wake, Signora Margherita!" she said, very softly. The porcelain eyelids did not move. Lucia spoke again, and louder; but without effect. Marina came again to the door, at the cry: "Oh, Mamma, Mamma, my doll is dead!"

"What did you do to her?"

"Nothing. When I came back, her eyes were shut and I thought her asleep. My doll is dead!" sobbed Lucia, with the corner of her apron at her eyes.

"I do not believe her dead; no," said Marina. "Such a fine lady, however, might very well faint away, to be brought to the house of poor people."

Marina lifted the doll to its feet; the mechanism of its eyes worked as usual, and Margherita, wide awake, seemed to look with content upon her squalid surroundings.

The doll soon became the talk of the neighborhood. "It will be a thousand years before I can make one like that on my anvil," said Memmu the blacksmith.

The women never tired of wondering at its fine clothes, all but *Zia* Caterina, who shook her head with its yellow kerchief and said, "It seems like witchcraft. It is not an image of a saint—well, what is it then, to do the miracle of winking its eyes? I wish it may not bring you bad luck, *Comare* Marina." The other women contradicted her, and would have justice for the doll, shaking their distaffs in the face of *Zia* Caterina. Don Ambrogio, the parish priest, admired the doll; and the archbishop himself was reported to have smiled to see Lucia seated on the doorstep with Margherita in her arms. After that, *Zia* Caterina might say what appeared pleasing to her!

The month of May was more than half passed. Marina sat at her door spinning; while, near her, Lucia rocked the cradle occupied by baby Agatuzza at one end, and the famous doll at the other. The mamma sang one of the popular songs of the country, which ran somewhat like this:

"I lost my distaff on Sunday,  
I looked for it all day Monday,  
Tuesday, I found it cracked and split,  
Wednesday, took off the flax from it,  
Thursday, I combed the flax quite clean,  
And Friday sat me down to spin,  
On Saturday I must spin it all,  
For Sunday is a festival!"

Marina's husband, whose name was Celestino, came along the road, together with the corporal. They were looking with some anxiety at the sky. A column of thick, black smoke arose from the crater, and, higher in the air, separated into great whirling masses that waved like banners.

"There is the smoke of the enemy," said the corporal. "Let us hope that we may not have to feel his fire!"

That night the neighbors, assembled at the inn, watched the smoke. As it grew darker, red, glowing streams of lava were seen to run down the side of the mountain from new openings, near the crater of Monte Nero. The windows of the village rattled with the explosions which took place more and more frequently. A reddish vapor spread itself upward from the stream of lava. The bells of the town rang mournfully, while the people cried, "The lava, the lava!"

In the morning it was no better. The lava seemed to make its way in a sluggish current toward the towns of Nicolosi and Belpasso.

In a few days news came that the *oliveto* of neighbor Brasi, a few miles above the village, was on fire. "And the trees cry out for pain, like so many living souls, so that it is a pity to hear them," said Bellonia, his wife.

In truth, either because the sap was become suddenly heated, or for some other reason, the poor olive trees made a whimpering sound as the lava scorched them. Bellonia, Marina, and the other women took down from the dingy walls of their rooms the colored pictures of the saints, and fixed them upon sticks, at the edge of the vineyards. At the northern limit of the fields the vines already began to burn, although the lava was not yet near the village of Nicolosi.

"If the wells should burst," said Celestino, "as that pond did that the good soul of my father used to tell of, we are lost."

"The water must be drawn off," recommended neighbor Turiddu.

"Eh! One can't live without water, for man and beasts. It is an ill death to die of thirst."

"I tell you, better drain the wells! Who knows if Heaven will not send us a little rain, afterward?" said a more hopeful person.

"Better quit the town, and then if the wells burst, they burst," said the corporal, who was of the group.

"And I am ruined, I am," said *Compare Brasi*, he of the olive-trees. "I and my family, we shall be in the middle of the road, asking alms."

The terror lasted for nearly a fortnight. The noise of the lava was like the rattling of great hail-

up the hill, while the people cried, "Viva Sant' Antonio!" "Do us the favor, Sant' Antonio!" With banners and psalmody, they took him up to the Altarelli — which is a small structure of three arches painted, in the Byzantine manner, with curious stiff figures of saints. They set the image in front of the lava; the glass eyes stared at it in vain. "All the saints together could not work this miracle," said Brasi; and soon the image was brought back into the *piazza*.

Before the close of the second week, the telegraph operator received official notice to remove. Many of the people were gone to Pedara, to Tre-



"GLOWING STREAMS OF LAVA WERE SEEN TO RUN DOWN THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN."

stones upon tiles, with frequent explosions like the firing of cannon. The images of the saints, Sant' Antonio and the others, were taken from their quiet shelter in the churches, where candles were burned and the floors and doorways were strewn with rose-petals and bunches of sweet herbs and the yellow flowers of the broom, that sent forth delicate odors. The images had to come out and stand in the *piazza* to encourage the people. The daylight was not flattering to their appearance. Their wooden faces painted in not the palest tint of pink, their round glass eyes without intelligence, and the tinsel and jewels of their robes looked gaudy enough in the open air. Then Turiddu and Celestino and Memmu gave a hand to the litter whereupon the image of Sant' Antonio was carried

castagni; but more remained, unwilling to leave their homes. The officers and soldiers of the garrison counseled the peasants to depart, since from day to day the lava threatened the village. Those who still remained packed their goods, and great cart-loads were sent along the road eastward. Marina, full of care, had no more time to admire Lucia's doll. With the aid of her husband, she had taken out of the house their small stock of furniture, bedding, dishes, and clothes, and arranged them in the cart, which was painted in vivid colors. Also Giuseppino and Lucia did what they could. They put the cat into a basket made of rushes, and tied a piece of cloth over, so that she could not escape. Giuseppino made a slip-noose to catch the little pigs, that soon after,

squealing, with their feet tied, were thrust into a sack and placed among the other valuables in the cart. Lucia stood near, with her doll in her arms, dismayed by the confusion of carts and carriages, some taking into safety the inhabitants of Nicolosi, others bringing strangers to see the lava, as if it were a festival with Bengal lights.

Giuseppino, near the hen-coop, was trying to secure the hen and her brood. "Eh, how she runs, the poor little beast!" he said. "Come, Lucia, she is your hen; come and catch her."

The hen ruffled her wings as if she would defy not only the children, but Etna itself. Lucia seated her doll on a little hay behind the hen-coop, and helped her brother to reduce the hen to discipline. They had not yet succeeded when Marina called her daughter.

"Come here, Lucia!"

"Yes, Mamma. I'm coming, coming."

"Run quick to the house of the *nonna*, and tell her we shall come in a half hour to take her; and you, Lucia, do what you can to help her."

"Oh, willingly."

The *nonna* was not really Lucia's grandmother, but her father's. She was old, and had seen many things, of which—and also of giants and princesses and sirens—she knew how to tell famous stories when the Christmas *ceppo* was lighted on the hearth. She never came to an end of her stories and rhymes, and had a dried fig and two kisses, always, for good children. And to help the good *nonna*, Lucia left her hen and ran along the road like a fawn. Then, remembering her doll, she called back over her shoulder, "Giuseppino, oh, Giuseppino-o-o! Take care of Margherita-a-a-a!"

"*Brava!* With that voice we will have you for trumpeter!" commented the corporal, as she ran past him. But, alas, in the uproar of the road and the bombardment of the mountain, her brother could not hear her. And, being a boy, he forgot the doll in the glory of the conquest of the hen. At last, the *chiocci*a and her brood were in a basket on the cart. Celestino had taken off the shutters, the latches and hinges, even some of the tiles of the roof and the floor of his house; and these, with similar belongings of other persons, were loaded upon an ox-cart. Marina had put a halter on the neck of the colt, thereby the more easily to lead him behind the cart to which his mother was harnessed.

"Are we ready, Marina?"

"Yes. Oh, my little house! Who knows if I shall ever see again my poor little roof? We were so content, were we not, Celestino?"

"Yes, yes, indeed. But Lucia; where is she?"

"With the *nonna*, waiting for us."

"*Su*, Maddalena, come up!" This was to the mare.

The cart began to move. The colt trotted weakly, not to fall behind his mother, who walked with long steps. Marina sat on top of her goods, her baby in her arms, while Celestino guided the mare on foot, and little Giuseppino kept pace behind with his friend the colt. Arrived at the house of the grandmother, they found her standing at the doorway, with Lucia at her side, and dressed in her best plaid cotton gown, and clean apron and kerchief, content as if she were going to mass. Marina gave the *nonna* her own place on the cart, while she herself, with Lucia by the hand, walked, carrying her baby on her shoulder.

The road to Pedara was blocked with carts and with persons on foot, with goats, and sheep, and cattle, straying to this side and that, driven by men and watch-dogs. The people were in a panic terror; some wept, some prayed, some moaned, beating their arms, and others appeared stupefied. Trumpets were blown as a signal that the village should be cleared, officers and soldiers were everywhere to help, cheer, and advise the peasants. "Truly," complained the corporal, "I make myself into four, I make myself; but even so, I can't do everything!"

The archbishop caused the relics and the images from the churches to be carried toward Pedara; and the mayor and other officials ran here and there to direct things as the procession moved.

It was only by slow degrees that Celestino and his family approached Pedara. Marina wept like a fountain; and the grandmother repeated, "We must have patience," while the sighs came from her heart to think of the village that would soon be buried under the lava. They encamped for the night among the yellow broom that grew in tufts, in bushes as far as one could look, so that it appeared endless. Through the early hours of the night, people were passing, and added their shouts to the crashing bursts of the volcano.

Suddenly little Lucia awoke to the consciousness that her dear doll was not in her arms. Where was Margherita? Was she safe in the cart, or had she been left in the village, a prey to the lava? Tears came into Lucia's eyes. "No, I must not wake mamma, who is so tired, nor the dear *nonna*, nor papa who has worked so hard," she said to herself. But she could not refrain from giving a gentle push to her brother. He awoke and said, "What is the matter, Lucia?"

"Margherita—did you bring her with you?"

"Oh! what should I do with a doll?" answered the boy, a little roughly—precisely because he was so sorry.



"I called to you, while I was running to the house of the *nonna*."

"And I did not hear you."

"You might have brought my poor Margherita."

"It is true, Lucia. Will you forgive me?"

She kissed him in token of pardon. Lucia crept back to her place beside the *nonna*; both children lay still, but it was only Giuseppino who slept. Lucia had in time come to love her doll like a little mamma; Margherita no longer seemed to her a great lady. Lucia could not bear the thought

thought of her doll impelled her, and she hastened forward.

At last she reached Nicolosi. Was this her own town? A light rain of warm sand and ashes was falling, the streets and the *piazza* were deserted.

Now and then she heard the howl of a vagrant dog. She put her hand against the wall of a building to guide herself. By the broken corner of a stone, she knew it to be the house of neighbor Nanni. Her own home would be the next house. She half saw, half felt her way to the hen-coop.



"MARINA CAUGHT HER LITTLE DAUGHTER IN HER ARMS."

of the deserted doll; perhaps at that very moment the lava was entering the town. Margherita would be covered deep with the hot lava!—at the idea Lucia herself felt suffocated. She was resolved. Without noise, she arose and moved softly away toward the road. She knew the way, and was not afraid; the road was lined with wagons, near which mules, horses, and donkeys were tethered, while the peasants slept under or beside the carts, as it might chance. Many were awake, but none would harm a little girl, or even notice her in the apathy which followed their alarm and toil. Lucia made her way toward Nicolosi, with her head and limbs heavy with sleep, so that she often swayed from side to side as she walked, and could hardly lift her feet from the ground. Her mind was confused with dreams. Then a new explosion and a fresh

"Margherita, are you here?" she said, and was frightened to hear her own voice in the solitude. She groped with her hands behind the hen-coop, caught the doll in her arms, and kissed it many times.

Then came a great explosion. It seemed to Lucia as if the end of the world were come; the shower of ashes and sand fell thicker; and the little girl, clasping her doll, ran as fast as she could from the town. When she had reached the first encampment of people, she felt quite safe. The corporal, with some soldiers, came by.

"Who is this? Little Lucia! What are you doing here?"

"Signor Caporale, I returned for my doll."

"*Via!* You are worse than Lot's wife. What will your mamma say? Have you thought of that?"

It seems to me that she will be capable of scolding you a little. Run along to her!"

Before dawn the weary Lucia was not far from the place where she had left the family. Marina, with her white *mantellina* over her head, was running up and down the road among the people, crying like one possessed:

"My child, my Lucia! Who has seen my little Lucia?"

"Here I am, Mamma."

Marina caught her little daughter in her arms, and hastened back to the *nonna*, who sat tending the baby. Giuseppino was still asleep.

"Here she is; she is safe!" exclaimed Marina.

The boy awoke and opened his eyes, still full of sleep.

"Oh! you found your doll, Lucia?"

"You did wrong, little one," said the grandmother, but not until she had kissed Lucia. "Do you know you have caused a great fright to us who love you so dearly?"

"*Nonna*, I could not, no, leave my dear Margherita all alone. Don't you remember, she fainted only to come to the house of poor people? Alone, with no one to speak a good little word to her. Indeed, she might have had a fulminating apoplexy."

"Oh, we admit," said Lucia's papa, "that the doll is a great lady, and so delicate that you are right to keep her as if in cotton-wool. But, another time, think also a little of the rest of us!"

"I did wrong," answered Lucia. "I know it."

"And you proved yourself a brave girl," said Celestino, who, having done his paternal duty in the mild reproof, now gave himself the satisfaction of pride in his daughter. "You have a good heart—and good little legs, Lucia."

After their breakfast of black bread and a few olives, the family set forth again on their way to the house of a brother of Marina, who lived beyond Pedara, on the road to Tremestieri. There they

would remain until the fate of their own town should be decided.

Day by day, the stream of lava grew more sluggish, and finally came to a standstill, barely touching the wall of the Altarelli, three hundred kilometers from the northern outskirts of the village of Nicolosi. A fortnight after the abandonment of the town the trumpets blew joyfully, as a signal for the people to return to their homes. It was a fine procession. First went the archbishop and the priests, with the images and relics and brilliantly colored banners; and the people came after, led by the civil authorities and the soldiers, with psalms and shouts and military music.

The streets and the *piazza* were readily cleared of the layer of sand and ashes rained upon them from the volcano; shutters and doors were hung again upon their hinges, tiles were replaced, and household goods set in order. The town had never seemed so dear, and all were happy and content.

"It is a fine thing to be able to end one's days where one was born," said the *nonna* to Lucia.

Lucia had not thought of that; but she felt it to be a fine thing to live when one has a mamma, a papa, a grandmamma, a brother, a baby sister,—and a doll.

It only remains to say that Professor Alleyn and his family returned one day, before the lava was cooled, and made the ascent of Etna as far as Monte Albano, in company with some distinguished Italian scientists. It is now thought—the professor told me at a reception—that incandescent lava is not to be regarded as an uniformly fused mass, resembling the *scoria* of a foundry, but owes its crystalline deposits to the chemical results of a gradual process of fusion. It may be so. Who among us has enough polysyllables at command to refute the theory? But more interesting to me was the story of the doll, which one of the Italian professors heard at Nicolosi. He told it to Gladys, and she told it to me.



## MAKE-BELIEVE.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

EVERY now and then I come across books — sometimes they are quite new and just published — which give rules for Stage-Coach and Proverbs, Hunt-the-Slipper and Scandal, Little Sally Waters and Pig-Tail, and the hundred and one games we have all of us played at afternoon parties, in the nursery, and in the schoolroom. No one really knows for how many generations children have gone on playing these games in exactly the same way, until now the laws which govern them are as unchanging as those of the Medes and Persians.

But, delightful as they are, when I see them explained so carefully in a printed book that there is no making any mistake, I often wonder if all of them taken together are worth one of the plays which we invented for ourselves, and which lasted, sometimes for but an hour, sometimes for days and weeks, sometimes even for years. I mean those beautiful “make-believes,” when we were somebody else, and everything about us was something else, and nothing was what it seemed. For, while nurse or mother or schoolmistress took us to be little boys and girls playing games, we were great kings and queens ruling the nations of the world,—we were brigands with long beards and big hats, like the robbers in the ballad,

“Always blood a-drinkin’,  
Killin’ folks like winkin’.”

We were Robinson Crusoes or Christopher Columbus, George Washingtons or Rob Roys; we were even, at times, saints and angels and martyrs.

When I look back to my schooldays, I do not remember best the games of Old Man and Bands, in Mulberry Lane, where the ripe fruit from the great trees was crushed under our feet as we ran, and where beyond the high gate at the end we caught glimpses of the world from which we were so jealously shut out; but more vivid in my memory is the wonderful year during which I lived in a palace in Rome, on terms of intimacy with the Pope himself, and with the Borgias and the Borghesis and the Colonnas.

Were such battles ever fought before or since? Were there ever such sumptuous wedding-feasts? such gay christenings? such solemn funerals? And there was one of my schoolmates who would never have anything to do with the other girls, but dur-

ing recreation hour would wander through the woods alone, penetrating even into the forbidden Poisonous Valley, opposite the “nun’s graveyard,” simply because she was a duchess on bad terms with her father and cruelly separated from her lover; and all the time we never dreamed of her greatness, but thought her silly and affected and putting on airs.

Every one has lived — if not in a palace in Rome — at least in a castle in Spain. It has been said (and every boy or girl must admit, with truth) that he who has never been on a quest for buried treasure, has never been a child. And the adventures of our own making, how much better they were than the sitting in a circle and prouetting around at a given signal, as in Stage-Coach; or the crouching on the ground pretending to be little Sally Waters crying in the sun; or the kissing in the ring? In these games we did as we were bidden; in our own we were masters and creators, and there was their charm. But for this very reason no one can put all our plays into a book and teach us how to make-believe; we must teach ourselves. As a rule, too, the children who grow up into the men who tell make-believe stories, tell them so well that, as we read, we forget they are only make-believe. Is n’t Robinson Crusoe as real to you as Columbus? Don’t you believe in Leatherstocking just as firmly as in the Sioux chiefs, or the Zuñis, who occasionally come to Washington? And David Balfour, and Little Lord Fauntleroy, and Paul Dombey, and the countless others,—where can you see any make-believe there, if you please?

But there are two men — one is still living, the other died but yesterday — who not only made-believe when they were children, but in their grown-up years have been able to tell us all about the fairy-land in which they once lived; who not only have invented adventures and shipwrecks, and savages and heroes, and hunters, and all the other things, but have taken us into their confidence, and shown us the make-believe from the very beginning. These two men are Robert Louis Stevenson and Richard Jefferies; and there are no writers of books who should be more dear to children still busy making-believe, and to men and women still capable of a thrill of pleasure in recalling the make-believes of the past.

Mr. Stevenson, of course, has written stories as

real and as true as "Robinson Crusoe." There is no make-believe about John Silver and David Balfour and Alan Breck; we know they lived as certainly as we know Robin Hood went shooting through Sherwood Forest, or Ulysses went wandering from shore to shore. But there is a little volume of poems called the "Child's Garden of Verses,"—and I hope every reader of ST. NICHOLAS has given it space on his or her book-shelves,—which is nothing more than a record of the make-believes of the little Robert Louis Stevenson, when he and his cousins Willie and Henrietta, in the old manse and the garden by the mill-stream, were

" King and queen,  
Were hunter, soldier, tar,  
And all the thousand things that children are " ;

a record of the days when "in the basket on the lea," he was a pirate a-steering of his boat to Providence, or Babylon, or off to Malabar; or at evening, when the lamp was lighted, a hunter with his gun, crawling

" Round the forest track  
Away behind the sofa-back."

While his parents sat by the fire he played at books he had read, so that, in the quiet parlor he saw himself surrounded by hills and woods and close to rivers where roaring lions came to drink. Have you not known the time, when to you, as to him, your bed was a boat, sofas were mountains, carpets, seas—when you marched to victory to the stirring sounds of a comb, or when, with chairs and cushions, you built ships to go sailing on the billows? What was in your ship's larder?—for never yet did expedition set out from the nursery without provisions. Stevenson tells all he carried with him on one of his long journeys :

" We took a saw and several nails  
And water in the nursery pails;  
And Tom said, ' Let us also take  
An apple and a slice of cake ' ;—  
Which was enough for Tom and me  
To go a-sailing on till tea."

There was not an inch of ground in the garden, with its yew-tree and river flowing past, which had not its historical associations, which had not seen immortal actions and valiant battles. Here one had to step on tiptoe, for the land was enchanted, and he who loitered slept, like Beauty in the woods, or Barbarossa in his mountain cave; and there was Ali Baba's cavern. At one side was the sea, on the other the sand, and a part was "Frozen Siberia," where Stevenson and Robert Bruce and William

Tell were once bound by an enchanter's spell. What fine company we keep—what friends we meet, in our make-believes! Who, that saw the little boy running by the hollyhocks and through the gorse, could have known that he had just burst in twain his iron fetters and, with the great heroes of Scotland and Switzerland at his side, was fleeing from the dread giants :

" On we rode, the others and I,  
Over the mountains blue, and by  
The silver river, the sounding sea  
And the robber woods of Tartary.

" A thousand miles we galloped fast,  
And down the witches' lane we passed,  
And rode amain, with brandished sword,  
Up to the middle, through the ford.

" Last we drew rein— a weary three—  
Upon the lawn, in time for tea,  
And from our steeds alighted down  
Before the gates of Babylon."

And none of the people round the table, you may be quite sure, had the least idea they were in that great, wicked city of the East.

Grown-up people have to travel long and far in search of adventure and strange lands; but, in childhood, giants and enchanters and witches, and, better still, great heroes long since dead, wait for us at our front doors; in the tiniest garden we can see more marvels than are to be met with in a journey round the world; in one morning we can do more great deeds than a Napoleon in his lifetime. In his other books Stevenson is constantly showing, in one way or another, his love of adventure and daring; but his "Garden of Verse" is filled with that romance which comes to us all when we are children, but which goes forever, once we take our seats by the fire with our elders and refuse "to play at anything."

I am afraid Richard Jefferies is less well known than Stevenson. He was not what the world calls a successful man, though he wrote books which will be read until the English language is forgotten. His life was a long struggle to make both ends meet, and his last years were still further darkened by ill health and cruel pain. But he forgot his troubles when he was at work. As a boy, he had lived in a country which, for cultivated England, is wild enough. His home was a beautiful old farmhouse, and close by were wide, rolling downs—really "ups" or hills—marked here and there with great Druidical stones, and remains of British earth-works. Above all things he loved this wild and lovely country, and, next to it, he loved his books—the story of Ulysses, ballads, the

adventures of travelers in strange and savage lands. Like the little Stevenson he was always playing at the books he read. One who knew him as a boy tells how the two favorite pastimes of his happy young years were, "those of living on a desert island, and of waging war with the Indians."

As a man, he remembered with keen pleasure these delightful make-believes and put them all into a book that other little boys might enjoy them with him. Like Stevenson he wrote some stories in which there was even more make-believe, because he tried to pretend there was n't any make-believe at all. One of his little heroes he sends running over the hills, chasing the "jolly old wind," which tells him all sorts of secrets, so that, by and by, it promises he shall "understand all about the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the earth which is so beautiful." Another he leads through a field of ripe wheat, and the swallows fly down to whisper to him, and the golden wheat-ears, bending low, tell him their story.

But in his story of Bevis, though Bevis and his great friend Mark meet with adventure after adventure, discover new seas, and are lost in the jungle, are pursued by savages and tracked by tigers, you know all the time that they are only making-believe, and that when they declare themselves thousands of miles from everybody, they are, if not within sight, at least within easy reach of the old farmhouse. I can not begin here to tell you about all their plays. But I can give you an idea of *how* they played, for the beginning and end of everything they did was "make-believe."

Listen to this: The two boys are starting out bright and early one morning, for a day's amusement, with their dog "Pan." As they went through a meadow toward their bathing-place, "they hung about the path, picking clover-heads and sucking the petals, pulling them out and putting the lesser ends in their lips, looking at the white and pink bramble-flowers, noting where the young nuts began to show, pulling down the woodbine, and doing everything but hasten on to their work of swimming. They stopped at the gate by the New Sea, over whose smooth surface slight breaths of mist were curling, and stood kicking the ground and the stones as flighty horses paw. "We ought to be something," said Mark, discontentedly.

"Of course we ought," said Bevis. "Things are very stupid unless you are something."

"Lions and tigers," said Mark, growling and showing his teeth.

"Pooh!"

"Shipwrecked people on an island."

"Fiddle! They have plenty to do and are always happy, and we are not."

"No; very unhappy. Let's try escaping—prisoners running away."

"Hum! Hateful!"

"Everything's hateful."

"So it is."

"This is a very stupid sea."

"There's nothing in it."

"Nothing anywhere."

"Let's be hermits."

"There's always only one hermit."

"Well, you live that side" (pointing across), "and I'll live this."

"Hermits eat pulse and drink water."

"What's pulse?"

"I suppose it's barley-water."

"Horrid."

"Awful."

So long as they could not make-believe, they were unhappy; once they could, the world about them no longer seemed stupid, and there was only too much to do. Let me show you what a difference it made this very same morning, when they finally decided to be savages. Remember, they were just about to take their daily swim.

"Savages," shouted Mark, kicking the gate to with a slam that startled Pan up. "Savages, of course!"

"Why?"

"They swim, donk., don't they? They're always in the water, and they have catamarans and ride the waves, and dance on the shore and blow shells——"

"Trumpets?"

"Yes."

"Canoes?"

"Yes."

"No clothes?"

"No."

"All jolly?"

"Everything."

"Hurrah!"

Then they hurry to the bathing-place, on the way deciding they are savages of the South Sea sort, and, jumping into the water, they suddenly remember they should have a proper language.

"Kalabala-bhong!" said Mark.

"Hududu-blow-flug," replied Bevis, taking a header from the top of the rail on which he had been sitting, and on which he just continued to balance himself a moment without falling backward.

"Umphumum!" he shouted, coming up again.

"Thiklikah," and Mark disappeared.

"Naklikah," said Bevis, giving him a shove under as he came up to breathe.

Is n't that just the way you play? Have n't you invented languages? Have n't you been terrible savages, wilder and fiercer than any Stanley ever

met in the heart of Africa? Have n't you felt there was nothing worth doing unless you, too, could "be" something? As I say, I have not space to tell you all Bevis and Mark did, or the many somethings they became. You must read the book to learn about their exploration of the Mississippi; their discovery of the New Sea; their adventures on the Nile and in Central Africa; their meeting with witches and monsters; their working of magic spells; their life as savages; their awful battle, as Cæsar and Pompey, at Pharsalia, where they almost did succeed in killing each other; and, above all, their wonderful days in the island of New Formosa, upon whose shores they were shipwrecked. And when they did not know just how to fight, or just how to get shipwrecked, what do you think they did? They went and consulted

the "Odyssey" and "Old Ballads,"—it was the "Ballad of King Estmere" they loved best. These they found full of hints for good plays, and, if you don't believe it, just go and borrow your next play from Homer, or from any of the old ballad-singers.

We have all lived in the land of make-believe; we have all loved it. I am not quite sure that anything we can do in after years can have quite the same importance as the mighty "play-business" which held and still holds us there. And, next to attending to this business for ourselves, the best thing I know of is to follow it either with Richard Jefferies in his story of "Bevis," or with Robert Louis Stevenson in his "Garden of Verses." They understand it as well as we do ourselves; and, for this, let all honor be given to them!



THEY HAVE COSTUMES, BUT NO PARTS.

# TEDDY O'ROURKE.

(A *Gamin's Story*.)

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

“TEDDY O'ROURKE 's my chum, you see,  
An' how it happened was, him an' me  
Was down at the dock with the rest that day,  
A-lookin' fur somethin' to come our way,  
Fur shines, I tell ye, was precious few,  
An' we thought we could pick up a dime or two,  
Along with some of the other chaps,  
Luggin' a feller's valise, perhaps.

“It was time the boat was a-gittin' in,  
An' of all the crowd on the dock, who 'd been  
Waitin' fur friends, none took our eye  
Like two who was standin' just close by —  
A lady, if ever was one, I guess —  
You could tell as much by her way an' dress —  
With a little girl who had 'bout the looks  
Of them kids you see in the picture-books,  
With her big blue eyes an' her hair like gold —  
I s'pose she was four or five years old.  
An' blest if she does n't tell Ted an' me  
How her pa 's on board an' how glad she 'll be  
When he is home with 'em both again.  
An' Teddy he sees the boat just then.

“Well, the boat swings inter the slip at last,  
An', while they 're busy a-makin' fast,  
With the passengers ready a'most to land,  
The little girl loses her mother's hand,  
When every one 's crowdin' an' pushin' hard,  
An' blamed if she does n't fall overboard —  
I can't ezzactly tell how she does,  
'Cause 'fore I knows it, why, there it was —  
An' then there follers a great, big splash  
As Teddy goes after her in a flash!

“Talk about swimmin', now, Ted kin swim!  
Not one of the fellers I knows tops *him*.  
Stay under the longest you ever see;  
Dive about twict as high as me;  
Go out so fur you 'd be scairt clean through;  
Why, they ain't a thing 'at he dassent do! —  
More like a duck, I guess you 'd say  
If ever you saw him in, some day —  
An', though the tide is a-runnin' strong,  
He strikes right out, an' it ain't so long  
'Fore he 's clingin' with her to the slippery spiles.  
An' she 's *safe* — an' he just looks up an' smiles!

“Then they git the little girl up all right,  
An' there's nothin' the matter with her 'cept fright.

While Teddy unhelped climbs up the beams  
With the water a-runnin' from him in streams:  
An', while he 's shiverin', kind o'. there,  
The little girl's ma don't seem to care  
At all fur the people a-standin' by,  
But gives him a kiss an' begins to cry;  
An' the little girl's pa ain't noways slow  
In grabbin' his hand — an' he won't let go;  
While everybody upon the pier  
Just whoops her up in a bustin' cheer,  
An' one of 'em yells out, after that,  
'Come, chip in, all of you! Here 's the hat!’

“An' did n't they? Well, now, they just *did*!  
Teddy was allers a lucky kid!  
An', while around with the hat they goes,  
Every one reaches down in his clo'es,  
An' you 'd laugh to see how the ol' plug fills  
With dimes an' quarters an' halves an' bills,  
Till at last it 's a-holdin' so much tin  
Looks 's if the crown would just bust right in;  
An' they takes the money 'at they have riz,  
An' they goes to Teddy an' says it 's his.

“‘What?’ says Teddy. ‘This ain't all mine!’  
An' you oughter have seed his black eyes shine,  
An' I feels so good 'at I gives him a shove,  
Fur I knows just what he 's a-thinkin' of —  
It 's about his mother, who 's purty old,  
An' that sister of his'n the doctor 's told  
If she only could go fur a good long spell  
Out in the country she might git well —  
An' every one laughs 'cause he stares so hard,  
While the little girl's pa takes out a card  
That says where Teddy 's to call next day,  
An' they goes in a hack of their own away,  
While some one tells Teddy to scoot home quick,  
An' change his clo'es so he won't git sick.

“That 's about all, — 'cept Teddy O'Rourke  
Has got a chance, and has gone to work  
In the little girl's pa's big dry-goods store,  
An' he ain't a-shinin' 'cm up no more;  
An' now he 's a-go'in' to free-school, nights,  
An' he 's learnin' so 'at he reads an' writes,  
While I tells him to keep on peggin' away,  
An' he 'll be a big duck hisself, some day.  
— An' me? Oh, Teddy 'll look out fur me —  
Teddy O'Rourke 's my *chum*, you see!”

## THE GREAT PROCESSION.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

DID you ever happen to think, when dark  
Lights up the lamps outside the pane,  
And you look through the glass on that wonderland  
Where the witches are making their tea in the rain,  
Of the great procession that says its prayers  
All the world over, and climbs the stairs,  
And goes to a wonderland of dreams,  
Where nothing at all is just what it seems?

All the world over at eight o'clock,  
Sad and sorrowful, glad and gay,  
These with their eyes as bright as dawn,  
Those almost asleep on the way,  
This one capering, that one cross,  
Plaited tresses, or curling floss,  
Slowly the long procession streams  
Up to the wonderland of dreams.

Far in the islands of the sea  
The great procession takes up its way,  
Where, throwing their faded flower-wreaths down,  
Little savages tire of play;  
Though they have no stairs to climb at all,  
And go to sleep wherever they fall,  
By the sea's soft song and the stars' soft gleams  
They are off to the wonderland of dreams.

Then the almond lids of the Tartar boy  
Droop like a leaf at close of day;  
And her mat is pleasant as clouds of down  
To the tawny child of the Himalay;

And the lad on the housetop at Ispahan  
Sees night, while the rose-breaths around him fan,  
Lead up from the desert his starry teams  
And mount to the wonderland of dreams.

Still westward the gentle shadow steals,  
And touches the head of the Russian maid,  
And the Vikings' sons leave wrestle and leap,  
And Gretchen loosens her yellow braid,  
And Bess and Arthur follow along,  
And sweet Mavourneen at even-song,  
All mingling the morrow's hopes and schemes  
With those of the wonderland of dreams.

The round world over, with dark and dew,  
See how the great procession swells;  
Hear the music to which it moves,  
The children's prayers and the evening bells.  
It climbs the slopes of the far Azores,  
At last it reaches our western shores,  
And where can it go at these extremes  
But into the wonderland of dreams?

Hurrying, scampering, lingering, slow,  
Ah, what a patter of little feet!  
Eyelids heavy as flowers with bees,  
Was ever anything half so sweet?  
Out of the tender evening blue —  
I do believe it has come for you  
To be off to the wonderland of dreams,  
Where nothing at all is just what it seems!

## ABOUT TED RUSSELL.

(A College Story.)

BY ELEANOR PUTNAM.

I DON'T know just when it was that I first began to notice it. I'm not good at remembering things, but I should say it was somewhere about the middle of the winter term. I know it was before the river broke up, because the crews were working at the weights in the Gym., and I remember that Will

Hamlin used to rub himself down with snow instead of with cold water, until his captain told Will that he would n't have it.

So I think it must have been about the middle of the winter term that we began to suspect there was a thief about the college.



You see you would n't be as quick to notice it in college as you would anywhere else, for, beside the errand boys (who always steal cravats, and gloves, and canes, and you expect it of them), the fellows are always running in to borrow things; and if you happen to be out and they happen to be pretty intimate they help themselves just the same, and sometimes forget to mention it to you.

I remember I once lost some studs. Weeks after I happened to speak of it one day when the fellows were in our room, and Ned Smith said :

"Why, I took them out of your room the night we went to Wayburn to see Den. Thompson. I supposed you knew I had them."

You can understand it would take some time for us to fancy that there was a thief around in college.

The first thing, however, that struck us was when Bill Walters's watch was stolen. It happened one night when we were having a german at the town-hall. Walters did n't wear his watch with his evening dress, and when he looked for it, next morning, it was gone. The very next week Tom Burbank's pocket-book was stolen, and the next night two silver candlesticks went. They belonged to Ned Jewett, and were real old solid things, none of your plated gimcracks. By that time we fellows began to be on the alert. We knew, by the thefts all taking place at night, that the thief was no outsider, but that he must be some one in the dormitories who was locked in with us at night.

We were talking it over one day in our room. All the fellows of our particular set were there — Hastings, and Smith, and Stuart, and Houghton, and Browne, and the rest. Ted Russell, my chum, was sitting in the window-seat; Stuart and Browne were in the hammock, and the rest were "reposing promiscuous," as Ted says, on chairs and lounges — and had somehow hit on the subject of circumstantial evidence. Stuart, whose father was a judge, had mentioned certain cases in which the sharpest lawyers had been taken in, and he was proving how little one should trust to it. But Ted Russell, who was my chum and roommate, persisted in disbelieving the whole thing. He declared that it was impossible for a train of evidence to be complete enough to convince intelligent men, without leading them to the true conclusion.

"I don't take any stock," said he, "in these cases of injured innocence. I believe a man carries his passport in his face and that it always gives you a true impression. You can tell a —"

Just then Ted started forward and looked out of the open window near which he was sitting, on

account of our all being smoking, and the air blue and so thick that you could have cut it with a knife.

"What is it, Ted?" said I. He drew his head back, gave me a queer sort of a look, and scratched a match.

"Oh, nothing," he said, "I thought I saw Stevens, and was going to call him up, but it was n't he."

Then we began to talk of other things, and chiefly about the boat-house.

You see we had a new one, a first-class affair with convenient dressing-rooms, and arrangements for bathing. Somehow, though, the boys had failed on their payments; and one old cove, who had subscribed a hundred dollars at Alumni dinner, up and died intestate, and we could n't collect the money; so we were hard up, and it worried us fellows very much; especially Ted Russell and myself, who had been the chief movers in getting the new boat-house.

After the boys had gone, Ted said to me, with a queer sort of look on his face,

"See here, Jim. You know Piper?"

"Of course," said I; "he sits in front of us in recitations."

"Well," said Ted, in a hesitating sort of way, "I don't like to accuse an innocent man, nor to hit a fellow when he's down. Nobody likes Piper. He's a hang-dog sort of a chap; but —"

"Well," said I, "out with it. What do you mean?" Ted got up and left the window, and took to poking the fire.

"The fact is," said he, "that just now, when all the fellows were here, Piper went along under the window. He was alone, and he took out a watch in a sneaking sort of a way, — a handsome gold watch, as I could see from where I sat. He looked at the face and then at the back, and turned it about and rubbed his hands over it. Just then the fellows in here came out with a big 'ha, ha,' and Piper gave a great start, looked up and saw me, grew red as a beet, and hurried the watch out of sight. Now what do you make of that?"

"Why, Ted," said I, "I thought I would n't mention it yet, even to you, but I caught the fellow doing the very same thing on the stairs this morning, just after prayers. He jumped as if he'd been hit when he saw me, turned red in the face, and hustled the watch into his pocket. 'We have a long lesson in physics to-day, Mr. Sandford,' said he — you know how the sneak will always 'mister' us fellows. I scarcely answered him, but I thought to myself his actions were mightily suspicious, and that I'd just keep an eye on him."

"His face is bad enough, anyhow," said Ted;

"we 'd better keep an eye on him, I should say. See here, we 've just time to look at our 'International,' before club. What page will you take?"

"I 'll take the second," said I; "you 'd better take the fifth; it 's good big print."

You take your text-book and pick out one page or topic, and learn it in your best style; you let all the rest of the lesson go. Then you go into recitation, and when the professor comes near the part of the lesson which you have learned, just you become suddenly abstracted; take to whispering to a fellow across the room, or staring out of the window, or pretend to be asleep, and ten to one the Prof. thinks he 's caught you off guard; comes down on you and calls "Russell!" or "Sandford!" (with a gleam of triumph in his eye) and up you jump and recite swimmingly on the only part of the lesson that you really know at all. I never knew this plan to fail but once or twice, in all the times we have tried it. But all this has nothing to do with the story.

As I said before, Ted and I made up our minds to keep a good sharp eye on Piper, and so we decided to, but that very night Ted was taken ill.

The doctor said he had overtrained; but we fellows think he took cold on his way across the campus after working hard in the Gym. We remembered that he stopped, in the full sweep of the wind, to show Will Hamlin a letter he 'd just had from the Lake George Association. Besides that, he sat in the open window when we



"HE WAS ALONE, AND HE TOOK OUT A WATCH IN A SNEAKING SORT OF A WAY."

"All right," said Ted, "don't talk for ten minutes."

You see Ted Russell and I have a good dodge to avoid learning the whole of any day's lesson. Of course no fellow in his senses wants to waste his time studying page after page of jargon that does him no good, and that he may never be called on to recite. That is, unless he is a regular duffer, working for rank, and getting a "ten" every day for the whole four years. So Ted and I, after some thought, figured out this idea:

were all smoking, and of course he ought to have known better than that. Anyhow, he fell ill with a fever and some sort of rheumatic trouble; was light-headed nights, and all that; so you may fancy that I had n't much time to think of Piper or thieves.

Poor Ted *was* ill, and no mistake! Part of the time he did n't know us fellows, and when he knew anything, he 'd worry about making up his lessons, and about losing his place on the crew; and, more than all, he would worry about the boat-house and how we were to pay the debt.

"We must pay it off somehow, Jim," he 'd say; "we must pay it off somehow. Can't you think of some way out of it, Jim?"

Over and over the poor fellow would say this, and toss and throw himself about, until there seemed to be no way to quiet him. Then he 'd spring up in bed and fancy he was rowing; he 'd go into it so hard that his teeth would be set and the muscles of his arms stand out like those of that uncomfortable chap on the anatomical chart.

But he came out of it all right at last,—himself, old Ted Russell, again, only as white and weak as any girl. He could n't even walk across the floor without leaning on me, and he 'd sit all day in his Sleepy Hollow chair, without life enough even to read. He 'd bend his arm and feel of his biceps, and then open and shut his hand and look at me and shake his head and laugh in a dull sort of way.

"Bad outlook for the race, Jim," he 'd say; "a girl might be ashamed of such a wrist as that."

However, when he was able to drive out, he began to improve fast. We used to drive down to the ship-yards every day for a sniff of the sea, and the strong smell of the pine chips seemed to do Ted no end of good. We always stopped at a red greenhouse, half-way home, for a drink of milk for which we did n't much care. There was a pretty girl there, with blue eyes, who used to bring it out to us.

We stayed at college through the vacation, on Ted's account, for he lived in some out-of-the-way place in northern Vermont.

I remember that he had a box from the old aunt he lived with. There were wines and jellies in the box, but it was mostly full of papers of dried herbs, with directions for steeping them, all written out on the packages. There were piles of lint and bandages, and a beasty hop-pillow for poor Ted to sleep on. She appeared to think he was wounded somehow, and I found out afterward that it was all my fault, because I had written her a letter (so she should n't worry about Ted) and had said that he was "all broke up" and "no end cut up by being dropped from the class boat."

Of course I did n't think she could misunderstand a fellow in such a way, but I fancy she thought poor Ted had n't a whole bone left in his body.

Well, the vacation was over, and Ted began to be able to walk about a little, and the boys came back to college, and the term began.

March went by, and April. The streets grew muddy, and we began to keep our windows open, and sit on the south doorsteps in the sun, to smoke and look our lessons over between recitations (all took colds, of course; we always do in the spring-time, but we keep on doing just the same things every year), and finally the river

broke up. The ice began to run out; the spring freshet came; the great booms broke, up river, and the logs began to thunder down and pitch headlong over the foaming dam by hundreds.

Then Browne, who was captain now, in place of poor Ted, said it was time we took out the boat.

It is a big thing, I can tell you, when a fellow gets out of that dusty, dark old Gym. and on the river at last, in the class boat (and you must understand that our boat is the beauty on the river this year, twenty-two inches wide, forty-seven feet long, sharp as an arrow, and swift as lightning; oh, a regular flyer, you know, and no mistake about it).

I was so jolly over the prospect that I was slamming about the room at a great rate, and whistling "Litoria," as I got ready to go down to the boat-house, and I never thought of poor Ted at all. Suddenly, though, something in his eyes, as he sat in the window-seat and watched me, made me remember what a selfish fellow I was. I felt ashamed of myself. If I had been a girl, I dare say I should have cried. As it was I only said to him:

"Ted, you're my captain for next fall, you know." Then I took his hand and we gave each other a grip which meant more than all the kisses, and crying, and protestations a pair of girls could get up in a week.

But all Ted said to me was, "Oh, go along, Sandford!" and I said, "Come along down and see us off." But we understood each other.

When we reached the boat-house we found quite a crowd of our fellows waiting to see us start, and, just above, the Juniors were unlocking their door and shouting down to our boys.

Our new boat-house was worth being proud of. In fact, it put the others quite into the shade. It was built out over the water on piles, and the floor was cut away in the middle, leaving a "well" about fifty feet by ten where we raised and lowered the boat. We had a handsome hard-wood floor of matched boards, tongue-and-groove made, and we had good dressing-rooms with lockers and various conveniences for keeping things safe and in order. We did n't go in for anything fancy, but it was all strong, neat, and well made, which could n't be said of our old one,—a regular shed. A spare "lap-streak" and our old class-gig were slung to the rafters, and there were pairs of spruce oars with spoon blades hung on pegs in the walls. It was a good boat-house, but it worried us, thinking how we should pay for it.

The fellows all stood around the well as we lowered the shell, and dropped into it by number, according to Browne's orders. Then Browne himself dropped; Houghton handed down our oars, and

we cleared the boat of her gaskets. Just then Browne shouted to Houghton :

"Time us, will you, Fred?"

"Can't," said Houghton.

"What do you mean?"

"My watch has been borrowed," said Houghton; "at least, I can't find it."

I thought at once of Piper, and, looking over my shoulder, exchanged looks with Ted Russell. Then Hastings said he would time us; Browne gave the word:

"Back her out,—easy; hold hard, port, and back her, starboard! Now, hold all! ready! give way!"

The shell swung round and pointed downstream, and at last we were off for our first pull.

Russell was waiting when we came back to the boat-house, and as we walked up home together, he told me that Jim Basset had ten dollars taken from his room, and that Piper had been over at Harwood's buying a cheap ulster.

That evening, sure enough, we met him in his new coat; a vulgar affair of yellow shoddy, that no fellow but Piper would have worn, anyhow. We stepped into Harwood's, Tom and I, and priced some like it, just for the curiosity of the thing.

"Ten dollars apiece, gentlemen," said the clerk, "and your choice of shades: butternut, mastic, light tan, and cream. Worth twice the money. Out of a case of smuggled goods. Great bargain."

We concluded that we did n't care to buy that evening.

"Jim Basset's 'ten' bought the ulster, Sandford, and no mistake," said Russell, as soon as we were outside; and I agreed with him.

"True for you," said I; and then went up into Atwood's for a game of pool. Browne was there, and one or two fellows who belonged in our six-oar.

"Take your last look at a billiard-table, Sandford," said Browne. "We go into our real training to-morrow, and no nonsense about it."

Sure enough we did.

Next morning our regular training began. It was something like this: Up at five o'clock in the morning, and taking a four and a half mile paddle, on two raw eggs; back to breakfast on oatmeal and rare beef; out on the river again at five in the afternoon; then home for a supper of cracked wheat and milk; at nine o'clock a double run around the campus; home, rub down, and go to bed; and perhaps I did n't sleep soundly when bedtime came those nights!

One afternoon Ned Smith beckoned me into the room.

"See here," said he, "I would n't have spoken to a soul, if I had n't been absolutely *sure* you know,

—all solid. But I just want you to keep an eye on Piper. Don't mention it just yet, but he sold a silver candlestick at Wayboro, Monday. Dunlap's gone over to trace it and see if it was one of Jewett's. Don't say a word, only keep your eyes open, that's all."

It was that very afternoon that I made an odd discovery in the boat-house. We were all seated and ready to start, and as we passed the boat ahead to clear the stern gasket, I happened to look up and noticed that one of the planks of the flooring, instead of being in a line with the others round the edge of the well, ran out an inch beyond line.

It struck me as odd that I had never noticed it before, and I was wondering how it happened, when I hit my oar against a pile and snapped it short off. Browne gave me a reprimand which brought me up standing, and I kept my eyes in the boat till we got back.

I was such a long time rubbing myself down that afternoon that Browne called out at last:

"We're going up, Sandford—sha'n't hang round for you any longer."

"All right," said I, "go ahead. Leave the key in the door." Then I heard them pass the boat-house, and their voices died away.

As soon as I was alone, I left my dressing-room, and went to examine that plank. It was matched, and so of course driven in like a wedge, but the nails had been taken out, and it was slipped about two inches from the well, leaving a space corresponding with the end of the plank which ran beyond the others, at the edge of the well. I managed to drive it out with a hatchet, though it was no easy task. The floor was double, with about eight inches of space between, and there, cleverly hidden under shavings and sawdust, were all the things which had been stolen from the college: the watches, the pocket-book, *one* silver candlestick, and about fifty dollars in money.

I left the things untouched, drove in the plank, and went up to college. I did n't mention what I'd seen, even to Russell, for I hoped to just catch Piper in the act of hiding some of his stolen goods; then, when I was perfectly sure about it, I would let Ted know, and we would have things straightened out in no time.

It was about eleven o'clock when I started that night, for I had to wait till Ted was asleep, so that he should n't know about it. It was dark and still and misty, especially when I went down into the water meadows; the frogs were croaking away at a great rate in the marshes, and, late as it was, I heard voices coming through the fog from a great "gundalow" which lay out in the channel waiting for daylight, when it would creep up river with its cargo of coal. I had a key to the boat-

house, and carried a little dark-lantern which had served Ted and me many a good turn in our Sophomore pranks.

I wondered how in the world Piper got into the boat-house, when we had a new combination-lock on the door, till I remembered how easily he could steal Browne's key and then carry it back again.

I had to wait some time. The town-clock struck twelve, and I was beginning to grow sleepy, what with the darkness, and the monotonous sound of the water striking the piles underneath, when suddenly I heard a step on the grass outside, and you'd better believe I was wide enough awake in an instant. On it came, on and on, straight for the boat-house and up the sloping wooden platform which led to the door. Then a key turned in the lock, the door opened, and in he came. I turned the slide of my lantern, shielding it cautiously, and there, sure enough, was the thief, revealed by the faint glimmer of light I allowed to escape, stepping along softly, and far too near the edge of the well for safety. On he came till he reached the loosened plank; then he went and took the hatchet from a beam, drove out the plank with a great noise, and there, kneeling down with his back toward me, he began to put something into his hiding-place.

This was just the minute to take him. I drew the slide of my lantern wide, and sent a broad beam of yellow light full on him. He neither started nor turned toward me, but kept on hiding something; went to the edge of the well and drove the plank back, put the hatchet where he found it, then turned to go, and for the first time faced the light.

Piper? How, in the name of all that was sensible, had I been deceived so long? Piper! Why, it was not Piper at all. It was Ted Russell!

It was Ted, sure enough, with his eyes wide open and looking nowhere at all. He never glanced at me nor noticed the blaze from the lantern. I closed the slide, and drew back into the corner. Ted walked away, always keeping on the extreme edge of the well, so that an inch would have thrown him into the water. I had all I could do to keep from shouting to warn him back.

When he had really gone and locked the boat-house door behind him, I moved out the plank once more, collected the plunder (both the candle-sticks were there; I had missed one under the shavings before, somehow), and went back to college.

My first thought had been that Ted was crazy. I honestly thought so. I could see no other reason for his doing such a thing. Then I remembered that queer look in his eyes, and how he never even noticed the light, and in a minute I knew that the old

fellow was asleep, as sound as a top. But what could he want of the boys' watches and money? That was more than I could understand.

Ted was in bed and asleep when I reached the college; he seemed to be sleeping easily and healthfully, and I made up my mind to see that he did n't leave his room another night.

I said nothing to the fellows next day, but I felt mean about Piper, for we had done him an injustice, even though he was a shabby sort of fellow.

Ted went off to bed about nine o'clock, but I sat up and read; I did not dare to lie down, for fear I should lose myself.

He slept like a baby till about eleven. Then he began to stir uneasily and mutter in an odd, dull voice. I went into the bedroom and found him dressing.

"What are you doing, Ted?" said I, as quietly as I could.

"Dressing," said he, speaking in that same curious way, as if somebody else were speaking out of Ted's mouth.

"Where are you going?" said I.

"Into Carleton's room to get some money," said he. "I have almost enough now, anyhow."

"Enough for what?" said I.

"Enough to pay for the boat-house. What do you suppose?" said he.

I said the first thing I could think of, to keep him from going.

"Oh, the boat-house is all right," said I.

"Do you mean it?" said Ted; "who paid for it?"

"Never you mind," said I, "but it's all right and squared up, Ted. So just you get back into bed."

He did n't say another word, but did as I told him; and very soon I heard him breathing as regularly as a child.

You see, that was what the poor fellow was up to all the time. He had begun it away back in the winter, before he was ill, when the fever in his blood made him restless, and set him to trying, even in his sleep, to somehow pay off the debt on the boat-house that worried him so. And, in his sleep, it seems, he adopted foul means; perhaps because he had found that fair means did n't seem to accomplish much.

Next morning I restored the boys' property, and bound them to keep the thing quiet as long as we stayed in college. For, though of course poor Russell could n't help himself, and it was nothing to be ashamed of, still I knew he would feel horribly cheap if the thing got about, and came to his ears; it would be such a grind, and I was n't going to have the fellows chaffing him about it.

That was why I went to see a doctor about his case; and why I made him accept my uncle's invitation (my uncle is Captain Walter Shorley, of the bark "Victrix") to go with him to Cardiff. Of course I went along, too, to look after Ted.

was afraid the fellows would poke fun at him for looking at it so often.

The candlestick that he sold was his own, too — a battered affair, but really silver, and he only got five dollars for it, and earned the other five work-



"HE WENT TO THE EDGE OF THE WELL AND DROVE THE PLANK BACK."

The doctor said that a sea-voyage would cure him of all his nonsense, and set him up again as nothing else could do.

And about Piper?

Why, it was all a case of "circumstantial evidence," you know; nothing else. The watch which Ted and I had seen him gloating over was his own fast enough; a poor, cheap thing that he had found at a bargain somewhere.

The reason that he acted so queerly about it and hustled it out of sight, in the way he did, was because he had never owned a watch before, and

ing on a catalogue, and bought his light ulster as honestly as any fellow.

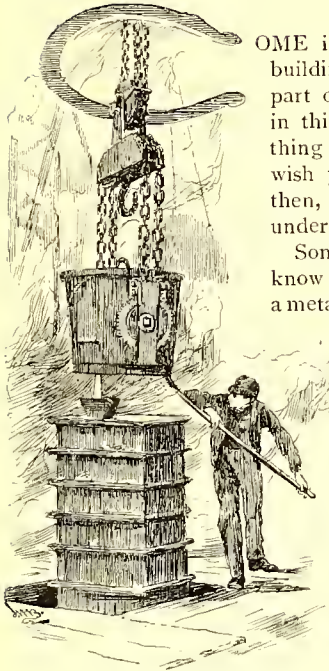
The doctor was right about Ted. He came home from sea as right as a rivet, and now he's the most superb oar on the river, and the best fellow in all the four classes, as you'd say, if you knew him.

Yes, I had to resign my place on the crew, of course, and give up the race. Yes, I believe you, it certainly was a grind, but then, it's all past now. I did it for old Ted, and I know my chum Ted would do the same for me.

# THE MAKING OF A GREAT STEEL GUN.

BY G. F. MULLER.

“From the silence of the ore  
To the battle's din and roar.”—F. A. M.



CASTING THE CANNON.

iron becomes a handsome, shapely, polished cannon: a cannon that will send a big shell far over the hills, so fast that you could not see it go, faster than swallow or humming-bird can fly, and with a force so great that the shot—or shell—will pass through a thick wall of steel, or iron or stone, as easily as the circus-rider leaps through a paper-covered hoop. Come, therefore, and we will watch a little group of men making a man-killer: a steel cannon intended to destroy forts and ships, and with them human beings.

Pittsburgh is called the City of Iron. The street-car takes us to a section where all the houses are of great size, and where tall chimneys rise through vast roofs, as thickly as asparagus-shoots push through a garden-bed in May.

The building we wish to enter is wide and long and high,—so high that if it stood at the edge of a lake or ocean, a schooner could sail straight in without lowering her masts. Everything inside

OME into a big, queer building in the upper part of a busy city, for in this building something is going on that I wish you to see; and then, having seen it, to understand it.

Some of you may know how so common a metal as iron is turned into steel, and how, of that finer metal, a great cannon is made. But to those of you who do not know how this is done, these pictures and what I write will, I hope, make plain the different processes by which

this building—except the workmen—is big in proportion. There are large furnaces along one side of the interior, and through the doors of these red-hot fire shines out, looking like the fiery eyes of a tremendous giant. Immense chains hang from the top of queer things that look like a letter of the alphabet upside-down, so:  $\Gamma$ , only these inverted letters are as high as a house. Each link of the chains is half as long as your body, and the steel in each link is as thick as one's leg. These affairs supporting the chains are called cranes. No boy who has ever seen a live crane, would recognize these other cranes from the name. The iron ones are not graceful, nor anything but strong and fitted to their work; which is to lift huge bowls of melted metal or tremendous masses of steel. This they do as easily as you would pick up your lunch-basket. A steam-engine forms part of each of these cranes, and one man at this engine makes the big chain come slowly down, or rise, or move from place to place. The crane obeys the movement of the man's hand upon a lever as readily as the elephants obey every sign and word of their trainer.

Well,—now for the making of our cannon.

Stand here a moment and look over there where the brightness of a hundred electric lights and the fireworks of forty Fourths of July seem holding a meeting. What do you see there? Why, something shaped like a stumpy bottle, and as big as an ordinary bedroom in a hotel. Near it is another object like the first, but smaller. These are “converters.” They are so called because in them iron is converted into steel—and in a few minutes, too. I can not in this article tell you how this is done, because I need all the space to describe the making of the cannon. But this much I can say, air being blown through molten iron purifies it and makes it into steel. If you have pitched quoits, you know that they are made of cast iron. If you have a good pocket-knife, you probably know that its blades are made of steel. Iron is fit enough for quoits or stoves, but would never do for knife-blades. It is not hard enough nor strong enough. So with our cannon. It could be made of iron, but an iron cannon could not

withstand the expansive force of exploding gun-powder. So the iron is converted into steel, and the cannon is made of the harder, tougher, stronger metal.

If you shade your eyes with your hands and look into the mouth of the bottle-shaped affair I have mentioned, you will see a glowing lake of melted metal, that is now steel, but was iron a short time before. It is ready to pour into—what? Into a hole in the ground! A hole as deep and as wide as the well in your grandfather's yard in the country. You can not see this hole, though it is just at your feet; and nothing betrays its presence but a big funnel that opens its dark mouth to swallow the lake of melted steel in the converter. That funnel leads the metal into the hole, and the hole is made in fine black sand, so cunningly packed and arranged that the hole itself is just the shape of a cannon standing small end uppermost. This mold is nearly twenty feet deep.

Put one of your fingers in damp sand. Press the sand closely about your finger, then draw it carefully out, and you will leave a mold of the finger. Now, if you had some melted steel and poured it into that hole, you would make a finger of cast-steel. Just that sort of an operation is to take place in the building we have entered. The mold is ready. It was made by putting a wooden cannon in the sand, packing the latter around the wood, then carefully removing this wooden "pattern," so that a cannon mold remained. This is to be filled with steel, which, when cooled, will be a cannon "in the rough," that is, a cannon begun but not finished.

Do you hear that shout? It is the signal to the man in the crane, the man who runs the steam-engine. That rattling, thundering noise is made by the obedient crane which has begun its work. It lowers a monster ladle or bucket down to the mouth of the converter. The latter is tipped over on its side, and, when the ladle is low enough, there is another shout, and another crane goes to work. Its duty is to tilt the converter until a stream of white-hot steel pours into the ladle, exactly as water is poured from a bottle into a glass. And how the brilliant, dazzling sparks do fly! It is as if a fire-work, a "pin-wheel" as big as a steamer's paddle-box, had been set off. The great bucket is soon filled, and there is another shout. The crane begins to move, and the bucket (as big as the biggest hogshhead), rises into the air and slowly swings toward the funnel already described.

How in the world is the metal to run from the ladle into the funnel? Glance at the picture on the preceding page and you shall see. The great crane lowers the bucket slowly and carefully until it hangs just over the mouth of the funnel. In

the bottom of the bucket is a hole closed with a plug. Another order is shouted, and a brave man whose skin seems insensible to heat, and who cares no more for flying sparks than if they were snow-flakes, comes up close to the ladleful of molten steel and turns a little crank that lifts the plug. A dazzling stream of metal rushes straight down into the funnel and disappears from sight. The funnel leads that dazzling cataract into a pipe running below the hole in the sand, whence it makes a turn and rises into the mold itself. It would not do to let the heavy metal go tumbling twenty feet into the sand, for it would break down the sides of the mold, and so ruin the entire work. In about two minutes the mold is full and the great ladle is empty. The cannon has been "cast," and if we could look through the sand we would see—what? A red-hot cannon, the color of a ripe cherry, standing on its large end or breach.

Now, they must leave that cannon in its sand-bed for five days, where it shall gradually cool and harden so that it can be handled.

Let us, however, suppose these five days to be over, and that we are again in the big building. Where is our cannon? It has been lifted from the sand and is lying in a tremendous turning-lathe. Most of you have seen a wood-turner at work, and some of you may have a lathe of your own. This cannon is "in the rough," and must be turned smooth. More than that, it is a *solid* cannon. There is no bore in it—no place to put the powder or the shot into. It must be turned on the outside and bored on the inside, clear from one end to the other, until it looks like a pipe with very thick walls. To do this requires an enormous lathe, one as long as a large room and as strong as it can possibly be made.

Up among the dusky rafters of the roof, right above this big lathe, is a wheel, or, as it is called in shop language, a "pulley"—perhaps because it "pulls" a belt. From this pulley a belt runs down to another pulley at one end of the lathe. The second pulley turns a cog-wheel very fast, and that turns a larger cog-wheel somewhat slower, and the second wheel, in turn, gives a yet slower motion to a third wheel. But what these wheels lose in speed they gain in power, and by the time the rapid motion of the pulley reaches the big geared wheel that turns the cannon the latter makes but six turns in a minute or even revolves more slowly yet, if desired. This slow motion, however, is an extremely powerful one, as will be shown.

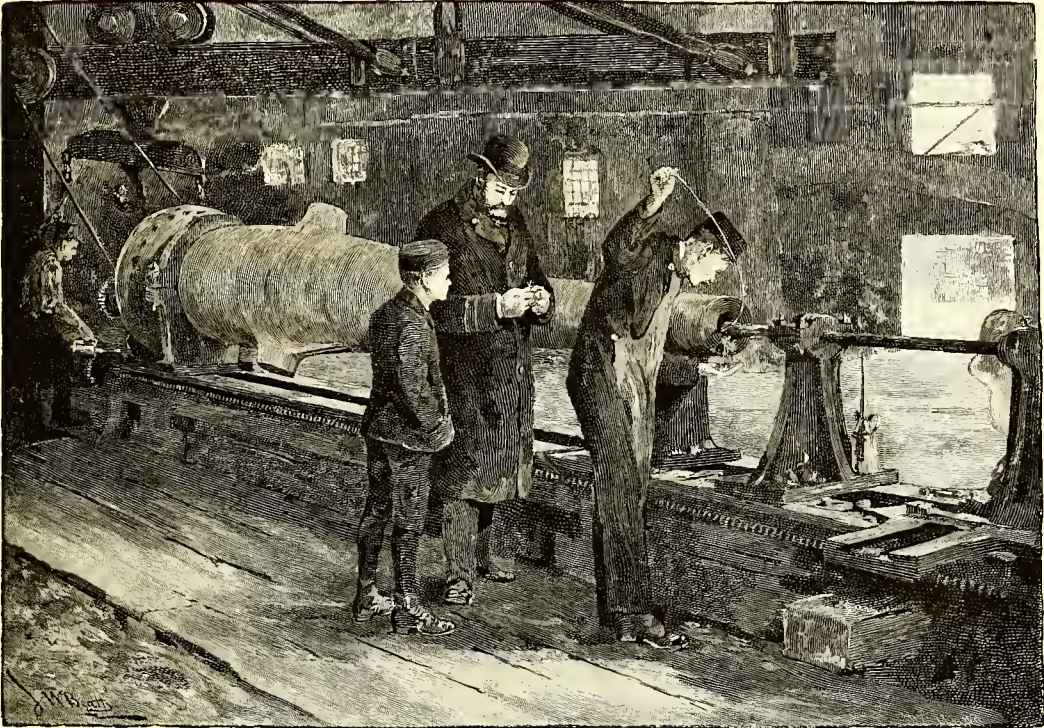
There, then, is the cannon, as big as a log in a saw-mill, lying in this lathe and turning slowly, steadily, and irresistibly by the power of steam, acting through the belt, pulleys, and cogs I have



described. The cannon must be bored from end to end through the heart of the cold hard steel. It must, also, be turned smooth on the outside. As taken from the sand it was no smoother than the sand itself, that is, about as smooth as the surface of a pressed brick, or of a school slate. The surface of the cannon must be made as smooth and nearly as bright as that of a tin bucket. To do this the cannon is turned just as a wood-turner turns a bedpost, except that in this case the chisel is firmly bolted to the lathe, and the gun turns very slowly instead of rapidly. The

bored so straight and true that the boring tool, entering at the exact center of the small end of the cannon, will come out precisely at the center of the large end, seventeen feet away. Those of you who have tried to bore a straight hole lengthwise through even a short bit of wood will know that this work requires not a little skill and care.

When any of you boys have a job of boring to do at your work-bench, you make fast the article to be bored and turn the boring tool. It is just the other way in boring a cannon. The boring tool, or "bit," is held firm and motionless, while the



THE CANNON IN THE BORING LATHE.

trimmings, or shavings, do not fly about the shop as they do in a wood-turning establishment. No, the cannon revolves with a certain leisurely dignity—as if it had weeks for its completion. The chisel turns off spiral curls of steel parings as gracefully and much more slowly than a cook pares apples. Gradually the outside of the cannon loses its dull, dead-black appearance and begins to shine. The long parings are bright as new augers, or "twist-drills," and quite as stiff as ramrods.

At last the cannon is turned down, and is ready to be bored inside. In this operation it must be

great mass of steel to be bored turns around. This plan is found to insure steadiness of the "bit." It would be almost impossible to make this bit firm and solid enough to do its difficult work, and yet free to turn around in the cannon. So if you had been at the side of this gun-lathe when the work was begun you would have seen that the bit was motionless—except for a slow advance into the gun.

The bit attends strictly to business, and steadily bores its way through the steel. Most of you have been to the country and have seen a pig "rooting" in the ground. Imagine, then, the pig to be standing still and the ground to be slowly passing under

the pig's snout and being "rooted," and you will have a case much like that of the bit and the cannon. In fact, the boring tool is called a "hog-nosed" bit, and it roots up that cannon as if it enjoyed the operation. No long, graceful curls come from this boring, but small, crisp shavings that are removed as fast as they accumulate in order that the boring tool's work shall not be interfered with. The bit is going into the steel at the rate of three-eighths of an inch for every turn of the cannon, and it is making a round hole almost large enough for a boy to put his head in—five and three-quarters inches in diameter. As the round hole grows deeper, the heavy bar, on which the bit is fastened, advances into the cannon steadily, moved by a number of wheels and screws that form part of the lathe.

I must not lose sight of the shavings, the little ones that come from the inside, and the long, spirally twisted ones that are turned from the outside of the cannon. A military-looking man, standing near the lathe, does not lose sight of these shavings or trimmings, either. You can see him in the picture. This man's business is to carefully inspect the borings and trimmings. That is what he is paid to do. Uncle Sam pays him, and expects him to earn his salary. The cannon is being made for Uncle Sam, and he intends to find out all its qualities, whether good or bad. So the man eyes the borings carefully. Now, if with a plane, or your knife-blade, you will cut a thin shaving from a bit of wood, it will show any little flaw existing in the wood from which it was sliced. The tiniest knot-hole or crack will show in the shaving much more plainly than in the wood itself. So it is with a cannon's shaving. It is a dreadful tell-tale, and the fault-finding man beside the gun knows this perfectly well. He examines the spiral turning, or the little piece of boring, and finds no evidence of a flaw or crack. The long spiral strip is as smooth as glass and as glossy as your sister's curls.

Into the solid steel the hog-nosed bit roots its way, until it is in so far that a little electric light must bear it company, to show the workmen how matters are progressing in the heart of the cannon. After eighteen days of steady boring, the bit lets daylight into the bore of the cannon by emerging at the other (or larger) end, seventeen feet away. If you should look through the cannon now, you would be sure it was made of glass, not steel. It shines like a polished mirror, and the electric light at the farther end makes a pathway of reflection like a little sunset in a small ocean.

So the most difficult part of the work is done. To trim down and polish the outside of the cannon is comparatively easy. During this operation the

gun revolves more rapidly. The polishing is done with emery, until the surface shines like the nickel-work on a brand-new bicycle.

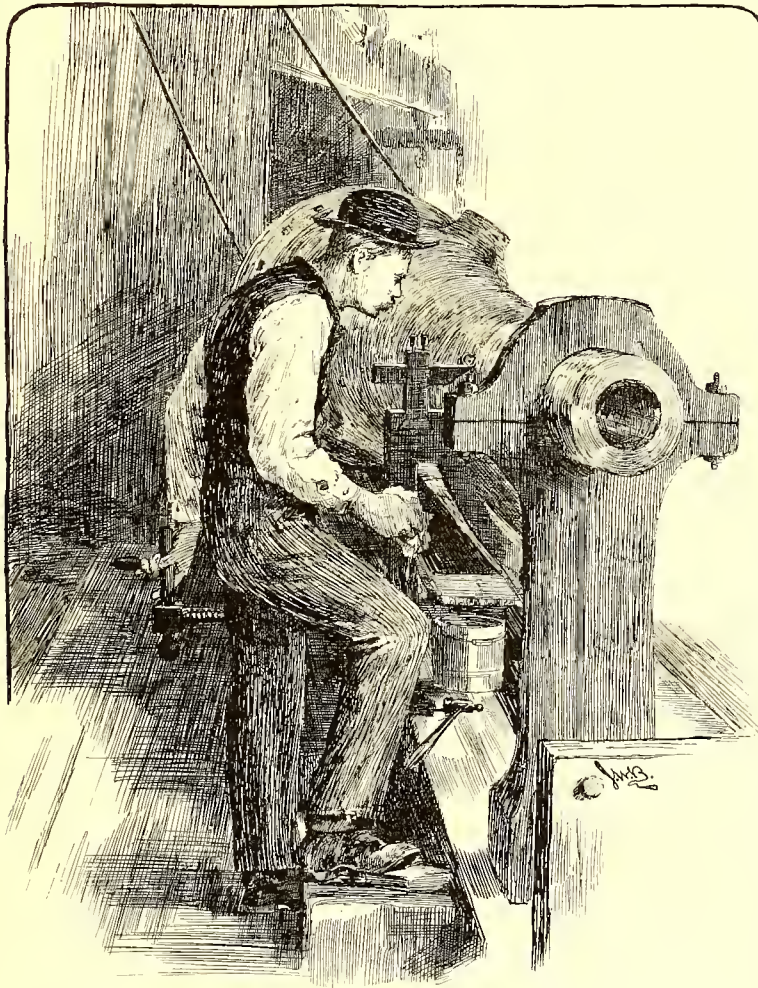
Some of you will say, about this time, "We have seen plenty of big cannon, but were never able to look through them from end to end, because the hole did not go clear through." Well, this is not that kind of a cannon. Those you saw were "muzzle-loaders." This is a "breech-loader." Like a breech-loading shotgun, this cannon is charged from the rear, not from the muzzle.

In order that this may be possible, the bore at the big end of the cannon is closed with a breech plug, or pin, so arranged that it can be rapidly removed to admit the powder and the shell or shot. About three feet of the bore nearest the breech is made a trifle larger than the rest, in order to hold the proper amount of powder to send a tremendous shell out of the cannon at the rate of two thousand feet in a second of time.

The cannon now looks like a huge nine-pin with a hole bored through it, or like a very thick base-ball bat. It has been "rough bored," and is ready for a quite different process. It must be put in a pit. Not such a pit as received Joseph when his wicked brothers persecuted him, long, long ago, but in a very different sort of a pit. One in which the thermometer—if it did not melt—would stand at fourteen hundred degrees. You all know how sultry the weather is at ninety or ninety-five degrees, so it is not hard to imagine how hot is the place where this gun must go. It is the "annealing pit"; merely a brick-lined well dug in the ground, but deep enough and wide enough to hold the cannon, which is shut in the pit, muzzle down, and sealed as tightly as if it was a mummy in the hands of an ancient Egyptian undertaker. Then the heat is turned on, little by little, until a gas-flame surrounds the gun from end to end, and it gradually assumes a dull cherry redness once more. It takes three days and three nights to bring the pit and gun up to this heat, and then the well and its contents are allowed to cool slowly for seven days.

Why is this done? Because it has been found that metal, and glass, too, is the better for being so treated. Slow heating followed by slow cooling, makes the steel gun homogeneous. That's a very long word, and it means that, after the annealing process, the steel in the cannon is more uniform in texture. It is *alike* from end to end, and from the outside to the center. It has no soft places here, and hard places there. Like a perfectly sound apple, it is free from soft places, or hard places. When our cannon's ten days' baking and cooling are over, it is hoisted out of its fervid quarters and placed once more in the lathe

for its final boring inside and polishing outside. A thin shaving is bored out from the inside, making the bore five and three-quarter inches in diameter. After this last boring the interior of the cannon shines still more brightly, and if you look into it, at the electric light, seventeen feet away at the other end, you see a dazzling sight. The steel seems a mass of crystal, full of all manner of beautiful colors, like a sea-shell. The outside is now polished until it shines like a new silk hat.



TRIMMING AND POLISHING THE OUTSIDE OF THE GUN.

It is a month since the steel cannon was begun. Under the eyes of the workmen in the big shops it has grown into shape, and now that it is ready to leave its birthplace the men grow devoted to the shining monster. They linger about the lathe, and are glad to have some work to do which will

add to the beauty of the big weapon. It is going out into the world to be severely tried, and its god-fathers feel a certain amount of anxiety for their pet.

It is the first gun of its kind made in the City of Iron, and on its success or failure much depends.

Meanwhile the last touches have been put to the cannon. It is oiled inside and outside, to prevent rust, and is carefully placed on a "flat" car, standing on a track alongside the foundry. The rails of

this track stretch in an unbroken line to Washington City, and over the rails the gun is trundled, behind a locomotive, to the Washington Navy Yard. Here another boring takes place, making the interior diameter six inches. Here, also, the breech-pin or plug is fitted into the breech.

Still another operation that the cannon must undergo is "rifling." A ball that is thrown with a twirl will go more speedily and truly to the mark than one that "wabbles about, every way." When you throw a base-ball, and wish it to twirl, you give your fingers a certain twist just as the ball leaves your hand. Our cannon's twisting fingers are fourteen in number, and they stretch inside from near one end to the other. They are slight grooves cut in the surface of the steel, and they make one and a half turns in the fourteen feet of their length.

As the shell passes out, a copper ring which surrounds it is forced into these grooves, and the slight twist in them gives a twirl to the shell, that makes it turn faster than a buzz-saw, as it leaves the muzzle of the gun. It goes out in a hurry, as a matter of course, when fifty pounds of powder are exploded close behind it. So, in the time in which a boy would leisurely step two feet,—say one second,—

the steel shell sent from this cannon goes two thousand feet, and it keeps on going for six miles, or as far as you could walk, very briskly, in an hour and a half. The shell is as long as your arm, and it weighs nearly one hundred pounds. Inside, it is packed

prepare for war." This advice is followed by all nations. Uncle Sam is at peace with all his neighbors, and the world in general. But he finds it best to buy cannon and ships, for the destruction of forts and of other ships, so he said to

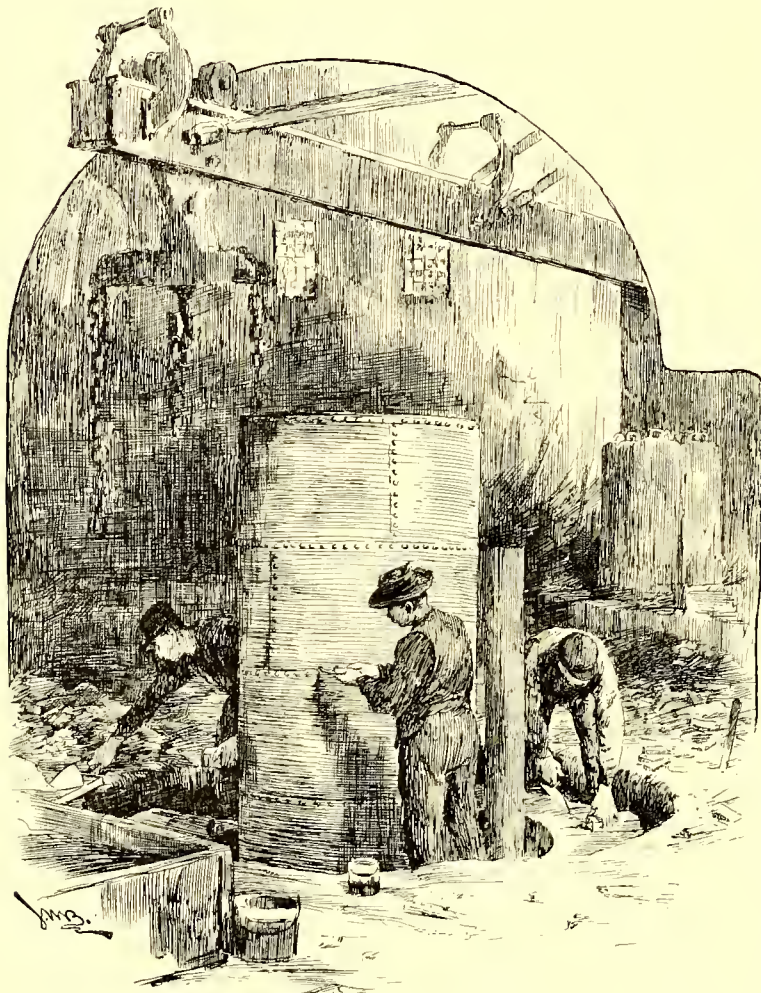
the gun-makers in the City of Iron, "Make me a steel cannon, and if it does what I desire it to do, I will order more." Thus it came about that the doings here illustrated and described came to pass. If any of you bright boys, whose eyes follow these lines, will come to the City of Iron, I will take you to the place where these men-killers and fort-smashers and ship-sinkers are made.

There is a sequel to the true story of a great steel gun. As the faithful historian of our cannon's career, I must tell you also of its end.

"If" is about as small a word as letters can make, but it means everything in the career of a cannon,—that is, an "experimental" one. You will find an "if" in a paragraph not far above this one. That little word was a sort of loophole for Uncle Samuel. *If* the steel cannon did what the Government desired it to do, *if* it bravely stood the trial test, then wise Uncle

Sam would buy more guns like it. *If* the gun burst while being tried, or *if* it could not throw the shell as far, or as accurately, as the Government officers considered necessary, all the patient labor on that particular gun went for nothing,—the experiment would be regarded as a failure. Yet, not altogether a failure, as I shall show.

Well, our big cannon did not pass the test. In fact, it burst unexpectedly before it was quite a year old,—burst as its strength was for the second time being tested. Its fragments showed the mistakes



SEALING THE GUN IN THE ANNEALING PIT.

with powder. When that shell hits anything, it strikes point first, for the shell travels straight through the air like an arrow from a bow. The point contains a kind of powder that explodes when struck. When, therefore, that shell hits a wall of stone, iron, steel, or wood, it bursts as soon as it goes in, and any living thing near that place dies suddenly.

To do this deadly work is the cannon's—and the shell's—business. That is what they were made for. A great man once said: "In time of peace,

of its makers, and so prepared the way for the coming of another steel cannon, in which these errors will not be repeated. After all, our cannon did better than to kill men. It instructed them. When it burst its fragments gave valuable information to its makers that could be obtained in no other way. So they will profit by the knowledge, and go to work on another steel cannon, which will be made in about the way which I have described; but the steel will be of a different texture. Thus, our great cannon was not made in vain, even if it did fail in the desired strength.

But about the bursting of this bright steel cannon. Gunpowder did it, one day, months ago, before 1888 was quite spent,—gunpowder of a kind few of you have ever seen. Each grain of this powder is as big as a walnut, and a round hole passes through every one. There are only ten of these grains to a pound of the powder.

When the cannon was ready for the test it was taken to Annapolis, Maryland, and after being mounted on a low car, or carriage, in a small shed, it was pointed at a hill of earth several hundred feet away. Then the army officers in charge of the test put in the powder and the 100-pound shell.

All was ready, the firing-officer and the spectators got behind heavy timber “bomb-proofs,” and the “lanyard,” or firing-string, was pulled. The first shot was a success, and if the little hill had been a fort it would have been blown to pieces. Nothing, apparently, went wrong. But, if the human eye could look into steel as readily as into clear glass, the evidences of weakness and of the near approach of death could have been seen deep in the heart of the steel cannon. The only way to find out what the gun could do, and would stand, was to keep on firing, and by means of ingenious instruments learn the amount of pressure exerted by the exploding gunpowder. Once more the cannon was loaded, this time with fifty pounds of powder, besides the big shell. Once more everybody got into the bomb-proofs, and the lanyard was pulled. Then the man-killer gave a great leap—and died. It burst into many pieces, great and small. It wrecked the little shed, tore great timbers to splinters, and sent its big end over a hundred feet away. Its “Finis” was spoken, and the men who made our great steel gun went home wiser than before, to do what all of us must do if we fail in any undertaking,—“Try, try again.”



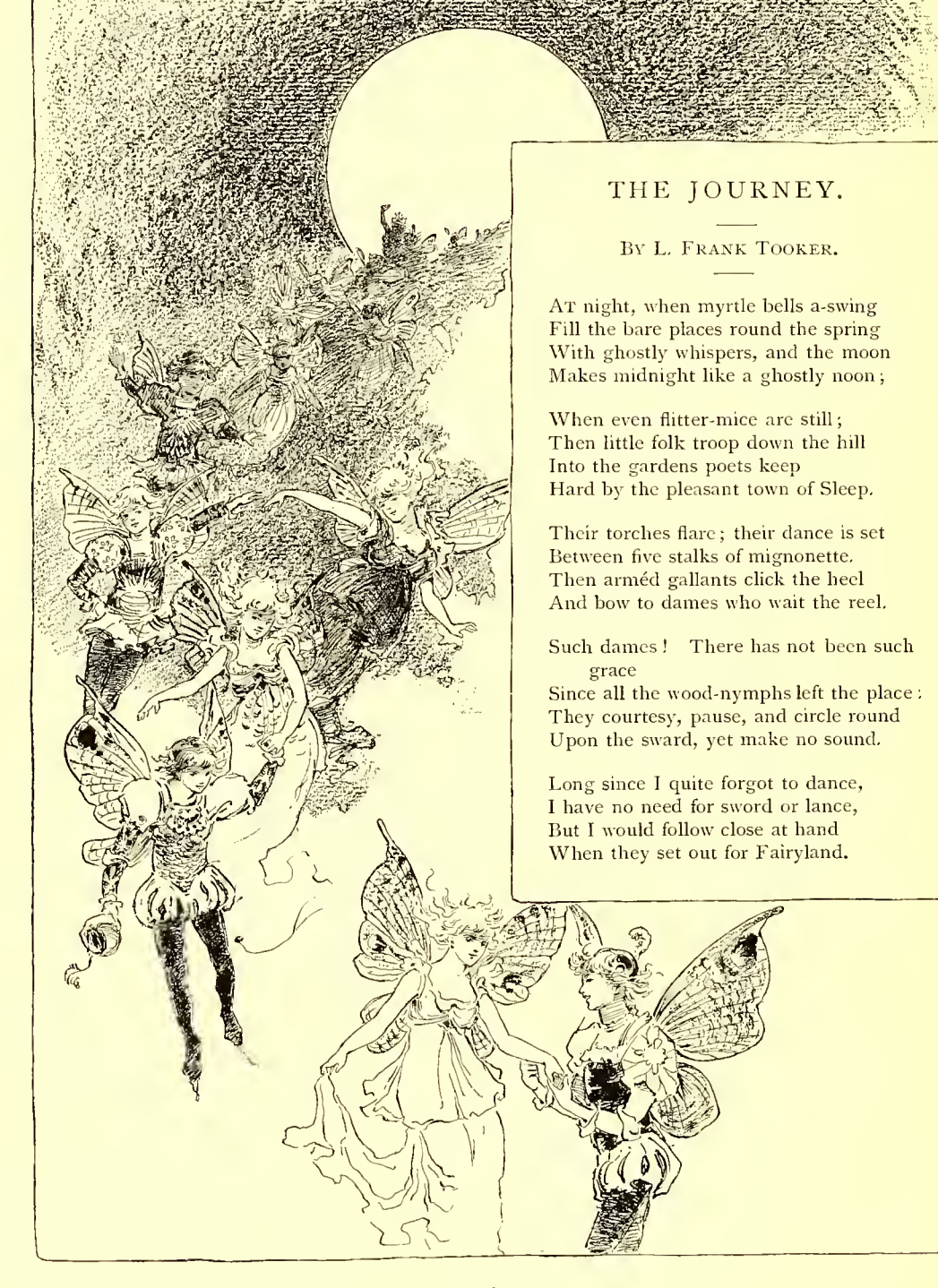
“NOW I CATCH DIS RAFSCALLION! I JES STEP SOFT LIKE ON DIS BOARD.”



THE “SOFT” STEP.



“NEBER MINE, HONEY! YOU’ MAMMY GWINE TER BE HOME DIS EBENIN SOME TIME.”



## THE JOURNEY.

BY L. FRANK TOOKER.

AT night, when myrtle bells a-swing  
Fill the bare places round the spring  
With ghostly whispers, and the moon  
Makes midnight like a ghostly noon ;

When even flitter-mice are still ;  
Then little folk troop down the hill  
Into the gardens poets keep  
Hard by the pleasant town of Sleep.

Their torches flare ; their dance is set  
Between five stalks of mignonette.  
Then arméd gallants click the heel  
And bow to dames who wait the reel.

Such dames ! There has not been such  
grace  
Since all the wood-nymphs left the place :  
They courtesy, pause, and circle round  
Upon the sward, yet make no sound.

Long since I quite forgot to dance,  
I have no need for sword or lance,  
But I would follow close at hand  
When they set out for Fairyland.

No doubt it is a tiresome flight :  
The path runs up, there is no light,  
And on sheer heights one hears the beat  
Of water far beneath his feet.

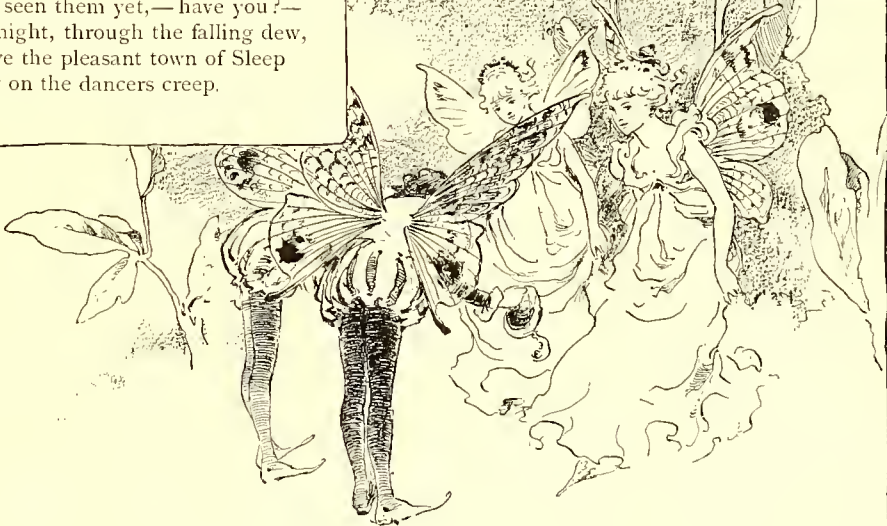
And in still valleys, dark and dim,  
He hears his own voice calling him ;  
While his own shadow is a flame  
That passes back the road he came.

Once there, I'm sure I'd find good cheer,—  
Indeed, I might remain a year,—  
And haply I might learn to know  
If some strange things we hear are so.

I'd like to know if it be true  
Of Cinderella's coach and shoe ;  
If sly Queen Mab yet mends her ways ;  
And where the fair Kilmeny strays.

I'd sit with Merlin in his ring,  
And listen to the talking spring ;  
Or hear the magic-throated bird  
Sing round the pool that Kynon stirred.

I have not seen them yet,— have you?—  
But some night, through the falling dew,  
We'll leave the pleasant town of Sleep  
And deftly on the dancers creep.



## DORA MILLER'S WONDER BALL.

BY LUCY LINCOLN MONTGOMERY.

THE pupils of Mrs. Croft's school were going in to dinner. Very dainty and trim they looked in their pretty winter dresses of garnet and blue and gay plaid; and very demurely they walked along the hall with Miss Bertram, the English governess, by their side. Yet, each, in passing, cast a shy look at a little figure crouching in a recess on the landing half-way down the stairs.

It was a girl about ten years of age, richly dressed in dark blue velvet, with a broad lace collar. She would have been a beautiful child, with her dark brown eyes and golden curls, had not a peevish, discontented expression spoiled the otherwise charming face.

Presently Mademoiselle Flor came down, took the little girl's hand, and led her into the dining-room to a seat between the stately Mrs. Croft and Bertha Cray, one of the scholars.

It was a large, sunny room, and the girls seemed cheery and happy, chatting quietly with one another and the teachers—all but the little lady with sunny curls and the blue velvet dress. She "gloomed by herself apart," and if looked at or spoken to would cast down her eyes and pout.

Dora Miller—that was her name—was the daughter of a Canadian gentleman whose business took him to Winnipeg for the winter. Dora had been ill all the previous summer, and the doctor said, decidedly, she must not face the rigor of a Manitoba winter. So her parents decided to leave her with Mrs. Croft, an old friend; not as a pupil, for they thought her too delicate to study, but as a privileged boarder, hoping the judicious care of Mrs. Croft and the companionship of the girls would help to overcome the petted, babyish ways into which she had fallen during her long illness.

It was now the end of February, and she had been there two months; yet she was as far from friendly with these twelve charming girls as she was the first day she came, when she had slapped little Kitty Allen's hand, as Kitty held it out to her in kindly child fashion. She stood in awe of Mrs. Croft and the other teachers, but she quite ignored the scholars, and would have been altogether unhappy but for two friends she had made in her own odd way.

These were Maggie, the pantry-girl, and Mrs. Croft's aunt, Fraulein Meyer, an old German lady.

Maggie had red hair, and no personal attractions to recommend her; but from the first she had conceived a violent fancy for the aristocratic little beauty, and attacked her most vulnerable point,—her appetite,—hiding away sweetmeats and bits of cake wherewith to tempt her, till, finally, the oddly assorted pair were on terms of tolerable intimacy.

The one thing Dora objected to in Maggie was her fondness for peppermint drops, and her frequent enjoyment of this luxury in the little girl's presence marred the otherwise comfortable hours Dora spent with her, for Dora detested peppermints, though, in view of the daily dainties reserved for her, she did not like to tell her friend so.

On this particular day, when dinner was over, Dora slipped out shyly behind the others, and as they dispersed to their various duties, she tripped up the stairs, along a hall, up another flight, and knocked at a door on the right hand.

"Come in, my little Dora," said a sweet voice, and the child entered.

Such a lovely room it was! One might easily imagine she had suddenly stepped from bleak, northern winter into a sunny, southern clime. One whole side of the large room was glass, in great panes, across the lower halves of which extended shelves full of blooming plants, while from above graceful vines drooped and trailed and clambered, spreading their luxurious growth across the walls adjoining. An immense globe of goldfish stood amid the greenery, while gay-colored birds, singing and twittering, flitted in and out among the foliage.

The ceiling was light blue, the walls buff, the furniture quaint and rich, and on the floor lay a thick, luxurious carpet.

The afternoon sunshine, stealing through interlacing leaves, made a warm and golden light in the room. Amid this sunny warmth and fragrance, in a high-backed rocking-chair, sat a little old lady, who seemed scarcely taller than Dora herself. She wore a black silk dress shot with satin, a plain white neckerchief, and a cap with a border of frilled lace.

There was a rare, sweet charm in the gentle old face, and a quick-reaching sympathy in the kindly heart of Fraulein Meyer. There must have been



also some subtle magnetism in the quaint, golden room, for little Dora Miller's face changed as she came in and stood by the gentle lady's chair; the peevish, sullen look faded into one wistful and earnest, and the large, dark, restless eyes looked lovingly into the quiet blue ones.

"How goes life with thee, little Dora?" she asked. "Have you had a happy day?"

"No, Fraulein," replied Dora.

"Have you not tried to be friendly with your companions?" asked the old lady.

"No," said the child, somewhat defiantly. "There is not one who likes me. Big Mary Ashcroft makes faces, and the others laugh. They all hate me and I hate them."

The Fraulein knew that a morbid imagination and the habit of brooding over fancied slights often made the little girl unhappy. They had many a talk together, yet Dora persistently refused to believe herself mistaken as to the deep-rooted dislike of all the girls toward her.

"You think yourself of too much consequence, little Dora Miller," said the old lady, somewhat sharply. "Your pride must be conquered either by some severe lesson or by——"

"What?" questioned Dora timidly, as Fraulein Meyer paused, for there was a pained look on the sweet old face.

"By love," was the quiet answer; and then she shut her eyes and seemed to be thinking, while Dora, with a little stirring of her dormant conscience, lay down upon a soft rug, and felt the sunshine creeping over her and soothing her till at length she fell asleep.

When she slowly came to consciousness it was nearly dark, and she had a dim idea of hearing some one talking with her old friend, though she could see no one. She rose and went to the door, and then Fraulein came toward her from behind a tall oleander.

There was some one else in there among the plants, hidden in the shadow. Dora little knew what a center of influence to every one in the house was this beautiful, flower-shadowed, upper chamber, and how many came for counsel and help to the dear old lady whose life was so nearly ended.

The tender face looked pale and sad in this half-light, as she kissed the child and came to the door with her.

Something was shining in her hand,—rose-colored and gold it looked, flashing and sparkling even in this dim, waning light.

She smiled as she saw Dora's look of curiosity, and said, showing it to her, "This little vinaigrette came to me in my first Wonder Ball, more than eighty years ago."

"Wonder Ball?" repeated Dora.

"Ah, that is one of our dear, beautiful German customs," said the old lady warmly. "The little girls, to encourage them to learn to knit, receive all manner of lovely and curious gifts, wrapped in bright paper, and wound into yarn balls. They must knit until they come to the gift. Oh, the eagerness, the fascination, the delight of those treasures earned by the patient fingers! They are among the best memories of my happy childhood."

A warm color came into the old face, and the voice trembled with deep feeling at this remembrance of the dear old Fatherland.

Dora, watching the points of light as she slowly turned the tiny vinaigrette in her hand, felt a sympathetic thrill of fascination as she listened to the Fraulein's story.

"I should be tempted to unwind without knitting," she said smiling; then, throwing her arms about the dear old lady, she added earnestly, "Ah, if I had been a little German girl I might have learned something—indeed, I think I would."

"When comes your birthday, little Dora?" asked the Fraulein, abruptly.

"The —th of April. It will be Easter Monday this year," replied Dora.

The Fraulein looked steadily at her. A thought had come to the kindly heart, and in that moment it grew into a settled purpose; but she only kissed the little girl again, and, bidding her good-night, closed the door upon her.

Not long after this, a subtle indefinable something began to manifest itself at Croft House. There was something in the air; and it was growing tangible, too, for the girls would whisper together, and could be seen jotting down notes at the oddest times. One would cry, "Give me a rhyme for ——"; and another, "I've hit on something!"

Dora Miller felt that she was quite shut out from the happy understanding that appeared to exist among the other girls. They seemed more kindly disposed toward her than ever before, however, and for the first time, she now began to long for the happy friendships of these merry lasses, and to be a little ashamed of her own rude words and actions; but as yet there was no outward token of the change.

Maggie, the pantry-girl, was under this strange spell, too, whatever it was. More than once, as Dora suddenly appeared, she thrust a crumpled paper under a dish-cover, and helped herself freely to peppermints to cover her confusion.

In the old Fraulein's room was ever the same calm, serene atmosphere; and Dora loved it bet-

ter and better, getting daily more than she knew from her saintly old friend.

So the weeks went by till Easter Sunday came. On the afternoon of that day, Dora went to bed with a sick headache, and Fraulein Meycr sent to her, in her darkened room, the quaint, little rosc-colored and golden vinaigrette, with its pungent, aromatic odor.

Toward evening the pain ceased, and as she lay with the little gleaming bottle in her hand, turning it idly from side to side, it is not strange that her thoughts were full of that wonderful Wonder Ball that came to the Fraulein more than eighty years ago. Often, since that first time, she had heard its story in the golden gloaming of the old lady's room, and she thought it the most delightful thing that could ever have come to mortal little girl.

At length she fell asleep and woke suddenly, then slept again, and dreamed she had a Wonder Ball herself, a huge, irregular mound of yarn with gay-colored packages sticking out here and there in delightful prodigality.

Was she sleeping or waking? Was that daylight creeping in at the windows? And, oh, what was that great thing on the table, as large as her head, though not so shapely, clearly defined against the white wall?

Dora sprang out of bed and seized it eagerly. The dream must still be going on! No; she was awake, and it was a veritable Wonder Ball, wound with blue and white worsted, with the identical packages of her dream peering forth in gold and scarlet, pink and blue wrapping!

"Mein Herz!" exclaimed Dora, and was surprised to find that she did not go on speaking German. "Where did it come from?" Just then she saw a slip of paper pinned to one side. On it were these words:

"The teachers and scholars of Croft House unite  
To give little Dora a birthday delight.  
They pray she 'll accept this queer Wonder Ball,  
And, knitting, find tokens of love from us all."

Do you know how the ice goes out of the river in the spring? For weeks, soft airs and kindly sunshine work upon its frozen surface, weakening day by day its icy bands, till at length the huge mass breaks up suddenly, and goes floating, hurrying, tumbling out toward the ocean.

Something very like that happened in Dora Miller's heart that beautiful Easter morning. As she stood in the dining-room, a little later,—shyly grateful for her beautiful gift, and in timid tones thanking the kind friends for the undeserved delight,—the ugly passions of jealousy, mistrust, discontent, and hatred went hurrying and tumbling out of her heart, leaving a calm, sweet surface of

love and kindness. There was no room for anything but happiness and good-will with such a magic treasure in her trembling hands,—and the girls were so lovely to her, and seemed so glad of her happiness!

It was not very long before she was seated at the dear old Fraulein's feet, taking her first lesson in knitting.

Whoever wound the ball had been very lenient toward the lazy, dainty little fingers; for, after a few hours' work of loose knitting on large needles, out dropped a small, square box.

With eager fingers and sparkling eyes Dora opened it. On a bed of blue velvet lay a little gold thimble, and on a wee card tucked inside were these words in the beautiful, flowing handwriting of her mother's old friend, Mrs. Croft:

"This tiny thimble  
Is Industry's symbol.  
M. T. C."

So industrious and patient was she, that before she went to bed that night she had knit out another treasure—a scarlet strawberry with golden seeds and green stem, with these lines attached:

"Do not think you have a treat,  
For this is not fit to eat.  
Of emery and cashmere made,  
And given you by Florence Wade."

Fraulein Meyer was duly thoughtful for the impetuous child, who would have made herself ill in her eagerness to unfold the treasures of her Wonder Ball, and she gave her only a few hours each day in which to labor in this wondrous mine for its stores of hidden joys.

The next thing she found was a flat package, wrapped in silver paper, with these words:

"Please accept from Mabel Snow,  
This small court-plaster case;  
A very useful thing 't will be  
Should you cut your hands or face."

And then how her face burned with mortification when she next unwound and took from its covering of soft blue silk a beautiful charm that Mary Ashcroft had always worn on her watch chain—a little gold dove—Mary Ashcroft, who, Dora had said, "made faces at her," when I am very much afraid it was the other way!

Tears of shame and repentance came when she read Mary's words:

"'T was my own. My father gave it  
With the right to give or save it,  
And my sovereign will and pleasure  
Is to yield the hoarded treasure."

After a while there were longer stretches between the tempting packages, and the strips of blue and white Dora's fingers were fashioning into a tidy for her mother grew daily. There was often a pain in her shoulder, and the small hands were cramped with the unwonted labor; but she was getting to

Miss Bertram's gift was a pearl-handled pen-knife, with these lines:

"Miss Bertram presents,  
With her kind compliments,  
To little Miss Miller this knife;  
And trusts it may prove  
A sign of true love  
And not be an emblem of  
strife."

Sadie Grant, a girl with a large mouth and freckles, of which she was humbly conscious, put in these words with a dainty needle-book of wine-colored satin:

"This little needle-book,  
So useful to a lady,  
Was fashioned by the  
hands  
Of your homely friend,  
poor Sadie!"

Olive Parker's contribution was an exquisite, tiny box of gilt-edged stationery, with Dora's monogram embossed in gilt. On the lid was written:

"Pray accept this paper  
And these envelopes,  
With the best of wishes  
And the kindest hopes.  
OLIVE PARKER."

Mademoiselle Flor, the lame French governess, inclosed a Russia leather card-case with a few loving words.

Then came a silver brooch, in the shape of a butterfly, with wings spread and delicately chased, with the inevitable rhyme which made half the fun of discovering each new gift:

"Alice Hyde and Elsie Gray  
Wish, on Dora's natal day,  
Every blessing under heaven;  
And they hope that for their sake  
This little pin she 'll take  
As gladly as 't is given."



DORA DISCOVERS THE FRAULEIN'S GIFT.

be a skillful little knitter, and had better rewards for her diligence than even the kindly gifts that dropped one by one from the windings of her Wonder Ball.

For some time a faint odor, not altogether pleasing, had greeted Dora's aristocratic nose. It became more and more apparent till, at length, the strands of worsted slipping from her ball, came to the last one, which held in place a green tissue-paper parcel tied with pink ribbon. She scarcely needed to open it to know its contents—seventeen great, flat, pink peppermints!

The soul of Dora's admirer, Maggie, the pantry-girl, found vent in these touching lines:

“ mis miller has The Best of Christian  
Wishes  
from maggie as Washes up the Dishes.  
17 Peppermints — maggie McBride.”

What more touching proof of appreciation could Dora have given than to sacrifice herself as she did on the altar of politeness, by actually eating one of the detested peppermints before Maggie's admiring eyes?

Joanna Sweet, with a box of cachous, put in this rhyme:

“ When one you eat  
Think of J. Sweet.”

The next was a folded bit of paper. At the top, in large letters, stood:

“ I. O. U.      GEORGIE CARTER.”

Below appeared this effusion:

“ I have n't a cent or a thing worth giving,  
I'm in debt to all the girls, as sure as you're living;  
But on next allowance day, when my money shall appear  
Just present this paper and I'll redeem it, dear.”

With a sigh that the delights of this marvelous Wonder Ball were so nearly gone, Dora finally came to an oval parcel wrapped in gilt paper.

Jolly, clever Millie Eustace shall tell its contents in her own words:

“ I thought meter and rhythm, blank verse and rhyme,  
Were as far from my nature as Araby's clime.  
Then imagine my rapture — while with pencil and paper  
My school-mates are working — I find my small taper  
Of genius is sending out its feeble, sickly gleams,  
I pray your kind acceptance of this box of chocolate  
creams;  
And then most humbly sign myself  
Your truly,                      Millie Eustace.  
Having no doubt you'll laugh and say,  
'Oh, what a silly goose 't is!'"

Dora Miller's heart had grown very tender and loving as, one by one, these precious tokens rewarded her patient fingers; but the eager fascination, the unspeakable delight, were nearly over. Only the heart of her Wonder Ball remained, and with nervous fingers and glowing cheeks Dora threw the final blue loop over her wooden needle and seized the last treasure.

Forth from its dainty wrapper came a tiny vinaigrette — the very counterpart of the old Fraulein's! The golden green sunshine, flickering through the vine-shaded window, touched its crystal points of rose and gold, and sent them dancing and flashing on the wall beyond.

“ That is the very best of all!” cried Dora, joyfully, as she threw her arms lovingly about the neck of her dear old friend.



## AMONG THE FLORIDA KEYS.

A SUMMER VACATION ALONG THE CORAL-REEFS OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

### CHAPTER XII.

EARLY the next morning, the impromptu camp was astir, and, after a swim and an appetizing breakfast, at Long John's suggestion they took advantage of a favoring breeze and were soon homeward bound.

"There's a friend of yours, Tom," Eaton called out as a large "Portuguese man-o'-war" appeared off their weather bow.

"Yes," said Tom, standing up and holding on to the shrouds, "I know all about him. But what is that under him? Luff a little, John, luff a little — it's a turtle, as sure as I'm alive!"

Long John kept the boat up in the wind a trifle, and Tom, seizing a large scoop-net, slipped it under the physalia and lifted it and a turtle about a foot long into the boat. "That's a hawk's-bill," said Long John. "Dead, too, is n't he?"

"No," replied Professor Howard, scraping away the blue tentacles. "His head is completely covered with the tentacles, but I think he is only paralyzed."

"Where's your oil bottle, John?" said Tom. "Here's another victim, and I sympathize heartily with him, poor fellow!"

Under the vigorous scraping of the knife the turtle began to show signs of life.

"It is only another evidence of the power of the physalia," said the Professor, "that he can completely overpower an animal so active as a turtle. It probably thought this floating bubble something good to eat, and so was caught."

"What a beautiful shell it has!" said Hall, who was rubbing off the covering of green moss.

"Yes, this is the tortoise-shell we know so well," said the Professor. "The pointed bill of this turtle gives it the name of hawk's-bill. The scales, you see, are much like those of a fish, lapping over one another, and entirely unlike those of the green turtles and loggerhead turtles which fit one another. The tortoise-shell turtles have helped decorate the world for centuries. Why, even some of the doors in old Roman palaces and villas were covered with this costly shell."

As they neared the fort, Tom, who was now at

the helm, steered the boat near the spile that marked the buoy; and as they passed by, he laughingly stepped off upon it and the boat shot on.

"Now you'll have to swim for it!" said Vail, laughing in turn, as he grasped the tiller.

Tom was rather taken aback at the turn his joke had taken, for the fort was a quarter of a mile away, and the water was deep nearly all the distance. He called to them to come back for him, but the boys kept the boat away and there he stood, monarch of all he surveyed. Then he began preparations to swim ashore.

"Say, boys, we'd better go back for him," said Bob Carrington. "See there!"

In the shoal water on the edge of the channel, several large fins were cutting the water, indicating the presence of sharks; and Tom was therefore, after considerable joking and an unconditional surrender, taken on board.

"See what you were going to swim into," said Professor Howard, pointing toward the shoal of sea-monsters still at play on the top of the water.

"Well, I'm glad I did n't try it, that's a fact!" said Tom.

"Boys, why can't we catch one of those fellows for our moat at the fort?" asked Bob.

"Good idea!" said Vail; "can we haul him in through the ditch?"

"Yes," replied Woodbury; "I was looking at it yesterday morning."

"It's high-tide, too, this noon, and we can easily haul him over then," said Bob.

"If he should n't haul you over first, Mr. Robert," said Long John with a smile.

"Well, we'll risk that, — eh, Tom?" replied Bob. "Away we go!" and the boat was soon laid alongside the branch coral that fringed the channel. The long coral-hook was thrust into the branches of coral instead of lowering the anchor, as the hook was easier to handle.

Tom baited the shark-line with a headless grouper, and, swinging it around his head several times, launched it out into the blue water. The shark had disappeared at the boat's approach.

"Now throw over the head and gills," said Long John. Tom tossed them in, and the boys

settled down to wait, after seeing that the line ran easily through a hole in the cutwater. They had been quiet for nearly fifteen minutes, when a splashing was heard astern, and some of the bait, that had been drifting there, was seen to have disappeared. Soon Tom felt a faint jerk at the line. "He's taken it!" he whispered, hoarsely.

"Oh, that was a crab," said Bob.

"No," said Long John; "sharks bite gently at first, and see!—there goes your line."

They saw that the line had begun to run slowly out.

"Stand by the coral-hook," said Tom, who was handling the line. "I'll give him about fifteen feet; then, when I give the line a jerk, cast off the hook and see that the line is n't foul. Get your knife ready, Bob, and cut the line if it fouls."

Woodbury and Hall, taking a firm hold on the line, waited until the shark had hauled it taut, and then jerked the hook into its jaws with all their force, and with so much zeal that Hall, who was last on the line, went backward head over heels down among the bailers, oars, and bait! The astonished shark hesitated a moment, and then darted off like a shot, wrenching the line from the boys, and making all hands dance about to keep clear of it.

"Look out for your legs, and keep amidships," cried Bob, taking a turn with the slack. His warning came not a moment too soon. The line was all out and the boat lunged ahead so suddenly that all went down except Tom, who was holding to the line in the bow.

"It must be a whale!" said Bob, picking himself up and endeavoring to steady himself. But this was no easy thing to do. They were dashing up the channel at a terrible pace, the bow half under water, and there seemed to be a small tidal wave ahead that was not at all pleasant to look at.

"Well, it's strong enough for a whale, whatever it is," said Tom, red in the face from trying to keep the line in place.

"Get back into the stern all of you!" cried Hall, "or he'll pull the bow under."

"Cut the rope!" Bob shouted; "the pace is too quick for me."

Suddenly the boat righted and the strain as quickly slackened. "Pshaw, the line's broken—he's off now. Is n't that a shame!" said Bob. But scarcely had he uttered the words when the line stiffened again and ran taut at right angles to the boat.

"Look out for yourselves!" cried Tom, as the boat careened under the sudden jerk and began to fill with water.

"Get to windward!" yelled Ramsey, and they rushed to the other side just in time to avoid a

capsize. Now, drawn by its strange steed, the boat surged ahead, with her bows buried in the foam, straight up the channel towards the fort.

"There!" said Tom, in a tone of satisfaction, "now we're going in the right direction! Haul in the slack, boys"; and then all hands were hauling at the rope, now gaining and now losing as the shark broke into a more furious pace. But at last they had him in sight—and he was indeed a monster.

Just as the strain was beginning to tell on the boys, the other boat, with Long John, Rob Rand, and Professor Howard in it, came pulling toward them. Tom threw a line as his boat rushed past, and now the shark had two boats to tow.

"Hold on, boys!" shouted the Professor. "He can't keep this up much longer."

Still pulling away on the rope, the boys soon brought their boat directly over the shark's tail. "Now, then," cried Bob Carrington. "One, two, three,—pull!" and the boat ran right over the shark. Another brisk turn, and they brought the fish's head partly out of water. But he had not yet given up. The great scythe-like tail beat the water with terrible strokes, and he twisted in every possible position in his efforts to free himself, showing a white mouthful of serrated teeth which he ground and gnashed in a fearful way.

"Pass your line astern!" shouted Long John, "and then you can tow him in."

Unshipping the rope from the notch and quietly passing it astern, the boys before long had the shark hard and fast behind the boat with his mouth held open and partly out of water.

"Now, man the oars, boys," cried Long John, "and pull slowly so as not to drag his mouth under and drown him."

And, with the floundering shark as a rudder, they slowly pulled toward the breakwater.

It was hard work, and the dinghy was finally pressed into service; but after half an hour's pulling, they reached the bridge that crossed the entrance to the outer moat. Scrambling out of the boat, they passed the line under the bridge, and, crowding upon it, tried to haul him beneath it and thus force him into the moat.

Suddenly the planks, old in the service, cracked, gave way, and down they all went! boys, board, and scantlings, into the moat, while Bob Carrington, with a cry of startled surprise, fell plump upon the back of the equally surprised shark.

### CHAPTER XIII.

PROBABLY the shark was the most frightened of the party. He floundered and turned, and lashed the water into a fury. The water was shallow

however, and amid much shouting and uproarious laughter, the boys scrambled out of the moat, and when the shark had calmed down somewhat, they passed the line to the tide-gate and along the wall, while Eaton and Ludlow held two large boards for a slide. As they gave the word "Ready!" the other boys rushed away with the line, and down the slide went the shark, floundering into his prison.

With a skillful stroke of his knife, Long John cut out the hook, and, relieved of this, the great man-eater dashed off with a savage splash. Round and round the moat he circled, stirring up the mud while his captors cheered themselves hoarse. Then, finding himself really a prisoner, he dropped into a more moderate pace and sailed up the moat in plain view of his delighted conquerors.

"He must be twelve feet long!" said Vail.

"Certainly as long as that," replied Professor Howard. "It's a good day's work, boys, and he is about as big a shark as you could well expect to catch."

"I don't care to tackle another, right away," said Tom, looking at his blistered hands. "It's too hard work to make a second attempt pleasant. I think we have earned our supper."

This suggestion was greeted by all the party with a hearty, "That's so, Tom," and they hurried away to the quarters for a raid on Paublo's larder.

At daybreak next morning, Long John met the boys as they were turning out, and showed them a great mass of birds wheeling and sailing in a dense cloud above Bird Key. Each of the boys studied the thousands and thousands of birds through the spy-glass, and when all had examined and exclaimed, they were ready to agree at once to Long John's suggestion of an egg-hunt, as their fish diet was growing monotonous. So, after breakfast, they hastened to the water, accompanied by the Professor, and scrambled into the boats.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked Long John, as Tom Derby tossed a small basket into the boat.

"Get eggs in it, to be sure," replied Tom.

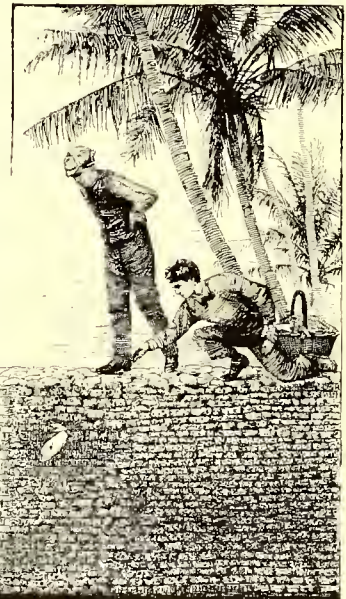
"That's too small," said Long John; "this is the kind of basket you want," and he lifted an empty barrel into the boat.

"Do you expect to get that full?" inquired Bob Carrington.

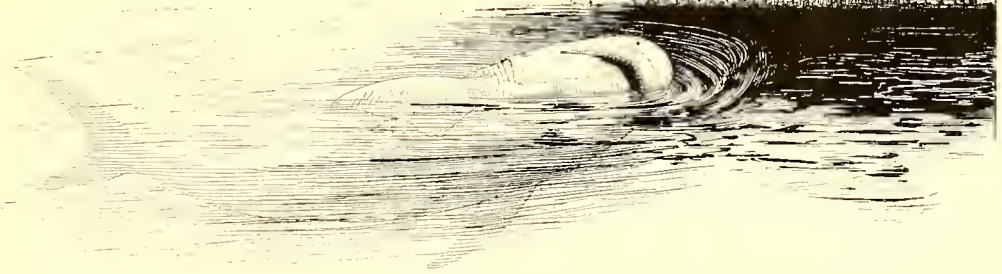
"Twice over," said John as he shoved off and stood down the southeast channel for Bird Key. The long shoal that formed this channel was thick with coral. It seemed, indeed, a veritable sea-garden, with all the gorgeous array of graceful fans, and richly tinted gorgonias waving to and fro in answer to the gentlest summons of the listless tide.

Numerous crawfish, enjoying their morning siesta, raised their spined whips in sudden alarm as the dark shadow of the boat crept over them. The reef fairly teemed with life, and as the boats drifted slowly along, the boys, with faces near the water, closely watched this most wonderful of nature's panoramic displays.

As they neared Bird Key a ceaseless and constantly increasing sound, that grew finally into an unbroken roar, came from the moving cloud that hung high above the Key, and the astonished boys now learned its true origin. Birds were all about, and as they drew nearer, the combined cries made so loud a din that the hunters could only just hear one another's voices.



Copyright  
Ludlow



THE PET SHARK.

As they ran in toward shore, some birds flew at them with discordant cries as if determined to stop them, and then as rapidly retreated to the main body. When the boat touched the beach, the uproar was indescribable. The birds disputed every inch with the boys, flying down upon them and darting into their very faces. Suddenly Tom gave a loud cry, and the effect was remarkable. In an instant there was absolute quiet; not a sound was heard, and the great mass came sweeping down in silent fear. But the lull was only for an instant; then came a confusion worse than the former uproar.

Long John rolled out his barrel, and they all started into the brush. The Key was about a mile in circumference, and was completely covered with bay cedars, forming a close bush about ten feet high, mingled here and there with patches of prickly pear. Under them, on the sand, the speckled eggs lay in such quantities that hardly a step could be taken without breaking some.

"I think we shall have to sweep them up!" said Eaton; but scarcely had he spoken when an egg, dropped by a bird frightened from her nest, fell plump upon his head.

"You 'd better use a net," laughed Tom, "if you are going to take them on the fly."

"I did not think it would rain eggs!" said Eaton, wiping the yolk from his hat.

Then the boys dropped on hands and knees and piled the eggs in heaps, ready to fill Long John's barrel. The eggs were in little depressions in the sand, made by the gulls, and were evidently deposited there to be hatched out by the sun.

Besides the great numbers on the sand, quantities of almost pure white eggs were found in the topmost branches of the brush. These were of the noddy—a lovely bird, with dove-like eyes expressive of gentleness, and plumage quite in keeping with its character. Their nests were not hollowed out, and the single egg in each appeared to be held in place only by the twigs. The egg of a noddy is nearly pure white, and the yolk is as yellow as that of a hen's egg, which indeed it much resembles in flavor.

As the boys were inspecting these nests, a shout from Professor Howard called them to where he stood gazing into a noddy's nest, upon which was a young noddy—a queer, featherless little creature. Overhead the pretty mother was wheeling in evident despair.

"Here, boys, is an example of the struggle for existence," said the Professor.

And such, indeed, it was. The young bird was provided with a liberal meal, a large sardine,—too large in fact for it to eat,—and, hanging to the nest were ten or twelve hermit-crabs, and

two large red-backed land-crabs. One of these latter had the tail of the sardine in its claw, and some of the hermits were tugging at its head, while the other invaders were crawling around the defenseless bird as if deliberating whether or not to attack the poor little noddy. Hall gave the nest an indignant shake trying to dislodge the crabs. "What robbers they are!" said he.

"Worse than robbers," replied the Professor, "for these steal from helpless children."

When all the eggs the party could carry had been piled up on the sand, the boys strolled down to the beach, where Long John had just hauled ashore a net full of fine mullets.

"If some of you boys will help me to clean 'em," he said, "I'll cook you a dinner of fried mullets and eggs that 'll make your mouths water!"

The boys needed no further inducement. They went to work with a will, the fish were speedily cleaned, a big bonfire was soon blazing, and in an incredibly short space of time the boys were dining royally on hard-boiled noddy-eggs and fried mullets. The hard-tack and eggs made delicious sandwiches, and all declared that they would not have believed that mullets and hard-tack could have made so good a meal.

After the heat of the day had passed, Long John put the eggs into his barrel, packing them with cedar leaves, and, all being ready, they shoved off.

The Professor proposed a pull around the island before heading homeward and, nothing loath, the boys rowed through the shallow water and over the coral heads toward the boat, while Long John finished cleaning more mullets for supper.

"Here's an old stager," said Vail, holding up a large crab he had taken from the coral. "See there, he has a regular forest on his back."

The crab was certainly well wooded. Sprigs of purple and red algæ grew from his back, while his claws were decked with soft sponges and barnacles, and tube-making worms had taken possession of some of the joints of his legs.

"He's one of the decorators," said Professor Howard, and taking a small brush, used for cleaning shells, he rubbed off all the "decorations" from the astonished crab and dropped it into a small jar of water. Some fresh bits of seaweed were then thrown into the jar, whereupon the crab very deliberately took a sprig of the weed in his claw and pressed one end to his mouth.

"Now watch him," said the Professor.

"He's eating it," said Bob.

"No, no. Watch him," the Professor repeated.

The crab pressed the sprig of weed against his mouth for a moment, and then, instead of eating it, raised the piece to his back and actually planted



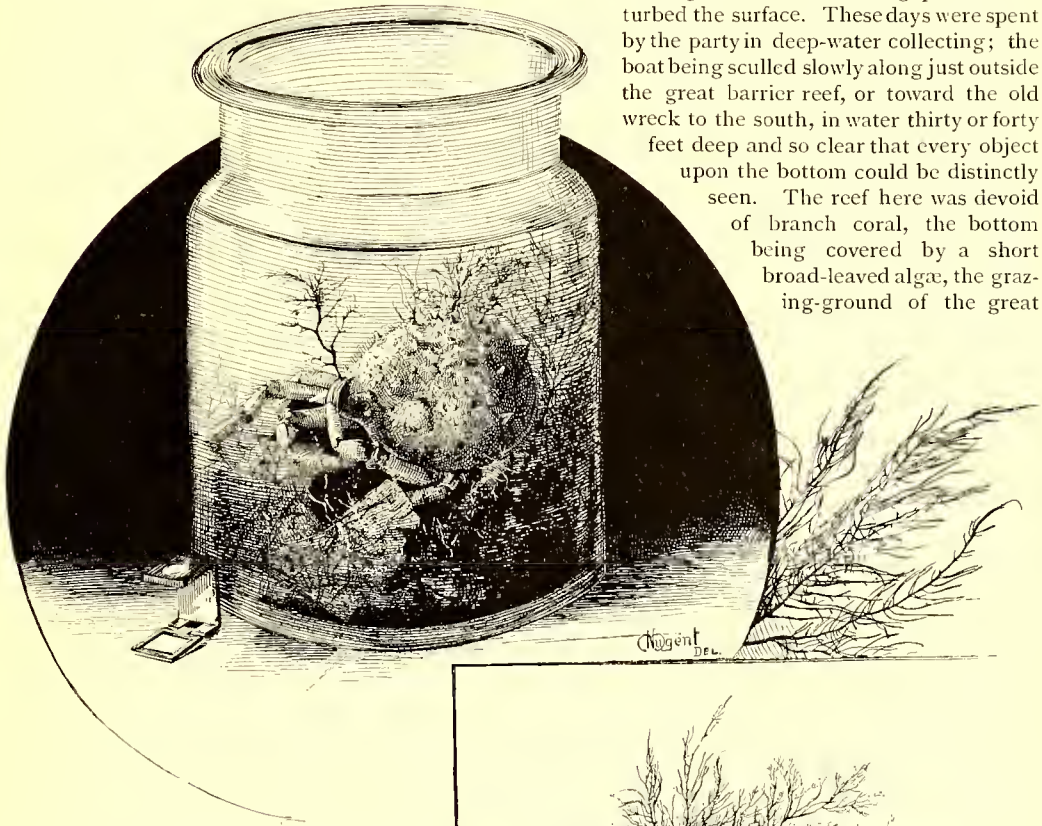
it there. When they saw the piece of seaweed stand upright as if it was really growing, the boys felt like cheering the creature for his display of cunning.

"It is his only defense," explained the Professor. "This particular crab is a slow-going old fellow; his claws are not sufficient protection, and so he goes to work to make himself look as much as possible like a moss covered rock, which fishes

shoved off into the blue channel and steered for home.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE last of August found our young naturalists still upon the reef. The days were the same clear sunny ones they had had all summer, the blue waters of the Gulf often lying for many hours as smooth as glass, without a ripple save where some leaping barracuda or diving pelican disturbed the surface. These days were spent by the party in deep-water collecting; the boat being sculled slowly along just outside the great barrier reef, or toward the old wreck to the south, in water thirty or forty feet deep and so clear that every object upon the bottom could be distinctly seen. The reef here was devoid of branch coral, the bottom being covered by a short broad-leaved algæ, the grazing-ground of the great



will pass by and never think of eating. This one in the jar will gradually cover himself with the weed again."

And this the crab did, much to the amusement of the watchers.

They made the circuit of Bird Key, now wading, now pushing the boat through the narrow passages lined with coral growths; now jumping ahead and rowing over the deeper places; sometimes they stopped to dive after some choice shell or coral; and all the time the boys were talking over and discussing their spoils.

Having completed the circuit of the Key they

queen conch, while horse-conch and numerous other shells were often found. Eager faces peered over the gunwale as the boat drifted along, and the moment a shell or a bunch of rare rose-coral appeared, two or three ardent naturalists would

THE DECORATOR CRAB.

plunge over and race to the bottom. Whoever won, the specimen was soon torn from its home and placed in the boat.

On one occasion a huge sleeping jew-fish was started up; its bulky form creating a momentary panic among the divers. Planting their feet against the bottom, they thrust themselves up to the surface as quickly as possible. As seen from the boat, the white forms scrambling about, twenty or thirty feet below, were an amusing sight.

The boys could see each other plainly beneath the water, even a submarine grin or a wink being readily detected. Sometimes their jokes resulted in making the boys laugh outright—thus taking in mouthfuls of water, bringing about a general rush to the surface. In these submarine excursions, they often noticed a peculiarity that is familiar in the atmosphere. In diving thirty feet, strata of different temperatures would be encountered. At the surface, the water would be very warm for ten or twelve feet; then the swimmer would enter a cold stratum, and going deeper yet would reach a warmer area, and emerging again from the warm area would, at the very bottom, enter into the coldest of all. Even in swimming on the surface, cold and warm rivers, so to speak, were often met with.

They found that many fishes were disposed to examine a diver from mere curiosity, as if they wondered what kind of an animal this was, that had so suddenly appeared upon their mountain home—for we must remember that the marine inhabitants also have hills, valleys, and mountains. The dwellers upon the reef were highlanders, living far above those in the water a mile away and under pressures differing as the air pressures differ on high mountains and in valleys, on land.

One afternoon, the boys had been on a trip down the reef, and were returning by Bush Key, when Douglas suddenly stood up and pointed to a collection of submerged roots that were strewn about. "Look at the angel-fishes!" he exclaimed, and dropping the oars the crew and Professor also stood up and saw the greatest assemblage of these beautiful creatures they had yet observed.

The roots were those of the mangrove-trees that had been washed out into the bay between Bush and Long Key; and in four or five feet of water their tangled masses formed excellent homes for innumerable small fry. When the boat was pushed nearer, the great black roots were seen to fairly blossom with these animated flowers. Some were yellow, blue, and brown, with eyes of beautiful hues, and others, not angel-fishes, were of a most intense blue. All darted about with great rapidity, and flashed here and there like living gems. From every hole and crevice, one or more of these lovely

forms appeared, attracted by the new-comers, and either floated by, gently waving their fins and plumes, or gracefully moved up and down in front of their homes, their vivid colors showing in marked contrast against the somber background.

"If only we had the seine!" Tom whispered, as if fearful of disturbing the living panorama before them.

"Why not go and get it?" suggested Long John.

"My proposal," said the Professor, "is that we come out to-night, and draw the seine by moonlight."

This met the views of the boys, the oars were resumed, and the boat went rushing through the water toward the fort, accompanied by the pet pelican that had spied them from afar, and had come out expecting its supper.

The nights on the reef were often almost counterparts of the days; and as the party pushed off at about eight o'clock carrying the seine piled in a great heap in the bow, and with collecting-cans stowed in between the seats, the moon was just rising over Bush Key, casting a flood of radiance all about, and lighting up the sands of Long Key until they gleamed like silver, while the phosphorescence of the water seemed to vie with it in producing wondrous effects of light. Not a sound could be heard save the creaking of the oars and their monotonous clink in the rowlocks, or an occasional splash from the outer reef followed by a thundering splash, telling of some huge fish that had tried to leave its native element and had fallen heavily back.

The pull to Bush Key was a short one, and soon the boat rounded to, near the mangrove roots.

"Now, boys," said the Professor, "you must be very careful. Don't rush in too quickly, or you will tear the net. Two of you take the end and run it out. When we get it all out, we will move toward Bush Key beach, some of you tossing out the roots."

These orders were followed exactly. Vail and Carrington leaped overboard, the water being about four feet deep, and, taking an end stick of the seine, walked or waded away with it, while the others paid it out regularly.

They made a long sweep, so as to surround the roots; and when two-thirds of the net had been hauled over, Ludlow and Ramsey went overboard and drew the other end of the seine toward shore, the seine making a semicircle. The Professor and Long John now took their places in the water just inside the bend of the net, and gave the signal to go ahead.

What a sight it was! The moon was looking over the mangroves on the keys, bathing the fish-

ermen in its silvery light. Every move or motion in the water seemed to cause it to break into liquid fire.

The net came slowly in; the Professor and Long John called a halt whenever a root was found. Each root was lifted carefully and the occupants frightened out of their homes. It was then tossed back outside of the floats. Then the signal would be again given and the seine taken in until another root was met, and so on for an hour or more. The ground being now clear the net went rapidly in.

"Look at them!" cried Carrington, who was hauling at the end; "angels, snappers, jew-fish, and — there 's a shark, too!"

Sure enough, a small shark was in the toils, making the water boil and demoralizing the other prisoners, who made desperate efforts to escape his struggling bulk. This would not do, and, seizing a boat-hook, Ramsey dashed in and soon had the young man-eater on the hook. He seemed to be about three feet and a half long. Ramsey lifted him over to the beach, but he soon flopped back into the water and escaped.

The net was now well in shore, and the splashing and beating of innumerable fish commenced. One more pull and the finny assemblage was in shallow water. The sight of their catch soon exhausted the adjectives of even our young enthusiasts.

For there were hundreds and thousands of fishes, leaping, splashing, and bounding, one over another; angel-fishes in gorgeous tints, brown-hued snappers, dripping with the molten gold of phosphorescence, yellow grunts making audible protests, ugly toad-fish, long gar-fish, rakish barracudas, prickly porcupine-fish, inflating their balloon-like bodies. Over all, creating a noise like falling rain, flapped countless mullets, with sides gleaming like silver. Besides these, there were crawfishes, echinuses, star-fishes, crabs, and occasionally an octopus, — in fact, almost every animal to be found on the great reef was represented in these mangrove-root communities.

"Now, boys," said the Professor, when their excitement had somewhat abated, "hold the net steady, and remember our rule, not to kill a single fish more than we can actually use."

The seine was drawn, but the fish were still massed in enough water to keep them alive, and out of this wonderful collection the young naturalists made their selection. Of grunts, snappers, and the commoner fishes they had long ago secured a good supply, and only the rare forms were taken, together with some small specimens that the Professor thought new to science. The net was then raised, and the affrighted throng released, to swim back again to the old roots, and perhaps exchange

opinions as to the cause of their remarkable experience.

This haul was during the last collecting tour made upon the reef. As they reached the Key, late at night, Bob met them at the dock, and said he reckoned they 'd "better haul the boat inside the moat and make things snug."

"Why?" asked Woodbury.

"Listen," replied the old seaman.

The boys stood silent. From far away there seemed to come a faint moan, and now they noticed, for the first time, that it was clouding up, over beyond Loggerhead.

"It 's a-goin' to blow, and to blow hard, too," continued Bob.

"The barometer is rushing down as if the bottom had fallen out," said Eaton, who had gone into the office and examined the glass with a lighted match.

"I don't need a weather-glass to tell it 's a-goin' to blow," was Bob's answer. "It 's a-comin', sure." And so it proved.

The boys secured the boat just in time, and, fortunately, Bob had made everything snug outside. Very soon after, a terrible squall struck the Key, the shrieking and howling of the wind and the roar of the water keeping every one awake nearly all night. The next morning the gale increased; and as the boys struggled up on the fort and looked out, they saw a fearful scene.

The water, so smooth the night before, now presented an appalling spectacle, being covered by a mass of white foam that was caught by the wind and carried high into the air. The sea was making a clean breach over Bush Key; many of the trees had disappeared, and the lower portion of Long Key also was washed away. The wind was so powerful that they hardly dared show their heads above the wall. Sticks, gravel, and all movable objects were flying through the air like hailstones. The cocoanut-trees had been despoiled of their beauty in the night, their leaves had been beaten into shapeless whips, and from many the foliage was twisted entirely off.

Later, Raymond, who was looking out of the window of a cottage in which they had taken refuge for the time, cried out, "Here comes Bob!" and, sure enough, the old sailor was seen bent double, buffeted by the gusts, enveloped in a whirlwind of sand, and headed toward the house. As he reached the fence, he grasped it and held on, beckoning with his arm. As Douglas stepped out to meet him, the old fellow shouted, "Ye 'd better come out o' that, all hands!"

"What for?" screamed the boys.

"It 's a-gittin' wuss. I never see the like," answered Bob, crawling up the steps; "and I don't

like the look o' *that*," pointing to the big four-storied brick building that, still unfinished, stood near, towering high above the cottage.

"What were you saying?" called the Professor, who now appeared; and, as Bob repeated the warning, he said to the group around him, "I hardly think there is any danger myself, but it is always best to take the advice of people who know more about such things than we do, so we will leave the cottage."

A few moments later, the little party were struggling toward the casemates. The wind had increased to a frightful degree, and as they reached a clearing midway between the cottage and the arches, they had to crouch low to avoid being blown over. As they pressed on a fearful gust came, and then for an instant a strange lull was felt. At an exclamation from Bob, they all turned and saw the huge walls of the brick building rocking and trembling. Then, with a wild roar and an appalling crash, the mass of stone, mortar, brick, and broken beams went down before the hurricane, crushing, as if it were pasteboard, the cottage which they had just left. From the ruins, for a second, rose a great white cloud of dust that whirled about like a living thing, and then was borne away on the gale.

The boys were too thankful to say a word, and, indeed, amid the roar, they could only look their gratitude to Bob, who, always cheerful, responded by sundry knowing winks, as much as to say, "I told you so!"

That hurricane did great damage throughout the West Indies. It continued all the afternoon, and not until the next morning did the end come, and not until then did the young naturalists venture out. Their own quarters were safe; but outside was a scene of ruin. The sea had encroached upon the island, beaten down the docks, washed away the aquarium, and hurled coral-rock in a confused mass upon the beach. Amid the wreckage, Carlington found a small board bearing the name "Rosetta" in copper letters, and, hauling it out, showed it to the others, who eyed it with sorrow. It was all that was left of the boat that had carried them so many times over the reef. She had been torn from her place during the extreme high water and literally ground to pieces, the stern-board being all that was left. The hurricane caused great devastation in Key West. Its force may be understood by this incident: A vessel lying at anchor near Havana was blown, without sails, across to Key West in an incredibly short

time, the crew finding themselves, in the morning, high and dry on Key West beach.

The city was flooded, vessels were sunk at the wharf, and among these was the schooner "Tortugas," upon which our party had often sailed.

Fortunately none of the specimens were destroyed, as they had been packed in the casemates of the fort.

As they were now without a boat, the Professor suggested that it was time for the journey north.

"I have a plan," he said, "which I think we can carry out. It is to go to Key West, and, instead of taking the steamer directly home, as we still have three weeks, let us charter a smack and skirt the Keys up to Cape Florida, then to Cedar Keys, and so home by rail."

This plan was enthusiastically received, and it is only necessary to say that the programme was carried out. Biscayne Bay, where the great Florida crocodile is found, was visited. A special trip was made to the various mounds built by prehistoric Floridians, and finally, about the middle of September, a brown and jolly party bade good-bye to the little smack at Cedar Keys and were whisked away northward on the cars. During the journey, which took four days, the boys had an opportunity to sum up the practical results of their trip.

Of its success as a health-giving vacation, their faces told the story; and as to information acquired, each one had secured better general views upon natural history, and even gained more knowledge, than a year of text-book study could have produced. They had become enthusiastic observers and collectors, which is the first step to real progress in the study. Each specimen had been taken in its own home, its distinguishing characteristics had been pointed out on the spot, and would be remembered; and not only had they derived valuable knowledge about the curious inhabitants of the submarine world, but they all felt that they took a broader view of life. In fact, it was evident to all in the party that the personal observation of natural objects was of the greatest value in training the mind; and, above all, the evidence of design in all the varied forms did not fail to impress our boys with the conviction that there was a directing Intelligence at work in the natural world.

To some of the party this was not the last trip to the Land of Sunshine; and it will be many years before the recollections and benefits of the trip among the Florida Keys will be forgotten by any of the young naturalists.



About a skilled  
**CHINESE YOUTH**  
 These Lines and Pictures by  
 Charles Howard Johnson 1888

In China so I have been told  
 There lived once a worker in Gold  
 So apt at his trade  
 That a name he had made  
 Before he was <sup>七十</sup> years old.

But to tell you his name I decline  
 For it scarcely would rhyme I opine  
 Yet this fly in my ink  
 Will show you, I think,  
 About how it looked on his sign.

金店鋪

THE FIRST AMERICANS.

BY F. S. DELLENBAUGH.

IN the middle of the sixteenth century, when the Spaniards who had followed Columbus and Cortes to the New World, worked their way northward into the region that is now New Mexico and Arizona, they found to their surprise a people dwelling there in well-constructed, flat-roofed houses of stone. They gave to these people the name of *Pueblos*, or villagers, to distinguish them from the wild tribes; and by this name they have been known in general ever since, though each village and cluster of villages has its distinctive title.

The Pueblos, instead of roaming about, subsist-

ing on chance game, cultivated Indian corn so largely that they ordinarily were able to store a supply to provide against the possibility of future famine; and such is still their custom. Not only had they made this progress in agriculture and architecture, but they had also done something in the way of manufacturing, especially in the making of pottery and weaving of blankets. Their pottery was varied in shape and ornamentation and skillfully modeled without the aid of a wheel. Of the potter's wheel they are ignorant to this day, still following the practice of their forefathers in this matter as in many others. Their blankets

of cotton were unique in their designs; and these designs are perpetuated to-day in woolen material, as well as in cotton, though the latter is now used principally in the sacred ceremonies.

Those towns nearest to Santa Fé (which itself was originally a Pueblo village and is, probably, the oldest town inhabited by white people in the United States) came most directly under the influ-

their country demanded the expulsion of these domineering foreigners from their land. We can not blame them for thus regarding the Spaniards, for we should certainly resent any interference by foreign powers with our affairs, and the Pueblos were, in many respects, a civilized people and had governed themselves for centuries before the Spaniards appeared in their territories. Secretly,



A PUEBLO INDIAN BESIDE AN EAGLE-CAGE. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

ence of the Spaniards. They made Santa Fé their seat of government, and gradually many Spanish customs prevailed among the natives in this part of the country. The Spanish priests, following the army of invasion, soon made converts, and eventually the barbarous rites of the people in the towns near Santa Fé were abolished in favor of Christianity. Churches of adobe, or sun-dried brick, were erected, and the Christian religion was in time accepted by numerous communities.

The towns at a distance were not so easy of access, and hence longer maintained their independence, supporting and favoring the smoldering discontent of those in other localities whose prejudices or patriotism resented the Spanish dominion. These native patriots believed the salvation of

these patriots worked to arouse their fellow-countrymen against the intruders, hoping to succeed in a revolution which should annihilate the Spanish power and restore the ancient rites and customs. Several of these conspiracies were discovered by the Spanish Governor-General, and the conspirators paid for their patriotism with their lives; but, in a few years, others took their places, and while peace seemed to smile on all the land, a volcano was seething under the very feet of the invaders.

There had been so much internal dissension among the Pueblos over religion and over water-privileges (often a matter of the utmost importance in those arid lands) before the arrival of the Spaniards, that concerted action must have been difficult to bring about; but at last, near the end

of the seventeenth century, there was a mighty uprising, the foreigners were driven out of the country, and retreated into Mexico, and those villages which had been under the Spanish yoke, revived their native ceremonies, which had been in disuse for a full century.

Meanwhile the Spaniards were not content to let slip so easily this accession to their king's domain. Collecting a stronger army, General Vargas returned, and conquered village after village, until the rebellion was extinguished for all time. Never since that day have the Pueblos shown a warlike spirit, having accepted their subjugation as inevitable. They were made citizens by Spain, but since their territory became a portion of the United States they have ranked politically with the other Indians. The last locality to be brought under subjection was the Province of Tusayan, the home of the Mokis.

At that time this province was so difficult to reach, that the horses of the Spanish General's troops were completely demoralized, and he was therefore obliged to omit a visit to Oraibi, the largest and furthest removed of the villages. He had, however, met with little resistance from the inhabitants, and, doubtless, did not deem the Mokis a warlike race. After the departure of Vargas, the Mokis continued their old ways and were seldom visited, so that even now, three and a half centuries after the first visit of the Spaniards, they remain nearly in their original condition.

Next to the Moki towns, the Pueblo of Zuñi maintained its primitive customs to the greatest extent, and from similar causes.

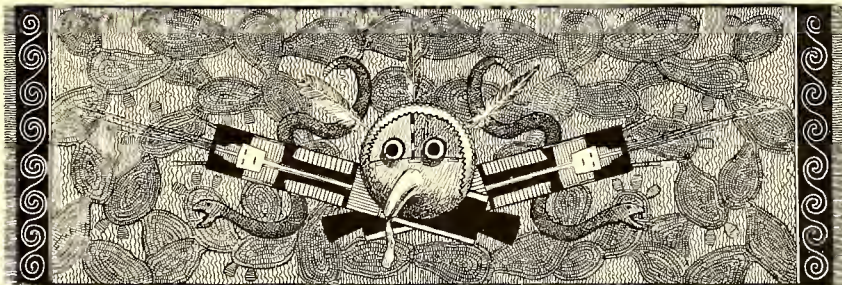
The illustration is from a photograph made in Zuñi by Mr. Hillers, photographer of the Bureau of Ethnology, and shows one of the natives, dressed in the costume of to-day, beside an eagle-cage. The costume is composed of simple materials, the trousers being of unbleached cotton, the shirt of calico, and the turban generally of some soft, red cloth. The Mokis wear their hair cut straight across the eyebrows in a sort of "bang," then straight back even with the bottom of the ear,

the rest being made up into a knob behind. All are particular about their ornaments, caring little for any common sorts of beads, but treasuring coral, turquoise, and silver.

The eagle is sacred among Pueblos who have not abandoned their native religion, and the feathers are used in religious ceremonies. For this reason the eagle is protected and every feather preserved. His nesting places are carefully watched, and often visited, so that a supply of feathers, from little downy ones no larger than a twenty-five-cent piece to the stiff and long ones from the wing and tail, are preserved in every family,—the first, or downy ones, to breathe their prayers upon; the larger ones for other sacred uses. Sometimes several "prayers" are fastened to one little twig that all may proceed together to their destination. There is something very poetic in this breathing of a prayer upon a feather from the breast of an eagle—in flight the king of birds, familiar with regions which man can know only through sight.

The Navajos have no reverence for the bird, and use its feathers for merely decorative purposes. They make raids upon the nesting-places where for centuries the Mokis have obtained feathers, and these raids are a common source of trouble between the two tribes.

None of the present buildings of the Pueblos are equal in masonry to the ruins common throughout the region. These were ruins even when the Spaniards arrived, and, consequently, it is supposed that a superior people once occupied the country, who may, however, have been either ancestors or kindred to the Pueblos. In time the question may be solved through the numerous legends illustrated in pottery decoration, for all the decorations have a meaning, and the legends are handed down by word of mouth from father to son. Once when the legends were being discussed, Pow-it-iwa, an old Moki, poetically remarked to a friend of mine, "Many have passed by the house of my fathers, and none has stopped to ask where they have gone; but we of our family live to-day to teach our children concerning the past."





# My Dog

BY WILLIAM DUDLEY FOULKE.

THERE was no difficulty in telling from what stock "Drapeau" came. He was a genuine St. Bernard, bought at the Hospice. In childhood I had often seen pictures of these noble animals saving travelers, and it had been my dream to own a real St. Bernard dog—from this identical place, one that had been engaged in life-saving. So in 1872, when, crossing a snow-pass from Zermatt to Italy, I returned by way of St. Bernard, I made up my mind to buy one of the dogs. After a tedious ride, we arrived just at nightfall, at the little village of St. Remy, a few miles below the Hospice. The darkness was deeper than usual, it was cloudy and foggy, and our guide had been entertaining us with stories of travelers who had been waylaid and killed near the spot, a short time previous, and we started from the little inn for our walk up to the summit of the pass with no very pleasant outlook ahead of us. The darkness was so dense that we had to feel our way with alpenstocks and could tell only by the sharp stones under us when we left the path. We could hear a torrent raging far below on the left, and there were high cliffs on our right.

In an hour or two we came to a little cantine where we borrowed a lantern to light our way to the Hospice. We crept on slowly, and at about eleven o'clock were much relieved by hearing the deep barking of the dogs. Late as it was, one of the Brothers gave us a good supper and assigned us clean, comfortable beds. Next morning we rose early to start for Martigny, and the Brothers had the dogs brought from their kennels, so that I might take my choice. They bounded about, eight big

burly fellows, barking and capering like mad. I selected Drapeau, one of the largest. The monk gave me Drapeau's history, telling me that the dog had taken part in saving several lives and was regarded as a very valuable animal. The keeper of the dogs accompanied us to a cantine, three miles below, where we were to take a wagon. Drapeau capered around us on the way down, an immense tan-colored, short-haired animal, much like a lioness in appearance, and jumping about with all the delight of life and liberty, in the cool morning air. His ankles were as thick as my two fists, and his neck was enormous.

Leaving the cantine, we lifted him into the wagon and I held on to the large leather collar around his neck to prevent him from jumping out, but the moment the wagon started and he saw that his keeper was not there, out he leaped and hung by the collar, struggling fiercely. It was easy to see that we could not carry him down in that fashion, so we hired his keeper to ride with us to Martigny. It would take nearly two days, but there was no other way.

Then Drapeau was quieter. But as soon as we entered the valley and it became hot, the poor animal seemed to suffer greatly. He was used to the cold mountain air, and the noonday sun was too much for him. The motion of the wagon, too, made him sick, and we feared that we never should get him to Martigny alive. When we reached the inn the poor fellow was so weak that he could hardly drag one foot after another. He would neither eat nor drink, and he looked forlorn.

Early in the afternoon the train started for Geneva. On the continent there is a special place in trains for dogs, a small compartment in the luggage van, with a window at each side, and regular "dog-tickets" must be purchased. We crowded Drapeau into the compartment, fastened him in securely, and the train started. Near the head of Lake Geneva you change cars. Of course I thought Drapeau would be transferred by the porters, and I seated myself comfortably in the other train. Soon it started, and what was my surprise to see



Drapeau looking sadly out from his little window in the train we had left! Luckily, our train happened to back again to the station. I tried to make things lively for the porters, ordering them to transfer my dog, but all shrugged their shoulders exasperatingly as they answered even more exasperatingly:

"*C'est à vous, monsieur.*" (That is your place, sir.)

How to move that leviathan without help, I could not tell. Finally, with the assistance of my companion and two liberally bribed attendants, we dragged him out, each holding a leg, and forcibly projected him into the dog-quarters of the new train. Drapeau was too badly used up to resist. He could hardly breathe. But, about six o'clock in the afternoon, when we reached Geneva, the air became fresher, and Drapeau plucked up courage. The next problem was how to get him to the hotel. We dragged him from his compartment, and hauled him through the depot to a cab. In the cab Drapeau's vigor seemed to be entirely restored, for we had hard work to keep him from jumping out of the window, and a yelling crowd of small

stable near by, where he thought they would keep the dog, and we had him conveyed thither. It turned out to be a poor place for him, and so, a few days later, I marched with him myself, in default of any one else, along the dusty roads, and left him in charge of a farmer in the neighborhood who kept a "dog hotel" of the most approved variety. My banker was to pay the farmer a franc a day until Drapeau left for Paris. I went to Italy. In Rome I received a letter saying that the farmer was "desolated" to inform Monsieur that he could not longer keep Monsieur's dog for less than two francs a day. "He kills my chickens, he fights with my other dogs, he leaps my fence, which you know is high, and three times I had to walk to Geneva to restore him." I could make no other arrangement, and finally consented to pay two francs.

When I reached Paris, I ordered the dog sent on. By the omnibus-train it takes thirty-six hours, and the dog must be fed. So a sort of traveling-apartment was built especially for Drapeau, and plentifully supplied with straw, and food was provided. The hotel porter went with me to the depot for the



DRAPEAU.

boys followed us. At the Hotel de la Paix the guests were just walking in to dinner. All stopped to look, and found us amusing. We must have presented a picturesque appearance with our alpenstocks, our leggins and spiked shoes, our flannel-shirts, and our begrimed and travel-worn appearance (the result of a week's tramp) and hanging on for dear life to a big dog to prevent his getting away! The porter charitably told us of a

dog. Then, after the same difficulties as at Geneva, a new boarding-place was found for him in Paris; but his presence there was soon regarded as dangerous for the other dogs in the establishment. They would sneak away in terror when he entered. At last a vacant lot surrounded by a high fence was rented for a moderate figure, and in it a suitable dog-house was constructed. The keeper whom I had engaged agreed to take Drapeau each day for



“‘HERE, DOGGY, DOGGY,’ SAID HE, IN HIS GENTLEST MANNER.”

a walk on the Boulevard, while I was to be away during my trip through Spain.

When I returned from Spain a hotel waiter came to me with a very sad face and said: “Ah, Monsieur, I must tell you of a great calamity. Monsieur’s dog was walking on the Boulevard one day with his keeper, and he saw the dog of a certain Major Duval. The Major slipped and fell and his dog started to run, when Monsieur’s dog, no doubt attributing some fault to the dog of the Major, slipped from his chain and instantly destroyed the dog of the Major, and Monsieur has been condemned in the court to pay a fine of four hundred francs for the destruction of this dog, and Monsieur’s dog has been arrested as security for that sum.” Investigating the matter, I found this true. I sought Major Duval. He grew warm in his praises of the wonderful qualities of the dog Drapeau had killed, until I was grateful that the judgment against me had not been heavier, and paid it. I found that Drapeau had escaped from his keeper, and had made very short work of the Major’s dog. Drapeau was very powerful. I have seen him walk along dragging a strong man after him, without trouble.

I could not bring him with me to America on the same steamer, since the line allowed no dogs on board, so I sent him on another steamer, in care of the butcher. I met the vessel on its arrival, and found Drapeau chained to one of the bulwarks, and looking misanthropic.

Two or three sailors as they passed exclaimed, “*Qu’il est méchant!*” (What a wicked dog he is!) So this beneficent creature of the Hospice had been turned into a wild animal by his sad experiences with the world! I brought him to my house with some difficulty. The animal had now cost me, including damages, board-bills, gratuities, transportation, and minor items, some five hundred dollars, and again the question came up, what to do with him. We kept him in our back yard for a while, but the back yard of a city house did not afford scope enough for his activities. He became friendly with Rosa, the cook, and very playful with her. He would put his paws against her shoulders while she was hanging out the clothes and knock her over. At last she threatened to leave. It was not safe for any visitor at the house to put his head out of the back door. Drapeau was always alert. Somehow the dog was not “in harmony with his environment,” as evolutionists say, and after a few months I concluded to sell him. I advertised “A Genuine St. Bernard Dog, bought at the Hospice,” saying all the sweet things about him that I could, but no answers came to my advertisements.

Finally, on one of the large streets, one day, I saw at the side of a stairway leading down to a basement, a stuffed black-and-tan terrier. This indicated, as I thought, a dealer in dogs; so I went down and interviewed him. Terms were agreed upon: he would keep the dog until sold, and would

sell him on commission. Drapeau remained a week or two there without result, until the dealer said we would have to take fifty dollars for him. Meantime I heard of a gentleman who offered seventy-five. I went down to get my dog, offering the dealer his commission, but the man refused to let him go, declaring the dog should not be removed from the shop until I had paid twenty-five dollars. I expostulated in vain. Finally I offered a compromise, but the man was inflexible. He was in possession and was master of the situation. I did not mean to be swindled in so shameless a fashion, so I went down to court and sued out a writ of replevin. It was placed in the hands of a marshal, a mild little man, to be served. We went up to the dealer's, the marshal showed the paper and demanded the dog.

"All right," said the dealer, "there he is,—take him!"

Drapeau stood tied to a large crate at one side of the basement, while a variety of smaller dogs, game-cocks, and other animals were in coops and cages around the room, or tied to the wall. The officer approached Drapeau. "Here, doggy, doggy," said he, in his gentlest and most persuasive manner. Drapeau gave a low growl and the officer stopped.

"Will he bite?" asked the marshal.

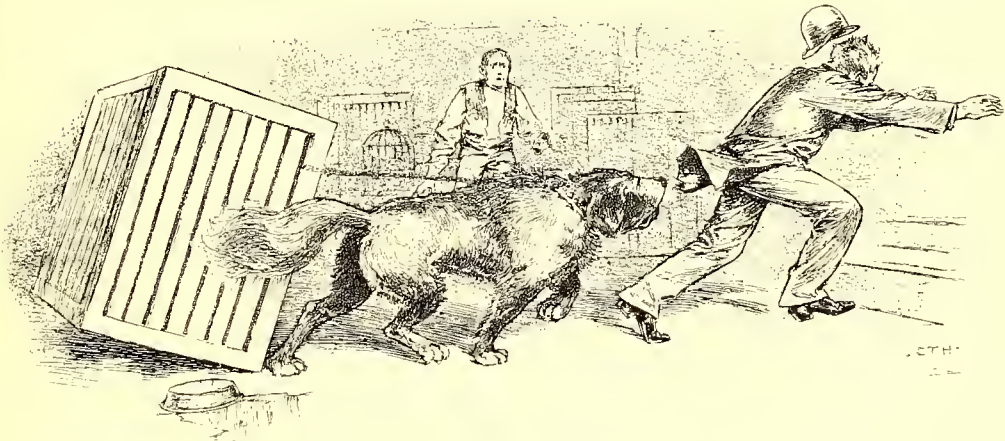
"You ought to have seen him drag that crate after him, trying to get at a man yesterday," remarked the dealer, relentlessly.

The marshal stood aghast,—the strong arm of the law was powerless! I was sitting on a chest in the middle of the room, watching the performance, when the dealer quietly said to me:

"Mebby you 'd like to see what you are sitting on?"

I made no objection, and he lifted the lid of the chest and out from a bed of cotton at the bottom of it came the heads of two great anacondas. It seemed to be a supply store for menageries and circuses. I sought the other side of the room. In the meantime the officer scampered upstairs and was out on the street. By the time I had followed him, he was wholly invisible and I did not know how far away.

But previous to my departure the dealer and I made a bargain, with the anacondas between us (he was trying to stuff them back into the chest). He agreed to send Drapeau to the new owner for the sum of fifteen dollars, to be then and there paid. The cash was counted out and the dog duly sent. And from that moment he disappears from this history.



## WHERE SALMON ARE PLENTIFUL.

BY JULIAN RALPH.



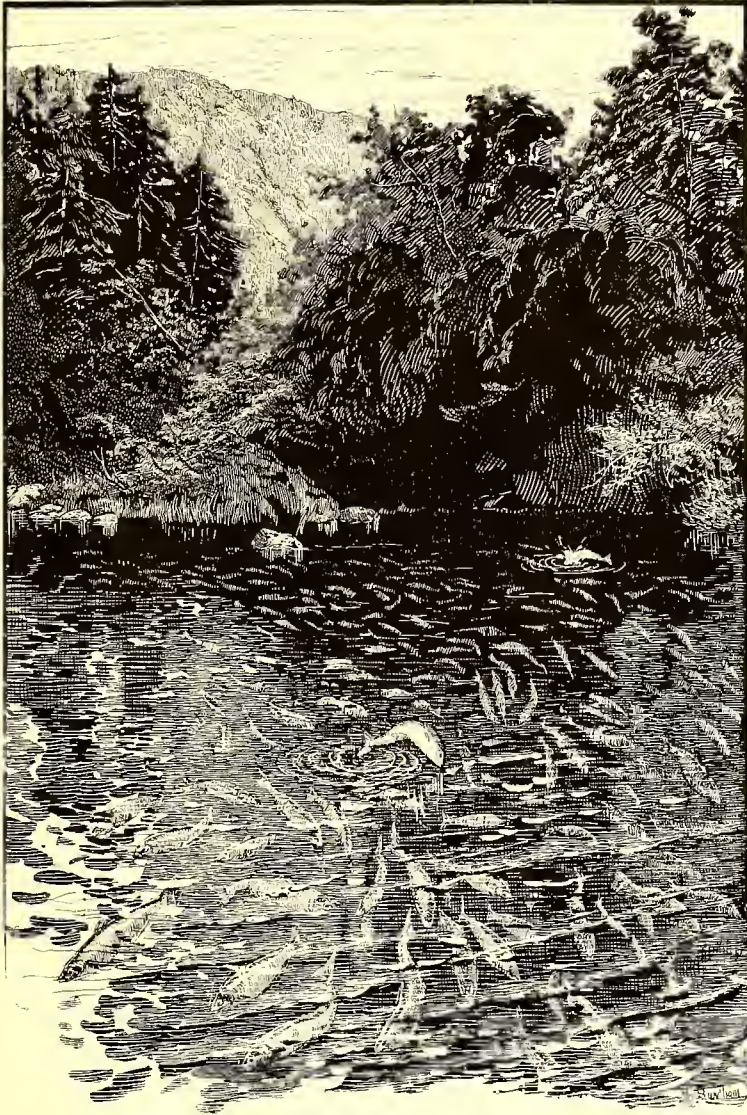
**S**TUPENDOUS as what we call "fish stories" often are, none reaches such grand proportions as those about the abundance of salmon in Oregon, Washington Territory, and the waters of British Columbia and Alaska. Once upon a time it was held to be sufficient proof that a statement was true, if any one could say he had seen it in "black and white." Perhaps we owe it to the so-called fishermen's yarns that this limit upon the marvelous is swept away. Next it was said that "figures can not lie," but to-day even that is no longer admitted. There now remain only two sources of information that the most scrupulous folks never question. One is what they see with their own eyes, and the other is what the honest single eye of a photographer's camera sees. The astonishing picture of salmon, here presented, is one of the sights of the camera about which there can be no dispute. The original photograph from which the illustration was drawn was made on the bank of Gordon Creek, near the village of Yale, in British Columbia, at the time when the salmon were rushing up the stream, in the annual summer journey which they make from the sea up the fresh water-courses, for the purpose of laying their eggs and hatching their young. You can see that seldom has there been a plum-pudding so filled with raisins as is this water with these great, swift, delicious fish. And, from what is known of such scenes, it is absolutely certain that the mass of fish was denser farther under the water than it was at the surface where the illustration shows them.

A story that the old settlers of Oregon never tire of telling, recounts that a stage-coach was once upset by these fishes while it was being drawn across a ford over a little river. The huge fish pressed against the coach, rising higher and higher on one another's backs as the ones in the rear pushed ahead over those that were stopped by the stage. Presently they rose in such a mighty wall, and all continued to push so hard, that the stage rolled over. This story is not vouched for by any one in particular, and so must be classed with those other fishermen's tales that are almost as numerous as the salmon in question. But the reports that are made about this fish by men whose

word no one disputes are scarcely less remarkable. Mr. J. K. Lord, the author of a book called "The Naturalist in Vancouver and British Columbia," says that the salmon swim one thousand miles from the sea up the Columbia River and fill even the pools left by the receding tide on the sides of the river. "They are seen to crowd shallow streams," he says, "so as to push one another high and dry on the banks." Once, when he was riding on horseback through that wild country, he came upon a stream so thickly filled with salmon that it was difficult to get his horse through the mass. He speaks of them as sometimes weighing seventy pounds, but in Alaska they have been known to attain far greater weight than that. The salmon can swim faster than the swiftest railroad train can move, and are so strong and quick that they are able to leap small cataracts in the streams.

Just as the Indians of the plains, who were hunters, used to live upon the buffaloes that ranged the prairies in numbers no man could either count or estimate, so the Indians of the Pacific coast of this continent, who are sailors and fishermen, lived upon the salmon. It was Nature's plan that the fish should be as numerous as these stories and this picture represent them. The Indians depended upon spearing the fish or, at best, upon dipping them up with baskets on long poles, and could only reach those nearest the land, for the principal rivers are broad and swift and, when full of salmon, navigation of them in canoes was not safe, even if it was possible. Now, the salmon and the Indians are both far less numerous within our borders. Since the Indians catch them and the Chinese clean and can them for the merchants, who ship them all over the world, the fish become annually less abundant, and they are caught in vast numbers in ingenious nets, and by great floating wheels made to be revolved by the current and dip them up by the thousand.

On the Washington Territory side of the Columbia River, a few little bands of red men come every summer to scoop and spear the salmon; but at the same place fifty years ago, historians tell us, the ancestors of these Indians came in such numbers that the shores were divided between them, and every ledge and rock and bit of bank had its right-



A SALMON BROOK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. (DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

ful tenants. Their tents of skin were set all about the background, each sending up its thread of smoke from the fires at which the squaws cooked the meals, and their ponies roamed close at hand. The Indians fished until they caught all they needed, and these they dried for use during the following winter.

Ivan Petroff, who wrote for our Government all that he could find out about its great cold Territory of Alaska, describes just such scenes there at this day, for there the salmon and the Indians

are both as plentiful as ever. He says that the Kaniags, a tribe of Eskimo Indians, pile the dried salmon in heaps around the sides of the interior of each house so as to make a high, broad shelf of the fish. But when they catch an extra quantity they spread them over the floor, layer upon layer, several feet deep. They live upon this strange floor, taking up what salmon they need day by day and eating their way gradually down to the real floor during the winter.

The Yukon is the great salmon river of Alaska, as well as one of the greatest rivers, in all other respects, in the world. The wisest men are uncertain whether it does or does not pour more water into the sea than the great Mississippi. It sends out so much that the water of the ocean is fresh ten miles from the coast, and the river is so great that at a distance of six hundred miles from its mouth it is more than a mile wide. In places it is twenty miles wide, and the total length of the river is eighteen hundred miles. The Yukon gives its name to the largest district in Alaska, and "in

this region," Mr. Petroff says, "during the brief summer there, the whole population flocks to the river banks, attracted by myriads of salmon, crowding the waters in their annual pilgrimage up this mighty stream. Then both banks are lined with summer villages and camps of fishermen who build their basket-traps far out into the eddies and bends of the stream. This annual congregation completely drains of human life the valleys and plains stretching away to the north and south, as well as many of the lake-regions in the west."

## MOTHER GOOSE SONNETS.

BY HARRIET S. MORGRIDGE.

*"There was a jolly miller lived on the river Dee."*

A MILLER lived upon the river Dee.  
He was a jolly man, and all day long  
He worked and never stopped his cheery song:  
I wish with all my heart that we could see  
More people like him; blithe indeed was he,  
And comely, too, puissant, sturdy, strong,  
Loved by the people that he lived among.  
"I care for no one, no one cares for me,"  
Was, it is true, the burden of his lay.  
But sung by him it meant not just the same  
That it would mean if it were sung some day,  
By some one else, perhaps. I think that we  
Should thus interpret the good miller's aim,  
"I care for all, and all do care for me."



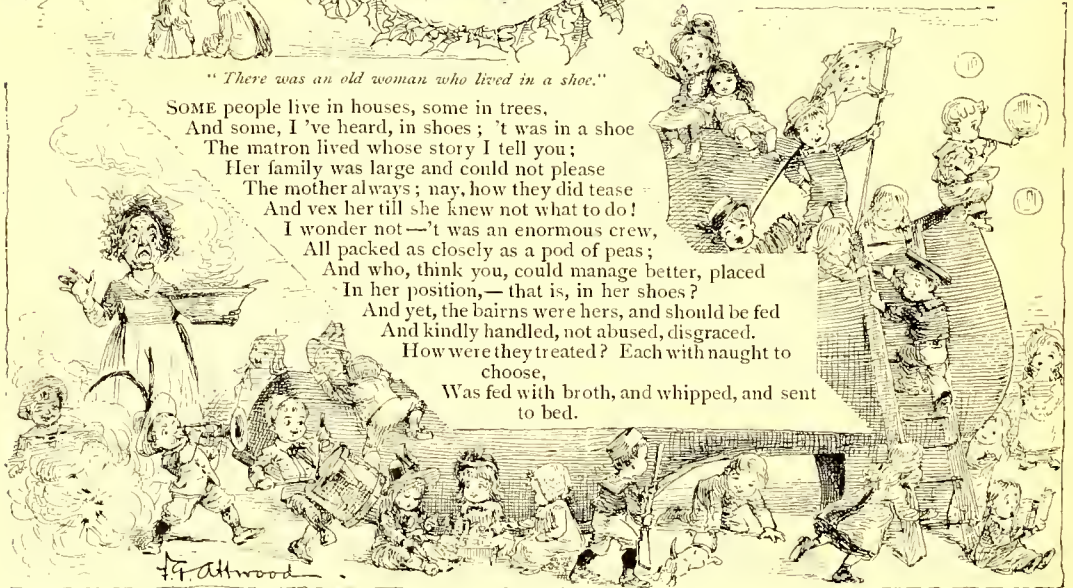
*"Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,—"*

"WHENEVER I go back and forth to  
school,  
How many quite bad little boys I see!"  
This was Jack Horner's brief soliloquy  
As he sat by the chimney on a stool  
(It is quite clear that Johnny was no  
fool)  
Eating a piece of Christmas pie; and he  
Could not help feeling—very properly—  
Thankful that he was one who, as a  
rule,  
Had his good things, while other boys  
had none;—  
A small boy's grace it was before his  
pie.  
A plum appeared, which he did not  
refuse,  
When he took up the moral he'd be-  
gun—  
(His childish egotism pray excuse)  
"Oh, what a very, very good boy am I!"



*"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe."*

SOME people live in houses, some in trees,  
And some, I've heard, in shoes; 't was in a shoe  
The matron lived whose story I tell you;  
Her family was large and could not please  
The mother always; nay, how they did tease—  
And vex her till she knew not what to do!  
I wonder not—'t was an enormous crew,  
All packed as closely as a pod of peas;  
And who, think you, could manage better, placed  
In her position,—that is, in her shoes?  
And yet, the bairns were hers, and should be fed  
And kindly handled, not abused, disgraced.  
How were they treated? Each with naught to  
choose,  
Was fed with broth, and whipped, and sent  
to bed.



F. G. Atwood



*"Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep."*

THERE was a little shepherdess, Bo-peep,  
A rustic maiden, with a little crook,  
Blue gown, and white straw hat, and she did look  
Fresh as the dawn, and Bo-peep loved her sheep.  
Nevertheless one day she fell asleep,  
Hidden away from sight in a green nook,  
Her hat thrown off, but in her hand her hook.  
She woke, looked round, and then began to weep;  
Her lambs were gone! She strained her eyes to get  
A glimpse of their retreating tails, and then  
She ran and shouted. Not one did appear.  
Sit down, dear little girl, and never fret,  
Leave them alone, and they 'll come back again,  
Bringing their tails behind them, never fear.



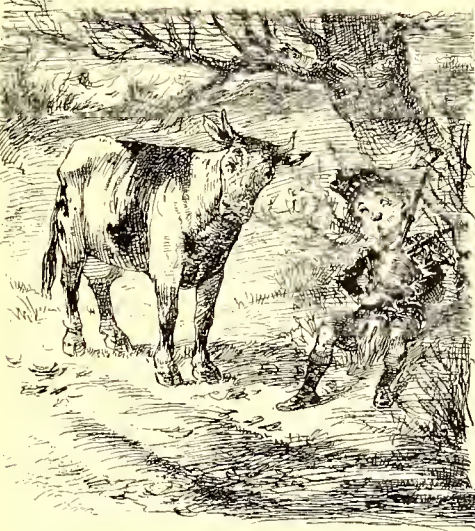
*"Simple Simon went a-fishing."*

A BOY named Simon sojourned in a dale,  
Some said that he was simple, but I 'm sure  
That he was nothing less than simple pure;  
They thought him so because, forsooth, a whale  
He tried to catch in Mother's water pail.  
Ah! little boy, timid, composed, demure,—  
He had imagination. Yet endure  
Defeat he could, for he of course did fail.  
But there are Simons of a larger growth,  
Who, too, in shallow waters fish for whales,  
And when they fail they are "unfortunate."  
If the small boy is simple, then are both,  
And the big Simon more, who often rails  
At what he calls ill luck or unkind fate.



*"There was a man who had a cow,  
And he had naught to give her."*

A CERTAIN piper had a nice, fine cow,  
But the same piper was a thriftless man,  
He spent his substance fêting the god Pan,  
And piped and danced but never touched the plow.  
And when no hay nor corn was in the mow  
(The cow grown thin, and dim her coat of tan),  
He pulled his bagpipes out and then began  
To play the beast a tune. Her noble brow  
Grew dark; the piper in his blandest tone  
Then said, "Consider, cow, commune!"  
She always had been wont to ruminare,  
So she considered well, then with a moan  
Meekly replied, "I can not eat your tune."  
Heroic cow, who had to stand and wait!



*J. F. Atwood*

# THE BUNNY STORIES.\*

FOR LITTLE READERS.

## COUSIN JACK'S STORY.

BY JOHN H. JEWETT.



HE Bunnies had planned a chestnutting party for their Saturday holiday.

It was early in October and there had been a few sharp frosts to open the chestnut-burrs.

The glossy brown nuts were just peeping from their snug quarters, like tiny birds in a nest, and looked very tempting in their pale green and gold setting among the fading and falling leaves.

Every season brought its own pleasures for the Bunnies, from their first search for pussy-willows and arbutus in the spring, through all the changing months of flowers and fruits and summer picnics, to the gathering of the bright-colored autumn leaves, and the nutting parties; then came the coasting and skating, and the long winter evenings for reading and story-telling, until spring came again.

Next to a picnic, the Bunnies enjoyed a nutting party, for, besides the fun, it seemed like a pleasant way of saying good-bye to the woods and the hedges, before they laid aside their beautiful leafy robes, and the winter came to bring them their snowy gowns for a long winter's sleep.

The Bunnies had waited a long time for the chestnuts to ripen, and for nearly a week they had been impatiently counting the days until Saturday should come round to give them a holiday from school.

When the longed-for day came at last, they woke in the morning to find the rain falling steadily, and they felt almost like crying over their disappointment.

Cousin Jack said it might clear off by noon; but, in spite of their hoping and watching, the clouds thickened and the wind blew in fitful gusts, beating the pretty leaves from the trees, and making everything out-of-doors seem gloomy and uncomfortable.

When they heard the Deacon say it was "prob-

ably the Line-storm and might last a week," the Bunnies grumbled and said it was too bad to have their fun spoiled after waiting so long.

Cousin Jack saw their glum faces and said cheerily, "Well, well, I think we can bear the storm, if the poor birds and other shelterless creatures can; and I never heard of their scolding about the weather. Besides," he added, "this storm is saving us trouble."

Bunnyboy asked if he did not mean making trouble instead of saving it, and Cousin Jack replied, "I mean *saving* us trouble, for the best time to go chestnutting is after a hard storm, when the wind and rain have beaten off the nuts, and saved the trouble and risk of clubbing the trees or climbing them to knock off the opening burrs. We shall probably get there as soon as anybody," he added, "and find rare picking when we do."

This made the Bunnies a little more cheerful; and later in the day, when, tired of reading and playing games, they found Cousin Jack in a cosy corner in the library, they began to coax him for a story.

Cousin Jack was never happier than at such times, when, with Cuddledown on his knee, and the other Bunnies gathered around him, he would say, "Well, well, I will put on my thinking-cap and see what will come."

Cuddledown wished for a new story about the "good fairies," but Bunnyboy said he did not believe there were any real fairies, and asked Cousin Jack if he had ever seen any.

Cousin Jack said there were different kinds of fairies, but the only kind he had ever seen were what Bunnyboy called "real fairies," and he had known several in his life.

"Please tell us about the ones you have really seen," said Brownie.

Cousin Jack replied, "I will try to do so, but you must remember that my fairies are real, everyday fairies, and not the story-book kind who are supposed to do impossible things and live in a fairy-land, instead of an every-day, rain or shine, world like ours."

Pinkeyes moved a little nearer to him and asked,

\* Copyright, 1888, by John H. Jewett.



"Is it wrong to like the story-book fairies? They always seem to be trying to help those who are in trouble, and they make me wish to be like them."

Cousin Jack gave her a very tender glance as he answered, "No harm at all, my dear, and I am glad you asked, for I did not mean to say anything against any kind of good influences which make us wish to be kinder or more thoughtful of others."

"I meant," said he, "only that I had met with some real, helpful fairies who live in the same world we live in, and," he added, with a smile, "I am sitting very near one of that kind now."

Brownny looked up and quickly said, "Oh, you mean Pinkeyes; but she is no fairy at all; she is only the best sister in all the world. Please begin the story!"

"Well, once upon a time—" said Cousin Jack.

"Oh, skip that back number," interrupted Bunnyboy, who was just beginning to use slang phrases and thought it knowing instead of vulgar.

"Well, what if it is?" asked Cousin Jack, good-naturedly. "Who knows how this story begins, if I do not?"

Bunnyboy said, "I beg your pardon, but could you please begin at the real interesting part of the story and save time? I am tired of these opening chapters."

"I do not blame you," said Cousin Jack; "life is short and youth is impatient; let me begin again."

"Many years ago," he continued, "there was a harum-scarum young Bunny, whose story-name we will call Rab.

"Rab was an orphan; at least he thought he was, for the family with whom he lived told him his father and mother had died of a terrible fever in the South, when he was only three or four years old.

"Sometimes, at night, when Rab was lying awake, alone in the dark, he used to fancy he could remember living in another home very different from the place in which he now lived. The neighbors called his present home the 'Poor Farm.'

"Then there seemed to have been some one whom he called 'Papa,' who brought Rab toys and playthings, and carried him up and down stairs on his back, playing horse and rider.

"At such times he thought he could still remember the sweet face and gentle voice of some one who was always near him,—the first in the morning and the last at night to kiss him and call him her 'precious child.'

"Many a night when these fancies came into his mind, they made him feel so lonely and homesick that he would cry until he fell asleep and dream that he had found both father and mother again and was the happiest Bunny in the world.

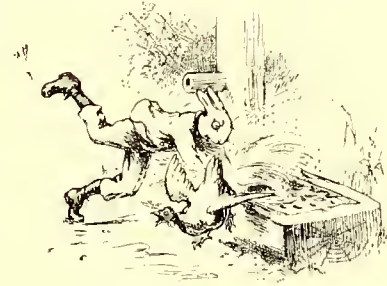
"But in the morning when he woke up, all about him was so different from his dreams that they seemed as strange and far away as the stars that had gone with the night.

"In the daytime he was so busy doing odd jobs, running on errands, or getting into some new mischief, that he forgot all about any other troubles but his present ones.

"Rab was active and restless, and was almost sure to get into some kind of trouble if the day was long enough.

"If he was sent to rake up the yard and burn the rubbish, he built the bonfire so near the house or stables that when the wind changed, as it usually did, he had to call for help to put out the fire.

"If he was sent to hunt for hens' nests in the barn, he often tore his clothes by clambering into some out-of-the-way place un-



RAB DUCKS THE WRONG HEN.

der the roof to play at having a house of his own, or to carry out some other queer notion that came into his head.

"When he was told he might duck a certain hen in the trough, to break her of setting, he usually ducked the wrong hen, or fell into the water himself in his eagerness. The master of the farm used to say he would almost rather have a hurricane on the place once a week than to have that harum-scarum Rab try to do anything useful.

"Rab used to think that scolding or fault-finding was a way some persons chose to enjoy themselves, and that grumbling was so easy that almost any one could do it and hardly make an effort; and so he kept out of the way as much as possible.

"One day, Rab found a place where a hen had made her nest in the dry grass, under some bushes, quite a long way from the barn.

"There was only one egg in the nest, and, as Rab was not sure it was a good one, he left it there and waited until the next day.

"When he went again to look there was another egg in the nest, and as no one else knew about it, and because he thought it would be fun to keep the hen's secret with her, he said nothing, but watched from day to day until there were six large, white eggs in the nest.

"Rab knew that Peddler Coon, who came

through the town with his cracker-eart every week, often took eggs from the neighbors in exchange for his crackers and cookies.

"Rab liked sweet cakes as well as any other Bunny, but he rarely had a taste of any cakes or cookies at the farm.

"He knew how good Peddler Coon's cookies tasted, for he had seen Rey Fox, and his sister Silva, buy them with pennies, and once Silva had given him some of hers.

"Every time he looked at the nest, he thought of Peddler Coon's cookies, and wondered how many he could buy with an egg. At first he only wished that the eggs belonged to him, and that he could buy cookies with them.

"Then he began to wonder if any one would know if he should take one or two of them. Something in his heart kept whispering, 'It is wrong—they are not yours—you must not take them,' but at last he thought so much about the cookies that it seemed as if he must have some. The only way to get them was to rob the nest.

"He made it seem easier to himself by saying he would take only one, and that the hen would lay another the next day, and no one would know.

"The next time he heard Peddler Coon's horn in the street he waited for an opportunity, and stealing quietly to the nest in the bushes he took an egg, and, hiding it carefully in his jacket-pocket, he ran off down street, out of sight from the house, to wait for the cart to come.

"Rab felt guilty, and it seemed to him as if every one was watching him. This uncomfortable thought made him so excited that he forgot to look carefully before him as he ran.

"On turning a corner, and trying to look over his shoulder at the same time, to see whether the cart was coming, he tripped and fell flat upon the ground.

"The egg, which was still in his pocket, was crushed into a shapeless mass, and Rab knew his chance for cookies was gone, and that he was in difficulties besides.

"In trying to get the broken egg from his pocket, he smeared his hands and jacket; and the more he tried the more the egg-stain spread, until

it looked as if he had been trying to paint a golden sunset on one side of his jacket.

"What to do next, puzzled him. His first thought was to go back and try to explain the accident by telling a lie about how the egg came in his pocket.

"Rab never had told a lie in his life, but it now seemed to him that, having begun by stealing the egg, the easiest way out of the scrape was to lie.

"The more he thought about it, the harder the case seemed to grow. He wondered whether the master would believe his story if he made up one. If he did not believe it, would he flog him until he owned to the truth, and then flog him again for both stealing and lying?

"Then he began to pity himself, and to wish that he had a father or mother to help him out of his trouble.

"This made him wonder what they would think of their little Rab, if they were alive, and knew he was beginning to steal and tell lies, and the shame of it almost broke his heart.

"He crept behind a stone wall, out of sight, and lay down to have a good cry before deciding what to do."

"Where does the fairy come in? Is n't it almost time for one?" asked Brownly, with his eyes full of sympathy for Rab.

"Yes," replied Cousin Jack, "the fairy was just coming that way, and she was one of the sweetest little fairies you ever heard of, in or out of a story-book.

"She was a graceful young fairy, with a gentle face and large, tender, brown eyes, very much like your Mother Bunny's.

"As she was passing, she heard some one sobbing behind the low wall, and, stopping to look over the wall, she saw poor Rab lying there with the hot tears streaming down his face.

"'What is the matter, little Bunny; why are you hiding there and crying so bitterly?' asked the fairy.

"Rab brushed the tears away with the sleeve of his jacket, and replied, 'Because I am unhappy; please go away!'

"Reaching out her hand to him, the fairy said, 'That is a good reason why I should not go away, and leave you alone. If you are unhappy you must be in trouble, so please get up and tell me about it, and let me try to comfort you.'

"The fairy's manner was so kind and friendly that Rab thanked her, and, getting up from the ground, he said, 'You are very kind, but you do not know what I have done. I ought to go back to the farm and be flogged, instead of being comforted by you, and I will go now.'

"'Oh! do not say that,' said the fairy. 'If



RAB STEALS AN EGG.

your trouble is so bad, you must come home with me and see my mother. She will help you if any one can.'

"Rab looked at his soiled jacket, and blushed as he said, 'Oh, no! I am ashamed to be seen, or to speak to any one.'

"'But you need not be afraid of my mother,' replied the fairy; 'she knows just what every one



HAZEL FAWN FINDS RAB.

needs who is in trouble, so come with me and I will help you clean your jacket, and mother will tell you what is best to do.'

"Taking his hand, she urged him gently, and, almost in spite of himself, Rab yielded and went with her.

"On the way the fairy told him her name was Hazel Fawn, and that she lived in the Deer Cottage with her mother, Mrs. Deer.

"She did not ask him any questions, but when they reached the cottage she said simply to her mother, 'Here 's a little Bunny who is in trouble. I thought you could help him if he would tell you about it, while I am cleaning his jacket.'

"Mother Deer said kindly: 'I am glad to see you, Rab, for I have heard about you, and know where you live. You must trust me as you would your own mother, and let me help you just as she would wish to, if she were here.'

"Then she showed him where he could wash the egg-stains from his hands, and helped him take off his jacket.

"Hazel took the jacket and left the room, without waiting to hear what Rab should tell her mother, because she thought he might not wish to have any one else hear his story.

"Mother Deer asked him to sit by her side, and told him not to worry about his jacket, for Hazel

would soon have the stains washed off and they would have a little talk while the jacket was drying.

"'It is n't the jacket that troubles me,' said Rab, 'it is ever so much worse than egg-stains.'

"Then he bravely tried to hold back his tears while he told her the whole truth, from the day he first found the nest to his taking the egg, the accident which followed, and even about his first plan of telling a lie to save himself from being found out.

"There were tears in Mother Deer's eyes as she said to him, 'I am sorry for you, Rab, but it might be worse, and I am glad you came to me.'

"'It is hard for a little Bunny, like you, to begin life all alone, without a kind father or mother to watch over you, and I only wonder how such little homeless waifs do as well as you do.'

"'I have known many homes,' Mother Deer continued, 'where everything that love and patience could do was done for the little ones, and in spite of it all they would go astray and grieve everybody by their waywardness and wrong-doing.'

"Rab hid his face in her lap and cried softly, but Mother Deer took his hand in hers and said cheerfully, 'You must not be discouraged; you have done wrong; but you can do right about it, and I am sure you will, for you have been brave and honest to tell me the truth, and have not tried to spare yourself as many might have done.'

"'Now, I will tell you what we will do. I will write a note to the master of the farm and tell him what I think of a Bunny who wishes to do right, and you must go to him and tell the whole story, just as you have told it to me.'

"'Whatever he may think best to do about it, you must bear as bravely as you can, for that is your part of the matter.'

"'It is not always easy,' Mother Deer went on, 'to be brave when one is right; but it takes more nerve and real courage to be brave and truthful when we know we are in the wrong.'

"Rab looked up into her kind face and said, 'No one ever talked so to me before, and I will do just what you have told me to do, no matter what comes. I am not afraid of a flogging, now, if you will only think I do not mean to be bad any more.'

"Mother Deer kissed him and said, 'You may be sure I will, Rab,' and just then Hazel came in with the jacket, clean and dry, and a big bunch of grapes which she had saved for him.

"Hazel walked part of the way with him, as he went back to the farm, and when she bade him good-night, Rab said, 'You and your mother must be my good fairies, for no one else ever helped me out of my troubles as you have done.'

"Then Rab went directly to the master and told him all about finding the nest and what had

followed, and gave him the note Mother Deer had written.

"The master read the note and then said, 'Well, youngster, you have told me a straight story, and if you will show me the nest, I will call it even for the broken egg.'

"'I should not wonder,' he added, 'if it proved fortunate all round, after all. Mrs. Deer seems to think there is something in you besides mischief and thieving, and she says she would like to have you come and live with her, to work about the cottage, and go to school.'

"Rab did not know what to say except 'Thank you, sir,' but he went to bed with a truly thankful heart that night.

"A few days later Rab went to the Deer Cottage to live, and the two good fairies, who had helped him out of his trouble, made his new home so happy, for the next few years, that he grew to be a very different Bunny from the harum-scarum Rab of the Poor Farm."

"Is that all?" asked Brownly. Cousin Jack did not reply, but Cuddledown looked over to Bunnyboy and asked, "What do you think about 'real fairies' now?"

Bunnyboy answered, "I should like to know what became of Hazel Fawn."

"I thought so," said Cuddledown, "for you are always liking some one who is not your sister."

Bunnyboy blushed but said nothing, and Pink-eyes, who had sat quietly while the others asked questions, turned to Cousin Jack and said, "I think I know what you mean by calling Hazel and Mother Deer 'good fairies.' You mean that we can all be good fairies to others who are unfortunate or in any kind of trouble, if we try to be gentle and patient and helpful when we have a chance."

Cousin Jack nudged Brownly, and slyly asked, "Who said Pinkeyes was no fairy at all? If it takes a rogue to find out a rogue, surely a fairy is the best one to find out another fairy, and Pink-eyes is right."

Then, turning to Pinkeyes, he said, "That is just what the story means, if it means anything."

Brownly fidgeted a minute, and then asked Cousin Jack, "How did you find out all about this Rab? Did you ever know such a Bunny?"

"That is a secret," said Cousin Jack, "which perhaps I will tell you some other time. All I will say now is that Mother Deer and Hazel Fawn were not the only 'good fairies' who came into Rab's life to brighten and gladden his other dark days — just as this sunshine has come to cheer us, while I have been telling his story to you."

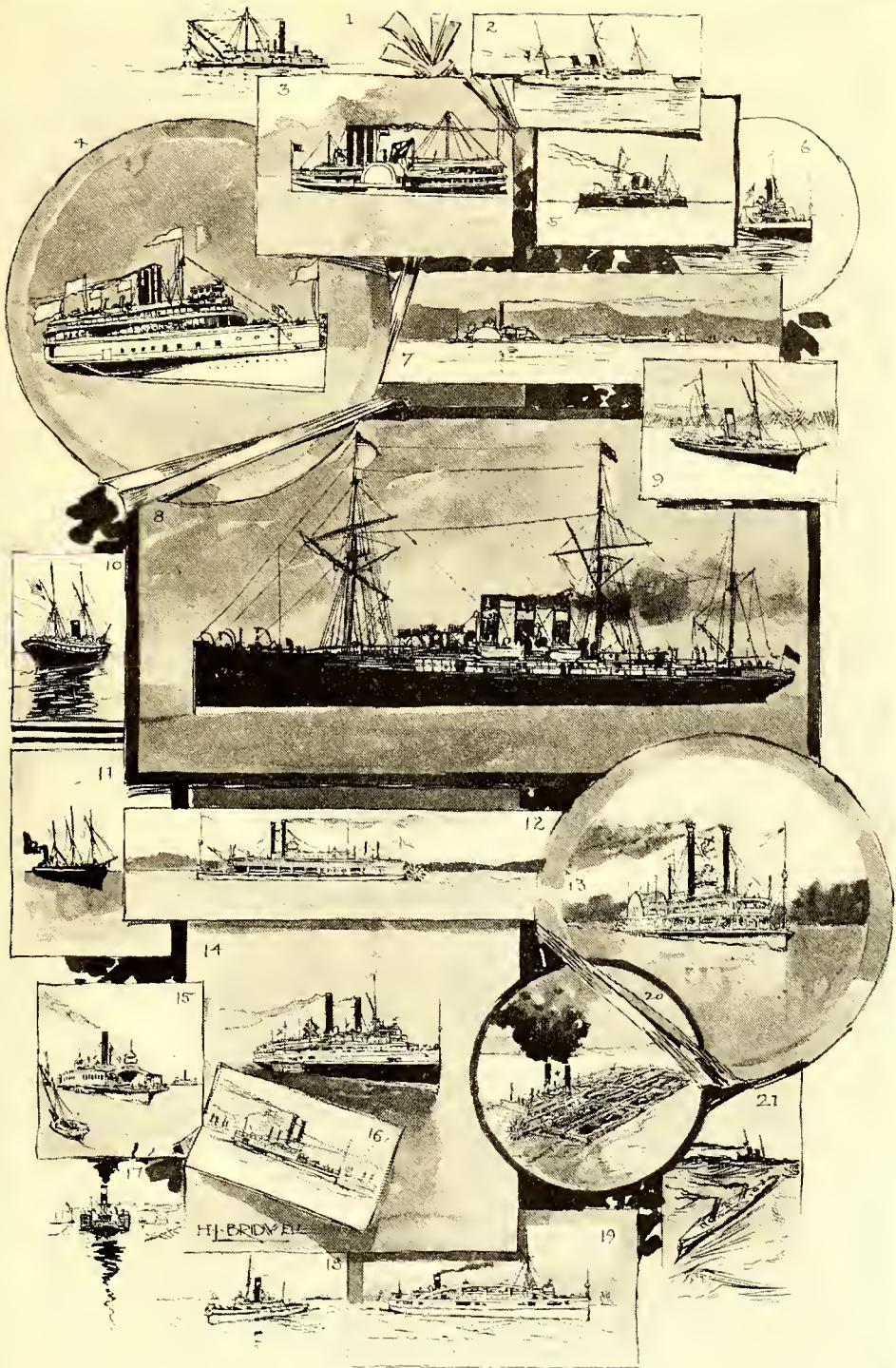
And, indeed, the dark clouds had rolled away and the sun was shining again, and the Bunnies forgot the disappointment of the morning in making new plans for a chestnutting party for another day.



## A PAGE OF BOATS.

(See picture opposite.)

- |                            |                               |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Dredge-boat.            | 11. Steam Barge.              |
| 2. Cruiser.                | 12. Ohio River Stern-wheeler. |
| 3. Day-boat on the Hudson. | 13. Mississippi Steamer.      |
| 4. Sound Steamer.          | 14. Lake Steamer.             |
| 5. Iron-clad.              | 15. New York Ferryboat.       |
| 6. Revenue Steamer.        | 16. Western Ferryboat.        |
| 7. Towing on the Hudson.   | 17. Abroad.                   |
| 8. An Atlantic "Liner."    | 18. Ocean-going Tug.          |
| 9. Steam Yacht.            | 19. Lake Propeller.           |
| 10. Coast-going Steamer.   | 20. Towing on the Ohio.       |
|                            | 21. Torpedo-boat              |



A PAGE OF BOATS.

# From Our Scrap-Book



## ELECTRICITY FOR SNAKES.

A REPORT comes by way of Germany that a novel use of electricity has been made in India for the prevention of the intrusion of snakes into dwellings. Before all the doors and around the house two wires are laid, connected with an electrical apparatus. Should a snake attempt to crawl over the wires he receives a shock of electricity, which either kills or frightens him into a hasty retreat. — *Portland Transcript*.

## MINUTE SCREWS.

It is asserted that the smallest screws in the world are those used in the production of watches. Thus, the fourth jewel-wheel screw is almost invisible, and to the naked eye it looks like dust; magnified by a glass, however, it is seen to be a small screw, and with a very fine glass the threads may be seen quite clearly. These minute screws are four-thousandths of an inch in diameter, and the heads are double; it is said that an ordinary lady's thimble would hold many thousands of these screws. No attempt is ever made to count them, the method pursued in determining the number being to place one hundred of them on a very delicate balance, and the number of the whole amount is estimated by the weight of these. After being cut the screws are hardened and put in frames, about one hundred to the frame, heads up, this being done very rapidly by sense of touch instead of by sight, and the heads are then polished in an automatic machine, ten thousand at a time. — *Electrical Review*.

## SAND-DRIFTS.

DRY, loose sand, wherever it occurs, is constantly being shifted by the wind, and often buries cultivated lands, buildings, and forests. On the shores of Lake Michigan are drifts one hundred feet deep, and those of Cornwall reach three hundred feet in depth, while the drifts of the Gobi desert are forty miles long and nine hundred feet high in places. On the shores of the Bay of Biscay the drifting sand travels inland sixteen feet a year, in parts of Denmark twenty-four feet, and in Southern India seventeen yards. In some places walls and barriers of vegetation have been created to stop the destroying drifts. Fine sand is taken up to a great height in the air, and deposited many miles away. In 1852, Iceland was visited

by a remarkable sand-storm, lasting two weeks, which hid the sun and objects a few yards off like a dense fog, and caused the death of thousands of sheep and horses. — *Portland Transcript*.

## A COUNTRY CORONER'S VERDICT.

THE result of a post-mortem examination to determine the cause of death, enabled a certain coroner in Connecticut to return the following verdict:

"The autopsy of the body of ———, made by Drs. ——— and ———, showed satisfactorily that the suspicious clean cut, near an inch in length, on the left side through the vest and shirts and the integuments of the body, was arrested by one of the ribs, and did not enter the thorax, and was not a cause of death; nor was there any wound that might cause death anywhere on the body (besides the injuries by the train of cars, believed to be the ten o'clock P. M. steambot train), unless upon the head, which was so crushed that any fatal injury upon it could not have been discovered with any certainty—leaving the case enveloped in mystery: how a man so intoxicated that he went on a railroad track a half a mile, in a contrary direction from his home, not knowing where, and yet was able in the darkness of the night under a covered bridge, with nothing but cross-timbers to step on, between which by a misstep he would have gone through into the river below; and then to have placed himself safely, lying at his length upon the cross-timbers, near the end of the bridge—for, had he been standing, the engineer would have seen him by means of the headlight, anywhere upon the bridge, well-nigh inextricable—so that if he was not so placed for the cars to conceal a felony, it becomes a nine-days' wonder how he got there."

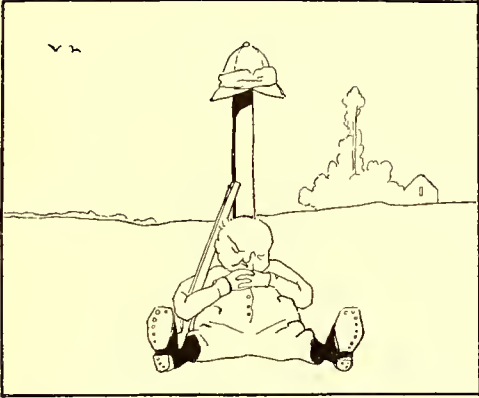
## QUICK AND STRONG.

DYNAMITE is so instantaneous in its action that a green leaf can be compressed into the hardest steel before it has time to flatten. One of the experiments at the United States Torpedo Works was to place some leaves between two heavy, flat pieces of iron, set them on a firm foundation, and see what gun-cotton would do in forcing the iron pieces together. A charge was placed upon them by compressing the gun-cotton into a cylin-

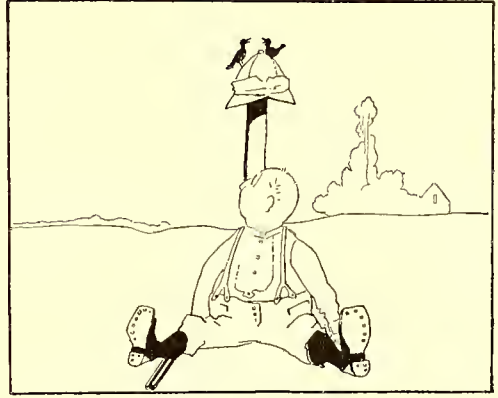
drical form about one inch thick and three or four inches in diameter, through the center of which a hole is made for a cap of fulminate of mercury, by which the gun-cotton is exploded. The reaction was so great, from merely

being exploded in the open air, that one of the iron pieces was driven down upon the other so quickly, and with such force, that it caught an impression of the leaves before they could escape.—*Portland Transcript.*

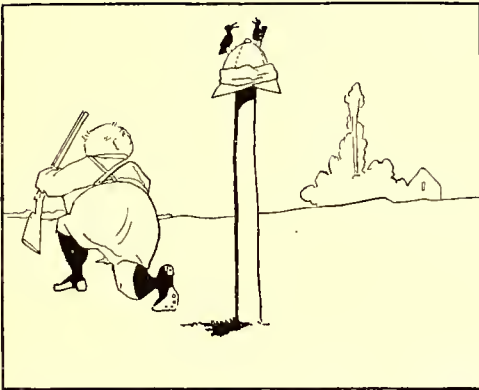
## A STORY THAT TELLS ITSELF.



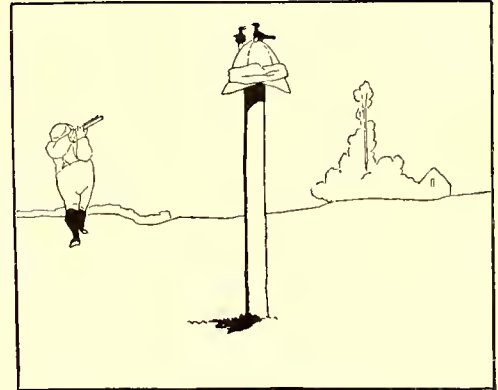
CHAPTER I.



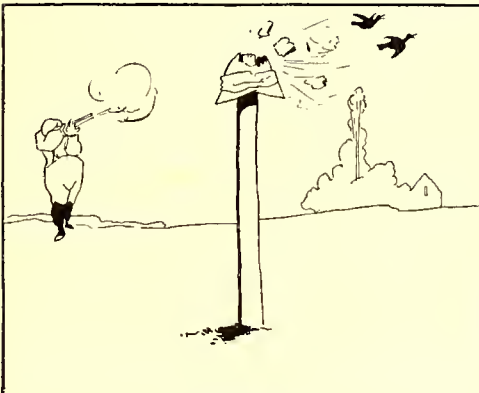
CHAPTER II.



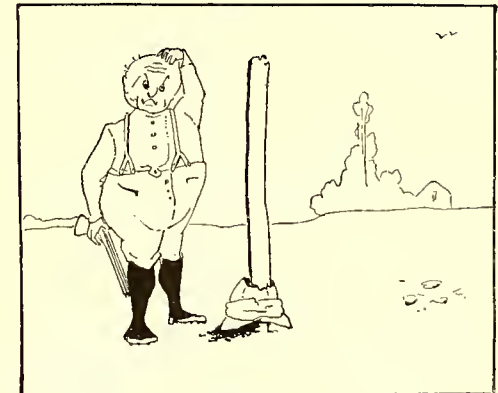
CHAPTER III.



CHAPTER IV.



CHAPTER V.



CHAPTER VI.

## A CLOSE CORPORATION.

BY RUTH PUTNAM.

SEVEN little girls were having a solemn meeting. It was no light and trivial matter that was occupying their minds. Indeed, to judge by their faces you would have thought that by some strange and unexpected turn of the wheel of Fate, the direction of the affairs of state had fallen into their hands, so careworn and solemn were their expressions. They were about to undertake a mighty enterprise. They were to start a paper. After some discussion as to the proper mode of beginning, one little girl said she was sure the first thing was to choose a president — wherever her papa went they always did that. Nothing could ever be done without a president, “especially in a republic, where there is n’t a king,” she added. Her sister Clara said yes; Edith did n’t usually know much about useful things, but she was right that time, and besides the president, they must have two “vices,” a treasurer, a writing person, whose name she could n’t remember, and a committee. The memory of the others supplied the name of secretary, and suggested that “vices” were really presidents when the other one could n’t come. They then proceeded to have an election. Eva was elected president. “She is n’t quite the oldest, but her name is such a very ancient one,” remarked Edith. Clara was chosen secretary; Lucy, treasurer; Edith and Alice, “vices”; and the two others, a committee; so that each one was dignified with an office. Then the matter was thoroughly discussed. They decided on *The Rose* as the name of the paper. Each one had the right to bring her own contributions.

“But, of course, there must n’t be too many long stories,” said Edith. “It will take a long time to publish my ‘Egyptian Adventures,’ and there is never more than one long story in a magazine.”

“We can have two poems a number,” said the president, whose age was twelve; “and I should say that we ought generally to let Agnes have one of those, because, of course, she belongs — even if she is ’way off in the Western Hemisphere.”

“Well, I *do* think,” broke in Cora, rather derisively. “Are n’t we all in the Western Hemisphere? You ’d better study geography.”

“Is n’t California more in the Western Hemisphere than New York is?” asked the president, meekly.

This brought on a discussion not pertinent to the new magazine, in which the more practical Clara came out strong, and finally demonstrated, by means of a half-eaten apple, that if you were *there*, you *were* there, and “you could n’t be any more than that!” as she added, triumphantly.

Their first plan was to write out their magazines, each one doing three, and they thought they might have twenty-one subscribers.

I should mention that Agnes, then in California, had been a former schoolmate of the small group, and was to be associated in the enterprise, but, of course, she could not aid in the labor of it.

Well, they also arranged that each one should write to her friends and ask them to subscribe. The proceeds, after expenses, were to go to the poor.

“Naturally,” said Cora, “it will be like a grown-up party — we must invite a great many more than we expect to come.”

Then they separated, after composing the first number from copy already on hand.

It was a busy week for the editorial staff. The twenty-one numbers were copied, but the ink was obstreperous, the pens were filled with evil spirits, and sometimes little sisters *would* joggle the tables at critical moments so that horrid big blots would appear on the laboriously written pages, and the work of an hour or more would be destroyed. Ah, the lot of editor and printer combined was not an easy one!

Finally, some grown-up person suggested that a poor deaf-mute in the village had a printing-press upon which he was in the habit of printing programmes, bill-heads, etc., and that perhaps he would print their paper cheaply. This individual was visited, and after a lively pantomimic conversation with the finger alphabet, which one of the little girls knew, they made a favorable bargain with him.

So now, instead of twenty-one subscribers, they could have fifty. Oh, it would be splendid! — and they would have to correct proof!

The letters were written to their friends in New York, and then came several days of happy anticipation in which they saw the subscription mount to one hundred names, imagined the money pouring into the treasury, and planned out all the good they could do for the poor, next Christmas. Then, too,



they made up their next number from Edith's somewhat grimy store and the cherished productions of the others.

At the end of the week, Clara received the following letter from her cousin in New York :

"DEAR CLARA: My little friend, Ada Crosswell, and I are going for the same subject as you, to help poor people. We are going to work real hard, whenever there is something to do, so that we can earn some money, and, as she goes to Sunday-school, she will give it there.

"About your magazine, I do not care so much for that, hut, as I am fond of writing, I will give you another plan.

"Suppose I am to give you five cents instead of ten, and instead of taking the magazine, I would like to write stories for it, if you have no objection. But, of course, if you would rather not, why just say so. I will renew my old stories, and give you my best.

"Good-bye, from your loving cousin, GERTRUDE."

This was not altogether satisfactory to Clara as she read it, and she proceeded at once to call a meeting extraordinary.

It was a stormy session. The idea had never entered their editorial heads that other contributions than their own should appear in their precious periodical. Clara thought the fact that this was their cousin ought to have some weight. But Eva suggested that perhaps all their cousins might write, and sometimes one's friends were just the same, and more, too, than one's cousins. And—if every one wrote, what would the poor editors do with all *their* things? The question was left unsettled.

The next mail brought the following letter from Elise, another cousin of Edith and Clara, in Newport.

"MY DEAR CLARA: We would be delighted to take the paper, but I wish I could wright some stories for it; would you mind if I wrote a story for this next month's paper, and if it is not nise enough please tell me would you mind having me write for the paper. If you would not like it write and tell me. I think it would be a great deel of fun to write for the paper. I will write this short story, and if you would not want me to write for it don't hesitate to tell me, because I suppose you have enough. Good-bye, from  
ELISE."

This letter was discussed as hotly as Gertrude's had been. The board were not quite so indignant, because no reduction in subscription-price was asked, and the whole tone of the letter was more modest. But they became more and more convinced that, however good the articles might be, they really and truly had no use for them—"because," as Edith remarked plaintively, looking at her beloved pile of MSS. before her (she had brought it to the meeting to put certain arti-

cles to vote), "We will just have to put all our own things away again, and all the proof we read will be other people's work. Oh, it will be *horrid!*"

The following morning another letter arrived for Clara, from Winifred in the city:

"DEAR CLARA: I think your idea of a real printed magazine is just splendid, and I will be glad to take it. I suppose you know that I can write poetry; things about ghosts and water-witches and splendid weird things are what I like best. If you have any room in your paper I could let you have them. Of course, I would n't charge anything, because you are going to give the money to the poor, and I 'd like to help do that.

"Your friend, WINIFRED."

Then came a letter from Agnes, inclosing two poems, three rebuses, one charade, and some chapters of a continued story by herself. After mentioning these inclosures, she went on to say, "I know three real nice girls in San Francisco who think they could write some stories and poctry if you would like them to. I send you some of my writings. The rest are locked up in Mamma's trunk. I 'll send them along with the girls' stories."

Clara carried the two communications to the meeting and read them aloud. A dead silenco fell upon the assembly, and then Edith burst into tears and said, trying to pull her handkerchief through the mass of papers in her pocket, "It is *too* dreadful to have to say 'No' to Agnes—but, *all* the girls in *all* California!—Oh, that is *too much!*" and she sobbed bitterly until she discovered that she had drawn out a MS. with her handkerchief, and that her tears were fast effacing the writing. She borrowed another handkerchief, rushed to the window, and was so absorbed in trying to dry her beloved paper in the sun, and to replace the blotted-out words, that she took no further part in the discussion that day.

But the discussion was continued without her and became very serious. For they began to feel more and more the weight of their enterprise—now that so many people wished to share in it. At last, it was solemnly decided to announce to the world that, for a year at least, theirs was to be a close corporation. *Perhaps*, when they had uscd up *all* they had written, they would take the *best* their friends could write.

So, next year there may be a chance for some of you to become contributors to *The Rose*.

This all happened in America. I write this in France, and here I find that the presents liked best for Christmas, by the little French girls whom I know, are blank books in which to write their poems and stories.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

MOUNT VERNON ON THE POTOMAC, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As my older sister wrote to you last year, I will contribute a letter this year. They are now restoring the slave-quarters here at Mount Vernon, the money for which was raised by the school-children of Kansas; and, after the slave-quarters are finished, all the buildings that were here in Washington's time will be restored. On one side of this building is a white marble slab, and inscribed on it is the following: "Restored by the Schools of Kansas, 1889." I think the school-children of the United States have done very well for Mount Vernon,—for the summer-house was rebuilt by the school-children of Louisiana. On the Fourth of July the tomb was decorated beautifully. The most prominent and beautiful wreath was presented by the President and Mrs. Harrison. We are so fond of the ST. NICHOLAS that whenever it comes we have a regular scramble to settle which shall read it first. It has been kindly presented to us for three or four years.

Sincerely your little friend,

ANNA HOWELL D—.

HAIKU MAUI, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on the Sandwich Islands, and the people are not cannibals, but mostly white people. There are eight races of people here. My father and mother are Americans, but I was born here. I have a sister who is a year younger than myself, and three brothers. My oldest brother is in Yale College. I am ten years old.

I have a little garden. It has a La France rose bush, nasturtiums, marigolds, morning-glories, dahlias, mignonne, and other flowers.

There are palm-trees and date-palms in our yard. Our date-palms have borne dates before. The pine-apples do not grow on trees but near the ground; first the leaves grow out of the ground, and then the pine-apple grows out of the middle.

There are no elephants here, nor bears, nor monkeys. Mamma and Papa take the ST. NICHOLAS here.

This is the first letter that I have ever written to you.

Once a lady wrote in a paper that there were monkeys here when there are not.

Your loving friend,

GRACE D—.

RIPON, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I love your fine magazine dearly, and we would all find it very hard to part with you. I attend the public school.

Ripon, my native town, is a very pretty place of over four thousand inhabitants and contains a fine college. My two sisters, who are both older than I, attend Ripon College, which has about three hundred scholars. Commencement is the event of the season and lasts about a week.

The last day of May we had a snow-storm, which seemed rather out of place at that time of the year.

We live in a large white house on Main Street, facing

two streets, with a fine lawn where we have a croquet-set. Among my favorite authors are Bayard Taylor, Miss Holmes, Miss Alcott, and Mrs. Wister.

I am very fond of music and take lessons on the piano, and I also write many stories.

A paper in Milwaukee offered ten prizes in gold for the best original stories by children in Wisconsin, between the ages of ten and sixteen. One hundred and twenty-seven stories were sent in; and I wrote one, receiving the eighth prize, of five dollars, which I thought was quite a beginning for a young writer.

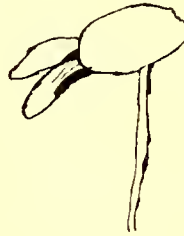
Your sincere reader, MARY LILLIAN S—.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, ten years old. I have a little brother, five years old. I like "A Bit of Color." What do you like best? My little brother likes the "Bunny Stories." He is particularly fond of "Cuddledown." The other day he was playing with some daisies, when suddenly he said, "Oh, Mamma! here is Cuddledown." We looked and saw that he had pulled all the white petals off a daisy but two, and they looked just like the Bunny's ears. I will show you by a picture. In this way he made the whole of the Bunny family.

Your little reader,

BERTHA C. F—.



RIPON, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Fort Keogh, Montana, but two years ago my Mamma died and I came here to stay with my aunt and to go to college. I am thirteen years old and study commercial law and botany. The only pet I have is a baby brother who will be two years old the fifth of next month. Don't you think he is a pretty nice pet? My Papa is a captain in the Twenty-second Regiment of United States Infantry, and is stationed at Fort Keogh, Montana.

He was stationed at Fort Lewis, Colorado, before Mamma died, and then he was ordered to Fort Keogh, and last summer I visited him, and liked it better than I did Fort Lewis.

I will try to describe the fort as accurately as possible. There is a parade-ground where the soldiers drill, and around that are the officers' and soldiers' quarters, and back of them are the graveyard, the store-houses, the Northern Pacific Railroad, the trader-store and post-office, the bowling-alley, depot, and the post gardens.

There is a wagon road that goes to Miles City, two and a half miles from the fort. You have to cross the Yellowstone River on the way, and in one fording-place there is a ferry that you can go over on when the river is high, but no citizen can cross without paying, because it is for the soldiers when they go to town.

Your loving reader,

FRANK B. K—.



have to run to the door this way  
 and see who is there, if its  
 my darling Cleve I do  
 this and jump up and  
 down at a great rate.



I run sit on his lap bite  
 his ear and lick his nose,  
 then I sit down this way and  
 think until dinner time



When the dinner bell rings up I  
 jump and run to get something  
 to eat. After dinner I go out  
 walking with Cleve  
 Sundays I put on  
 my new harness and this is  
 the way I look



afternoons

I am pretty sleepy and lie  
 down like this

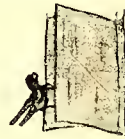


when I  
 hear them say its time to go  
 down stairs to bed I look like  
 this



good bye

Byou



ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had you since 1885, and I think there is no book like you. I was at first too little to read your stories, but Mamma used to read the children's stories to me.

I am now a boy of ten years, and, although quite young, I have lived in seven different cities, for my Papa is a railroad man, and railroad men are as bad as Methodist ministers for moving about.

We have always had you bound, and I have had all the stories read to me and enjoy them immensely. I like "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Juan and Juanita" better than any you ever have published.

I am a choir-boy in St. Paul's church here, and I like it very much.

Your devoted reader,  
 RAY S—.

NATIONAL CITY, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy eight years old, and live in Montana, but I came here with my mamma and little brother, to visit one of my grandmas, who moved here two years ago, from Massachusetts. We came here the middle of last November. Last winter was the first one I ever experienced without snow.

I shall want to take you every year. I hope to earn money enough to pay for my next year's subscription.

Your new little friend,  
 WM. MUNROE H—.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters which we have received from them: Hattie D., Ida A., Rose D. F., Emil Edlstat, Emma Raynor, M. Clayton E., Carrie Davis, Miriam S., Honora Swartz, Edwin P., Esther W. Ayres, Anna Jones, Phenie King, Genevieve Fenton, Arthur R. Williams, Helen Spaulding, Z. Y. X., Anna A. Wayne, "Poppy," Grace H. Turnbull, Agnes A., Ethel A. Carter, E. B. Seaman, May Campbell, Alice Jenckes, Louise Clarke.

# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

**DIAMOND.** 1. M. 2. Met. 3. Merit. 4. Mercers. 5. Mercu-  
rial. 6. Tiercel. 7. Tries. 8. Sal. 9. L.

**DOUBLE ZIGZAGS.** From 1 to 10, Michaelmas; 11 to 20, Wel-  
lington. Cross-words: 1. Makinaw. 2. Pinniped. 3. Pachalic.  
4. Fishlike. 5. Fraction. 6. Petalinc. 7. Locating. 8. Emaciate.  
9. Chariots. 10. Parsnips.

**NUMERICAL ENIGMA.** The scholar, without good breeding, is a  
pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every  
man disagreeable.

**HOOR-GLASS.** I. Centrals, Lincoln. Cross-words: 1. galLing.  
2. prInk. 3. oNe. 4. C. 5. nOd. 6. poLka. 7. eveNing.  
II. Centrals, Ariosto. Cross-words: 1. carAvan. 2. meRit.  
3. vIm. 4. O. 5. aSp. 6. otTer. 7. devOtee.

**CHARADE.** Yel-low.  
**COMPARISONS.** 1. Bee, heer, beast. 2. Beau, bore, boast. 3. Fee,  
fear, feast. 4. Go, gore, ghost. 5. Roe, roar, roast.

**ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.** Fahrenheit. Cross-words:  
1. treFoil. 2. monArch. 3. fisHers. 4. carRier. 5. nosEgag.  
6. spiNet. 7. cipHers. 8. shiElds. 9. pelican. 10. cotTage.

**TO OUR PUZZLERS:** Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

**ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER** were received, before July 15th, from Maude E. Palmer—Maxie and Jackspar.

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER** were received, before July 15th, from Elaine Shirley, 1—Julia H. Wright, 1—  
"Rats and Mice," 2—Annie E. H. Meyer, 2—Mary Tilton, 1—Dolly, 1—Dick, 1—Fannie and Katie, 7—"Cleopatra," 1—Alice  
M. Renter, 1—Marian W. Little, 3—Grace B. Alvord, 2—Nanon, 6—Eleanor Clifford, 1—Susie Flanders, 1—Eleanor D., 1—  
Helen Mencke, 2—Louise C. Gilpin, 1—Romona, 1—Carrie and Harry, 1—Clarice H. Lesser, 1—Edna Colne, 1—"July," 2—  
Bessie Hitchcock, 1—Mary E. Colston, 3—A. P. C. Ashhurst, 5—Nina Gray, 1—Anna W. Ashhurst, 7—J. F. McCabe, Jr., 1—  
Arthur B. Lawrence, 5—Fannie B. Starr, 2—Cicely, 2—Edith B. Craig, 1—Emilie Magee, 3—Trio, 5—Edith Partello and Anna  
Cochran, 1—Grace and Marion, 11—"Caroline Page," 2—Belle Larkin, 2—E. Wilson, 1—"Skipper," 3—G. E. M. and A. E. W.,  
1—Harriet M. Burnett, 1—Anna Jones, 1—Elizabeth A. Adams, 1—Paul Forsyth, 1—Hattie Ungar, 2—Effie K. Talboys, 7—  
Paul Reese, 9—Jeannie Ewing and Bettie V. H., 1—Marietta Ludington, 1—Harry F. Sewall, Jr., 3—Roberta S. Reitze, 1—"May  
and Jo," 11—Sara I. C., 1—Lisa D. Bloodgood, 3—N. W. M. and M. L. A., 1—Helen Van Kleeck, 3—Julia M. Taylor, 4—"Mab  
and Joker," 4—"Keturah and the Kid," 4—Emma V. Fish, 4—Gert and Fan, 4—Clara O., 10—"Grandma," 9—Elizabeth A.  
Adams, 2—Lulu and Alice Schussler, 5—"A Family Affair," 13—"Le Feu Follet," 4—Jentie Yates, 6—Rose Hedges, 10—Carrie  
Holzman, 3—L. and B. C., 2—Alice and Carleton, 12—"The Bears," 3—J. A. Anderson, 1—Venetia, 11—L. H. F. and Mistie, 7—  
John W. Frothingham, Jr., 3—Charles Beaufort, 3—Ida Young, 1—Adrienne Forrester, 5—Nellie L. Howes, 9—Monell, 2—Helen  
C. McCleary, 7—J. B. Swann, 12—Henry Guilford, 13—Edna Lawrence and Ora Cullings, 2—"Damon and Pythias," 10—Susy W.  
Adams, 6—Alice McBurney, 1—Bella Myers, 1—Anita B. Carey, 7—May Martin, 4—Arthur G. Lewis, 8—Jo and I, 10—A. Fiske  
and Co., 11—Mabel H. Chase, 7—Jennie C. Hanscom, 5—Percy and Maud Taylor, 5—B. M. French, 1—Hattie D., 1—Ida A., 1.

### DIAMOND.

1. In jeopardy. 2. A field. 3. Creeping animals. 4. Amiable.  
5. An old word meaning to travel over or through. 6. An acid made  
from ambergris. 7. Killed. 8. A much used abbreviation. 9. In  
jeopardy. C. B. D.

### CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.

```

1 . . .
. * . .
. . * .
. . . 2 . . .
. . * .
. . * .
. . . 3
    
```

**UPPER SQUARE:** 1. A sketch. 2. A slender mark. 3. A feminine  
name. 4. Tidy.

**LOWER SQUARE:** 1. A conjunction. 2. An animal. 3. The mace  
of the numeeg. 4. A character in "The Old Curiosity Shop."

From 1 to 2, a measure; from 2 to 3, limitation; from 1 to 3, a  
water-fowl. JESSIE THOMAS.

### PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters.  
When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the  
initial letters will spell the name of an English rural festival which  
occurs in October.

**CROSS-WORDS:** 1. A fabulous monster with nine heads, of which  
the middle one was immortal. 2. A lyric poet of Methymna whose  
life is said to have been saved by dolphins. 3. The brother of  
Romulus. 4. The goddess of the hearth. 5. The bulder of the

**QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.** First row, Adaline; second row, lami-  
nar; fifth row, donates; sixth row, entreat. Cross-words: 1. Allude; 2.  
Damon. 3. Amount. 4. Linear. 5. Invite. 6. Nausea.  
7. Ernest.

PI. A golden haze conceals the horizon,  
A golden sunshine slants across the meadows;  
The pride and prime of summer-time is gone,  
But beauty lingers in these autumn shadows.

O sweet September! thy first breezes bring  
The dry leaf's rustle and the squirrel's laughter,  
The cool, fresh air, whence health and vigor spring,  
And promise of exceeding joy hereafter.

GEORGE ARNOLD.

**DOUBLE ACROSTIC.** Primals, Brandywine; finals, Whitefield.  
Cross-words: 1. Bungalow. 2. Reproach. 3. Acephali. 4. Not-  
what. 5. Disseize. 6. Yourself. 7. Winooski. 8. Inchoate.  
9. Novercal. 10. Entomoid.

EASY RIDDLE. Mentz.

Answers, to be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

**ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER** were received, before July 15th, from Maude E. Palmer—Maxie and Jackspar.

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER** were received, before July 15th, from Elaine Shirley, 1—Julia H. Wright, 1—  
"Rats and Mice," 2—Annie E. H. Meyer, 2—Mary Tilton, 1—Dolly, 1—Dick, 1—Fannie and Katie, 7—"Cleopatra," 1—Alice  
M. Renter, 1—Marian W. Little, 3—Grace B. Alvord, 2—Nanon, 6—Eleanor Clifford, 1—Susie Flanders, 1—Eleanor D., 1—  
Helen Mencke, 2—Louise C. Gilpin, 1—Romona, 1—Carrie and Harry, 1—Clarice H. Lesser, 1—Edna Colne, 1—"July," 2—  
Bessie Hitchcock, 1—Mary E. Colston, 3—A. P. C. Ashhurst, 5—Nina Gray, 1—Anna W. Ashhurst, 7—J. F. McCabe, Jr., 1—  
Arthur B. Lawrence, 5—Fannie B. Starr, 2—Cicely, 2—Edith B. Craig, 1—Emilie Magee, 3—Trio, 5—Edith Partello and Anna  
Cochran, 1—Grace and Marion, 11—"Caroline Page," 2—Belle Larkin, 2—E. Wilson, 1—"Skipper," 3—G. E. M. and A. E. W.,  
1—Harriet M. Burnett, 1—Anna Jones, 1—Elizabeth A. Adams, 1—Paul Forsyth, 1—Hattie Ungar, 2—Effie K. Talboys, 7—  
Paul Reese, 9—Jeannie Ewing and Bettie V. H., 1—Marietta Ludington, 1—Harry F. Sewall, Jr., 3—Roberta S. Reitze, 1—"May  
and Jo," 11—Sara I. C., 1—Lisa D. Bloodgood, 3—N. W. M. and M. L. A., 1—Helen Van Kleeck, 3—Julia M. Taylor, 4—"Mab  
and Joker," 4—"Keturah and the Kid," 4—Emma V. Fish, 4—Gert and Fan, 4—Clara O., 10—"Grandma," 9—Elizabeth A.  
Adams, 2—Lulu and Alice Schussler, 5—"A Family Affair," 13—"Le Feu Follet," 4—Jentie Yates, 6—Rose Hedges, 10—Carrie  
Holzman, 3—L. and B. C., 2—Alice and Carleton, 12—"The Bears," 3—J. A. Anderson, 1—Venetia, 11—L. H. F. and Mistie, 7—  
John W. Frothingham, Jr., 3—Charles Beaufort, 3—Ida Young, 1—Adrienne Forrester, 5—Nellie L. Howes, 9—Monell, 2—Helen  
C. McCleary, 7—J. B. Swann, 12—Henry Guilford, 13—Edna Lawrence and Ora Cullings, 2—"Damon and Pythias," 10—Susy W.  
Adams, 6—Alice McBurney, 1—Bella Myers, 1—Anita B. Carey, 7—May Martin, 4—Arthur G. Lewis, 8—Jo and I, 10—A. Fiske  
and Co., 11—Mabel H. Chase, 7—Jennie C. Hanscom, 5—Percy and Maud Taylor, 5—B. M. French, 1—Hattie D., 1—Ida A., 1.

wooden horse of Troy. 6. A sea-nymph, famed for the sweetness  
of her voice. 7. A fabled giant of ancient mythology. 8. A beauti-  
ful youth who accompanied Hercules in the expedition of the Argo-  
nauts. 9. A constellation named after a celebrated hunter in Greek  
mythology. 10. The daughter of a king of Colchis, who was cele-  
brated for her skill in magic. 11. One of the Muses.

CYRIL DEANE.

### BURIED CITIES.

IN each of the nine following sentences is concealed the name of a  
city which is not in the United States. The initial letters of the nine  
cities will spell the name of another city which is in the United States.

1. Caroline dances well on a smooth floor, but she can't on a rough,  
poor one.

2. When you were in Rome was Lionel ill enough to cause much  
anxiety?

3. Rex eternally talks of the great things he is going to do.

4. We put very cold, and even ice water, on our plants, but it does  
not kill them.

5. The editor said to me, "MSS. require the same rates of post-  
age as letters."

6. In spite of them all, I'm afraid your bulky letter will not be  
mailed.

7. Am I enslaved to such a bad habit?

8. I told Eugenie to put the melon on ice to cool.

9. The dam, as custom prescribes, is made of rocks and mortar.

M. G. M.

### PI.

STORHER dan sethorr won hte glitwith sclip  
Eht sady, sa thorhug teh susten teag thye cowdr,  
Dan remains mofr erh glenod crolla spils  
Dan satyrs grothuh blubest-shifed, nad samon dualo,  
Vase hewn yb stif eth renmar rad vicesced,  
Nad, teasing phofule ot meso shredleet browe,  
Hes elis no lowslip fo eth datde shreud,  
Adn riste het dol nutes vero rof na rhoth.



1 0 2 0 0  
 0 4 0 3 0  
 0 5 0 0 6  
 8 7 0 0 0  
 10 0 9 0 0  
 0 12 0 11 0  
 16 0 15 0 0  
 18 17 0 0 0

letters from 1 to 18 (as indicated in the accompanying diagram) will spell the name of a very famous English architect who was born on October 20, 1632.

**ACROSTIC RIDDLE.**

\* . . .  
 \* . . .  
 \* . . . .  
 \* . . .

I WATCHED my *first* in lofty flight,  
 With sweetest song till out of sight.  
 My *second*, flying low, I found  
 With wings that did not leave the ground.  
 My *third*, whose wings we cannot see,  
 May yet take flight from you or me.  
 My *fourth*, though destitute of wings,  
 Flies high aloft but never sings.  
 Now, if my *first* you rightly name,  
 You'll find my initials spell the same.

B

**NUMERICAL ENIGMA.**

I AM composed of one hundred and nine letters, and am a four-line stanza, by Barton.  
 My 90-6-72-21-105 is not right. My 40-57-45-96 are domestic fowls. My 83-65-99-53 is a set of horses. My 101-26-32-70-15 is favored. My 64-77-88-36-3-93 is a cupboard. My 97-8-63-47-68 is a kind of spice. My 1-24-43-29 is to try. My 33-50-73-86 is a song of praise. My 49-20-73-76-60-95 is a military term for a list of officers. My 12-69-55-17-108-51-22 is the cargo of a ship. My 56-102-10-58-84 is a high wind. My 81-98-109-71-62 is to destroy. My 42-2-91-38-74 is to moan. My 35-103-18-5-28 are trees of a certain kind. My 66-100-106-92 is a prognostic. My 31-75-16-9 is

EACH of the nine small pictures in the above illustration may be described by a word of five letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the

opposite of love. My 41-67-14-107-48 is to dwell. My 25-85-39-19-7 is a mark of distinction. My 11-46-94 is compensation for services. My 34-87-27 is a feminine name. My 78-54-37-44-89-4-30 is in opposition to. My 82-13-52-59-23-61-104-80 is a very large animal.  
 "CORNELIA BLIMBER."

**A HOLLOW SQUARE.**

1	.	.	.	.	.	2
3	.	.	.	.	.	4
5	.	.	.	.	.	6
7	.	.	.	.	.	8
9	.	.	.	.	.	10
11	.	.	.	.	.	12
13	.	.	.	.	.	14

In the above hollow square the words read the same across and up and down.

From 1 to 2, to sprinkle; from 3 to 4, excuse; from 5 to 6, the sacred book of the Mohammedans; from 7 to 8, the catch of a buckle; from 9 to 10, having an arrangement by threes; from 11 to 12, corrodes; from 13 to 14, rambleth.  
 JENNIE M. THOMAS.

**CONCEALED HALF-SQUARE.**

In the following five sentences are concealed five words. In the sixth sentence is concealed a syllable, and in the seventh, a Roman numeral. The words, syllable, and letter, when rightly selected, may be placed so as to form a half-square.

1. If Irma is to start for India Monday, she had better buy her rugs on Friday.
2. I shook the tree well, and from the heaviest laden limb I began to gather many rosy apples.
3. As I was reading "Rasselas" a bat entered the window and flew straight at the lamp.
4. Alice, with her pretty, coy ways, I like; but Tom I tease, because he is so full of quaint mischief.
5. As soon as the piano began, the cat commenced to "me-ow" in a most sad and sorrowful way.
6. When General Washington entered the room every guest arose, to do him honor.
7. Vainly Victoria vied with the victorious valedictorian, and violently ventilated her venomous and vapid valor.









